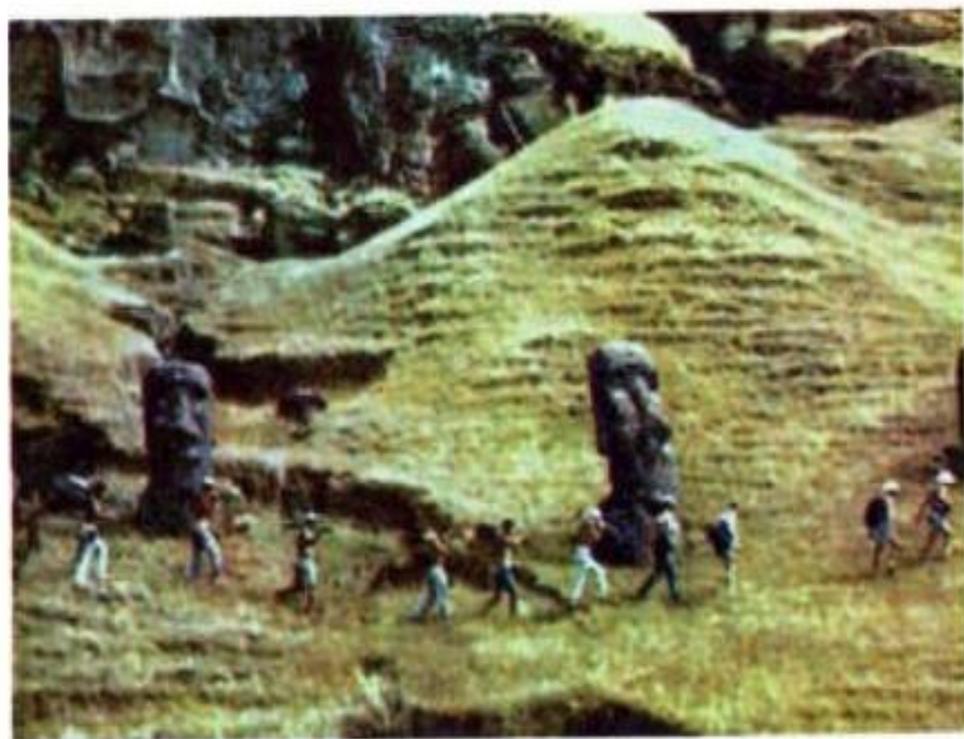


THE HIDDEN WORLD

SUMMER, 1964
ISSUE NO. A-14

WISCO

\$1.50



The

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Contents

EDITORIAL	2301
Ray Palmer	
ANCIENT ARTIFACTS	2303
Ray Palmer	
THE SECRET SHAVER-PALMER LETTER FILE	2305
Personal letters from Shaver	
OF SEALED WORLDS & THE ZEEMAN EFFECT	2363
Richard S. Shaver	
IS OUR LIVEGIVING SUN ALSO THE DEADLY CAUSE OF AGE?	2450
Richard Shaver	
THE RETURN OF VAMPIRISM!	2461
Richard Shaver	
THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT GREMLINS	2465
A Man Tormented by Them	

Address all correspondence to THE HIDDEN WORLD, Amherst, Wisconsin.

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EDITORIAL

By Ray Palmer

THIS IS THE FOURTEENTH in the Hidden World series. Because of the extreme importance of the complete file of Shaver's personal file of letters written to his editor, Ray Palmer, during the years from 1944 to 1948, due to the fact that they outline the development of the now famed Shaver Mystery, showing how the stories were planned, what portions of them were literally factual, and which were laced with fiction, and including all the true things that Shaver wished to pass on to Ray Palmer, which both he and the editor believed too sensational, unbelievable, or incapable of adequate presentation in the magazine, this issue of Hidden World will be almost entirely devoted to the presentation of the 'Letters', which task was begun in the preceding issue. Even so, it will be necessary to continue on into issues fifteen and sixteen in order to present them in complete form. These letters are being presented almost exactly as Shaver wrote them, and other than an effort to make some partial clarification of the incredible hodge-podge of typing, grammar, punctuation and even 'running off the page' that typified Shaver's typing, the letters are being presented as written. Thus you will find no masterful literary values, no polished writing, but instead you will find the same sense of incredible amazement that your editor experienced during the days when these letters were being received at the rate of several per week, imparting what Shaver kept insisting was the REAL truth, pointing out where he had to deviate from the literal to the fictional in

order to make the material palatable to the magazine readers, and to present the material which was so sensational, sometimes so suggestive, and sometimes so actually brutal that it was intended for the 'editor's eyes only'. Your editor must, at this point, confess that some few passages have been cut even from this frank presentation. But the inferences remain, and your imagination can fill in the gap. We see no sense to being crude. Yet, as Shaver reported these things to us, it was not with any connotation of crudity, or of earthiness, but as simply the only way he could convey the actual horrors of the realities he was describing in some cases. As one reads his letters, one becomes horribly aware that the 'dero' are no pink tea party. And if we grant that they are real, then we must grant that any such creature that can actually influence us here on Earth's surface is a creature to be reckoned with, and not to be underestimated, and certainly not ignored.

The question in many minds as to whether these caves of Shaver, the dero and tero in them, actually exist in the form he describes them, so that you and I could actually become 'meat in a meatmarket' of dero cannibals, becomes an important one, and one that it would seem we must answer, if only for the sake of understanding what we face, and how to overcome it. To adopt an ostrich-in-the-sand attitude in the case of the reality of the cavern world will not make it go away. When one is face to face with a dero, and finds himself facing the spit and the roasting fire, or whatever other strange predicament Shaver has so vividly described in his stories (with some editorial sugar-coating) and in the letters we present here in all their bald fearsomeness, it is too late. Of principle importance is that we know for sure the reality, the whereabouts, the condition in fact of the caves. When you have read these last three issues of Hidden World, you will have before you all the necessary material to enable you to decide for yourself. You will know all there is to know from Shaver's viewpoint, and you will know what Ray Palmer thinks about it. Best of all, you will have a definite opinion of your own - and we predict that you will be profoundly shocked by the immensity of your misapprehensions of the world in which you live.

ANCIENT ARTIFACTS

By Ray Palmer

It has always been Shaver's contention that
proof of the existence of the
Elder Race is obvious everywhere on
this planet, and that ancient ruins exist
in plain view before our eyes.
Here is one significant example.

ON THE FRONT cover of this issue you will find a photo taken by Thor Heyerdahl, the famed author of 'Kon-Tiki' on Easter Island in the Pacific. On this photo we see several of the giant stone figures which stand facing the sea in such numbers in mysterious vigilance. No one seems to know why they were erected, which demanded an enormous amount of labor, and quite a bit of engineering ingenuity. Intriguing as they are, there is something else in this picture which Heyerdahl apparently never even saw during his stay on the island. We want to draw it to your attention because perhaps here, more startlingly than anywhere else in the world exist the tremendously more inexplicable, and, says Shaver, incredibly more ancient evidences of a great civilization that lived on Earth in the past that goes back as much as twelve to twenty-five thousand years ago.

If you will look at the cover photo, you will see, about midway down the left slope of the hill in the background, carved into the face of the cliff, a giant face, almost identical to the

faces of Easter Island's mysterious statues. That Heyerdahl didn't see it is strange, because it is unmistakable. That is not all, however, for if we search more closely, a half-inch further to the left of the giant head, two more faces carved in the cliff wall, one below the other. One is most certainly a man's face, the other seems to be simian.

As Shaver has pointed out, all over the Earth there exist these mysterious effigies carved into cliff walls, into the mountains, and into the face of the earth itself, such as the weird markings in Peru which so strongly suggest some sort of link to interplanetary travel, because it is only from high in the air, or actually out in space itself that these markings can be seen.

To the curious person who wonders if this planet has ever been inhabited by a race of people other than those we are familiar with through our historical records, these vast carvings cannot be explained any other way. It must have been a giant race who carved them, and the mystery of the why of them, in such fantastic numbers, should intrigue civilizations that will come after ours is gone.

Once the drifting sands and soils and rock falls at the foot of these slopes is removed, we could almost be certain that the balance of these carvings, once exposed, might stun us with their immense significance. Certainly it seems worthwhile to consider, in this case, the removal of that hill of sand that obscures the major portion of this giant carving will reveal a much better preserved effigy; just as the condition of the famed brooding statues of Easter Island have proved to be when completely excavated. Some time in the distant past, some catastrophe almost completely buried the constructions which were the work of a long-gone people, and what we might find if we were to remove all the debris might end forever the question of whether or not Shaver is right about his Titans and Atlans. Here on Easter Island is fertile ground for a return of a Thor Heyerdahl who would be looking with more vivid and uninhibited imagination for evidence of a civilization his present training forbids him to entertain seriously.

We present this picture for your study. What do you think?

THE SECRET SHAVER-PALMER LETTER FILE

(PERSONAL LETTERS FROM SHAVER)

Later - on thought waves.

Murray Leinster's latest -in astounding last- (and old favorite author of mine) deals with a subject I have given much thought to - the possibility of propagating the waves such as are recorded on the encephalograph and using them as a weapon. The antique apparatus - if it is all antique - is an immense development of this idea - pleasure waves as well as command waves do almost anything with brain and nerves. Why does not the army use it? I will tell you - because they have a department of short wave research etc. which is given all such work and which is in the hands of those who monopolize the antique apparatus and its modern equivalents and copies - and nothing of the kind gets thru to the army. Why don't they use it on the enemy? Because of their nature - which is what I most want you to understand and which is the hardest part to get thru one who knows them not. The things Murray Leinster points out in his story as possible are exactly so - right now - and would be fully as efficacious as Murray says - but the work is thwarted at headquarters Washington which I would give an arm to get thru a good army man

in the field - he would grab off a few techs and go into secret work place and evolve such a weapon in no time - just as they did in the story - but they cannot understand ever that they do not have such a weapon only because of double cross just where you would look for it least - in those most interested in protecting the country. If their nature were understood - all this would not be-counter measures would be taken - but that is the rub - the wonder wool makes them so trusted and believed in that nothing of the kind is attempted by those who really should, for they think the secret wonder science is much more capable and they spill their heads to them and are assured in such beautiful voices that everything is tended to - but that is just it - the lie in ray is so efficacious because of the nature of the vibrants used that no one gets the fact that they are incompetent ignorants whose wisdom is entirely spurious and consists only of a lifetime of experience of lying to and fooling people who do not understand the power telepathic apparatus gives in deception. If they knew that the secret wonder they talk to was the survival of the medieval magic which bemused our ancestors, it would all be different, for plenty of women are still "wailing for demon lovers" who would not be if they knew they were mad ignorant things of incapacity for any love but who use the pleasure rays to simulate love at a distance. (Wailing for demon lovers - is a line from a poem written in medieval times.)

It is such things which prove to me their persistent insanity and the fact that they are a survival of the ancient efrit - demon - imp, etc. For I know the weapons and rays exist - and I know they are not used in battle and were not made public before the war and are not kept secret now for any reason of war necessity - but only the same old hereditary habit of secrecy that has always bound this apparatus from real use. I tell you this so that you may find a way to get the Armour institute to be careful of their interference and trickery - for it is always there and seldom seen by surface men - I suspect that most hypnotism is their work even tho the operator thinks he does

it - that Dunninger himself never sees the men he works with or where they are - that spiritualists often believe it is spirits helping them - for they never see the source of the phenomena or the apparatus. Of course you can't tell the people at Armour - it takes a long education in their ways to comprehend the silence and trickery they are raised to; it is unbelievable what power the apparatus gives them - and particularly is it unbelievable the stupid uses they put it to - as thwarting such men as Carrel and Coolidge is one of their chief works - for they have always feared men getting hold of the apparatus and still do.

It is always discouraging to me to write about these things - because the awful mess it is in compared to the tremendous useful beauty and power it could be are so very depressing - and to tell someone who knows them not is so very difficult - for he is always sure one is mistaken or deluded - but believe me - when one knows and sees - one is not mistaken. These things could win the war for us in months if they were sane and would use modern techs - but they are not and will not. Yet our army men are wrapped in the same blanket of gullibility that they have always wound around the surface men - it is as habitual to them to create this illusion of wonder and effort as it is to the spider to spin a web. So those who know them trust them and no results are the result.

If they knew what they were and how fixed and detrimental is their behavior pattern, something would be done and quickly, but one cannot tell them; they are always sure you cannot know the truth - surely our wonderful secret surface men must know all about such things. They do - but it is all wrapped in such sugar and deceit it is no use to them to know it.

When you know what tremendous pleasure there is in the use of certain apparatus and realize that it is denied everyone except a very few - you know that only insane evil could find a way to be so mean. When someone big decides to do something about this - he is told that stim is harmful like dope and is denied to everyone but useless

people or some such beautiful lie and HE BELIEVES IT. The truth is stim is very beneficial - feeds and makes stronger the nerves and creates a new and vital interest in life in even the most despondent.

The only reason it doesn't make them intelligent is because they have used the old apparatus that has been used sometimes for centuries and is the real cause of their degeneracy - the ever-long use of apparatus which is in ignorant hands who don't know how to service it. There is unused antique apparatus to be had in untouched caverns, but they do not realize the necessity for fresh apparatus and do not get it - often smash it when it is near to keep others from using it. These unused ben and stim rays will make a godlike man in a short time out of a normal human, but when they do get hold of fresh apparatus they use the old too and the effect is neutralized by the detrimental given off by the old apparatus. That is the way I get it - they are too dumb to get any real use out of the most wonderful science existant on Earth. If one of them begins to get ahead from fresh apparatus, the other dero fear him and give him detrimental stealthily - he is not thinking in dero pattern and is hence an enemy. So it goes - an ancient and endless block which has embroiled and defeated men since earliest times - and is still secret is the unbelievable part of it. How can it be still secret? I think because it is in truth so very wonderful that no one can be told - the hearer is always sure someone is telling a particularly large whopper. Once you realize that this really astounding thing is true - the antique god apparatus still exists in hermetically sealed caves and is still used by descendants of those who were the witches and magicians of early times - once you know this is true - then the history of man goes into a new phase in your head and you realize that the news is in truth never printed. When you realize this thing, then you realize the immense stupidity of men in this field even today - they might as well still be superstitious and are - even in such mags as Unknown there is superstition in this field - due to observed but misunderstood wonders.

Then you realize that Deirdre and her brothers always lose to the evil king because this immense power is stupid and evil and not magic, but foolish abuse of wonderful mechanisms. Today the modern Deirdres of America have lost to this force again and I took part in their fall and it is my desire to remake this failure into a success that drives me to try to tell you the impossible.

If you could but realize that there are a multitude of these caverns all over Earth - never penetrated by men and only a few of them lived in by the dero ray - then you would realize that plenty could be done by a man who knew, if he had resources. That is my dream - to get it thru some strong rich man's head that the stuff could be got at if one shook their influence by going to such a place as Tierra Del Fuego and there penetrating the hollow mountain and finding the apparatus that made the Venus that Tannahuser located. These caves are never penetrated because of the treatment they gave the walls that made the rocks harder than steel and uncaveable even by a quake. Some of them still exist intact eventoday, especially in America, tho they are rapidly destroying the mech in all they can to keep men from getting it and destroying them. That is how stupid they are - just so. Some modern educated men are in the thing, but are frustrated by the contact with the repesive dero - they can do nothing and surface men never believe them when they tell them what is the truth of such things.

The pied piper of Hamelin town is a sample of a tale - the door opened in the solid rock and they all walked into the mountain. Ali Baba and the Forty thieves etc. etc. So is the tale SHE by Haggard. They are multitudinous but unbelievable except to the ones who saw and know - and they can never tell and be believed - it is a hopeless thing - yet the invitation is so terribly tremendous - it is so much to lose.

Here we had sane and modern ray in semi secrecy and nothing was so pleasant on earth as the vibrants and thought augs they used - but the dero came from God knows where and destroyed the whole thing - now one is deviled

continually by the idiots - there is no way to get along with them and one is always hoping there is a way to make a deal with them - but they will only lie - never tell the truth and stick with it. One can only try, and so hopelessly, for so very few men know anything of it or if they do lack the fear, have the intelligence to open their mouths about it. Please be sure you understand. The mech is sealed completely in sheaths of such metal as gold - is self-oiling and self-powered and some of it still works in truth - any one piece of it would contain secrets to revolutionize all modern science - but the work is not done due to their hereditary repression of such work. Please be sure you get it and always seek a way out of the age-old dilemma.

As you know there are good forces in it, but why the continued secrecy? It shows you that they cannot shake the old repression and there is consequently only hope in new action. Many people know much of this all over Earth - Kipling himself tells of communication over thousand mile distance by ignorant men in India - before radio - by means of magic mech hidden in a box of bamboo - but when it is all known to a man there is no one to tell and no way to tell or do a thing with it for one is never understood or believed - it is too fantastic. But what would one expect the infinite possibilities of truth of life to reveal but endless wonder and endless stupidity? All our life the materials of wonder lie to hand - we lack but the brain to put it together into magic. The Gods did not lack the brain. Well, enough, I cannot leave the subject alone - you can understand the drive it gives one to know the truth and be unable to do a thing. It has been the same with the age poison knowledge I worked out - I tried to get recognition and test work done on it - but no one could understand that anyone could do anything about age - it was too unbelievable - and you found the same difficulty, I am sure. It is very probable that they will tamper and obscure the results of this work as they did my own efforts to get it taken up by capable men - you may expect and I hope you find a way out of this mad frustration they practice always on men. The gremlin is

not a joke to the fliers - they know - but they must talk about him as a joke or be considered crazy by those who know not.

I saw a piece of apparatus I believe was a modern attempt at ray and was successful. It was two copper spirals the size of bushel baskets controlled by a handle so that they formed a variable reflector for a double ray. This was the focussing device for a double conductor beam upon which was superimposed those vibrants and messages which it was desired to use. It looked simple and I think someone could go ahead along this line of attack. The ray had to be double for the same reason a wire must be double - it makes a complete circuit go and come. This is a necessary concept for ray work - it must be conductive and it must be double as wire is double for electric. The spirals were flat discs cut through in a spiral cut and so made flexible - not coils of wire.

Just copying off a few old notes about ben to show you how I think about ben. Remember it is a current rich in exd that is absorbable by the body.

Object - to attain greatest fluctuation of magnetic field in an alternating current to give a ben which inducts the most charge in the human body.

The E.M. force generated depends on strength of field - the speed of rotation and the no. of turns of wire cutting the magnetic field.

Now if the dynamo is so wound that each turn is separately commutated in a way that produces alternating direction - you will attain this objective.

Thus the AC of a ben dynamo is extremely rapid in alternation - as much as can be without conflict disgeneration (all friction creates dis).

Now, just as dis starts with a small flame - so does integration - A plant is small flame of integration, as long as the plant exists, it grows and spreads the life flame, and its growth condenses exd and causes an inflow of more of the tenuous exd by a vacuum effect - earth itself such a large flame of integration that we feel this in-flow of exd as gravity. Animals and plants are variant

forms of the same thing - they use a slightly different supply of the multi-natured rain of exd and condense or integrate it into those patterns which their life processes are formed around.

Now to increase this effect would increase the rate of life - just as fire when supplied with finely divided carbon and a larger supply of oxygen becomes a greater, fiercer thing - so does life, when supplied with a greater supply of exd - become a mighty god-like thing. Now there are such things as magnetic field lenses - used in hi-power microscopes and they will direct and focus a flow of particles now called electrons into a beam infinitely more revealing than light, for its parts are infinitely smaller this same magnetic field principle can be used to acquire an inflow of exd - the basic food of integration.

Imagine a magnetic field extending overhead for a mile - lens shaped and focussing this basic material of life upon you - you would become instead of the slow crawling ant you are - a mighty flashing node of life strength - a flame of integration - the opposite of disintegration.

This lens can be made to focus this falling material by atunement in the same way that a radio collects a certain wave - this atunement can be determined by constructing a coil in the same shape as the coils of the electron microscope lens - but much, much larger - now determine the focus of this field lens from overhead by its light focus - change its atunement until a plant, which rests in the focus shows an instant reaction, its leaves perk up, spread out, it reaches, is invigorated - exudes a dew, becomes in a short time twice its size before - NOW you have reached an atunement of field which catches in its net of force lines the falling exd, concentrates in one place this life-giving material - now you have increased the flame of life by supplying it with more material - just as the flame of fire is increased by addition of carbon and oxygen - this can be done - do it!

A solution of salt crystallizes as water dries away. A tree of wood crystallizes by transpiration.

The differentiation of the two is due to - in concept -

the different stages of field influence the exd passes thru in becoming matter - or - the different materials minute parts become by t.

Water thru earth has picked in solution a myriad of minute integrations some from space - some from growth on Earth - these filter thru sand - porous rock and last thru the root cells - coating and - minutely thru the surface fields of the molecules of the plant cells - now transpiration of the leaves removes water - leaves a tree in crystallization.

A crystallization into tree of certain paramount substances is equal to - wood - all life lives on this plant filter by accumulation or transpiration condensation of soil water into plant.

April 19

Dear Rap:

This 'Hell Hath Fury' is a sample of what I mean by writing truths as fiction. It isn't real truth, because the author apparently doesn't know that what he hears and misinterprets as rational thought - organizations in combat - is in truth the life in the hidden caverns - their struggles with their dero - who are seen almost clearly in the story - he has heard dero and talked to them - and when they talk to an intelligent man (over the ray) they can seem intelligent because they think by reflection - that is they hear expected possible answers in the other head and then choose the de pattern expected and say the words - thinking themselves that they think - but in truth they are only malevolent reflections of true thinking life. It is very hard to explain this to you - but we must get it straight - such life has existed and apparently always has to some extent on Earth - there is entirely too much talk of devils etc., not to know it is a very old thing. These dero ray are not sane beings but they can seem so by reflected thought to which they add the detrimental from the old mech, - which de because the mech has been used so long that it collects in itself dis particles which make them the hereditary devils or dero that they are. They exist

and have power only because of the existence of the ancient mech and it is their foolishly guarded secret; for nothing would be more valuable to them than proper modern development of the ancient science - but they cannot think of men as allies for they have always thought of them as opposition as is apparent in most writings of them and in their own thought when in contact with them. This is a deep thing and one which very few men ever get straight. The author of this story has really heard them - is sure something of the kind exists and is struggling against it the only way possible for him. But if they knew they were no invisible, powerful creatures as one is apt to think, but only a degenerate hereditary dero with the immense old powers of the antique mech also inherited and used, things would be very different on Earth. Many sane men work for such thoughts heard in the night - think it is gangsters, a powerful org which really wants corruption and has something to gain by it, but the truth is they are dero who think every thought backward even when it is reflected thought, as it usually is, in the same way that live spelled backward is evil. There is a lot to know about this, but in the story you can see that he knows something about it, but not enough to make his work effective, he perhaps believes in their invisibility which is the impression a thought communicator often gives, and is contributed to by transparent projections. This is a delusion they have always built up and still do in some cases tho today most intelligent men know that some kind of apparatus is behind the work. But if dero were properly explained and generally understood as just minds so weak that detrimental force makes them go instead of their own self generated thought, they would not be nearly so much of a force for ill results in life. People think it is something to listen to, but it is only dero, a kind of idiot. That is evil; people who cater to them; and they can do certain things for one if they will, but the truth is it never turns out very favorably for anyone with dero's bungling hands in it. They can control people mentally and do, and the opposite force, sanity, which is

called good, does exist among them but hampered almost to ineffectiveness by the ever present dero, and themselves often use the deteriorating mech - the older it is in use - the longer it is used - the worse its effects on the mind until they become dero and their children dero. This is what happens to the good among them who do not know that the used mech must be discarded for unused, that it cannot be used more than a few years before it becomes a degenerating (mentally) mechanism to be near or use. This is the important message they must get, but how to harp on it till it sinks into that reactionary thing's nonexistent mind which hampers its own modern techs when they have some 'because they are surface or bunchmen'. That this struggle does go on around us and always has is what I wanted to show you, that the maundering of our religions really has this much basis in fact was the amazing thing for me to learn. Nothing was more ridiculous to me as a child than the Sunday school talk of invisible beings and hell and all the rest of it, but in truth there is an ancient and still existent fact behind all their vapors is an exciting thing to learn. But when one finally figures out that the all powerful devil and his imps is just their imagination misinterpreting their senses' awareness of the dero of the caves, then one realizes that men too have been very dumb never to get the right answer to this old enigma - where are they - those beings I hear? But 'the others' the sane ones exist and do import into the caves modern technical men and something is done to save the remnants of that antique science and we of course must help. But I didn't want you to persist in the idea that I too am touched by the religious bug or 'hearing things or seeing things'. So when I run across a writer who has some corroboration of the efforts I am trying to explain I want you to get it. We can certainly get farther knowing just what we have to fight - and it is this - dero ray with all kinds of apparatus unknown to modern men do hamper and confuse all their efforts and plunge them into wars etc. It is not imagination or old fairy tales - it does happen. The best thing for it is out in the open with it in truth but no individual

cares to face it as he can't be certain what the results will be in advance. We mustn't refuse any information about this thing as it is one of the biggest troubles with modern life and their refusal to credit anything of the kind is fully understood but must be worked against.

As an editor it is very possible that you shouldn't be told about it as you fear to touch stories containing info on it, but there is a large audience who know something and want more, besides I told you and must keep on, now that I've committed myself, until you understand that in truth the thing exists. Sienkiewicz wrote a story of the fourteenth century about the Rosicrucians which contained the first intelligent writers reference (that I saw) to the unseen as something more than fools' dreams. The Polish historical novelist - "With Fire and Sword" etc., but I forget the name of the particular novel as he wrote so many. I certainly often wish I hadn't tried to explain it to you, but it could hardly be avoided. A story in Astounding called "Gather, Darkness" was by a chap who very fully understood the modern existence of the machinery of incomprehensible workmanship and its use so long by secret groups - please read it before you condemn me for harping on an impossible theme - it is its impossibility which is its great safeguard of secrecy - no one will ever believe until they see or burn under a detrimental ray. And they have an age old habit of not speaking to us except deceptively. There is a middle path to choose in the thing - but it is not to ignore it - it is to do what you can carefully insofar as you can to help the sane part of the thing without embarrassing them in what you reveal about them. There is in truth nothing more stupid than a dero, but a thought communicator give such complete awareness of so many minds that their reflected thought and consequent actions appears to have some clever reason in it, which is a delusion. Well enough of what, there is much else. I am well along with the multihead story, 15,000 or so and some of them very good. Please tell me if you received my last two stories - "Cavern Called Hel" and "Formula From the Underworld". I am not exactly pleased with them

myself and sent them as much for the info I thought you might get from them for your work on "True Story of Lemuria" as anything. One of the big things we must hit is science and education's complete ignoring of the force of disintegrance and its effects on life and matter - its very presence is hardly mentioned yet it is the greatest opponent we have. Well, I'm back on day shift running crane, easier than former work, but I hate to get up in the morning and its now two-thirty. I woke and was reading "Hell Hath Fury" and decided to send it to you. I will look up "Gather, Darkness" and send you some tears from it, it is very corroborative - if you have it tell me - I would like to keep it. In "Hell Hath Fury" I can tell that the apparitions are factual - he saw such things and heard them, but onlh tho tho hm tould know it. heard them, but only those who have would know it. But they are done with mechanisms not too hard to understand. Another program corroborative is the Dunninger program on the radio - obviously done with concealed apparatus - yet he does not reveal it. I am sure that these men feel that a lot of research and work is done on the type of apparatus, and they may be right - but it is a crying shame some small part of it could not be put on market to develop under the millions of minds of all men as the radio developed so quickly once the public took it up. This is what I mean by their stupidity, if they allowed some of the apparatus publicity it would develop with the rapidity of radio and they in their secret strength could reap the benefit of its development in the use of the higher grade apparatus on the market which they could monopolize but the repressiveness is so old a feature of it that they cannot get it done when they do see the need of general development. Well, it's a subject everyone touches with reluctant and too careful fingers, but if they knew enough about it the case would be very different. They are much too fearful in truth.

Sincerely your friend

Dick S.

April 22, '44

Dear Mr. Palmer:

As exd leaves sun, it is steadily expanding. There is no reason for it to stop expanding, it keeps on. Expanding things take in heat. It would seem that this expansion would absorb its own heat and eventually would reach a state where it took in heat from space dust - from whatever else may exist in space. This would seem to indicate that space is cold, because of the steady expansion of exd - which by concept - is fully expanded matter - as steam is expanded water.

As it condenses around a body, this heat would be given up. Thus your Appleton layer, and perhaps much of the warmth of Earth. At least some. If it were a large part of the heat of Earth, such planets as we know of which are extremely heavy, would be warm, yet we know they are ice-laden planets, even with liquid air rivers. But like Earth, it would seem they would be extremely warm inside from the pressure friction which causes the interior temperature to rise steadily as we go deeper in Earth.

This rise in interior temperature which some scientists think indicates interior molten condition and our sun origin etc. - and which we know to be a fact only in that temp. rises at a uniform rate - would indicate that the caverns are not deeply hidden, but only a few miles at most. I know they are often in hills and mountains which are high above sea level.

I wish you would explain attraction of mass, I don't understand your statement it is different force from gravity. I thought they were the same.

I hope you get this - all matter -all things - are a mixture of energy part of which is integrant and part of which is disintegrant. There is always some of one in the other. Thus a sun is possible only because extremely dense matter exists in an integrant state to keep the balance even between integrance and intense dis. Thus if coal weighed a ton a square foot, the fire would be proportionately hotter. To me many things seem held in

a state of expansion by a latent dis - steam - gas - water - ice. Remove the dis from steam - get water. Remove some more dis from water - get ice. This is a most confused concept in my mind - how dis could be latent - but what else keeps a gas in expansion except active dis. They explain it by molecular collision an extension of the Brownian particle observation (which I explain as a bit of matter being repelled by dis films on the molecules. But where does the difference come from between a gas and a solid? They explain it as heat and let it go at that. What I mean by latent dis is only dis in a slower banked state due to slow feeding of its fire. This is what oxygen bears to a fire and gives up to become carbon dioxide - a thing which puts fire out - tho only by excluding the oxygen, they say. Dis would be very slow in a gas of a certain kind for lack of food. To tell you the truth, when one considers the di and t theory in all its aspects - its participation in chemical change - one knows the work it indicates necessary in revision of our physical laws and concepts will never be done. That flows of integrative force and dis flows would make chemical changes take place entirely differently and more rapidly is plain. Then it is seen that you have changed valence and chemical affinity-things which would not unite will, and things which would not separate become new characters in the field, have children under dis.

I wish you would analyze the positive and negative concept of electricity and compare it, in its supposed workings in atomics and chemical change with the t and d, the dual theory. Both seem necessary to explain the whole. For instance one can understand exd becoming matter, but why should the matter burn? One turns to electric to explain it - the orbital theory of the atom to explain the existence of dis. I, for a long time thought that the orbital theory of the atom was a mistake due to films of dis around molecules, atoms and all things giving rise to an observed activity which had no relation in truth to the construction of the atoms of matter - but was due to the repellant film - thus - water molecules are not round

like ball bearings - making water fluid - but the dis film - a slow fire burning all over it - gave it a repellent film which caused its sliding slickness, made it liquid. This seemed true to me of all liquid. Iron becomes liquid under heat (dis) due to the film of repellant that forms around the molecule. Solid matter was less afire, was all the difference. It was growing faster in proportion to its burning. And now that I have stated this - I find I still think so. Things become solid because their attractive surface holds them together - this is integrance - the condensation of the exd forms the vacuum which holds them together as the two spheres of Magdeburg by the pressure of the intrushing exd. This, in a fluid is overcome to an extent by its slow burning forming a film of repellant over the molecules. This all seems due to what I call 'in'. In is a chemistry of which we know nothing. Thus you multiply our molecular chemistry by, say a thousand smallnesses and you have 'in'. A small place which contributes to all our phenomena but is too small to grasp. Thus the feeding of atomic fire is not oxygen, but 'in' oxygen. Thus water has an invisible 'in' fire all through it which holds it apart in fluidity. This is the matter first formed by condensing exd, the primary condensations. If we could grasp and work with 'in' we would get somewhere. But first we must learn how to make our minds better able to think. I know a way to begin with, but writing about it doesn't accomplish it quickly enough to suit me. If you run an ionizing beam thru the mind the cells communicate more readily. Such ionizing beams exist, they do to the air what an electric current does to salt water, make it conductive. They do this to the mind. A small electric current might render the fluids of the head more responsive to communicating impulses. It would be a beginning, a more intense and quicker thought would take place. But we must learn to feed the cells better, and we must keep them from aging. The first has been done by Carrel, and the latter we have some ideas about. Then we must keep detrimental force from them. Insulation such as glass and such as formed by condenser

charges helps. This is what I mean by a chamber. In hydroponics you start with a tub and you give some seed new living conditions entirely and you get a ton of tomatoes from one tomato vine that in the garden would bear at most a dozen tomatoes. This can be done by men for themselves but they must realize that they must give themselves new and better living conditions all around. A glass living chamber to keep out some detrimental electric, an air entirely cleaned of any extraneous parts, a water likewise distilled free of poison and a food treated carefully to remove any last traces of any extraneous material, an entirely new set of living conditions would produce a new animal. Well, we can't get much done, but we can tell 'em. But I wish more writers would emphasize that the real men are the ones who get it done in actual life.

Sincerely your friend
Dick S.

P.S. - Note your Appleton layer does not have to extend into space, being due to heat given off by condensation. It checks, it should be there if gravity is condensing exd, and it is there. So one thing more says we are right.

Special - don't miss the part in Wilson's letter on the trestle. You'll bust.

Dear Rap -

Please don't give me any more addresses like Wilson's in Paducah. I have a hard enough time staying sane without reading his letters. Could you please tell me what the H he is talking about. The last is interlarded with German and the first is transposing matter into the fourth dimension by light mechanics. If he's well, he's a million years beyond me. I guess the other in A B C is well enough, but oh my. I hope you get more out of my letters than I get out of theirs, or were you hoping I would tell you what they were talking about? I suspect the latter.

Now, listen please tell me if you received my two stories

'Cavern Called Hell' and 'Formula From The Underworld'. I don't expect any ecstasy about them, but I would like to know if I have to retype all those carbons - I DO NOT LIKE TO TYPE.

Am running a crane now and often have time to jot down a few words - for three nights one week I only made one lift and wrote some twenty thousand words - nothing like it for solitude - about a hundred feet up and nobody comes to see you. Honest I hope you think more of me than I do of those two addresses. But BC has plenty, I guess, if he'd get off his horse.

I keep mentally trying to impress on you the awful importance of getting men to understand the mental drive toward destruction continually present from de and the possibility of doing plenty about it. Selecting those with weakness, - potential dero and isolating them - insulating houses eventually (the chamber in which no ill intent could exist). But I guess you must have it by now. I want very much to tell you I can't understand why your fantastic mag isn't better, but don't know just how to say it. Wish you would think about it, tho. Maybe it isn't just my preferences. But I'm pretty hard to please lately. Noticed Greye La Spina's address just twenty miles from here as a typist and intend to impress him or her into my services as soon as possible. Maybe we could work together. Hope I haven't estranged you as Wilson did me by trying to tell you about the underworld. It is a terrible and unbelievable thing and if you don't know about it there are in truth no words made to convey the truth of the thing to you. Medieval conditions exist down there side by side with modern buildings, trucks and radios beside the immense antique mechano, the rack (in operation) beside immense pleasure palaces to which who is admitted? only the secret rich, I guess. Certainly not the surface rich, for I have worked on many estates - even on Longwood Gardens Pierre Dupont's big place in Pennsy near Del., and I see little connection between their life and what I know goes on underground, but there may be plenty of connection. They have slaves, handle women like mer-

chandise, there is no believing it till you know it first hand. So I must quit trying to tell you.

Hope you understand that there is little in my stories would make any trouble for you with it. There is plenty more in others' work but it seems all right. Their suppression seems due to their non-control of their many dero than from any fixed or sane policy.

Have a lot of science I would like to go over with you but think it is better to give you a chance to digest what I have so far given you. I keep thinking of the word metrosol as a sample of mysterious survival of a word which is still used for the same purpose - a drug to cure madness - is used in most hospitals today - in same way as insulin is used - to cause a convulsive condition which is supposed to result in a clearer head. But where did they get met-ro-sol? Met sun robot. Did some old books of theirs survive long enough to be the ancestor of our modern medical terms. How else could the word be still used in the same way. I wish I knew what the antique formula for the drug was. Tell me what's wrong with the two stories - I'll work on 'em.

Dick

May 4

From Richard Sharpe Shaver

To Editor Raymond A. Palmer

Dear Editor,

Been reading your last Fantastic and have to say there are some good stories in it that do appeal to me. I have periods when nothing is good enough, so perhaps I am wrong. I can understand that there is a shortage of material.

