

THE ANCIENT EARTH —ITS STORY IN STONE

By

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The ancient history of Earth, is it recorded in stone?—The “tellonium plates” of the ancient Titans, are they really portions (the rocks) of Tellus, the oldest name for Terra?—Did Man once live in the sea?—Two races, little people and black people.—Rock-book libraries, now scattered by the Deluge.—Picture rocks.—Alphabet rocks.—The Mer people (mermaids?).—Velikovsky, the moon and Venus.—The Sumerians.—The Mayas.—How to live longer.

Part I — THE ANCIENT EARTH

I address this book about rock books to people who have been denied the advantage of knowing the fate of all men on Earth. Rock books describe a way out of this uncertain world which was used by total populations of Earth in the past. It is just possible we may need the guidance and information thus provided, since men seem to have the ability to transform what was once paradise into an approaching hell.

It seems probable that there were and are two forces manipulating the history of our planet. In my reading of the “Rock Books of the Beginning” I find we have records from two different worlds. One of these was the moon when it was in orbit about the sun. Its rock books were all dumped upon Earth at the time of the first moon fall, along with its air and water and loose soil, and its people.

So we have two beginnings of two different worlds. One was a world of small people growing into bigger people as their world got bigger. In the other beginning, we have a world of ice, uninhabitable on the surface but inhabited inwardly by strange races of black people. It is my supposition these were the people of the dark spaces, from whence the planet came before it orbited the sun.

So there are two beginnings pictured, because there are rock books from two worlds. However, they did all sorts of books, and it is evident that some rock books were also brought from other worlds by space-farers.

There are rock books of many more than two worlds to study. It is inescapable that the libraries of the ancients include endless information about other planets in space. It is the task of future translators of rock books to get the precise facts of these beginnings of life.

From my rock book readings I deduce that the moon and Earth were very close neighbors for an age of sun-circling before the moon’s orbit came too close to Earth’s. Their inhabitants visited each other and mingled bloods and cultures for an age of shuttling back and forth. I think that is why there were both giant people and tiny people on Earth in the very earliest pictures. And there were also blacks of both sizes.

A black skin did not seem to be a result of living under a big sun but was instead a protective coloration useful to people living in darkness.

My observation is that there were a dozen races from as many planets during the long ages of space trade. To assume that the blond Finns and Mers were strictly natives of Earth is just that, an assumption.

I have come to believe we descended from the giant Mers because they look like us. There were other giant races who do not look like us at all; even their teeth are entirely different.

Let us not assume anything. Let us not accept the first efforts of the rock book’s translators, either. Look back at what they did with B.C.

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To “see” the ancientness of Earth is not an easy thing to do. You have to stretch your perceptions and all your mental faculties to grasp Earth’s vast past.

It seems to me that Earth is far older than any of our scientists estimate, and far different in its life content from anything they try to explain.

If planets start as specks of dust in space, and grow by slow acquisition of space-dust into marbles, and the marbles gradually into something like planetoids. . . then, after a long, long time of slow growing, they are caught by the whirling

gravitational field of some larger body and become satellites.

If you accept this view of the beginning of Earth, then you can perhaps see that on such a small ball, caught by the whirling magnetic gravity of a sun into new movement in a vast circle. . . conditions would become very different because of the new and sudden warmth.

That age of slow acquisitive growth of space-dust is the age of Earth, really. You cannot say it in figures. You have to visualize the immense span of time, so much greater than imagination can envision.

To understand this, think of gravity as a "something". Just because you cannot see it, doesn't mean it isn't a "something". It is a very "powerful something" that flows steadily into the earth and remains there. And it remains because it becomes something else—matter, rock, what-will-you—it becomes earth!

Gravity is itself the growth of earth-matter going on and on. It is a "real something", and it makes Earth grow. I think of gravity as the roots of a plant and that plant is Earth—the planet. It certainly is not a spirit force, real but unreal.

To grasp the concept of early life on Earth you have to see it as a marble in size, caught up by a giant sun long ago. It swung about the sun, and it was a living planet, warmed by the distant huge sun. It had air, because planets live and air is part of their life. Water condensed in the air and became oceans.

In these oceans life began to move. Earth had life, and I think of such life on a planet as a necessary part of its life, just as in your body the blood-cells are a necessary part of your life.

That is what people and fish and animals and oysters, etc., etc., really are! They are the blood-cells, the working parts of an immense life form. . . the planet!

A planet is alive, and its people are its blood-cells, circulating in its seas, moving over its land. When we are healthy and the life is normal, then we know what to do, just as our blood-cells know what to do, and they carry the carbon dioxide away and bring the fresh oxygen, and so on and so on. Nobody tells them—they know. It is that knowing that is really built-in to life. Like gravity, you can't see it. We call it the sense of right and wrong, or we call it conscience, or we do not have any and call it nonsense. In the latter case, we are abnormal blood-cells of the plant planet. . . sick and burdensome to our greater life-mother, Earth.

To me, this is all built-in inherited knowledge. No one taught me. I just know it.

No one had to teach that early life on the planet Earth what to do or how to do it. It knew, and it did what the mother earth needed. It was healthy and good and not ignorant; it had the mother's vast ancient wisdom built-in when it was born!

Church people call built-in sensitivity to the greater life above us "soul", or they call it "divine knowledge", or they burden it all down with mystic references in large and nonunderstandable words of no real content.

But we commoners and laymen do not need telling, or teaching, or large and ponderous words thrown at us from every side. We know. . . we were born with the mother's umbilical cord still tight fast to our minds. . . and we know what she needs of us.

So don't blame us if we feel scornful of those with no string attached. They are orphans, and we don't know why they are orphans or why they don't know.

So when I talk about "This Ancient Earth", it is of a dying mother speaking to her children, exhorting them to find a way of their own, now that they have finally slain her with their misbehavior.

Our Mother Earth is not old as planets go, perhaps, but she has been moving through some terrible times, and the dead moon has struck her too many blows for everything to be quite right with her health.

We haven't been good children for a long time now, but she knows why. I often think she has been unconscious or things would be different. But one can't know if that is true or not, or if she feels the pain of wrongfulness or not.

Anyway, this book is about the ancient times of Earth's youth, when people were much larger of body and longer of life. Then the seas were not salt, and the air was not soiled with industry and its chimneys and its motor cars. Air was quite invigorating, and life was long and happy and filled with a sense of accomplishment and rightness that is no longer present.

From the rock records we can draw a picture of the whole of the past eras of Earth's history under the domination of mankind. They can only show you the world as it was during a high state of civilization. For when the rock books were made, long, long ago, people had learned the immensely complex optical science behind the pictures in the rock books.

But oddly enough one can find rock books of a

very simple, childlike kind. Were they made first, during an age of slow development of the mind and the science? It seems not. They could be the product of children in school, learning how.

One keeps looking for the oldest, the simplest, the most primitive, but this idea rises out of our utter ignorance of how things really began on Earth.

One hesitates, because of our present-day shibboleths and fixations, to say what the truth about the beginnings really may be.

Yet to me it occurs again and again that the true beginnings of mankind are dual. There was life on Earth, and there was life on other planets. . . and somewhere along the line of time and travel and the infinitudes of space the line of mankind's origin gets hidden. I can't say for sure mankind did NOT begin on Earth. I can't say for sure man did not begin on Earth and develop from scratch the sciences of space research and the construction of space vessels.

We may never be sure. But it looks to me as though man may be a true son of Earth and Earth's oceans and no hybrid of space races. For the Mers of our oceans do indeed go back to the very beginnings of Earth itself.

"The Merm", as they called themselves, are the only genuine authorities about that earliest world, which was a world of water, mostly.

There were the Manoarfin, the Khmer, the Merfin, the Finns, etc., but generally speaking they were called the Merm.

The Merm have come down to us only in our legends of the Mermaids. The male mermen are hardly ever mentioned in legends.

Like varying species of fish they have their differences. In some, the males are larger than the females, and vice versa. One notices that some pictures of Mers show a very large female compared to the small male.

The scientists who look for a missing link among landlubber species are so wide of the mark it is laughable. They have been looking for the "link" in a tree for a good long time now. Mermen were not very expert at climbing trees!

The Merm were very bookish, and they made so many of them one knows they were as numerous as any other fish in those early oceans. Pondering on the vast numbers of rock books, one only begins to understand it when one thinks, "What would New York be like if newspapers would not burn?"

It would be buried under its own newsprint! They wouldn't survive very many Sundays of some

of those big Sunday editions.

The Merm made very durable "newspaper" rock books and they saved all of them, for they were a practical people. They even built houses out of them!

People, in that far-off beginning that was not a beginning, for there is no beginning and no end, were both bigger and smaller than now. The largeness of the big ones, and the littleness of the littlest ones is very hard for one to get straight in one's mind. We are of this modern world of one size of people, and we tend to want everything in this one scale of size. It is hard for us to think of things for which there is no comparison in size, especially men and children and women, and mers and mermen and pogs.

But the great ruins they left, many of them once undersea castles, and still others the launching ramps for space vessels, and all the vast ruins called Cyclopean (for want of any real knowledge of what to call them) tell us they were larger of body and more capable of mind.

To speak at all intelligently about the ancientness of Earth means to refer to the scientists' texts with their Jurassic, Triassic, etc., and the endless oughts, preceded by a one, which no one can visualize or grasp as a reality in time.

So, as a sensible man, although I respect all the patient work they put into their classifications of time past and all the fossils they have reconstructed and placed in their proper strata, it is not really of much use to me except where I can see some of their fossils in a rock book and so gauge the age.

Usually I have to fall back upon my layman's status and say, "Well, they may be right about their 'mylodont' but what good does it do me when man isn't in the picture?"

It doesn't do much good to know just when the mylodont hitched his carcass about if you can't place man relatively. Man was there, you know. All the way along that back trail, man was there.

Then I refer to Velikovsky's books and find the vast discrepancies in their dating systems. . . and toss it all out and start doing my own thinking again. They really forced me into this; let them take the consequences.

When I first found the rock books I had no intentions of doing anything like work with them. I thought all I had to do was tell about them, and others would go to work on them and tell me all about them.

It was then I found that present-day American science was not receptive to being informed of the

presence of rock books in the farmer's rock piles. They couldn't be told. It was like trying to wake the dead, or get the President on the phone, or like a postman trying to get a raise.

I really came to it then. I knew that if I had to move Heaven and Earth aside to tell people about rock books, I would start looking for a lever.

So you are getting a layman's Atlantis instead of a learned encyclopedist's report on rock books.

Mer book-rock were shaped to be put together. There are little ledges and keys so that properly fitted they make their own shelves, and will stack in a certain shape. That is, a stack of Mer rock originally was formed to fit together in a figure, a sculpture of some significant shape. These most ancient of all libraries were stacked so, under water, like so many sculptures arranged in the Mer idea of order.

Other rocks were shaped as they are to fit into the projector axle. The projector had a shaft with a socket into which the rock fitted, and turned slowly, the pickup eyes of the device scanned in a certain spiral sequence.

All this forgotten gadgetry of the forgotten peoples will have to be recreated from the rock-book pictures if we are ever to read them properly.

This is a new field, a new science. I started it. There are few quotes because there are no others to quote. There are no experts in pre-deluge artifacts; so far as I know I am the only one who ever really looked at any rock respectfully.

ROKFOGO can tell you all about the Elder World, the Elder Time, the Elder Peoples, if you let it. But you do have to let it, and you have to help a little by looking at your rocks.

It does need its own optical devices, but the specifications and the designs and plans are all there, in the rocks, if you can get a few of our technical wonder-mills to turn out a few students interested in really looking at another world, a world far more important to us than any other alien planet such as our far-faring space ships will eventually reach. Even without knowing consciously about our own past, our future astronauts will build and reach out, for it is in their minds as an inherited drive.

But, if they know, if such a book as this can reach our active young lives and fertilize them with the way, the know-how of our own ancestors, then the way to space and the future will open for them. For the plans and the space charts lie waiting for them in their own scattered rock books.

That is, if the moon doesn't teach the

astronomers that magnetic forces have to be considered, and that orbits and velocities are not quite enough to hold a moon aloft.

Rokfogo can tell them all about that, seven times over. But only if they look for it in the rock books.

The optics of rock books are tricky. They need study to be appreciated. But, in spite of that, one can with almost no help but a couple of reading glasses over each other get a great deal out of any rock book.

It is that great deal I have to give you—a simple man's first look at a heretofore hidden past. The first man of our line, the "missing link" between man's evolution and the beast world, has been sought by antiquarians all over the world. And all that time he was staring at them from the rocks they ignored!

Here in this book you can find his portrait made at the time he dominated his environment rather than polluted it!

No other researcher into pre-history can offer you anything one fraction of the value.

What other books about pre-history offer are very imaginary portrayals of ape-like humans supposed to represent early man.

Early man was never ape-like at any time! The reconstructions of "Piltdown Man", "Neanderthal Man", and "Cro-magnon Man", no matter how accepted they have been, are at fault when assumed to be direct linear ancestors. Except for Cro-magnon man, they are not.

Most of the writing about such races as the Neanderthals are assumptions about the total picture of man in the far past. These assumptions are for the most part proven incorrect by the facts revealed in the most summary examination of rock books.

Cro-magnon man was an "interim" man, one arisen between disasters. That is, he was post-deluge in his habits and his knowledge, if not his blood-lines.

He was post-deluge, as were most of the remains upon which so much and so positive theorizing has been based.

After each world disaster man rose slowly again to new civilizations. The blood-lines were survivor mixtures, not the original blood-lines. These interim civilizations were not all barbaric, by any criterion, but none of them were at all comparable to the original.

Barbaric cultures erected upon the ruins of the first great civilization sometimes had steam, mechanics, printing presses and such things as

phones. Still, they perished when the moon fell again.

The original first great culture, a vast slow growth over an immense period of time incalculable, *that* is the science and the wisdom offered by the first rock books. There are no words to describe the powers and talents and deep-dredging wisdom of the first and greatest races.

That there was more than one world deluge, more than one almost total disaster wiping out almost all of mankind is only the most striking fact we learn; it is not the most important one.

The important thing we learn is that there is a wisdom and a learning available to us today. That it is as vast as space itself, as all-embracing as the arms of a God, and that we can embrace it!

We learn that after each of the great disasters man rose again, with new cultures and new ways and new kinds of people.

We learn that our present civilization is but one of these interim cultures and not "the only civilization," as we think of it.

We are not the first, we learn, but apparently the eighth!

Thus, we learn that such people as the Neanderthals were not original first man, but regressions. Neanderthals may have existed as primitives all through those early vast periods of growth and world-wide teeming of cultural growth without change and without progress, but it hardly seems likely. They have to be classed as regressions, if they are not theoretical creations based upon a few singular remains.

One wonders, after the Piltdown fiasco.

Due to terrible privations and an unfavorable environment in every way, generations grew up without the benefit of educated parents. . . AGAIN became primitive. This is assumption based upon more evidence than most assumptions.

Because of such primitive conditions, their remains and their artifacts have been assumed to be those of primitive first men, steps along the path of progress, as we quaintly call our present precarious position beneath an enigmatic moon and the threat of an atomic war.

No one can rightly say when or if the next atomic holocaust will hasten the doom the moon will most surely visit upon us once again.

Did I say the next atomic holocaust? I was recalling that the green glass of atomic explosion sites has been found of very great age, indicating there have been other atomic threats that materialized fully, in the past!

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Now, the people who lived before the first world-wide deluge were not few, not fools, and not locally oriented, but world-wide and closely knit culturally all over the world as well as in space.

The period of this world civilization of the far past was an immensely long time. During that long growth, mankind reached not a civilization equal to ours, but one so far advanced it is difficult for us to imagine it, let alone accept it as the gospel it is. (If only modern "gospel" were as gospel.)

This is why the antiquarians in their search for primitive artifacts have missed the trail altogether. The artifacts available from the far past are not primitive, although there are a few very early and very peculiar things one can't place in any niche.

Like Fort's gigantic axe heads falling from the sky like meteors, one can only wonder and not even venture a guess.

To me, such things stem from a moon-fall, rocks that followed one or another of the moon's billiarding bounces off Earth now returning homeward.

But, since pre-dawn or "dawn man" was not a simian idiot with a club, one can only guess such gigantic artifacts belonged to one or another interim "culture" which contained giants comparable to the one killed on Jack's famous beanstalk.

The pre-Kaiser archeologists of Germany's researches called him *Pithecanthropus giganticus* and accepted him quite literally, for both his axes and his structures are quite plentiful. But of late years, the gigantic cuss isn't much noticed, nor is any of the ancient world of wonder much wondered about.

The book, "In Search of Adam", by the German, Wendt, ends its account with a description of the archives of the German archeological researches after the Second World War. They were quite bombed out, and what wasn't shattered was a mess of fragments and wet mud.

Which is much the same condition all "modern" research into the past is presently to be found, if anyone stopped chasing a payday long enough to look.

There is only ONE great repository of wisdom from the past still extant, in fact! This is the rock library from the very far past. Luckily it is of vastly more potential value than any of the rest.

It is this vast reservoir of know-how I am trying to rescue. I have about the same amount of help

and hope as the caretakers of the German museums, in picking up and relabeling the fragments of the bombings, which was little or none.

Actually, it may not matter if the whole remains in a state of utterly idiotic ignorance, as the moon will fall again. To me, it matters. To the ignorant, nothing matters, I guess. To a population that sits ignorantly under a surely falling moon, I would wish a better fate than to be doomed to ignoring the escape hatch underfoot.

Rock books are under their feet. And in those rock books are endless descriptions and plans and specifications of the type of space vehicles that were used to evacuate that first great civilized population of Earth.

One of the wonderful things in the first moon-fall was a way of escape that at first glance seems the most utter folly. That way, of all things, was a glider!

Some people took to the air in gliders just before the terrible tornado turbulence of the moon-atmosphere first mingling with Earth's!

Riding the air currents was a test of skill and strength and endurance, and some of those glider pilots did that stunt, out of sheer necessity.

The point was to stay aloft until the worst of the impact and tidal wave height was over, and to come down in the untouched areas where, at the points farthest removed from the track of the moon, things remained somewhat stable.

Your own ancestor may have been one of those who bought his life with that sort of daring and resolve.

There was more than one kind of Noah's Ark in that terrible time.

Pre-dawn man was not a mild kind of civilized sheep, by any means. He was possessed of powers and skills and of courage of that kind. And such devices as a glider were not the fragile things we make today, evidently.

This first civilized human had the knowledge of all the other civilizations of space to draw on in this first fall of the moon. But with all the help at hand, the teeming populations could not all be ferried off in the evacuation ships sent from other worlds to help out our own fleets.

The best of Earth were chosen, not by lot but by value, to colonize another world. The rest were lucky to get a place on a ship to orbit out the moon collision. Mostly, they accepted death, and stood and watched it come.

They had, in that time, other accounts of similar disasters on other planets to guide them.

Earth, as a planet full of civilized people, would have and did survive that first vast holocaust of death. But the moon did not take up a stable orbit, and all the efforts of survivors to make Earth habitable again were wiped out in the succeeding falls.

You don't have to believe me. You can find your own rock books and find your own glider pilots riding out those furious storms like no others before. Picking a take-off spot from close figured possibilities, they let the first moon approach pull them far aloft into the atmosphere. . . just as it pulled Earth's oceans from their age-old beds. Then glided as far from the path of the girdling tide as they could get. . . and some of them survived!

In truth, you can find these projected pictures in so many surface rocks you wonder, "How many were they?" "How long did they live?"

