

Lion, Tiger, Bear

Chapter 14

August 12

Well-dressed in a white suit and bow tie, he stood by the map. “I’m Professor Parkes-Jackson. Mother is Indian, father British. Oxford and Calcutta University—religious studies, mythology, Middle East, Tibetan, Tartarian, and Indian cultures. I specialize in the historical *Puranas* which describe the ancient Vedic civilization that existed in India for perhaps millions of years. The Vedas tell us of advanced medicine, calculus, atomism, and quantum theories which the Germans seem particularly interested in. The ancient Indians knew that gravitation held the universe together. McMaster told me two weeks ago what you’re looking for, an ancient site in the Zagros that the Germans might be after.” He opened his large locked valise and put on his white cotton gloves. “I may...have some answers.” He carefully opened a huge, thick, forty-pound bookmarked volume that had a crumbling leather and reed binding with faded gold leaf. “In ’38, the Ahnenerbe found a complete set of the multi-volume *Kang Shuur* in Tibet. In it, they found the Atlantean secrets and Vedic mathematics they needed for their various top-secret sciences and technology. Even so, they missed some things, vital information.”

“Professor, we suspect they’re after large deposits of euxenite for thorium production,” said Bernie.

Not bothering to look up, he replied: “That is...*not* my department.” He carefully showed everyone an open page with an engraving. “This...exquisitely-decorated book, possibly belonging to the great Raja Chola, is titled the *Kahnnhar*, an old Indian history text that contains Vedic and Buddhist history and philosophy, select portions of The Vedas, trans-Arabian wisdom, and a section on Alexander’s march to India in search for higher knowledge; it’s very old, written on parchment from around 1310, and translated into Hindu from an older Tamil-written book, possibly by the ancient Kadamba people. Throughout the ages it probably was moved time and again for safety. It was found in a secret chamber at Fort Vellore in the city of Tamil Nadu seventy years ago; my colleagues and I have visited every bastion fort in India, they are

astoundingly complex and advanced.” He looked to McMaster. “East India Company, the British Army, and the Dutch my fat foot! They were mostly built by the ancient Indians.”

McMaster swallowed hard, hands in pockets. “Yes, well, there it is.”

Parkes-Jackson continued. “Tamil is the oldest language on Earth by the way, it is Lemurian, and everyone used to speak it until the Annunaki destroyed the Tower of Babel and created other languages to divide us, to confuse and conquer us. This text also mentions the *Vymaanika-Shastra* on how to construct antigravity Vimanas, but it is purposefully vague and symbolic just like the *Kang Shuur*, the complete knowledge too dangerous to put into print verbatim. My colleagues and I believe the *Kahnhar* is a unique volume, as I could find *no other* like it in my worldwide travels, and it completes the missing passages in the *Kang Shuur*. I believe it contains information copied from various scrolls from the libraries of Apollo in Rome and from Alexandria’s, both of which were torched to the ground by dark forces of the era.” He turned a page carefully. “Here is the *Epic of Ninurta*, which lists cosmic weapons captured in an ancient Annunaki war that can devastate opponents in three separate dimensions, I suggest you four study the etchings carefully, I’m assured the Nazis have already from the cylinder seals they stole in Baghdad.” Another page was flipped. “Now, in this section, a faded image shows Alexander and his generals at a pass in the Zagros in 330 BC, the *Persian Gate*, where a great battle took place between the cities of Babylon and Persepolis on the Royal Road. Legend has it that The Gate may have been a natural ‘portal’ of some kind to other worlds and dimensions at certain dates and times in history when the planets aligned in a certain way. If so, it was and may still be a very dangerous astrological place. There are many legends of people disappearing at sacred sites like this, never to return. Some say they end up in vast caverns under the Earth, the Moon, or asteroids, or even in faraway galaxies in higher realms of existence. Quite the...*unexpected* journey, I imagine.”

“Wonderland Alice down the rabbit hole,” said Alice, chewing peppermint gum, smacking.