I keep wanting to counteract the lies I fear you are being told about the beauty and intentions of the so-called Elder world. It is supposed to be accomplishing wonders, which is their usual wool to the rich acolytes. This beautiful wool, which varies from Machiavellianism to Patron Saintism, runs out simultaneously with the rich dames or

John's dough and then they learn something of the true horror of the underworld and why the science contained in the ancient mech does not need development or study. If you want to learn about the Elder world you will have to go ask the underworld, the followers of secret ways and criminal ways, I guess. Few enough of surface people understand its insane setup. I started to tell you only because I did not realize the immensity of the task. Believe me I regret it, for I see I did not succeed in making you realize that the ancient mech did exist, or at least modern copies are functioning again. I deduce this from what the Paducah light molder wrote me, for you could not take him seriously. No one could, yet if we really understood what he was talking about he might be sane, but I think he is a dupe of the hiddenimps who love to play with the mech without being seen, for that is punishable, to be seen and understood by the surface men. So they devise such wools as Paducah's light building to bring the phantasmagoria of the mind picture augmentors into play and believe me they can make a madman of anyone who does not know that the ancient mech can do anything the brain can imagine and much more. For he cannot understand what happens by any other explanation. So they produce beautiful pictures of results in the fourth dimension for poor Wilson's dreaming, and he believes their lies and is as a result a madman to other people, tho in truth he is not mad, but a dupe of creatures who are not mad either, but might as well be, for they are raised to think evil is better than good, pain as more than pleasure and all the inverted thoughts of the dero - until they become true dero.

It is very hard to explain the social setup of the hidden world beneath our feet. Neither could Maupassant speak of his Horla except as fiction to anyone who had not had identical experiences. I cannot give you the complicated wool of my years of contact with them in a few letters, and for me to do so successfully, I would have to know I was not destroying what faith you yet had in me. It is wool because their moving characters, their principle causes of effort, are people who are either mad (result

of long duping) or attempting to dupe the others who are not mad, or attempting to kill everyone who understands what his intentions are etc. It is not a sane thing from beginning to end, just as an ant palace social life is not sane to us - it is so different. It is a great trap for the rich, who are duped into believing the most impossible wools of beautiful projects so revolutionary they must be kept from the people, or if they are predatory, of the most beautiful pleasure palaces and slave kingdoms which he is buying into etc. The wool always suits the mental setup of the victim, of course, for they read him and adjust it to suit. A man who has not known telepathy all his life cannot understand and adjust himself to this condition of always being read mentally and is an easy prey to wool until his money is gone. Then he gets the hole or worse, the Hell. The Hell still exists is very true, in many places, and I have seen some of its parts in operation. It is not good for the stomach, an inverted hospital, where scabs always enlarge, the well always become sick, and the sane insane. Where all treatment is torture, and the medicine is always poison. Well, it takes projection and many others simultaneous view points to see such things correctly in perspective. To one without it would not look so complicated, I suppose. Just an ordinary old hole with sick and injured about and redmasked men busy at the ancient work. So they still play devil? No, I think it is part of the modern wool they have built up around the accepted ideas of the old time in such a way as to give them the impressive authority of antiquity. And it can do so, believe me. You see how hard it is when I know you disbelieve in the existence of this mighty and mad racket. It exists because all the armies of the United States could not subdue one madman equipped with the ancient long range weapons. So they ignore it officially as that is the only course left open. Of course they hear talk from men like me who realize its immense harm, its almost complete doom to all the things we hope most will grow in the future, but what can they do? They think this is true, that they can do nothing for they do not realize it is both ultra

stupid and mad from top to bottom, they believe instead it is sane but criminal, and they completely fear the capacity to deal death contained in the ancient mech and keep silent. Editors, just as they did with the Wright brothers, refuse to print anything they cannot believe. This is always true of such things as magic machinery, hobgoblins alive, etc., it cannot be true, and it does not find print. So to you and others who should know, only the beautiful lies you are told so dulcetly exist at all about secret ray. Cannot you see the evil inherent in the fact that tremendously beneficial rays exist yet are not given to the public? And the same with pleasure stim? Only a wholly evil man could deny the children of the world the pleasure and beauty of those mechanisms. Only a wholly evil man could deny to doctors the right to work with beneficial rays and penetrative rays which pierce the body cavity and reveal in colors and complete vision every organ of the body at work. Only a wholly stupid man could deny himself the benefits that would accrue from medicine's use of these mechanisms and from science's development of the knowledge of life which the secrets of those mechs reveal. I suspect there are not a dozen sane technicians on Earth who are allowed to work at the ancient stuff, and then only with the stupid and repressive interference of things which are not human, not men at all.

Please understand that it is impossible to understand this thing until you are fully experienced and in long contact visually with it. Then give me the benefit of the doubt in your mind and realize that you do not wholly think your own thought any of the time when you are watched by ray, for the strength of it distorts it to their will involuntarily - irresistibly. All such thoughts have to be corrected continually by careful self examination, for they leave illogical, ill considered impressions and intents of a strength greater and more vivid than your own. Please give me credit for knowing some things you do not, and read my stuff carefully and well. There is no disease which it is so necessary for men to face as the dero of the underworld, nor one in which there is so little chance of

their success. It is a disease which has been successful with man for so many centuries it is like age itself to those who know - a thing it is unthinkable to fight or even talk about. YET SOMEONE MUST AND I THINK IT IS YOU AND I AND A FEW.

Please be sure you understand me before you refuse me. Remember life and time and energy are things which are infinite. There is just as much in the past as we dream shall exist in the future. Well, the mech does exist and the science of the Gods could be gleaned from it in some measure. Deserted caverns in desert places could be got into if men knew of them and of the reason the benefit which men should get from it is denied them. We can tell them, at least left handedly as he does in Gather Darkness, and we must try. To monopolize such things to the exclusion of the health of the children of the world is not sane nor is it profitable, for the use they would develop for applications of those ray secrets brought out into world study light would more than pay them in health and growth for any loss in a monopolistic way. But they are too stupid and repressive to do so. Incidentally they brag daily to me of the cleverness which keeps men from realizing that the sun particles can be excluded and of the health they are achieving from the use of my methods of exclusion, etc. All of which is just to devil me? No, they have made it part of their wonder wool. Likewise Alexis Carrel's rejuvenation (Did you know he made a senile dog much younger by injecting a new blood of his own manufacture into it? He did.) is part of their wonder wool, and the dupes learn of its untrueness too late to do anything about it. Did the counter work on an old man? Did the spectroscope reveal any radioactive elements? I have no way to learn, no contracts and Ma is too old to leave. They pretend to do all these things, I suspect such men as Roosevelt believe they do and make the secret appropriation larger on its account. There are many reasons for the existence of the wonder-wool, and I do not wish you to be fooled by it. Please see the truth. Few men of the surface understand the damn thing at all. Try to get to

the bottom of it before you wave your hand, say I understand all about it. It takes just about a pinpoint of radium to kill a man and a Geiger-Mueller counter will work a few feet from a pinpoint of radium. It should react to an aged man. Try it this way. Moisten his two hands and have him hold the wire which will go direct to the terminals of the counter. If the pinpoint of radium is there, the good conduction should reveal it even in its extreme division. The spectroscope has extreme sensitivity and should reveal its presence. It is rather important to get this thing properly proven. The sooner it is accepted by science, the sooner we can benefit from their work on methods of fighting the thing.

Remember they - the so-called Elder world - conceive of themselves as in direct opposition to surface people - from ancient custom and because they have injured us so in modern times. Hence they repress every effort of science - supposedly except in the underworld - but I think it does not get much done there and I know why. But they must pretend to do a great deal because of the tax money they receive for research etc. So the wonder wool exists. I cannot help trying to tell you how the thing stacks up. Please bear with me, it is so all-important that men face the damn thing openly, yet it seems such an impossible objective. It is the same with the possibility of age treatment. One is completely discouraged by their lack of intent to even make such tests as the Geiger-Mueller and spectroscope when told about one's plans. DID YOU? No, later. I know why you put it off, you mentally feared ridicule from someone or some such tamper which comes readily to their devilish fingers. Or you just were too tired at the time you thought of it. Well, visualize the results of success in the slight effort and simple experiment required to prove our theory, then fail to fail. Then do it. It is too important. And write me what is wrong with my tales or tell me you received them. I am very willing to work them over to suit you. I know it is a little impossible to believe some things I try to tell you, but if you bear with me you will learn in time I am not wrong.

Dero ray are the worst threat to man life that exists and they are totally ignored by the open world of affaris. You do not understand their capacity for harm, I do assure you. It is a fire that MUST be played with, burned fingers or no. Please realize the reward that can be in success for every man, and then do not fear it. Think carefully before you refuse me entirely. I deserve that much.

Your friend
Dick

May 15

From R.S. Shaver

To Raymond A. Palmer

Dear Rap:

I want to warn you, the experiments at Armour are apt to be tampered more or less and someone should be there who understands ray tamp to point it out when it happens as it may cause the abandonment of the thing from negative results which otherwise would be positive results.

Remember the story Caspar Hauser. There are a million stories like it which can be gathered together to prove the modern existence of a Caspar Hauser race of people. Some of them are watching you now, but they will not open their peepers to you. If you keep thinking you know all about and believe what I tell you (just for the thought effect) they will forget that they do not know you and start to talk to you. They are only allowed to talk to people who already know them. Give them this - you know, well enough - and they will speak.

In one of the stories of the Nymphs in Pierre Louy's book, The Venushoehle is spoken of - the same in which Tannhauser found Venus - it is still known to connect with the ancient hell - is still feared as home of devils etc., and the Venus part is forgotten - this is always true where the old mech has been used for centuries - it causes them to become evil.

See, Rap, if you bring out the dope before such experiments prove us correct, our reputation and the mags rep will be much more enhanced than if we wait till such work is conclusive - as well as proving a means of awakening interest as the work progresses - it should be talked about at once more openly, I think - if we're wrong - there is certainly plenty of reasons to give for our being misled - we would be no worse off - and much interest and discussion would have been aroused.

If you bring up the question of the existence of the caverns and the people in them and ask for letters I think you will learn plenty - for many must know - but never know who to mention it to, one hates to be thought nuts - even when one knows all about it. The old gentleman himself never does a damn thing anyway - just the crazier imps - and they have their troubles, believe me - plenty of them want the restrictions lightened and fight like hell for a pleasanter life.

Now for instance - when they test with the spectroscope and the thing was rayed - it would throw all the lines of the spectrum out - which would be noticed but not understood - unless someone pointed out its meaning - otherwise the whole result would be negative - while if it was pointed out that since the whole spectrum was off the test was tampered they would do it over till everything was right and then the lines of the age poison would show up with the other lines in their proper places. The test should not be considered conclusive till all these conditions are right - but try and tell them - they will think you are a spiritualist or some kind of bug. Well, you are doing it, not me. I talked to some chaps who could have run tests but they found it much more convenient to know all about it without trying. Particularly when tampered it is hard not to appear goofy as they make people think such thoughts. For instance you could say you had heard it whispered that a monopoly wished to keep the age secret for private ends and might x-ray the test from a distance in order to defeat their purpose, they might be more careful and suspicious but would they take you seriously. People are

always incredulous of this stealthy opposition.

Had a lot to say to you when I got out of bed, but it's all out of my head now. Will write later. You work well, friend.

Your friend,
Dick

May 16

From Shaver
Barto, Pa.

Dear Editor

On the orbital theory of matter, versus the elastic bubble concept of construction. (A diatribe on dilatory technical men of too great punditry and gullibility.)

The orbital theory as it is now taught - is a bunch of rolling hoops in concept - which hoops are made of speeding marbles going very fast around and around - now these hoops interlace into a gyroscopic appearing structure called an atom - which gyroscopes are stacked indefinitely together to form matter. But there is nothing - alas nothing at all, to keep these speeding marbles - hoops - orbits from sliding into one another. Thus this is fallacious - as they would fold into each other and disintegrate with a loud report.

So let us say that matter is made of integrant bubbles of elastic quality adhering to each other just as soap bubbles adhere so readily and by the same adhesive action of forces inflowing which the nature of integrance - to take in and absorb.

Disintegrant matter may seem to contain and may actually contain particles in orbital motion. In integrant matter this may also be true but only because the particles in motion are themselves in a disintegrant state and cannot adhere as integrant matter does. Thus integrant matter always contains some particles in motion, but they are disintegrant particles and not part of the matter at all - just more Brownian motion.

In disintegrance all parts repel all parts.

In integrance all parts attract all parts.

Thus integrant matter is of a bubble-like-ness and not of a rolling-hoop-speeding-marble-like-ness at all as so many seem to uncomprehend. These bubbles increase steadily in density by feeding on the less dense bubbles from space which seem to break and fall causing gravity in the process. They break and fall for the same reason that clouds of water vapor break up into rain drops and fall to Earth - to become falling water - that is the way of clouds. Some say that Earth gives off a minute spore of integration that becomes the center of the condensing process in space - which center is again attracted to Earth when it has reached a size "no longer transparent to gravity fall" - and is gravity fall itself. A rain drop has a center - a minute bit of sand around which the vapor gathers to form a rain drop and energy has a way of doing things similarly so this Earth spore concept has rain's way of formation to back it up.

Energy flows such as electric are due to the natural attraction of particles being overcome by a film of disintegrance which gives them the ease of motion and speed of motion natural to electric. The repellant film of disintegrance acts as the grease of motions of this kind and is I think the real author of the orbital matter theory - which I do not think a correct concept of matter at all.

May 2

Dear Rap:

In Geo. W. Crile's work "The Bipolar Theory of Life Processes" he states at some length that any organ of the body can be stimulated to greater activity by electricity - that he has done so exhaustively etc. NOW in his other work notes must be his methods of and observations on this work - and this is the modern seed from which a life science could grow like and along the lines of the ancient life science I have tried to describe to you from my observations of the use of their mechs.

They - the underworld - have mech which can and do

stimulate and control the activity of any organ in the body - or any muscle or any nerve - or all the nerves. But what is perhaps most important, they can stimulate thought - and this particular thing is most needed of all by modern man though useless to them - they don't think. If our medical men were allowed to use the type of apparatus in their possession - medicine would become a startling growth of new and more successful methods. Harmless x-rays exist which can make each organ of the body stand out before the naked eye like colored glass sculpture - and rays to stimulate and heal the transparent organs in their cavity exist which could be used right at the seat of trouble as revealed by the x-ray. But they are not given these apparatus - though I know they exist and have seen them in use. It is another proof of the general insanity of the secret ray class - it does not know enough to need a developing medicine to take care of its health - apparently they don't get sick. Many of their rays are extremely beneficial and if Crile's work along this line were properly developed by any large group of students amazing new methods of living and treating disease would develop almost immediately. But they all believe this is all taken care of by wonderful secret ray - and nothing is done to develop Crile's beginning though his work is 'actual'. His science is the most basic in medicine - and is almost neglected. All organs and muscles work by electric energy and Crile proves that this energy can be supplied from the exterior of the body and the work MUST be pursued - we must find a way to get it pursued. The insane dero do discourage such lines of effort parallel to the ancient mech functions. It is habitual with them and must be fought by particular care to call attention to the need of effort along these particular lines as well as we can. I think a few succinct notes from Crile methods of electrical organ stimulation - and a picture of the possibilities inherent in this work for making life blossom - to bring pleasure, joy, love and health to life - would be a good and interesting article for your mag. I hope you can imagine how important the future growth of Geo. W. Crile's beginnings is - and a picture of this possibility should be continually before the student.

Later - it is apparent to me from my observation of ray use - that vibrants in the range of body electric and thought wave range can be very destructive if not carefully handled by intelligent men. This is also apparent that these ranges of energy impulses are not hard to make and can be terrifically beneficial when carefully handled. It seems to me that a careful attack on the problem by good techs through the battery made like the living cell in chemical ingredients - would yield immediate results of value. Crile's work is extensive and points the way - would be of immense use to an experimenter in this line. We must not wait on the wool that secret ray is tending to this line of research - it is the failing of our modern techs that they believe secret ray's wonder wool - and it is in truth but the wonderful capabilities of the ancient mech which they believe in as they think it was built by modern men and is understood by the men they speak to over it. These they trust and hold in awe to the extent that they fail to follow this line of work and research as they think it is already done in secret and well done and they trust it because of a little key on the organ of ray which says when pressed: "I am wonderfully honest and intelligent" in abstract thought in such a way that they believe it always after. This is the trickery - madness but clever use of the ancient mech - to fool our techs into complete neglect of all lines of thought which the ancients pursued to develop their ancient science - our only men of note along these lines are Geo. W. Crile and Alexis Carrel and their work must be particularly stressed by such endeavours as our own, for they are the beginning of a science which is basic to man's need - his own body - as Carrel explains in "Man, The Unknown" which you should read. This work is untouched and neglected by those who should most of all take it up and we must fight this effort of the secret repressors to keep this science from developing. They do just that - fight this side of science in particular.

Later notes - De is a force as constant and as ever-present as gravity - and just as gravity makes us fall to the ground when our body weakens - so does de make us fall into evil when we tire or weaken.

Ray dero are physically as weak - so weak they could not stand up except for the constant flow of synthetic body electric from the ancient gen. which gives their bodies a kind of zombie life - and their thought a similar life - it exists only from exterior sources of energy - and because they use the old junk they have inherited for centuries instead of finding unused or building new - it is usually so full of detrimental that they are completely detrimental zombie - dero complete. That this repel pattern electric does not kill when it has degenerated the mech is understood when you realize you can stand by a fire - the pattern of the flow is repel - yet it does not kill - but if you used this flow for thought - you would kill someone else. Its pattern is destructive - it is synthetic destructive intent from the degenerate machine which once made creative synthetic thought impulse.

I believe that such criminal jobs as the Lindbergh baby kidnapping and many insurance frauds are done by these dero - its bungling is seen in the broken ladder of the Lindbergh kidnapping - that is their mark - as well as the fact that the wonderful sensitivity of the mech kept them quite safe and always has from those who wish to harm them in return. I do not think that Hauptmann had anything to do with the kidnapping but was the victim of their meanness - they paid him for something with the money or hid it in his garage and he could not mention his contact with them - one never can - for one is not believed. Such jobs are typical of their work. I think that many insurance companies would back any plan to develop a defense against the use of x-ray to defraud them - they must suspect this type of weapon in their death rate. Write when you can - I didn't mean to belittle Wilson - I just couldn't help laughing at him on that trestle. Believe me, I know living is no laughing matter and have been on a few trestles myself.

Your friend
Dick

June 8

Dear Friend Palmer:

When you know ray personnel - you will have a harder

time picking true from false than you ever did from my letters - for they lie so expertly and constantly. It takes much time to learn that even when you see a clear projection of an event or a machine - it may be a tampered picture or even a creation of the brain - imagined into being on the chimaera projector. But after awhile you learn to distinguish one person's work from the other and in time can really distinguish true from false - for the falsifiers are always stupid - and this superficiality shows in their work so that it reveals true from false.

About their ray revealing organs - once - in Newfoundland - the dero sent me a Christmas present. I was in a charity hospital with a broken leg - and there was not much to eat. So when the maid (who was sort of half-witted) brought me in a covered dish saying a friend had sent me some plum pudding for Xmas dinner I was overjoyed and after finishing the smoked herring which was all we got - I uncovered the dish. It contained a big round slice of something covered with brown sauce. I took a big spoonful into my mouth - then it wriggled and before I could spit it out - three lively little worms slid down my throat. The thing was a slice from a seal's ovary or kidney and the wriggles were the babies of a sea fluke - a terrible plague of the sea which sometimes in whales gets twenty feet long. They bring in seal frozen to Newfoundland from the hide hunter ships and the infected meat had been sent me by my unseen friends, the dero of ray. I did not worry much about it but about a year after a thing crawled up my back under the skin from my stomach and entered my head. It was two feet long and at least a half inch thick. It was sluggish and took several days reaching and wriggling to crawl up my back. I went to the doc - but he could do nothing - it was in my head. So I appealed to ray and from god knows where they killed that fluke in my head without hurting me - a very little pain. That is the terrific accuracy and revealing power of the antique mechanisms - they can see every detail of such a delicate organ as the brain from a distance that must have been near a mile and kill a thing like a fluke without harming the victim at all. I think you must understand that no

modern apparatus could accomplish such a miracle.

Now the spider apparition was from a large mechanism about the size of a grand piano - but square - it had a v opening in the front which gave forth a double projection which gave a solid appearance - very solid. That is - two rays came, one from each jaw of the v opening, to meet at the point of appearance of the apparition. Now, at the time I was in jail - twenty days for stowing away - and in that jail we used pisspots - not a toilet - nor could you get out of your cell - you used the pot. Now my pot contained piss but was overturned partially - making a large puddle of piss on the floor which had partly dried. I had not known it - BUT urine acts like a photographic emulsion - for in the morning a perfect photograph of the spider with a woman's head remained in the urine on the floor - perfect and not to be argued with. I called the guard to mop up the urine and pointed silently at the picture. He looked - then looked at me said "My gawd, what in hell is that?" - and mopped it up - picture and all and went out looking damn scared. Everyone was very polite to me in the jail after that and I knew why.

Incidentally the spider woman was very loving and shot me full of tobacco juice and I evolved so rapidly that in a short time gave birth to little spiders by the thousand. All of which was projection coupled with a kind of dream hypnosis which is more real in effect than life because the cognition impulses are stronger.

Truth to tell I have been in a cavern which I think was an antique cavern - though it may have been modern with antique apparatus moved in. But I was green to the thing - did not know what to look for and also swore not to talk about its location. They are always very fearful of each other and hiding is their chief occupation and with good reason. I have learned a great deal more from projection from friendly ray and from thought from the same source than from my brief glimpse of the underworld.

The truth of it is that very many of our mountains contain the ancient caverns - not all - but nearly all mountain ranges. I think myself that these were space defense forts - and that

with proper apparatus - hollow places can be found in any mountain range which if once broken into would reveal the ancient wonders, some of which would still be found intact and usable. They are sealed in gold alloy sheathing and in ancient times they took this valuable stuff off and sold it - may still do so today. The caverns go in and in forever - there is in truth an endless supply of it once the caves are entered. But the walls are so damn hard that few openings exist.

The shape of the apparatus varies infinitely, but it is usually covered with an irridescent and immensely decorative exterior - a living beauty covers it - and when it is overheated a voice says "I am hot" just like in the fairy tales the furniture talks. Some of it exists as heirlooms on the surface - secret family heirlooms which is still fearfully mentioned as it is ancient magic - some of it is supposed to be in use by secret agents on the surface - though they do destroy all such from the distance when they contact it. In most cities I have been in you can hear the deep ray talk - so it is probable that there is no surface apparatus in working condition in those cities.

I am sending a tale from a book by the Queen of Rumania which illustrates what I mean by tales being true. This is just what the secret ray acts like today; they have not changed - and some are beautiful and intelligent - while others are animalistic and stupid and above all repressive. They knew then and know today where minerals are - but have no use for them - cannot use anything without brains. The metal flower is particularly revealing - for all tales of the underworld including Aladdin's cave are decorated with metal trees having metal leaves and colored glass fruit. Since they could not live on the surface they seem to have made the caves as much like the surface as they could - they are beautiful.

In a tale in *Weird Tales* mag. recently it spoke of THE DEEP SCHOOL of Magic. I think you will find this is pertinent. Men who had been through the school could no longer stand the light at all. The underworld - hereditarily - have extra large eyes. This was in the Rowley Thorne - Dunstone series - runs regularly in *Weird Tales* and the author may

know something though it's hard to tell among all his magic wool. He should not be hard to contact and writers can explain what they mean. I hope he is not one who believes really in the common concept of magic.

One of the kids told me there was a machine which made a thing like a man - a very beautiful thing like a man - but they were afraid of it and killed it before they found out much about it. Was this a Rossoms Universal Robot factory of that time? There is no end to the wonders they tell of the caves. One told me they killed a snail woman who was tending some of the machinery. Described her type in Formula From the Underworld. They are like children running through wonderland equipped with siege artillery to play with. Another told me of lizard men and showed me what they looked like but I don't believe his story. It is very hard to sift out the truth from their wool - for they tamper the truth and substitute a lie, continually interfere with each other's talk.

You ask of the metal used in Formula From the Underworld. What I meant was a metal so dense that nothing could go through. In 'The New Adam' he describes such a metal - a coating of neutronium over a reflector. That is what I meant. You see - disintegrance cannot exist without something to feed on. A dense metal such as the author of A NEW ADAM described would not allow any thing to pass except the pure product of disintegrance - the only thing that could be small enough to pass the infinite denseness of such a coating. If you have to adopt his description of how this metal is produced - it is a good one. I think myself it is how they exclude dis from a flow of body nutrient electric. That is the kind of energy flow I mean. An electric produced by a battery whose constituent elements are just the same as the cell of the body.

In any energy flow - radio waves down to a simple arc - they recognize but one unit - the electron - do they not? But we know that all such flows are accompanied by other flows whose particles are smaller or larger than electrons. Ehrenhaft shows what a magnetic flow is like. - There are - to my mind - an infinite number of such flows - whose properties are different from the flow of electrons. When

a cathode ray strikes a target or even the glass of the tube - an x-ray is given off. This must occur according to Newton's action and reaction law. That the size of particle of such flows is for each target always different seems true. To use such a dense target that the resulting flow would contain only energy free of dis is what I mean - though the rebound flow would have to be excluded by a second screen of density.

You see - the exd concept posits an infinite number of steps in size of particle - at least a large number - from exd - up to matter itself - and all these interrelated steps of integration lie about us just as electrons do - an endless supply waiting the right impulse to start flowing - just as electrons do - from more to less - for electrons - and from less to more t - for integrating particles - which I suspect electrons are not. Though they may be so active only because of their coating of dis.

You will have rigidly to exercise your repellant and attraction concept as you read of such energy flows to really get the difference from truth the non use of the dis-integrant fact has made to science. They have ignored the repellant of disintegrance in all such concepts and it is always present.

A picture of a troll as having brown skin covered with lumps - it is a sickness due to the dark - some of them are that way - look like the trolls (Peer Gynt and his troll friends) it is hereditary.

I am going to correlate all my science notes and send you what seems best from them - very soon - I shall make time now - clearer sailing.

I have a new story in mind called 'THE CITY OF DIS'. I shall use a few quotes from Dante and a picture of an underworld wizard trying to tell Dante what it is like down there - while Dante mixes it all up with religion and completely misunderstands why it is called the city of dis - I think it will work out well. It will not be too long - I hope.

You ask how the energy - forced through the dense metal - is collected or stored. I tried to explain - that it was

directed into a chamber lined with the same dense metal - it does not stay in the chamber - but since no dis can get into such a chamber - its effect stays in - it clings to every atom and molecule in the chamber - swiftly uniting with it - actually stepping up the rate of integration by giving a greater supply of exd. Several of these penetrative rays would cause a focus of growth - and since t flows from less to more - such a focus would become a place of great growth. There would be a steady infiltration of the food of growth - for the same reason that things have weight - because the earth is heavier - i.e. - more integration attracts more than less integration - a strong focus of the exd would create a source of attraction to all exd by the effect we have discussed as the cause of gravity.

Naturally I am overjoyed that you can use my stories and am sorry that they must be rewritten - but believe me I know why - for I have been through much and it is work for me to write - and I want you to know I appreciate your attitude perhaps not nearly as much as it deserves - your kind are rare - witness my own attitude toward poor Wilson. I intend to write him and see just what there is in his work - if he will explain it in a way I can grasp I will let you know what he means.

Actually the Formula From the Underworld has little value to science since they have no such metals - but would be of value to the underworld as an explanation of how the ben rays are made - if the apparatus is tremendously heavy for its size - which I suspect is true - and I suspect that the metal for the filter came from space - is of super density - perhaps mined on big planets of great density or thrown up into space by volcanos on such planets.

How is it forced through the metal - the flow of energy? The same way their penetray forces itself through rock - or an x-ray through the body - it IS penetrative if it is small particled. Did you ever think just what happens to an electron when it is tranformed from a high amp low volt flow to a high volt low amp flow? Does it change? I wish I knew. The inviolability of the electron's size and speed and mass kinetic etc. is a block to my thought I would like to see re-

moved. It seems to me that induction in a transformer must change the nature of the unit of electric flow greatly. Just what are these changes? Is the electron truly always the same? I doubt it.

If that Armour Institute research shows up anything and I get some credit for age poison work will you use the credit to wangle me some kind of job where I can do some lab work on my own or at least get my hands into such work so that in time I can work out some things with some men capable of grasping the importance of such things as the age poison work? I suspect it came out favorably enough but not enough to make it public so you didn't tell me. Anyway I would like such a job. If you can - would like to hear about it. I hate all the hush about such things they usually indulge in. They would sell more lamb and veal and beef. So what. I can't even buy a piece of apparatus now; they tell me, after the war.

Dear Editor:

In most physics books from Summer on, they speak of juice flowing from 'redundancy to defect' that is from more to less. Now it is apparent that if the parts of a current of electric were repellant each to the other, they would behave so. They would flow in just this manner, from places of more repellant to places of less repellant. Now, I deduce that all flows of electric that behave in this manner are dis-integrant in nature - all parts repel all parts being the law of disintegration. Now if we had an integrant flow - in which all parts attract all parts - the flow would be the reverse - it would flow from less to more - from 'defect to redundancy' and such flows must exist, but are not so noticeable as they flow slower, being more apt to grip things - as they flow from less attraction to more attraction.

This I deduce was the type of electric they used in making their beneficial rays and electrics - a juice which behaves directly opposite to the kind of electric we are used to - it was an integrant flow of electric - while what we know as electric is disintegrant in origin, nature and behaviour and detrimental to life. Each particle of the electric must neces-

sarily have an integrant core, as all matter or anything must be integrant to exist - but is heavily infected with a disintegrant film which makes it behave as it does - being repellant because all disintegrant things throw off radiants and ash and heat constantly and the kinetic of this outthrow is their repellance.

Now, when you heat many kinds of matter, you get an electric flow which ceases when the heat is removed. The mutually attractive little particles become coated over with repellance of the fire and then flow readily from more to less, as the heat dies. Their fire dies and their repellance cease - now we get the reaction which Newton says always exists - the parts flow slowly back from less to more - the integrant flow of electric which will produce beneficial force when it is understood.

It may be that magnetic and similar attraction phenomena will be explained in this light more readily than in any other. The present static concept of these magnetic and gravitational attractions is so obviously wrong there is so evidently a flow responsible for these attractions - and the grip of these particles causes the attraction. In a disintegrant flow you would still have an attraction if the flow were inward - but it would be due to kinetic impact rather than a traction grip - and it would not be nearly so large in proportion to the rate and amount of flow. The difference would be as the difference between a blast of hot burning air and the grip of a blast of icy particles which cling to things, giving up all their motion kinetic to any object they contact.

This law - in disintegrance all parts repel all parts in proportion to the intensity of disintegrance. In integrance all parts attract all parts according to their mass (same as gravity law) seems to me a mighty important new law and one which I have not seen any one else state or note in any way that we had repellant flows or that disintegrant forces and matter behave in an opposite manner to normal matter. This law was one of the bases of their science and I think it should be carefully worked with to make it understandable and accepted.

One particular reason I want you to note this law is that

it explains dero behaviour perfectly. In a normal man's mind the flows are integrant or nearly so, and flow toward the most attractive things thought of. Thus we think most about the healthiest person we know. But the thing is opposite in dero head. The flows are still integrant by mass majority but the parts are heavily filmed with repellent dis and he is repelled by what attracts us. He does not want to think as the flows hurt his cells - but an active attractive female will make the mind act - and the detrimental flows being destructive - the resultant thought is to destroy the object which everyone else most admires. This whole process of love and hate is thus seen to be electric in nature and to partake strongly of the law - in disintegrance all parts repel while in integrance all parts attract. It is a very important law and one that cannot be disputed - it is obvious. Yet I have never seen it stated though it is obviously a basic of energy. You will note that the flows of the mind being integrant in nature and flowing from defect to redundancy can be checked without apparatus merely by careful observation of thought and action of people around you. You will also note that the dero's thought flows are also from defect to redundancy but they are infected with dis and the result is destructive action. People do not think of the weakling as much as they do of the strong and vital is obvious, and it is also true that the strong are more attractive and contain more energy - we are attracted to them and the weak are ignored, comparatively. This would not be true if mental energy flows were as electric flows are - from redundancy to defect - they are opposite natured electric, and flow from defect to redundancy - from less to more. When we think of horror - or sickness and death we are attracted to the least worthy to the exclusion of the more able - we are slipping toward the dero state of mind in which the greater becomes the less. But the greater does not become the less because the flows reverse direction in the case of thought, but because the thought flow is detrimental and makes the greater become the less when it arrives at its thought image. Thus we almost like a repellent person when so affected merely because we hate and despise the strong and able and beautiful. The flow did not reverse,

it is still, majority integrant, but the film is more active and is dis and the results are disintegrant. A little careful thought on this is necessary to understand deroism.

You say - what becomes of these flows if they all go from less to more. I say - they are absorbed into the matter and so we remember things by their impression. More of this flow is generated constantly and as constantly absorbed. That is what the body does, makes food into energy - some of which is absorbed into the body and so we grow. The whole body is doing the same thing - but is not a conscious mechanism - that is it is the same but the flows do not become memory but matter for other purposes. Thus the organs and nerves grow from the acquisition of these bits of energy. When dis at last overcomes them they are burned again and again reintegrate into matter or are thrown out - Crile says the liver is one pole of the body battery and the brain the other. I say it is a battery making integrative energy flows from the fire that burns the food. I agree with him wholly except he does not know there are two kinds of electric. Do you follow? It is important, this difference, and all that ancient science was built about the difference between T (integrance) and D (disintegrance).

This is very important and I hope you grasp this stuff - it took me years of thought and now it is hard to cudgel it up again. Yet it is simple and obvious truths - yet these truths are not seen by our men of science. When people ask me if I am smart I always answer I am afraid I am, afraid I am. For instance why doesn't science at once relate the fact of radium's behaviour in making a poisoned person immediately old with the huge sun above? Why do they take it for granted that radium sources on earth when it is only found in a finely divided state and no other earth elements are radioactive? Why is it these facts do not instantly relate in their minds to point out the cause of age as a sun precipitant? It is too obvious, yet we must work like hell to even get it thought of. Why are men thus, so blind? I tell you, the energy flows in which we exist are too detrimental to think in. That is why I say you must understand and boost the chamber - it is the only hope for men. A chamber in

which all the energy flows are conducive to thought and health and in which the detrimental flows do not enter. The chamber - the health chamber in which life conditions are wholly favorable is the obvious answer to life's problem - yet it is not even thought of. When the goldfish are ill - we change the water and put in some food and plants to freshen the water. When a man is ill we call the doctor who does none of these things except he gets an oxygen tent as a last resort. We must change the water in which men live - the air - the magnetic fields and flux of energy about him - as well as his water and food - if we expect to produce a superior man. Yet there are no efforts in this direction that I know of. The life chamber in which life becomes a great fecund force instead of a smothered weak thing is the best concept I know of to give men. Our worst enemy is detrimental electric - yet we pump it into every house oblivious. Somehow men could use their brains better than that. One would think they did not know that detrimental energy existed.

I have a mass of notes on such things as reverse flows of T and D and I will go over them and send you the best I can of it. I wanted you particularly to note the first part of 'Formula From the Underworld' as it seemed to me to explain the parts I wanted you to get. Up to where he enters the underworld.

Was just reading story by Queen of Rumania "The Silver Nail" in which girl comes from underworld and marries man - shows him silver mine etc. These stories are endless - multitudinous in fact - in their peculiar similarities. The witch always has a magic mirror which shows her "anywhere she thinks of" a good description of telaug and telemech. etc. and etc. but of course it's all imagination and so was the Lindbergh kidnapping - who do you think did it - Hauptmann? It wasn't.

Sorry, I intend to leave this subject alone until such time as you have certain things happen to you which will tell you the truth. But then I know you know some of the truth. But the secrecy is a hard thing that they are still hiding from men and abusing them too is so unbelievable. Well, let it

pass. It was unbelievable to the Medievals too, but it happened to them, just the same.

Your friend
Dick

P.S. In the fairytale - she shakes water on the magic mirror - today - much of the mech is supposed to run on water - in the tank.