It was a very long time. If one had such figures from a rock, one could corroborate them from other rocks. It is in that multitudinous possibility of complete corroboration, one of the other, that the great rock library holds an advantage over all the other ways of seeking out the past of man.

Just as today, you corroborate one writer's account of a news event by checking out another's account in detail, so you can, by searching out this rock library, get separate accounts of the same events. Especially does this hold true in the case of the moon-falls. Such world-wide catastrophes were written of extensively over the whole world, and the accounts await only a willing back and a curious mind, one able to stop and stoop for the oldest and most reliable book of history extant.

Such stones I have studied for many years. I have learned how many kinds, how various the art and the times that produced them. I can even guess why they used rock for books.

They used a rock compound for books because so many people lived in the water at the time the custom of making books came into general use. Paper has a way of dissolving in water, parchment gets soft and slimy in water. . . just what would you expect amphibious man to use for a book but rock?

A wooden book would float away, you must realize. A rock under water is much less heavy than on land, but still it has weight. It will stay put.

Once you realize they are there, you can't miss early man's books, nor the size and beauty of early man's art works of other kinds, all over Earth.

They projected pictures and writings right into solid rock, and on many an eroded cliff-side they still stand out, harder than the rock around them.

You can see them in photos much better than the cliffs themselves, just by squinting at them.

There is so much to say about the pre-fall eras, one doesn't know where to start or where to stop. Only a whole set of books could contain what one learns from just a few rock books. The pictures are so numerous, so one-over-the-other, so self-explanatory, so condensed and multiple.

Early men were numerous beyond our modern fears of the result of the population explosion. They were so able and so productive they could support a much more numerous people than we imagine possible.

Remember, they inhabited the oceans like schools of fish, and were numerous as fish, back into earliest times!

It was their oceans that made possible their vast populations. It is the oceans that will eventually feed our future populations, if we ever survive to have them. The threats of pollution and atomic war, coupled with the unknown extent of the moon's present orbit in time, give us few alternatives to a universal death in the future.

One of those alternatives—space expansion—is described in the rock books. I don't know of another way to rescue our "modern" culture, if indeed it is worth saving. What I mean is that a people so ignorant they ignore the rock library of our greatest and best books while they read penny dreadfuls and fashion magazines may not be precisely the kind of population most likely to survive under the best conditions.

Which is where the values of the past compare to our present retrograde status as "ebbs" unfavorably. Do our own races out in space really want us to take to space? Even though we were once one, what would they think of us today, after all that has happened to turn us back off the path?

Well, the G.O.D. concept is to ask the Governor of the District if the people are worth saving. In those days, the G.O.D. would have had plenty to say. In our time, people are content to worship the three letters even though their book tells them the world was flooded to destroy their whole kind. It happened, but I hardly think the Governor was responsible.

I think these people should read a few other books than the Bible, perhaps some made of rock like Moses' tablets.

Neither do I think words describing God's decision to destroy the world because it was "evil" were particularly inspired. Well. . .do you?

To get back to the subject, men were so numerous all over Earth that they left their

artifacts everywhere one looks for them. Many of them were cast of a liquid that hardened into stone. You can see these without even bending over, and you can see the pictures in them without even dirtying your modern city-bred pinkies.

All of which seems to have meant nothing whatever to the legions of would-be antiquarians in "In Search of Adam".*

"In Search of Adam" describes this long pattern of activity about the idea of the "First Man" very well. It also describes their utter failure in looking for a "primitive first man" who lived "before the flood".

To me, after years of looking at the pictures that permeate nearly every rock one really looks at, only one thing made them so blind. That thing was: they were looking for primitive artifacts and nothing else would do!

All the time they searched for Adam they were stumbling over his real artifacts in multitudes. Some rocks are actually his books.

Those men didn't even conceive of "Adam" as having a book, let alone a vast and endless library right in plain sight.

There is an old adage that says, "The best hiding place is in plain sight."

It is a very correct one.

Adam, his portrait and his library, his cast stone tools and his foot casts and his petrified remains, were in plain sight all the time. I picked up a petrified head of a victim of the flood in my first weeks of looking for pre-flood artifacts.

You wouldn't easily recognize such a petrification, perhaps. The weight of the falling mud and rubble had crushed the skull on one side so that is really only half a head with a horrible misplaced mouth. Yet she was a lovely young mermaid child, by our standards only a child of twelve or so.

Velikovsky described the splintered bones left by rushing waters of terrible velocity, over and over. Well, among those splintered bones are many a mer, if you look.

This ancient Earth has been grossly mistreated by the "experts", and one can't let it go on; the mother needs to be treated better than that.

The truth is, if I had known someone like Prof. Rhodes (whose able book on fossils you should have—it is only a dollar in paperback edition), this tale of the ancientness of Earth would probably be more gentle with the orthodox views of the strata and contents. But I never had the good fortune to

*(Wendt, "In Search of Adam," H.M. Co.)

afford their offices in leading me astray.

Like the cart before the horse view of evolution, I think this tendency to get things upside down permeates much of this work, but it is such good work in other ways that the vast discrepancies do not show.

These discrepancies show to my eyes because of the number of rock books to be found. How they could have missed them is impossible to conceive, the only deduction about it one can make is that they never looked for anything not primitive. The same reasoning applied to their other work leads to a vast mistrust of all their deductions, assumptions and conclusions. They are so evidently right on certain points; here is an Archeopterix fossil bird—the fossil came from a certain strata, and their methods of determining the age of the strata seem impeccable.

But, one thinks, if this is correct, how have they missed the wide trail of early man altogether, when there are so many and so various artifacts from pre-ice-age eras?

How have they failed to find the giant trail left by Pithecanthropus Giganticus and his smaller cousins in those same long-past eras?

This colored skull in their woodpile of primitive men of the past keeps cropping up, until one feels constrained to leave their work strictly alone as a curious set of contradictions based upon single incidents of finding single fossils.

No one investigating ancient ruins could fail to find the trail of the Cyclopeans and indeed they are mentioned in the encyclopedias. Yet our singularly capable fossil searchers find only the most primitive and revolting sort of traces of man, while the rock books show him to have been not a primitive until long after the moon-fall had stripped him of all his accumulated skills and left him stranded in the much later forests, dependent on his hand-made weapons.

Rock books show men using the gigantic reptiles as beasts of burden, hitched to huge flat wagons and tugging them through the swamps. Yet the fossil and bone reconstructionists show the age of reptiles as entirely empty of mankind.

Rock books show the seas swarming with amphibious men, and such reptiles as Plesiosaurs and similar huge Triassic creatures swimming in the same oceans. Just what they will do with all these contradictions other than ignore them I would like to see.

They have managed to ignore man altogether, so far. I suppose they can keep on as long as the moon stays up. After the next moon-fall it won't

matter, I guess.

This ancient Earth was man's home. Back and back into smallness and bigness, back and back until the littlest people in their littlest gardens seem to be purely doll-like in their peculiar flexibility of limb and noncomplexity of body. How to say this I really have to think—which is unusual for me.

While the seas swarmed with all the creatures the scientists have shown in their books, man was there, swimming in the oceans, damming the rivers, farming the swamps, and bridging the voids to the stars.

How can they ignore him? How can they be so wise about a mindless sea monster or a featherless and wingless bird, and yet be so stupid about man himself. There is a curious discrepancy here which makes all their work utterly suspect and valueless to one who really wants to know how it all was.

So, in spite of one's love for universities and ivy-clad towers of ivory, one can only dream of pounding some blind pedant over the head with a rock book, saying "See, you missed the whole point of the story."

What has really been going on in all this compilation of modern wisdom is a sad, slavish kowtowing to some repression we should know about and don't. What has really been going on is a hiding of all the vast technology of the past ages, a "classified" information sort of thing that has resulted in leaving out all the essential information we need most today. We need most to know the moon has been unstable in the past, and we have been denied that information. We need most to know just how the ancient civilizations got ready for the moon-fall that was known and inevitable. We need most to know just how they built their space-craft and how to recognize the star-maps in the rock books.

All of this needed information has been denied us, and the very patient and able work of all these fine men of ours in determining the age of the strata and classifying the bones of the beasts goes for naught, is useless to man!

It all proves useless because it forms a totally false picture of the past. The picture is false because civilized man was there!

We need to know when the moon will fall again, no matter how sad the information may be to the many. We will at least be able to reach another planet with a few young couples, to plant the seed of our mutilated culture.

We need to know what is in those rock books and what went on in past civilizations. We do not

really need to know much about the trilobites—they haven't a lot to offer us.

Our pedantic organization of educators shielding us from all this essential information while they ply us with Triassics and Brontosaurus. . . is the true picture of education. How they got that way is an ugly story of repression in the near past. We need to know that story.

Some of them could tell us why this is so! That they do not tell us is precisely why one must refuse all their work, no matter how well done and correct it seems. It is as if they were in a court house witness chair, and their word proved false. All their testimony must be thrown out.

Yes, it is that bad.

No matter that they are so right on the age of the trilobite or the huge tyrannosaur. Civilized man was there, somewhere, and they have hidden the fact.

So it seems to me. But the thing the saboteurs of Earth life would have us believe is that all men are liars. I would like to hear from some of these repressed scientists willing to tell the truth about the repression of this side of the picture of the past.

Life on Earth may have grown by slow stages of evolutionary change into a great peak of glorious ability and wisdom in the great past, and has been sliding down the hill of devolution ever since the moon-fall (No. 1), but they have not noticed anything of the kind!

They have not noticed, either, too many great and important things about the past. We need very much to know the full truth about past civilizations.

How am I, alone, with nothing but evasions from all the world of scholasticism instead of help, to do all this work for our people? How am I to do the work they have so obviously left undone?

I can only point out the omissions and hope that this ancient Earth is given her just obituary notice before we all die of this same neglect of things most needful to us all.

Ancient man on this ancient Earth made his portraits cover whole continents. That the woman in the moon is not seen today cannot be wholly true. The men of this ancient Earth were space men, kings of space as well as sea kings in their own seas. That this is all quite unknown to all of science is simply not possible!

You don't have to take my word for this curious lie still with us from the dark, dark ages after moonfall (Nos. 1, 3, 7, ?); you can check it all out for yourself just by making a good sound study of

photos of the moon and of Earth, and of aerial photos of Earth's surface. They will all show the ancient track of giant man-work all over Earth.

Why do they hide all this from us poor laymen? That they do is evidenced by the fact I have had to write this book for you myself—they wouldn't even look at a rock book. Why can't they look a rock in the face?

There is some curious pontifical dictum against real wisdom on Earth, just as firm and idiotic today as it was in 1400 or whatever year you pick—take the year Galileo was imprisoned for his telescopic heresies.

This curious rule of idiotic repression of all knowledge is still in effect! They still want to keep us ignorant today! And right now some agent-provocateur of violent discord is exhorting some University group to burn a library, just as if there was some really useful wisdom in the library.

Provocateurs are active in our riots, and in our university troubles today. With the First World War the University of Heidelberg nearly perished. With the Second World War and Hitler's takeover of Germanic education, Heidelberg did perish utterly as a real university.

The repression of all mention of the real age of man upon Earth and his representation as a simpleton with a club is part and parcel of this violence and destruction that comes sooner or later to all libraries and all colleges on Earth. Such destruction is not baseless, pointless coincidence, it is planned sabotage of Earth's mind.

The repression of information about past civilizations on Earth is an old conspiracy, to keep the technology of the past civilizations in the heads of a few. This is what the professors have been bowing to in repressing their findings of information about ancient man. Some of them know consciously; most of them just do not know why it occurs.

It is no accident we have not had rock books translated and the needed information in them made available. It is an old, old conspiracy of monopoly on Earth.

Today, we need to know. We would know and be already out in space, making new homes for ourselves, to move out the whole populace when next the moon falters and starts downward.

Our abuses are ancient abuses, culminating today in polluted oceans, scummy with oil slicks, and our death from pollution is only decades away.

We must have the information NOW, while there is yet breath and energy in us to use it. I think it may be too, too late. It may be that our repressors

are already boarding the "secret" UFO on their way to greener pastures than those of Earth which they have so long despoiled and dirtied and destroyed.

These repressors of vital needed information must be got round, must open up and tell. We must know what can be done with the ancient wisdom of the Ancient Earth.

It is now or never for the people of Earth. We do not have time for even one more war, or one more "crusade for holy Church", or one more crucifixion of a harmless holy man.

We just do not have time for any more nonsense. The pedants must be shown the error of their repressions, and not by long-haired students shouting "Freedom" but by *men* who know what and why they must be shown what is needful on Earth.

If any such exist, let them come forth. There isn't much use hiding—we all face future extinction of the race.

We are an ancient, ancient people upon this abused Earth. We inherit the know-how to go on living, and it is torn from us by so many plots and stratagems there is no listing them.

We have been sliding down a ladder of abuse from a "secret" group of saboteurs, "the agents of ignorance". It is time we stopped sliding, and took a grip on reality, and abandoned the trilobites to their dark extinction before we join them on an Earth blighted of all life.

There was far more in the past of this ancient civilized world than sea monsters and dinosaurs. Man was there, as early and as long as any of them.

Man was there on the ancient Earth long before the moon received his portraits over its surface. Man was there, building strange and lovely homes and damming the rivers and lengthening the canals all over the world. He was there, burrowing vast tunnels through the deepest bedrocks that any geologists ever "classified". And it seems "classified" is the proper word.

We must know all about him, and they must work at the job of finding out and cease forever this classifying of all information about man himself.

We have to know all about this ancient man on this ancient Earth. It is a matter of survival. Without that knowledge of the ancient peoples alive once again, we cannot survive in the sea of troubles building up ahead.

Now we have the books of ancient man, the true history of the earliest times of life on Earth, and we must read these books or die trying. It is more

probable that man will become another extinct mammal in the list of the extinct species than that he will not.

We must learn ancient man's answers to the problems that plague us to death. His answers were "evolved" over the millions of years in periods that the "scientists" tell us were empty of men. There was nothing there but a half-ape creature learning to use a club, they tell us literally. Just as literally, they are either lying or too lazy to bend over and pick up a stone.

If you don't think they are lazy, just study a series of photos of rocky landscapes and notice how very many of them show traces of gigantic ruins, and how very many of them show huge and very obvious pictorial work of a high type. Then try to excuse the people who so vociferously devote their life to research—devote lives of work to telling us all about the past.

Their kind of past contains no ruins and no men. According to them, Egypt was the first great civilization. Yet the Cyclopean ruins are all over the world and quite well known and never mentioned!

They are never mentioned except casually in an encyclopedia or two, never dug, and the artifacts of their life here that litter the stone fields of the world have never been mentioned, so far as I know, by one of those indefatigable workers in the vineyard of pre-history!

Explain this if you can.

Any series of photos of the moon shows very clearly the huge pictorials and letterings on the moon, yet they are not noticed by the many, many scientists who spend lifetimes as "selenologists" or some other fancy word for not working.

How are we to know anything about the antiquity of man upon this Earth if we fail to mention his most obvious presence on the moon and in space? How are we to learn about the past if it is closed and monopolized, classified secret?

How am I to speak of the antiquity of Earth if all the past scientists of Earth have had their real findings suppressed and substitute lies placed in the books instead.

Our Bible, if you study it for traces of such work, does show peculiar fragmentations and lapses, and Genesis and Exodus are peculiarly brief.

Genesis was once an account of how the "Gods" or a "God" shaped and moulded and built and created artistically on Earth, the sort of powers he used and what his tools were like.

Exodus was once an account of the evacuation of Earth before the moon struck, describing space

ships and choosings and lotteries to determine who was to go and who to stay.

All of the real picture of the past was obliterated from the Bible long ago and substitute writings inserted.

How are we to remedy all that carefully done work of wiping out the trail of the past of mankind and substituting the present Biblical account of the beginnings?

I can tell you where and how to find the true Bible and replace its original content, but I cannot do it all for you. Neither can I trace completely the whole picture of antiquity of civilization on Earth, but I can try. I can at least show you how it ought to look. If they do not compile and publish a new set of wordy lies designed to hide the truth of their negligence and monopoly of the things from the previous civilizations.

We must know that the moon fell upon Earth and when it is going to fall again. This has to be got ready for, and every man and nation has to cooperate in such an effort if it is going to be successful. You can't do this by pretending that the moon is classified because it has pictures on it.

You can see them if you try. You can see that ancient man reached the moon and casually painted portraits all over it. . .if you look. You don't really need the scientists to tell you about something as big as the moon. You might even reason out for yourself that the moon has fallen on Earth and even rolled on the surface of Earth by the abraded track the falls left on the moon's side. A girdle of abrasions circles the equator of the moon, just where they should be, as "science" puts it.

Craters, they tell us, from meteorites of large size.

Maybe they are all craters, and when the moon touched Earth it didn't roll and abrade like worn ball bearings abrade. Maybe. . .but I won't believe it if our present-day repressive "science" swears on a stack of their Holy Bibles a mile high.

That they have lied is rather obvious. In the past they lied for fear of the church. What they fear today is something else, something it is not at all honorable to face. It is a perforated honor they uphold and that we bow to—the honor of our scientific world of monopolists. It is as abraded an object, that honor, as the face of the moon where it struck Earth.

A science without honor and without value is what they have given us from our dark subjugated past.

Those scientists who do not try to right this

ancient evil, who do not try to once again put the face upon the moon and upon themselves, have no face. No honor, and no backbone and no science. For the real science of Earth lies about ignored as "stones" all over the Earth, and they are apparently too fearful and too involved in the ancient wrongs to bend over and pick up a few.

So you want me to tell you of this ancient Earth. How can I when all my being burns in an endless indignation toward all the righteous upright lies and evasions and weak-spined shilly-shallying I have run into trying to get just one scientist to do something with these ancient libraries of wisdom.

Out of my poverty I must weave miracles of rejuvenation over the lovely fabric of the real past of man, and tell it all to you, back to the first mer who swam in the rolling surf and slid joyfully down the blue sides of the breakers. Am I to do it all by myself, without one helping hand from all those mortar boards I have looked up to all my life, until I found they had never dirtied their soft hands with even one lowly stone?

If you want to know your science, then study the Piltdown skull scandal, and rejoice. They finally found that they had been duped about one jawbone!

They've been duped about *all* the skulls—none of them are pertinent!

Man was NOT a lowbrow, but with a higher brow than now, even when he swam the oceans and breathed water!

So how can any of their skulls be correct reconstructions, even when their finding in the strata is accurate? They aren't pertinent, for they form a false picture of the past!

Man was there, when the trilobites were not extinct, and the seas teemed with vast bodied carnivores. Man was there, with tools and ships and sealing wax and Lords and Kings and courts.

Don't let them tell you differently. If you have a doubt, just study some photos of the moon. They can't lie the lady off the moon. And if you want to know what she means by kissing a Cyrano de Bergerac nose, ask any layman and he will tell you that in those days they rubbed noses because they knew that kissing strangers was unsanitary.

And he would be much more right than all the wordy evaders of truth.

Profile behind profile, amphibious man placed his ranks and his beauty and his vitals of strength and courage in rows like an army in files. You can't miss him—all you have to do is look for him. And there he is, multitudinous, perfect, impossibly complex; such marvelous art, worked on and in the rocks.

Deep-carved or lightly engraved, projected magically into the stone or carefully modeled over the whole surface, the kinds of it are nearly as numerous as the mers themselves were.

As one learns that the lights and shadows of modeling complex forms were child's play for them, one realizes they were sculpturally masters. Perhaps many books were just that—child's play books. I puzzled and delighted over Puss-in-Boots in the "stone age" version.