“And with a bellyful of druid mushrooms,” added Bea, turning a page and popping a stick. “Quite the ponderous tome, this.”

“Indeed.” The professor stared at the girls for a long moment, unsure of their intellectual and spiritual worthiness. “Ariobarzanes, the Persian leader, held Alexander’s Macedonian forces off for a month before Alexander reached Persepolis and destroyed it like the bloodthirsty

madman he was; western history paints him as *great*, but he wasn't. Just another conquering psychopath. However...before Alexander reached The Gate, he and his forces traveled a circuitous route from Babylon. Along the way he stopped in the city of Susa, and while camped there for weeks he was told by a few elders of a mythical fortress that was built by the ancient ancestors of the Elamites far up into the mountains. This fortress was said to contain all the treasures of the universe one could desire, but only if one's heart was pure enough to understand its spiritual function. The much wider area of Tal-e Khosrow, or today's Yasuj, is the place where Alexander was said to have located the fortress it says here, and this stronghold was said to be manned by the last of the pastoralist Uxians, a mostly peaceful and wise tribe. It is written in most accounts that Alexander refused to pay their traditional fee or 'Defile' for travel through the Persian Gate, and thus put most of them to the sword...or so we're told. All other accounts say that the Uxians paid Alexander a yearly tribute of many horses, cattle, and sheep after their costly battle."

"Pretty expensive," mumbled Bernie.

"Love sheep," muttered Bea and Alice.

"*This* text...states that Alexander tried another route to the north to circumvent the Gate, but a splinter group of Uxians stopped him. They survived inside the fortress by holding off the Macedonians with mysterious magical powers and defenses, and eventually even Alexander and his large force could not penetrate the walls no matter how hard they tried, thus finally leaving it and its defenders behind and moving on. 'Magic' is just spiritual technology and science not understood by today's purposefully-limited academic understanding. I believe...this is the *true* account, but I find it strange that Alexander and his generals would leave a stronghold of any kind in such a strategic place near a major artery. Very strange." The professor skipped ahead in the book and gently unfolded a frayed interior map which nearly covered the desk space available. "So, if this mythical fortress does exist, where is it located? I've found what can only be a Hittite Ley Line map from deep antiquity in this section on geomancy, mounds, pyramids, temples, and subtle earth energies. My colleagues and I believe it was carefully re-copied time and again throughout the millennia as the older texts disintegrated. My best guess is that it represents information from over 9,000 years ago, perhaps even to Prediluvian times. As you can see, the spokes of six major Ley Lines intersect north of the greater Yasuj and Persian Gate area. I *do not* think that is a coincidence of any stripe. I believe...Alexander went out of his way to

find this fortress, a possible gateway to the Annunaki Orion star system, his lineage.” His eyes went wild with imagination.

“We’re all Jungians here. Synchronicity in all things rules sovereign. I don’t believe in coincidences, never have. No wonder the Germans are so keen on Iraq.” Bernie examined it closely. “Looks like around a hundred fifty-mile-wide search area, but that’s a guess.”

“This map certainly *looks* ancient,” said Alice. “Written in Sanskrit?”

The professor traced a line. “Good eye. Now then, Alexander arrogantly called himself ‘Alexander Zeus-Ammon,’ which a few of us believe link him to powerful Annunaki royal bloodlines. Therefore, this explains why he was such a naturally great conqueror, his special genetics, but of course we all know it was his many thousands of incarnations upon Earth and elsewhere as a warrior that gave him ‘genius,’ as it were. In any case, he was treated as a living god.”

Bea nosed in for a look. “But that makes this legend even more odd, especially since Alex may have possessed a superior intellect compared to his generals. What would’ve been so special about a fort and its occupiers that he, Mister Great, couldn’t handle?”

Parkes-Jackson wiped his glasses and smiled. “An excellent question. According to Vedic cosmology tradition, Alexander was an *Avatar*, or one who descends from a higher realm to a lower one to learn, experience, and teach. My colleagues and I *do* know with certainty that the Brahmins of Tibet were still using Atlantean consciousness technology in Alexander’s time, that is, telekinesis, telepathy, and perhaps matter creation and destruction abilities of the mind. We think Tibet was Alexander’s ultimate goal, perhaps even China for more and more wisdom; Avatars sometimes forget their true missions and get caught up in militarism and ego.”

