

## Chapter 8



1300 hours

Lunch was brought in for around thirty military officers and Douglas Aircraft civilian personnel at the San Diego-branch Douglas Aircraft offices. Rifle-armed Navy guards stood sentinel everywhere the eye wandered, the security heavy.

Bea slurped her spicy Indian curry soup and chatted with Simpson. “Anyway, admiral, old WC is a man of manifold genius despite his deficiencies as a granduncle. Love him dreadfully, but when addressing Parliament as PM he can really bang an argument home with a cricket bat despite peers caballing his fate with a heavy...I say, this is damn good.”

Mr. Rodriguez, a senior Douglas aerodynamicist, said: “It’s Indian from down the street, Bhatti’s Bistro. Gets pretty hot at times, be so advised.”

Alice smelled hers, then took a spicy spoonful of vegetarian Tandoori. “Bloody ol’ hell that’s hot!” She coughed, and a waiter brought her a soothing glass of buttermilk. “That’s even hotter than the stuff we had at the huge dining hall.”

Fireworks went off in Bea’s cerebellum. She squinted. “What huge dining hall? You mean the one in Tibet?”

Alice looked at her, fractured memories began to suddenly emerge. “Yes! The ornate one with hundreds of...no, thousands of...”

Bernie ate a lambchop. “Funny, I remember waking up in some sort of weird Tibetan hospital or something. Was I sick?”

“You were *out cold*, old thing,” said Alice. “We had no booze, so it wasn’t a hangover...”

“Strange people in...silk robes, yellow hats. The smell of exotic spices and incense...the green cilantro soup!” Bea began to retrieve bits and pieces: strange music, fountains, birds, waterfalls, sweet melons, pyramids. “We ate delicious meat derived from plants! Oh, it was wonderful...I...no, we...”

Bernie slammed down a fist. “Kunchen! Your friend the monk...from your Shieldmaiden school with Schäfer, I remember him there...somewhere.” He stirred his spicy lamb stew. “I’ll be a son of a whale...intense smells...taste...these can trigger long-lost memories.”

“What’s going on, Bern?” asked Simpson. People around them began to notice their excited conversation.

A palm tree was visible out the window. “I remember palm gardens near a perfumed river,” said Gwafa. “Fields and greenhouses that stretched for dozens of kilometers. Pyramid mountains. Yes, a pungent green soup that was—”

“Porsche, Klemp, Geer and the big elephant!” exclaimed Alice. “The massive aviary, orange hammocks, herb tea...”

Bea caught eyes with a tall, pale waiter. “The tall blue people, they...” She looked around; all eyes were upon her. “Bernie you were dead. The-the *whirlpool*...your head split open. Porsche, he—”

“What? What do you mean I was *dead*? Dead *how*?”

Bea could sense that strong emotions seemed to release hidden memories one after the other like falling dominoes. “They somehow revived you...”

Alice pushed her plate away. “That bastard Gerlach, he sabotaged the whole damn—”

At the far end of the table Botta stood and commanded: “Ladies and gentlemen, this lunchroom isn’t *secure*. After everyone’s finished, we’ll meet downstairs on the lower level. I suggest no more war-related conversations at this time.”

Simpson leaned in. “What’s *going on* here, anyway?”

Shaken, Bernie whispered a confused: “I’m not sure, Allan...”



At the lowest level, the windowless board room—a *Secure Compartmented Information Facility*—was soundproof and listening bug-proof. Armed USN Shore Patrol in white helmets stood by the elevator. Everyone was vetted closely at a main desk manned by three officers—names were crossed off, all identifications checked, service files ransacked for any incongruity, fingerprints and photos taken.

Inside the spacious conference room, a slide show screen was the only thing on the wall save for an austere picture of the president. Almost everyone smoked, creating a haze that ominously hung over the long oak table that sat thirty-five. One of the muscular SPs remained inside the room with a Colt pistol and a billy club next to an American Flag with campaign ribbons, his polar bear face frozen hard.

“Everyone, please sit,” commanded Botta. Three other admirals sat beside him. He said to them: “See the new Douglas Aircraft logo? It’s symbolic. One of the planes is heading to the Moon. That’s where we’re headed in a few years if the war goes our way.”

The admirals laughed.

“Quiet, dummies, can’t you see he’s serious?,” said Vice Admiral Kaputnik softly, commander of the Naval Air Station.

Faces of shock emerged.

Bernie whispered to his team. “That’s physicists Vannevar Bush and John Trump at the end of the table, MIT Radiation Lab. NACA aeronautical engineer Dr. Jerome Hunsaker. Edwin Hubble, astronomer, and physicist Edward Teller. And big shots Vice Admiral Kaputnik and Lieutenant General Fitz, both three stars. Dr. Akin is a Douglas high-roller. This is a bigger deal than I thought. More high-ranking people are to be involved.”

Simpson whispered: “We have Robert Oppenheimer coming in now. Atomic research, the *Manhattan Project*.”