You see, you do not have to go to Greece to dig a ruin. You can do it in your own area quite successfully, if you are so inclined.

The ruins stick out of the landscape so numerous, so vast, so ever-present they would seem available to anyone with any access to the outdoors anywhere!

Yet our generations of antiquarians and the generations of them in the last century have chased their concept of an early man as a primitive around and around like, "The ragged robbers ran around the rugged rocks," in the typing exercises I didn't do.

And all the while the rugged rocks were themselves the everlasting remnants of early man... "in situ", as the antiquarians would say it. Vast boulders of blue granite in which the veinings are little human figures swimming forever in their ocean of blue granite are not only not impossible to find, **THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO FIND**, if one looks!

Much of this rock is "Sea People" rock.

* * * * *

Now, the "Sea People" were ourselves, long and long ago. They have a familiar appearance to us. Their omnipresent humor, their several tongues, are all familiar things. There is also something indescribable (like the thrill in a boat's wake behind you) that gives a feeling of kinship, like meeting a long-lost brother, with the sea people.

I feel the sea people came first from space and made their home in Earth's seas and loved the place like home.

There is really no single reason for this; it is just a feeling. The sea people, as well as the larger Cyclopeans, have a singular thrilling something. One feels they are "star people". But there is no way to prove such a feeling.

I think it springs from the vast art works and shapings of Earth's surface. One feels that natives would never have changed things so much.

Their immense technology gives rise to this

opinion, too. One feels that it took ages of life on many older planets before they came here having so much know-how.

One feels that the whole Earth was shaped into one vast space-port—a sort of planet-wide park for the vast space ships to have a place big enough and lovely enough to stretch their legs in any direction.

The huge girl bathing in Victoria Falls would have had to be shaped there when the whole river was diverted or before there was a river. But it is only a feeling, like looking at a painting and knowing the painter was one born in Holland because of all the tulips.

The only point in question here is, "Did man develop space travel and his vast abilities from scratch, or did he acquire them from more ancient worlds out in space?" It is a question without any answer because he **DID** have space contact, however it first began.

One really doesn't care whether the chicken came before the egg.

* * * * *

The Sea People's rock is different, there is more of it, it is older (in most cases it seems so, anyway), and it is more varied. It has its own singular grace and long-limbed fantastic beauty, a singularly different quality from landlubber rock books.

It is varied in its several sizes, too. One knows the mers occurred in a variety of species, like fish of today are of many species and sizes.

It is rather obvious, once you learn something about the Sea People from a study of their rock, that they did develop book rock making in the oceans of Earth from small beginnings.

It seems so, by some of the very small and very basic picture rock one can find. But this could just as well be the work of school children learning the art.

The range of mer rock from these smallest, most basic to the highest state of intricate perfection; and the compact quality of condensation of much into little space is fantastic!

But it is never precisely obvious on more mature thought that the art did arise first on Earth. One feels it only seems so, perhaps because moderns have the feeling that nothing wonderful can ever be on this sad planet. But that feeling is modern, not antique.

So it is possible that it all began on Earth, but it doesn't seem probable to a modern mind.

It is very possible that space travel began on Earth and then reached out to other worlds and

built the vast space commerce. But it doesn't seem quite probable.

One feels that it all came here full-fledged from a vast network of space-faring peoples of other worlds out there. The giants are a little too large to have been a product of a small planet. The littlest races seem too small to be in fact natives of Earth.

However, one's whole sense of size and appearance becomes out of whack in peering long hours at the many-sized images in rock books. So perhaps the giants were not quite that big, and the littles not quite that little.

However, unless the study of rock books becomes general and a vast new science springs from it, we will never know such fine points as who started what and where.

It may never be decided until we run into our cousins on the old space routes and they give us our own history intact and unwrecked by a falling moon.

Out there, we may be able to look it all up in their libraries. Personally, I think we had better do the work on our own planet first.

If we have a planet after the atomic war they keep on the brink of possibility.

In my place in Wisconsin I had some large mer stone with a traditional sort of "Eve" and her court. In this picture she had a back fin of formidable size, as well as leg fins and other "weird" appendages to her very evident beauty.

Numerous quite large and glittering fins were a mark of great beauty in those days.

So there was a tradition of "Eve" as the "First Mother" by some pictured layout and concept. But this also can be but the reflections of our own modern traditions in our own ignorant minds. In fact, she is probably a very definite individual, a certain famous person surrounded by her admirers and her servants and her friends. Such stones prove often to be like biographical portraits, the lifetime of a person all condensed into one stone, and the babe as well as the oldster all the same person!

But I think they did conceive the first mother of men *on this planet!*

Perhaps because it was so, and the first mother of a colonist group new-landed would so portray and make much of the first mother—the "Eve" of the new race of Earth! (Refer to the legend of the Earth-Mother of Peru.)

Anyway, there is a vastness of time and change built into such pictures that is palpable. Much more so than modern ideas of what to put in a book, I often think.

There are many books. They show many varied races of Sea People, large ones and small ones and ones with plated scales like sturgeons, and others with no scales, as colorful as trout in motion.

One thinks that the mer must be a cross-breed, a mixture of many races from many places in space, until one realizes that in nature these many varieties of life seldom cross breed.

We may, like the sparrows, be as cross-bred as that pugnacious English pest, but a strict study of the past seems to show that we are not. That is, the very oldest and most lovely are as familiar of face and form as Liz Taylor or Raquel Welch.

The ancient mers sang, endlessly and beautifully. They sing in the legends of the mermaids, too, you may remember.

I had a letter from an Australian woman living on the coast. She said she could hear them singing out on the barrier reef, in the dark. One wonders, for such letters and tales are not isolated. I remember one of those globe girdlers coming in to Boston, I think it was. He told the newspaper that out in the middle of the ocean he could hear strange singing close, from the waves, and what he said he saw were mermaids! From a one-man boat.

I had a letter from an oldtimer who knew the ships in the old days of the whaling crews. He said the whalers talked of certain places in the ocean where they didn't harpoon whales, but chased mermaids.

It may very well be that the last of all the mers is right now dying in the Pacific oceans, of a white man's disease, as so many of the Indians died.

While our Condons and our pedants of various kinds are so busy explaining away all the wonder of Earth, the wonder dies in the lonely reaches of the oceans and the deserts, of sheer estrangement from our "modern" world.

I myself am so estranged from it all I don't really care any more what becomes of the people of Earth. They have turned their back on my way of thought and my way of life so often I can't really feel I belong to them.

I don't want to lump them all as book-burners and blue-noses, but it proves difficult, some days.

The mers sang, endlessly and beautifully. If you want to know what they sang about and what was the melody, all you need to do is to pick up one of their stones and study the score that fills so many of them. Musical score is not hard to recognize, for it is made of processions of people with instruments. The positions of the arms and legs and their postures are the notes, BUT there are also notes somewhat like our modern score. Just how

all this fits together with modern musical score, I don't know. I can't read that either.

But medievals could, and did, read antique musical score from stones. It was so written by more than one medieval writer. I noticed this in my own library researches, but assumed they were referring to rune stones. They weren't, I know now.

Anyway, what modern knows what a rune stone really was, back when the rune readers read runes to foretell the future?

One assumes they contained the ruder runes of later Scandinavian and Norse times. But it is a pure assumption, too.

Mer stones are full of musical score, and one realizes that mers had to be air breathers to be singers. One can hardly conceive of a gill and underwater breather developing a fancy for song.

So mers must, like the whale and the seal, be of a life form that ONCE LIVED ON LAND and then returned to the water. The dolphin, the seal. . .there are a number of air-breathing water animals.

The mer was evidently one of those, and indeed pictures show both types, and a regular intercourse between water people and land people went on, in trade and other things, like wives they had to carry home on their backs.

So it becomes more or less evident that land people were a mixture of sea peoples of several species, until one remembers that in nature these many varieties do not usually interbreed, and when they do the cross proves infertile like the mule.

There were mers with twenty feet of graceful and powerful length. There seem to have been others no more than two feet, if that. One sees huge people untangling such little ones from their nets. . .with faces of sorrow and self-blame for unwittingly causing a death.

From such expressions one learns of the ancient ways of gentle compassion and of a lack of modern kinds of cruelty and intolerance. It seems they all got along amazingly well in their variety.

And studying such pictures of huge people rescuing little people from dire peril one thinks of Biafra and the Nigerian cruelties to their Biafran "subjects". Have men come so low, so much lower than their earlier ways of life? I think so!

They had wars, too. But to me their wars seem to have been with a huge sort of serpent people, not really mers at all. I would certainly like to know what they will make of the rock books two hundred years from now, but knowing the pedants as I do I wouldn't believe their interpretations

anyway.

It seemed to me they all had too much to do to war with each other.

Then, too, one realizes that space commerce and the opportunity to expand into other worlds out in space took off the pressures we assume to have been present. They did not have our ways. They had the ways of people with space commerce and traditions of law and order much older and wiser than our own.

There were several distinct, highly developed, highly civilized species of mers. One suspects that in still earlier times there were as many as we now have varieties of fish.

But the whole complex picture of a sea ecology organized around a vast population with its need for sea food is rather too much for me. One sees their vast sculptures and knows that a culture that produced such things knew what to do about ecology, and did it thoroughly.

If they hadn't had things under control they wouldn't have had the leisure to produce such things in such infinite variety.

The picture that emerges of the earliest times is one of strict control of every life form, as to numbers and kind and use. But, then, such a picture emerges when one studies the ecology of the wild life of a prairie!

I think they knew enough to build in this sort of interlocking control from the very beginning because they came from space and from worlds where such an infinite knowledge of how and why to handle life was ages old!

I think we still have such interlocking ecologic design BECAUSE it was a design from the very beginnings, and certain writings and pictures bear out this "assumption". That is, it is a lot more than assumption.

I think that the ignorance of modern men is totally destroying this ancient ecological structure, and that what we are going to have as a result of modern ignorance is a life not worth living anywhere, tormented as are city dwellers of today. And not only in the cities.

For instance, when you step off a path in Arkansas the ticks and chiggers eat you alive, mainly because the bird population was never a particular care in the minds of the people of Arkansas. But ticks and chiggers breed on cattle, don't they?

Only when you don't have enough cow birds and tick birds. . .

I saw a jay killing a tarantula one day and saw the same man in whose yard the tarantula was

killed shooting blue jays...“because they eat eggs”.

All the same day.

He shoots squirrels, too, and preaches from the pulpit three times a week.

You know, I can't shoot a squirrel since the day I noticed a squirrel had hands. They are very human-looking little hands, especially on a dead one you've shot.

I think such feelings are the ancient built-in law, the covenant that once ruled Earth, made it peaceful. To each his own and no others, was the covenant.

Today we don't even know what the covenant was for, let alone what it was in words.

I think we KNOW what to do when we listen to our inner feelings. That is inherited memory remembering the covenant that once ruled us all.

But who am I to tell a preacher shooting blue jays that maybe he wouldn't like the endless number of tarantulas if there were no blue jays to battle them?

I think the blue jay eats eggs because he can't remember the covenant, either, which makes me some kind of nut, in modern parlance.

I still don't like tarantulas, and you see them swarming over the road in their frequent migrations like a hideous black carpet. You know, the big tarantulas eat baby birds, too. They probably can't remember, either.

That may sound like humor, but what is happening to the life patterns of our Earth is not humorous. It is the tragedy of utter ignorance destroying its own environment.

And including the built-in memory our ancestors provided when they spent a million years or so making everlasting rock books for us.

They aren't everlasting any more when they are cracked up into road gravel and the black top spread over the gravel. And they aren't even a memory.

Ignorance is not a friend. It is a form of death, a disease, like retarded children. And we've got it, wherever we turn.

After spending fifteen years trying to tell just one “scientist” there was such a thing as a rock book, without success, I would say there is considerable retardation around.

We don't have to be ignorant of how things should go and could go on our world. And we don't have to be ignorant of how to get out into space and learn from other worlds.

But as long as we are so blind as never to notice there are writings and pictures of vast profundity

in half our rocks lying about, we do have to be ignorant. It is the ignorance of the blind who never learned to read or even tried to hear. It is a total blindness, without Braille and without ears.

But they sure can talk.

* * * * *

The whole complex picture of sea life of a completely different sort than one finds there today contains that element of unknowable and incalculable lengths of time and occurrence of unknown events.

Piling guess upon guess is a parlay too much like the gambling with facts that has gone on for centuries in this field of pre-history. I don't want to indulge myself in this idiot's game.

We do not have to guess any more. We can read the books written at the time it all occurred, by the people who were there at the time. All it takes is the initial effort of stooping over to look at a few “local” rocks.

I keep getting letters asking, “Are any of the varied types of mers still living, hidden in the vastnesses of our oceans?” or words to the same effect.

Well, I genuinely believe that one of these days some scuba diver will take hold of a dangle of seaweed and find himself holding the arm of a mer!

For one tradition of mer sea life was the art of camouflage. An army of mers could exist before your eyes without your knowing it, they were so good at camouflage. They had to be, with killer whales and shark herds rampaging about. Besides other ancient threats that show so much larger than even the biggest of the mers.

Mers wear seaweed, and duck into the nearest reef or bank or the bottom, to resemble the rest of the scene so naturally. This is a part of their art, too, this art of making things look like other things, which permeates all their rock art. Pictures are always reversible and full of surprises, just as their life in the oceans was full of surprises.

But what will probably happen, if the mers run true to their ancient deadly habits with enemies, is that the ram knife in their helmet will come into play before the scuba diver knows what hit him. At least, that's the way it looks in the pictures; the mer was not a milk-and-water diplomat.

Just as the monster of Loch Ness still goes his way unseen and untouched, so do the mers of the ocean. . . if any still exist. And I believe there are still some mers in our oceans, as undiscoverable as the rock books their ages of life on Earth produced

so endlessly. Our kind stumbled over their rock books, piled them in "stone piles", and made walls of them, without ever really looking at one. The same sort of blindness has probably hidden the existence of the mers in our oceans. Who could tell another, if he did see one? He would not be believed.

Yes, I think mers still exist. Just as I think the UFO exist, and that space ships speed by this Earth and its sun in far-spanning voyages, knowing more about us and our kind than we do about ourselves.

They know enough not to land where evil flourishes and such things as rock books lie unnoticed on every hillside.

I think all wonderful things exist, protected from evil only by their wonder and their beauty. . . and that has not been enough. Wonder and beauty and Earth itself are perishing of man's utter pig-like ignorance. I think this utter and complete ignorance is a phenomenon of today, rather than of the "dark ages".

Man is ignorant not from his own fault but from the effect of repeated moon-falls. Yes, we are ignorant beyond all reason's power to relieve the condition. One can speak and neither be heard nor understood, just as the one-eyed man spoke in the valley of the blind, and had his eye put out for his trouble.

I think today is the time of the Tower of Babel much more so than the one spoken of in the Bible that is really a suspect substitute for the genuine, original Bible. The genuine Bible lies unnoticed in a rock pile.

Yes, I think our planet has become just such a hideous place of ignorant stupidities that no space ships ever come here any more because they cannot abide us and our ways and our blind stupidity, or our diseases and our cruelties and our Biafras and Viet Nams.

We are a sick people on a world that we sicken, and while it is not precisely all our fault, still what could be done about it all never gets done.

I give you the rock books of true antiquity. What are you personally going to do about them? I will tell YOU—it is a simple enough tale.

You are going to ignore it, perhaps be entertained for a brief moment of real thought, and then you are going to put it out of your mind because you are too utterly lazy to go out into the fields and hillsides and pick up a few stones for yourself!

You would be embarrassed to be caught with dirty hands and you would not want anyone to see you climbing a fence!

And to insist to a professor that such a thing as rock books existed would be to you unthinkable, wouldn't it?

I want to quote some of the passages one can find where they say what happened to the Earth, without mentioning the cause specifically as a moon-fall. I don't recall any of these writers mentioning the moon specifically as the "Satan" of Earth's troubles. But they do so in many myths, and I recall accounts of the moon losing ice as it passed overhead so closely that whole surfaces of ice fell from the moon. This ice fall I failed to find in the rock books, which doesn't mean it can't be found there.

From page 275 of "Earth in Upheaval" by Velikovsky, I quote:

"Cities were overturned, epidemics left the dead piled in common graves; the pursuit of arts and commerce came to an abrupt end, empires ceased to exist. . .strata of earth, dust, and ashes yards thick covered the ruined cities. In many places the population was annihilated. . .climate changed. . .etc."

Claude Schaeffer analyzed the archeological finds of every place excavated from Troy at the Dardanelles over all Asia Minor, Armenia, the Caucasus, Persia, Syria, and Palestine to Egypt in Africa. He summarizes his extensive volume thus:

"Our inquiry has demonstrated that these periods of repeated crises which opened and closed the principal periods of the third and second millenia were not caused by the action of man. Far from it, because compared with the vastness of these all-embracing crises and their profound effects, the exploits of conquerors. . .would only appear insignificant."

There is little use to quote a lot of these findings, and in fact there are only a few like Schaeffer who really do go into the repeated destructions and their non-man causes. They are included to show you that the moon-falls happened, and left unnumerable traces of vast extent all over the world. They are always puzzled about, as no one seems to get around to realizing that the moon has been in an unstable orbit for perhaps its whole stay in our skies, and did in fact periodically carom off Earth.

All of them have to concur in the layers found in most digs, and that although the various layers would lead one to expect rich cities on top and primitive cities in lower layers, the reverse was the case.

I quote again:

“Water clocks and sundials that show a different length of day, or altered latitudes; change in the orientation of ancient temples which originally faced east but do so no longer. I also closely examined in my book the calendars of the civilized people of antiquity from Mexico and Peru to Greece, Iran, Israel, Babylon, Assyria, India and China, and the calendar reforms that were made. . .” (Claude Schaeffer)

These quotations noting time shifts, polar shifts, change in directions. . .all the endless evidences that Earth changed the time of its rotation more than once. . .and that things that faced east do not face east now, etc.

There is an endless lot of evidence left by the past moon-falls, whether they were seven or ten or only two. These moon-falls have not only destroyed our cities and eliminated most of the people on Earth over and over, they have also caused what I call “devolution” or backward evolution. People are a great deal smaller, being as much as only a third as large as at some periods.

If you have read enough history you may have read the historian who said that the Napoleonic Wars had reduced the average height of the French race by some six inches, according to army records before and after Napoleon, which I can believe.

Long periods of privation and losing the natural environment cause dwarfism in any animal. Dwarf horse herds are found in canyons where horses got in and could not get out again. The lack of grass and the overcrowding resulted in time in a dwarf horse.

All of these changes show that Earth was struck repeated blows that changed the time or rotation and the polar directions. There are magnetic measurements that show Earth was turned over entirely so that the north pole was then the south pole. One wonders how such measurements ever came to be published.

To my mind all this evidence shows that the moon does not have a habit of staying up there in its orbit, but is in an orbit that is not precisely stable, i.e., is regularly disturbed, probably magnetically disturbed, and it drifts poleward, south pole of moon to north pole of Earth, or vice versa. This is what you call “theory”. You observe the girdle of abrasions on the moon, and you read about all the series of catastrophes, and you pick up rocks with pictures of the moon smacking into Earth, and you finally get it through you that the moon has been habitually caroming off Earth for a long, long time.

The only reason I go into this, *here*, is because there are a number of others like Schaeffer mentioning the repeated catastrophes’ immense extent, and the change in orientation of direction and the different length of day. They do not seem to get around to saying that the nearest obvious cause is the most probable cause of all these catastrophes, and that it will most certainly happen again.