McMaster said: “Before the last war, a British officer witnessed Tibetan monks levitating a two-ton boulder with musical instruments and drums, and now I believe him. What else can you tell us, Simon? Anything about the Aryan myths or the Nazis?”

“I...can tell you what I’ve heard in Bombay mystery school circles, but you won’t like or believe it. I’ve heard that certain members of the Nazi SS and Thule Society have been in physical contact with the infamous *Gizeh Intelligences*, and have gained much knowledge from them via trade for the last twenty-five years.”

Bernie sat down. “I need a drink.”

Bea slowly withdrew her arms from McMaster's desk and stood upright. "I'm going to sincerely regret this, but...who the bloody hell is *that*, may I ask?"

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August 13

Wearing his prized brown Stetson cowboy hat and Army Air Corps sunglasses, Bernie had commandeered a Dodge command car with four-wheel drive and drove fast. His remaining brim feathers took flight.

Alice and Bea held on to their pith helmets and nearly bounced out several times. "Slow down Herr Caracciola," yelled Bea. "You'll kill us *all*."

"Chocks away!" Bernie ran full chat over a sand berm and went airborne.

Gwafa yelled with delight. "Faster! *Vite!*"

The Dodge slammed down; Alice and Bea bounced up.

Bernie laughed above the wind. "I love it when you Brits own Detroit's finest." He drove south past the three big Giza pyramids starting with Khufu, then Khafre, then Menkaure, pointing at them with his arm and index finger as if making a point of their grandeur. "All are claimed by those dimwit pharaohs, but *none* were built for them. All that trouble just for tombs? No way. No tombs were ever found. There are hundreds of water tunnels beneath us, somehow they're integral to the genuine function of these pyramids, perhaps hydraulic energy production of some kind. The King's Chamber was for Astral travel use only. And what in tarnation took away all the smooth outer casing stones? The Great Flood?" Finally, he parked it on the north side of the Bent Pyramid after a half hour's dusty, bumpy travel. Except for Gwafa, everyone's nerves were a bit raw from lack of drink.

Bernie rubbed his lower back. "Egypt was said to be the agricultural breadbasket of the Atlantean Empire, and Giza was its regional capitol. The entire Sahara was once a green, lush paradise, a huge civilization."

"Well certainly not anymore," said Alice, throwing a handful of sand. Gwafa and Alice set up a military-issue tent, its sides open, and folding campaign chairs.

Bea gathered the canteens and ropes, piling them inside. "Oh-h-h, the back," moaned Bea, rubbing it.

Alice took a sip of water, wiping her lips. “Hot, hot, hot. What infernal reason do you have for lecturing us weary hierophants out here in the blistering shadows of the ancients? Damn, cracked another nail...”

Bea said: “Use glue. Takes a while to dry.”

“I’m not slopping hoof glue on my nails...”

Bernie sat on a big casing stone that had fallen off the pyramid long ago. “My reason? Operational security and a powerful tableau. No chance of wired bugs or prying ears while I talk big picture stuff. I wanted all of you to share my vision of the past, one that directly affects our future. It’s inspiring to say the least, you know, all this, uh, crap.”

Shaded, Bea eased into the creaky campaign chair. “It’s okay, I guess. Great thanks for the glorified Paris to Peking race. Back’s sore still from my usual crash landing in the desert.”

“You’ll live,” said Alice flatly.

“I not only loathe your company in this life, but the next as well.”