Bernie got up and shook his friend’s hand; old memories

flooded. “Hiya, Oppy. Been a long while.” They talked of long-ago summer sailing trips with scientists, politicians and dignitaries off Long Island and Martha’s Vineyard with Bernie’s family and their witty, natty Dupont friends, the cold cocktails and box lunches, the strong sun and cool wind, azure sky, a plumb bow cutting through tough chop, the good little things like a fleeting Cape Cod July romance with all its attending gossip; precious memories that seemed like hazy, humid dreams during the cold, clear horror of current events, sobering new intelligence and difficult scientific challenges. They both sat feeling sad and nostalgic for a naïve world and reality that was no more, emotions they couldn’t afford to indulge in now. Painfully, none of those beloved summer friends or family would even understand the bare basics of what they understood and were embroiled in currently, and probably never would. Stoic, Bernie thought perhaps that was for the best, then stiffened visibly, stifling a primal urge to shed a tear for his vaporized youth; for him, sixty felt like a hundred.

“You okay?” whispered Bea. Bernie said nothing.

Botta stood and addressed the group. “Ladies and gentlemen, I’m Rear Admiral Botta. I’d like to start by saying this meeting is obviously above, yes, *above* top secret by order of the Secretary of Defense, Admiral King and General Marshall, so no talking out of school, and that means all you Freemasons too.” Genuine laughter by all. “When Navy Secretary Forrestal told me two years ago that almost all books in the world had... *disinformation* in them I was shocked, but now we can all conclude he was correct. His Navy spies in Germany have been busy too under my aegis. For today’s briefing I’d like to introduce eminent scientist Van Bush, a civilian vessel with a much deeper draft than mine.”

Claps.

Bush stood. Bursting with charm and congeniality, he was the perfect speaker. “Thanks, Rico. And on behalf of the *Office of Scientific Research and Development*, I’d also like to reiterate that

my orders and authorization also come from the heap-big Indian chief, our war bonnet President, so let's begin. The President formed the *Non-Terrestrial Science Committee* two years ago, and today you are all admitted, so to speak. Rank means little here in this room, that applies to *you* too, admiral." More laughter. "The purpose of this briefing is to get everyone here on the same page; many of you know certain bits and pieces, but now we'll cover the big picture in detail. Knowledge and experience reigns supreme, all in agreement? Excellent. I'll preface everything by saying that the rationalistic closed system of reality we all have known since Isaac Newton's time is fundamentally...*false*. The Nazis have outlawed what they call "Jewish physics," but you can bet your shiny boots that they've scoured high and low for obscure sets of equations that have gone unnoticed for a long, long time. We are now entering a new era of quantum mechanics, an era that will allow us to tinker with the fabric of space-time itself, yet we must do it in complete secret. A return to Maxwell's quaternion geometry as the basis for new physics, a return to traditional and formerly suppressed alchemy. We're not turning lead into gold, but gold into monatomic gold for a variety of superconductivity purposes. Isotope purification also falls under that alchemical heading as well. "

Murmurs.

Bernie whispered to Bea and Alice. "The President is an Oddfellow and Bush is a Freemason, same deal, both are 33rd degree. They know how to keep big secrets."

"Oh, I'm positively *assured*," whispered Bea as Alice popped a bubblegum bubble.

"Pipe down you three," whispered Simpson. He held out his hand; Alice slowly spat out the blob. He then folded it into a piece of paper and pocketed it. There were no trash cans due to security reasons.

Bush tufted his pocket square. "Most of the new science we'll be talking about is essentially resurrected from a Prediluvian world

of high civilization technology, so nothing is brand new per se. I know that can be a difficult concept to understand but please try hard. Yes, Edgar Cayce and Manly P. Hall were correct on Atlantis, it was quite real. The Earth has hosted many high civilizations in the distant past, intergalactic ones, and we are relative newcomers to the party. Now...as most of you know from your various briefings over the last few years or so, we've been visited by some very interesting people from far out of town for quite a long while now. Well, all of *human history* that is. Anyway, after the raging battle over Los Angeles last year—and I was witness to the large armada of big space vehicles in the sky—the president felt the need for more qualified personnel to be read-in on this matter; by the way, that was a one-sided affair since none of the offworld airships fired back. Germany is one thing, but this is *America*.” A pause. “Right. Moving on. Access to this highly classified information has been extremely tight for decades, and there are many levels of access, but today I need to get you all up to snuff since a few of our elder colleagues have since passed away; ‘new blood is needed,’ said the President. The OSRD is also the recipient of Nikola Tesla’s body of scientific work, which will greatly help us in understanding extremely exotic foreign and offworld technology.” He nodded to Trump.

“I had the FBI confiscate all his work and various aparati. Over a hundred fifty crates of it in fact,” said even-tempered John G. Trump, the mildest of men with a convincing persuasiveness, carefully marshalling all his facts. “For those who don’t know me, I’m Secretary of the *Microwave Committee*, a high-voltage electrical engineer.”

“Why the *hell* wasn’t it secured before?” asked brusque General Fitz, Army Air Corps.

“Mistakes have been made of course, but let’s move forward,” said Bush.

“Teleportation, free energy and potential time travel...no one fully understood it except Tesla and the Germans,” said Hunsaker.

“Always it’s the *Germans*. The SS created an ideological cauldron for non-linear physics to boil into fruition. You’ve all read my briefing. No scientific dead ends, and it *worked*. They’ve been at this since 1840, so they’re not amateurs by any stretch. They built the Max Planck Institute of Physics early on for secret quantum research.”