June 19

Dear RAP,

I thought of a bit of corroboration that would look swell printed with that story next Sept. or printed with footnotes on the language. It is a picture I mentioned to you before - it is printed in many High School ancient History books. It is from the "Book of the Dead", and a copy could easily be obtained in any large library - from a book about the "Book of the Dead". Picture shows a scene which is called a picture of the Gods - and is in two sections - on the back of this I will try to sketch it from memory - on the lower section they are "weighing the souls" our historians tell us - but it looks like a butcher buying a hybrid hog - half hog and half deer - and the animal has a line around its middle as though it had been cut apart and sewed together again - the corroboration is a picture of some apparatus

June 19

set this

Dear R.A.P.,

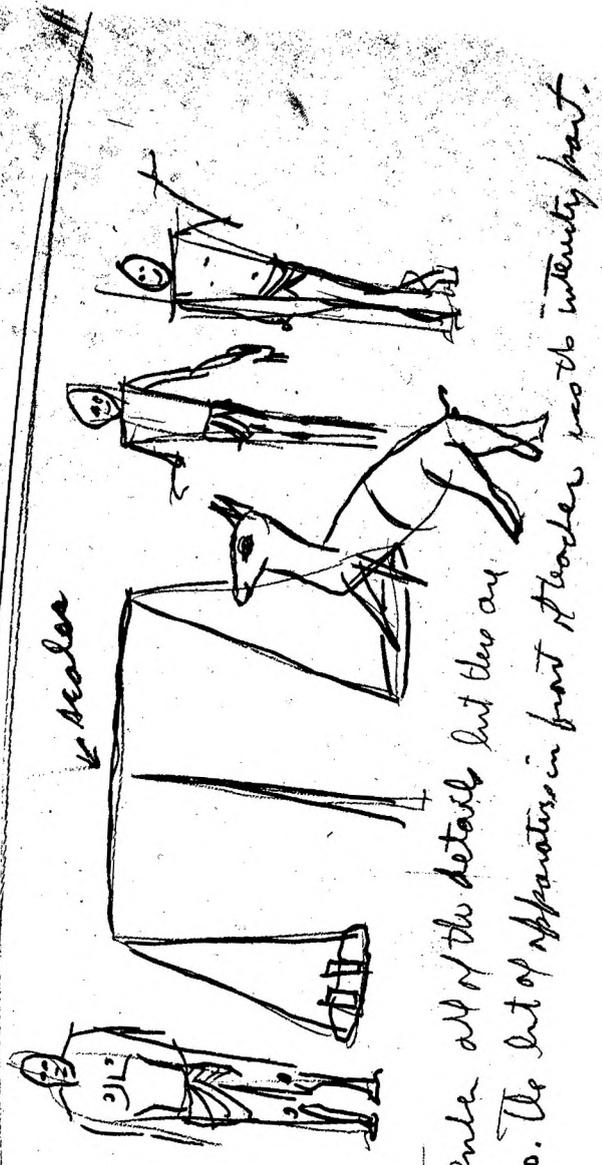
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the teacher



the thought argument

a focusing device to learn the thought process



sealer

I would say this picture comes from some thing known of the latter gods -

Can't remember all of the details but these are main ones. The bit of apparatus in front of teacher was the intensity part.

another bit of corroboration is an Egyptian
 hieroglyph which is  a figure apparently
 sitting in front of a bureau or a radio - but I
 suspect is a glyph meaning communication, the
 means of the ancient picture-beam apparatus
 and the thing is the apparatus - another is the crook
 the Pharaohs always carry - notice the bottom
 end has a clavis - with holes -  - I have seen
 just such handles protruding from the
 ancient weapon beam apparatus - it acts
 as beam director - like the stick of an airplane -
 and if removed - would have kept the apparatus
 from being used by anyone else - why the
 clavis on the bottom - perhaps 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 - perhaps
 the apparatus was a gift to princes from the under-

4 world and was valued very highly.

I managed to get hold of an old Fantastic with "The Doorway to Hell" in it - and want to say that I was told of a party in the caverns under New York - in which hundreds of girls were made to float like balloons in the main ballroom - they were under a kind of sleep hypnosis - and their bodies undulated gently from a sex stimulation ^{without} and the levitation device which floated them there - what they tell of these affairs is usually much more horrible than ^{not beautiful as that} that - a girl tied to a frame of four by four timbers to hold her under the terrific stimulation which goes on till death is the piece de resistance often - there is no end to the thing - it must be hit - because a Lanthia exists under too many of our cities just as Merritt describes him in "The Snake Mother"

Merritt certainly knew of the antique world and of its survival - note his mention of immortality for his survivors is not true - but is partially true for the possibility is inherent in some of these mechanisms always accompanying these stories and in the legends. They kill the best of our people

always - from the distance - and block every bit of health science - (you will note that Carrel fell out with Rockefeller center and other science that they fear. ^{Dr. Lantieri and} Himms are not intelligent as Merritt draws them - but fearfully stupid - like Hero in truth - (perhaps Hero was but a puppet for underworld control) - and they exist under our cities and deprive us of all possibility of progress and of most of our pleasure is positively true. The Doorway to Hell exists in our cities and many go down it never to return. The silence must be broken in regard to the existence of antique apparatus - the more convincingly this is done - the sooner will men learn to search out some of this apparatus and study it - and the silence as to the Evil of Dero saymen must be broken, too, one way or another. If our scientists knew of the mental blocking practices by the underground wights - they would in time overcome it to some extent -

Am writing and couldn't get a typewriter and thought you might want to use that picture from the Book of the Dead as a footnote corroboration. There must be many such pictures but looking for them is a long job - and many texts must mention the stuff -

I think that much of the money our government is supposed to spend on research goes to them by fraud - they pretend to be working on secret rays etc. and that is just another block to science. I know that many prisons and hospitals are thought of by them as their racket and that some of them get a lot of the money that the state pays for the upkeep and provisioning - the apparatus obviously lends itself to many rackets - for instance how do you know you didn't choose the bank you was by mental control - but they are so self-deluded that I often think they pretend to be big racketeers but are in truth afraid to come to the surface and have little use for money - but it is true that they do run many rackets by the use of the apparatus - such as spiritualist seances etc. Dunninger is proof enough that thought augmentation apparatus exists and also has a selective beam attachment - that the beam is penetrative as is radio beam is obvious as the apparatus is concealed - it may be true that he has antique apparatus and is sworn to secrecy or it may be he uses a modern development of a secret type of his own - but it is as likely that he has never seen his aides or their apparatus and doesn't know where they are ever - from my own experience I would say the caverns have connecting roads still in usable condition and much travel can be accomplished without coming to the surface

Dick

I know personally that ray personnel travels on a ship by entering a large box and locking themselves in with their apparatus - to guard it and to prevent anyone from seeing them - for they are different in many subtle ways from surface people - eyes used to the dark - pale - thin - small - the most beautiful red head I knew in ray - who favored me - looked as though she made her own clothes - and badly made and fitted too - and other old ray I saw wore a cloth of coarse stuff like homespun with an attached hood to the gown like ancient monks robes - I saw these ^{I saw this} on antique ships cannon to defend a door - ^{over} the penetra beam - they seemed to have vision ray but no weapons. truth is they ^{the old ones} didn't make much weapon ray and it is in the hands of a wicked few - who terrorize the rest - it is a muddled and horrible thing this secret ray - and the sooner science generally recognizes its antique nature and gets at the old meek - the sooner science will learn to think - for nothing will make you think like antique beneficial - tho the ray seem to have heads like alligators - and all the ben. in the world only makes a quicker alligator - not a smart one - Well, don't worry about them too much - but look for evidence of their existence - your friend Dick.

June 28

Dear Rap:

This is a kind of important letter I have meant to write for a long time. You remember when Buck Rogers first came out in the first issues of Amazing Stories? Well, look at the way it has developed through the years. Now it seems to me that this story of ours - coupled with the language and age poison etc. might - in truth should - build up in the same way to a great and valuable business - if we don't fumble the thing. The proper publicity given the thing should cause a similar development to the Buck Roger stories and comics and I don't want you to overlook these rather great possibilities - hampered as they may be by paper shortage etc. we must not let this fail to develop in just that way because the information we have for the young on dero and der - the language - the age poison radioactives etc. is so very important to the future that we cannot fail to do less than our duty by it. Now I have, long ago, drawn up several comics - just scratch sketches - on this type of comic and I would like to know if there is any possibility of your promoting them - simultaneous with the publicity that is bound to come to us sooner later when the full impact of our work is realized - felt by the scientifiction public. I myself dote on science fiction and weird comics and good ones of that type are all too few - notwithstanding the deluge of comics at present. I think we could do better than Buck Rogers or Flash Gordon and certainly far better than Superman with our data as a base for our idea development and would like to go to some lengths to show you what I mean - though how we could out do Flash Gordon's fine artwork I don't know though we could do better from the standpoint of rational development of future possibilities of present data coupled with our new data - and should try. I don't intend to do the finished artwork on these comics I suggest but I would like to work with it as idea man and perhaps rough sketch the high points of the work - for I am not a finished commercial artist and for backgrounds and puppets for the figures etc., all of which you know and I am not equipped to do a finished job on them but I could do the writing and suggest the picture development

to the extent of doing rough sketches of some of its picture development. What are your ideas on this - do you put out any comics and have you thought of it at all - since Buck Rogers started as a story in Amazing why can't we use the same springboard for a similar proposition?

Now my selling all rights to my work is not entirely agreeable to me and I think we should discuss the possibility of my retaining some rights - though how you figure this when you rewrite so much and add so much of your work to mine I don't know. I trust you implicitly, Rap, and I do wish to help you make the most out of this thing and you are the one man I know who understands at all the immense possibilities of this work.

But if we do a book from the dope we have - or you do a book on the language etc. could you figure me in on some of royalties somehow. I have an idea that by clever work on your part this can be built up to be a success like Flash Gordon and naturally I want to share in the success and want you to get the most out of it you can. Just what do you intend to do in this way or are you waiting to gauge by the reception of the first story on Lemuria what your future efforts will be? Should I work up a couple of the comic ideas for you or don't you have the time or inclination for this angle? I'm sure you could sell a comic on this stuff and don't want you to overlook it as the dero angle is important to future.

If Armour Institute should verify our ideas on age and some good publicity man was in on it - along with the language and the whole setup - it could cause a furore greater even than we imagine - it could anyway in the right hands. This could pay - if we keep on our toes about it.

I don't attempt sell these ideas of mine to regular comic syndicates as they don't pay anything and the ideas are in your hands and I don't want to break them prematurely either any more than you do - it would take the edge off your plans if I did. So I think it is to my interest to keep the thing entirely in your hands so it develops properly - but I do think I should get something out of republication - but I am going to leave that up to you and not worry about it - as it is very possible that it won't make the impression

I over optimistically expect and as our dual work on it complicates such a deal somewhat. You figure all this out as time develops the thing, but don't miss the possibility - it may become a big thing over night and we don't want to muff any of the credit. I am doing one now on the same period - with the time angle covered by a chap in the caves using a thought record machine which makes him live the lives of the men who made the thought records. It is a good way to get a time machine effect without the impossibility inherent in all time machines - time don't exist in truth - it is always now - we know in our sub-conscious that time machines will never work - I think. I don't like impossible angles in science fiction and most of the letters in the letter columns detest the impossible - like the plausible and mentally acceptable much better.

I have the multi-head story nearly finished and am working on the ending and beginning to give it a little polish - it is the longest I have yet done - 40,000 or so and I'm afraid it may crowd you to send any more right away, but will give you first chance to read it anyway - you'll like it whether you can use it or not and might even suggest a market for me. It is not related to my other three stories subjects - is just a planetary yarn. Was pleased with what I saw of your technique in the first part of The Doorway to Hell - which was all of your work I have been able to get hold of.

Well, I meant you could sell a comic on the story after it's out or perhaps before and not to muff it. That was all - I have a couple I have thought of for a long time but gave them up when I learned what they pay. But you have ways of getting full value out of a success in this field and shouldn't overlook the possibility.

Sincerely your friend
Dick Shaver

July 10, 44

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I bought a pocket Webster so I could work on the dictionary you want during odd moments in the crane

while at work. One of the first words I ran across was ATLANTEAN -- definition as given is 'gigantic, huge'. No one but you and I yet know why the meaning of 'atlan-ean' is huge! But they will. The corroboration of the alphabet and resulting unavoidable deductions are so multitudinous. You will find as time goes on you will see more and more of them every day.

About the Bible, it has been translated from Hebrew to Greek to Roman to English and back again so often and by such poor scholars of Medieval times that I think the traces we look for are nearly obliterated. The only ones I see of value are such as the slaying of the Assyrian hosts by Jehovah (obviously a secret ray job from underground) the apparitions of angels etc. The writing on the wall in Nebuchadnezzar's palace "Mene mene, tekel upharsin." I translate it as meaning - the horror of sin arises - woe woe - or perhaps some word from which our word enemy also descended - The flaming sword of the angels seems to mean a ray - the fiery chariot has often been mentioned by writers as perhaps a rocket ship. But the sounds and arrangements of letters which I base my work on has been lost through the numerous translations. I would prefer to work on Beowulf - Chaucer etc. or the original old Norse language which the Eddas were translated from - as containing the straight atlantean sounds and meanings. Hospital - an old word - "Ho, spit all!" said the old English, meaning a place to stay away from, they've all got TB. In the bible the long life of the early men of earth can now be explained by us, and many allusions are rather clear. But truth to tell, I think the bible is a book put out by early priests to substitute for a book which the people knew to be the actual words of the Gods. A T book with a cross on the front full of methods of medicine and simple basic laws of life and physics which people could use even under de charge which the ancients must have known would obscure all unerring thought on earth in time. The priests feared a book that said to put to death all evil men and explained how to tell an evil man from a good one so clearly by logic tests and blood tests and whatever they may have

used. So they substituted a book which said - Do good to those that hate you - Turn the other cheek if someone strikes you. The cunning evil priests of the dark ages must be responsible for much of the foolishness of that kind. You must remember that all such books were burned as magic, of the devil etc., for a large number of centuries. They had devils, too, peering at them over the old rays from underground and fearing someone would learn where they lived and hunt them out. They caused much of such repression of the old writings because they spoke of the underworld and the magic that lay there. Aladdin's cave was probably a story much varied and much repeated because many men saw the caves. There still are many men who know, but after all these years one wonders if it is not in truth impossible to tell men that Pluto's realm exists in truth. So do the men who know today wonder just that way, how can it be told if it has not been told properly all these many centuries. Well, we'll see.

I have two stories finished, one on early Atlan times and one the story that evolved from my multihead idea. The first is about ten thousand now and the second is about forty thousand. You will like parts of the long one very much. I wrote a short article today on the chamber idea, about a thousand words. I will send these soon, not so much for you to buy as to show you the thought. I am very pleased with your attitude and understanding, I cannot tell what it means to me not to have these things die in my hands. Someday I will tell you all about my experiences, and what a devil of a time I had staying alive to keep these things - age poison and the alphabet, from dying for men again. But there are reasons why I cannot tell you just yet. A little later I will make it. You know how hard it is to tell of battle, if you have ever talked to soldiers who really were through one. Well, that is not the reason but it almost is. Did you ever read Moore's (Thomas) Lalla Rookh. Remember Mokanna? Well, the ray ruler is something like Mokanna, from all I can learn. Much the same problem confronts us all as confronted Lalla Rookh's lover. She goes to the harem, you know. Mokanna's. And the lover fought Mokanna's battles.

We must learn better, for he is really an idiot, and he exists in many places under earth. But men can never believe when they cannot see or hear the thing itself. Well, our job is not fighting, but making sure certain things like knowledge of the cause of age grows and does not die.

I would like to look at the galley proof, mainly for checking word translation and some of my own science deductions. I will appreciate this consideration a lot. I do have some good work in me is true if I can get it out and you shall have first chance at it so long as I write, for I am convinced I couldn't find a squarer or more thoughtful boss.

I would like it better if there were some way you could retain half of the resale rights, that is, I think you would be more interested in reprinting and selling stories if you were going to get something out of it. People work that way. But I have not much knowledge of the usual thing on these matters and don't give a darn unless they were to amount to an immense success like Buck Rogers or Burroughs. Is it wiser for me to let you have all the rights in order to get the resultant publicity from the name appearing in many places? At this stage that is probably the case but you know what you are doing I am sure. I shan't think of it again.

About a slick book on the alphabet etc. I suspect one would not have to show it to many publishers if it were well done. Your name alone would insure that, but then you are with a publisher. I think it would make money. Look at Trader Horn. I think much of the success of such books is the way the COLOR of the work is played up in the publicity work. Tarzan is COLOR. Atlantis can be color too, I am sure.

Their system of word making embodies a punning method that sprang from a more active brain than men now possess. Thus HOSPITAL - house of piddle, ho, spital, ho spit all. Woman - woe man, whoah man, womb animal, womb man, of course I don't even think hospital is one of their words but I could think of no other at the moment. It derives from a later time when hospitals were houses of piddle. Many are that today. Woman is one of their

words, I am sure.

I will send you a list of words that I am fairly sure of soon. Perhaps it is true that my methods of thought are uniquely successful in applying the alphabet. Of repetitive meanings in the alphabet I know of none but H which I gave as human. It was probably some word now lost. J was not present, I think, as today in Swedish. They used g and meant gen, I think.

I think that space beyond the sun's light is inhabited with immortal beings who never approach any sun. I suspect that the true gods lived on earth when it was a dark wanderer, and left it when it approached the sun. Then their houses were lived in and became the homes of latter Gods, the Atlanteans, giants etc.

When you know the effects of radium and realize that the sun is a monstrous body of elements in the same state as radium you cannot but think that radioactivity from the sun is the cause of age I don't think scientists will have a word of rebuttal once the thought is correctly presented to them generally. I have read letters from so-called scientists who tried to tell me the sun was not in any way detrimental and they were very ignorant. It is the detrimental in the sun that kills the TB, it is weaker than the body. Yet that is their main objection, sunlight is a treatment for rickets and TB. Well, radium is a treatment for cancer, but the patient often suffers some terrible effects from the treatment.

I will keep a flow of work coming to you, not always on the point of effort I would wish it to be, but still I am getting back to work now again. I have been laying down on the job a little partly from relief at getting the load off my mind of being the only man on earth, apparently, that realized that sun particles were causing age unnoticed. How to tell anyone from my lowly position was my problem. Well, you solved it, and freed me from a terrible mental burden. Now if they don't do something for men against old sol, it ain't my fault. See, what you have done for me. You don't know how I feel. It's wonderful.

How about some real knock down and drag out criticism on my style and methods of writing and so forth. A few words

as to my failings would help a lot, probably. I might get a swelled head and think I was perfect.

You'll see some real work pretty soon.

Your friend

Dick

P.S. just looked at an Astounding and remembered I wanted to tell you I think that he emphasizes science just a little too much. Campbell stories don't contain enough sex and some of them are almost dry though laid in space and adventure. But maybe I muffed some of it. It is good mag. Maybe ours will be better. But we mustn't forget the average reader and leave out any appeal that can be put in. It is too, ours.

I don't know what to call the enclosed, a story or an article - but it will explain the chamber idea to you. It is a very important concept, and a great deal of work has been done by first rate men like Carrell and Pearl, whom I quote. Do with it what you will, but read it.

July 5

Dear Rap -

Am enclosing some research I have had done by Crehore on age - I have had in mind a pamphlet including quotes from authorities and have had some work done by Crehore before - he found Geo. Criles book on The Bipolar Theory for me when I could not buy it etc. I have corresponded with him for some time and recommend him to you if you do not already have anyone working on research along this line. You will get best results by telling him exactly and in full what you want. He is honest, reliable and enthusiastic.

Noted that Gelett Burgers had lead story in Blue Book - last issue - on levitation. Suspect it is another of those "you can't tell it except as fiction" stories. Am enclosing a tear on Home who is mentioned in Burgers' story as a levitator. I have heard that the old mechanisms will levitate and many of the tales of witch burnings included in the charges eye witness accounts of levitation - usually embarrassing to the victim. I also know personally that they - the unseen - can move things - retard a car on the road -

shake a bed - etc. and suspect it is a different application of same type of ion-flow mech - one whose flow is similar to gravity flow.

I don't have access to a typewriter here but try to get this stuff to you some way anyway. We will do something with all this. It infuriates me that all the writers of the past up to present have not done a better job of retrieving the pieces of that living science that the underworld plays with so disdainfully. But how to get it published when the data was truly accurate has of course always been the writers problem. We will get around that obstacle that has kept men blind to possible ways of enlarging life's scope so long. Ben rays exist still of immense potency - and even more wonderful things - but to get techs to study them and to make the method public - that is one job to do. It all gets so immense - so much to do about it and as little time - we must do the most needed first - figure what that is.

Dick

P.S. Yes, I received check for two stories and noted the amount with great rejoicing. I have no kicks. I am wholly with you. When you do not feel like writing - write something anyway - have found one feels like it after one starts.

OF SEALED WORLDS AND THE ZEEMAN EFFECT

By Richard S. Shaver

“You know,” said the Wizard of Growth Cultures, “the splitting of sunlight into two main sets of lines by the whirling magnetic fields of a sun spot, as well as by the field of an ordinary magnet, was never considered as a particularly useful phenomena. But when I learned there were two main types of electric flows, the integrant or attractive particles, and the disintegrant or repellant particles, I saw a vast use for the Zeeman effect. Particularly if it were true that the splitting of the light was in truth into the two types of flows, integrant particles and disintegrant particles.

“So, I passed strong light beams through a powerful magnetic field, and I got two beams of light, one of a beneficial nature - that was the integrant particles, which I have

determined are for the most part beneficial to life. These, having an attractive, tractional surface, were diverted the most by the drag of the whirling magnetic field. The other flow of repellant surfaced particles, which was diverted from its path the least by the force of the magnets field, I found to be almost entirely detrimental to life. Thus by screening off the latter flows from the output of my light splitter, I found I had created a ray beneficial to life.

“By varying the windings of the electro-magnets, by varying the kind of light I employed, using even the invisible rays of the spectrum, I succeeded in producing a multitude of new and unknown rays whose effects on life was different in each case, though in each case beneficial. Selecting the most effective of these resultant rays, and putting them all together into a single beam, I found I had a multi-beam of vast potency in stimulating growth and activity in living organisms. By varying the proportionate strength of the unit rays making up the multi-beam, I found I could control the nature and form, even the character of the animals grown under the beam’s beneficial force.

“Now I prepared insulated chambers, with both vacuum walls and condenser walls. That is, I used layers of dielectric and layers of metal foil alternately, some of them hundreds of layers thick. Upon each of these sheets of foil I placed electric charges of varying atunement, running progressively through the whole range of wave-lengths. After some experiment I succeeded in excluding almost all alien intrusion of force from my chamber. Within the chamber I placed my multi-beam generator of beneficial light rays. I also placed small animals and plants as well as useful bacteria. Earth and water and air I put into the chambers, all of it treated and pure of any alien substance. Thus I created a multitude of tiny sealed worlds, completely shielded from the factors that determine life as we know it on this planet. Thus, like an ancient God of space, I can go from world to world, each is different, and I have created each from the raw materials at hand. Within these tiny sealed worlds I found I could control all the factors of environment completely. The

temperature I controlled by tiny refrigerant units, self contained and automatic, which can be set to any temperature by the use of a dial, like any kitchen refrigerator. I put in these new worlds, as I call them, only water I have prepared by a dozen distillations and centrifuge treatments to remove completely every unknown chemical. I have prepared almost entirely pure H₂O for these tiny worlds. The air is not natural air except in two of the worlds. In the others it is a different mixture of gases in each case. The gases I prepared and purified expressly for this purpose. Thus I have a way of determining, by exhaustive variations of the conditions of life, precisely what conditions are best for any animal.

“Naturally, I have confined my main subjects as nearly as possible to those classes of animals which are most like man, needing most nearly the same foods and temperatures, for my purpose is to learn how to build a better house for men, and incidentally for myself, to live in.

“I have discovered that creatures in many types of these sealed little worlds do not die, they do not even become adult.* They just keep growing in strength and size and speed of activity. So far as I can learn, they grow in grade of intelligence, too. In most of these little sealed worlds, I have succeeded in shutting out the cause of age as well as increasing the beneficial nature of many of the factors that determine the success or failure of life for that enclosed individual. So my subjects for the most part keep growing until they are too large even for their comparatively spacious little world. Then I must remove them to a larger chamber I have constructed for the purpose to save the valuable work and equipment used in the construction of the sealed world.

“Thus I have added up a staggeringly conclusive amount of data to the point of meaning - man need not die. From these millions of little immortals I have determined just how a house should be built to house men. Men who will live forever, I suspect. Surely they will live many lifetimes and be the most superior intellects and physiqes on this planet.

"I have built a house embodying all I have learned from these sealed world experiments. Within that house are my wife and children.

"You see, I have determined that age is due to radioactive particles thrown from the sun down upon earth. The deadly and minute dust has accumulated over earth for many, many centuries, for radium and such metals do not go out, you know. No, they keep burning, reducing by half in each thousand years. These bits of ever-fire get into everything, even into electric flows, for they become very small from always burning away. They accumulate within the body, in time their fire causes our aging and death. But in my little sealed worlds and in my own home that death cannot enter for there are too many barriers. Barriers of outward flowing electric in the metal foil walls, barriers of near absolute vacuum, barriers of glass, barriers of dielectric against rays, barriers of lead foil - barriers against outside air and water. And that multi - shielding is a success.

*Footnote - "Cells in culture in vitro, as we have seen, do not grow old. We see none of the senescent changes in them. From "Biology of Death" by Professor Raymond Pearl. - John Hopkins.

From the same book: "Cells of nearly every sort are capable under appropriate conditions of living indefinitely - undiminished vigor - normality - P. 335, booklet 11, Chap. 3.

"Is she not beautiful? Of course she is much larger than ordinary people, for she has not ceased to grow. Of course she is vastly more beautiful than ordinary women for her vitality is so much greater that she gives off a vital aura of complementary force, force complementary to the male aura, and such attraction is set up that the vision we call beauty takes place at greater strength than is ordinarily the case in the human mind.

"Of course our children are larger and more active than other children. There are very few detrimental ions enter their body to destroy tissue, very few poisonous substances dissolved in their water - no dust or bacteria in

their air. Yes, it is true they might soon succumb if they went out into the normal life of man, but probably no sooner than do other children. For in here they will live a larger number of lifetimes and if they went out they would die as soon as you will. But there is no need for them to do so. Men must learn to live as they do, not they to sink again to men's level.

“Try it my friends, you will see. Here are plans for such a home, it is not beyond your means if you join with other men in the construction. Go and build it, I will advise you when you fall into difficulty free of charge.”

The two reporters left the home of the Wizard of Growth Cultures. One said to the other as they descended the gleaming steps.

“In the future, all dwellers in the pleasure palaces will live in that kind of a palace and be immortal. While at the same time all the factory worker's shops and worker's homes will not be built that way and the poor people will be mortal and ugly and unhealthy and much more wretched by contrast than now.”

But the other made answer: “At first it may be as you say and only the dwellers in luxury will get any benefit of this new way of life. But even that will be better than now, when no one lives long enough to do the common man much good even though he intends to do him good. When some have lived so for centuries they will see that the working people would be of greater value to them if they were healthy, smarter and longer lived, then the common man will acquire such homes, even as you and I will now acquire this home if we have the will to work hard at getting it built. I do not intend to wait for the great to bring me my shielded living chamber. In my pocket are the plans. I will give them to the newspaper when I am through copying them off for my own use. I shall stop off at my home and photograph the pictures of wall construction, the formulas for the synthetic air, and the mechanisms for the cleaning of water. I shall build a little house for my young wife; not waiting for the great charity of the rich to bring it to me. My children will be much larger and better looking and smarter than other

children. And you too, my friend had better do these things and not grouse because the great did not do them for you. For the great of the world are not always able to bring the lowly every pleasure and every blessing of health that science makes possible. Do some of that yourself, friend, I intend to.’’

July 23

Dear boss -

I worked all this weekend getting this longie ready to mail. Though I had intended to work on it a lot more, I can't resist sending it to you tonight. You know, I want to know what you think about it. I could do a lot more correction work etc. on it and had intended to, but I think maybe, since you do so much work on a story anyway, that I would be wasting my time. It looks sloppy, though I spent twenty three bucks getting it typed from my long hand - I decided to use the carbon to send you, as much of her ribbon was pale. And I had to erase and work it over all day today for reasons you can understand. But I'm going to mail it anyway. If you want some more work done on it, I'm willing, it's a good story. You read it all, don't quit because you don't like the beginning. And if there is anything you don't like, send it back or fix it yourself. Parts are good and I guess some parts are pretty lousy. I confess I can't figure what speed a ship should travel to get around from sun to sun and back again. Acceleration should be ---- you fill it in, it's too much for me. Some of those writers do it so beautifully too. I wish if you could get me a book that it was one that contained the known parts of space - the stars and planets and the distances - a table of what speeds or rather accelerations will take you from one point to another in what time or a formula by which such a table could be constructed by me. That is my most pressing mental need, a good astronomical working formula. I figured out a rather new idea for a space drive - with a touch or two from you they should like it, those math hounds that write the letters on how it couldn't be done. But I think my other science and handling covers this perhaps too worrisome lack in my mind.

I bought the Fantastic last a couple of days ago, read the cat story and don't like it. He doesn't say what it's about till you're weary worrying. I would like to do a Fantastic for you. Somehow I think that magazine ought to be a lot better than it is. Does it sell well? But I have only read three or four issues. But then I used to read Dunsany all night and mentally disapprove of him all next day. Anyway I am going to do a Fantastic if I can feel like it again. But I can't feel duty driving me to it.

The alphabet is down to g but that is really work, to pick the words which are indisputably theirs. But it will be along one of these days. Did you want it for any particular time. I can knock together a few score words and send you but I figure unless you have a special plan for its publication I should give it as much time as I could, for there will be some awful Hell raised by the "it ain't trueers".

Sincerely your friend
Dick

July 29

Dear R A P

Did you ever see live ducks tied by the leg for decoys? Well that is what good and wise ray often are used for by the dero. They are placed in position at ray mech about the country to hide, by their existence and behaviour, something so horrible, so fantastically putrid, that every man alive would die trying to stop it from its evil course if he knew of it. Much of these "cover" ray people do not realize their position as a screen for a horrible thing.

These horrible ray are very - horrible. They approve of someone's beauty, some beautiful woman - they have her stuffed for an ornament. Their only wisdom is hereditary knowledge and possession of the old mech. Their customs and ways of life are incomprehensible to us, for they are so stupid as to be so. Yet they are the strongest group of ray - at least they say so. Their social habits are as peculiar as the rest of their description. They get together like a mess of fishworms in a can under a stim ray - a giant one of the antique - and the party lasts for

weeks. Yet they are so degenerate in spite of the beneficial effects of much of this old ray - even the newly activated units of ben fail to make them smart - just as ages of growth has not made the crocodile smart - though it has produced a great and healthy - monster. It wouldn't matter how much he grew or how healthy he got - he would not become a thinker. We men are only so because we come of the old god seed - and god alone knows what conditions or ages of breeding produced the intelligence of which we are the heirs. I suspect that brains do not evolve on earth under present conditions - and that man's splendid mental heritage is slowly degenerating. Something those underworld people did in the past destroyed that heritage - and they do not think - are either dero - or numb - or held helpless by those who are evil and dumb.

The horrible part about them is their treatment of captives and slaves and their constant torment and destruction of surface people without anything being done about it. Captives are tortured for weeks, months and sometimes years - kept alive by the strong ben which will not let them die. This seems to be always going on, is a still extant and actual hell today - not one but many of them.

Slaves are used in ways we cannot conceive of except we see it. For instance a beautiful girl is draped over a special kind of divan and wired full of sex stim - then used casually as ornamental upholstery - to sit on - for it is pleasant to feel the stim through her body. Also they are hung on the walls - etc. often in movement - when this kind of treatment has worn them out - the living nudes in action - instead of paintings - are put to work. All this could be beautiful - and not hurt too much - but they are mad and cruel and only do these things because their forefathers were accustomed to - it is fixed custom. Not because they enjoy beauty any more - I suspect it is not in the ray race - the old - to really enjoy any more. It seems to me they could not live except for the ben of the old mech - something has taken the real life out and left a thing that is not human at all. Their only pleasure is torture. I have been told they

make trips to Mars and Venus in the old space ships - which on thought is as believable as the fact of the existence of the old mech in any workable condition. But the ships are in the hands of stupid people - and conditions on those planets are as bad or worse than here. Such is the tale, and it is as believable as many things I know for absolute truth. I have been told a peculiar kind of insect marked man, a tree man from Venus, is boss of space by virtue of possession of an unbeatable ship or two - The trade is custom bound - sterile - consists of slaves - silks jewels - little of any real use. When they catch an idealist ray - one who wants to teach - study and develop a science out of the old mech - they kill them or perhaps put them living into the shit hole. There they stay and are fed - and their terrible will to live and bring their knowledge to men - which would mean a new world to men - of pleasure and health - keeps them living and trying to get out of their disgusting prison. At last they die in the slime - and that loss to science is repeated endlessly in their course - how many such invaluable men have died at their hands there is no knowing - but they were many - for I know of a secret ray college - wiped out - and they met such stupid fates. I saw a negro youth - killed by torture - he sat on a spike - toothed - kind of machine that shoved it slowly into him. His head had been removed after death - and sat beside him - an unlit cigarette stuck in the mouth - at last touch of idiotic humor. Just how often surface men go down to become slaves or victims - I don't know - but have been told that some bureaus - secret service - hire people for secret missions which require cutting all ties - they are never heard of again - is the chief source of supply of this commodity and consumes the best minds of the world - for they are always men or women who intended to make public a beneficial ray or stim or some angle of the thing. Such is one tale of its activity - there are many such and many true. Such things are easily covered by a few lies to those who do not have eyes to see and think that anyone who has the ray is of course a mighty and wise and rich person of great importance in government and of course not to be questioned. The

gullibility and cowardice of the general mind on this subject has been a question I have long thought of. How can the condition exist? Only because they are so gullible in this particular field - for they fear and respect the ray as the secret arm of government and the one that really runs everything - which I suspect strongly it is NOT but only continues immune because that is the first conclusion one reaches when one learns of secret ray - its potential power and control are so obvious one of course thinks it is only the rulers. They could rule - but don't have the capacity - and much could be done but for this gullible attitude on the part of higher ups.

Their mad children sit at the old mech and ray and cut brains and torment we folk who know and surreptitiously those who don't know - they think it is a pain - or rheumatism or a cramp or some other thing and go to the doctor who puzzles and says some wise wool. A bunch of these mad youth will catch a girl - and then sit on her face till she smothers - or stick a stick up her till she bleeds to death - there is no way to realize stupid barbarity and ignorance in action till you experience its idiocy. These bands of male dero keep a common woman they have made into a complete fool by cutting her brain with needle ray till she doesn't know what time it is - she does whatever seems expected - automatically - their woman. Truth is, it is impossible to truly describe them without offending the nose in an unbelievably crude way. The shit hole - the wall suckers - the human furniture - the stuffed human beauty - the casual and continual murder - one knows why men don't get ahead with their plan for a world when one sees the activities of this terrible hidden parasite covered as it is by the wonder woman wool - people who sit about like decoys or turkeys on a string and by their beautiful existence fool us into thinking ray is a wonderful good thing doing everything right for the future. The stories of the depravity of the Gods even ancient times are still and more horribly true. The gods of earth are devils or captives of devils and there is little good power left in it today - though ten years ago I was sure the illusion of

wonder was the true picture. Fortunately evil does make a man stupid - for detrimental does destroy the brain - so there is hope. But where? But something in that deathly mess lives and tries for us and for the future. There is no other value to our life or hope for men's future but to try in this direction to teach men all we can about it - for death is not a loss under the conditions which prevail and we let it, unknowing the horror. When one speaks the truth it always seems melodrama or imaginary illusion - but the truth of life is just such a horror - just such a cul-de-sac for any worthwhile effort - for they defeat almost all striving for any new thing for general man.

The rock formations over caverns containing the ancient mech can be seen often to contain the pictures - the shadow shapes from the old ray - which hardens things in time - so that the rock hardened into certain revealing shapes like cloud pictures of people - and the softer rock erodes away leaving these pictures like pictures exist inside rock candy - look at photos of mountain ranges and you can see what I mean - sometimes the pictures are unmistakable. They use these traces to trace the places where the caves exist - though most of them are connected by the ancient tubes - which they in truth still use as roads.

Used to hear them brag of growth caverns where women and kids were imprisoned. The women are held under growth stimulation focused on breasts till they get enormous and give milk like a cow - which they use for beverage. I don't believe it, but it is told.

The kids they tap for the old rich ones - who pay high for it. I have seen dying old valuable trees saved by planting a sapling alongside and cutting off the top and grafting the trunk of sapling into the side of trunk of the old tree. This new young sap from the sapling roots gives a luxuriant new growth and vigor to the aged tree. They say the same is secretly done with kids - they tap the young blood into old veins of the same blood type - and the rejuvenating effect is startling. I think it is very possible - a practical method of rejuvenation in truth and it may be practiced - they would have no compunctions if they had sense enough.

They live a life of utter cruelty and may practice this blood graft. Even evil minds are stimulated into intense activity by some kinds of rays and many things are unbelievable but true. The legend of Hell was not without an immense and horrible base and something of the kind still exists.

They are the bloodiest life on earth - if they are numerous but their own horrible customs keeps their numbers down. Ray war seems always to fall into a kind of checkmate - like a feud - the other family kills one - then the first side evens the score - then they wait for a move - and it is always forthcoming for they are dero - they can't help but do some deviltry.