Gwafa felt the large stones, noticing the high-speed saw marks and spiral grooves on one of them. “I have never seen anything like it.” He reached inside a deep bore hole, perfectly round. “*Superbe.*”

“That’s nothing.” Bernie tipped up his hat and gestured upwards. “Just look at it! Gaze upon what I consider the most significant pyramid of the whole bunch. It was purposefully designed to be bent at the top, the predynastic and matriarchal Egyptians knew *exactly* what they were doing out here during the Zep Tepi time period. See what remains of the smooth casing stones? Electrical insulation of some kind, all these pyramids were power generators of a sort. Inside, the two pyramidal chambers have staggered stones for sound vibration concentration, a ‘corbelled ceiling.’ A piezoelectric marvel of the Prediluvian age of egalitarian laws, equality of the sexes, wisdom, and massive electromagnetic power. Pharaoh Sneferu may have claimed it as his own with a chisel and hammer, but we four know it was built many thousands of years before *his* time—a much later age of royal arrogance, taxes, tribute, and Fascism. A time when the cobra festooned their crowns, a symbol of the imperious Annunaki and their cohorts in my opinion, the demiurge, a worship of the underworld. The ‘Wise Serpents.’ Napoleon and his philosopher-scientists scoured this region for every last drop of ancient wisdom, Atlantis references, and artifacts that could help him grow his new empire, and they did it with firepower.

The Rosetta Stone and the Paris obelisk were but only two of them. Who knows what else they found?”

Bea tilted back her head and groaned. “And Freemason Prince Talleyrand backed that expedition, so there’s our occult connection. Oh well, my old kingdom for a chilly martini, one with a wise gecko on the rim eating an olive.”

“Make mine with a longish lemon peel.” Alice sat, adjusting her wide white hat. “I just knew we were in for another windy lecture. Fine. Pyramids, pyramids. Let’s see, let’s see, oh! The one hundred forty volcanic stone pyramids of the Azores are probably evidence for dusty ol’ Atlantis and her survivors. We climbed them as children. Wrote a paper at Wycombe about it once. Top marks.”

Bea said: “Funny, I’d forgotten all about that, and you did *not* get a high mark. That porcine sheep’s bladder you call an intellect wouldn’t have been up to snuff.”

“Did too, you rancid gash of a Napoleonic spy. And snorting snuff had nothing to do with it. Puffed a ton of fags though.”

“Right. Moving on. You know, it’s a thought, but maybe the strange air shaft Gwafa and I found could be some evidence of the supposed buried civilization under the Sahara that’s even older than these rock piles round here. Perhaps all of North Africa was part of the Atlantean empire, and with free airship service to tourist destinations, first class of course.”

“Of course,” said Alice. “Chilly martinis, gratis. Paté, pedicures, and a foot massage.”

Bernie gestured behind him. “Now you’re with me...I think. None of these pyramids were tombs, that’s just the cover story going back to Napoleon; no hieroglyphics or sarcophagi, no colorful murals, no toy boats for bratty King Tut. Inside the shafts and chambers here everything is *all business*, no frills, nuthin’. All of these pyramids were built for industrial purposes on an industrial scale; my guess is that Ley Lines the world over terminate here at Giza, which serves as an anchor nodal point, like a railroad terminal—all roads lead to Rome, right?”

Bea said: “Yes but—”

Bernie held up a palm. “The head archeologist at the museum here is a closet occultist, name’s Bauvall, he quietly told me over dinner at a shadowy restaurant that sound and frequency were vitally important in ancient times. Each temple, building, or pyramid was built to respond to a unique musical scale based on its dimensions and sacred proportions, their construction stones containing various crystals that’re highly electromagnetic. In addition to certain lights and

colors, I think the music and sounds created an electrical field when the vibrations interacted with the walls and columns inside temples. Stones become piezoelectric just from the mechanical pressure of the ones above pushing down. Thus, each energized building had a different function—astral travel, medical healing, electricity generation, fertility, crop yield enhancement, water purification, enlightenment and learning, etcetera. Hell, sky’s the limit. Cathedrals and mosques are *somewhat* similar modern equivalents to these old Egyptian temples, but much lesser ones I’d say.”

“Buildings as spiritual machines, yes?” asked Alice. “Built using the sacred cubit? But if—”

“You’ve been perusing Lovcraft’s tatty novels again,” blurted Bea.