“Van and I understood it, Al Loomis too. Tesla had a secure lab on top of the Hotel New Yorker. Huge electrical generator at the bottom. We kept close tabs on his secret work,” said Trump. “The *National Defense Research Committee* that is, and the FBI. He was plenty safe. A few of the top financial families of this nation financed the hotel. It’s sad that most gave him the brush, but FDR wanted it that way. Tesla had to be seen publicly as a quack.”

Botta added: “Say what you want about Germans, but they’re pretty scrappy folks. They have a knack for hierarchical corporate, governmental, financial and military due diligence, very precise reporting at all levels bordering on obsession. That’s key if you want proficiency in many technical military programs, especially highly classified compartmentalized ones in which separated people work on unethical and inhuman projects bit by compartmented bit, so no rebellion in the ranks occurs if someone with a conscience puts it all together and cracks at the waterline. Perfect for an authoritarian, anti-Christian SS culture, but the downside is a lack of flexible creativity, or Yankee ingenuity if you will, since there’s no input from overworked lesser subordinates. Efficiency at all costs; slave human lives are just numbers on a skinny, malnourished arm. This might be a weakness we can utilize, for their overall results can be diluted by that rigid lack of creativity and flexibility; too many varied military programs exist for overall big picture results, I think. In shadowy Prussian mystery school circles, the elite believe they were chosen as the dominant race on Earth by Archonic extraterrestrial higher authorities since Viking times; see page 36 in your briefing dockets for term descriptions. The SS are aggressive, professional, disciplined like no others. Remember how scary and effective the

Hessians were in the Revolutionary War, but also remember George Washington's due diligence at the Battle of Trenton. Audacity, pluck and creativity count."

Murmurs. Binders were flipped through.

Bea rummaged through the thick, tabbed binder. "Bloody hell...thick as the Old Testament." she whispered.

"What tab is George Washington under? Asked Alice in a hushed voice.

"Shh!" said Bernie. "For Christ's sake..."

"Wonder what tab *he's* under?" asked Bea.

Alice hissed: "Why you little Hittite Hessian hussy..."

"Everything, uh, *okay* down there Allan?" asked Botta.

Simpson said: "Sorry, just some binder confusion."

Botta added: "That reminds me...these binders don't leave this room. You all have three days to read them here, no notes are to be taken. Everything is to be put to memory only."

Bush continued. "Moving on. We have a British branch of the MIT Rad-Lab in place via the OSS, so any technology deemed necessary will be passed on. There's a lot of brain power in this room, so let's utilize it efficiently. Turn to page two in your briefing folder. Slide one please." He used a pointer. "*This...is* a photo of the Foo-Fighter, or should I say 'Celestial Device' as the President calls it, that crashed at Cape Girardeau Missouri over a year ago, a vaguely triangular-shaped spacecraft with a shiny pale orange fuselage; some said it was disc-shaped at first, then morphed into this one before crashing. Yes, a ship from another world, so get over it right this minute any of you with other, more down-to-Earth notions. Remember, it's a very *big* universe out there. Next slide. This photo shows the very clean austere interior, no gadgets, flight instruments or controls are visible. We don't know how they flew it, but our guess is they did it psychically. Also, it seemed much bigger inside than out, so a few of us Rad-Lab types have postulated that different physics are at play inside, a different reality of time-space



or some sort. Very bizarre and unsettling. Next slide. Here are the bodies of the pilots. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Forrestal is on the left holding a broken piece of...well, *something*. Next to him is the commander of the Sikeston Army Air Corps base, they got there on the double and secured the site. And next to him two FBI men who were concerned about Nazi sabotage in the area during—

“Jesus, they’re insects!” exclaimed a Douglas electrical engineer. “A praying mantis being...in a *uniform*?”

“My...*God*,” breathed an admiral with alarm. “First the little grey men with big eyes, now this shit...”

“Three of the little ‘Grey’ spacemen were found as well,” said Bush. “Everything was trucked to Wright Field in Ohio for analysis. No survivors.”

“We don’t have control of our skies anywhere, goddammit!” yelled a lone British official.

“Missouri Senator Harry Truman is a Freemason...he was well-informed about this crash and others.”

“Don’t bring Congress into this mess...”

“I’ll bet the team at Wright Field crapped their pants on this,” laughed Trump, easing fears or trying to. A nervous few laughed with him.

The shocked Douglas senior executive, a confidant of CEO Donald Douglas, Peter Akin asked: “Dr. Bush. How did this thing crash? They must be many thousands of years ahead of us.”

Bush mused the next slide, which showed the underside of the craft. “Mmm...good question. We’re working on several workable theories. None of them are really bearing much—”

“Anything can go wrong for anyone,” said Dr. Hunsaker. “Structural problems, energy explosions, fuel mix issues. Electromagnetism and antigravity propulsion are tricky business.”

“Lightning storm?” asked Hubble. “It’s high-voltage plasma...”

“Pilot error?”

“How the hell do you fly a spacecraft with only your mind?”

Was the pilot distracted?”

“Maybe the sumbitch had a headache.”