But the myths do mention the moon and describe it coming down closer and trailing long streamers of debris as it starts to burn air. I think more search of the myths is in order.

There is another kind of quote that should be included in this book. These are the quotes of very ancient records showing the curious variations in life spans and their amazing extent.

Here is what certain ancient documents have to say about life spans.

I quote from pages 517 and 518 of “In Search of Adam” by Wendt.

“The Sumerians have bequeathed to us one document that completes the circle of our observations and also illuminates the record of generations in the Bible. It is the chronology of the human race enshrined in the ‘lists of kings’. Unfortunately this chronology has only come down to us second-hand, fancifully metamorphosed and embellished by a Babylonian. It states that the epochs from the creation of mankind until the Flood make up a period of 465,000 years—an amazing assertion which, curiously enough, has a rough agreement in the findings of modern research. For anthropologists and prehistorians also assume a period of about 500,000 years to have elapsed between the first appearance of man in Europe and the Near East and the inception of the age of metal. According to the Babylonian version of the Sumerian lists of kings, only *ten* rulers reigned over and during this whole epoch, a number that corresponds with the ten patriarchs of the Bible from Adam to Noah. Consequently, each of these rulers attained an age on the average of 45,000 years.”

Note that the life-span is seemingly quite impossibly long and fantastic, yet there is an agreement from two other sources on the thing! The immense size of some structures and artifacts of personal use suggest rather solidly that the very early man DID live impossibly long and grow to titan size.

I quote further:

“And at a still later date, when the Mosaic story of creation originated, the text of the ‘chronology’ underwent a still further revision, in which each of the ten patriarchs since Adam was given a less fantastic age of nine hundred years. In the eyes of those who stuck to the letter of the tradition, the age of the human must have shrunk to a mere fraction of that formerly held by the Sumerians.”

Note the variables of length of year, month and day that enter into all such estimates of time, are translated through more than one tongue and that we do not know that all these variables were considerably lengthened by each moon-fall.

Thus, if the moon struck Earth at a certain speed solidly enough, the rate of rotation could have been cut from a twelve-hour rotation to a twenty-four-hour rotation, and that it looks as if such changes did take place seven times over. Thus, all time estimates before moon-falls began would have been based on a different length of day and a different system of dating—one in which a “month” had nothing to do with the moon, since we didn’t yet have a moon. There exists no genuinely dependable way to get these forgotten time measurements into use again, except perhaps the Mayan calendar based on Venus’s rotation around the sun, or the Aegir calendar based on what?

There is no way of knowing precisely after the moon struck Earth just what was meant by a year, before the moon-fall. It had nothing to do with our time or years based on twelve “moons”.

So just what they mean by their 500,000 years for man to “appear” and become the “first” to make metal tools is anyone’s guess. And ten rulers, each of whom lived an average of 45,000 years can be just mistranslation or it can be fact, based on a different sort of time and a different day and year. And the possibility that the ancient record is talking about “Lords” living in the great race’s “living chambers” designed to prolong life is also there. But that is too fantastic even to mention. It seems the truth is always more fantastic than the lie.

How you get at the truth of these time records through all that mist of millenniums of total error and falsehood piled on it is fantastic, if they ever did it. I don’t think they did.

If you cut the Mosaic timetable of 900-year life spans in half, you get 450-year life spans. This is not entirely incompatible with what we call sense, if you recall that a couple of modern scientists

named Carrel and Lindbergh have kept living tissue living over a period of time considered to indicate possible immortality for chicken flesh under controlled conditions.

That is, if you credit these ten patriarchs with some science, which, considering their life spans, they could have acquired all by themselves in all that time.

The possibility of natural living conditions having been so different and so conducive to long life in these earlier times is not impossible, if you reverse the modern rate of pollution and stretch the resulting reversal back that far.

This slowing down of life expectancy, say, in milk. You take fresh milk and let it sour. The first bacteria live longer than the second generation, and the third still less, and so on, until the bacteria have soured the milk up to a point where their own wastes kill them off.

If you consider modern pollution and consider our crowded cities and smog and a dead Lake Erie as “sour milk”, you can see that such life spans in earlier times may make sense if they were having multitudes of children over those immense spans of life.

However, that is too fantastic to think about, like everything else in the past.

I have my private suspicions that this difference in longevity is not entirely a Biblical sort of fairy tale. There was some immense fact about those early times not known by our modern ignoramuses, trying to think about 45,000-year life spans and not doing very well with it.

But the giant races of the far past were a fact, and they could have been a direct result of a pure environment in which nothing was poisoned by wastes or by moonfalls opening stored wastes they had learned to keep sealed off from life.

There are the immense structures they built all over the world, which are mentioned only vaguely by modern writers, to testify to their size and power.

You can take ordinary fish in an ordinary farm pond, and by fertilizing the water you can grow fish to more than twice their “normal” size, whatever the word “normal” may mean.

In some lakes you catch perch no bigger than two to three inches that never do get any bigger in that lake.

I think that present-day standards of size and longevity are a direct result of degradation of environment, due to our total ignorance of how a human environment should be controlled, and that our standards of “proper” longevity and size are

about what the two-inch perch in the soiled and poisoned and dying lake would have in its head if you could look.

The whole problem of environment leading to longevity is one of understanding the beneficial factors, forces and nutrients in an environment and increasing them. This has been fairly well demonstrated by a large number of "experimenters" other than Carrel and Lindbergh. Understanding the problems of poisonous wastes and eliminating them comes under the same heading, "How to Live longer."

Some kinds of whales, probably those who frequent the cleaner parts of our oceans, live over two hundred years and attain very whalish sizes.

You know, by adding to Carrel and Lindbergh's perfusion L₁ & a "normal" amount of poisonous wastes and distilled smog you could cut that chicken down to "normal" longevity in a hurry.

We could, today, create living chambers in which "people" could live to ages perhaps fantastic enough to suit anyone. . .but it is too fantastic to try in a lab.

Trust by utilizing what we "know" about controlled environment we could change a lot of concepts now considered "normal", but I guess it is too fantastic to "know" how to do anything we really need to do.

Such things are not done, for the same reason the rock boons are not noticed or studied. They just can't think, due to the same causes that make them small, puny, and not at all "like unto the ancient Gods", as Homer put it. I wonder how those words sounded in the Greek?

Our "organized" society cannot ever do what is best for it to do. This is evidenced by our crowded ghettos and sour cities slowly dying or rapidly dying of their own ignorance, or their own inability to put what they know into action.

Crowded ghettos and overcrowded schools are "this tragic Earth" today. Sick people calling sick existence "normal" are our tragic Earth, waiting for a moon-fall to wipe it out. Tenements full of normally sick people are not so much a result of exploitation as a result of enforced ignorance visited upon us all through a millenium of monopoly in this enlightened dark age we live in.

The poor organization of modern peoples is such that they cannot take any advantage of advances in scientific knowledge because any such advance is stymied by communication problems which arise directly from monopolistic practices through a long history of monopoly of all the "wisdom" of the past ages. IP is a dog-in-the-manger monopoly that doesn't know enough to utilize the same wisdom it keeps shut away from us all.

Pictures that cannot be denied.—Total violation of the laws of chance.—Carved surfaces.—Three-dimensional layered rocks.—Paintings made from projections.—Electronic marvels of the past?

Part II — PICTURES IN STONE

This is one of those mysterious stones found in the northwest states of our country called "Thunder Eggs". The scientific theory regarding their formation is that they were volcanic "bubbles" of mud which were hurled into the air during an eruption and were solidified before they hit the ground or water, leaving their hollow interiors to be filled with mineral salts over the ages which hardened into the agatized interior which makes these stones highly prized both by rock hunters and gemologists. Quite a few "precious" stones are simply provident concentrations of certain mineral salts which form valuable gems, from which beautiful jewelry can be cut.

One of the less recognized factors of rock hunting is the specialized field of discovering rocks in which there are "pictures". Some of these agate-type stones contain what are called "accidentals" by those who specialize in this sort of stone, in that they have a recognizable "picture" in them when cut and polished.

The stone pictured here is such a thunder egg. You will have no difficulty in seeing the picture it contains. It is a shoreline in the foreground with growing shrubbery and trees, the expanse of a lake, in which are mirrored the clouds that float in the sky above, a distant shoreline with white sand dunes, and in the center, an erupting volcano with its plume of smoke, and a cloud of ashes descending behind it.

It is difficult to go to a National Art Gallery and look at some of the paintings there which are



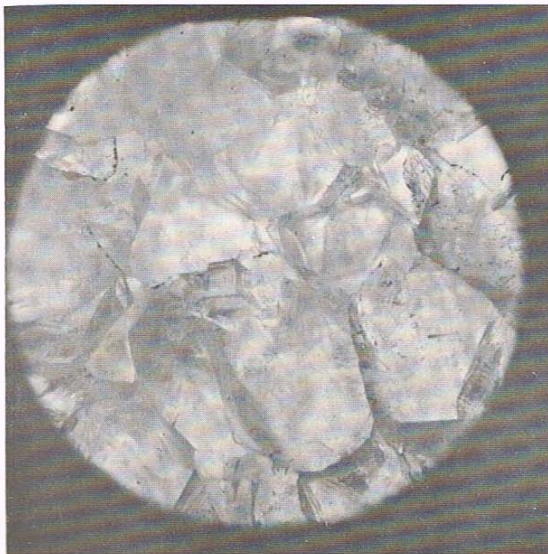
termed art, and then look at a picture such as in this stone and state definitely that one is a deliberate attempt at reproducing a scene, while the other is accidental. It seems, often, that the accidental is far better than the deliberate.

To those who are inclined to stress the accidental nature of this "picture in stone", it might be pointed out that their insistence involves a good measure of incredibility on their side of the argument. Water is often used to find a "level", by builders. The surfaces of two containers of water, one placed above the other, will form parallel surfaces. Applying a T-square to this "picture" in stone, it is stretching coincidence somewhat in the other direction to say that the line of the water on the far shore is precisely parallel to the surface line of the small shore pool in the foreground by "accident". If one supposition is invalid, then so is the other.

We are reminded of a passage in the Bible which refers to the fact that God writes upon the stones of Earth. And in Oahspe, reference is made to the "histories of man being recorded in the stones of Earth".



Using a microscope to view the surface of an ordinary stone (ordinary only if you do not recognize it as a "rock book") brings out astounding things. The photos on this page are examples. Bear in mind that these photos are not made from cut rock, but of the time-worn ancient surface. Originally the entire surface was covered with images; it is those in the indentations, the cracks and crevices that are best preserved. Here is a pre-deluge character grinning into a screen very like a TV screen, but is it really a tele-mach screen? There are several other people in the group, but they are worn away and very little is visible. Stones like this contain images all the way through them, and "viewing" them must have been a highly technical process, similar to stroboscopic light, penetrative x-rays or laser beams, or some electronic vision means we know nothing about today. Elsewhere in this book there are interior scenes sawed from this very rock.



Above is a microscopic view of a stone, revealing a very interesting object that draws attention because of its cubical shape in an amorphous background. Is it what it seems to be? Perhaps we should look more closely.

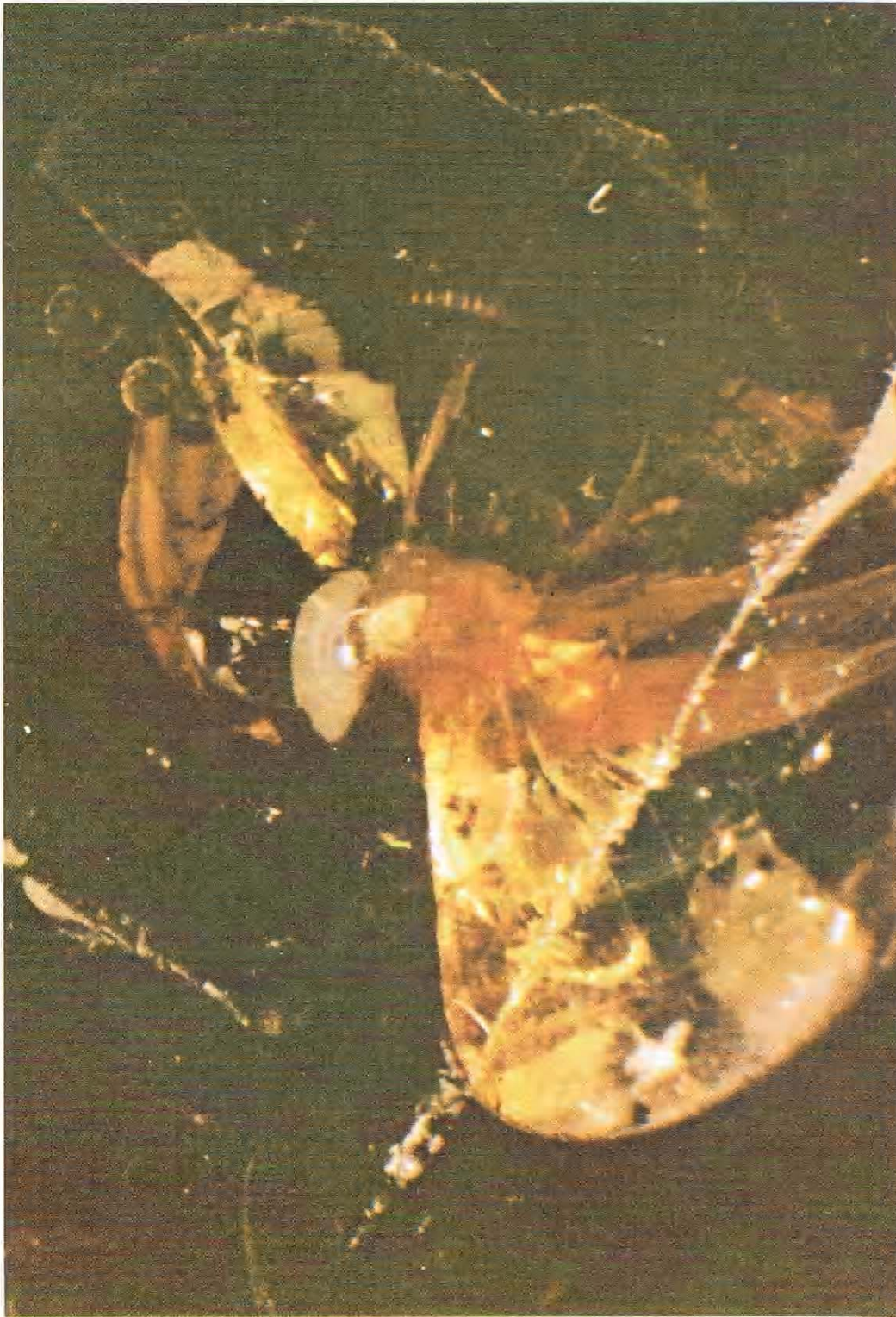


An enlargement of the print astounds us even more. We see a very "modern" small building. Is there smoke coming from the chimney, and is that a man approaching the stairway leading up to the two-story structure?

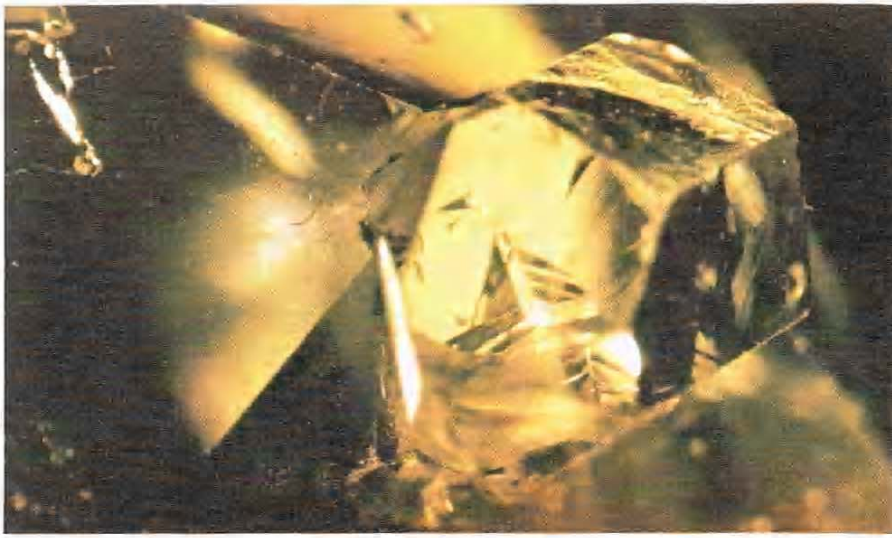


At first glance, these photos are only the magnified roughness of what really is a stone worn almost smooth by the action of the elements. And at first glance, there is nothing to be seen but a hodge-podge of conglomerate. But keep on looking at it. Squint at it, turn it sideways, up-side down; knowing what you are seeing takes time and experience. Look in the lower left-hand area of the left-hand picture above. Do you see the woman with the high hair-do? Look again at the hair—it's a man's face, staring upward. Look at the lower left-hand corner of the photo on the right. How can you miss that pretty girl! Turn the picture sideways to the right. Who is that toothy character glancing at you sidelong? The picture below, top-center. How intently that person stares suspiciously out at you! Keep on looking, because you'll never stop finding more people, things, animals and strange things no longer familiar in the world in which we live. Incredibly complex composite photos, superimposed one on the other, some just below the surface, some on different planes. Oh, see that lovely little blonde girl kissing the older man in the tri-cornered hat!





When sawed open, this stone reveals an amazing, lovely bird in flight. Whether viewed as shown here, or from the right, or up-side down, it is a bird viewed right-side up! It has all the delicate qualities of a humming bird, or even of a giant moth. The illusion of rapidly beating wings is astounding. Observed with the proper "viewing" instrument, would this beautiful creature actually fly before our eyes?



This is an uncut crystal, greatly enlarged. What is that metallic-looking "machine" in its depths? Or do we see a man in a helmet?

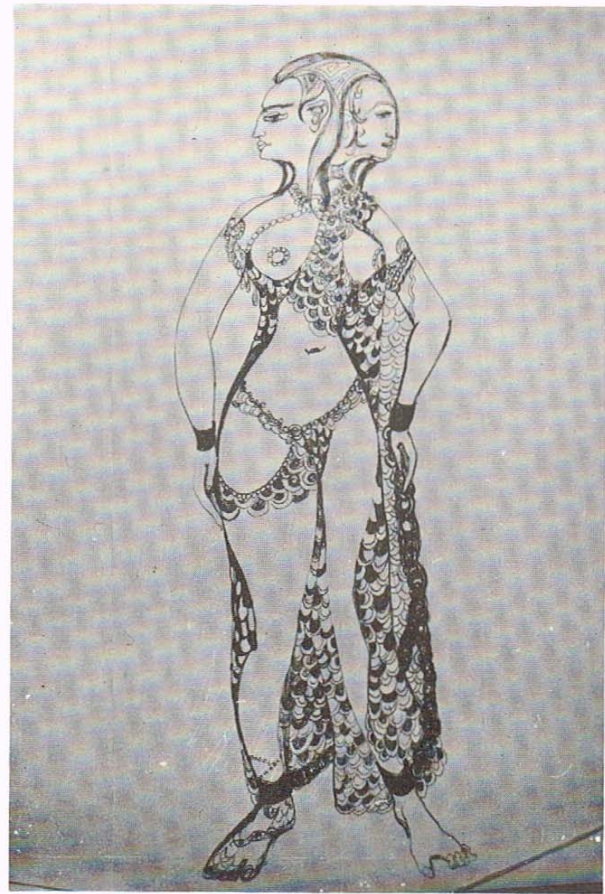
This slice of rock is sharply photographic in its graphic depiction of a steep hillside, with unmistakable trees growing up along its precipitous cliff on the right, both from the side of the cliff, and from the ravine below. And what fearsome monster do we see in the cave opening in the center of the picture? Or is an elklike animal struggling through the snow?