“Soddy ol’ hen. Least I can read.”

Gwafa added: “Then...that is why the chanting and singing at the mosques under the colorful domes are so beautiful to the ear, the echoing and haunting Azan, it *heals*.”

“Pop goes the weasel!” said Bernie, pointing. “Give the man a ten-cent cigar. I believe many of the intricate patterns we see on Persian rugs and the walls of mosques are sound vibration and frequency patterns. The building blocks of the cosmos. That’s why I, the MIT Rad Lab boys, and the Navy think that matter can be created by sound.”

Alice threw a handful of sand to Bernie’s boots. “You’re bloody *joking*. Like Merlin’s *Sidhe* staff? I don’t remember it *singing*.”

“But perhaps it did,” laughed Bea in smarty-pants fashion. “Get this. The SS are keen on *Aryan Musicology*, and that included *cymatics*, visual acoustic engineering if you will; they’re on to something. Boring music therapy was part of our training at the school, the harp, violin, and drums especially...very odd stuff, and Minister Goebbels changed all German music to an unharmonious 440 hertz tune. I suspect an agenda.”

“I didn’t know that,” said Bernie.

Bea continued. “As I remember, the SS boffins put fine sand on a brass plate and made various geometric patterns with sound, some of which looked just like the round Catherine windows in cathedrals. We studied a German chap by the name of...what’s that bloke’s name? Ernst Chladni, the ‘father of acoustics.’ He used a violin bow on a brass plate at an old school, harmonious 432 hertz to make his archetypal patterns. Some became quite fetching when we sang into a microphone one Maiden at a time; many ancient symbols are based on these unusual

patterns we were taught, but I didn't pay much mind then. They said that star fort designs were most likely based on vibratory patterns called 'cymaglyphs.' One pattern looked like an octagon with a pentagon inside with an oval inside it. Sacred geometry, I might add. See? I'm a ruddy genius."

"Raving Nazi *bitch*. So that's it!" screeched Alice. "Each 'earth energy' star fort had a different frequency. Stonehenge and Avebury circles must have had their own too. I wrote a report for McMaster on them. Farmers told me they grew huge cabbages and root veggies on their farms that neighbor stone circles, and used Dowsing Rods extensively. Limestone for *Yin* energy, bluestone for *Yang*, so to say. People in Arbor Low and Stanton Drew believe the standing stones enhance fertility too. They call it 'paramagnetism.' We now know that Irish round towers were for farming enhancement primarily, Viking recognition secondarily. All this hopped-up magnetic stuff must be related."

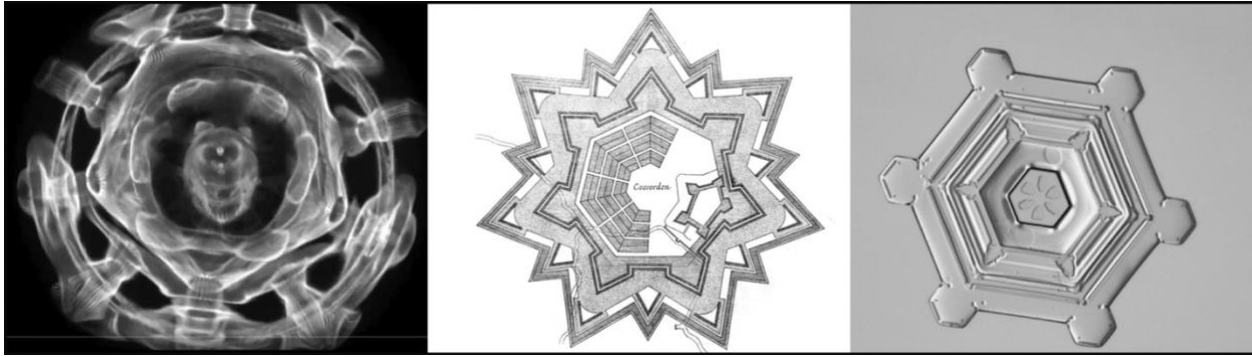
Bea pinched her. "I may be a bitch, cabbage-patch, but I'm no *Nazi*."