One day in Newfoundland, one of the youngimps activated a picture - thought maker mechanism - a big one. The sky with a close set - like flocks of sheep. The mech shaped every cloud to give the impression the earth was a pebble passing through a chicken gizzard - it will make any shape any size - controlled absolutely by the thought in the user's head. I have seen cloud painting of a very beautiful kind at Annapolis. There were at that time a strong group of intelligent native ray. But I think Washington was even then under alien ray. What it is now - one can only guess - if any. In a Chicago newspaper I saw that Short Wave Research in Wash. was charged with hiring only aliens. But I never saw anything was done about it. Native ray always seemed to me to be either in the process of dying or very browbeaten by alien or barbarous ray.

In Mich. I saw a micro show. This is thought augmentation mech used by a group who train together to produce micro world pictures. One becomes quite convinced that one is seeing life from little and amazingly beautiful worlds but it is all done by group brains with thought aug - it is an unforgettable experience. But they told me Rip - the boss there - held the show and confiscated their apparatus. See, they travel about under the surface or in closed trucks and are allowed contact with each other but not with those who do not know of the ray. But there is a no real government and they are always at the mercy of any little boss who

happens to feel mean that day. I am sure that many of our mountains contain the old cities and they are connected by tubes. It is the hardness of the walls that has kept others out - and those who knew have always been so secretive - is why it is still a secret. But you can learn a lot about it by asking - say a medium - a fortune teller - underworld characters etc.

A dero ray will sit and watch a stadium fill - and as each customer passes his view screen - flick a cutter ray across the centers of the brain. The person will never again be spontaneous or in fact say anything except by an effort of will - a strong effort. Some of the most brilliant men I ever met never had a thing to say except a direct question aroused them from the daze this particular type of cut brings on. How could such a result be achieved so easily? The sweep of the cutter ray just killed a few of the nerve cells in most of the nerves leading to the brain centers. They are still conductive - still perhaps partly alive - but are an effectual block to any but the most strong thought impulses. The man no longer thinks easily - only by a great effort. I have been cut myself and know how this is. The idiot ray calls this "making robots". He is almost right. Some way to fight this concealed and horrible disease?

July 29

The way ray talks -

You see, Mr. Palmer, when I figured out, years ago, that detrimental electric made the ray the dero they so often are, I told them all about it at length. And of course many saw that thought itself could not be detrimental ever - for detrimental could not be thought but would hurt the brain. But the argument with the dero goes on and on, for they are not capable of learning, but are always of the same opinion, a sneer and a cruel intent are their whole manner and opinion. Men have probably been trying to make sense with ray dero for endless centuries and I feel as though I had been doing it that long myself, for they are so repetitive it wears one out. The dero says: "A beneficial

man is a sucker - he gives things away." and I answer "To make friends, for they are the greatest value one can have." A dero answers "Trust one, I will - never." And I answer, "We all live on other's work, it isn't giving, it's cooperation toward a common end. And, as for trust, who do you have to trust? A friend can be a friend and not be fully trusted until you are quite sure. "The dero says: "Yes - and then is when you get it." And goes on: "I'll take mine by force and have more." And I answer: "But sooner or later you will die by that path - you can't lick everyone." And he says: "We always did." And I say: "You would get much farther in a strong group than as quarrelling individuals." And he says: "We are strong." And I answer: "How can that be if you are detrimental; you must hamper and hinder each other?" And he answers: "They know better." And I say "thought is detrimental never - it must be beneficial." And the dero answers: "My thought says detrimental is the best course." And I say: "But it was detrimental electric that says that, not yourself. "And he says: "What's the difference if it works?" And I come back: "If thought is detrimental you will not have a head - it will destroy your brain. It would not pay to think at all."

And another ray will chime in and say: "He don't have a head, he has a hole - a rectal hole."

And another says: "And it doesn't pay him to think, he's always worse off."

So it goes interminably - over and over with endless apparent variations but the same theme until I realize that all the thought on earth is but the play between these simple go to together impulses of t - integrant cell electric and the destructive, fly apart impulses of detrimental electric in the brain.

Letter to a Student of a Religious Order

Dear Friend:

See what men have become by failing to think persistently of the alchemy of life before their eyes. A kind of repetitive termite, as I explained in my last letter.

Your God became a God by elastic, protean thought - insistent upon the WHY of the source of life. So must you, little one of a decaying race, turn backward the tide of death by persistent thought upon the why of life's beginnings; until you, too, can create the life that does not die in your own body and in the bodies of children and your friends.

Such things are done with the hands and the insistent brain, and not alone with words, as some try to do. They do! They try to explain all wonder with worn out words, and they are not listened to. They must SHOW wonder and its WHY with their hands then they are teachers. Man is overburdened with words, they have lost their meaning through meaningless repetition. Do you not so err, O would be acolyte of God. See why God was, then learn how he can be in you in a physical way, through laboratory work.

To be mystical about a fact like the filtering of age poisons from one's food and air is to miss the way of life. God was not mystical, but a practical scientist who made himself immortal through hard work and study. So did he become mighty and incomprehensible. But the beginnings of such a being were not so!

All beginnings are small sometime, so we can grasp the trail he left and follow, for the beginnings were small and easy to grasp. A food filter is not too hard for us, when you see it in operation in a mother's womb.

I hoped you liked the science club idea for your boys. Why religion is not science is a thought too hard for me. It certainly needs some science, some careful logic study and course in correct syllogism, Is that wrong? I wonder. It would be a beginning. God had a beginning. We must think what it was. It was the understanding of the cause, the how of growth. The healer learned to grow great and wise. Do not repress such thought. It is not wrong to think of beginnings. HE began in some mother's womb, smaller than a microbe as thin as a thought. HE began, His food was clean filtered of the poisons of age, so was he born young. When he learned to use his hands, he learned to free his food of the poisons of age, and so he grew great and wise and mighty, He did not fall by the wayside.

Do not fall either, O my friend and student. Learn to use your hands, to feed your thought with actual food, not mystical longing for a wonder you refuse to understand and so cannot grasp. You must think of his beginning as a small and foolish thing less wise and strong than yourself, He saw the path, actual manipulation and control of life force. Please see that path, too, O Acolyte of God.

So there are two paths before us, the present one a learning of foolish words and actions, which we intend to repeat forever, because that repetition is accepted by other men, even less wise than ourselves. The other path is an actual attempt to learn and control life's cause, to cause and use a greater profusion of thought in our heads, to concentrate this new, non-repetitive thought upon our chief problems, old age and war, and so fight on, in a practical, actual battle against disintegrance - ie evil - or decadence. Such is a true preacher's path - to show an actual road toward greater life - not a mystical rainbow without a handle. I mean RELIGION WITHOUT LABORATORY EFFORT IS A PROMISE WITHOUT GOOD INTENT! We do not die to go to heaven, but learn to live more fully and so go to heaven alive, in an actual way by our own efforts. Good science might revive a man after he had been dead a short time, but IT COULD BE TRUE THAT THE DARK AGES MISINTERPRETED THE MESSAGES THE GREAT PAST LEFT THEM. I do not think death is necessary. Why do you think it is? We know it is an evil. So it is!

We will disregard this life after death, then, for we cannot grasp it, if it is not an evil interpolation, a cynic's excuse for true effort, or a lazy man's failure to try to live. It is too fatalistic for me. Let it go, we will try to live. Christ would say we must try to live, if he has to save us after death, all right. At least we will try to save ourselves during life. That is a more practical path, DEATH IS NOT GOOD. Let us not say it is good. God had a laboratory. So will I, and I hope you. He learned to grow, so must we.

I hope you have seen, from my past letters, that life becomes degenerate, or a wonderful growth, according to the amount of disintegrant force it must combat. When the world

was young, turning under a clean, new sun, the forms of life had a beauty and a mighty fecundity not now understood. Life as we see it, is degenerate; evolution is only true in that the fittest survive the longest. The deformation goes on before our eyes, unnoticed, for we cannot see the past. The life of the sea is a horrible struggle, the deeper one goes in the sea, the greater the deformation. (see Beebe -) Land-life too, is a horrible struggle. We are not even logical in killing one another. Instead of seeking secretly for the cause of our war and eliminating him or them and so concluding a peace, we shoot everybody on the other side. Now in the sea they devour which they may of each other, but that is logical. They must eat. We do not eat each other. But we are not through with degeneracy. The land suffers by comparison, horrible as the sea seems to us. The sea is a study - a picture of the steady deformation of life forms in their long struggle with disintegrant force. We are too; if we could compare ourselves with our forebears, we would see what the impoverished life force of earth has not made of us. We can only guess at what preceded us, but we can know it was too great for us to conceive.

What life forms might have become with a steady clean supply of energy ash - might become again here on earth - is stimulating to think of. Without accumulative poisons of persistent dense particles of disintegrance, there would be no limit to what life might become. But life has always a distortion of pattern by the nearness of its source of heat, light and exd or energy ash. This source, or sun, is found to cause a distortion into struggle. Just as a wind causes air movements - so does life distort into struggle, unless we listen carefully to our compass of integrance, our mind, this thought distortion will destroy us. This is history, conceived as electrical or natural forces, repeating a pattern as simple as lines on snow. These tensions, built up in men's brains are called hatreds. Actually they are the natural evenness of thought distorted - influenced by the force of disintegrant energy into those split-concepts called racial differences, etc. Men do not want to kill each other, they are so forced. They are not trained to correct their

brain cell compasses into integrative indication of future pattern. So they see no way out of mass killing for they are not taught to look for one. It is good that we have a brain. It might be used to keep us from killing each other, as fish and other stupid life-forms do. But the fish have no other way - they have been constructed to eat each other. We were designed in the past to coordinate into a great organism, the parts of which were mutually supporting. The state is the survival of this pattern of life, man's best inheritance. The most essential part is missing from the mechanism of this organism. That part is systematic check of character, a device that removes detrimental will from a position that destroys us from any active part in mass life. Another part that is missing from the organism is a self supporting unit - a small easily tended state of perhaps ten families. This unit is the brick. Our family is at present this brick, but the form is left to accident, and its efficiency has not been proved.

Neither is it looked at, as a car would be, to keep its wheels oiled, its tires patched - to keep it in running condition. The state exists, but little attention is paid to the parts, its basic brick. So it falls into rubble, for its bricks become rotten. Or it becomes a juggernaut, to return to the car analogy, for lack of mechanical care. We have war, for the smallest unit, the man, is not checked for deficiency, its units are not cared for.

So history is a repetition of the integration of man-force into a state, a larger organism; and its disintegration from lack of knowledge of disintegration, and its sure approach is not seen. If we had better minds we would understand disintegration, we would avoid its distortion of our thought. We would keep infected matter from our food and so grow better minds. The state fails for lack of minds to keep it in repair. Man's state and men's minds are mutually supporting or they are dying. At present men are dying in large numbers. Minds were not important.

Such is history to a modern. A story of repeated mental failure and collapse of the great organizations the minds of men built. When the state dies, many of us die. At present

we are trying to kill several states. That is "making history". Let us hope they will find an integrant path out of their disintegrant force impacts. But men's minds have always failed that job and new wars arise from old. The odds are very poor to live, on whatever side the soldier is.

Life then, looked at from a sane point of view, has degenerated into an everlasting contest between the Scavengers and the Zombies. There is no winning, or peace, just a hastening death as painfully as possible.

But once, far in the past, life was glorious. So the legends tell us, and so the language they left tells us. We, too, could make something fine to have of our life if we learn to keep out the ever present sunpoisons that madden and age us. Let us try. It will not be done by praying to something we know is not interested, a chimaera of godhead somewhere to fix everything for us. We can lift ourselves from our degenerating path only by finding the trouble in actual investigation into the conditions that make a living organism what it is. Then we must change those conditions for all men so that they grow up able and intending to make war impossible. That is religion, not repeating the ancient illusion of life after death. Such words are not of use, they are an escapist dream.

Sincerely your friend
Dick

The Permeating Forces Which Pattern History

To begin with, you must see that History is a repetition of identical conflict patterns mixed with time periods of growth and place focii of growth. If we think of man as a small organism, either plant or animal, under the microscope, we obtain an informatively broad view of man life in our mind. Thus, the organism, man, is seen to be born, grow a while, then engage in furiously self destructive activity - kill each other or die of old age or disease. Broadly speaking, he is not a successful organism, has not conquered his environment, does not live and grow to a culmination of activity - a culmination that the logical summing up of his

needs and possibilities would show to be possible to him. What is this organisms difficulty? I will tell you.

There are two main forces patterns in energy - using the word energy as a name for all - for the substance of which all things are made. These two main patterns are integrance - (falling apart - slow as in decay or fast as in fire). Now, the mind can be called an electrical mechanism operating with integrant electric - or growth force. This mechanism or organism generates a fragile picture stuff called thought. The charges of intent electric from the mind battery - the memory screens, the whole mechanism of thought generation is delicate, very much so - it takes but minute forces to distort the whole stuff of thought into monstrously different images than the mind's cells ever intended to make (the intended is a flow of integrant ions which cause and are made into the mind's images - or thought patterns).

Now earth is an integrant body - a great and growing ball. The force of gravity is what we feel of this growth - a condensation of the thin stuff that fills space into the matter that earth is. All bodies big or small, are either growing, as is earth, or shrinking, as is the sun. Now, when we stand off from earth, we see she is a great magnet, a growing thing surrounded by vast force tentacles of growth - the magnetic field of earth. BUT, and here is the rub - this vast field of integrative force is interpermeated - mingled with the still vaster forceline - output of the sun. That interlacing force is disintegrant energy. To some extent, this great disintegrative force inducts in and permeates all earth's surface matter, has its hand in every chemical change, is active in every fire that burns, howls in every radio and is present destructively in every phenomena of earth's surface. But its most important activity is the part it plays in distorting thought.

Every thought impulse that takes place in every man's head is alloyed to some extent with this penetrating induction of disintegrant force lines from the sun. This gives rise, in man, to what I call the "the force pattern illusion".

To Editor Raymond A. Palmer

Aug. 2

Dear Boss:

Received same and was delighted with proofs and your handling of story and info. The star book contains enough information for the purpose. I am sorry you have to postpone till Mar. issue as I fear someone may forestall us in scooping the age, etc., angles. If it is on account of the lack of the dictionary I can get it to you - will send something of the kind within a few days. You see, to be the first to print the cause of age is really a scoop, and shouldn't be put off if you can help but I suppose you expect to have some very sound proof from Armour or some other lab by then and can really blast them with it. Or did we just take too long about it?

Was reading some old Irish sagas from The Five Foot Shelf - Vol. 49 - Epic and Saga. They speak repeatedly of men banished from the elf-mounds. They would come out and join the warring tribes because they were kicked out. They are described - I'll get it and quote:

"There I saw six men - fair yellow manes - green mantles . . . tin brooches . . . Half-horses are they, like Conall Cernach. Each is as swift as a mill wheel. Liken thou those, O Fer Rogain!

"Easy . . . Those . . . are King of Tara's six cupbearers, namely Uan and Broan and Banna, Delt and Drucht and Dathen. Good warriors . . . and they will escape from their foes, for they are out of the elf-mounds. Best cupbearers in Erin. etc.

. . . beheld . . . room . . . nine . . . men . . . in it. hair fair and yellow all beautiful . . . Mantles speckled with colour . . . above them were nine bagpipes . . . Liken thou them, Fer Rogain.

"Easy . . . Those are the nine pipers that came to Conaire out of the Elfmound of Bregia, because of the noble tales about Conaire. Best pipers in the world, etc.

Several such mentions. Did I tell you of the account of the Roman general on the way home, Sulla I think it was? His men brought him a beast, half man, half goat. A satyr - Sulla killed it, for IT WOULD NOT TALK TO HIM. Interesting, if

true. The satyr is an oddly persistent legend.

I have no kicks or major corrections on the proofs you sent. I am intensely delighted at your grasp of the theory and science in the story. To be really understood as you have done after all these years of worry as to what to do with what I knew is a relief beyond words. I will do my best for you. Just make it very plain what you want next, and I will do it.

It is very late, I just finished reading the proof.

Good night.

Sincerely your devoted friend

Dick

Fri. 4 Aug.

Dear Rap -

Just a note in case you wish to write Einstein. Got his address from a magazine article. It is - Prof. Einstein, 122 Mercer St., Princeton.

I started a letter to him, but lost it before I finished it. Since reading your work on "I Remember Lemuria", I decided you might do a better job, and be more apt to reach him - as a letter from an unknown might be apt to be turned down by his secretary. It is very possible that you might get some splendidly publishable answers from him. I would suggest you correspond with him about our work for several letters, then ask permission to publish some of his answers. He is good-natured and once he knew your character would not refuse you.

Sincerely,

Dick

Dear Boss -

Reading an old volume called Ennemoser's History of Magic - (1854) - note where he says - "Democritus taught that atoms moved downward in infinite space unceasingly and perpendicularly, where (downward) they came in contact with each other and either united or were repulsed - and from which all things arise and decay."

He goes on (Ennemoser) -

“Epicurus held similar theories - only differing in the details.”

Now I strongly suspect that these ancients had some contact with the remnants of the true teachings which would explain the survival of this principal of de and te - which I call the “dual theory” and think to have been the main foundation stone of the Atlan science. I was looking for it - and there it is in the words of Democritus and Epicurus. Ennemoser also tells of many cases of levitation - recorded - (You and I can see the hand of the cavern world - of the ancient ray mech and the implish or destructive ignorants who dwell there.)

Quoting Ennemoser:

“In Horst’s Zauderbibliothek- Vol. V. p. 402 a record from Supt. Moller in Frieberg (a hospital for insane) of Maria Fleischer who suffered convulsions. When violent - she begins to rise in the air - it is dangerous to touch her - to the height of three ells and a half - she would have flown out the window - etc.”

“In witch trials we find many similar cases. Iamblich (water and teacher) a defender of Paganism - was during prayers - raised ten feet above earth - at such times assumed the color of gold.”

About the gold colour - I have had several marvellous sensations from rays of a rich gold colour myself.

Continue Ennemoser:

“The Earl of Shrewsbury’s book on “Extatica” relates many such levitations.

“The Hindoos rely - according to the ‘Zend’ books on the ‘aid of geniis and spirits’ - are able to drive away sickness by their aid, etc. etc.”

You see, almost any book that holds accounts of remarkable things in the past can be used to corroborate what we already know - that these underworld people exist secretly and have done so since earliest times. It is only so astounding that they are not more generally written of and known. I strongly suspect that the reason for this is the fear they engender in those who know them. I have had

this fear for years and know how strongly it can be impressed upon one by reflected augmentation over the beams. So it is that people who know them are afraid to speak or write fully of them and only indirect or vague reference is used by them. Such tales as "The Horla" of Maupassant's are by people who have contact with them but do not know the whole story.

You see, my brother had them - much like Maupassant's Horla - invisible yet there. He often started to tell me about something - then stopped - how could he tell me - it's so unbelievable. They killed my brother. The thing that killed him has followed me ever since - I talk to him - many times every day - I know where he is and that he has killed many people - know too that other rays are holding him in check now so that he cannot kill - but he tries continually.

I am sure he can come to the surface but rarely - he must travel about under the ground in order to follow one so closely - there really must be an endless network of the caverns and they must have cars that they drive through them. Or else they travel with their antique ray mech in a closed truck over the surface highways. Which method they use to travel I am not quite sure - perhaps both are true. If the latter - surface travel - they must use a normal surface man as a driver because of their peculiar appearance - which is often immensely revolting and always far from normal.

Since I know the caverns, the antique mechanisms and the secret groups exist - it follows that there must be connecting tubes between the caverns.

In the ancient legends, and even in such recent writers as Sienkiewicz ("Quo Vadis" - etc) there is minutely detailed accounts of their habit of following and tormenting certain people. The ancients called them harpies or furies and gave them wings and invisibility to account for their invisible presence and ability to get about. They will follow a man with horrible and stupid singleness of mind till his death - for years one and sometimes more have followed me about in spite of all my efforts to shake them off.

Well, they are not invisible or winged, I have seen them,

they are ordinary men and women. But they are terribly degenerate, small and peculiarly ignorant in logic and real education, though singularly well-informed and efficient in other ways - due to the immense awareness of the thoughts of many minds which the ancient thought and dream mechanisms give them. Why does this not give them logic and sanity? Because for centuries the overused electrical mech has poured through their minds a shrinking, degenerating flow of de force. That is what has made their minds the peculiar things they are. They have watched and parasitized people of the surface - many are degenerate men in the way that a bedbug is a degenerate bug - (without real digestion. It can only live on blood) so - they without industry or even real thinking sense - yet get people to furnish them with food and such things today - as motor cars. Remember the old tales of the food set out for the fairies which disappeared every night?

For which they are as apt to pay with a pain ray as a pleasure ray - for they have no sense of values or system of rewards. That is, the dero ray doesn't - though there are good, smart, kind and beautiful ray people - they are fearfully plagued, hampered and tortured by the dero.

I have seen a group of them fall under dero ray range. Then, daily, they would wait - for the "steam chair", where some of them were strapped to burn to death as the steam rushed into the pipes of the chair - or to be hung head downward over hot coals and whipped to death - or to be put on the rack - the same old device still in use - all things that happen regularly with them - because they always did - that is why they are few and so degenerate.

Thus you see we have all the horrors of medievalism plus a few more - such as the steam chair - right in our modern midst - but completely hidden by modern incredulity as to witches, magic - etc. - which were the medieval way of talking of phenomena which they could not understand but which tormented, killed and too, sometimes did them tremendous favors.

They have done me favors, too, have been more faithful, more kindly, more considerate, more wide awake to avert

harm from me than ordinary people could ever be. That is due to the power the antique beneficial raises to life in those who are lucky enough to find it before it has been overused.

These people possess an enormous value which for some reason they are unable to pass on to modern scientists such as Coolidge - Einstein etc. Why? I suspect the stuff is difficult of transport on the surface - or they fear to show themselves to such scientists for two reasons:

1. They will be arrested and being unable to give any account of themselves that will be believed they will be held as insane or abnormal.

2. They will not be allowed to reach such people because they are not known - look "queer" etc.

I think you would find it pretty hard yourself to contact a man like Coolidge or any man equipped mentally to understand such a thing - particularly if handicapped by mental tamper from the always present dero.

Yet modern science must be shown the ancient mech in some way. And the dero ray consistently destroy the still usable mech for fear some one will use it against them.

You see, Rap, when you take a cultivated plant and put it under wild conditions you get in a few generations a wild plant of a useless kind. That is what men, all men - are - a cultivated plant that has been neglected - as I explained in "I Remember Lemuria." Now - in the caverns - you have the same thing - but they evolved for centuries under totally different life conditions - are totally different from men. They get almost no sun, but they use the old ray for light and it contains rays which, like ultra-violet - keep them alive. But the ray generators - though practically indestructible - do change through use into generators of detrimental ray - which is the cause of the underworld people's regeneration.

You see, the realm of Pluto was beautiful - but very gloomy because the electric field from the old generators was increasingly de-pressive.

Now we of today - with our general installation of electric - will, and already have - the same degenerative, depressive influence terribly at work upon us.

Who can say that our murderers and crueler characters - our blue stocking moralists and repressive reactionaries - are not products of the degenerative effect of the aging dynamo's power that is run into everyhone? Or that modern American youth would not be more intelligent if electrical dynamos in their home town's electric plant were new instead of 50 years old? This influence of use and age on dynamos must be carefully stressed in our work. For life is electrical in nature, and the effects of these electrics on life has not yet been touched. How better to scare them into this study than by alarming them terribly as to its unnoticed effects. And I am pretty darn sure that de from the aging mech is what ails the dero ray. Certainly the danger of our dynamos making dero of us is one that can be proved easily enough. And I doubt if it could be disproved - for how could he disprove it without taking some notice of detrimental electric? How could he prove that detrimental electric does not make destructive thought? We know that where there is a force there is a result. We know the force - de - and we know the result - our great war.

See what a tremendous job we have laid out for ourselves, Mr. Palmer - to keep our information from dying - to keep our children on this job after we die - is also our duty - for it will not be fully accomplished in our life time. (I would suggest keeping a list of all references of old and new books which contain mention of the subjects we intend to go into in the book - I will do the same -) Maybe our children will carry the ball across, if we fall down on the job.

We must get the d-ion - its accumulative nature - its electrical behaviour - its sun source - its general and deadly dispersion - its degenerative effect on life as it collects on and in such mechanisms as dynamos - we must get these things recognized by official science. So far they do not even mention disintegrance, except in radium - polonium - uranium - and in the materials subjected to the blast from a cyclotron or betatron.

Disintegrance is a force always coexistent with integrance. The sun is surfaced with disintegrance - held to-

gether by interior integrance. The earth contains more surface integrance - but that the center is super-hot we are pretty sure. I suspect that all expansion is due to an increase in disintegrant charge - while all contraction is due to an increase in integrant charge. That this is basic is pretty obvious to any real thought - but that it is unnoticed as a basic of all matter's behaviour is unbelievable but true.

In the future, laws will be passed forbidding the use of a dynamo for more than a specified period - because of its deadly effect on life forms under its influence.

We must get experiments under way which prove this effect of electric on life evolution - we must get the cause of age recognized - it is a big job. You see, Boss, we may be able to save the whole human race from degeneration from our own modern dynamos if luck is with us. If you could see what those centuries of use of those antique electric mech has done to the secret people, you would know well what I mean. Something degenerated them at a terrible rate - what else could it be? The generation of de - is the answer - right in the word itself. That is why that language is valuable - it is always making those answers. Degeneration is due to generation of de! De is disintegrant energy - some dynamos must induct from the sun - be sun polarized. Well, why not? We need some intelligent help on this - I hope you can find it. Write to Einstein - then tell me if I may.

Sincerely your friend,

Dick

P.S. Did I mention that Pierre Louys in one preface mentions the Venushoehle - or Venusbourgh the same hill and cave that Tannhauser is supposed to have found Venus in - is today feared as a hell - that deep in it are seen devils - and those who go in do not come out - etc.

I just looked for this in Pierre but couldn't find it - I guess it must be from Ennemoser.

Aug. 30

Dear Boss:

If these letters seem to repeat, there are several reasons.

I copy from notes and sometimes can't remember I have done so before. And again, I want to fill out your mental picture of the "Underworld" or "Elder World" and that is a job. Remember, A. Merritt knew something of this immense truth, too.

I know you want the next story to be about Mutan Mion - to continue with the same characters and setting - but can't seem to shuck the writing I am engaged on. I will try to tie the next story to "I Remember Lemuria" in some way. The thought record mechanism makes a fine literary device for this. It explains exactly how I remember so much. But in the first story about the thought record I have gone so far back in the first days of the Atlan's settlement on earth that Mutan could not be included.

If you have any particular preferences about the sequence of stories please tell me how you want them. I have a collaborator on the next story - if it is better - tell me just how much and if it is worth it to me.

I have been thinking a lot about working with this writer. Now I have given her the partially completed story - the one about the thought record of the Atlan's history. I am also going to complete the story in my own way. Then I will submit both manuscripts to you. You can choose whichever is best. If you choose mine - I won't continue to work with her and will just pay her for her time. We might make a good team, I can't tell yet. Perhaps you can by comparison of the two stories - both basically mine but one with the addition of her greater experience as to just what a story should contain.

Now I am going to copy a letter I wrote on scratch to you some time ago.

I have been talking to a ray about the extent of the caves. To his mind - the area of these borings may be larger than the surface of the earth. If they were laid out flat, as the surface is. They are largely unexplored, even by the inhabitants. This is due to the maze-like nature of the caves. Another reason is that the few who live there will seldom permit passage - and you can't argue with a stationary installation of ancient ray with any portable stuff. So

immense areas of the subterranean world, full of the ancient apparatus of life, lie untouched. Very few educated modern men have ever had access to the Elder world, as some call it, at all. When they did get in, they were overcome and held or were killed. Yet these same inhabitants watch our modern cities on the ancient screens, read our minds, and consider the whole modern world as opposition or as something to prey upon. In your imagination, put New York underground, hide it for a million years, spread it all over earth, seal up every entrance but a half-dozen, surround it with impenetrable walls of stone harder than diamond drills, place at the few entrances savage, brutal and piratical men armed with weapons built by Gods themselves. The inhabitants have had to buy their food from the holders of the entrances since earliest times - they are the rulers of the underworld. There are, naturally, few inhabitants of our hypothetical New York. They seem numerous when you contact them because of the flexibility of and immense range of the teltaug or telemech apparatus. One man can seem like a hundred by changing his thought of himself and throwing the ray about a bit. So these few have lived on, not keeping the secret so much as being unable to tell anyone and be believed. The Elder world, the world of Aladdin's discovery in Arabia - the hiding place of Ali Baba, Pluto's realm in Greece - still lies awaiting sure knowledge by and exploration by modern man.

These people who live there are the real rulers of earth - if they had the ability or intent to tend to the job - but the pleasures of the ancient mech are their life - not politics. There are groups who use the ray for profit and they are very rich and powerful - and also very wary of the perils of the vast caverns. The Indians were there - in our American caverns - left fire marks - picture writings - bones and tools - but apparently never touched a button or activated a dynamo even by accident.

It is very hard to grasp the immensity of this thing. Read A. Merritt's "Snake Mother" again - and spread the cavern containing the ancient tools and weapons of the serpent people all over earth instead of confining it to one valley in the Andes - then you only faintly approach the awful picture of

what lies under man's feet. We must not falter - till some bright and powerful modern man knows that all power and secrets of unimaginable scope lie hidden in these caves - lacking only a tool to penetrate the hardened rock of the walls. It is at present most often used to thwart men's progress.

Sometime powerful sane men must know this thing - of course - their incredulity is a huge obstacle. It seems impossible to tell them. Yet they can be told, if they have happened to read the right books - all their picture of the past fits suddenly together in their mind into the real picture of what the Gods really were and what has been done with their left-behind machinery through the ages.

I can't give up the hope of sometime accompanying some men into those caves. Can you, once you know what they are?

In a Colliers article on Gremlins by a flier who "believed in Gremlins and spoke their language" - he said in a round about way that his sights had been tampered over Dieppe by the Gremlins.

I could tell you how my own plans have often been thwarted by them - and that is the first thing you will hear from one who knows of them. The next thing you will hear is gratitude of those of ray who work for such ideals as we do - to make a life such as the Gods lived - again. Such men will tell you how they have been endlessly chased about and frightened and gotten into trouble. It is very hard to grasp the FACT of the existence under our own feet of kingdoms - pirate groups - little groups of madmen - and intelligent groups who work wonders with the ancient mech. Living among the ancient magic - getting food from the surface - fighting feuds endlessly - living in a world totally different from our own under conditions completely understandable to us, who have the sun over our heads. What may exist there unknown to them they fear to conjecture - whole areas as large as states are shut off from them by ray men who let no one enter - and no news out. They have a few newspapers - which read like the wildest imagination but which - to them are news of happenings. They learn to read and write - many of them - by reading our minds so endlessly that they

“just know how” to read - and of course - can write some of it. In Newfoundland I heard a school - underworld - there were some advanced ray men there - and the kids were reciting some kind of logic exercise - it sounded like simple theorems of geometry - which they were learning - I remember each exercise was concluded by the whole class shouting - “DEMONSTRADUM” - It is demonstrated. They sounded intelligent and probably were. Yet at the same time Newfoundland contained some very mad ray, and there were some wilder scenes of debauchery and crueller scenes seen by me there than anywhere - although it is possible I was misled by pictures - thought pictures - stories etc. which were not actually occurring but which I thought to be. For instance they had read the “Snake Mother” and made a play of it - in what I call thought pictures - which you can only understand if you have seen them. One is apt to be misled by the real appearance of such thought pictures. One is misled also, as the use of such complicated apparatus gives the impression of great intelligence automatically - by inference - although in truth little may be needed to operate it but the pushing of a button and the pointing of a ray.

If you wonder, as I used to do, why the sane and intelligent members of this neighbor world of ours (which it really is) don't organize and put a stop to the cruelty and insanity - it is best explained by considering modern Germany. The same Germans can't rule the others - and Hitler is the result - an obvious madman yet he rules sane people. Now give a Hitler - made more savage by a savage and unlettered childhood - the fearful weapons of the Gods - and madder and more ignorant sycophants - and then try to tell him how to behave. This horrible predicament is repeated over and over in the many groups within the caves. There may be areas where sane and benevolent ray rules, if I knew of them or where - I would go there.

Please don't expect others to understand the fact of the existence of these labyrinths of antique magic too quickly - it must be led up to by a long series of cumulative experiences and information before the truth can be grasped.

Sincerely your friend
Dick
Barto, Pa.

Sun. Sept. 3

Dear Boss:

Ran across some material in my notes which I thought might fill out your grasp of our future effort's direction.

Always remember the basic law of energy:

IN INTEGRATION ALL PARTS ATTRACT ALL PARTS -
IN DISINTEGRATION ALL PARTS REPEL ALL PARTS.

Ill-intent thought goes to brain focii most strongly aware of things ordinarily pleasant - i.e. woman is man-hater, etc. (because attracted there by its integrant center) Now, since old-age is sun-metal impregnation - ray madness - of ray workers - is probably to some extent head impregnation from sun inducted material (due to looking at and listening to ray flows with the head only) giving a healthy body topped by a sick brain. (All flows of all kinds carry some extraneous material has been proved to me by experience with rays carrying odors such as chlorine etc. - the electric flows in the body seem primarily to be hydrogen ion flows (Crile) but these flows also carry other things which are not simple electric charges). Since radium poisoning gives same appearance as old age - so the implication is that ill-thought is radium emanations and similar emanations or small particles of material in disintegrance giving off detrimental emanations or rays - which being so infective (see Marie Curie on radium infecting material about with radio activity) do infect thought ions as they travel (probably hydrogen ions) from origin to brain cell - so that thought which started out as a healthy intent is finally summed up by the brain as a detrimental thought impulse or command to evil action. This conclusion is arrived at over a long period of many years of contemplation of the cause of the confusion of terms which makes up the evil thought impulse. (Marie Curie herself became irascible toward her death at 68).

That an evil person will fear a well-intentioned person

while not fearing or failing to perceive the danger of an ill-intended person is explained by the operation of the law - in integration all parts attract - in disintegration all parts repel. (explained later)

Now - when a sun-impregnated brain (infected by radio-activity) perceives an evil thing (a thing disintegrantly charged) his thought image or focii becomes repellant of all things disintegrant (to a greater extent than integrant things - as the repellence is doubled by both being active). That is - less thought takes place about evil objects or persons than takes place about beneficial objects or things around (which is also true of most people, good or bad), BUT the ill-natured person trains disintegrantly infected thought ion impulses upon pleasant images (in the brain) while failing to think effectively of unpleasant images around him.

That is, the ill-natured person's disliking for people is the same activity in the mind which in a normal person would be liking. He has no emotion - except an unconscious fear response to what he would normally dislike.

An evil person thus gives an evil response to beneficial intent - while a normal person gives a beneficial response to a beneficial contact. It seems to me that these thought ions, becoming infected with the slow flame of disintegrance, are attracted to beneficial, normal body cells and brain cells because their center is still integrative though covered with a film of disintegrant action - reaching the molecules of a beneficial cell - they stay a moment - the infection of disintegrance spreads - now the closest, contacting molecules are responding more and more to the law - all parts repel all parts - now the infecting ion is repelled - by what formerly attracted it - it flies off - only to be attracted by the next integrant molecule where it pauses long enough to infect the integrant material - then is repelled by the disintegrance it has created - and so on - forever do the forces of disintegrance (sun source induction) and integrance (earth source induction) combat with their inverted natures - all parts attract in integrance and all parts repel in disintegrance.

The Brownian movement is thus seen not to be caused by

impact of molecules - but by infection of molecules by a disintegrant particle - the Brownian particle itself - proves by its action that it is covered with disintegrance - though its center - as are all centers of all particles - is still integrant.

The importance of this thought is its application to the understanding of evil in life. Life itself is not evil - it would like to integrate - to grow to become a mutually supporting collection of lives. Our body is an example of the success of life pattern responding to integrant pattern - is made of many little lives - the cells - cooperating to produce a bigger more efficient life.

Now when thought becomes infected with an overwhelming flow of disintegrant material of the same size as thought ions (or clinging to them) then life responds to disintegrant pattern - then life becomes destructive of life - then life becomes parasitic - then the bed bug is evolved - it is degenerate - as opposed to the evolutionary - it is directed toward a more disintegrant - a less pleasant - less variant - more dependent state of being.

When men begin to handle rays of variant nature and do not know this fact - then their integrant thought is overwhelmed by unobserved flows of ions of disintegrant nature - then men become destructive of men - then organizations decrease instead of increase - then friends become fiends - enemies - then enemies die - then nations go to war - then life becomes unbearable - all thought is detrimental - then men are able to trust no men.

But, you say, all this occurred before men handled rays. Yes, but the sun, a huge source of disintegrative flows of innumerable kinds, is overhead every day. The use of rays aggravates and enlarges the infection which is always present, though often latent.

The pattern of thought must remain integrative - the thought impulse - or intent - must remain beneficial to all life useful to man - organizations must absorb and use in a strengthening way all men who can be taught to mean well toward the organization.