“I have a theory,” said Oppenheimer calmly but confidently, smashing a butt, now the cynosure of all eyes. “The ancient Vedic texts of India tell stories of such crashes, visitations, landings, ‘gods’ from other worlds and dimensions. Most of humanity has lost its intuitive, psychic and telekinetic skills by all accounts, but the extraterrestrials must *thrive* on them. The universe is said to have twelve dimensions with infinite layers between them; we live in the dense, limited third, which is akin to tapioca pudding. Density is everything, think about ice transformed to steam then superheated plasma. It’s possible...they made a miscalculation when coming into our atmosphere at superluminal speed and they forgot to adjust for the third density reality. Both air and water are liquids, but if a disabled high-speed plane hits water...”

Akin asked: “Superluminal? That suggests faster-than-light speeds. I thought Einstein said that—”

“He was *wrong*, on purpose, so to speak,” said Bush with a smile. “He’s 100% read-in. His famous *Theory of Relativity* he now considers...mmm, quite flexible. I’ll pass the buck to Dr. Hubble.”

The elderly Hubble stood. “Albert and I agree on many things. His Einstein-Rosen Bridge theory may apply here. The outworlders may have travelled thousands, even millions of light years using many of those bridges, or more accurately, *wormholes*. A structure that links two disparate points in spacetime. This requires a knowledge of temporal quantum trans-dimensional physics we are just beginning to understand. Space travel is hyperdimensional time travel, has to be. Time is a component in the equation, a flexible force, like gravity. My theory on how they crashed leans towards a navigational error or a local rip in spacetime, a ‘portal’ malfunction if you will.”

“Or were they...*shot down* by somethin’?” asked an OSS Army colonel, a hint of malice in his southern-accented voice. No one

seemed to know him. He had no campaign ribbons or identifying insignia on his U.S. Army uniform other than a colonel's eagles.

Silence.

"A...good question. Rivals perhaps? Anyway, here's the worst of it." Bush motioned for the next slide. "Human body parts arranged in squares with what look to be electronic components. Covered in some type of energetic glowing gel, lavender color, a preservative of some type. Forrestal said to me there were around two tons of this in a cargo bay judging by volume; tree samples, seeds and various animals too. Our guys in Ohio can't penetrate the flexible gel substance. Blood and organs were found in these circular containers, solid as rock but not frozen, some sort of stasis medium I think with—"

"Dear God...they're eating us!" exclaimed Admiral Kaputnik as he stood.

"That's not necessarily the case if—"

"Look at it!"

"So do polar bears and lions..."

"Or Borneo headhunters."

"I thought we were the apex predators on Earth, but now I guess we're the hunted!"

Bush said: "Let's all calm down and be professional. We don't know if they came to collect samples or—"

An air of mild panic set in.

"Can the Navy shoot them out of the sky? What weapons do we have to confront these bastards?"

"I'd say very few if any..."

"Invaders from Mars? Venus? Christ, another *galaxy*?"

"What page has the Foo-Fighter reports?"

Mr. Akin, obviously new to the shocking information, got up, put a hand to the wall and puked in a trash can. "Fuck...oh dear God no..."

Concerned murmurs.

Akin started to shake. “I...I didn’t sign up for this. Sorry I...I’m leaving. I shouldn’t be here, I *shouldn’t* be here...”

An admiral got up and tried to soothe him. “Hey-hey, Pete, calm down, you can take—”

Akin broke his grip. “No! *No!* This c-c-can’t be happening. God wouldn’t have...I...I want out!”

“Mr. Akin, please sit down. No one is allowed to leave *early*,” said Bush in a soothing tone. “You’ve already seen these glowing spacecraft with your team members and Mr. Douglas flying off the coast hereabouts...”

“C’mon, Peter. Have some balls...”

“Leave him alone!”

Botta loudly snapped his fingers.

“Is there a *problem*, sir?” asked the SP guard inches away, who had his meaty hand on his threatening billy club handle.

Akin slowly sat. “N-no, I was...sorry, I...”

“Okay, everyone just *calm down*,” demanded Botta. “No one is allowed to leave. People are being blown to bits in war bombings, so I think we can all handle this. Remember, every soldier or sailor at the front lines has to.”

“Let’s hope they’re not having to also fight these...*things*,” said Admiral Kaputnik in a grave tone. “Do we have any reports on that, Jack?”

General Fitz lazily lit his pipe. “I’m not at liberty at this time... to disclose any sensitive information on frontline combat encounters, just that we have reports of Foo-Fighters in all theaters.”

“We like to call them ‘Visitors,’” said Trump, blowing Camel smoke the general’s way.

Fitz replied: “That’s conveniently fucking *quaint*, now isn’t it?”

Bush filed through his old leather briefcase and handed the general a paper signed by President Roosevelt and General Marshall. “That’s...*not* a forged signature by the way. I’ll call our mutual friend Hap Arnold and the Joint Chiefs if you like. They sent you

here, said you were somewhat open-minded, so let's have it."