That looks a lot like Santa Claus delving into his bag of goodies for some child's gift (upper left), but no, Santa doesn't belong in the ancient past depicted on this eroded rock picked up in glacial till, having gone through a world flood, no one knows how many quakes, tidal waves, glacial grindings. Who is this cosmic, bearded character in the fur cap and coat? Modern repetition of ancient stereotypes is puzzling until you realize that racial inheritance and instinct or inherited memory is far more inclusive and identical than one would guess. Upper right is very obvious, but it will take a moment to see the person standing lovingly behind her, clad in a robe, his hand on her shoulder and neck; he even has a ring on his index finger! He's not missing any fingers either. Below, is that Zeus next to the coin? Is that a sheep carved into the stone at the right—complete with mustachioed shephard in another plane just below the surface?





On the next eight pages you will find pictures in stone, both exterior and interior, some of which are easy to see, and some in which a lot of "looking" is required. There are several reasons for this; one being the fact that the original is three-dimensional, and the view-plane is usually curved. Cutting through these planes and curves with a diamond saw requires enormous luck to get an instantly recognizable two-dimensional image—usually only small areas of the "cut" are "in focus". At the upper right is a Shaver pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate the ancient's methods of making figures in rock. They are formed in such a way that no matter how the rock is turned, the figures makes a face-on picture. This gives the effect of several people standing one behind the other, when in fact they are all the same figure from different angles. They are something like a strobe photo taken with a camera going around the figure from all sides. An example of multiple faces can be seen in the small photo (lower left), a surface rock photo. See how many perfect faces you can find! The monkish figure in the center of the rock slice just above it can be seen at once, as can the suggestion of many other faces be detected. The face at top left is obvious, and is a surface photo. At lower right is probably the most interesting photo. This snapshot was originally made with a Polaroid 180, using a jeweler's loup for a total magnification of 15X, then rephotographed from the print of a 1/2 inch area up to 35mm, then blowing up to a 6x8 print—on which the head of the young man came out clear as you see it here.





Cavern of the demons! Study this photo and be amazed at the myriad of weird creatures that will reveal themselves to your inspection. A scene straight out of Dante!



The Pleasure Dome of Kublai Khan! A strange edifice perched on the shore of a deep, smoothly swift river of clear, green water.



A bleak, snow-covered sheer promontory seen against a stark black sky across a mirror-smooth or frozen sea.



If you have ever seen the "Dells" of the Wisconsin River, that looming water-eroded rock overhang will be familiar, but who is the furtive man on the opposite bank of the river looking apprehensively upstream through the gorge? Or turn the photo up-side down, and find the skirted girl with upraised arms, fleeing from the edge of the crystal outcrop over the slope leading down to the river.



Do you see the beaver (facing left) perched atop the stump of the tree he has just felled with his sharp teeth?



Perhaps if we were not limited to the two-dimensional cut of this stone, we might see the file of spear-bearing warriors marching through the defile between these towering eroded mountain slopes in more detail.



The photo above is my own image in a mirror. To me it seems less plain than the photo to the right, which is remarkable indeed because it is actually somewhat close to the pencil-point diameter in the original stone! Whoever he is, he looks a lot like me! I think that given this sort of results with magnification (like the photo of the boy on page 73), it is very evident that the professional photographers of the world should be able to get perfect portraits of all the residents of the ancient world. With the electronic microscopes and the best lenses science can produce, a vast new world of research for important knowledge of the past opens up. Is what I present in this book with my poor equipment enough to stir their curiosity to look for themselves? The photo at the lower left seems more alien. While most of him has been cut away, haven't we seen this "toothy" type before? Yes! He appears on Page 69 in a different rock book! This fellow seems to be

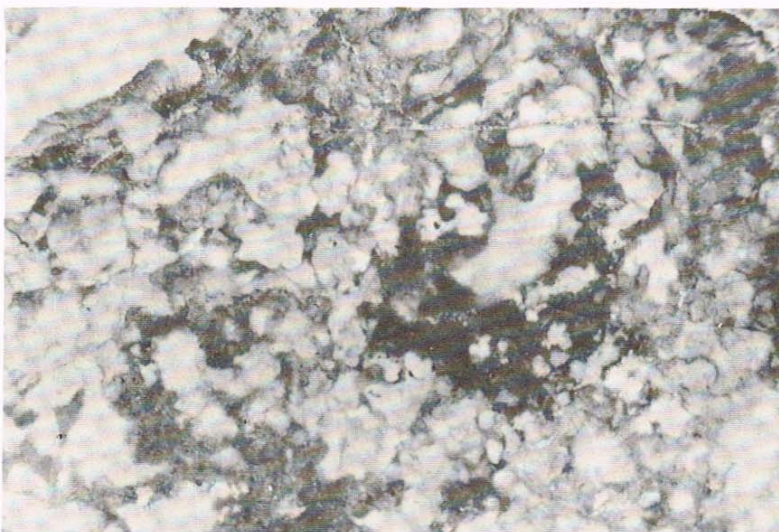


wearing a visored headgear that shades his right eye just as it should with the direction of the lighting of the face. In the pictures on the opposite page is the best proof of the ancient artists' mastery of the art of making rock-books—the reversibility of all their pictures. Turn one up-side down, it becomes another picture entirely. They did this not by trickery, but by sheer skill, placing an eye unobtrusively under the chin as a jewel. . . which becomes the eye of another face when you turn it another way. Every inch of the picture was worked over this way, to insert these parts that are un-noticeable right-side up, but become the main features up-side down. These original pictures in rock are reversible four ways, accomplished by successive projection imprints, each of which catches light at a different angle. We don't have the technical skill and knowledge of their medium to accomplish this today, but by studying these pictures we can learn more tricks-of-the-trade than is ever taught in any "modern" school of art. The very idea of a picture that changes without motion is totally foreign, and inconceivable even when it happens in front of our eyes. Some of these pictures move, but they didn't achieve it the same way we do. When they wanted motion, they used a single form, with a hundred tiny repeats, a dozen variants of related motions and meanings, all contributing to an impact on your mind.



The odd alien face in the very center with his even more alien headdress is the reason for including this photo. Is it evidence that other world people visited this planet, and were feted and paraded, as might be indicated in the entire rock scene of which this is a part?

The white column in the center (above) is a woman's figure. But it is up to you to look hard and study to grasp the high development of the style of art that even in cross-section still shows such immense grasp of the problems of over-montage of meanings encased in graphic form so that no matter how you look at it, you get a message.

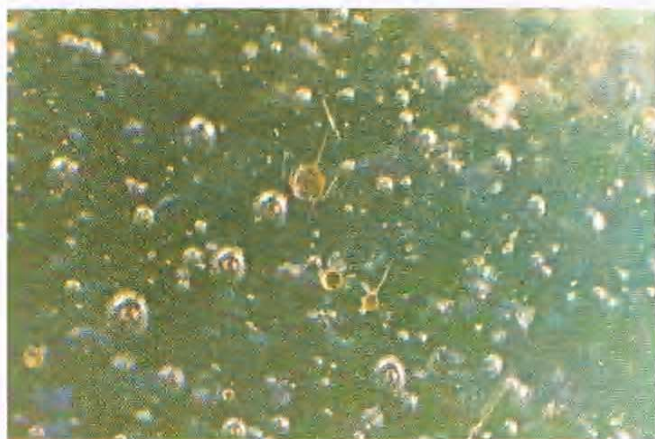


The photo above, and the photo to the left, are excellent examples of the incredible multiplicity of images and of reversibility. No matter how you view these slices of stone, animals, people and things seem to tell a story beyond our comprehension—but would it be incomprehensible if we had the original projector which scanned these image-impregnated rocks while they rotated slowly, thus producing a living, moving scenario of the story the rock has to tell? What is the story behind the floating little white figure, approaching the two giant heads in the upper right-hand corner (marred by a crack in the rock) to speak to them, while in the background a multitude of onlookers watch expectantly.



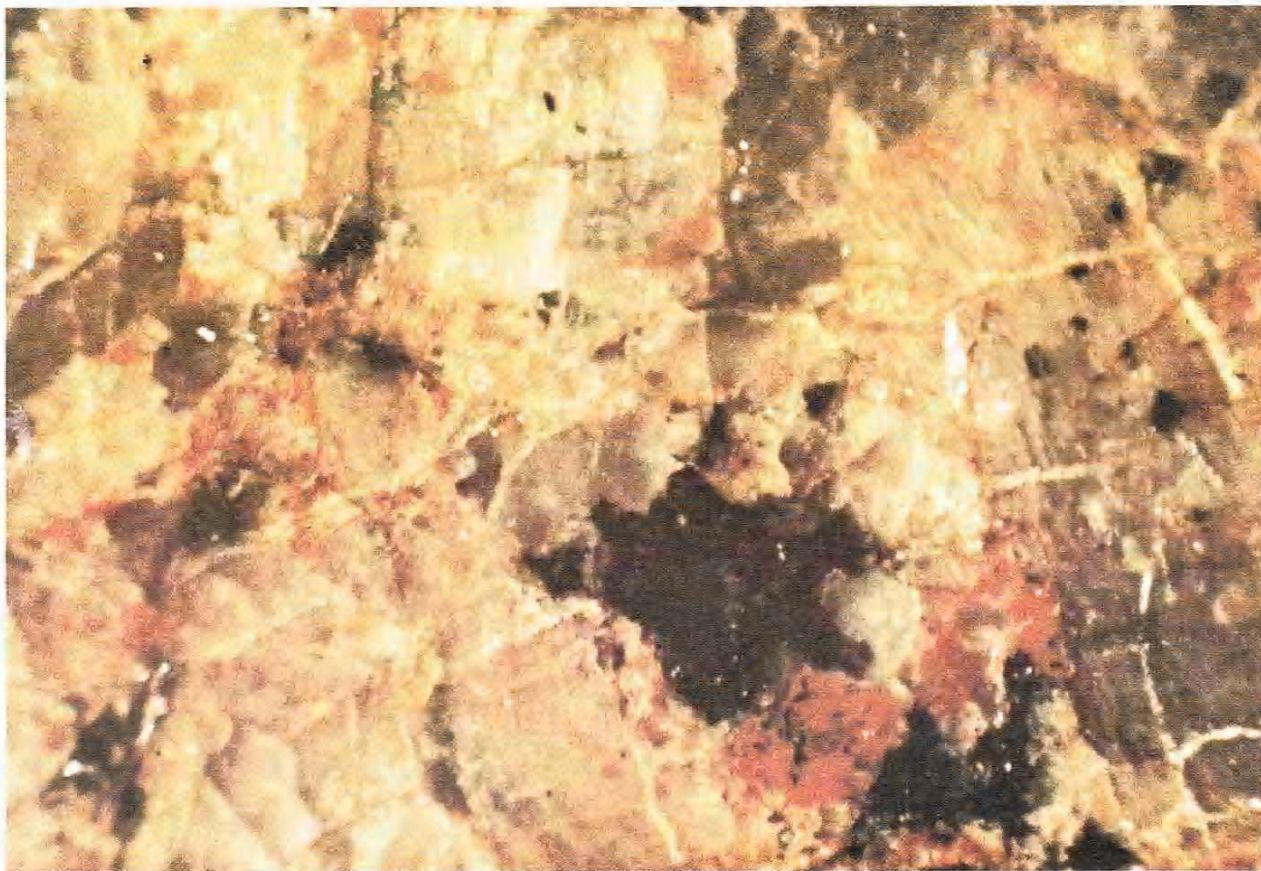
The most obvious figure in this scene is the man climbing a slope, wearing a visored cap. Viewed from the right, most of the picture resembles a giant lizard. Many lizard-froglike creatures appear on the slope.

Is that the wreck of a sunken ship with its open hatch, twisted deck ironwork and bulkheads?



Would we expect to cut open a stone and see this scene of trilobites swimming amid bubbles in a liquid under a microscope? These familiar little creatures can be seen in any biology textbook.





This highly enlarged print of a rock slice contains many microscopic images. Because the natural view-plane is curved, any saw-cut through the stone reveals only a few images in fair focus. Exceptions are the very small images, which lie just beneath the surface and can be seen in their original condition. All this is very confusing, as one expects good pictures to be plain, simple, understandable. However cross-sections of Venus de Milo would be confusing even if you knew what it was. In the case of rock-book cross sections, no one knows what the original looked like; you have to figure it out. Such enlargements of photos are always fascinating and show so many things missed in the original stone. The photo at the right is an enlargement of the area just above the dark spot in the color photo above.



What had looked like a man with a black beard has become a tiny seated female. This is one of the wonders of rock pictures—pictures in stone are separated by focal length. At one focus it is a face, at magnification it becomes a full figure. Often it will be seen that larger figures are repeated in many small variant repeats which give some idea of what the larger picture is about.

PAINTINGS MADE FROM PROJECTIONS OF ROCKS

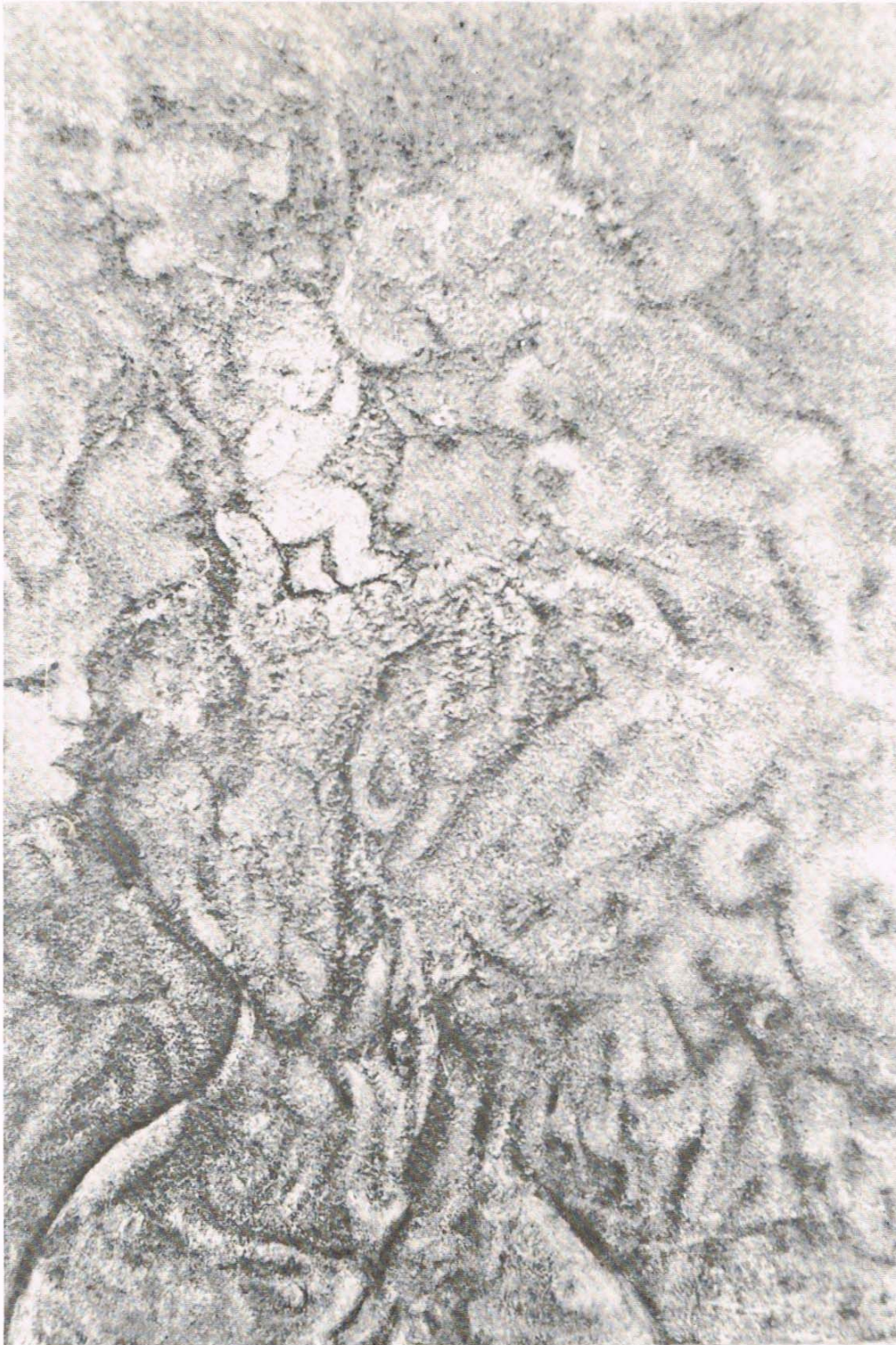
On pages 80 to 116 you will find dozens of the paintings I have made using my techniques of projecting rock images, either through thin slices like slides, using back-lighting, or by direct projection of the rock itself with an opaque projector to get the image on canvas. In some cases I use chemically treated canvas, as in making photo-prints; in others I spray other substances, such as powdered soap onto wet glue, sand, even corn meal, anything that the light from the projector will influence to fall in the same pattern as the projected image. I get the best results from treated canvas. Whatever the method, I am told that I have created a new and very valuable art form. To me the value is in showing what the rock books contain!



The photo on the right below is a closeup from the actual stone I used in painting the scene on the opposite page. I call this one "Amazons Defending Against The Attack Of The Ape Bats". The flying ape-bat was a fearsome fact of early life on Earth, and a deadly one, dropping from the tremendous forest trees in swarms like flying squirrels, but man-size and ferocious. The closeup is the ape-bat's face. It can be recognized by the fingers of the embattled Amazon on the back of its neck. The stone is badly worn by erosion, under proper lighting conditions it is still remarkably detailed.