"Oww! That's entirely debatable."

"Not."

"Is."

"You're *both* on to something, it's all part of the big picture. Celtic spirals and Cathar Crosses also come to mind when we talk of frequency." Bernie drew patterns in the sand to illustrate. "Ernst showed his cymatic patterns to Napoleon, who proposed a scientific contest to figure 'em out. A tack-sharp woman named Sophie Germain won the prize in 1816. Her mathematics showed the creation of complex wave forms, the higher the frequency the more complex the patterns, so I'm guessing it's the same for star forts. The big ones that have whole towns inside the bastions must've produced some kind of frequency for defensive purposes on top of all the hydraulic engineering, canals, farming, and Ley Line power amplification...something like that." He then pulled out a National Geographic magazine and two drawings he had stashed in his rucksack. "Believe it or not, I've spent quality time in Cairo's libraries between hangovers. Here's a snowflake photo from a microscope, here's a Marquis de Vauban-designed French star fort etching from 1678, and here's a photograph of cymagraph at high frequency from the Caltech lab. See any resemblance?"



They crowded in. “I’ll be *damned*,” gushed Alice. “And that ruddy fop Vauban gets all the fort-building credit.”

Gwafa traced a pattern. “Very beautiful and intricate designs. I can understand why a fancy noble Frenchman would need to take credit—*un égoïste*.”

“Mother nature hard at work no doubt,” said Bea. “A woman’s work is never done.”

Bernie leaned back to the casing stones and outstretched his arms. “Ah, the Marquis, otherwise known as Sébastien le Prestre de Vauban, and his Dutch enemy peer Menno van Coehoorn, both of whom get most of the credit for bastion fort design, but I believe they knew the ancient secrets of harnessing earth energy for defenses. Few if any books detail how they built their forts, but historians gave them all the credit. Some of them are so beautiful they can be considered harmonious sculpture.”

Bea said: “Cheeky twits.”

“*Impressionant*.”

Alice added: “Agreed. The enemy must have just wept at the artistry, laid down their arms and proclaimed them far too fetching and breathtaking to attack and destroy.”

Bernie said: “Funny, and possibly correct in a way. Anyway, somehow, the ancient Egyptians implemented vibratory sound levitation to lift these giant blocks using music, horns, metal rods, those unusual scepters, tapping their long tuning forks, chanting in unison, probably an amalgam of all that shit and more. They softened edges and melted blocks together with sound. I believe we’re close to figuring all that out. The U.S. Navy has been experimenting with various devices for long range underwater sub location, and they stumbled on what they term ‘acoustic levitation.’ For fun, they tried it on a sailor in a bosun’s chair and they were able to lift

him up a few feet. They also used sound frequencies to rotate a small-scale propeller shaft in water, and it *worked*.”

Bea twirled her hair into strands. “Oh-h-h, yes. The SS was also working on sounds that affect our DNA, it was a top-secret program for eugenics, I believe.”

Bernie closed his eyes in disgust, pinching his nose bridge. “That’s just *great*.”

“Music soothes the savage beast, any girl knows that,” chirped Alice. “The Aborigines and their didgeridoos, fantastic vibratory sounds. But...is this where we get the wild rumor about Nazi sound weapons?”

Bernie said: “Unfortunately, yes. The SS, Thule, and Vril people know that sound frequency has an effect on matter, it can boil water and crack granite in the lab; Joshua’s horns at Jericho, the walls destroyed. Cellular healing or...destruction. Consciousness itself is a frequency, and I was told by Tesla that it can create matter; he thought the Atlanteans built their entire civilization that way. But the weapon knowledge may have come from the warlike Annunaki, and those fancy dudes created weird hybrid animals and a few races of us humans from some sort of primordial goo using sound, light, tons of genetics, cubes of meat, buckets of blood.”

Alice wrinkled up her nose. “Eww-w-w-w.”