Annoyed and out-gunned, Fitz read it carefully, took a deep breath and finally said: "Army pilots report being chased by incredibly fast and maneuverable Foo-Fighters, all sizes, all shapes, all theaters. No casualties despite some of the Foos being fired upon. Some of the smaller scout craft can fly right through the fuselage. As for strange... *Visitors*, General MacArthur told me in the jungle on several Pacific islands, Marines and Army ground-pounders have had a few one-sided firefights with people they thought were very short Japs or giant insects like our... *friends* here. There were no casualties or bodies. I repeat, *none*. But we have reports of missing and wounded that are...unexplainable. No gear, no weapons, no corpses. To date, we think we possibly have 3500 troops unaccounted for. The Japs are *not* in the habit of collecting our dead, and they usually bayonet the wounded. So, for me—"

"3500? Dammit, this is going from bad to worse!"

"Jesus, it's the *War of The Worlds* all right...that damn radio horror show was telling the truth! If I ever meet that fatso Orsen Welles I'll knock his block off."

"What the hell else are these goddam Visitors up to?"

"And for how many *centuries* have they been doing it?"

"Ezekiel's Wheel of the Bible. The 'Watchers' in the book of Enoch."

"What did you just say? Fuck the Bible..."

"I can think of one or two spacemen in high positions on Capitol Hill..." said Trump.

This time everyone laughed, even Akin.

"More likely the Visitors were on a genetic fishing expedition," said Oppenheimer as everyone calmed. "They may collect specimens for experiments like we do...for science. I'm of the opinion that Visitors have been coming to Earth as geologists, miners, botanists, primatologists, geneticists, marine biologists, what have you, for millions if not billions of years. Someday in the future we may do

the same, especially if we can decipher the technology gifts and use them peacefully.”

“Peacefully? You’re saying these damn bugs are *scientists*?” asked an Army Air Corps major, the general’s aide. “More like potential *colonizers* if you ask me. A locust plague.”

“*Insectoids* I’d call them,” replied Oppenheimer with a clear disdain for ignorance. “Probably they were here long before us, no one owns this planet. It’s been Grand Central for millions if not billions of years, and by many accounts we are but mere...*tenants*. A Vedic professor by the name of Parkes-Jackson told me that for every animal, fish, bird, or insect on Earth, there’s an intelligent bipedal humanoid analog out in the universe according to his ancient texts. Like the Egyptian gods with animal heads—Thoth, Horus, Anubis—or the dog-headed people of the middle ages, the, uh, Cynocephalus.” He handed out some drawings that were passed along. “Not legends, but factual visitors throughout history, the majority of them were benevolent teachers...perhaps like Jesus, Akhenaten, Isis, Muhammad, Confucius or Buddha. But a few regressive bad apples probably showed up along the line. Perhaps that’s an explanation as to why we fight each other so much, it may be a learned behavior. Or...it’s my idea we may also be fighting proxy wars for them.”

“Jesus was a used motorcar salesman at best,” grumbled Bea quietly. *Parkes-Jackson, eh? That soddy ol’ boffin gets around. So that’s where Bernie got the information on all this when we were in Egypt...Oppy.*

General Fitz had none of it, and crushed one of the drawings into a ball, pitching it to the table’s center. “Professor Oppenheimer... with all due respect sir, you can shove all your Vedic this, that and the other up your tight little egghead *ass*.”

A pause.

“Okay, let’s ease up a bit folks,” said Bush. “General, please keep your unconstructive comments to yourself. We’re all professionals

here with differing viewpoints that need to be considered if we want to get a grip on the big picture. The Army Air Corps has to deal with our airspace, the Navy has to deal with the oceans, and all of us need to understand the unusual politics and intense secrecy around this subject. The word is the Germans have made contact with some of these Visitor groups and perhaps made trade alliances. We must presume going forward they are being fed very high technology intelligence. If any of this information gets out, the general public would panic, religions might collapse, mass suicides could occur.”

“Dr. Bush, how many crashes have we recovered in total?” asked Simpson, breaking the tension.

“Well...”

Trump replied: “Since 1887, around ninety-six. All shapes and sizes. Some disintegrated upon impact, others we have fully intact in warehouses, but we didn’t have the concepts and technology we have today for proper analysis. Some we can’t pry open at all, they just hover silently three feet above ground. Even today it’s painfully slow and mysterious work. That’s why we’re all here today to help speed things along. Cooperation is paramount.”

Bush cleaned his glasses. “I can share with all of you...that the Russians found one in a large cave in Siberia during a mining operation in 1912. Their scientists and archeologists said it was covered in enough soil and rock that it had to be...*five million* years old thereabouts. Inside the empty craft it looked brand new, and a brightly lit holographic sketch of a huge mothership came up out of a panel like a Disney cartoon; it had a spherical biosphere inside the 900-mile or so diameter, yes, trees, plants, birds, ponds, so it was probably a long-range craft from another galaxy, one that took a slice of home with it. They also used three-dimensional symbols to communicate psychically we think, but none were deciphered. The craft is self-repairing as if it were alive, which suggests it’s *sentient*. Our Russian colleagues think the propulsion system of the scout craft may incorporate some type of quantum entanglement

between certain isotopes surrounded by a magnetic field of immense strength. It has to be temporal in nature to traverse long distances of time-space.”