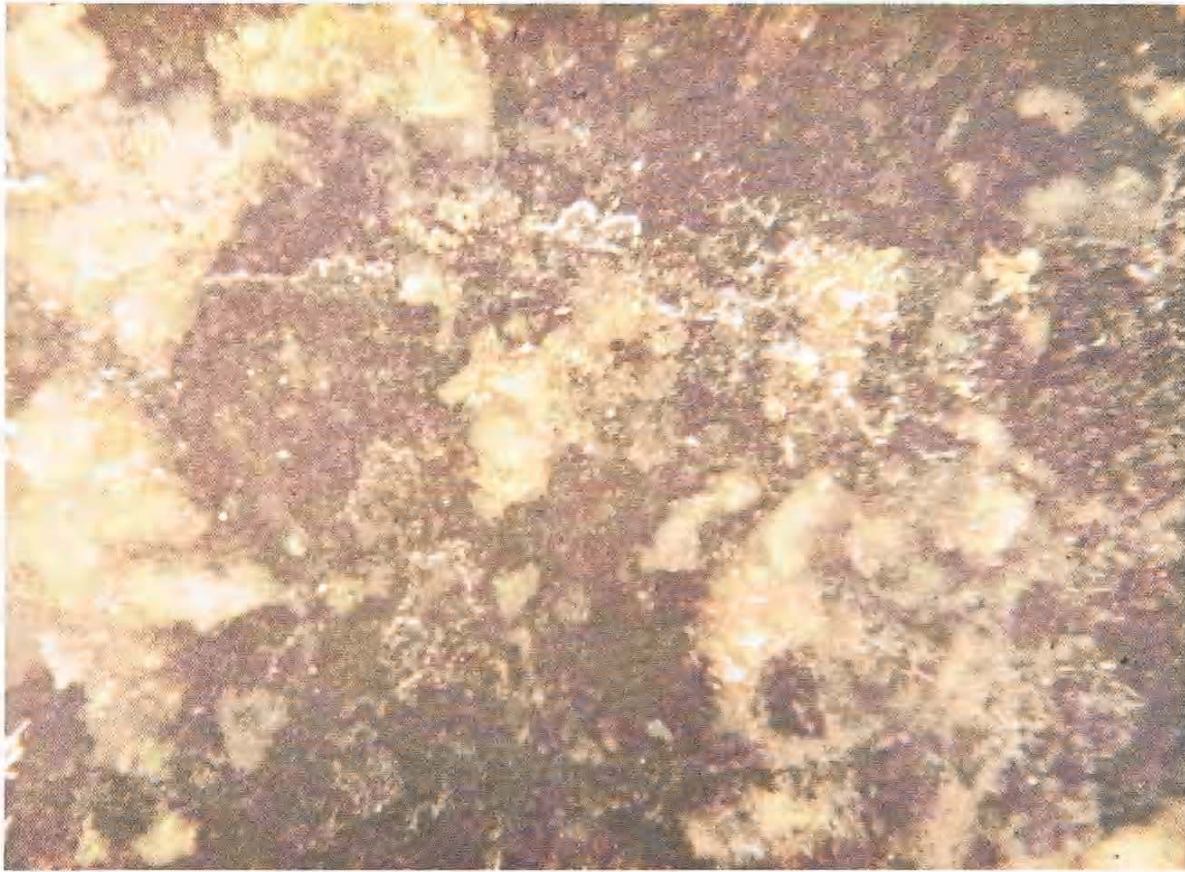
THE FIRST BORNE

This projection came out with remarkable clarity. The result is a painting with faithful fidelity to the ancient scene. Modern ideas about where things should be or what they should look like do not hold; it is necessary to guess at what these people are wearing, and why, and it is difficult to imagine what is meant. But the similarity to the traditional "nativity scene" is striking. Everybody has to see the new baby!



DADDY, HERE IS YOUR SON!

This is indeed a proud moment, as we can see in the faces of the onlookers, when mother places her first son into his father's arms. It is significant that such similar scenes, telling the same story, appear in such completeness in different stones. In this stone, the saw-cut was happily close to the true plane of the original image, yet there are "parallel plane" figures clearly visible in adjoining planes. But—is mommy a mermaid!



These are slices from the same stone. In the one above, the predominant feature is the face in the center. However, closer study shows a half-dozen other faces and whole figures, both human and animal. The photo to the right is perhaps a half-inch deeper into the rock, and while several human images suggest themselves, there are more animals. Perhaps you can see the laughing dog in the upper-right area.





Although this projection painting was not made from the rock slice on the opposite page, it is from a similar slice of a rock book I picked up on my farm in Wisconsin. It is a particularly hard type of stone, and it is packed with images that may be as numerous as the millions of bits of information that can be stored today in crystals by means of laser beams, and extracted in the same way. I often wonder what such a mechanism would reveal to me if I could use it on my rock books. How can I persuade the scientists to try?



In painting such scenes as this by my projection methods, there is a left versus right progression of images. There is no way to separate the changeable pictures, which in motion would depict the entire tableau that is occurring from beginning to end. What we seem to have here is a "presentation", or an examination of, tiny human figures by giant humans. Tiny humans, seated on giant hands, are frequent; and just what they are talking about or doing is something one can only guess at. In many rock books, there is a combination of pictures and alphabetical letters (or numbers) and sometimes words. They are not our words, but the letters are! If we could "read" them, the whole story might be apparent. It is like examining a film version of "Gulliver's Travels" (identified by the number on the cannister, which may be the significance of numbers showing up on rock books) which has been cut into parts, and mixed with a lot of newsreel cut film—you can't precisely tell which is which. Perhaps little people were kept as pets, and given as presents to other large people? Or did little people consult large people, and vice-versa? What is important to me is that all through the rock books it seems true that in the ancient past of Earth there were great differences in size among human beings, from tiny beings a few inches in height to giants as tall as thirty feet, or even more. Giant bones found today would seem to prove this was so.

The painting on the opposite page is not more than one-half inch long on the original stone; it showed up very unexpectedly in a developed enlarged canvas.





I was attracted to this slice of stone because the whole effect seemed to me to be an iris plant in stylized form; but in the center was a very clear feminine face. When I projected this stone onto my painting canvas using the flake glue technique, it was obvious there was more in the rock than I had seen with the naked eye! I have called my resulting painting "The Iris Dance" because the three girls dancing, clad only in tiny wild iris, or orchids, were actually one huge iris with people showing through, and grouped around as though spectators. The two dancing together are so close they seem to be one girl with three legs. This is due to the "tri-dimensional" nature of the original image in the stone, so that it would actually seem to dance when rotated in the projector obviously necessary to proper viewing—my saw-cut slices right through the middle, and the effect is two-dimensional. It is amusing to note that girls are dancing with each other, while male faces "line the walls" because they can't or won't dance (just as I did when I was young!)



HOW THE PAINTINGS IN THIS BOOK ARE MADE

I have already described how I project thin slices of rock-book with a slide projector, just as you would project your color slides on your wall, except that I project them on the floor (where I place a piece of canvas or a large piece of cardboard—prepared with wet glue, or wet varnish, or just sprayed with water). In the case of the surface of a stone, I use an overhead opaque projector, which operates by reflected light. Above are four views of a fragment of “emboss” I raised on a canvas. In this case I sifted dry glue flakes on wet canvas, allowing the light to drive the flakes and glue powder by its “pressure”. Light does have pressure, you know. There are two methods to bring out the images; one is to use a fine spray of water on the glue flakes, being careful not to spray too heavily—too much melts the image, too little allows the loose glue powder to blow in the first draft of air that crosses the canvas; the other method is to bring out the high and low patterns by lightly brushing the glue with a dry brush of aluminum paint (or any thinned paint), which causes the paint to flow into the crevices and hollows and gives an accurate “development” of the picture in the emboss. The net result in both cases is a far clearer picture than seemed to exist on the rock. The process acts as an image intensifier, giving darker darks and lighter lights than in the stone. This particular canvas peeled immediately, as I forgot that I had oiled it for an ordinary painting some time before, giving me about a square yard of emboss. The magnification in this sort of emboss is hard to figure exactly, as the stone is only three inches square. In the case of the photo on the right, it is magnified again four or five times. If you figure it out, those images are mighty small stuff. Every picture book is organized around a three to four or more sizes of images, which range from a six-inch human figure down to a tiny human figure too small to reach with anything but a really good microscope. Each range of size has its under-picture to give every area of the larger picture a complete “text” explaining the larger. So, rock books are not simple painting on rocks by some ancient savage. They are a highly complex product of a highly complex elder civilization. They cannot be grasped superficially. The photo at the right is the result of the process I have described, and if you will turn the page, you will find the painting I produced by simply strengthening the detail on the projected emboss. This one, a projection from a thin slice of stone, seems to be a gallant getting his fingers bitten by a horse, and his lady finds this excruciatingly funny. My efforts to separate these crowded figures didn’t help much, but I am sure you will see that this is no “accidental”. One thing we observe in these pictures out of the past is the occurrence of the “outsized” breast on the females. One does not know if theirs was a lusty civilization and the modern “Playboy” stress on mammary glands was common to their ideas of beauty too, or if these outthrusting, pointed breasts were the gift of living in the sea’s gravity-alleviating water.





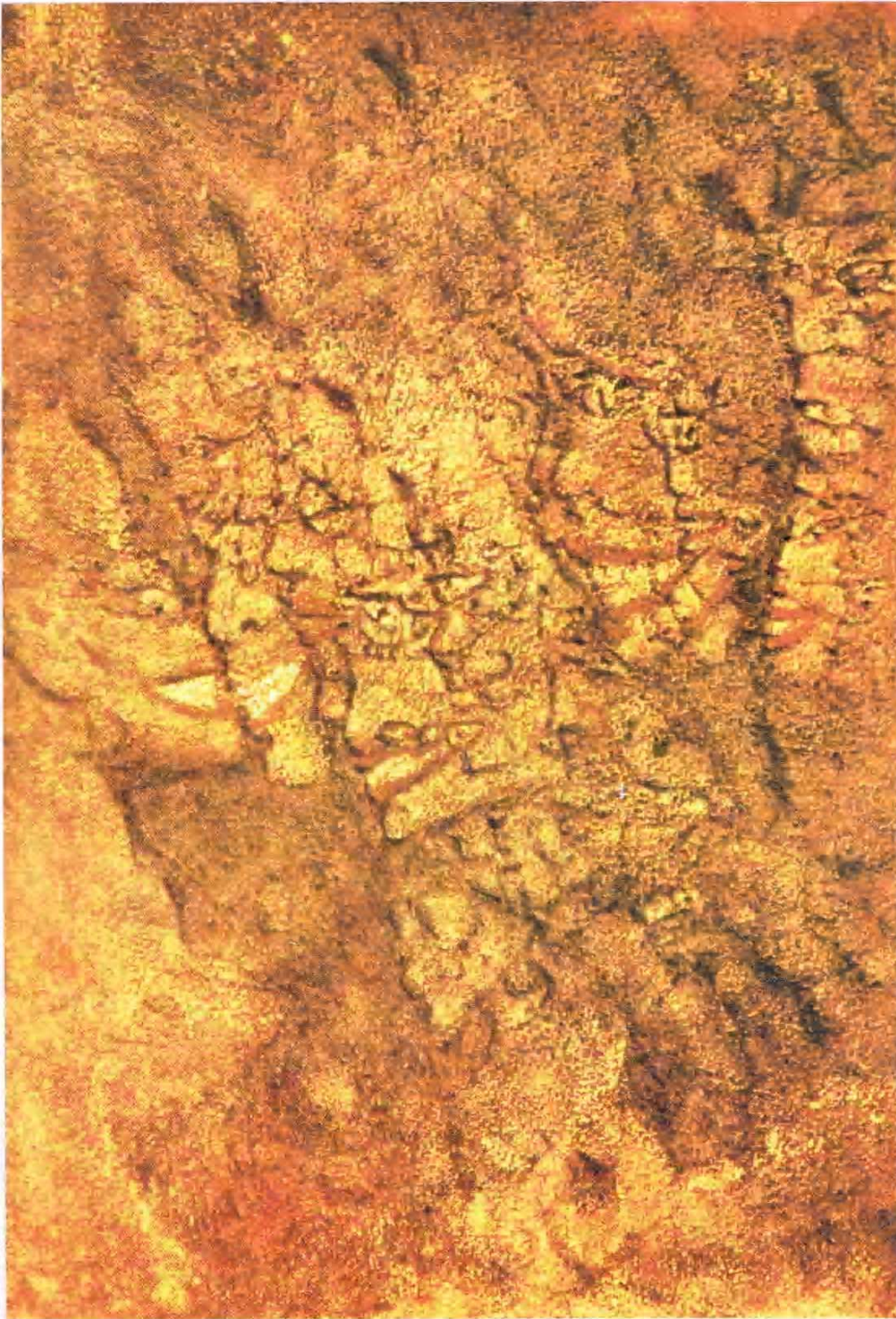


The feeling of swift motion and crowded action is intense in the painting above, a fine example of the way the saw-cut has sliced through the action "in the round", yet retained the sequence of motion, particularly in the female figure in the foreground (or is it really the foreground—we have no way of knowing where she actually is in relation to all the figures around her). Her motion is indeed rapid, perhaps even violent; her arms seem to be swinging wildly, and her breasts seem to be multiple, even springing out from her back. Her posterior can be seen from several angles at once. Whatever is causing her whirling motion is being viewed with some concern and even alarm by her cohorts, some of whom betray amphibious characteristics. Somewhere in this stone, perhaps on its other side, we might find the cause of all the activity, if we could only "read" it in its entirety. On the opposite page we find a theme that is repeated remarkably often in the stones I have examined—the fact that many of them have to do with horses. Some of the horses, like the people, are not in the stage of evolution we consider standard today.



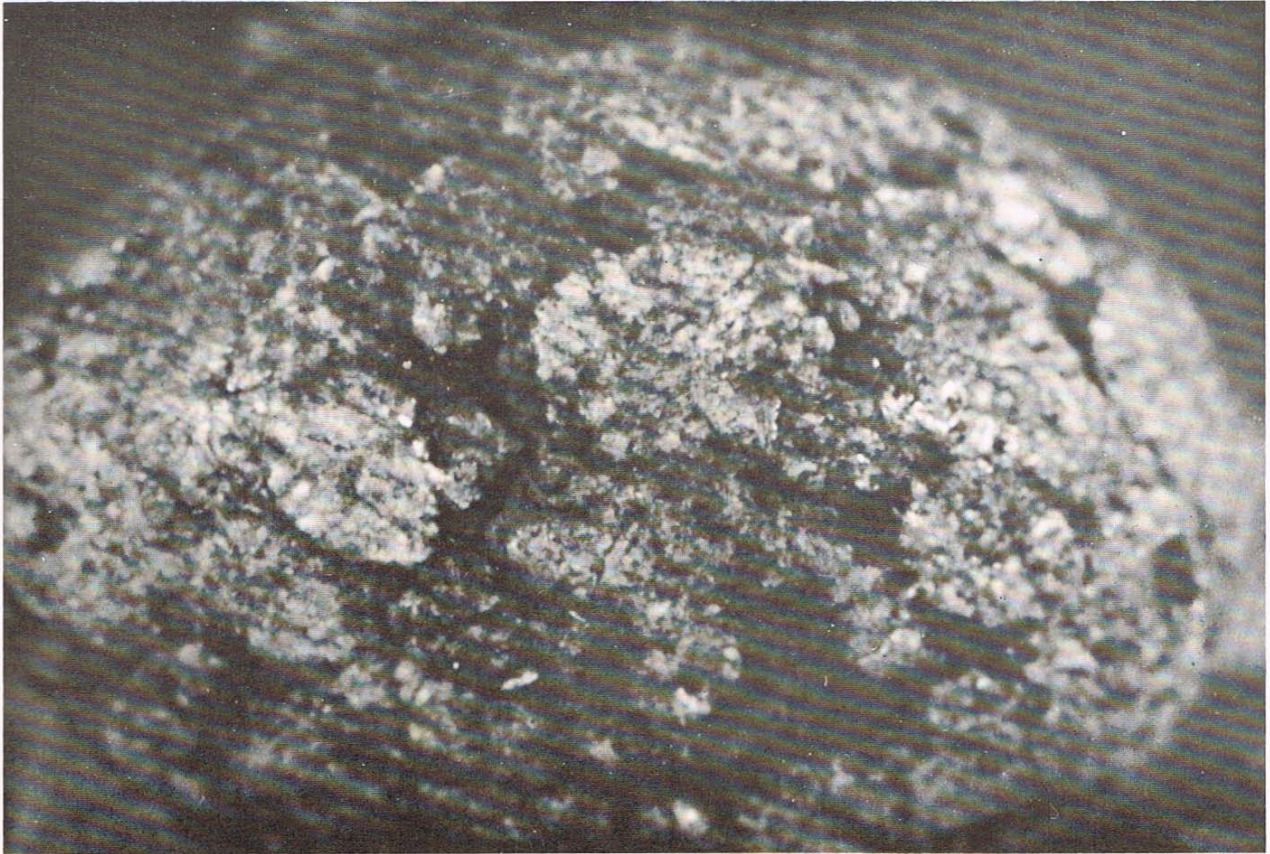


The pictures on this and the opposite page are photos of the same piece of what I call "zebra" agate. The photo on page 92 is of the outer surface of the agate; the photo on this page is a cross-section of a fragment of the interior of the same agate. The outer surface is less confusing than the interior laminations. It shows what seem to be several figures superimposed, however they are all views of the same figure, a woman dressed in a black striped dress much like a "modern" strapless evening gown. The multiple images are due to the fact that the figure is in motion. She is drawing back a curtain over a doorway, to reveal the landscape outside. What we are seeing as a multiplicity of heads and double figures are parts of a picture meant to become visible successively when scanned to give the effect of motion. Outside, very plainly, we see an obvious tree, rather reminiscent of a tree by Renoir. In the photo on this page we may be seeing a closeup of the woman on the outside of the stone, perhaps the bodice of her gown, revealing behind her yet other figures. Study the left-hand area of the photo; you may see the tall figure is a rather dour woman, her arms around a smaller childish figure quite reminiscent of "Orphan Annie" cuddled to her breast. Turn the picture up-side down and what we suspect from the front view is confirmed, both are nude, and "Annie" seems less a child, but a fully developed miniature adult. In the up-side down view, we find a rather typical "kissing" scene, which I have observed so very often in my study of these rock-books. These kissing figures are smaller even than the child. However, when we study books like this, we become confused by the many other things that may be a part of the story in the book. In this version, the small female becomes a husky Amazon with a throttle-hold on the neck of a man who looks pained indeed. Is the book really a story of a household being invaded by Amazons, while the inmates look out with terror as their menfolk battle the invaders?



Humor sparkles in these ancient rock pictures. In this one, a young female is making up to one male, while all his companions are seething with jealousy. The endless misty vistas of the horde are always in the background, sprinkled through with enigmatic images (even script!) which wink in and out of vision as you focus your lenses. When you try to think how many possible combinations of pictures they have worked into the round (the 3-d length and breadth of the rock) in order to have a transparent medium which will make a picture no matter how you turn it, the mental task is impossible to the modern mind. In this immense complexity one glimpses the multiple variations of explanatory nature, telling the complete, apparently endless, tale of the life of these people. On the opposite page we see a phantasmagoria of lovely ladies and their favorite pet animals.