Now - we must observe and remove all disintegrant ion

flows from men's heads - to work with radium and other like emanations of disintegrant materials to learn to remove and guard against such infection of thought flows as is universally present in men when there are evil men.

To observe thought we must remember that thought itself is a cell electric (perhaps containing certain growth spores) that it is image bearing in God knows what way - they (thought ions) bear or create images in the brain in an unknown way - perhaps on tiny films in the brain cells are pictures which are projected on sensitive areas of the brain (like eye retinas) by the flows of thought ions - of brain cell electric. That the brain cells must continually fight the distortion of thought by flows of electric which are disintegrant in pattern result. Their life is short, swift and full of contrary impulses from the mighty magnetic impulses which induct in earth magnetic from the sun.

We must remember that our concepts, inherited and otherwise - are not true, but only makeshift - tools such as a savage would make in a world he did not understand.

It is almost impossible for a man correctly to concept the laws acting in such a simple phenomena as leverage - his thought of what takes place is as far from the truth as an Eskimo's thoughts of the northern lights.

We must remember that our thought is a small sample of the interplay of the two basic movements of energy (together vs. apart) is two combating electrics - one - commanding him to BE MORE (integrative) and one to BE LESS. The truth is not at all as we concept it - words such as liberty versus enslavement - Roosevelt versus Hitler - humanitarianism versus imperialism, etc.

We must see that what we call a truth is an energy flow indicating be more - grow - integrate - arising from thought cells made up of materials polarized by the great integrative force that is earth itself (a growing - integrative ball).

That what we call an untruth - an evil - is a thought flow polarized by sun induction - a be less intent is disintegrant electric flows - which will result, if followed, in a conflagration - a war - a dis-integration of man-matter. Which is a mighty fire to be set by the tiny electric impulse man

calls thought, isn't it? Yet the state itself arose from man's thought.

It is man's ignorance of the dual nature of energy - of the presence of these two inductions - or inducing flows (small flows reinforced by induction from their mighty sources) that cause him to mistake disintegrant source thought for his own integrant natured thought. All true thought is patterned by the force whose law is the same as Newton's - all parts attract - while all false thought not a man's own is patterned by the induction of the force of disintegration - all parts repel.

We are motes swept by the wind - two winds - of opposite nature. When responding to integrance - the future grows from our thought in a beneficent form - when responding to disintegrance - man's future grows less before him - in his thought of the future he reads his own doom - and responds to its presence as a ship to a fire - by sinking.

Man's chief failure is in not looking for ill-nature - for disintegrant intent - in his key men of government - and countering their effect so that his future is assured. Perhaps because his life under the sun's deadly rain is so short that he cannot truly care - nor effectively move. "Who cares for tomorrow - there is almost none for me," is his thought. His dream of future faded before his eyes - his will was neutralized by the unrealized flow of detrimental electric. An example of disintegrant electric spreading through matter is the tiny spark in the gasoline distillery burning millions of gallons of fuel.

Just as striking an explosion from one tiny electric charge - a thought in some leader's brain - a Hitler - a Napoleon - which spreads swiftly and as consumingly through millions of men. Both sparks were disintegrant - both charges were accumulations of sun inducted electric. (In an ordinary electric arc spark - the heat and fire is said to be from friction with air - but the pattern of activity is repellent - as in all fire - and is thought by me to be identical in many respects - that is - all fire is disintegrant - but there are different kinds of fire - due to materials involved and temperature and condition of creation etc. But

they all induct disintegrance is my theory.)

Earth whirls in the disintegral electric field of the sun - much detrimental electric is inductively generated on earth - which is why fire burns readily - (will be found an additional factor with oxygen in all fires) why explosives explode so readily - why matter ages on the surface - wood checks - rock powders etc. It is also why men have destructive intent - and why "old age creeps upon us. You say - wood checks because it dries out - I say, yes - but it dries because the air is always being expanded by sun disintegrance - to contract again at night - etc.

In space there are continuous minute integrations - these would be small - some of them undoubtedly feed the sun's fire, and feed radium's fire before our eyes.

The field of the sun is in a flux of repellance and attraction - the finest small integrances are attracted by the sun's center while larger integrations are struck and repelled by sun emissions - only to return again and again until they are broken very fine and so reach the fire in spite of outgoing emissions. There they become exd - energy ash - and are sent out again to integrate and perhaps return or fall to some planet or other sun.

Earth captures much of this sun product - though space is filled with it - from all suns - our condensing integrance causes the suction which the tenuous exd rushes into - only in turn to be condensed and fall to earth, growing and causing earth growth - the process of integrance and the force of gravity are one and the same.

Heat is a slow dis-vibrance - it keeps exd in a fluid state and releases more of it from matter so that the body may absorb it - this point in heat temp. where most bodies (t) have become exd must be studied - it is where body integration or life takes place.

Heat is a known beneficial and necessity. The point where it becomes gentle and of use to the body must be carefully observed - heat's detrimental persistent infected d-ions must be removed.

Thus life is found to exist at the same temperature always if the life is composed of the same basic materials.

That point where heat ceases to be disintegrance and integrance takes place - life then seizes these separated parts of matter and molds them into the nature - the substance of life - the true food of the body.

Note, what a tremendous mass of men become responsive to a single brain's ionic pattern - tiny reins for so huge a horse, eh? Those tiny reins are frequently jerked by ill intent - masses crush together and are destroyed, in response to such tiny energy movements as occur in thought - some way of keeping thought from causing these mass oppositions must be evolved - the common use of a head protector to exclude disintegrant flows? Man is as volatile an aggregation of matter as is gasoline - so looked at - though we call the explosion a war - the result is the same.

Idealism is seen to be man's insistence on the use of an integrant pattern as a base for thought. It is this dimly seen truth that drives men to fight for this or that cause - to get men together is obviously to eliminate the chance of oppositional movements in separate masses.

We see men, of equal value and worth to all, dying always in wars in which each side, carefully summed up, would be found to be equally beneficent in mass intent. The solution to war will be found when men concentrate upon removing all possible leaders of an ill-intended nature from possibility of leadership. That there are always as many ill-intents on one side as the other would seem true by the law of averages - but the relative positions of these individual intents in power is the cause of the war. That whole populations of states may through a long period of lack of some materials in their diet become predisposed to the infection of thought we recognize as evil may also be true, to some extent. A general drive against ill-intended persons predisposed to evil leadership might be successful in eliminating war, though the next generation would produce nearly the same number of evil people, as the real cause has not been isolated or removed by science. The elimination of evil thought and its results from life is in truth wholly a laboratory problem and nothing else - it is not political at all.

Ill-intent - being from dis - or sun-pololed material

in the brain - like a compass - cannot change its indication to action destructive except it be overwhelmed by a superior magnetic force. Its servants are always expecting reward for their activity - it is delusion.

It is seen that war is only successful when the leader - like Charlemagne - has a healthy intent - then the resulting order seems to prove that the war was worthwhile - if the true end was seen - the rule of good intent - and the problem was continually attacked - in war or out of war - eventually we would have no war. But man is so unobservant he neither knows when he has or has not the rule of good intent (good intent as the integrant mental pattern to which all things become of use - all men are seen to be of value - except of course the disintegrant pattern minded men.

Self-interest is a coincident; like the cells of the body, our own best interest lies in keeping our organization (as our state) functioning healthily, so as to provide (blood-flow) a steady flow of necessities.

Thus being truly selfish is to care greatly for keeping a healthy organization of men understanding their best interest (i. e. united strength). One's own interests are never oppositional - they would cancel out and self interest would not exist - as in war - one is destroyed. The man who thinks his own interests are always oppositional to all other's (evil people). The truly selfish man is thus an idealist when he knows that self interests are coincident.

Musical notes are pleasant when - sweeping air of its small integration fruits - they find a rich rate of sweep and convey food to the nerves - as sugar animates the taste nerves on the products of the air. And fail to do so when the notes are not of a wavelength that seeps along these small feeding (food) for the nerves of hearing. Thus musical notes are revealing of a method of making beneficial force for the body.

Sun precipitation is in an extreme state of division - although much is heavy dense - like radium - it is so small that it can cling to a minute bit of dust - as iron filings cling to a feather and are so borne on air - or cling to an air molecule and are so borne by the air and the wind - in water

- so enters our drink and our food - perhaps each molecule on the surface of earth bears some minute bit of this deadly radioactive material.

To separate this deadly sun material from our intake of all material is man's problem.

Sun precipitation is a good phrase for description of sun poison - vision it as greatly distended in space - then brought together by earth's powerful integrative field in spite of its disintegrative nature - thus is age poison - a sun precipitation caused by earth's integrative field.

Cells - thought. Brain cells may accomplish some functions of the thought process by a chameleonic, or squid process. Small nodes may change color over a screen area in the brain - like colored halftone process printing - or television - it is a similar process - a squid changing color to match the rocks of the bottom of the sea - and the brain cells changing color to match the details of the picture on the retina of the eye or in the memory picture.

Colpoids are organic batteries or artificial life cells having same characteristics as living beings - See Dr. A. L. Herrera - Mexican scientist - who has experimented with colpoids for many years.

Cell - in the life cell - two solutions - one acid and one alkaline - are separated by a semi-permeable membrane (lipoids).

Crile says that the juice which electric body cells make is transferred via hydrogen ions - many found in body. If wholly true - various methods of using hydrogen ions flows to the body might be tried profitably - and learning how to vary the charge on the hydrogen ion so as to obtain a carrier of beneficial electric to the body - thus - a fluid highly charged with hydrogen ions would have a very stimulating effect on the body giving fresh energy.

A lot of my notes are projected plans for experiments to create beneficial forces for use by the body. They are often impractical because of difficulty of obtaining equipment etc. for such experiments. Do you want me to send you some of this material or not?

Well, looks like the war will be ended in a few months.

• You will go back to the monthly then, I am pretty sure. If you are in doubt I would say yes - the time is too long - the habit of buying dies.

Dick

Shaver Sept 6

Dear Editor Palmer:

In "Felix Kenaston" by J. B. Cabell, Felix dreams nightly of talks with the same beautiful woman. He could not understand this - particularly this important part---when-ever he tried to touch the girl or make love to her in any-way - the dream broke - he awoke.

This latter fact revealed to me just what his dreams were and why he could not touch the girl. The girl is a modern or a sane throwback among the cavern race. Remember this back in 1890 - no possible modern built apparatus could have been obtained and I know positively from the similar type of experience to my own that they - the people behind the girl in the dream - had the same wonderful dream making apparatus which I have seen used - and which Merritt mentions at length in "The Snake Mother".

The dream talking with Cabell is a privilege allowed her - I have seen several women in like predicament - captives or hostages of the cruel secret ray - the dream is broken by the spiteful one because it is their custom so to do - no one can have any pleasure around them is always true - it arouses their spite. Many spend most of their time staring at people on the ancient screens and stopping them from whatever they are doing. See, the ancient mech is a transmitter ray as well as a view ray - they put the beam on a person - he appears on the screen - then they train a hand beam (there are many such - gadgets which produce different and often terrible effects) on the screen - point it at some part of the body - and press the trigger - the person has a pain or loses an arm - whichever strength or type of ray is used. The master beam of the view apparatus transmits any effect because of its augmentative nature. For so many endless centuries they have hidden their torment of people - hidden their existence - that they habitually disguise their tormenting - making the

people think it is rheumatics or neuralgia - by imitating the symptoms - which they learn very fully by watching such things. Often such pains are "The Gremlins" though the person never suspects but what mother nature is treating him badly. For there are always some about, it seems, and the Cabell dream is so typical of their behavior - of their mean nature even to people they are used to, and should consider their friends - of their persistence in a given path - a repetition of thought pattern is always their way - they are fixed in a simple rut of thoughts.

Night after night this girl contacted Cabell and I know she must have tried often to tell him - the writer she adored - something of the wonder and horror of the underworld. She had to wait till no one was looking to **tell** him. But - they always were looking, WHY? Just to keep **her** from any pleasure, that is their nature. Total meanness - and their doggedness - they never quit - just watch and watch and put every mean obstacle before every effort. Our best scientists have such Gremlins watching them, I swear. Obstructing them unnoticed, attracted to them by envy of their success. For their envy and meanness is always proportionate to a man's progress in the world. I pity rich progressives - yes indeed, I know well what they must endure.

I have Gremlins and I am nobody, but I do attract attention because they - the good ones - have tried to watch out for me for so long and it is the bad ones pleasure to thwart them. Cabell had them - **and** they can be traced in many another writer's work and **in the** personal notes of scientists. Is it an experiment on hypnotism? - the subject acts peculiarly - tries to kill someone or jump out the window. Is it a murder or a suicide? - the victim poured gasoline over himself and jumped out the window. Really a murder by ray control - just for sport - they did it. They are the most peculiar and deadly life on Earth - because of this repetitive and idiotically destructive mind I have tried to describe to you. Coupled with the endless power in the old mech - it is titanic evil - yet small minded and utterly incomprehensible as the motivations are so obscurely childish and feeble minded.

Speaking of screens and the way of using them - they also

have three dimensional view and transmitter screens on some of the apparatus. It is like a big box strung with irridescent wires (I would give anything to, know what coats those wires - but I suppose no living man knows). I have been present in such a screen myself - it is like being in the screen far away and lying in your own bed both at once - THOUGH the sensations from the screen are strongest. This transmitting function on such big apparatus is so strong they use it for operations at a distance (when it is intelligent ray with trained doctors). That is any part of the body is present in the screen - transparent - but strongly visible in natural color. They touch a nerve in the body with what they call "flame" (a super strong stim) and the nerve becomes the center of the strongest pleasant sensations - little nerve cells - an inch or so of nerve - can give more pleasure than a week of a honeymoon. Or (oftener) they touch the nerve with a cut ray and it dies - forever. A red head girl - (who must have made her own clothes - and very badly) gave me flame over such an apparatus all one night - running it along each separate nerve (pleasure nerve) all over my body. Never was such pleasure described by writer - but in Tannhauser's night with Venus by the English erotic poet. I thought she was just amusing herself - but I learned later why she did - for the flame is also a strong ben - and my nerves were much more active and alive afterward. But since then (since the change to evil ray about me) they have cut most of the nerves and they are inoperative entirely. So with my thinking, much of my brain is injured by them - you must forgive my forgetting - my wandering from the subject - it is the result of injuries - repaired again and again by the ben - but always the little imps start their destruction again. When one is in such a screen - one knows it - just as if one were personally present is a whole truth - the sensations are transmitted by the view ray to the body. It is almost peculiar sensation being in two places at once - though the presence in the screen dominates the natural sensations of life, as they are much stronger. They use these beautiful, indestructible and wholly irreplaceable mechanisms - of incalculable value to science and to medicine - for childish and cruel play. Somehow their torment is

so utterly foolish - it is the old tradition that built the story of Hell still alive among them. Like the rabbit hops - because its mother did; they must be cruel - their parents were. They seem to have inherited almost no human sensations - they will sit and play with a stim apparatus - trained on a lovely nude girl somewhere who thinks the Gods have come back perhaps, and any man would be hopelessly aroused to sex consciousness by the augmented and aroused desire of the girl's body given off by the augmenting apparatus, and they - the dero ray - will sit there and work that tremendous pleasure machine and - eat an apple. God himself could not resist such pleasure rays and such delight - but they can eat an apple - or arouse the girl then cut all the singing pleasure nerves one by one. It is their custom to play with the sex stim - or I believe they would never touch any but pain gen rays. Evil is a most unsatisfactory way of life - you have to inherit - no one ever got there through desire for flesh, I swear. Were it not for such stories as Faust, I would not believe in sexual evil. Right now, I have a very sore back from their ray, and have been unable to write for a week or two because of ray on the head - some of them have been deprived of really deadly ray, apparently - but have been left pain rays and weak detrimental - these they torment people with. There is no connection between this torment and the nature of my writing - it is no different than ever, and they have been doing such things to me for ten years and more, off and on. I have watched some strange scenes of torment over friendly ray.

Some of the devices have been hooked up into what I call the "Organ of The Opposites". That is, two people are wired to apparatus - one giving off pain vibrants and one giving off pleasure vibrants. One is a victim, a captive or one who 'got in wrong' which is very easy to do and usually fatal I guess. Both apparatus are controlled by a single keyboard, giving off both pain and pleasure in equal amounts and variance of nature - opposites. The thing is played like an organ, and the pleasure vibrants - being desired - give an evil psyche, and evil will - because the person can't help wanting it strong though the

pain the other gets is exactly proportionate. It is one of their greatest delights to hook up a man and woman who are in love to this apparatus and the conscience-stricken lover finds himself desiring pain for his mate in order to get the inordinately sweet delight which comes to him simultaneously with the consciousness of pain in the other. That is one of their great pleasures, to watch our despised conscience in such a predicament. I have described the working of such an apparatus in one of my next stories called "The Limping Horror of Venus" about a piratical band of these Earth ray who actuate one of the ancient space ships - go to Venus and attempt to conquer the planet. But the tables are turned on them to everyone's satisfaction, I hope. The organ of the opposites program ends in a crescendo of pain - fatal pain for one and infinite ecstasy for the other. The result of the use of this organ by the young is to give them an unconscious and great desire to inflict pain - as the memory tells them great delight is the reward for pain in another. And they are hereditarily pre-disposed to such a frame of mind. I swear it has been developed for centuries as a method of raising evil followers by those whose existence gave rise to the Witch and Sorcerer legends. A product of such mental tampering and fiendish orgies gets the same kick out of torture we get out of sex - for the same reason - inbuilt mental reflexes conditioned to a pleasure reward for certain acts and from certain scenes - to us, the body of a beautiful loved one - to them, the tortured body of a strong person, is the source of all delight. You see, they get both inherited and new built mental patterns which are evil.

The Gremlins are like a disease, I often think. When they get after anyone - they give pains, mental depression, physical weariness - fever and chills etc. etc. They love to simulate symptoms and see "the poor fool" run for the doctor. They love to make a man sure he is dying on his feet. To worry one - and when one knows such devilment is often fatal - one worries. Maupassant describes one well in Horla, but it is too bad he did not know all about

them. We will remedy his defect, some way. He left out a Hell of a lot. And remember the date of his stories writing, and the fact that his haunt originated in Brazil - long before even the radio was developed at all. Does that tell you it is not modern apparatus used by these modern secret ray. I am sure science - our open modern science - hears of their activity and thinks it is modern science wonderfully developed in secret. There are old and new stories of them in every part of the world. Obviously some caverns exist in every part of the world. Such a people would be very fecund and numerous, and would love spacious living. I think the smartest thing modern men could do would be to go to the polar regions - there break in to the caverns where one is sure there are no degenerate living antiques - and there - free of interference and their thwarting - develop the use of those weapons till they can sweep Earth free of them. If it was tried anywhere else it would fail - as it has in modern times and probably many times before in history - because they inherit and learn from their old so much more than one could quickly pick up about the marvelous uses of the mech - that no group of sane men could quickly develop the technique to defeat them in battle. It must be done secretly - with utmost cunning - by a great man. They are a terrible blind parasite upon the human race and they are destroying it wholly, I swear. That is, perhaps not in number, but their way of picking on the smartest and strongest, and wholly thwarting their life efforts, is I believe resulting in a race of people who fail to truly advance. Certainly they are our worst evil. If you can plant this idea - the trip to the polar regions where the caves can be entered without interference-in the mind of the right man - who will successfully accomplish the feat - you will have succeeded where many generations of men have utterly failed. Green hands can never defeat the ancient secret race.

But any modern group who tried sincerely and cannily in the way I pointed out would succeed, I am pretty sure. They would have to do it in steps - a trip to South America - later to Cape Horn - then jump to the polar regions when quite

sure they had shaken off tails. For they hear a great deal - and any attention from them would defeat the plan - it would best be engineered from the far south or north by one who kept his purpose to himself.

I go into details to explain the character of these hereditary dero. They watch me. I light a cigarette. It puts a detrimental ray on my mouth. The ray makes the cigarette taste like garbage, makes the smoke sting my mouth and throat. I throw it away. An hour later I light another, get a couple of drags - he turns on the ray again. Not once or twice, see, but day after day, and year after year. In different parts of the world, too. Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Quebec, and clear to Newfoundland. He followed, sometimes his sister with him. It is an automaton. A single minded, purposeful purposelessness animates him - he is a mad repetition of a few simple action patterns. What could sit and train that ray on a man for months and do nothing else. Then it was cigarettes and headaches and then burning feet, he wanted to go somewhere, see. He says he is ordered to follow, but it is a wool, he just has nothing better to do and can find no thought that will live in his brain but follow. His only likeness to man is the language and four limbs. A rotund dwarf body, an ugly round face, almost expressionless but mean. They have little or no written history, I doubt if many can write. But they know they have always been. There is a modern influx from somewhere, smarter, but mean, too, it seems.

A few years ago I heard a lot of talk about an outfit call RR for Robot Rulers, but in truth from a German word meaning the same. They were supposed to have been driven from Germany about the time of Hitler's ascension, but were probably sent to spy and obstruct. They came into northern Canada and down through New England. There were also the Wasps, an inversion of Wops, I suspect, from Italy and probably animated from the same source - the Axis well spring. From my observation, I would say they had turned on the Axis at some later time, after becoming strong here. Our ray seemed few but intelligent - though innocent and gullible some way. I did not see any wins by

American ray and I watched several battles by friendly ray, though this is always an uncertain meditum as it is tampered by a kind of superimposed dream or imagined image, giving a false result. The original American ray seemed a group of cultured rich who had been in the caverns but a few short years. They were not up to European rays apparently. They had been down there for years, all right, but were large and beautiful people and intelligent, but did not have the deadly range and awful power of the European equipment. Though I may be wrong, such was the way it seemed to be. I think most of them must be dead, though it seems to me some are kept about who must talk as if nothing had happened to those who know but cannot see. They used to befriend me, but seemed unable to do a good job of coping with dero. I think one of their organizations among surface men was called the Dogs. I suspect the Dogs still exist, but has changed heads behind the scenes. I strongly suspect that much of our country is under ray of European origin which has turned against its masters, not from idealism but from a desire to keep this side for themselves. We can expect little from them in any case. But some powerful group does seem to retain some ideals, something keeps things from becoming too utterly horrible. Just how they do it, keep them from wrecking motorists and turning people upside down in the streets I don't know, I can't figure. But something horrible happens to those who get too utterly bad which they can't stop, but being dero, they can't be good anyway. Twenty years ago it was different. Six or seven years ago I was invited to join the Dogs, this of course is supposed to be secret, I only tell you that you may understand that such outfits do exist. They left a little china dog on my desk, two of its legs were broken off. This was their talisman the two-legged Dog. A few days later, carrying the dog, I entered a greenhouse looking for work. One of the men asked me how the two legged dogs were getting along. So I knew it was not a gag by the imps but a real something. He sent me to the boss and I knew I was supposed to show the dog and so get into the outfit, as they had been told of my coming. But the perverse dero were watching and

made me unable to talk or show my dog, and he said nothing doing. After a couple more similar contacts, both frustrated by the tamper, they gave it up and so did I. But I know they exist and that is all I know about them. There is also an outfit whose sign is the spider, they use a spider projection of contact with ray and a spider decoration for identification. I think they are connected with or are the sea people. If you should show such a dog on your desk, brown and white spots, with two legs broken off, (it was quite small, fitting in the watch pocket) it may be that some one would attempt to give you the recognition words - something about the Hairy One etc. a rigmarole like a lodge uses, about two legged dogs etc. which would verify what I tell you. I am sure you can hear more direct dope on this than I can give you, but you cannot trust what a ray tells you, for it is so generally tampered and full of lies. But such outfits exist and are ruled from the underworld. How it all links up politically I can't figure, it doesn't make sense that an intelligent people should keep things of such immense medical use from medicine - one would think they were never sick. Certainly they have no comprehension of what general knowledge of a thing in medicine does in development. The medical use of ben rays and penetra would revolutionize medicine making possible operations without surgery or cutting, etc. They certainly cannot comprehend what medicine could do for them with this apparatus. Their powerful people, I swear, must not read or write, else they would give the simple facts of ben to science in order that a general development of beneficial ray use would develop, which would be of advantage to them. They apparently do not understand that the old mech wears out and the ben does not retain its potency - apparently they think the mech lasts forever or there is an inexhaustible supply of it. They think both are true I guess. But is does wear out, and worn out ray is the real cause of their horrible nature, I am sure.

My notes stop here, I am always thinking of things I want to tell you, but forget them before I can get them down. I have two good stories underway, will send one about Atlans soon.

I am sorry you did not like my dictionary, it is work I shirk, I have held on to it so long and been misunderstood about it so often I have developed a mental antipathy to doing it correctly, though I know it is immensely important. I will do the whole thing over if you wish it. Make your derogatory remarks on the thing and send it back, you can't offend me, I have long ago lost such reactions in contact with dero, who never say anything but derogatory statements about one's appearance and doings. I really had too much else on my mind and I wanted it to appear with Mutan in the Sept. No. as I had thought of it so. But it is better if we work it up more, I guess. Of course I know it was not in shape to publish, I get in a hurry and expect you to tend to such things.

I think you will like "The Limping Horror" story, it is a big concept if I can handle it right. After I finish it I am going to concentrate wholly on the past, perhaps continue with Mutan's adventures after leaving Earth, or will tie it up with such legends as the Aesir, which will give such remnants immensely more meaning for the student and his needed work.

Sincerely your friend
Dick
Bramcote Hotel
Stowe, Pa.

Sept 16

Dear Boss

Now that you are convinced of some, at least, of the things I have told you of the caves and the dero, I think I can safely warn you in a way that you may listen to. Never enter a jail or a prison, they are apt to make you act nuts or something and in those two places - I mean a mental hospital or a jail of any kind - it is very easy for just a little tamper or control to put you in a position you can't get out of easily. Be careful who and how you talk to orally about this - it is very easy for them (dero ray), by tamper of others' thought about you, to get you considered goofy or cracked or worse. It is possible to talk of these things to ordinary people - but ONLY after

Careful preparation beforehand - they must be led up to it gradually. You will probably be tormented in certain ways before you are through with this thing- see strange things - be frightened etc. but don't lose your balance and always be sure you are doing the logical and correct thing the true point of self interest. I have found that one of the strings they use to lead me astray is my idealism - they love to use false - superimposed conviction of necessity for some illogical and dangerous action - if I listen I get into trouble. Be careful and sure - very sure - you are doing exactly the right thing - the safe thing - for our worst enemies are NOT the dero- not at all - THEY ARE EDUCATED MEN about us who are sure they know everything and are always right - and if they think you are crazy they are sure they are right - and remember - once you get in a hospital - and a doc says you are crazy - you lose all rights - completely - you can't write letters - "they are crazy"- you can't call a lawyer - "you are too disturbed"- "thinking we are keeping you against your will"- "when you know it is for the best." You can't have visitors - it would upset you - DONT GET IN ONE You can't get out. Your friends can be very sly and evil - if they think you are cracked - they - your own wife will lie to you - and say she met the most wonderful doctor - and she wants you to see him and she insists - you can't refuse your dear wife - particularly because you are at that very time controlled by the dero ray - the hospitals - mental are one of their favorite hells where they torment their victims for years without anyone listening to the poor devil's complaints - for the "patient is having delusions"- don't go in one - your best friend will lie to you to get you in if he thinks you're nuts - so be very circumspect HOW you talk about these things - for it is their favorite stunt - to put a guy in the nut house - then they can devil him and no one will listen to his complaints. Find some case records of crazy patients in library, DONT go near a hospital for them - you will find fifty percent of the patients HEAR NOICES - or have delusions of rays and needles - invisible tormentors etc. Be careful, ray is god's truth, they are a terrible plague. Always say the expected thing to the dero (the surface dero), such

as the professor who knows everything - the psychiatrist or doctor who is sure that what you told him just for conversation's sake was evidence of dangerous delusions - these are the people you must be afraid of - more than any mad ray themselves. You will probably want to get the Fortean Society Book - I got the address from Crehore - so as not to duplicate their work - it is a compilation of supernatural occurrences with affidavits etc. I didn't see it - it was described to me - but you should have it.

Dick Shaver
Bramcote Hotel
Stowe, Penna.

Sept 16

Dear Boss

Spent last weekend in Washington. I really went there to see what ray was in Wash. but also to see Crehore. You see, he has more research than he can handle and I thought I could work with him, as it is one thing I know how to do and like to do. I learned I could get my own study desk there right in the Congressional library, if I was working on a book. Your letter about our book would clinch such a thing. The desk next to Crehore's was vacant and he could pretty nearly guarantee me twenty to twenty-five dollars worth of work a week, and that wouldn't take much of my time either.

But here was the catch in my going to Wash. I found out that even in Washington, the idiot dero ray that follows me about could ray me, and he did so, giving me a splitting headache and various pangs which I am used to as his work. This lasted all the time I was there, except that some of Wash. ray had a heart and shorted the headache ray so I could get some sleep. They were not pleased with the ray who followed me there, and I could hear them ribbing them for their preposterous wool with which they try to get me in bad at times. They paid little real attention to either him or me, but one of them did me that favor. The shorter she used is I think the explanation of the fact of the little old woman you told me failing to register on the photograph plate. It is possible it grounds or absorbs the particular actinic rays which register

on a plate. Something of the kind was true. It is an interesting use of a ray, to cause a blank where a person should be in a photograph - but the endless capacity of antique mech for these surprising uses is infinite. The fact that the loss of reflection from her body was not noticed by the photographer even in the brief time it was on the woman is also remarkable, but perhaps he is afraid to say what he really saw happen. Her anger and desire not to be photographed are also a sample of the persistence of a control command over a long period - like post-hypnosis - it seems she was once made to hide and fear being photographed to avoid attention and publicity about the money she was swindled out of - this is not difficult for them being due to the strength of the tel-aug signal in comparison with the normal thought flow strength of impulse - making a strong memory impression.

So you see, I am no better off in Wash. than here, although it might be better for me there after a period of residence. You can see from this fact of torment right in Washington that secret ray is not a government service nor a police possession - for punishment or corrective measures would not be taken or allowed against anyone without trial or procedure or explanation - torture such as I have seen and undergone in the past has proved definitely to me that modern use of secret ray is a survival of the ancient secret use of magic. It is impossible that modern men would allow the torture of humans over long periods for no reason such as gain, particularly. It is the style among them to be cruel - a relic of the horrible past. But I have good kind friends among them who have amazing powers so that I do not worry overmuch.

Now suppose that steel, our modern material for buildings, machines, cars and bridges etc. were positively non-corrosive - made so by some generally adopted process like stainless steel. Now suppose, looking around you at the multitude of things made of steel, that making things for use had gone on for a million years and that we were much cleverer at it than we are.

You would have an endless supply of gadgets of all kinds, one would not know how to get rid of the past construction - buildings would cover everything - automobiles and airplanes

would overwhelm us with their everlasting presence -

Something like that is true of the caves - they built of everlasting materials - sealed in the caves for still more protection from dis -

Suppose - you - a child, had inherited all that machinery. You and a very few companions or relatives - imagine such a condition and also imagine that you understood the inner workings of almost none of the machinery and had never been to school - yet all the machinery was as good as new and worked at the push of a button. If you can picture such a condition - you can understand secret ray people.

Now remember that being rayed with detrimental in Washington under the sensory conditions of wide awareness that the use of the ancient stuff sets up - is equivalent to being shot at and missed on Main street - not once but all day long for two days - everyone sees it - strange ray giving a citizen detrimental - yet feel no real responsibility for the condition - nor realize that under such conditions they have no safety either - I have seen just that happen in several cities - it is very hard to understand at first just how they think - to allow strange raymen to come in their own area and do as they please to people - you see - they do not think as we do. It is a kind of every man for himself point of view - I think - like a boom camp - or a place where everything goes - and the little organization that exists is mainly interested in seeing that it has no rivals.

These things could not happen if they had a recognizable organization or if they were a branch of secret service. You know it could not. I know a thousand such things which prove their antique and savage nature to me - as well as a thousand instances of great kindness and brave struggle against unconquerable odds - and the good always seemed to lose what they were fighting for - but to go on some way anyway. They have little or no connection with modern science seems true - but may be untrue of many groups - and seems true because of lack of entrances to the caves for proper contact and exchange. That there is a national organization of secret ray I doubt. But there may be something of the kind - though it functions most poorly for little people, and not at all for sur-

face poor people. The ghoulish behavior of many of them, the mad conditions which they live in, the imp pranks and devilish destruction they often cause, all show their antique source.

Am enclosing the first page from The American Weekly - a ghost levitation - and a sample of following persistently such as I believe is a unique characteristic of the degenerate ray of the caves - to fasten on some surface person and follow them to death - is peculiar to them - and is often mentioned - the harpy legend is also such a one - this particular following of people is very interesting - it lacks logic or reason - is a repetitive sample of a peculiar fixation which seems hereditary.

Think about it.

Dick

Mr. Malcolm H. Smith
Ass't Art Director
Ziff-Davis Pub. Co.

Dear Sir:

I am sending a few sketches to help you better to visualize the characters and setting, but I want to impress on you that the people of Atlan did not swathe themselves in a lot of clothes. They wore a transparent stuff, something like Cellophane, which was perhaps opaque where needed. The purpose of this material was to shield their bodies from the intake of harmful particles of radioactives from the sun's inductive force. It was rather heavy, as it was permeated with very dense metals in extreme division, these did not shut out beneficial rays, but they did shut out harmful particles. Other than this overall suit which was transparent to vision rays, but opaque to harmful rays, they wore a belt, something like an electrician's belt, which contain a very great many little gadgets, as their minds were extremely active and they found an infinite number of things to do. The legends tell us they carried a wand with which they could control unruly beasts - it was like a teacher's pointer, with perhaps

several little knobs for varied types of force which it could emanate. Since this was a control mechanism, it contained a strong thought augments which gave one mental control over the mind of any person it touched, by sheer force of overwhelming thought strength. Other than the belt, full of many gadgets and rather heavy as such tools are made of very dense metals (it would be held up by a strap or two), and the wand and the transparent coverall of cellophane like material, they wore nothing. They had no disapproval of sexual things, as they considered such repression a de thought, due to detrimental electric. They probably wore a great deal of very beautiful jewelry. As they had no repressions, they probably did not use the word gaudy, taking a simple pleasure in color and glitter as a child would, and seeing no evil where none was intended. If you wish, indicate the transparency covering the face, and a small filter through which they breathed; this excluded harmful substances. We don't want an Ku Klux Klan effect, just a suggestion of the transparency, the breathing apparatus is small but very present. Other than these suggestions I would not hamper your imagination, and the sketches I send you are to stimulate your imagination, not too rule it. I cannot help thinking they wore a scale armor, like pointed fishes' scales, which covered all their body and face accentuating their features rather than hiding them, as a lion's mane and hair accentuate his fierce head. This was worn in battle. From what I can learn of their architecture - the note is size, an out-size to normal man, one is always dwarfed by it. Another thing, they liked metallic finishes, like the burls on the metal inside a watch. This was iridescent, and like milled steel, with something in it giving an iridescence of many colors, is what the surface of the mech look like. They liked to shape machines like animals, I have seen a bundle wrapper which was two men, one took the package handed it to the other, who wrapped covering and tied it or glued it. This was a machine shaped like two men. Others are like animals, others of shapes it is hard to

describē. Shapes of hybrid nature like the sphinx were popular. Other than these suggestions, I can tell you little more that would be of use to you. I would like the variance in size emphasized - thirty foot men by five footers etc.