“It’s not linear, time exists all at once, with certain technology you can access a timeline like pulling onto a highway from an onramp, then leaving it on an offramp,” said Hubble.

“Why would they abandon it?”

“Maybe they bought a newer model off a lot.”

“Probably lost their keys...”

“Or were arrested for speeding!”

A few chuckles.

Hunsaker said: “Maybe it did become obsolete and they left it. We would do the same if we made a better model. We let old Navy ships rust away all over the place.”

Bush said: “That may be the ticket. A lot of ancient offworld technology left on the Earth as scrap may have been throwaway items. The Anunnaki left lots of things in the desert lands of the Middle East as if it were a vast junkyard. That’s one reason why the SS Ahnenerbe has been all over the desert, the uh, German *archeologists* and whatnot. They’re looking for scraps of powerful ancient technology. See page 234, sections E through F.”

The Army major said: “Millions of years old? That’s far older than the human race. We were still ape-like creatures or something...”

“Proto-humans and Neanderthals.”

“Four-legged fish, I thought.”

Oppenheimer added: “We didn’t evolve from apes; Darwin was dead *wrong!*”

Bea thought she could hear an eyelash drop.

“Proto-humans and simians were not human beings, not *homo sapiens*, nor were Neanderthals,” said Oppenheimer with conviction. “They had no provisions for speech, higher thinking or consciousness. No silly Missing Link exists. University of Virginia Professor Lloyd Pye and I privately propose...we were most likely



created in a lab by the Anunnaki and many other star visitors with samples of simian and Neanderthal, then they mixed it with their own DNA. Look at our racial diversity, our creative brain power. Something like that. We are *all* star beings made of common stardust; we are all cousins. Then you had Atlantis, Mu, Lemuria, Toltec Mesoamerica and other high civilizations that co-existed roughly around the same time. Genetic manipulation was rife: chimeras and mythical beasts. Galactic Visitors came and went as if Earth was Grand Central Station. By all accounts, multiracial Atlantis was a spacefaring empire with busy trade markets said mystic Edgar Cayce. They were highly psychic, and when regressive factions took over, they distorted every natural law they could with crystal-based technology that was connected to the Earth's biosphere; 'Lucifer's Rebellion' if you will. The cataclysm was Mother Earth's conscious response, and cosmic war resulted. Astrology, an unreliable and misunderstood practice currently, was originally utilized for deep space travel to predict plasma fields, gravity wells and magnetic flows from stars and planets, just as we use charts today for reefs and sandbars. If we could only—"

"Are you *mad*?"

"We were created in a glass beaker?"

"Just what the hell is Lemuria?"

"Ancient Pacific civilization. Dutch East Indies. Nan Madol. Easter Island. It all sank."

"All that Noah's Ark junk, the Great Flood. Edgar Cayce needs a brain transplant."

She stood. "It was the sonofabitching Belial Boys that mucked with every natural law, then they destroyed Atlantis via technology greed and personal debauchery," said Bea. "Today is little different. The Ahnenerbe SS are scouring the Earth to find bits of these advanced spiritual technologies, ones that can change our reality on a whim. This cannot stand."

Then Alice stood. "Egypt and Mesoamerica are legacy

civilizations of Atlantis, hence the inexplicable pyramids and temples. The older the civilization, the more advanced it was. The priest-kings held on to the technology and wisdom for millennia, but devolution occurred anyway. Slavery has come down from there through the ages, we native Earth humans being the slaves that is.”

Gwafa stood. “As the philosopher Sami once said, ‘the wound is where the light filters in.’ From pain of enlightenment, we can heal as a race.”

Stunned silence.

“Just how much crusty Old Testament Sunday School bullshit do we have to swallow today?” demanded Fitz.

Kaputnik said: “Look, as a God-fearing man I don’t like it either, but the Navy diving bell expedition years ago brought up advanced ancient artifacts from a 500-foot depth with a dragnet near the Azores and off western Cuba. In ’36, the U.S.S. Kearsarge crane ship found some crystal ruins and retrieved them from the sea floor near St. Lucia island in the southern Caribbean. The bits and pieces came alive when radio frequencies and electromagnets were used to activate them. Oppy’s got a point. How the hell do you think our ancestors built all those pyramids? They had masterful engineers with knowledge we modern engineers can only dream of today. History books are useless, Botta’s right, we have to start from *scratch*.” He pounded a fist. “Here! Now!”

Are we talking about the Great Flood and the following Younger Dryas ice age?” asked a Navy scientist.

“Universities and schools are useless then!”

“Burn all the history and science books too.”

“That piss-drunk Hemmingway is out there off Bimini in his fishing boat looking for Atlantis ruins and Kraut U-Boats for chrissakes! He’s working for the ONI.”

“He’s OSS and ONI...the Caroline Group. They’re all romantic nuts and filthy rich champagne socialists on a big yacht somewhere. And probably drinking and carousing with some of the

space Visitors!”

“Flash Gordon and the Cocaine Communists...”

“What the hell’s next? The Golden Fleece found in a Los Angeles tar pit?” asked a Douglas engineer.

Trump said: “That was probably made of monatomic gold, they call it *Manna* in the Bible. It’s a room-temperature superconductor. Alchemy.”