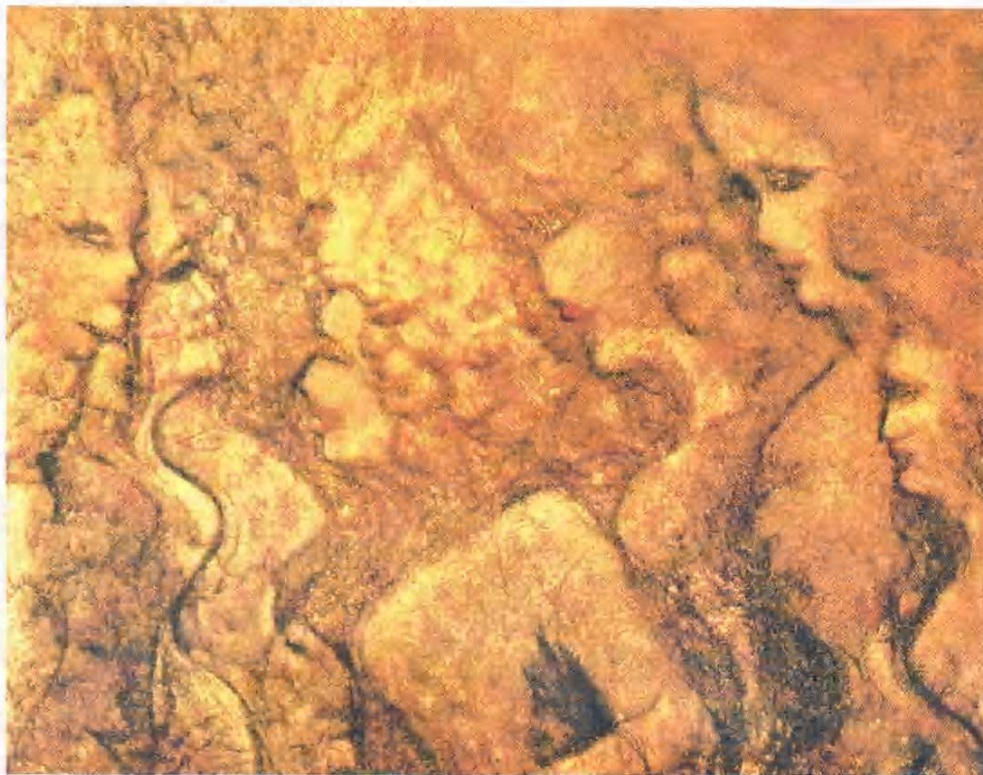
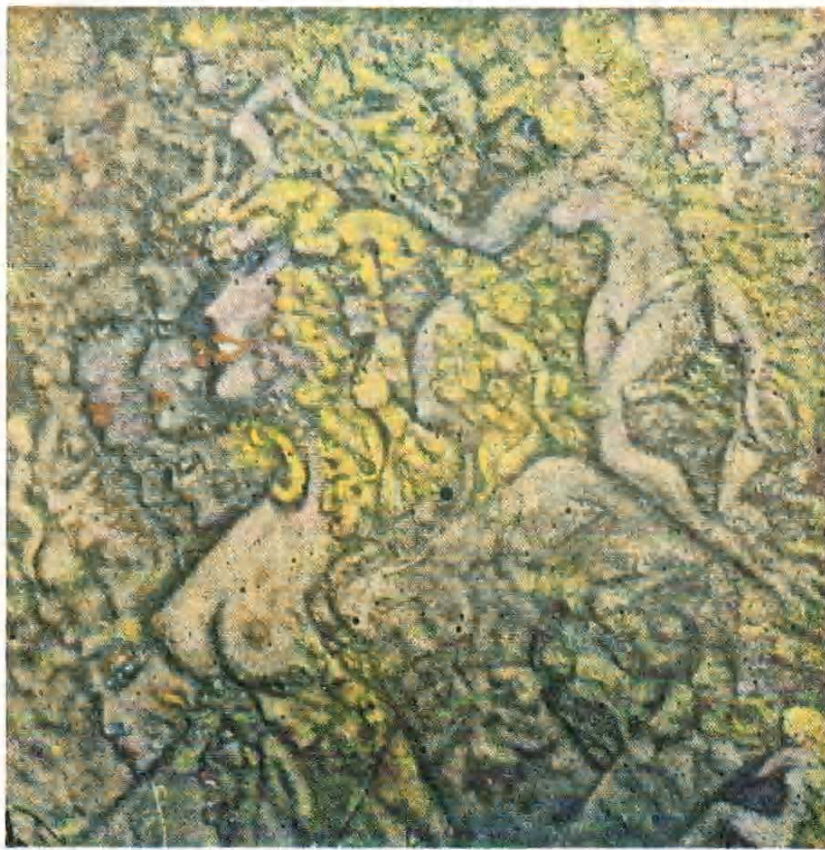


This is a closeup of the exterior of an extraordinary rock-book. It is like a big Easter egg, brightly colored, with the outside bleached out by time and the elements, in sharp contrast to the interior as revealed by a saw cut. Gemologists prize rocks like this for their beauty when highly polished. The exterior of this rock is a prize to me because of the incredible number of figures that can be seen when one studies it. One has to get used to the art style employed in making these rock books, because there is no up or down, no top or bottom. The whole book is formed and "printed" (if we can use so inadequate a word!) in the round. The stone was designed to be rotated (in all directions) for scanning, which includes its interior as well as its exterior. With this in mind, we can realize why the images are so intricately interwoven and so strangely arranged in perspective and depth. This rock is also covered with finely engraved "writing", sometimes in raised "type" and sometimes in decorative lettering very like script, except that it is curiously exaggerated into animal and human forms. The most ancient writing on Earth was an imitation of the human form in different attitudes to convey a meaning. A man standing erect with arms outstretched for example, was the basis for our modern "T". T means integration, creation, and we can just see God with his arms outstretched in the action of creation! Often this "writing" is still intact in the lower hollows of the ancient rock-books, and can be microscopically photographed in near original condition. I think hundreds of these photographs could be programmed into one of our highly sophisticated cryptology computer decoders such as the National Security Agency uses to break enemy codes, and we could decipher the language used on these ancient rock-books. But how to convince scientists who delve into Earth's past even by going to the moon to bring back its ancient rocks to tell them how Earth was formed, that right under their feet, in any farmer's rock pile, is a scientifically recorded history of everything that ever happened on this sad planet of ours? How can we get them to look? Meanwhile studying this photo of a rock to see how much you can see may convince you to study a few rocks picked up in any roadside rockpile; if you do, the truth of what you see may one day spur you into action.

THE UNDERSEA PEOPLE'S ART

I accentuated the projected emboss used to create this painting by brushing it with stain, then rubbing off the stain. As I began to paint the intricate little images, I was fascinated because the entire scene seemed to be underwater. As I recognized fins and webbed feet, I understood why the smaller figures had seemed to be floating in air. I deduced the scene as a marriage preparation, the bride and her bridesmaids with the little "floating figures" putting on the headdress. Either the scene is symbolic, a traditional ceremony remembering their original home and origin in the sea, or it is actually underwater, which seems often true in scenes such as this.

The painting below shows the original emboss quite clearly, and was a very easy scene to paint—very little interpretation was necessary, and the scene is as it was in the original rock slice.





Detail photos of small sections of the paintings as you work can help a lot in telling you what is wrong with values. These reconstructions are difficult because of the crowding images overlapping in stone slices. Obviously there was an optical way of separating images we do not possess—but even so, by my method one can reconstruct the amazing details of the ancient amphibious life of man.



The sophistication of technique used by the ancients in the multiplicity of images is quite evident in this rock slice. It is stones like these which yield the multi-face paintings in this book.



Note the predominant (and startling) eye staring out at you in this view of the surface of a rock-book. Compare it with the photo on page 72. Once more, is this a sheep? The fact of duplication such as this makes one wonder—are these seen so often because they are “characters” in childrens’ books?



The technique in this picture-rock seems to be remarkably similar to that used in the photograph reproduced at the right.



Above is a modern photo, a Japanese photographer’s attempt to utilize superimposition of images on his own son’s photograph to create the illusion of injured and crying babies in the atom bomb drop on Hiroshima.



Because of the presence of both dolphins and humans in this scene, it is obvious that it is taking place underwater. Through long study of this type of rock-book, I am convinced that these Mers (People of the Sea) originally lived in the water, but eventually came to live on the land; but births still took place under water. Here we see such a birth scene. The Mer in labor is seen lying on her back at the bottom of the painting, while the old midwife is using a pair of forceps to aid the birth. Curious (or even assisting?) dolphins are in the scene, one even holding the mother's arm gently in its mouth. The scene is in murky grey color, emphasizing the underwater nature of it. On the opposite page is one of the women in the birth scene, now out of the water, holding the newborn infant who is being chucked under the chin by dotting relatives. These paintings are only a form of my own art, really, but they do show the people and the ways of a time so long lost to human knowledge as to be unbelievable today. These rock-books are a distinct art form, neither photographic nor painting; they are an art form much greater than either.





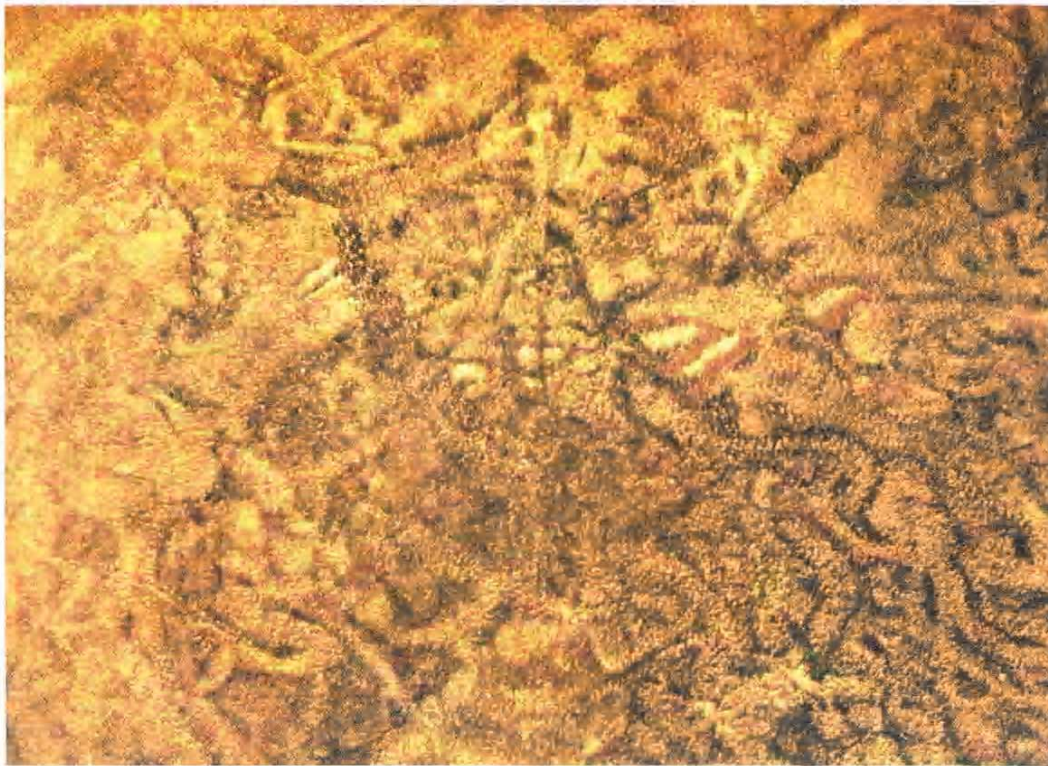
Rock books have many animals you don't expect—like the camel and the elephant—on this continent. The horse, especially, is interesting; after having been told all your life that the Spaniards brought them and that the Indians never saw one until then. Then you pick up a rock that has been here for at least 12,000 years, and perhaps as much as a hundred thousand, or even a million, and find hundreds of pictures of them in several sizes. They even have harnesses, very like modern harnesses. In addition to the ordinary horse, little Eohippus, which we have been informed is extinct for milleniums, is very much present, and being ridden by little people suited to his size. Horses were evidently very much loved; someone is always kissing one. I find it very difficult to get a bone-hunting modern anthropologist to look at a rock "photograph" of an Eohippus. He knows it isn't there—and when it stands beside miniature elephants, to say nothing of camels and even unicorns, you find he isn't there anymore either. Yet, there is the testimony of the first Englishman to traverse the west who returned to England and told of mammoths and unicorns on the early plains. Perhaps he saw buffalo and wild horses? Easier to believe, isn't it? In the rock painting above, the camel is visible just in front of the horse, transparently. Racing horses and camels, through which the crowd of spectators shows in ranks like an army, and forefronted by baby elephants and what look like young mammoths, are probably interim pictures; that is, what life was like after the moon-fall reduced them to a barbaric sort of existence. In subsequent pages, I will show you rock photos of that moon-fall.



The stone pictured here was used by my wife, Dorothy, to ornament her rock garden. She appropriates them with small regard for their ancient importance. This one is from my collection of what I call "headstones", although it is not exactly that. The carving of the horse on it is what attracted me, and because it is carved from a similar type of stone that you will see in following pages as "headstones", it is part of that collection. This one has a raised horse and rider which shows up very plainly in some lights—I'd say about two o'clock in this case by the shadows. Note the billowing cloak about the rider's shoulders, the rather short neck of the horse (shorter than modern day horses), and the little inscriptive figures just above the horse's head. You can guess the size by the leaves visible at the base. One is a dandelion leaf, the other is a small vine I can't place. This is very soft rock, and probably was hand carved. When sliced, the light comes through very easily, making it easy to make projection photos. But one always feels guilty sawing them, even though countless numbers of these ancient historical records are sacrificed every day to the rock crusher, and the little faces stare up out of almost every black-top road in the country if anyone looks.



The "paneled" appearance of this painting is due to the unfortunate angle at which I cut the rock. At least a half-dozen planes have been sliced through, and it is impossible to deduce what is going on in any one of them. Yet the multiplicity of humans and animals suggests a period incredibly ancient; when men had fins and gill slits, and even fishlike eyes, some of them slitted like a cat's.



Even after accentuating the patterns in the original emboss made from projecting a slice of rock, it is difficult to separate the images in this stone. But I am intrigued by the tiny fishes and the eels swimming about, although possibly in a plane actually far distant from the human figures.



The sea motifs for much of the art in rock-books is natural; they were a sea-going people who, much earlier in history, themselves sprang from the sea. Once they lived there. Perhaps some of them still do, if we are to believe the stories of mermaids that keep recurring. Here is a stone that has a weird sea-going atmosphere no matter which way you look at it. Turned on end, or up-side down, left or right, this one shows a multiple and endless picture story. Like your first glimpse of strobe photography, this multiple picture-story art is mystifying at first. But as you study it and get used to it, you learn to read parts of it as it was meant to be read. It is easy to find the Mer humans in this stone, and equally easy to find the angel fish examining them curiously at the bottom of the picture. The blow-fish at the top shouldn't take too long to find. After that. . .you are on your own! But with the actual stone, and magnifying glasses, endless awe begins to take hold of you.



Oh yes, they were sexy, these voluptuous ancient sea people! And they had a vast sense of humor that shows through their artwork. The fascinating lustiness of this female should surely attract a crowd, and she has!

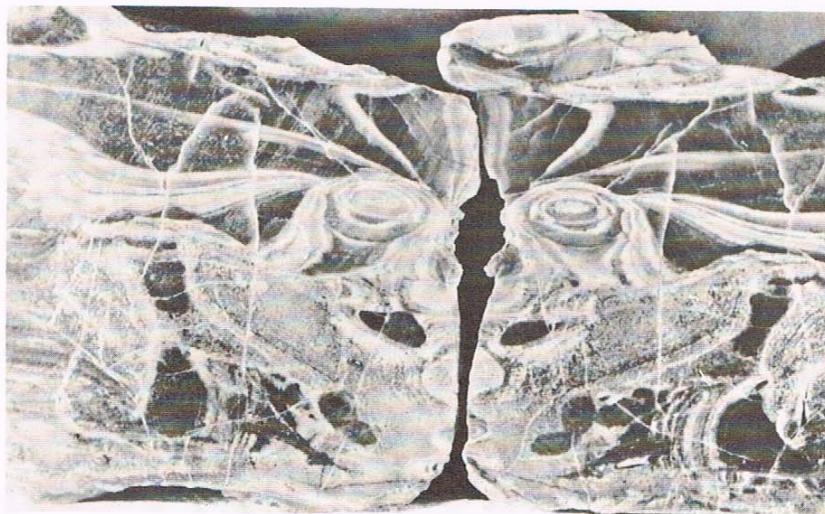
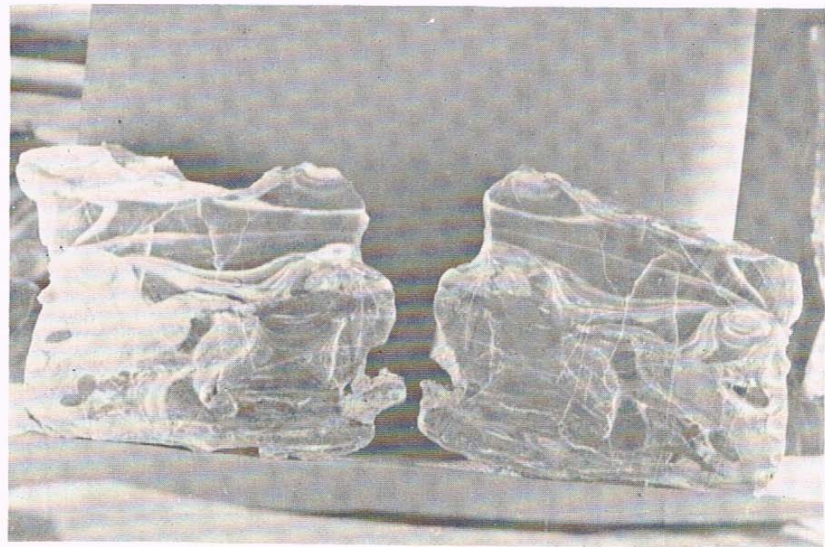
Here is another of those sea-green underwater scenes, so crowded with fish, nymphs, seaweed and undulating eels. What fun it must have been to swim through the dimly sunlit waters, cavorting with finny friends.





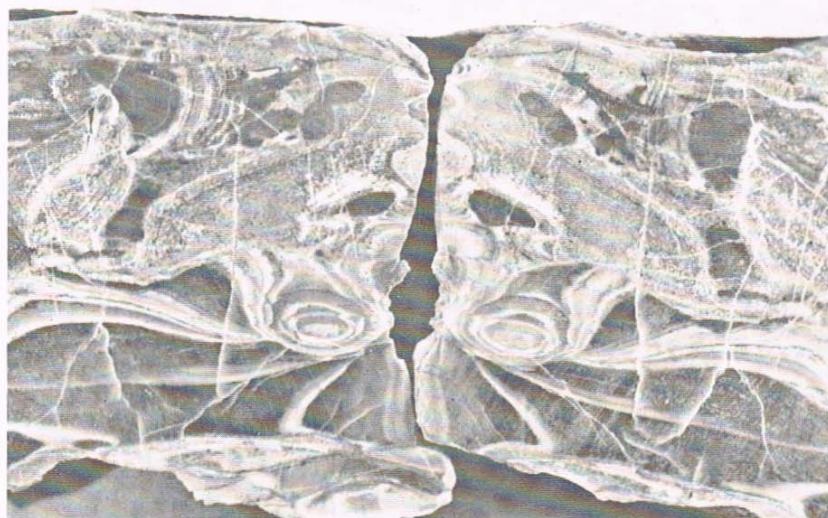
Here are some very dark slices of rock with odd white patterns running through it. They don't seem to make much sense at first glance, but let's turn them and think about the white patterns in the black rock.

Well, look there! When you turn them they show faces on the edges. Can't you just hear one of them saying to the other: "That danged saw went right through me!" Just a freak accident that they look like faces? Probably...



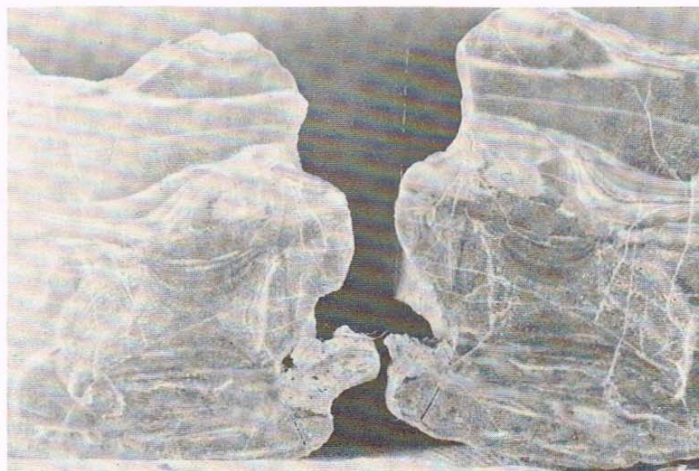
But what's this? Here is the same pair of stones reversed in position, so that their other ends face each other. There are faces on the other end. Should we call these "Janus-stones"—they have two faces!