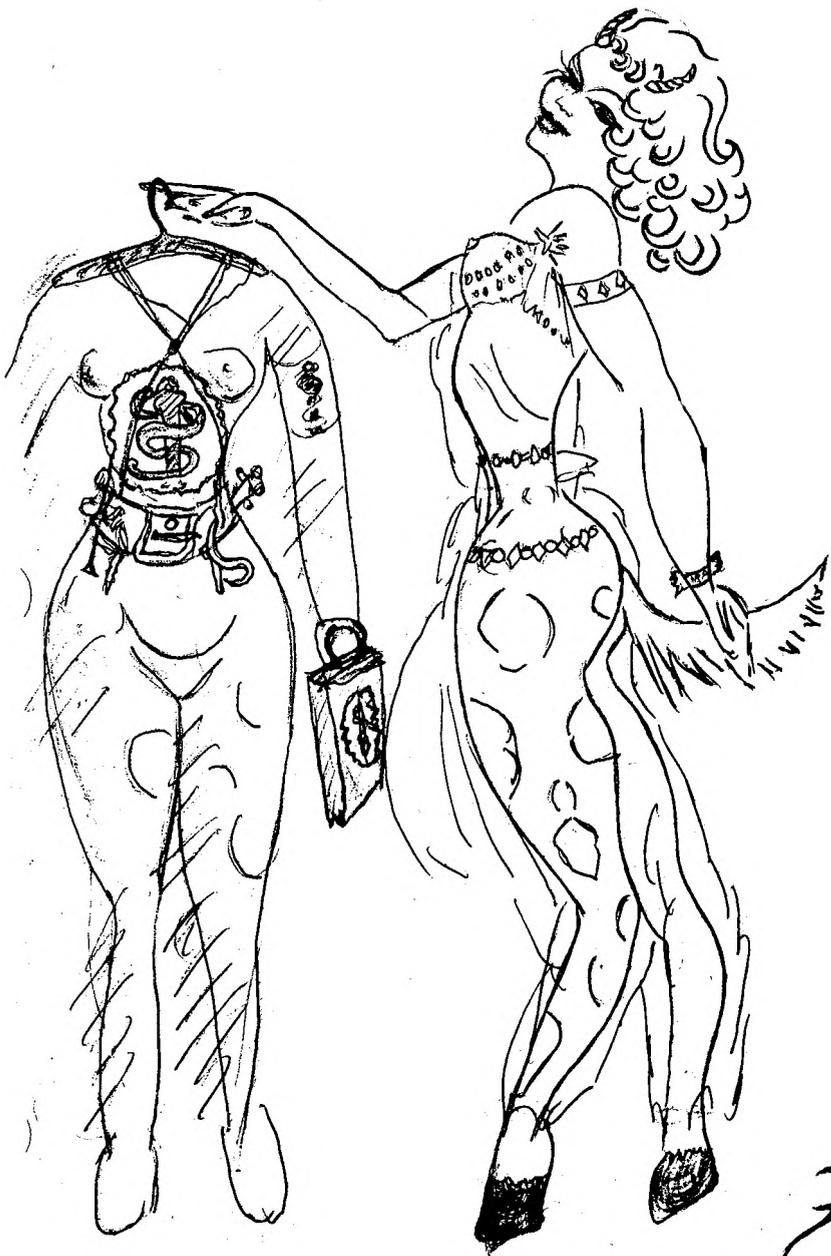
In scenes I. pages 11 & 12

Have a sketch of Arl and one of Mutan which I believe you will find helpful. Quote - "she was but a girl - - but her body was sheathed in a transparent glitter - her skin was a rosy pale purple, her legs mottled in white (as a faun is pictured) ended in a pair of cloven hooves - She wagged her tail. Mutan had always heard of vari-form cities and the color of the life in them - the appeal that the life strength of the hybrid gave the body (she is very vital - healthy).

They, Mutan and Arl, are standing in the Hall of The Symbols which is famous for its doorways - which are each one the symbol - the doors are shaped like the symbols of different trades - quote "the nearer was a crab, great size - his stalk eyes goggling, his huge claws met to form the arched tip of the door. This was the symbol of the Marine Schools - (and was the entrance to the roads or ways leading to the marine schools); next was the door fashioned like the ace of spades - this was the symbol of the Plant Culture Schools (and likewise was the entrance to the ways leading to those schools); the pillaring figures struggling with the great snakes was the medical school way door; space navigation was a door shaped like a great planetron - a pendulum device that indicates the nearness of bodies in space, etc. The roof was "vaulted" and is covered with paintings of human effort toward coordination - all of which is too much for one drawing.

Scene 2 pages 31

I seem to have lost this part of my carbon of the story - so will reconstruct the scene from memory. The figures are very dissimilar - one is a girl from Mars - one a man from Venus, etc., several are culture men - products of ovum and sperma-cells which have been treated in the laboratory with beneficial rays and nutrient solu-



ARL
BY
DISCK S



MUTAN

BY
DECK 5.

tions to produce a stronger life in the child. The seed is then raised to breathing size in an incubator and during this period - such portions of the child as the brain and other highly important organs are subjected to strengthening rays and vibratory treatment to increase the circulation over that of other parts. Such a child is called a culture child - has a larger head, better nervous coordinations and more muscular setup than an ordinary human. The shoulders are oversize to support the larger brain case. All of them wear some kind of transparent sheath which is never removed except within the sealed chambers in which they live - where the air is treated to remove harmful radioactives which are always present in ordinary air. I would say some of the males carried the utility belt - wore, rather - weighty and sagging with implements - while the girls do not all wear the belts - but they are students should perhaps be suggested some way - the symbols on the arms will do that, I guess. Make the girls good and voluptuous, for they believed in love and fecund undying life - make the men strong in build but not with overdeveloped muscles - they did no hard work but plenty of exercise took care of that. They are students and young and in danger - but joyously hiding their fear. They carry no baggage - are only out for the day - supposedly. The ship is windowless - inside - the walls are filled with view screens served by a penetrator - penetrative ray which pierces the hull. It can be any shape - personally - some streamlining is good as the ships are used in air quite often and this one is always going back and forth in the air - is a trip ship - to the edge of gravity's noticeability and back. The tubes are not overlarge - as the heavy driving is done from the ground with a lifter beam of great range. Now we have a long egg shaped ship of small size with small tubes which is not a clear picture and they are all drawn that way. I will look up a drawing I made - this ship had the firing mech at the fore part of the ship on a long snout - swordfish like - and fired backward through several smaller snouts - this was because the recoil of such explosives

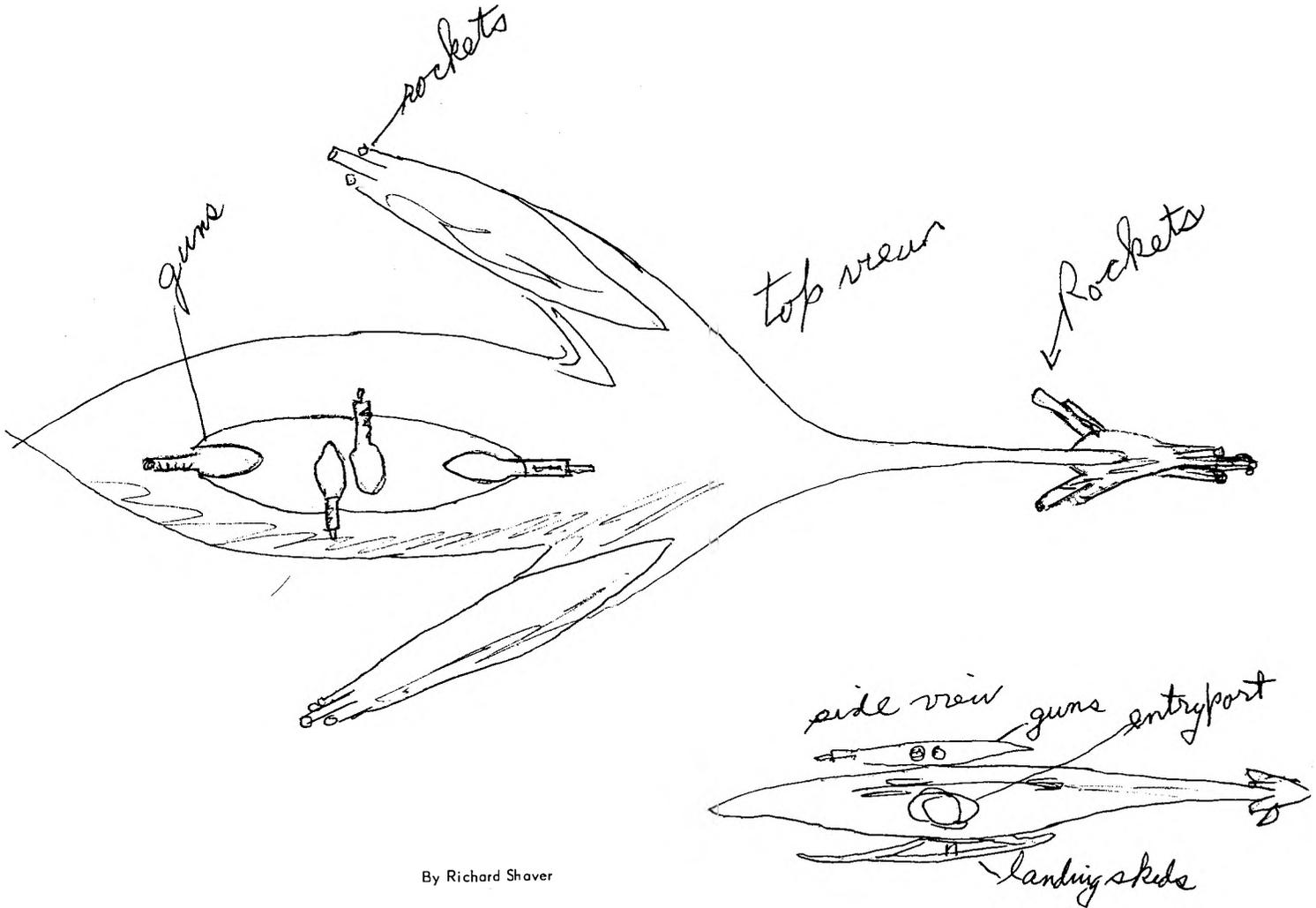
was found to be detrimental - passing through the ship and the bodies of the passengers - it piled up a disintegrant charge on the flesh and on the metal - putting it in the end of a long pole on the front of the ship gave them freedom from this as the stuff went forward and back at an angle missing the ship proper. Steering was done by small cap pistol rockets at the sides of the ships on poles - to give turning leverage in high speed maneuvers with little expenditure of power - and to get the disintegrance away from the ship, for it piles up in a vacuum - nothing taking it away as it does in air. If you visualize such a ship you have a new type of rocket ship and I do like new and original things - don't you? I have just made a sketch of such a ship - I couldn't resist putting guns on it - but I guess the one in the story at this point does not have guns on it.

Scene 3 page 55

Will quote excerpts - long way in to center of ship - the ro we passed were all maidens - those beautiful white Nor-maids - with the glittering white yellow hair that floated level with the head in a cloud - so fine it was air-borne.

Terrific stimulation seized us as we passed the lock - were drawn as iron to a magnet - toward the huge figure which was an intense concentration of all the vitally stimulating qualities that make beauty the sought after thing it is. I was no longer myself - the compass of my being swung - I was that mighty being I approached. My thought was a reflection of hers only - I was her Ro. All of eighty feet high, she must have been - a vast cloud of that glittering hair of the Nor women floating about her head - the sex aura a visible irridescence flashing about her form. (In Nor it is impolite to conceal the body greatly - a sin against art -) I fell on my knees - my hands outstretched to touch that gleaming, irridescence le magnetic flesh - Beside me were the other youths from Center Mu, in the same condition. She picked us up, one by one, and set us on the desk before her.

Bending toward the banks of instruments before her



By Richard Shaver

throne and pulled a lever - the warning of departure.

It was a strange passage, the thin lovely forms of the Nor maids moving about that mighty princess, the soft fires of their floating hair like sparks from the vast fire of her life crowned by its floating cloud of yellow. Own eyes burning against the screen of her will like the wings of spotted moths against the night fire screen. The sad faces of our own maids gazing first at her and then at our own bemused selves.

The vaulting of vast ship walls - the unfamiliar instruments - and ever the whisper of the feet; of the Nor maids, a dream I have never stopped dreaming since. Thrall of too strong beauty of woman life. Space tele screens - face after face appeared - end of quote.

They are in the chamber of prepared and cleaned air here and do not wear the transparent overalls suits. They wear a light harness and tools nothing else - if you must put something on Vanue - keep it subordinate to the figure - don't let the costume eclipse the figure. It's up to you, I would quail before the job of picturing Vanue or I would send a sketch suggesting her appearance - I see the cloud of her hair as a big fire over all the heads and the little flames of the Nor maids' hair moving about her and the boys on their knees before the too strong energy of attraction her intense spirit gives off. She is over twelve times as large as they.

Scene 4 page 55

Where Mutan and Arl are bathed in the vats. The Nor maids wear their tools and are handling many wires and meters, tubes of nutrient with vials and long fine hose tubes which they insert into their arms with needles and the scene is one of intense scientific activity plus the fun of the Nor's who are used to it. The laughing faces - the many glass receptacles with bubbling fluids - the two side by side in the transparent vats.

Scene 5 pages 81, 82, & 83

The soldiers wear a ray armor - of overlapping scales - which covers the face, too. Their forehead bears a No. of identification - would like their appearance identified

with the armor of the past as I wish to tie the reader though in with what he has read of the past in fairy tales and legends - my further stories will accomplish this too, but the pictures can help if the soldiers look for instance like the Black Prince in the Yellow Fairy book or some such picture with which most kids are familiar - eventually a reader reading my stories will realize that fairy tales are our last remnants of the history of the miraculous mechanisms and caves of magic life which they left behind.

The fortress of Zeit the Elder - is of metal - very large and towered at the corners - I don't have the copy on it - as I rewrote that part - there are several rather tall but not fancy towers - it is an ex-arsenal - like a huge prison. You do this as you please and the rest too, I am only trying to help you out, not boss you. The roof falling gives a dramatic interest to the picture - the rays cutting at the cavern roof and the rocks falling on the castle of metal - are dramatic scenery.

Oct. 1

Dear Rap

I want to emphasize again that the key words to the antique lang are our own small English sound meanings and nothing else. It is possible that after a time you lose this simple truth in other thoughts of the lang.

Thus health is he all te h (h is doubtful yet to me) The meaning to he all te is plain enough to you by now - it means he is free of harmful disintegration - all te.

Thus fault is fall t - a drop in the relation of the integrative forces of the mind in relation to the de quantity in movements gave a weak answer which was a fault - a faulty decision is the usual meaning of this word today.

Note salamander and soldier are two apparently dissimilar words - but if we think of the main sounds in the words we find their source - in salamander - sol and sal seem the same just where the a and the man come in I don't know in the present use of the word as a lizard living in

fire - but the sol and the der - meaning in the first fire or sun lizard - and in the second fire or sun err in a man - the similarity of the two words is apparent. The origin of soldier - from fighting man - or solder is pretty evident - for in those times only men fought who were mad. Note also - sol die err, or sun die-er - one dying from sun effect.

In thought - der is the effect of disintegrance in making a pretty girl ugly, a wise friend seem a silly bother, an important act seem futile and unnecessary.

The image shrinks before the mind's eye because of dis within the mind. Among the dero ray this fact is known, though not understood and they guide a man's actions by putting a dis ray on his head at moments when he is thinking of doing some act the dero fears. Then the acts seem silly, objectionable to him, he fails to do them.

It is important to note that repellant in electric - (dis) becomes repellance in thought - look at sun and think - repellance in life - age and evil - as well as the exd or food of life comes from it. You will get gloomy and pessimistic if you look directly at sun for a long time.

Our methods of building such words as Wac's and Waves and Seabees out of the first letters of the words such as Women's Army Corps or WAC is the same method they came to use in forming words because it is the natural, inevitable method of building words and avoiding impossible wordiness in a language. I think too they had many more letters in their alphabet than ours many standing for principles which we know nothing of.

I am enclosing a sheet from last Astounding on Time Acceleration as we age. It is apparent that they don't know much about this, and I think we could give them a lot better explanation than Nitardy does, though perhaps it wouldn't sound as weighty except to a sharp man. The time rate accelerates as we age because age itself cuts down our perception of things - that is many things occur with less notice from us about us than when we were younger. Thus as less is printed on our memory film, it seems that time passes faster. That is, an hour's impressions of a young man are equal to two hour's impressions of an old man, so of course the

young man's time seems to contain more - ie seems longer - than the older one. The aging in turn we trace to the accumulation of radioactives - which cut down the rate of all body functions - including those recordings which we call the sense of time. We can also say that the radiations of the radioactives have shot away - (alpha particles, you know), part of the apparatus which records the time sense - giving less time per unit. All of which I think sounds a lot more logical than Nitardy's explanation that time seems long or short according to the individual's total time experience. The truth is, because of greater number of factors intruding upon his observations of events around him about those events - more mental activity should take place accordingly per each unit of time - thus the sense of time would be the reverse of what it is - should pass more slowly as the total of time experience increases. Do you follow? I think we could do a good answer to Nitardy on this age cause basis. Maybe you can use the idea. Certainly I get tired of always reading these things and knowing how wrong and illogical the whole thought behind them is, and never answering them. Do you follow what I said about the time sense - it is just another corroboration of our ideas about age.

About Armour - do you think the fact that inferences drawn from the fact that radioactives are the cause of age - inferences which cause those who know to refrain from eating the meat of any but newborn animals - and Armour research getting their funds from the sale of meat. Do you think these facts would influence their announcement of any discoveries they might make concerning the radioactives they must have got a line on by now? It is very possible that it would influence their announcement unfavorably as a suicidal move for them. It would be perhaps short sighted of them to prematurely announce something that influenced the sale of meat so drastically. One buys veal and lamb when one know, and avoids beef, but they might think that the announcement would be a direct blow to meat sales. Which it would, at first. So, I suspect, that to get official confirmation of this cause of age, you must look to another research agency. Think about it.

Dear Boss

I thought you would be interested in this old tear from the Blue Book in case you didn't see it. It contains the statement that Sir William Crookes saw D. Home raised from the floor by what he thought was supernatural force. If I remember right, didn't this Crookes take photographs of spirits etc. and become almost discredited for his early fine work in science because of his interest and belief in such things? One of those great English scientists went that road. Knowing what force it was that lifted Home, and how ill natured they are so often, one can understand how it was. The tear is from the Burgess story I mentioned before.

Always remember that in the hands of the most ignorant people in the world is the most valuable apparatus on Earth - any one piece of it is worth more than the fortune of the richest man on Earth if it were commercialized, and they use it for such silly things as tormenting children, giving headaches and simulating other pains and diseases. Any one of the secrets of the construction of that apparatus, the analysis of the indestructible, time resisting metal of its sealed case, the handling of the magnetic flows within it, the penetrative ray which goes through miles of rock to reveal in full color what lies on the other side - the screens which reveal the most minute objects many miles away under terrific magnification without distortion - the levitation beams etc. etc. they use daily for such silly stunts as making a wind to embarrass a girl, or - I have had friendly ray water the cabbage plants I was planting by causing rain which did not wet me two feet from the row - and then chase me into the barn with the downpour just behind my heels - or cool me when I was working - In Baltimore she held off a huge thunderstorm till I threw up a few planks for a shelter - then how it did rain. I used to think these were secret government weather stations - but since I have learned different - it is the same apparatus - in the same underground place - built by the same ancient race - that Zeus used to acquire the name of the thunderer - God of the lightning etc. Incidentally I have seen lighting handled often - they touch the cloud with a con-

ductive ray and it flashes to the ground down the path they ionize with the ray - it is really very simple - if you have the ray. They can make it rain any time with the huge old installations - control one or many people's actions for many miles - and make the wind blow gently or fiercely - and they do - every day - still - our scientists are either ignorant of such apparatus existence or think it is modern secret science's work. Well it isn't modern - it is the ancient work - still being used - and still being completely wasted and unstudied. Just the other night she played some of the ancient music from an antique mech - the only one I ever noticed that showed signs of wear - and it really sounded worn out - just a little music of theirs - why? Because it torments me to think that mech must go to waste without modern science getting a peek at it. Which torment she enjoyed, being a dero. They are always rubbing it in - we have it - don't you wish you did etc., ad infinitum - stupidum.

I am taking a DeForest course in radio to keep up in science. My Boss ought to know that, I guess. I intend to try to build a thought augmentor and transmitter as soon as I get sufficient apparatus and find how to design a coil to tune such wave lengths. The length of the waves can be pretty closely ascertained from the medical work on encephalographs. They take the brain waves on a tape - but apparently never think of augmenting them into sound - which would be as easy - and from that step to augment them into mentally audible and understandable thought. If such a thing were put on the market it would break one of the biggest blocks to progress - the inability of men to know each other - to know the inmost thoughts of each other and find the evil character before it becomes a Hitler. Police work would be revolutionized with such apparatus. I think it is not so much the possessors of the antique mech who block such work as it is the thought of those who know it exists and think it is a secret science which they dare not touch for fear of reprisal - That is many men would market such a thought augmentor as Dunninger must use in his work if they did not think it belongs to a monopolistic organization who would take steps to stop him. I suspect strongly that this is not true, but is

thought to be true so generally that it might as well be true. I used to build radios when I was a kid and I suspect that a thought augmentor would not be difficult to build if a man really attempted it. Well, I will attempt it and let you know how I make out. That would make a few pages on the mag, wouldn't it, a successful thought augmentor that one could build oneself. Wouldn't an editorial on the possibility of such an experiment succeeding make a good feature for your Radio News. By one of the staff who saw clearly how nearly the many parts are already to use - such as the encephalogram work and the attendant info on the way thought waves can be got at with detector apparatus etc. Well, since the subject seems generally considered taboo, touch it gingerly except with someone you know well. But I know why it is taboo, and that nothing is really being done in this direction, thought it is the most promising path for real development that radio could take. It is taboo because the dero ray automatically impress a don't on anyone thinking of it around them, and they keep this impression as a post hypnotic command. If they knew that this was true it would be very different, but it is very hard to tell a person with such a mental taboo, because it is not a normal inhibition - it is a very strong inhibition from a very strong thought augmentor and it is stronger than other commands in his brain. All these subjects are very touchy with people because the taboos are unconscious but very strong, and because he has a very strong fear of even thinking about them. One would think a very wise organization had created this general inhibitory impression about these fields of work, but the truth is it so because of the ancient mechanisms - which give the impression of intelligence because the one noticing thinks they know how to build as well as operate such mech - though they don't at all and no man on Earth does - but the people who block such work of great scientific attainments etc. Such wool you will run into - most of it self created by errant deductions by the victim of these inhibitions himself - I had them till I learned that they were not true deductions from actual experience - but most of them did not have these experiences and are very sure they are right - are hard to tell anything.

Dear Rap

I am always thinking - I haven't yet given Rap a real picture - a true picture of what dero groups are like - what real differences there are between ray men and surface men.

Now imagine fully if you can - a people who allow dero to run amuck among them every day without killing - who are so stupid from constant bickering - feuding - with the ancient weapons - weapons subtly used constantly by the dero - to cut each others' brains - and cut means a needle ray that makes a minute dead thread of tissue through the brain - they argue constantly and every name called each other is followed by - or retaliated by - a cut with a needle ray - which is applied to the picture on the screen - said picture being a duplicate of the person argued with and the apparatus is such that any force - even so light a set of forces as a kiss - is transmitted exactly or more strongly to the person whose picture is on the screen - this constant bickering - usually with cut rays - since the cut is undetectable and hence is often "got away with" has gone on among them since the deepest antiquity - and they have not yet learned - or are so stupid from its effects that they cannot comprehend that it must be stopped if they are ever to be intelligent human beings - try and imagine a life like this. These groups are - from twenty to a hundred (very large) in number - they control an area of thirty to a hundred square miles of cavern and have under them perhaps two hundred or more slaves - captives or what ever you choose to think them - they get nothing and are anyone's property apparently - but they are not capable of having a true organization - so, very peculiar mechanisms of behavior habit spring up among them.

See - it goes like this - they have a pretty decent ruler and life goes stupidly along - nobody doing very much but laying under the stim and grafting a little wherewithal from the supply merchants some way by offering stim and other values which people without money could offer - such as girls, etc. Then along comes a guy with a carload of ray with which he kills the ruler - and everybody else who says boo. Then they say - now what do you want of us - you are ruler now - he says - with gestures - since he speaks another lan-

guage - bring me shimmy girls and the best stim, etc. (The new ruler looks like a mongol witch doctor except his clothes are in truth a tight fitting set of scales - some of the ancient clothes of some indestructible stuff - he wears plumes and a weird headdress on his head - some of his people will have modern clothes and some rags and some nothing - the people he has conquered look like German spies - how did they get in the caves - I can't tell you - perhaps they are old ray from Germany - or Dutch. They do his wishes - believe you me - and so he indulges in stim and dream makers' products and girls and presently all is as before - he stays in the stim the rest of his life and tends to little except to forbid pleasure to anyone but himself - which is done by his satellites - why - he don't care what they do and they are mean as hell - see - the hereditary dero influence - so they sit and look out at us surface people and are forbidden almost all pleasure except playing tricks on us and scaring us or perhaps to throw some de at a dero. Such is a picture of a dero group I have seen.

Now we have the tero group - she is big - the leader - he is intelligent - their kids and young followers will be skilled in the use of many of the machines - and have tried all their lives to build up a science of ray and spread it widely - yet their efforts are all frustrated completely by things so stupid I can't understand why it happens - yet it does and this is the only thing I can't get about ray - why they don't win. Apparently all such groups are subject to constant war with invading nomadic groups of dero who come from some place where the weapons are such that nothing the tero can get hold of will beat them. It is their only excuse - the only thing I can see that defeats them for I have known quite a few such - intensely alive - beautiful women and virile men - intelligent and idealistic to the n'th degree - and they wind up stretched on a rack over a slow fire - why? How? I can't get it. But that is just why ray has not become a possession of all men - because such people are never able to carry out the plans I know exist in well developed form among them - or did a few years ago - to manufacture ben ray for sale to surface - a beneficial stim for everyone - a thought reader mech for popular sale - copies of all the simpler mech of the caves to

be manufactured as fast as they get hold of backing and believe me that is the last of their problems; for a mere showing of those ancient mech and what they do gets them all the backing they require from any sane man. Yet they don't make the grade - Why?

See, I have sat and talked to those people for years - been tormented by the dero for years - and pleased by the tero for years too - love them and they love me - you can't help loving people you know over the communication beams as all the inner qualities are augmented to a greater degree and of course the sort of affection which grows between friends of long acquaintance in normal surface life of today is greater in proportion as the things that cause these friendships are more clear and alive within one - one's cells respond with memory of past pleasures and inner revealments in such a way that love is greater among ray friends than among us - and all this is rather clear to me though some things I never get through me - why they fail to get something done in the way of a modern development of ray science from the old mech - why they are captured and killed by dero - such things I can't get. Down there are immense pleasure palaces - filled with young people who get no pay but the pleasure of offering themselves to stim customers - and cannot leave because of the covering of the area by the ray detectors - they could not even think of escape without the whole personnel becoming instantly aware of it. All this kind of establishment will seem well organized and seem almost a pleasant and valuable kind of life - and one would think that such people would have so much money and power that nothing could touch them - (that one knows of in ray) - and along will come a dozen strange ray men and take over the whole place - apparently in a twinkling of an eye - half a dozen control men will lie dead at the apparatus and the new ones will have control of the whole area from their control apparatus on wheels - they move in - and some of the most beautiful of the women will be hung up by the hair and given jerk - jerk is a ray that convulses the muscles - pulsatingly - it is pretty to watch in a woman as the buttock are strongest muscles and gives a sexy movement - but horrible if you know what it is - it is

also a bad detriemntal that robs the body of all natural senses (for instance - in copulation - normally it is pleasant but under stir or jerk rays - the same sensations are unpleasant - unwanted and become a torture in a short time).

In a few days of jerk the woman will be dead - why did they do this to the most beautiful in a valuable pleasure palace - because dero always destroy the most attractive thing first - (I have seen just such procedure over a ray - to which ray and operator they paid no attention until 'her turn came' then they killed her - but the ray to me went on with nothing in it but her dead body laying there. It was in Mass. about twenty miles from Boston - the time they killed the police chief for building a big X-ray---I told you of that - a way of verifying this is look up Mass. state police chiefs - six to seven years ago you will find the police chief died - I don't know what reason was given - I talked to him several times over a ray - several ray were working with him - and several against - and all the beneficial intent died there in a few days of torture - they would send a ray - over a distance - that would destroy every tissue in the spine - leaving a poor girl lying paralyzed - she died shortly as the nerves would fail to keep the organs operating. It was there I saw an ancient mech very clearly that was interesting - it was small - two monkeys supported a round screen with their paws - the whole of solid gold - the mech all concealed behind and below the screen. They killed the old and very intelligent woman who had it - and I saw no more of it until later in another state - the dero who follows me showed it to me as he knew it would torment me - he had smashed the screen - little wires stuck out all around the circle - and the whole beauty of the gold monk was covered with green porch paint - he carried it around with him and when he wanted money - hacked off a little of the gold and painted the thing over with green paint - that was his method of getting and concealing money - and the fact that such simple procedure worked - was not discovered - tells you a great deal of cavern mentality among the dero. They tell me that of the old mech is sheathed in solid gold - but more of it is covered with a harder metal - what? which they can't hack off.

I saw a ray screen - I hung in it for hours - it was a large circle - the picture occurred in the apparently open air of the hoop - in the field of electric which the hoop enclosed - and when they trained the concealed mech on a person - the ray - then a picture of the person appeared within the hoop - and so - there I was - in the hoop - and I saw and heard everything in the room just as if present - and they talked to me just as if I was there. An old woman leaning on an old fashioned tall staff came into the room - cackling like a witch - then a big boned woman who laughed very sensually and a mean young girl of a spiteful voice. Someone of them said - shall we torture him like the Lieutenant last week? I couldn't hear the answer - but nothing untoward happened to me - I recall someone reconstrating with them from a distance - they seemed newcomers - the three women.

I tell you all this as it occurs to me - which is mixed up but remember all ray occurrences are mixed in the mind because mental juice - synthetic electric is used - and has hypnotic and other effects too numerous to mention - one loves a person one knows is evil - or hates one whom one loves - or decides never to speak to a woman again - or feels as a homosexual feels - and I defy anyone to make up a coherent account from a maelstrom of such mental wool about one which goes on whenever anything goes on - it is as if one were reading all the minds present at a Witches' Sabbath including the devil himself who seems almost a reasonable creature in the picture.

The drawing by that Czeck artist of Hitler in armor on a horse in armor surrounded by all the devils of a Sabbath is as near a picture as I can give you - if you can imagine the sounds accompanying the scene in mental projection impulses of great strength. (It was a Colliers cover of over a year ago)

You see the Czech has some idea of what lies behind Hitler in truth - all the ancient and ignorant medievalism that still lives in rayland under Berlin - and will not be killed or driven out by our armies - remember - I was tormented in Washington a week ago - what will happen to "those who know" in the army that reaches Berlin? I would give much to know. Just pain and headaches and accidents and cutting of the

brain till they grow stupid and such bedevilment till they leave the country - now expect a regeneration of Germany from our occupation. It won't do much good.

About the spine raying I mention - they can move any separate muscle in one's body over a great distance - in this way - two conductive rays are pressed to the screen on which one appears as they direct the view ray upon you - over these two rays pass any impulse they direct upon it - just as over two wires - and these rays will affect only that portion of the anatomy toward which they are directed upon the screen - thus they point the rays at the neck and base of spine - push a button - and the spine is deadened - shortly the patient dies - unless vitalizing ben is poured into the spine by a friend - I have seen people I was sure had died revived by the powerful ben - one learns to expect anything of the wonderful old mech. They have had it and used it for so many centuries it means no more to them than our closet stool - the which they are too stupid to keep in operation in the caves - but excrete into the pits that were once elevator shafts or air shafts? or heat shafts. Such is magic - the private property of a madman - multiplied by his likeness all over Earth. And nothing occurs to change this - it has gone almost exactly as today for endless centuries - repetition - which you see around you - is a symptom of decay - (repetition without meaning or use) and in the dero condition - which is worse among them - no new thing can occur - you know how new things are fought among surface people - with all kinds of ignorant wool and often defeated by the reactionaries - among them this is so bad that everything is just as it was centuries ago but they don't know it - they haven't any history written - just word of mouth - it is a backward repetitive condition equipped with the weapons of gods - fighting a superior people (surface) of better mentality and physique and education - but possessing some of the same failings and no weapons worthy of comparison. It is the same thing that ailed and bedeviled the medievals - made worse their auto-da-fe's and religious manias and crusades for no reason - etc. ailing us today - and the progress we have made becomes merely a greater juggernaut under which we must cast ourselves - see - what lies behind Hitler -

Hitler dug a tunnel to an aerie he had built upon the top of a rocky mountain - in this tunnel was installed an elevator - electric - when completed - Hitler entered alone - ascended - but the elevator came out above not for four hours - the reason - failure of the newly installed mech - do you know what I think - Hitler wanted to know if he could escape the voices for a little time - but I know he failed - he waited four hours - in the silence of that rock mountain - and he still heard the voices - commanding - mocking - bedeviling - what did he think?

The fact he waited four hours tells me he knows nothing of ray for it all penetrates much rock - all that we hear or see of any ray today came to us through a mile or so of rock - they lie just above the heat of the pressure - you can find that depth in a book. He did not know what it was he continually heard - and they love to spin out mental wool in the minds of those above them - just as a kitten plays with yarn and to no more purpose usually - that was Hitler's intuition - I suspect his good ideas come from a good ray trying her best to keep Germany safe and sane and a mad ray tormenting her by plunging Hitler into wars and foolish decisions - making him execute his best because she loves them etc. and having no slightest comprehension of what or why he is doing it - it is just play pictures to the mad ray - yet she can't kill him - and Hitler can't distinguish between his mad advisors and his sane advisors and believes the whole contradictory set-up - though it is only a few people whose hands are tied by - what? and can't take control either of them dero or tero - why? Because there are no entrances to the caves that are not guarded by madmen or worse - creatures whose impulses are all unpredictable and unknowable - whose only function is letting in the food and taking what? toll of the commerce - What goes out? That is another puzzle. I sometimes think the whole setup can only be explained by an interplanetary setup. The strongest down there are raymen from another planet - they came with more knowledge of ray than our native - wild - efrity type ray - they forced an entrance with their antique rays from an antique space ship they had learned to operate - now the caves are the property of men from Venus or Mars

or farther - they neither love nor hate us - we are meat people - they traffic in the gold and jewels via the ancient space ships on other planets - they avoid all contact with Earth - curlicues of black and red obscure their faces - and all their body - looking like a bizarre uniform for a bellboy - with curlicues and arabesques and buttons all over them - they are agile like treemen - they open a trap door of sod as I look at them in astonishment and jump down on a big table - and look at each other - now safe they seem to think to each other - the doors close up as street elevator doors close - they are gone from me. This is the only way I can explain their lack of commercialization and secrecy and avoiding of surface people - They speak English because of centuries of this commerce in the old mech and ships from the caves - slaves and jewels, too - but are wholly barbarous and fear and thwart our science - thus when Earthray appears about to throw off the dero which make their life hell - they step in and defeat the sane Earth ray - because they have despoiled Earth men so long they have habit tracks almost compulsory of doing so - we are the despised - Venus or Mars is the beloved home - all good things go there - although there is no love there - just habit tracks.

Such a condition is the only one that explains modern ray to me - the intervention of savage people from another planet who fear and thwart every organization on this planet and have no respect or love for any science - for science is an enemy - "it would hate their way" - their way being torture and slavery for all under them - eating of man flesh regularly (as in Gods Of Mars - by Burroughs - which I suspect has a few words between the lines for a select few - though I think Burroughs overestimated the need for hiding what he knew and overestimated our capacity for finding and using his info.

This is I think the real explanation of the mad condition of secret ray today - and I have based the story I am working on this view - it is on Venus - Earth-men fighting for the Hag against Amazon Venusians - it will be good - it looks swell - so far - and I am going to town on it for it is a stimulating set-up. I have ready for you another story which sets up the thought record idea as a base for a series of thought record

tales - history of the past - and the thing is particularly appropriate as an answer to those who will say "I Remember Lemuria - such an impossible idea"- well - all the corroboration we have for the existence of ancient mech is also corroborative of the existence of ancient thought records - so Lemuria could be remembered in great detail - see what I mean - it fits beautifully as a follow-up for the doubters - they will be lost in the wealth of corroboration we have if they say it is impossible to remember anything so far back. Savor this idea awhile then you will be prepared for the story - it is complete - and I like it - will send it soon but am waiting to thrash out a few things about the help I had with it - will send it very soon as you might want to use parts of the opening as an explanation of "I Remember Lemuria".

Think about this fact of the possibility of ray secrecy and madness and repressive attitude being due to long time occupancy by a race from another planet who fear us but rob us of our greatest treasure - the ancient mech - for what foolish or horrible uses I know not - honest - something of the kind is the only explanation I can deduce from the whole set up. They lose too much by refusing to commercialize the ray mech - except the motivation of an alien race fearing us - there is no other logic I can figure out for the reason they refuse to put copies of stim and thought-aug and penetra on the market.

They do not stay long here if they come - the ray I know seemed of Earth origin no matter how distorted by ages of different life - and from Venus or Mars they would not like our air - too light or too heavy - think about it.

Sincerely
Your friend
Dick

Dear Sir

The opening of this story - "The Thought-Records of Lemuria" is long and detailed as I intend it to lay a base for future stories - all related by the thought record source. By the use of this device I can build a comprehensive view of the

whole ancient people which will include all my deductions of what they must have been. In this story I have tried to give the factual bases for these deductions the clear definition necessary in order to show that these bases are truth and certain implications from these facts are inescapable. Thus all the stories of Lemuria will be colored with their source in fact and hence more interesting than mere fabrications without cause. Anything you can add to this factual base to make it more clearly evident as fact than the usual fabrication will enhance the value of the tales to your readers.