“Alchemy? That’s black magic bullshit...”

“God obviously doesn’t exist, or He never gave a shit about us given this whole scenario,” said an OSS analyst with disgust. “Part of society’s problem with higher concepts is the grand lie of religion and its childish legends of—”

“Shuttup, you asshole atheist!”

“Maybe the Visitors have their own god or gods for—”

“God wants us to learn from our big mistakes!” cried Hubble.

Bush moaned: “Can we *please* keep all religion out of this discussion?”

Coughs and stares.

“The *word* is...several spacecraft have crashed in Germany since the last war,” said Bernie loudly as he stood. All eyes bored down on him. “With respect, the war is what’s important at the moment. As for the Visitors, perhaps it’s a crude way of sharing high technology while circumventing Universal Law, the Hermetic Law of Non-Intervention; see page 45 in my personal briefing for details. It’s my presumption that we may be fighting a proxy war like Oppy said, a galactic one, or partly so. I’ve been told by reliable mystics that we’re a backwater star system out in the Sagittarius Arm boonies that’s engaged in a very old war going on for billions of years. Biblical light versus dark, if you will. *Our* war...is just a small part of this bigger, older one.”

“Now *that* makes some sense at least,” said Hubble, pitching down his pencil.

“Mystics? What the hell do they have to do with all this stuff?”

“The OSS is full of those wackos.”

Bernie forcefully said: “General *Patton* is a damn mystic. So’s Henry Ford. So was Napoleon. Manly P. Hall and Carl Jung. So are Hitler and Himmler! Don’t you all understand that certain people like me and others are trying to comprehend the big picture of our true history and reality? If we don’t understand the occult, metaphysics and philosophy we won’t get very far with this new technology. *Period!*”

“Please...*identify* yourself,” asked Bush in his kind, diplomatic small town Massachusetts way.

Simpson stood. “This is Captain Rodgers, ONI. He and his three experienced team members here are all well-versed in the occult and Egyptian mystery school information—yes, that’s important too. They stole and piloted the Bear for months, an MI-6 and ONI joint operation that was implemented in Cairo and carried out in Iraq. It’s all in my briefing, an Ahnenerbe operation in the Zagros mountains, a thorium and rare earth mineral mining facility was penetrated before its destruction by an earthquake. Mass amounts of thorium are purified by I.G. Farben’s chemical lasers by the Germans to make thorium-229 isotopes for zero-point, over-unity energy research.”

Bernie added: “As you’ve all probably read in my report or will, we piloted inside the Earth through vast tunnels. On board was genius engineer Ferdinand Porsche, physicist Walter Gerlach, an SS Mountain Division officer, and two Ahnenerbe SS racial scientists, Ernst Schäfer and Edmund Geer, both members of the Thule Society. The cargo airship can withstand intense water pressure, all elements, combat situations, anything, due to its high-voltage electromagnetic space-time bubble that surrounds it. Schäfer believed the solid-shell ceramic plasma accelerator on board is Atlantian, it cannot be opened by any tool known, and we did see an unknown and highly unusual ancient airship in the mining facility from whence it came. Also on board for the first half of our journey as stowaways were two ‘intra-terrestrials,’ inner Earth trade representatives of

Aldebaran star system descent, yes, you heard right, they were born inside Earth three hundred-plus years ago in a cavern city that uses plasma generators like the Bear's. They were Black Sun Nazi Party members and commodities businessmen, gold dealers, slave traders, DNA merchants, the worst. The Nazzara brothers—very tall albinos with white hair and steel blue eyes, identical twins. They sabotaged the ship and left us for dead in a river tunnel before disappearing via...I'm not sure, quantum teleportation of some sort perhaps, a mystery. But they did honor a certain signed contract." He then looked at Bea.

Bea stood. "Lieutenant Pike, ONI. One night, I won several rounds of poker with them, avid gamblers they were, the pompous popinjays. They owed me literally tons of *Reichsbank* gold bars, but instead I foolishly asked for their current load of trade goods as payment. A month after we landed the Bear at Midway, an MI-6 team at Inverness Station, Scotland, received a delivery of abductees and African animals that were destined for offworld transport to bloody who-knows-the-hell-where. Every person and animal was packed in what the Nazzaras called a 'temporal cube,' similar to your photo of the, uh, *gel matrix* that the alien Mantis blokes used. They said it was suspended animation using some sort of time manipulation technology, and trust me the Gazelles and Giraffes were peppy and healthy when released on the private grounds of Balmoral estate. The dazed, drugged, kidnapped people fared less well psychologically but were physically sound. My fine point is...these two Nazi henchmen were psychopaths to be sure, but they honored Universal Law and contracts to the letter much to our surprise. Something to consider going forward when we meet more star people, uh, *Visitors*, bearing gifts and suspect business deals."

"Giraffes?"

"Who are you people again?"

"Someone telegram Hemmingway..."

"This Jules Verne malarkey just gets better and *better*..."

“Born inside Earth? Then those dumb nickel sci-fi novels are correct,” said an admiral.

Trump asked: “Hyperboria? As in *Lost Horizons*? The Frank Capra Tibet picture? What else did you witness down there?”