Bea did too. “You said it. And later their friends the sonofabitching Belial boys created pet-slave centaurs, Pegasus, chimeras, hydras, griffins, cyclopes, hippocampus, *yechh*...to perform all the menial dirty work before the fall of Atlantis, the big war.”

Gwafa turned to Bea. “Do you mean...?”

She nodded, eye to eye.

“Then...Kongamoto, Gbahali, and Minotaurs as well?” asked Gwafa worriedly. “*Merde*.”

Bernie said: “Now *look* everyone, the point is...sound vibration, frequency, and its mathematics are a key component of antigravity and propulsion, and we need to try and understand this for our mission. So let’s stick to the program.”

“Some African tribes put sand on their drums to divine the future, strange patterns appear as if by magic,” said Gwafa, thinking deeply and connecting dots. “*Mon capitain*...they are the Annunaki from the Qu’ran, no?”

“Call me ‘Bernie,’ no ranks or military anything. From today on we wear only civilian clothes and desert garb. Yes, they’re the same sky gods, same deal. The word Annunaki means: ‘From the heavens they came.’ Did you read McMaster’s ‘Lamp Briefing’ last night?”

“*Oui*. I could not sleep much after that. If it is correct and I fear it to be, the world I knew was just a blinding mirage. In Sumeria, the lighter-skinned people tended to the temples, gardens, and kitchens for the gods. The brown people were their warrior caste. Blacks the worst of it in the harsh sun of the fields. Now I know why we *Noires* have always been at the bottom of the Annunaki caste system that has survived to today. A clever tactic to keep all of us fighting one another, never to rise against our...*true* masters in the shadows. Racism was manufactured by...design.”

Bernie soberly replied: “It’s part of their divide-and-conquer strategy. It makes sense, and on behalf of the white race I’ll say I’m sorry.”

Nonchalant, Bea added a limp: “Sorry, old thing.”

While Bea nudged her, Alice bit her broken thumbnail. “Mmm? Oh yes, sorry.” Gwafa made an unusual face constructed of bewilderment and resentment. “*Brule en l’enfer*. I should have sold you to the Tuareg!”

Bea kissed his cheek. “Thanks, old lion.”

Bernie took out a book from his rucksack. “Let’s review more of last night’s homework—Hermetic Law courtesy of Thoth, I know it’s a royal pain in the ass, but it’s important. We have to have our metaphysical heads screwed on tight for this mission, and no stripping of the threads.”

“Oh, gods ’n’ sods, here we go *again*,” said Bea. “More druidic dribble.”

“Quiet in the peanut gallery.” He pointed to Alice. “Go.”

She popped a stick of peppermint gum. “Right. *Principle of Mentalism*. Infinite cosmic intelligence. All is the mind; the universe is mental. And so will I be after all this medicine-man hullabaloo.”

“You said it, sister.”

“Good, I think.” He pointed to Gwafa.

“Number two is *The Principle of Correspondence*. As above, so below. As within, so without, and the vice of versa. To explore the higher and lower nature of all things, as if...one holds a spiral seashell in their hands only to try and understand the beautiful patterns in all nature, to find the hidden solutions to a problem. Perhaps the desert beetle with its outer armor

was an inspiration for the making of tanks. The world around us is a mirror of what is inside our hearts...which breaks mine. But if one thinks in positive terms, the world will follow your path, and I will try. And *mon favorite*...to take a breath is to breathe the sky, to sit on the earth is to be part of her. No divide. The unity of being. *Trés difficile, monsieur Bernard.*”

Alice clapped. “Beautifully said, old chap.”