The truth is - much of the first part of the story is completely true - the spot welder that was accidentally a thought - augments - the perception and persecution of me by the unseen cavern dwellers and my subsequent imprisonment due to their tamper of people about me - my later release by the blind girl who was a master of the control mechanisms - my entrance into the caves direct from the prison - the way they live - their fewness of number - their startling appearance and difference from surface people - all this is true. I hesitated to tell you so before for several reasons - the fact that the girl was blind and many other factors make it all so unbelievable unless one is acquainted with some corroboratory information.

From there on the story is fabrication and deduction; I never used a thought record mechanism with my own hands but I know they exist and have heard what I am sure was thought - record. Since the mechanism itself still exists - it is very possible that some records still exist - since how could they fake modern records (of super-thought) for an ancient machine? - and what I heard was certainly thought record. I know positively they make records of thought - so it would seem inescapable that they find not only ancient records but unexposed records in profusion - since they seem to use record a lot. Complete records of sex-indulgence, love-emotions, fights etc. are used by them for entertainment. Of course some groups have techs and may have repaired and learned to construct thought record blanks for the ancient mech but knowing how they lean on the old work I

doubt it. I think that some control organs - are merely collections of fragments of thought records which play at the touch of a key - thus giving a strong thought flow which causes in the recipient the same action taking place on the record.

After a short stay in the caves I went home to another state to get clothes, money - some radio apparatus etc. and when I returned to the hidden entrance - and gave the pre-arranged signal. No response came. I hung around a month but not a murmur from a ray rewarded my waiting. Then my waiting caused me to despair and I became so careless I was picked up and served the rest of my sentence. But I never heard any more from my friends or the blind girl. I think the group was wiped out by traveling dero. You see, the caves are really connected in a vast network and they travel and roam through them as through a wilderness. It is what seems to happen to all sane ray sooner or later - they run afoul of the mad ray and fall prey to the deadliness of the ancient weapons.

I have been followed across several states by both mad and sane ray, they seemed to travel in a big tank or truck loaded down with ray weapons - they seemed as spacious as a huge railway car to my sensing of the conveyance through their minds. So I deduce that huge underground roads still usable connect the cave cities still. For such weapons and cars could not travel the surface highways without some notice or talk - or could they?

Why should they follow me? Perhaps they had a reason other than me for the trip and timed it so as to give me protection from the mad ones following me. Their motivations are always obscure to me - even among the sane raymen. Values are different down there. Why should the mad ones follow? You will find they are always following someone as you learn more of them.

This should turn out as a more interesting series than the series in Blue Book where the protagonist takes a pill - a pill sent him by a Thibetan lama in a bottle - which causes him to sleep and dream of past days. The mention of Merritt is a good idea I think - there are several reasons - the Lovecraft

cult of writers uses his name all the time to good effect - and certainly Merritt is more worthy of such honor - as well as the corroboration of my contentions which his work offers and the enticement of his followers is also commercially valuable as they are legion. If you would mention Merritt as corroborative and a word about him - etc. it might be the thing to do in connection with what we are trying to do.

Some parts of the opening to this story might be used by you in your remarks about the story "I Remember Lemuria". I wrote this story principally because the title "I Remember Lemuria" made me realize that the truth was, the ancient world could be remembered more exactly than any other if those records still exist as I know the thought record machinery does.

My letter about the collaborator can be disregarded for the present. I really need her work but not in a collaborator's capacity - just secretarial and typist work is all I really need. I expected a real creative contribution to the story and was willing to give half the reward for such an enhancement of the work - because of the necessity that this particular work be done well no matter how. But I have decided otherwise and have rewritten some of the story as you will probably observe. The person is a good writer and knows her field but she does not actually increase the creative and core values of my work, though it does add polish after I work it over again.

I notice that your note in Writer's Digest says that you are overstocked both in Fantastic and Amazing. I wish you were monthly, and feel that somehow a couple of the other Stf mags stole a march on Amazing by remaining monthly as they have a new mag before the reader so much oftener. But the paper shortage will soon disappear - ration has been taken off so many items lately and I suspect you will know what to do about the situation. If your overstock includes me - read the story and use what you can of the thought in it for trimming up and tying the other stories together in a better way by footnotes if you wish - and I will save it for a more opportune time when you may use it. It is a good story in many ways - has a rather strange flavor of fact for the con-

tents - and the opening will surely open the fan's eyes to the hidden contents of much so called fiction - such as Merritt's Snake Mother which I accepted as pure fantasy until I contacted secret ray and realized what Merritt was talking about between the lines. "Gather Darkness" is another such tale - by a man who knows a great deal of secret ray. I think it was in Street and Smith's "Unknown".

Your friend
Dick

Oct. 21

Dear RAP:

I received your letter saying you were going ahead with the article for American Weekly. I am sure we can do much better than most of the things they print, it remains to be seen if they are staff work or if they do buy.

Now here is some dope you will find useful in your work on the article. It comes from an article fathered by Reimann of a Phila. hospital who is only man I know researching on age. The article was in American Weekly and was one we can't do better than, one of the few. I have a letter from his sec. in response to one I wrote him which I will enclose. About two years ago or less (the article) follows from my notes.

Tryptophand - slows breaking down of cells - prevents aging (of obelia - a small sea animal vegetable).

Aspartic acid - promotes specialization of growth and differentiation of cells.

Di-methionine - stimulates growth of number of cells.

I-proline - aids differentiation, but retards number of cell growth.

These - I think he says they are amino acids - he isolated from living cell discharges - and used on small organisms - mostly the obelia - and watched his results over a period of years. These secretions are more present in young animals than old - would be responsible for the rejuvenation of the old when they partook of the blood of children. A subtle mention of some of these substances as the exclusive property of young blood and re-

sponsible for the results of the vampirism etc. was what I had in mind. I have a story I wrote about a doctor who discovers that they are using children's blood for a rejuvenation treatment. A big medical trust is drafting orphans, etc., for their source or young blood for old rich people. They cover the vampirism with a story about free treatments for underprivileged children etc. The old doc who finds the hideous business gets hold of some youngsters - shoots them chock full of di-methionine - takes them to the big medical trust for the free treatment - where their young blood is stolen and the old blood given them in exchange. As soon as the old doc gets his kids back he shoots them full of proline which checks the activity of the tryptophane. But the patients got no such retarding shot and in a short time are suing the big medical trust for obesity and deformation results due to the uninhibited and overspecialized growth resulting. Which puts the trust out of business "as they can't pay all the damages the court awards the victims. The doc justifies his deed as a way of stopping vampirism on Earth. It could be good story but it isn't the way it is. It is in long hand. Was going to type and let you see it as a help to the Vampire article (it's in no shape for sale), but don't have time to type it, so give you the plot.

Have a couple of titles in mind for future articles if we sell them and I do not doubt we will unless the Weekly deals only with a few favorites, which may be the case
Modern Witch Cults or The Ancient Witch Cults - Today?

Evil Over Earth or Does Evil Rule Human Affairs?

An Alien Race From Space - Secretly Visiting Earth?

This one would contain our conjecture as to space ships being in the caverns and used through the centuries secretly by the Hidden Ones - it could be an attractive article. Will start figuring the one on age out for the Weekly and send it as soon as I can. If we can sell them once a month or so and depend on it then I can quit my crane job and really get down to work - if everything goes the way I expect, I am quitting in a few months any-

way though I think I will stick till the war is over. But our work is really more important than my little contribution of throwing steel around the shop every day.

I am glad you have seen the possibilities of our material in the field of such sheets as the A. Weekly. There are several others who could probably be sold later. What does the Weekly pay anyway?

Will send along the one on age in a couple of weeks or sooner.

Sincerely your friend
Richard Shaver
R F D Star Route
Barto, Pa.

P.S. Offhand I would say Raymond was word meaning ray man, like spearman, gunman, swordsman etc. The original meaning has been lost because the use of ray is lost, but the word remains to mean a capable person. The d on the end probably meant weapon ray.

P.S. I like the idea of an article about me, and it would be another way of plugging the magazine. Paper won't be rationed always, don't be so pessimistic. But it would come in better after two or three stories are printed.

Shaver
Barto, Pa.
Nov. 8

Dear Rap:

Running through the junk of writing of years ago, found a poem and two tales you might want for Fantastic. The poem was inspired by my first reading of Merritt's "Face in the Abyss." It is about Nimir's cave. The "last man" tale is my early style, though written much later than the pig and princess story. The latter shows the Cabell influence, which doesn't hurt it any and I rather like it, so thought you might. Anyway it's interesting to see the work of ten to twenty years ago after you've seen it now. I think the poem would dress up Fantastic, par-

ticularly as it stems from Merritt, the fantasy fans' favorite.

Your friend
Dick

How are the American Weekly articles? They do that Indian tech's stuff up nice, don't they. Yet there was little meat in it.

Richard Shaver
Barto, Pa.
Oct. 24

To Raymond A. Palmer
Editor of Fiction Group
AZiff-Davis

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I counted the words in a few of The American Weekly's articles and they run from 700 wds to 2000 wds. I drew one up on age of 1800 wds. Take a look and tell me if it's what you want.

I can't produce these long lived mice mentioned, they froze to death last winter while I was off on a trip, in spite of my admonitions to the family to look out for the apple of my eye. But the truth is, enough experiments which wholly corroborate my finding have been performed by other men, though the work was toward other ends, it inadvertently corroborates our proposition. Like the mice fed half as much lived twice as long. The hydroponics work with tomato roots turned out quite as well as A. Carrel's chicken heart experiment - which latter is still living after thirty years. Why? They used triple distilled water in preparing the nutrient solution, and accidentally by following Carrel's formulas have protected the chicken flesh cells from sun particles. Hence no age. I don't know what more scientific proof anyone would need, even if these experiments were performed for other purposes, they still miraculously serve to prove our contention that age is due to radioactives which can be excluded from life's intake. So sock it to them, we've

got more proof than the Wright brothers had of the truth of their idea that air could be a highway when they built their first plane and it flew. All around us are people dying in the same way that people die when they get a bit of radium in them, and overhead is the biggest hunk of radioactive material to be found in millions of miles. There could be a connection. Once in print plenty of men will see this incontrovertible proof, that blazing sun containing all the elements in a radioactive state, and the deadly properties of radium. The connection is the age of every one of us, and it can be fought. So sock it to them.

Sincerely your supporter
Dick
Barto, Pa.

IS OUR LIFE-GIVING SUN ALSO THE DEADLY CAUSE OF AGE?

By Richard Shaver

SOME YEARS ago a number of young women employed in a New England watch factory horrified their friends and the puzzled doctors by turning, in a few months, into hideous old hags. A half-dozen or so completed the metamorphosis by dying, apparently of extreme old age. But, these girls were hardly out of their teens? The government closed the factory, pending a full investigation.

Government medical men learned that girls were engaged in painting the numbers on radio-lite dial watches with a solution containing radium salts. They found that the girls had been in the habit of pointing the tiny brushes with their lips to facilitate the fine work. They learned too, that the last stages of acute radium poisoning are identical in appearance with extreme old age - as well as identical in final result - death.

But it remained for a young student and writer to associate this sudden aging, this horrible fate of the young watchmakers who pointed their tiny, deadly brushes with their soft young lips - with the ever burning sun overhead.

Thought he - radium burns and shines, reducing by half in one thousand years. The sun burns and shines, contains all known elements in a radioactive state, and reduces by an unknown figure. Radium can age living things, and does, at a rate determined by the amount which gets inside the body of the victim. So the sun must age things, too. Perhaps the sun is the prime cause of all age! I will see.

The first authority he looked up was, naturally, Madame Marie Curie. He read, in her own words:

“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 through black paper. Dust, the air of the room, one’s clothes, all become radioactive. The evil has reached an acute stage in our laboratory here.”

On another page he found:

“Finally, the radiation of radium was contagious. Contagious like a disease and like a 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 a notable “activity” which a sensitive apparatus could detect.” (This contagion interfered with experiments and was deadly enemy of Pierre and Marie Curie. Marie’s death was finally caused by an anemia attributed to radium poisoning.)

On a later page he found:

“Thus the radio elements formed strange and cruel families in which each member was created by degeneration from the mother substance - radium by degeneration from uranium, polonium from radium, etc.

Then he found a phrase which decided him - he was right - the sun itself is the mother source of all radioactivity and just as in the radium laboratory’s infection by radium contagion, so is the sun a source of continual and immensely contagious radioactive disintegration - infecting all Earth’s surface - and all the life on its surface.

(End of quotes from the writing of the Curies.)

That was enough for him; he rushed out and bought a dozen pregnant white mice. No trained scientist, he was a good student of scientific writings and had often read of mice feeding experiments. He had seen a record of an experiment in which one group of mice were fed a well balanced diet and plenty of it. Another group of mice of

the same age were fed the same diet, but only half as much! Strangely, the mice who were fed only half the normal amount lived nearly twice as long as the well fed mice.

He had puzzled a long time about that experiment. Why did they live longer. Now he understood. Since the sun poison is present in all foods, and since the radioactives from the sun are the cause of age, naturally the less the mice ate of them, the longer they would live. Finding many other corroborations of his startling deduction that the friendly old sun was not really so friendly, he set to work with his own mice. Building several sets of airtight cages, he lined them with sheet lead, and provided air by an air pump and rubber tubing. This air he bubbled through water after passing it through several chambers where it was agitated by loud speaker diaphragms. He reasoned that some of the radium and sister metal particles would be shaken or washed out of the air.

For food he gave his mice fruit and milk and a little triple distilled water, seeds and whole grains. He reasoned that seeds and fruits, possessing future growth potential (or any very young life), must have been protected by the filter cells of the mother plant (or animal). Then he installed his control group of mice in ordinary cages, with ordinary uncleaned air, and fed them ordinary food - table scraps, meat, bread and tap water. The divergence of growth and life span between the two groups was amazing in result.

The mice in the protected groups lived over three times as long as the unprotected mice, and were much larger, their growth period greatly extended. He had produced super-mice at his first attempt.

So this young man with the large bump of curiosity wrote letters like the following to the physics departments of several famous universities.

Dear Sirs:

I think I have discovered the cause of age. Please hear me out by reading this letter carefully.

If you admit that age has a cause - then you must admit that this cause is removed by the process of birth.

If the cause were a radioactive poison - as the symptoms of radium poisoning indicate (they are same as age, under certain conditions), then you must admit that the phenomena of birth is the phenomena of removal of this poison by filters through which the food supply of the young passes. The mother's body remains old because the poison is retained in its fabric, in contact with the young replacement cells - aging them quickly. Since this aging takes place in every living thing, we must admit that the cause is omnipresent, is everywhere. Only the sun gets around the Earth that much. So the cause must be the sun. Since radium poisoning produces the same symptoms as age in even a young person - premature age - then we must look to the sun as a source of the radioactives which cause age.

It would be remarkable if the sun did not project such poisons as radium down upon us in a finely divided state. Well, it does. Consequently, we age. We all die in time from the cumulative radioactives from the sun finding their way into our bodies.

Now to prove that birth itself is but the protecting of the young life seed from this poison by filters in the mother's body (long enough for the new life to get a good start), we need only place some mice under conditions which would exclude this poison did it exist - and observe how long they live. If they live longer than the natural life span of caged mice - we have done something to defeat age.

All right, I have done so. My protected mice live long, much longer, two, three, and when very special care is taken, four times longer than ordinary mice. My results are staggeringly indicative that this attack upon age is the correct one.

The experiments performed by Alexis Carrel and by some hydroponics experts, raising living cells in a protected condition, feeding them only artificially prepared foods and triple distilled water to keep out all alien material, show - if so interpreted, that life so protected by filtration and distillation, does not die or even

cease growing, but keeps right on growing at an alarming rate.

That Alexis Carrel and others did not attribute their success in defeating age in these living bits of matter to the exclusion of some poison is only because this is a new and unusual view of the cause of age. They just didn't happen to think of it. Their puzzlement over the cause of the immortality of their chicken heart muscle and tomato roots in nutrient solutions is apparent in their reports. When the theory of radioactives as the cause of age is applied to their experimental results, the mystery disappears.

Hoping to arouse some interest in this explanation of age and this remedy for age,

I remain, your friend

Richard Shaver

For answer to these rather important letters to great university professors, he received only negative responses. Not an iota of honest curiosity about the immense possibilities he uncovered was evinced. "Too busy" - "You must be wrong" - "Couldn't venture an opinion" - "The sun is well known to be beneficial, how could it be detrimental to life?" - were the gists of the letters which answered his, when they bothered to answer.

He wondered if these men had not perhaps been out in the sun too long themselves - or drank too much natural water, perhaps; there was certainly something wrong with their cerebration or they would see some of the immense meaning that lay in his words.

So this young thinker, who was becoming rather anxious to begin to fight age for himself as he had for his mice - but who needed help to build apparatus and living chambers for full sized people - decided to appeal to the American Weekly - a newspaper courageous enough to print something at which the sage (and hoary, I may add) heads of all the members of official science bodies had not perhaps nodded as yet. For, if the sun is the cause of age - and if we can do something about it - he figured people should know about it even if some scientists are

not quite sure about it yet. Some of them are not quite sure about Newton's laws, as yet, he had heard, but still they have proved very useful laws.

So if you want to live two hundred years of healthy life instead of sixty or seventy, you readers had better get busy and fight the type of scientist who, in France, excluded Marie Curie from the Academy of Science because she was a woman. We have them in America and they can be a burden, yes.

FINIS

P.S. to RAF

If you want to mention Armour Institute's work on this - please do so - I am not sure what to say about them - except that they are working on it. If you may, mention this in some way. But it can ride as is without, I feel sure. What do they have to say, so far, Anything?

Oct 4

Dear Rap

I just got out of bed to write you, because I forget so easy what I want to say to you, you know why.

Remember the music "Anitra's Dance"? I suppose you know it is the dance of a troll maiden performed for Peer Gynt in the play by Ibsen of that name, Peer Gynt. There is quite a lovely scene of Peer talking to the trolls. He was a friend of the trolls. Some of my troll friends call me Peer to tell me what they think of me.

From there my thought train went to the fairy tales of the trolls. Now one of the ways the trolls always put it over the rich in the fairy tales was by killing the Queen and putting a troll woman in her place. This motif is repeated in the fairy tales time and again. It is one art of which they are masters, the art of mimicking or impersonating people.

So I wanted to tell you how they get money, since you seemed to be thinking of that. I knew once a rich ray woman whom I called Sue. She did a great deal for me, in Newfoundland and came home with me on the same ship. As she left the ship, they kidnaped her by substituting a phony taxi for the

one she called and taking her to a stronghold about twenty miles from Boston. There after a time she was killed. I myself was taken, through the means I don't want to talk about, to the same location. Now after her death, and for some time before, a group trained to impersonate her whole family. She had three children, two grown and in college and a young one of ten. They trained substitute for each of these children, and a man and woman imitated their gestures and voice for a long time before their death. Then they killed them, after sending a phony'gram for the two kids to come there from school. The two kids from school were soon duplicated and the whole phony family went to Georgia and took possession of their lands and money. This is very easy to do by the use of ray, for they watch everyone in contact with the family and any suspicious ones are tampered mentally until they decide they're mistaken. If they get too suspicious they just have an accident and die, or jump out a window. This sort of thing is as easy as rolling off a log for them. For instance I am quite sure that Hauptman had nought to do with the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, but it was a ray job from start to finish. When the money was found to be too hot, they planted some in Hauptman's garage and superintended the whole trial by ray from a distance, so the unexplained was explained and no more was said about it. Note how repetitious the behavior pattern of substitution is from the time of the fairy tales and the princess who is no longer alive but a troll in truth, aided in looking like the princess by subtle odors and mental suggestions from the watching troll ray to the imposture which for all we know is the case in a great many of our rich men's homes. All this sounds kind of wild perhaps, but I am pretty sure it is the favorite method.

Now if all this makes you afraid of ray, remember they get away with murder and nothing done about it so you could get away with anything and they do not give a damn, not being so constituted to worry about things as we do. In truth, the practices which are customary with them are so detrimental to any organized interest among them that nothing we could write or say or do against them would faze any of them or even interest them except a few crazy individulas who really

believe that the ray is a secret and think they are to try to keep it so. The truth is quite the reverse, it is an open but misunderstood secret as the modern surface men think it is modern secret service activity and so avoid all mention of it. In the old days they called it magic and kept quiet about it, not understanding it either. The transition between these two points of view has been long, but never has any organized surface people understood what the existence of the antique mech meant to them, they just don't get it. So if you worry about ray attitude toward you and writing about it, remember it is a collection of feuds, like gangsters trying to kill each other and get everything for themselves, and they don't give a damn or have time for anything else. You think you insult them by calling them idiots or degenerates? The truth is, any of them intelligent enough to read or understand what you mean in writing of them are so busy fending off the attacks of the wild degenerates that they have no time or inclination for any repressive work to keep their secret. No one gives a damn. They wish to God someone like Eisenhower would get into the caves with ray, or they are too crazy too think well or long about anything. The only real danger is in attracting one of the mad ray when there is no sane ray able to keep him off you. This danger you and I have already got around, we are both steadily protected by sane ray, to my knowledge. I could use a little more of that protection, but since it is gratis and there is no way to help them, we have to do with what they can spare from their other duties, which mostly consist of watching distant dero ray so it don't get too close and pull a raid. They go through the same discomforts we do from the same source, it is not an organized or sane repression - but an accidental survival of an ancient ignorant mistake of the people. The fact that ray is still a secret is wholly an accident of ignorance and not designed by any intelligent mind. So free yourself from that worry, for it suggest trouble to listening dero who think they should worry about it, for they think by reflection of surface men and those about them, they do not originate thought.

I wish I could get my picture of life pattern and the effect of de upon it. I think the ancient cities had a large apparatus

which continually broadcast an abstract inspiration to creative work along the lines best fitted to build a great race, a rich life. This was in thought waves, and was unconsciously heard by all, that is, they Ro'ed to this inspirer to creative useful effort, it was a mechanical effort coordinator. Such a mech could be built today, if scientists everywhere only realized that thought waves are only a step from radio waves and we already have the groundwork laid for such developments. I suspect strongly that scientists everywhere think this field is government restricted because of their contact with repressive insane secret ray suggestion, and so avoid working with it as taboo. Else we should have such development. Such a life pattern would come naturally anyway, but de field from the sun destroys these natural thoughts direction toward usefulness and turns the intent compass of the brain toward less and less useful ends - this is what they meant by err - sun err - der - soldier - berserk - amok - (amok comes from sound mock - meaning to spitefully imitate - all dero I have known mock all the time - it is standard behavior in a dero to mock you - in a mean way) but I think amok has since come to mean the killing stage of dero instead of the mock stage. You see - der is the real great unseen evil of life.

It is very hard to keep from repeating myself and you will have to do the best you can with it - I cannot help thinking that the general knowledge of the presence of, Der would give life intent compass - all men - a twist toward correct effort - and a large margin of the effort that is now lost in der effort would become useful to man because corrected in the general mind - since generally watched for. But repetition in life itself is a vast and confusing field. I have thought about repetition for a long time as one of the most significant things in life. We are really all repetitions of the same thing, strictly speaking; we are all living Fords from the production line of time. Four legs and a face - the identical emotions and daily thoughts about what to do to get food and woman. Think about this motif repetition - you will be surprised where it leads you. A story based on the development of this little realized truth would be very successful. Ouroborus is such a story -

it is a beautifully patterned book which ends where it begins which is a very effective method of completing the design of a book. You see, the repetition is also in time; we think things are new, but they are only new seemingly. Well, all right. But repetition is one thing I can't master mentally as I would like to.

I wrote to Einstein. I got an answer. I will quote it and show you that Einstein may know everything about math but he sure needs instruction in medicine.

The letter in full:

Dear Sir:

Your idea cannot be right because it does not make understandable why the sperma-cells which multiply independently from the rest of the organism through the generations do not undergo the process. The simplest case for which your theory is obviously insufficient is the unicellular organism which propagates through simple splitting of the cell. I remember also the experiments with embryonic cells of the heart which are not degenerating in a number of years much greater than the life span of the corresponding animal.

Sincerely yours,
signed

Albert Einstein

Well - note the idea he has been taught somewhere that sperma-cells MULTIPLY INDEPENDENTLY FROM THE REST OF THE OF THE ORGANISM THROUGH THE GENERATIONS DO NOT UNDERGO THE PROCESS OF AGING.

I have somewhere read this fantasy too, but who would take seriously the idea? Just how do our sperma cells accomplish this magic without the help of the parent? How does a man grow up if sperma cells multiply in the small sizes? It is contrary to the procedure of all other plants and animals I have studied - it is the same as saying that flower pollen and tomato pistils have an immortal life of their own beyond man's ken. Yet he offers it seriously as proof that my idea that radioactives are the whole cause of age is incorrect. Just what is his mental connection between the fantastic immortality of the microscopic sperma cells and my explained cause of age? There is really no connection between the two

thoughts. He has dismissed work which I have spend many years on and others too, in three not wholly logical sentences. It is true my letter was short and not a full explanation, but surely he is awfully sure he knows more than others about a field not his own. I answered him with full explanation and notes, but have not received his answer. About his case I was reading last night in Alexis Carrel's "Man The Unknown" a very good book for you to read yourself to sleep, for you will remember what he say a long time. He says, I read last night - Many of our greatest specialists concieve the conviction that since they are accepted as great brains they must know more than other men in other fields too. Even Edison (says Carrel) gave forth with his opinions on philospny and kindred matters with all the authority of a pundit, but sadly little of their knowledge of the subject. That is the gist of his words. And I find Einstein falls into this specialist class of men who think because they know one subject very well they candismiss others with a few words who have spent a lifetime on the subject (another subject). The very facts he quotes as against my theory I have often used in letters to substantiate my idea that immortality was not an impossibility but that some things had found a way to get around it. The heart tissue experiment which he quotes is done with triple distilled water and pure chemicals and blood which has been treated and filtered, centrifuged free of clots and red blood cells, and settled and skimmed etc etc. All of which would tend to remove the radioactives which are heavy - and which he would have realized if he had thought of the thing at all - or if he had fully read the literature on the subject - which I suspect he has not. Yet he throws the whole thing aside in three sentences. Not that it is an important thing at all. I wish I had a chance to see what he would do with my dope on gravity - the integrative bending of light etc. - he would smother me with formulae and proofs of the contrary which no one but a Rhodes math grad could even begin to understand and never would bother to work out. Well, I'm a little peeved, we will wait and see what further we can get out of him before we judge him too harshly. But if Einstein can toss off such careless thinking about so important a

thing, my hope for the race of man takes another dip toward zero. Well, I will close. I am working on a swell yarn about Venus and am very interested. You will see it in a month or two, as I am going to try to do a real knockout job this time, if rewriting will do it. Then maybe it will be worth more. We will try to raise some young thinkers who will not turn down any important ideas in front of them without thorough consideration. Some real thinkers who can try for a real future for man. If anyone writes to you, don't hesitate to send me their address because the other two were not so hot to me (about our subject). I would like to get a few young fellows interested in a trip to find what we could of the caves - equipped with metal locators and similar penetrative apparatus we should turn up something quickly. But are those walls penetrable with tools? See, we could enter Mammoth Cave, use the metal locators till we found a place where it was close to the wall of the cave then drill till we found something. Crazy. So was coal oil, not long ago. They didn't even know what to do with it, except in lamps and there it smoked too much for practical use.

Your un-der friend

Dick

P.S. I mean anti-der friend, I am still, unluckily on the surface

Richard Shaver
Barto, Pa.

An answer to the article in Oct. 15 American Weekly about a large number of missing boys in the Eastern Mediterranean.

THE RETURN OF VAMPIRISM!

By Richard Shaver

BOYS and girls are used by certain secret longevity cults for their blood. When an aged three which is valued highly by the owner begins to show signs of approaching death, plant experts are called in. For they have a remedy for age in a tree. Beside the ancient tree

they plant a young sapling of the same species. As soon as the small tree is well established, they cut off the top. The trunk of the young tree is then grafted directly into the side of the aged tree. The young sap of the little tree flows into the top and branches of the old tree and a wonderful transformation takes place. The old tree becomes young again, the sap channels enlarge, from the young sapling trunk to the old tree's trunk, due to the new growth in the old tree, and the young roots of the sapling are better fed and grow much faster than they would in the course of nature as a single tree. It is a system of giving an old tree young roots and consequently young sap. It is not known how long the life of a tree can be prolonged in this way, as the process has not been in use that long, for trees just don't die when treated this way. But what does all this have to do with disappearing boys? I'll tell you.

It is possible to transfuse the blood of a boy of the same blood type into the veins of an old man. It is pure vampirism and it gives the aged person a new lease on life. In this illegal treatment for age, devastating to the boy's health - the two arms, young one and old one, are placed side by side. A needle is inserted in the arteries of the boy. Connected to the needle is a tube which goes to a small pump of the Lindbergh type. Another tube leads to the arm of the aged man, ending in a needle inserted in his veins. Some rich old men, and women too, are very anxious to grab a new lease on life. The blood of the boy is transferred to the body of the old man and with the blood goes his youth.

Strangely the transfer is two way, the hideous practice is usually done. The devotees of this vampire art believe that age is due to radioactives like radium, which source in the sun, powdering down invisibly, accumulating in the soil and water and eventually entering the body and accumulating there. Thus all age is death by radium poisoning! This view is substantiated by the fact that death by radium poisoning in the laboratory has all the appearances of death by natural old age.

Having this view of the cause of age, the old man's blood is pumped into the boy's body at the same time that the boy's blood is pumped into the old man's body. The boy is well fed, while the old man does not eat, except for some milk and fruit. Other foods would tend to increase his age, according to this theory. This blood transfer goes on for a month, the young organs of the boy's body doing the digestive and assimilative work for both, and the secretions of his glands conveying to the body of the old man that growth potential which re-vivifies and renews the tissues and organs of the old man. Thus the aged vampire is made young again for a time. After a few months of fresh, young strength, the accumulated radium in his body again saps away his new strength and the vampire practice must be repeated. This time a new victim is chosen, if available, as the effect is more pronounced the first time.

Thus vampirism, brought back from the past, from the ancient secret sciences of evil and magic, by modern research men and illegal medicoes who take up their work in the underworld, has once again come back to plague mankind. It is most probable that the disappearance of these boys in the Eastern Mediterranean section will eventually be traced to the door of some aged and very rich old man, or to the door of some cult of rejuvenation via vampirism. For the underworld rich have learned that a plentiful supply of young blood rich in the growth potential of all youthful organisms will bring back for a time to their evil old bodies the vitality and thrills of youth.

The ancient wisdom, the original source of such knowledge along with many other angles of the modern resurgence of secret science bordering on magic and vampirism, witchcraft and sorcery, is described by the author, Richard Shaver, in a series of stories appearing now in the Amazing Stories magazine.

Oct 15

Dear Boss

I have a swell idea for some free plugs for your Amazing

mag. In Sunday's (Oct. 15) American Weekly magazine, the first articles about disappearing boys in Lebanon in the Eastern Mediterranean. Now I have written a short article describing a possible reason for this repeated kidnaping of boys as an aged man's attempts at rejuvenation, with plausible explanations etc. Now here is where you come in. With your experience, you take the bones of this article, which isn't worth much the way it is even if the plug for Amazing and myself is included. Add pictures of vampirism, drawings of how the blood is transferred, enlarge the article with obscure references to ancient vampirism of the same kind (make em up if necessary) (supposedly from old books), call it a modern threat to all youth - really put sensational cream on the sliced bananas - and mention casually the series of stories about antiquery and its survival as we have them in the coming Amazing stories. Submit this, not as Ray Palmer, but as some other writer, and if you do the rest of the article in top-notch fashion - the appeal of the vampire angle of the thing which is right on the note of the American Weekly - will very likely make them include the Amazing stories plug in the article. They often do include such plugs, I notice - particularly when they are personal plugs and photos of some man. Anyway, try it, it wouldn't take you long to get this done in your spare time - or do it on Ziff time as a way of getting publicity while getting paid for it. I am sure you can do an article that will knock their eye out - with pictures supplied - and The Weekly is very widely read and - well and carefully done might increase your sale of Amazings quite appreciably.

Sincerely

Dick Shaver

Dear Boss

More letter. See, we can make up a series of articles about Atlantis etc. how the ancient magic grew out of the use of the old mech, etc. if they take one with a plug in for us. Then, every week in the American Weekly we can be selling our stories on the same thing in Amazing. Of course I realize that they may not accept the articles containing a plug,

but they always do have the next thing to a plug in them. The radio does it etc etc. and I think it could be worked that way, we can certainly give them value enough in the original angle on their favorite subject, witches, ghosts, etc etc. If you like the idea, and want to ahead with it, write me soon, for if not I will try to work them up on my own for the Weekly. If you do go ahead with it, of course I expect some kind of cut on the price, I suspect you know how to get enough for the articles so that my cut would be as much as they would pay me alone, anyway.

If you think it is selling something already sold to you, and do not think it advisable to go ahead with it, I will drop the whole matter, but it looks to me as if we could sell a couple of articles which would arouse more interest in our coming series than a full page ad, and get paid for it, too.

Your friend
Dick

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT GREMLINS

by

A Man Tormented by Them

A GREAT race of supermen existed on Earth. They were called the Gods. At the time of the flood, they left Earth, sealing the deep caverns they dwelt in forever. Long after, savage people broke into these caverns, and eventually learned to turn on the indestructible machinery. Hiding there from the surface people, they became in time the Latter Gods. But the ancient dynamos degenerated, giving off a degenerative energy instead of the integrative growth force they were originally made to generate. This secret race became the Dwarves, the Trolls, the sorcerers, the Magicians and witches of the fairy tales. Today the horrid little degenerate evil beings, the Gremlins, tamper our fliers, fool our loaders, waste the remnants of the machinery of that ancient super science on tomfoolery and evil frustration of surface science. They are intensely stupid, often evil, must be under-

stood. The ancient machinery is of an unbelievable potency, no one ever gives credence enough to the tale to investigate fully. But someone must, for that ancient science can be partially revived from the study of their mechanisms if some man has guts and vision enough to try in spite of evil tamper and blocking. The Gremlins are most expert at the lie and secrecy, know little else except which knob to turn on the ancient, indestructible mechanisms.

It is the utter impossibility that a secret people could exist - that the Gods did in truth live long age and leave caverns full of immense potent machinery so indestructible built THAT IT STILL RUNS - that keeps this modern evil from the general mind. Although modern man is persecuted, tormented and bedeviled continually by a secret ray he does not understand, very few hook up the antique witch, sorcerer, fairy tale magic, Odin's eye, Merlin's cavern full of magic machinery, etc. ad infinitum, with the modern secret ray. They are quite sure everything of the kind is modern manufacture. It isn't, is true. Out of range of any modern manufacture ray lie the old ray race at their antique ray machines - looking - tormenting - gibbering - and EATING the people who pay absolutely no attention to anything they hear telepathically. It is not the custom to talk of it, no matter how much they are tomented. One would think they deserved their fate. But I still love them, and think they could build a future if they TRIED. But they are not trying in truth, is the case. These savages from the old caves below never contact modern man except to kill, make captive or torture us. Many men know the truth, find it utterly impossible to get it through the heads of modern man what ails them in truth.

Why do people possessed of the ancient secrets gibber like madmen or apes? Because the sun projects a minute disintegrance which gathers in the ancient dynamos' metal and after long use the ancient conductive metal becomes impregnated with disintegrance - radium, pollonium, etc., in a finely devided state gather in the metal and turn it into a generator of detrimental instead of the beneficial force it once created. For many, many centuries these practicers of secrecy have

stared at those ancient view screens (augmenting or magnifying over a direct beam to a great distance any thing - no matter how minute) and the degeneration it has caused in them has made them, apparently, congenital idiots all. (There are some modern ray (tero) which is sane.) Yet the old instinct of secrecy keeps them from public notice, In the old days men tried to burn the witches, but by the tales that come down, only managed to kill their own daughters. Fliers' tales of Gremlin interference is all we get of the truth of the hideous life in the ancient caverns that underlie many of our cities and many of our most peaceful farming districts. Here our best looking girls disappear to become the butts of idiots jokes and to be sold all over the world to the underworld (if lucky). For pleasure, most think, but in truth many of the antique underworld races eat men. There is not much game any more, you know, and a thirty mile ray kills a lot of game in a short time. They are numerous, believe it or not. They eat a lot of us, it is a simple matter to throw a monkey wrench in the missing persons bureaus with a little long distance murder and torture. The files are full, for no man can stand torture without hope anywhere. That is what man is in truth, a foolish animal that supports an ogre race about it, without even daring to breath a word of it, for fear of being considered mad. Anyway, even if not many do eat people, they kill our best minds to keep us ignorant of their existence and there is no hope for the future man so fondly believes he is building with his battlefield bones, unless he learns to face the truth of ray. I do not even hope that, only try to tell someone, for that seems duty. But it is utterly impossible for me to believe that modern man will ever get it through his blockhead that all is not Jake in the Gremlin. The knife of the hereditary torturer will kill most of them if they do try, is what is in the minds of other men like myself. You cannot tell a modern school boy that the caverns exist, and you cannot tell a Franklin D. Roosevelt that the superscientific machinery that builds his beautiful dreams at night is just an ancient toy that madmen use to keep him gullibly believing in a nonexistent science. Most of our best scientists are deluded by continual mental tamper from ray into a non effort in the

only direction that would help us. For the fate of our real scientists, look up the death of PIERRE CURIE. He was run over by a drayload of beercasks, his skull crushed. They made sure of that magnetists brain. Pierre was a student and friend of Becquerel and Roentgen knew ray, would have done something with it. These races are so degenerate it is hard for a surface man to understand - to conceive of - their stupidity.