“Swedish Freighters in water tunnels, vast caverns with strange animal life and pale green snow, tropical environments, electrical typhoons,” said Bernie. “Jules Verne was right about some of it. Many so-called fiction novels relate the strange truth of our world and hidden history. The Nazzaras also told me that Foo-Fighters can easily swim, thus many races of star people may have ocean floor bases under the bottom in operation around the world. Entrances to tunnels and inner-Earth caverns are down there too. Lots of ’em.”

Agitated murmurs.

Gwafa stood. “Lieutenant Cartwright. We visited Agartha, the legendary capitol city of Shambala. A vast cavern of a thousand miles width. Our fractured memories are coming back. Something affected us, wiped our memories for a while. It had its own weather, pale blue skies, lakes and rivers. Shangri-la doesn’t come close in describing it. A diplomatic free trade zone.”

Bea said: “Gardens, diplomats of all shapes, colors, and sizes, massive pyramid mountain ranges, temples and ornate plazas, good vegetarian food. Yes, I know it’s sounds barmy as hell, but Hitler and Himmler are both sober vegetarians and non-smokers, they copy their Aryan Aldebaran friends, the *Vril-Ya*, that’s the name they call themselves, not sure if represents their nationality or race. Meat lowers a person’s vibration; you absorb the trauma of the animal’s death, karma and all that hot jazz. Bit dicey, but I still love a good hamburger.”

Some laughter helped.

“And two rather large oily-skinned royal Anunnaki were there too. Bit flash, the both of them. Rude,” added Alice. “I certainly wasn’t impressed.”

“Anunnaki?”

“Agartha?”

“What’s a *Vril-Ya* hamburger taste like?”

Bush pointed. “Tab eight, page sixty-seven. Anunnaki Kings List, British Royal Army’s list of ancient technology artifacts. Didn’t you people ever read the Old Testament?”

“Saturday Morning Post for me.”

“Collier’s Weekly.”

“Boston Herald, Red Sox scores.”

“Life Magazine had an article on Egypt I read.”

“You know, the Romans invented the hamburger in 50 BC, it was lamb, beef, vinegar, olive oil and pine nuts,” said Trump.

Laughter.

“Okay, okay, decorum, please,” said Bush.

“I concur with their wild stories. Makes sense given what I know about our true history,” said Oppenheimer. “We’ve all grown up with mass lies and false religions. Our entire reality is not what people think it is. Regressive extraterrestrials have been interfering with our evolution for millennia, positive ones too, the angels and demons as it were.”

“Christ, Oppy, are you damn sure?” asked Hunsaker.

“This is insane!” yelled an admiral. “Under-ocean bases? The pressure alone would—”

Admiral Kaputnik said: “Admiral King said as much since they keep popping out of the ocean to scare our boys on ships. Orders stand from the President that there’s to be *no action* taken against the Foos unless fired upon first.”

General Fitz said: “Marshall relayed the same orders, but if it was up to me I say we splash the sons of bitches. They may be in league with the enemy.”

“With what? P-38 Lightnings? Good luck, Buck Rodgers!”

“So the one we have isn’t big enough for you? You want an *interplanetary war* as well, general?” asked Oppenheimer.

“Why you soft-assed piece of civilian horseshit, you should be—”

“I thought this was just an *engineering* briefing...not some damn Sunday School revision and war strategy discussion,” snapped a Douglas materials engineer. “Christ, I can’t even wrap my head around the Atlantis crap.”

“Grow up, all of you dimwits, we need to push our—”

“We’re in an intergalactic war, God-damn you!”

“You are *way* out of line, sir!”

Bush hit the table with his pointer. “Quiet!” He paused. “Ladies and gentlemen...I know this information is hard to accept, but we must try to keep very open minds. Yeah, I guess we can’t avoid religion or myths in this heated discussion, but I urge you all to look at this body of information scientifically for now, so curb your emotions, park ’em!” He sat and leaned back as if talking to university students. “Back in humble Chelsea when I was growing up...my rather stern father tanned my hide on occasion for all my messy and dangerous attic electrical experiments...well before he knew I would become an electrical engineer and physicist. Oh, well, I loved him dearly, ha-ha! But...he was also a Universalist pastor; he taught me the value of tolerance, patience, public service, and most importantly *acceptance* of people that were different from us—all races, sexes, religions, creeds, so on and so forth. Ours...*sigh*, is a very big universe with lots of diverse life no doubt, and we must accept that we Earth folks may be low down on the evolutionary totem pole currently, especially given our violent nature. Oppy here...tells me everyone in this universe is *equal* despite their advanced nature, equal but different, so I hope that’s true, and I think it *is* true. That we’re all part of what the Visitors call ‘Source’ or ‘The All There is,’ one helluva big cosmos, infinite, feminine in vibration. ‘God,’ if you will.” Heads lowered around him. “But sadly...we have a war to win lest we succumb to dark totalitarianism and mass genocide, and so we must assume our enemies probably, maybe...understand



a tad more than we do on extraterrestrial visitation and technology, so...let's keep up steam and try to catch up. Know what? Let's pause here for twenty minutes and think quietly to ourselves. A Buddhist meditation if you will. Bathroom break, anyone?" He turned off all but one light to keep it dim.