Bernie then clapped. “I’m impressed, now let’s—”

“That’s *peanuts*. Look inside yourself, beware the vicious circle, and don’t blame others for your own dirty laundry; understand the driving principles of the Nazis and you can defeat them,” said Bea arrogantly. “Number three, *The Principle of Vibration*. Love this one. Nothing rests at ease, everything moves, hopefully *fast* mind you, and everything vibrates like a bloody radial engine on fire. Like a hummingbird’s wings, the faster something vibrates, the harder it is to see, hence the snotty invisibility of higher dimensions. The old moldy Hermeticists believed that our thoughts had their own rate of vibration, thus we could tune them like a violin or engine, the results being whatever we desire, the sweet kiss of Mozart or fantastic rumbling horsepower. I’m guessing that’s what the airship blokes did with the old technology from India, pretty damn smart, mmm, Vimana-wise that is. ”

Bernie put fists to hips. “Brava! Doing well, everyone.”

“Vimana is the same as airship?” asked Gwafa.

“Yes-s-s-s,” they chorused.

Alice said: “Ah! Four. *The Principle of Polarity*. Everything has opposite poles. North and south. Yin and yang. Like and unlike are the same. All truths are half-truths, all paradoxes can be reconciled, yackedy-yack. This is why Beans and I get along so well, I’m the brains, she’s the blunt instrument. Simple-dimple, zippedy-do.”

Bea kicked sand. “Spoken like a true manic-depressive infantile infant. Fairly thin line between love and hate, I might add.”

Alice leaned to Bea. “Give us a kiss.”

“A half kiss only.”

“For a half-wit.”

Bea sighed heavily. “You have me there. In Norway I was deemed a half-goddess only by Pekke and Olaf when my river horse bucked—”

“*F-i-v-e*,” interrupted Bernie. “*The Principle of Rhythm*. Everything has its tides—you should see the Bay of Fundy in Canada, forty-foot ones, and you can just pick up the fish to fry. All things rise and fall, like the stock market. The pendulum swing manifests in everything. Rhythm compensates. Rome rose and fell, Napoleon’s empire too. Everything changes, everything ebbs and flows. The deal is you should put the gearshift in neutral and wait before you shift up or down, this way you can modulate your passionate emotions and remain calm and collected in the heat of battle. Keep to the middle path. Through the heightened awareness of this axiom, one can experience transcendental states of consciousness to rise above the swing of the pendulum. In other words, keep a cool head and don’t let the tail wag the dog.”

Bea mumbled: “I tend to blip the throttle before changing gears...”

“Six,” said Alice loudly. “*The Principle of Cause and Effect*. Nothing merely happens for no reason at all. Nothing happens by chance or without explanation, unless one believes the two-bit, ha’penny Hollywood psychics in the gossip rags. Anyway, no escape from this one. Cement. If one becomes the cause, you don’t suffer as someone who just reacts to circumstances. All that is done will be undone, or...something akin to that. Honestly, I’ve no idea what this one really means.”

Bea said: “I have a sizzling suspicion that I quick-draw react too much to circumstances myself, but in my defense, most of those insane circumstances are hell on wheels. By the way, Doll, I want my latest *Confidential* and *Modern Screen* back, and *sans* lipstick stains.”

“Not finished. The ‘Eight Women Clark Gable Can’t Do Without’ article jibes with the one in *Silver Screen*. Before he signed up with the Air Corps, he and Barbara—”

“That’s just *hype*. Bubblehead Stanwyck is out, super-smart Heddy Lamarr is in, she’s a gifted scientist, and that slob loves an egghead brunette. The only real truth is—”

“That’s quite *enough*,” said Bernie. “Hollywood aside, let’s apply *Cause and Effect* as best we can. That’s the whole point of this review. A greater understanding of what we’re truly up against is paramount. We’re not going into the mountains to...”

Alice whisper-yelled: “Gene Tierney!”

“No, he’s shagging *Lauren Becall*, and mostly in a back seat. Put two blankets in the back of a wood-sided shooting brake and—”

In Bea’s face, Bernie yelled: “...spy on goat herders! It’s *station wagon*, not a dumbass ‘shooting brake.’ Are we done for today, twit-twins?”

The girls squirmed. “Gossip’s more important in wartime,” mumbled Alice. “Just connecting grapevine dots, that’s all. Practice.”

Bea snapped: “Pssh!”

“Stop pssh-ing me!”

Continued....