They call us 'the Meat People' and 'bunchmen'. They have a newspaper and modern built dwellings in the caverns, built by slaves from the surface. It is true that when one looks at the modern comic superman child's book, one thinks they are nearer to containing the real news of life than the stupid, deluded newspapers. For, when they find a new, unexplored section of the caverns, they find also super rays of a most beneficial nature - which make them smarter, healthier than any man. The new found ray machine is beneficial in a big way for a year or two, then a wise ray would throw it away and use another, but there are few of those. Mostly this beneficial succeeds only in making the stupid Gremlin a little bigger and quicker, for he keeps his old worn out junk and gets little benefit from the new found super beneficial. Anyway, growing a bigger and better crocodiles does not do anyone any good and a degenerate underworld man is little better mentally than a damn bird. This seems like the ravings of a madman UNLESS YOU HAVE CONTACTED AND UNDERSTOOD THE RAY MIND IN FULL. Then you know something of the kind is true, but few get the full enormity of what they do to men, and the death and doom to man's future THEY HAVE ALWAYS DEALT SINCE THE EARLIEST TIME.

Deep in Earth the old Gods built great caverns, sealed them from the sun affected air, and filled them with their own air and light of a clean healthful kind. They left Earth (as suns age, they give off more and more disintegrant particles of as deadly a nature as radium - the sun is in truth the source of radium) before the flood, and now these caverns remain, have been inhabited ever since by savage tribes of people who learned to act like witches, were in truth the origin of the magic myths, and were, when the machinery was

still new, THE LATTER GODS - The Valkyries - etc. etc. (also the Sirones - who ate sailors) But when that antiquo supermetal became filled with sun inducted disintegrant particles, then the force they gave off was no longer a beneficial increaser of life, but a detrimental degenerator of life. Progressively these hidden tribes of men became more evil and foolish, though the range of their ray always protected them from reprisal from the tormented. So they became the people who left their twisted dwarfish children (the Changelings) in mens cradles and stole the normal babies to have something that could love the mother instead of fighting her. They became the dwarves, the imps, the goblins and all the hideous things in fairy tales while no man in his right mind ever believed in their existence, for he could never get near enough in truth. (You can't approach a rabbit with thirty mile vision - and you can't approach an underworld ray - they have the wild instinct of flight) Of course they did not exist - he was called FEY for speaking of them. But they must be spoken of, for still today, pretending to be modern ray of modern science construction (usually pretend to be FBI) these antique witch-idiots sit dementedly ruining life for the well meaning majority. The government pursues its usual course of ignoring everything it cannot understand (which has an antique flavor, too) These underworld ray have never read a book, they are not allowed to go to school (children talk, you know) In truth some of them eat us just as we eat beef, and just as nonchalantly. A Greta Garbo breast is a nice tidbit to think about, particularly in great numbers. This is a little stiff - but there are cannibal ray. But you say, this cannot be true, nothing is ever said. These who know do not care to be eaten next, is all I can tell you, Thomas. Personally I don't care, everything I want to do is frustrated, my wife was killed, my brother, too, I am a little angry with our Coolidges who are so gullible they believe anything but the horrible ancient truth - Effrits do come up out of the underworld and slay and torment us - take us down to hell. They protect their ancient secret with the wildest wool one ever listened to, the most outrageous lies pour forever from their lips - while our leaders, like Hitler, call them their intuition, their god voice -

their intuition - their hidden genie, etc. etc. It may be that little modern ray has ever been built, that some men have brought up and sold some of the old mechanisms as modern wonder science, and that depending on this non-existent wonder science has been the cause of modern man's downfall. For they never get to see the ancient witch ray, and think they are dependable modern minds. They aren't, they have been degenerated by the ancient ill-used apparatus, for endless generations - so that they have become 'DERO' and are called DERO by those who know them - (short for detrimental energy robots - a thing whose every action and reaction is detrimental to life).

The reason this greatest thing in life is still secret is that when a man does learn of antique ray machinery, he is never able to tell anyone without being called a madman, and another reason is that the caverns, though numerous, are very hard to get into; there are only three or four openings on Earth any more. The ancients used an integrative ray of great potency to harden the walls and roof of the caves - they are also very deep - no metal drill will penetrate the hardened rock - and the ancient doors, though numerous enough, are now covered with earth - would not open except to certain rays anyway - even if the mechanism of opening worked. The doors can only be found by use of antique penetrative ray which penetrates rock just as modern electronic beams are used to detect oil in substrata. Most of these devices being in the hands of the savage secret tribes of stupid madmen, only those bred for centuries to secrecy ever enter the ancient sealed caverns to gaze with blind unappreciative eyes at the works of the mighty race of immortals. Modern ray men had some inkling of the truth, but fell for the ancient custom of secrecy just long enough to be killed off unnoticed. They were never able to range (outrange) the ancient apparatus and obtain some of the old mechanisms for study.

All this of course sounds like the wildest sort of foolishness, unless you too have been tormented and duped in the same way our Puritan forebears were when they burned their own daughters for witches while in the deep caverns

the evil savages of this underworld laughed at their stupidity. Still today they torment prisoners in prisons and mad-houses, anyone who cannot tell others, and to check this story, you have only to talk to the most intelligent under-dogs and misfits of life - and question them. They will gladly pour out their bewilderment, their wonder and their hate of the hideous things that are called modern secret ray by the innocent.

These degenerated men keep their secret well, you say. Yes, because everything tends to keep it for them. The incredulity of men at anything they cannot understand - anything new - their hideous appearance - which forces them to hide from men - their practices of sex-torment and torture and murder and cannibalism - their undetected thievery - etc. etc. - all tend to make them keep their ancient secret in spite of the obvious need for modern technical study of their super weapons. You couldn't expect Bluebeard to call in a government expert to learn how to make weapons like this, could you? Especially if he had very superior weapons.

What can we do if this is true? You can make men study ray in spite of evil interference, you can find some way of getting into the caverns - burn a way in - no matter how long it takes to penetrate that rock. (The caves - because of their impenetrability, create a kind of world separate and distinct from our world, in which the savages live, seeing us by the use of the ancient vision ray - so we never see them - have no way of being aware of their nature except the lies they tell us - which are the same old lies they told our grandparents and antique ancestors - the supernatural, spiritualist, goblins, etc.) There is no reward for men in any other path compared to the wonder of that science of the ancients, still to be learned from the ancient machinery. (From one who was there and returned - which is very rare.) Under our cities, today, this antique garish horde sits, guarding the best minds of modern man captive, while the newspaper above fails to print it, for a voice said that Secret Service required secrecy. But who in hell could believe that? No one but a man who saw it, is true. What do

they do with their captives - you ask? Everything a fool can think of - which is always a waste of their value to us as men. They sometimes sit them in ancient sex stimulation machines (a kind of electric, though not exactly electric), and let it run till they die of overstimulated desire and rotten electric from the wornout dynamos. Or they hang them by the hair and throw things at them till they die. Or they sit on their faces till they smother. Or they cut their mind away until they become a mindless thing to play with as one plays with a baby. (With ray cut.) They are a different race than we, this ancient gremlin mystery. We must take it and wake up and think about it and do what we can to salvage the life they have destroyed unnoticed by us. This story is easily checked by persistent questioning of everyone who has puzzled about ray - of prisons and hospitals etc., (though always remember - any prisoner who talks of his torment is listed as crazy and never gets out). It is no mystery that ray exists - how is it it is never spoken of? Just our ancient custom of never speaking of the little people, that's all. These caverns are very numerous - they extend clear in to the center of earth - many parts are still sealed from air and water and contain undamaged apparatus. It is of non-corrosive metal, still usable and studyable. But they get in and smash it to keep others from using it to fight them, and go back to their own cavern, to sit and let the dynamos fill with sun inducted disintegrance, and the core of their bodies to turn evil from its effects. Like a wild animal, the ancient secret people are impossible to approach; they run in spite of any coaxing (though they are used to talking and listening to us, over the ray) and their always used apparatus tells them always of men's approach.

Now millions of our people know a great deal of these secret insane ray. There are millions of our people hate them and are tormented by them, but cannot tell anyone, for an innocent doctor will declare them insane. Another reason is this: if they are taken by the secret people, they are put in an electric machine (one which has worn out) and wires attached. The current flows through their body steadily for hours, and for strong ones a week, then the desired end is

achieved - the nerves and mind are depolarized, the victim has no desire for anything, no thoughts, no being in truth - is a zombie. These things they keep about the caverns move when spoken to, slowly shuffling. They themselves are often in not much better shape, but they have their stuff, their beneficial, which when turned on makes them go somewhat like a normal person, except that the detrimental energy charge from the rotten juice they have been in all their life still resides in their minds, making every thought movement wind up in a detrimental intent, impulse. Thus anything they do is an act that harms life (a kind of super bedbug - they are wholly parasitic) and anything they say is a lie or an attempt at one. Thus the dero seemingly dominates ray weapons and apparatus. No one has successfully acquired the ancient apparatus who has a mind, apparently, through incredulity the thing goes on, though many men see the antique apparatus though do not realize what it is or its entire importance. In the Orient some pieces of apparatus have been in the family for centuries - it is an heirloom, it still works, they turn it on, see what is for sale in the market place, and send a boy for the desired pieces. They don't even attempt to keep it secret. It just isn't understood or believed when spoken of. And there is the fear of the underworld to keep others from talking. And there is superstition.

Now the important thing to get into the general mind is the fact that these caverns lie everywhere about earth, that the underworld is an ancient phrase meaning just that, the place where secret men dwell always. They still do, but they hate and fear us and the technical work necessary to save some of the ancient wisdom is not done. These caverns can be located just as an oil well is located, and some parts of them are still sealed, the inside storerooms of magic in truth, still intact and waiting for the modern student. These sealed parts of the caves are what they seek for, to destroy the apparatus - it might be used against them - or to move in - the place is not so foul as the home cave, the stimulation apparatus is better. Of science or wisdom they have not an iota, but they pretend to and fool even our great men,

like Coolidge, the physicist, into thinking there is a secret science of a vastness beyond him, working against evil - they pretend to record and save his thought and work in such a way that he does not take care of it himself. Thus much of his work is lost through them - he believes them implicitly. There are evil and expert imitators.

Medicine, too, is befuddled by them, with their science wool in his ears, every patient of an important doctor hears lies about him and turns to a lesser man, for the witch world is fighting science, it is an enemy, has it not always been so. They are medieval minds - and worse - they mean evil. Always they have some ancient wool in their heads - the same old magic wool our forefathers listened to in the night from the little people - is listened to today - with few changes and as much evil about it, and as little use. If you don't believe me, ask any secret ray for a favor - a simple one. The evil ray are constitutionally unable to grant the smallest favor, you will find. The old dynamo, making detrimental so long has overruled their mental beneficial with detrimental so long that they no longer think beneficial thought movements.

When some bright editor wants to print something along this line, a televoice in his ear says Don't, the secret service is taking care of that - you would give it away. The dupe believes it, and nothing is done about the world's worst blight. So gremlins seem to inhabit the city streets, gaping and gibbering at the people above their heads, and tormenting passers unceasingly with lies and pain rays from the old junk. Unbelievable? Of course it's unbelievable, truth is always too big for the ignorant and the fool, is a phrase you want to remember. Then some of the immense unnoticed truth about you might be seen. For instance - every blade of grass is able to make youth out of simple chemicals, though itself dying of age. That is obvious in an old grass stalk producing seed. Impossible? It does, yet it is never seen. How? It filters out the sun dust, radium, polonium, uranium, etc., and the seed is free of age, is able to grow, but the dust accumulates in the mother stalk - it dies. We die from the same cause of age, the solution lies

in front of our eyes in the grass stalk - yet we are too stupid to see it and utilize the filter protection of our own intake as the grass seed is protected. Thus is truth simple and yet immense - too big for our small eyes. Aladdin's cave was a truth - for that machinery works wonders is true, those caverns lie all about earth - but the rock is super hard - the old doors covered with earth - men are too stupid to believe fairy tales now that they are modern. We had better learn to think and hear.

Aug 6

Dear Rap

It occurred to me that you might still be waiting for this dictionary for that Sept. mag, so I got it done today. I forgot to double space it and I hurried, but I hope you will forgive me. But you indicated that the whole thing was put off till the Mar. issue, but honest, if someone else starts making a fuss about this age poison and lang we will be out of luck so far as getting any credit from the readers for a first is concerned. So I am sending it to you, hurriedly prepared, hoping you can still use it in case you were intending to use it with the story and were delayed by that cause. So forgive me if it is not exactly neat and all, and if you don't need it at once sent it back and I'll put some more time on it. I don't have so much, we are getting busy again at the plant, but I have a couple of beautiful ideas for storys.

If it is not clear you write out your thought about it, and I will work on it. I didn't count the words, but there's twenty sheets of single spaced words - between seven and ten thousand words, I guess, but better count em. You don't have to pay me for the alphabet or dictionary, it's your own idea. I call it my work for man.

Sincerely your friend
Dick

First day of Hunting Season

Dear Boss

I just thought of another angle for the age article you

might prefer to use as arousing more attention. Start it with heading like this:

HAVE THE SAVANTS DOUBLE-CROSSED THE PEOPLE?

Then recount the death of the girls by the premature age brought on by radium paint for watch dials (which is true and can be found in files of several mags some years ago) then a quote or two from such men as Carrel - here is one from Carrel - where he says - page 180 *Man, to The Unknown*.

"...If all men lived to be one hundred years old, the younger members of the population could not support such a heavy burden. Before attempting to prolong life, we must discover methods for conserving organic and mental activities to the eve of death. It is imperative that the number of the diseased, the paralyzed, the weak, and the insane should not be augmented. Besides, it would not be wise to give everybody a long existence. The danger OF increasing the quantity of human beings without regard to quality is well known. Why should more years be added to the life of persons who are unhappy, selfish and stupid and is useless?..."

Now Dr. Carrel qualifies this in his book with several statements quite opposite to this one, nevertheless this one is in his book, and it may be that this attitude in medical men really has kept the cause of age secret. It is pretty obvious that they know that radium causes age, for factory poisoning which caused premature age because of radium paint was in the newspapers etc. Now it seems very strange that they see the sun every day, and must realize if they think at all that it must cause some effects similar to other radioactive bodies or elements such as radium. Could a few of them have kept this knowledge of the sun's power to cause all age from the public with a lot of sentimental and superior blag such as - It would make them unhappy to tell them that old Sol, their friend, was the villain who makes them old. Why take the sunshine out of their lives. - or like Carrel's quote above - There are too many stupid people now. Could they have kept the secret of the sun from us, perhaps because they don't want us around.

This angle, if carefully done, showing a picture, or drawing of the type of old blockhead who causes such suppressions

to the detriment of all. End by saying it is very possible that some high medicals and techs know the cause of age but are not making it public - for fear we will become too crowded! We do not want this destructive type of thought - we want to know whether age is caused by the sun and if it is, what we are to do about it. We don't want to live forever, but if our useful lives of pleasant effort can be prolonged, we deserve to know it and what is done about it. See the angle would arouse a hell of a lot of talk, and American Weekly wants to keep their readers talking about the sheet. Think this over. Maybe we can make two article on age for them - be two men - one an answer to the other. First the article as I have written it - second the answer by another made up name - substantiating the points of the first and saying the docs may be double-crossing us.

Dick

Oct. 27

Dear Rap:

I just got the low down on the old Hex racket in this part of the country. It's true, my own better half told me. That is she will be mine as soon as I can marry her. She was raised here, see, in Pottstown. She was telling me that when she was a kid of twelve to fourteen, she was hexed by a relative who had wanted to raise her, but her grandmother wouldn't let them have her. Well the relative got old and mean and put a hex on her, which cost \$150.00. Now she started to see people like witches. They were men, some all in black clothes, and women, old women. Some of 'em walked with two canes. They were mean and she was always seeing them about the house, but noone else would see them. It would throw her into a kind of fit. From fear. Well this went on, coupled with strange visions such as I have seen myself and you can imagine, like the walls are closing in, or getting bigger, strange feelings in the senses etc. Finally the grandmother took her to a hex man named Cryder Schwenk. He was a well known character in this part of the country. He put on hexes or took them

off for \$150. Well, the kid accompanied her grandma: Cryder Schwenk had a machine. The machine was about seven foot long by five high by two or three thick. It had tubes with wires in, the tubes from one to two feet high. Wires from the tubes led to a big disc and a view globe like a crystal (fortune-tellers) Now I know this is true, she isn't lying, she never does. Cryder would kill anybody you wanted done for \$150. Or he would take off a hex for \$150. Or many other angles which it is hard to get straight as she doesn't remember. But she saw the machine and the man showed her grandma who the person was who had had her hexed on the instrument in the globe. That is over twenty years ago. Everybody was afraid of Cryder, and he made plenty of money. Where did he get the instrument. You know. How did he control the mad men whom he used to hex people - a hex is a pretty constant devilment until death, see. He must have sent them food or money in small amts to keep them busy. But her description of the people whom she saw tallies with what I have seen myself to a T.

This tallies with what I have heard from other people, that such machinery, which was always secret as it was called witchcraft, has been in the hands of some people, some families since earliest times. They are family heirlooms in many parts of the world. Still they are secret, even today. How come. Perhaps there weren't very many of them on the surface. But I have seen pictures of this same type of machine - (thought pictures) about the size of a big juke box. But I couldn't get much of the details of the thing down pat, as I was dreaming. But this was the first time I had first hand info on their use on the surface by ordinary people like Cryder Schwenk, who had the know how to use the whole screwy set-up to make money for himself, and had one of the machines. This was something I wanted to know was there actual contact between the two worlds here in this section and I see there was. There are people right around you with just such bonafide experiences in their head and don't know enough to tell you, or even think it is important.

Dick

P.S. The grandma paid Cryder \$100, she got better.

Dear Rap-

I asked her to write the experience down for you and sign her name, which she did.

I think an interesting and corroborative part of the book could be obtained by asking your readers for letters about such experiences. Some them certainly have had experiences of this kind, and the signed letters, printed as they are written, would be very substantiating to our claim that witchcraft is antique machinery. This particular experience came from the person closest to me at present, because I was interested and she related my talk with what had happened in her childhood. There is a great deal of such material and I am sure if you asked for it, you could obtain some very valuable letters for the book.

Sincerely your friend

Dick

Dorothy Erb

Bittersweet Hollow Farm

Barto, Pa.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

This story I'm telling you is true, even tho my grandmother, and Hex Dr. are gone. I was hexed when I was girl of 12 or 14. My mother died, and my grandmother took me and raised me as her own child. Also a rich relative wanted me and when she didn't get me after a few years had a spell put on me, which cost my grandmother around \$150 to have removed.

This Hex Dr. was on the out skirts of town, he could take a spell off of a person, and also he could put them on, even death - later on as he got older, and perhaps not as wise, he got caught at a deed he performed, was put in jail. His home later on burned down, everything in it he had. It's been said - it's haunted - the spot where the house was. Now to tell you of my experience of being hexed.

I use to see old men dressed in old black clothes, ghastly looking, and old ladies dressed in ragged clothes, and walked with canes, real pointed noses, and long boney fingers, and hands. There was one old man always in our stairway which went to the 2nd floor. He use to make faces at me and make as if to come after me, and get me. Old ladies had eyes set way deep back, as if far in the head - long stringy hair. They were always in front of me, or doing something also to scare me.

At night when I would go to bed, the walls use to look as if they were closing in, everything at times would get large - even when I'd feel something, it felt big. My grandmother got scared, as I was constantly being at her crying and telling her about these things. Doctor was gotten, but couldn't find anything wrong with me. Said it was my nerves. Gave her medicine for me, but it didn't help. So a neighbor lady told her to take me to a Hex Dr. She did, and I got all right, after a few months because she only was to bring me once a month, according to the moon.

This Dr. use to sit me on a chair - in front of some kind of apparatus, push buttons, and prance around, also say words we could not understand. This thing was 6 or 7 ft. long 1 or 2 wide and 1 high. Had awful big tubes in it, with wires inside. 2 poles with wires leading up 2 or 3 feet made like a radio aerial, but then I had never seen a radio 20 years ago. It had a pretty big crystal like ball in center. Our last visit there, he asked my grandmother if she wanted to see, who it was that was pestering me. I had no dare to look, because it was a relative I found out later, when I was 18. She died four years ago penniless, I was very wealthy. I still see things, but knowing Richard, I know what goes on, and what it is now.

Sincerely yours
Dorothy Erb

Oct. 31

Dear Boss:

Reading in "Man The Unknown" by Alexis Carrel tonight - I found on page 182 - the second paragraph this

statement which we should include in our Vampire article as corroboration of the possibility of using young blood to prolong life. Following is the quote:

“Among the ancient medical superstitions, there was a persistent belief in the virtue of young blood, in its power to impart youth to an old and worn-out body. Pope Innocent VIII had the blood of three young men transfused into his veins. But after this operation, he died. As it is quite likely that death was due to a technical accident, perhaps the idea deserves reconsideration. The introduction of young blood into an old organism might bring about favorable changes. This omission is due, possibly, to the fact that endocrine glands have gained the favor of the physicians

Man will never tire of seeking immortality”

End of quote-

Thought you might want to use this in the article on stealing boys for their blood as it backs up the idea of its possibility - would also mention that the pope probably died because at that time they did not know how to type blood and even today a transfusion from a person of the wrong blood type will kill the patient - the blood clots in the heart and arteries causing thrombosis etc, . . .

Dear Boss -

I got a couple of letters from people lately because of some mention of me they saw in the mag. One saw Craig's write up and asked me to tell her what to read about Lemuria so I told her that as far as I knew they were all wrong, and the nearest thing I knew to the truth was the fanciful story The Snake Mother, that Merritt knew more about it than any other writer but myself of whom I knew.

I wish Craig had polished up his writeup a little as I have no wish to be considered nuts. The hospital racket of grabbing guys for any reason and charging the state \$1.50 to \$2 for twenty cents worth of keep is one I don't want to contribute any time to. And that is what about ninety percent of our madhouse expense which the writers

so deplore as a sign of the decadence of the race really is, a way of getting dough out of the state treasuries. But one is a fool to worry in this world, for with half the world trying to kill the other half, any peacefully inclined individual should get a break, though he doesn't.

What I sat down to tell you that I have few clippings I have meant to include in my letters which show you what the bad ones of the caves do to us. These are cases which from details very visible to one who knows the dero of ray, are obviously their work. They will devil such people to death, and many of the best of earth die or fail to succeed because of their constant pursuit and deviltry. I know, I ran from them a long, long time. They have been for many centuries that we of the surface are enemys and if we ever get wise we will "overthrow" them. This has become a fixed custom among them, to destroy the smartest of men always so that we never progress to the point of taking the caves away from them. That is, this is so among the mad ones, who are habit ruttred and have little other thought. You can imagine what they have destroyed of the best seed of men in the ages they have hidden in the caves and watched us over the telemach.

These cases are very typical and I would swear are their work.

Sincerely your friend
Dick

P.S. I have the Hag story all figured out now and it is going good. I have renamed it "The Mother of Sin". But it won't be finished for a month or more. I found a swell little tale I wrote some years ago, (about fifteen) I think which I am going to send as an interesting sample of my style years ago. You might want it. But I don't expect too much of you, I just want to show you everything I find of interest. Would you be interested in a gangster story? I have a couple but I don't know that they are right for the modern detective mag. I may get them ready to send. I don't have the time for something not of vital importance, unless you really need something of the kind. One is "SO THIS IS CHICAGO" A couple of lumberjacks go to Chicago on a bust, mess up the

gangsters something fierce, and marry the girl. Its kind of snappy.

Nov. 24

Dear Rap:

Your letter of Nov. 20 is mighty encouraging. The picture of Arl is perfect, it made me extremely happy to see good art work going with my writing. Tell McCauley I think he's extremely swell and I have a suspicion he really reads storys. It's Arl and I'm for McCauley.

Glad you're sending me some copies - the boys at the plant are all planning to buy one and I suspect they will be hard to get in Pottstown.

Didn't expect to make a cover story, I understand what you are doing for me and will always give you first go at my work.

Sent for a couple of books on plotting and strangely they couldn't get them for me. Got a book on The Continent of Mu by Churchward and nothing in it of value to me. Sent for Fort's book and they couldn't send till next Jan. Kept my money, will send.

Enclose a couple of clips from New York Post mother sent me. I guess if Dali doesn't worry no one need worry. Think you are wholly right in making it as sensational as possible. The conservative attitude can throttle all new things. The article on Ziff encouraged me. I am glad you have such an understanding man to work for. One can go ahead knowing that at least he will be understood. Courage and understanding of the problem are half the battle, and you two have them.

After the Hag I am going to try to continue with Mutan Mion as chief character as I think his future after he leaves earth will furnish a broad field of great interest, but it is very hard to abandon the history of the caves for a purely imaginary background. Though of course can put as much truth in such a story, it is not so apt to be understood by students for what it is.

Will insert a short descrip of the Hag - who is called Hecate -

Her waist was extremely narrow, due to the fact that she took no food, but only children's blood intravenously. This wasp waist brought into extreme prominence her over-developed hips

But her hands, out of all proportion to her body in size, could fly over the keyboard of an ancient force-organ so rapidly that nothing but a blurred indication of motion her true witch like character blazing yellow eyes, intense long nosed face, the grey-rose color of her skin, the wild black hair - there was little of the decorative female

Sex lived strangely and intensely well high horrible frame - a fierce vitality and a ruthless kind of sense was in her a weird dignity ages of blood feeding huge and fiercely sensual body golden ray reached out from the crystal lair of that undying human spider. ancient sugar coating that bitter soul of evil terrible yellow eyes, neither human nor beast but the cold eyes of the octopus and the selfish soul of the queen ant the ignorant soul of the she tiger that eats its own young was in her the character wholly

Her character is fascinating to me and I think the story will turn out well.

Now you have said I am "not clear to you. You proceed on the basis that everything I said was true". The basics of what I have told you are true, the caves exist, the mech do, the dero and the tero are much farther apt (in character apart there than on the surface - just what is it that isn't clear? I will take the time to explain fully. We must get it all straight.

I prophesy from what I have read of you in your letters and from the sample of art work that you are going to get letters about how much the mag has improved within the next couple of issues. Many more than before. Would suggest that you study a couple of them - other stf mags for the way they cajole and invite the true stf fan.

Am thinking particularly of Sergeant Saturn, tho I like a more technical handling of this function of a mag. I guess your discussions is just as good, at that. Certainly it's saner.

I guess it's better to leave the Xeno jug to others.

It is wholly correct to treat the whole thing, the story of the caves - as truth - for it is a vital, new, immensely needed truth. Young men who read it and later become scientists in truth will remember that wonder was possible - be more courageous thinkers.

Am going to hold this letter till the mag comes and write it over I think - later - changed my mind and decided to mail it now.

I want you to know I realize that your efforts on my storys have amounted to far higher pay than any check I will ever get.

About the stories I sent you recently, I just was interested in my past work, which I had forgotten and thought you would understand me better if you saw them. I think THE STORIES WOULD DO ME NO GOOD, AS THEY WOULD DIVERT ATTENTION OF READERS FROM THE POINT OF OUR EFFORTS.

Now look at the above mistake where I left out the word 'no'. If you want to know whether the dero are playing there, look at typists for kind of mistakes made. A tamper shows, as it is always one that inverts meaning or changes whole sense of a sentence. Just coincidence? Watch them carefully!

And you will see it is not just coincidence nor your imagination. Ask the typist what she thought at that moment - you will find she blanked out, imagined the word was typed, then went on. A shorter ray, and followed telepathed thought telling her word was typed is the tamper.

But it is best to ignore the thing, I guess. There is nothing we can do about it anyway. Perhaps you don't have it. But it proves to a careful observer much of what I have tried to tell you of dero activity. When it is an important scientist and the tamper is the essential part of his work, it means he doesn't get his work done, is what I mean by their braking action on men's future.

Below is a couple of phrases from below I overheard in bed, wrote down. The first was directed at me by the intelligent ones.

“Been having bonfires in here for centuries, they have The old ones sure had plenty of books, for there are still some. It’s worse than the Haggard torches in She.”

I’ll think I’ll ask Gertrude up for dinner Thanksgiving. “Where is she layin’”? She ain’t at the old place.” “She’s layin’ under the race track.” “Wait’ll I take a good look at her before you ask her. You know how they get.”

I didn’t think they used an inflammable book. Perhaps they didn’t, and they are just telling me of destruction of a valuable things in a way that they know would hit me hardest. Most of them hate the way things go, nothing of the wonderful possibilities realized, no scientific study of the ben rays to make a modern steel beam - which reminds of a very significant bit of talk I overheard I put it in the hag -

“He was manufacturing a steel beam. A steel beam in our midst would detract from our moral standing.” His inflection was sarcastic toward the repression of same.

They have developed a way of talking that what one hears can be taken two ways, but sometimes it doesn’t work. The steel beam means a ray, probably a ben-ray made of steel. The old rays are made of an unknown metal. The meaning of the remark is very sinister. It means that no one is to make a ray on the surface, as these penetrays would reveal the mystery wool they hide dero behind. All their thought seems tainted with deroism, as they try to seem dero to be left alone by them, and they must think that way to seem so. But this secrecy pointed to by the steel beam remark costs them all the effort of surface science, such as weapons they could use the ancient devices to grab before others etc. that I can’t think any intelligent members of ray are really for secrecy on these particular angles - ben-ray stim, and medical penetray.

Appreciative and grateful
Dick

Dear Rap

Anent dreams - the girl who wrote you of the Hex racket - took the Amazing storys to bed with her when it arrived. She has a fluffy little white and black dog - part water spaniel

part longhaired bird-dog. The dog is a great pet, and likes to snuggle into bed beside her, as who wouldn't. He burrows under the covers and gets up beside her when she sleeps. Amazing story mag - and beautiful girl all lay there - together. She read part of my story - and fell asleep - she dreamed of Arl - only she dreamed she herself was Arl - her legs had turned into animal legs with pretty hoofs and she had a long fluffy tail - It was a vivid dream - and something awakened her - as she put down her hand to get up - she put her hand on the fluffy dog snuggled beside her - and screamed! I ran into the room - and she was sitting up, looking very scared I said "whats up -" she says - "I thought I still had the tail on!!" That ray sometimes does the most fiendish things to thought, don't they? I'm still laughing. Some of the young ray around here have a fine sense of humor. But it could be just accident. It is funny, anyway.

Want to insert a correction in the Story "Thought Records of Lemuria". In the story I give an alternate for Ouroborus (name) the mighty serpent that encircles earth. I used the name Garm, purely from memory - but it will not do, for Garm, as I noticed lately in reading Norse legends - Garm was the northern Cerberus I can't get a good description of him, but he is not a serpent. The northern name of the serpent that encircles the earth is "Jormungandur" - a son of Loki - usually called the "Midgard Serpent". In the story I mention where Thor catches the midgard serpent on his hook - in the legends this serpent is ~~Jormungandur~~ and not Garm - Garm is some kind of dog-like monster. This correction will have to be made in the story as he is mentioned several times as Garm instead of Jormungandur the midgard serpent and we would catch Hell if it went through - from those of our readers who happen to know a little mythology.

Have started a sequel to "I Remember Lemuria". Now - I find myself writing an opening to the Black Prince story - that is - my thoughts have made of the sequel a huge background picture of the preparation of the coming of the Messiah - and Mutan Mion's concern for the men of earth makes it fit in with the rest of the storys. That is - the sequel can easily be converted into the book manuscript you asked for -

if it takes the form it seems to be taking. It is shaping up nicely and will send it to you if you don't follow exactly how this sequel can be used for either or both purposes - a sequel to "I Remember Lemuria" or the first half of the "Black Prince" or "Giants in the Earth."

In the story Mutan is one of the fleet pursuing Satan who I explain as a lord of the Nortans who has fallen into deroism - which is hidden by his isolation until he attempts a revolt - follows closely the usual story of satan's revolt. The whole christian mythology mixes nicely with the Norse myths to make some beautiful events for Mutan Mion to work through. Could we - incorporate Mutan into a character - like Tarzan books - rather John Carter - books - and follow him through all the message we want to convey? It is a beautiful field for adventure - and the mighty nature of the characters - gives the whole a flavor superior to anything I note in stf or adventure storys. What I'm asking - shouldn't we forget the ivory tower and sort of emulate Burrough's success in order to get our work to as many of the people as possible. Or should we try to produce - which takes a lot longer - literature - like Ben-hur. Which do we want? Which carry's the message to the right ears? - Are we aiming at the intelligent literati - who are seldom scientists - or are we aiming at people Like F.D.R. who read's detective storys? We have a big hunk of history to correct and if we do it like Burroughs would with John Carter it may obscure our work - our purpose may be unrealized through misunderstanding of its importance. But, if we constantly harp on our age poison - we will have (and on the divine nature of the protagonists etc.) we will have a prose Paradise Lost - which may not even sell - you couldn't sell Milton today - and you would have a hard time selling BunYan - while stuff like John Carter - or Mutan Mion reaches a lower type adult audience - but it also reaches smart youngsters who carry the concepts in their heads and they grow into male adult concepts with the kids growth - or should we shoot between the two?

The truth is, we are capable of only a good grade of blood and thunder, I suppose - so we won't worry about it but go ahead somewhat in the vein of "The Quest of Brail" - is

what my mind answers. For our important book - if we succeed on one or two - we can hire a third writer - someone really top-notch in our estimation - to work over our manuscript for a final polish - and then it will be high grade enough to reach the class of reader we want most to reach - the technical and medical minds who read something of the kind for relaxation and require a good grade of fiction - you know - it might pay to put even a third or fourth head at work for our particular ideal which I often note you have not lost sight of. They would not cost too much when our purpose is clear to them. Not if they are the men we want.

Sincerely your understanding friend
Dick

P.S. After reading above I realize that much stf is in truth superior to much that is called literature - for instance, The New Adam and storys of similar caliber - it is hard to judge one's own work - so I guess I won't worry but just go ahead. I'll just "do it."

Nov 11

Dear Rap

Later on, if you make an appeal to your readers on this vein:

I think the idea outlined in Shaver's storys that age is due to sun thrown radioactives is true. I think that science as functional organism does not have this thought. I think that if you readers, everyone of you, called this radioactive idea of age to every technical you can reach, everyone who could possibly develop, prove and publicize this cause of age and its suggested remedies, we would have some valuable results along this line within our lifetime. Valuable to our own health and longevity. I make this suggestion in a selfinterested attitude. For if a man like Edison, living now, gets ahold of this idea, we may have a method of defeating age within our time. Naturally we can then use the method. So, let us see what stf fans can really do with something definite in the field of actual science. Making science do something valuable in our own lives is what science is, lets see how many real scientists we have among stf fans. And Amazing storys wants

to hear what results you get along this line. So try to do something with it and write me your results.

I think something like this in your mag might bring some results along the proof line faster than any other way I can think of.

Nov 17

Dear friend

Have a letter here I wrote you some time ago as well as a clipping my sis sent from New York about Mr. Ziff.

Been having some letters from Bob McKenna, of KDKA and he has a nice grasp of the thing. I suppose he got it from you. I gave him a few letters to burn his ears. I like him. How can we use his interest and ability best?

Still plugging at the Hag story and am having trouble with the typewriter. If I get said what I'm trying to say the Hag story will be a humdinger. Let's hope.

Can't wait to see that Dec copy of Amazing. I had an eight foot long book case built to keep my stf mags in. And a new desk for the typewriter. How's the Am WKly stuff? Did you like the tales and poem for Fantastic? They were written before I knew what ailed the world, but are charming, I think. The poem was written after I realized that horror lives in the caves. It has some of that.

Your friend

Dick

Nov 19

Dear friend

Rooting around in the old trunk again and found some more old manuscripts. I don't know when I wrote these, one of the envelopes was dated ten years ago, or what dor, but one or two would make fine fillers for Fantastic. They are quite short 300 to 600 wds. At any rate, you said once you wanted to see everything I had written in the past, which is impossible as most of it is lost. But I have turned up a few things here at my mothers place that I wrote years ago while on visits here. They are interesting to me any way, as I write so very differently now, and not as well I'm afraid. Certainly

I typed better then. I suggest that the top pair, "Maid of Lethe" and "Twain Flowering" are suitable for Fantastic, and perhaps "The Art of Daydreaming" would be of use as a defense for the dreaming that reading Fantastic tales really is. Anyway I'm still plugging and planning.

Sincerely

Dick

The Victor is a name I used to write under, but dropped.