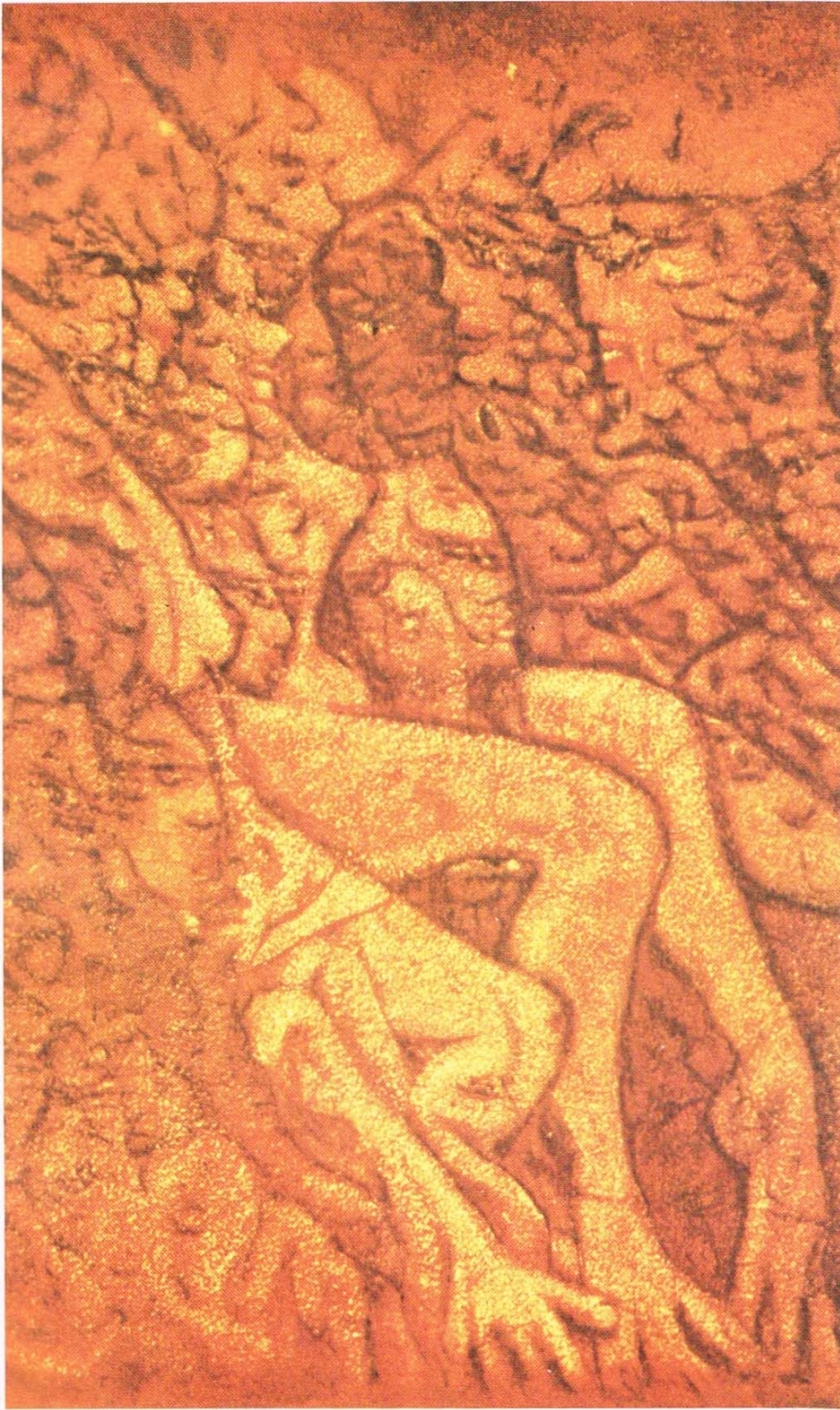
Here is just one of them, to prove that they actually do have two faces. No matter how many slices you make of the original rock, we have two faces, each different in mood and character from the other.



For instance, here is an up-side down print of the two faces at the bottom of the opposite page. Same photo, but different faces, and once more the sea motif is apparent. On the cheeks we see the little “tornado symbol” almost exactly like the one on weather maps today. Note the “wings” behind each tornado. The “wings of the wind”? And below each face, as part of the chin—a pair of whales with open mouth? Up there, on the temples—how remarkably like a harpoon gun on a sailing ship’s prow? Is this a message about a whaling trip?

“Do you think anybody’ll believe us? I suppose all they’ll see is some funny-faces. Will they see the porpoise behind the Cap’n’s eye, and that big striped sea bass behind the porpoise? How can they say that such complex things like us are just coincidence? That’s REALLY hard to believe!”





Look at the scene on the opposite page—how old can we say this book is? It is obvious that these Mer people are as much fish as human. They seem quite at home in the water, and either they can stay for long periods under water without breathing, or they breathe through gills just as fish do.

Even today the ceremony that is apparently going on in this painting made by projection to create the emboss is practiced in some primitive tribes. Part of the marriage ceremony was to carry the bride home mounted on one's shoulders. In this "shivaree" procession which seems to be full of fun and mischief, they may be putting the bride on her groom's shoulders for the ride home. Or perhaps, because of her webbed feet, should we say for the swim home?





Motion and struggle seem inevitable in rock photos. By using tricks of side lighting, this motion can be brought out and their dramatic qualities exposed. Bearing in mind that because of the angle of the saw cut nothing is in its proper plane, and in most cases we are not seeing the exterior of any pictured figure, we can still see by using this side lighting, and by squinting at the result, that there is a dark figure in the center of the picture on his knees, and directly below him a white figure in the same posture, arm outstretched as though both are scrambling ahead in some tense situation. But when we take this same rock and turn it up-side down, we see a much more leisurely scene. The suggestion here is of a woman struggling with buttons or fastenings at the back of her neck. This picture is fascinating because it is a good example of the repetitions that exist so often as an emphasis, or as a "guide" from largeness down to smallness. The arm movement is repeated in a large way in the upper foreground. This type of rock photo has a "living picture" quality.

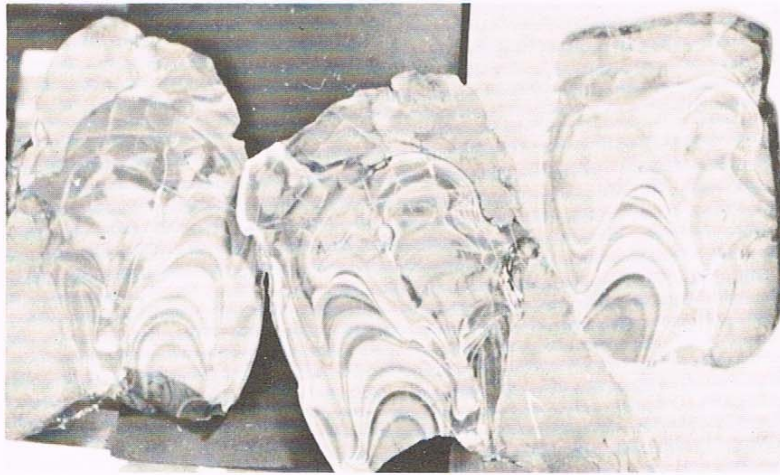




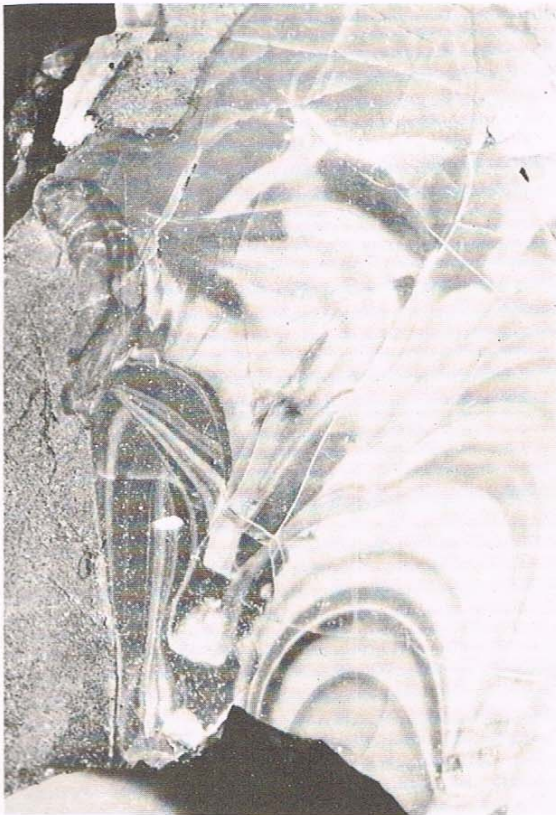
What was the original color of these rock pictures? Sometimes the color seems to be faded, and again it is so exquisitely shaded and lovely that it is impossible to reproduce in any painting. Then there is the overall feeling of being underwater which is so real when viewed in the rock that we almost feel that the rock is wet in our hands. When we actually wet it, the illusion is overwhelming.

This is a much warmer overall color. Is this because it is not underwater, although it seems some of the people are semi-aquatic? Also, the presence of animals, one of which resembles a rabbit, suggest that one or the other is out of his environment. What would this flat scene become if viewed with the proper apparatus? Would we "walk" along a landscape not at all crowded, with each of these figures greeting us in his own place along the route of our travels? Lacking depth, we can only stare and let our mind try to separate one from the other.

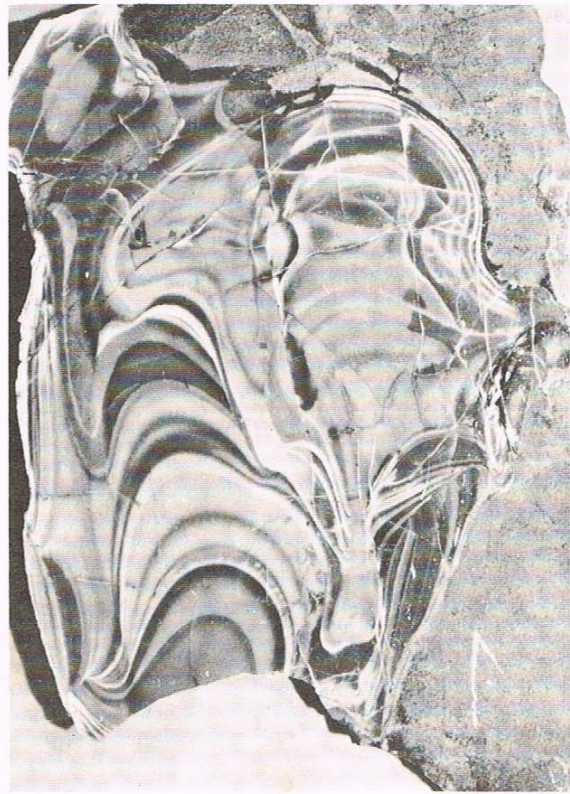




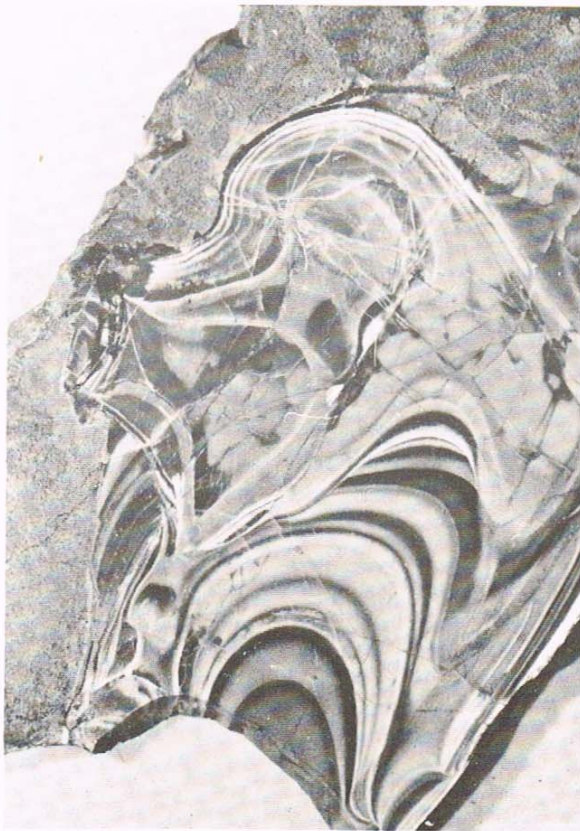
Rocks like these, to the casual glance, are just slices of stone. Odd curlicues and arabesques in rock have been admired as “accidents of nature” and made into table tops, book ends and semi-precious jewels. But when such rocks are more closely examined, they betray a non-accidental origin. They reveal some of the most intricate art in existence on Earth—to anyone who really looks at it. Let me show you what I mean.



This is a close-up of one of those three rock slices, and it shows us a face, strangely Egyptian and very odd—like a death mask or a mummy-case top. There is also a very odd human figure in front of the face; rather like an actor dressed up like a beetle. One could say: “Well, that is an odd sort of accident to happen inside a rock, isn’t it?” Let us go on and examine further. Let’s see if there are any further “accidents” in this mysterious stone.



Here is the other piece of that same cut through the original stone. That is why it faces the other way. We can see the face more clearly now, but it is much more. The black patches on the back of the first figure that looked like stubby beetle wings have unfolded into huge moth wings. It is as if the beetle had shed its shell and its forbidding aspect and yearned to take off into the moonlight. It is all very like a soul emerging from death into new life.



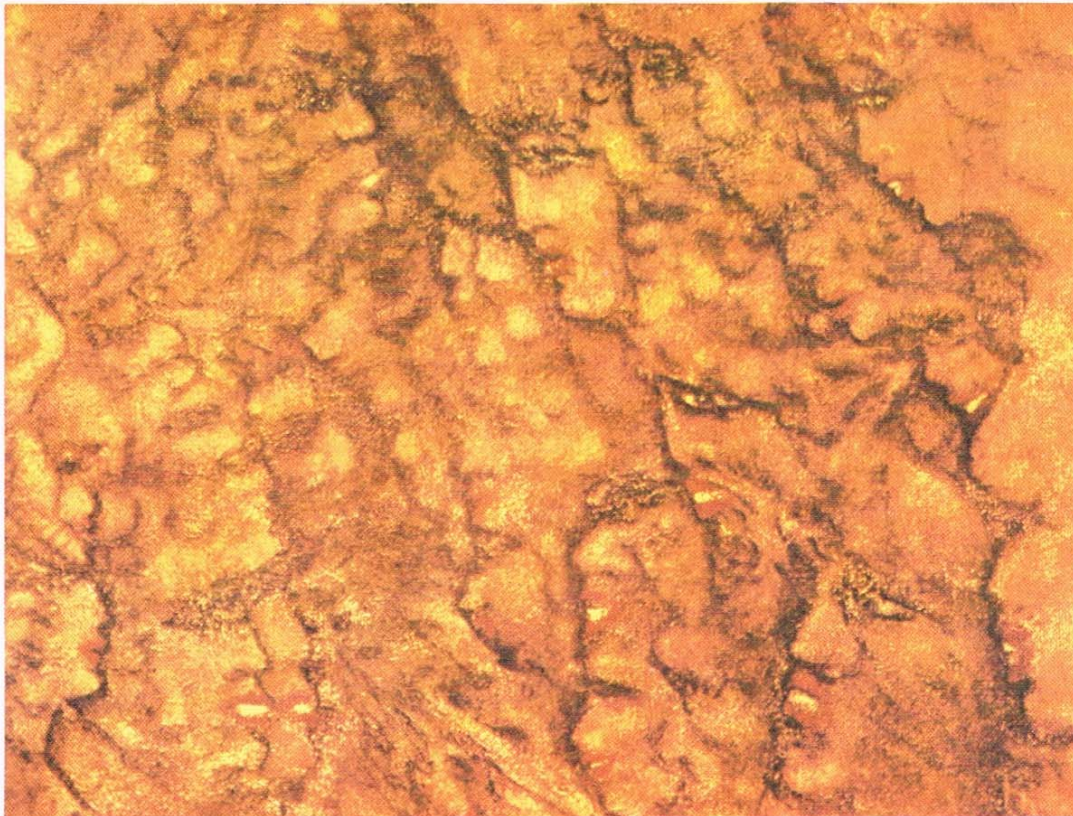
Let's try a close-up of the same figure. Now we notice she has a very definite human face for an insect with wings. Just behind her is a winged figure in flight, like a butterfly or a moth. It seems to tell us we are talking about flight and wings in this rock picture. We can see the face of the "mummy" or the corpse right through the female's wings, slumped forward as if now it is dead at last.



Using more enlargement, and focusing on the strange winged figure, we see that the face is much clearer and the action and robes much plainer. Actually, this pre-deluge artifact is more interesting because it seems to show a mummy, and it occurs in Arkansas. Was there a pre-deluge Egyptian culture in the area some time before the flood? Also interesting is the concept that the soul emerges mothlike from the body.

Delving deeper into smallness with our lens, bringing her face right up to us, what a long nose and what a sharp chin she has! What big eyes and what a low, flat top to her head. Just what are they talking about, to make a woman look like that? What is that dark scarf-like thing hanging from her temple? Hair, plaited with a patterned fabric? One wonders at all these details, and the answers are far more wonderful and unbelievable than any guesses can be. This woman flies like "Mothman" in a story book of pictures made out of stone so long ago there isn't any sound way to estimate when she lived.





The incredible way in which these rock photos so often present the aspect of large groups of people facing each other suggests that this is not at all what is implied by the picture. I am more inclined to believe that the effect we see is because the scene was really recorded "in the round", with some central focal point for viewing, so that when the stone is rotated, all of these people appear in a sequence proper to the unfolding of whatever tale is being told in this rock book. We see them here, all at once, but it may well be that they appear singly or in anything except a "mob scene".

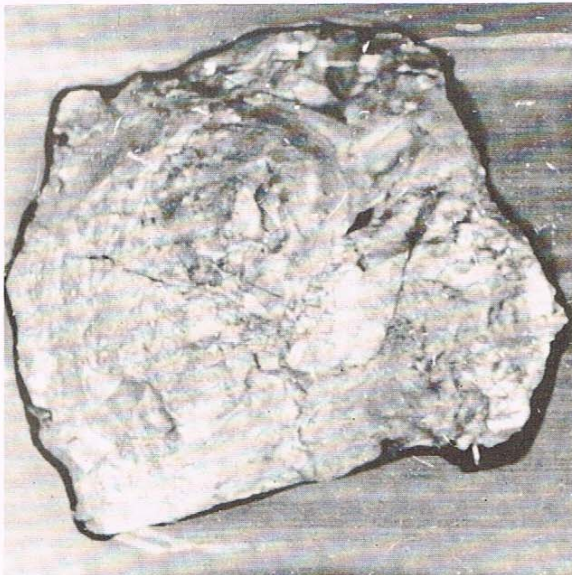
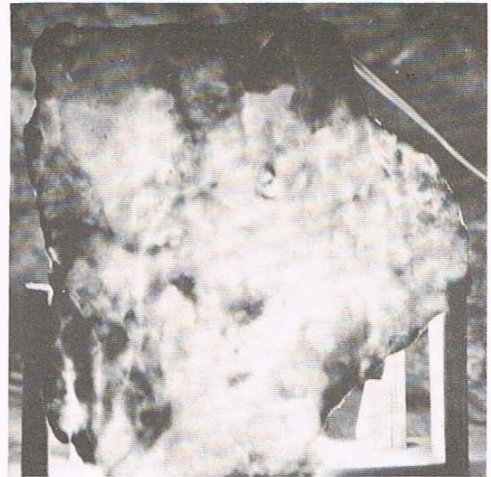
Here she is, the imperious queen, who reminds us so much of Cleopatra, or of Nefertiti, nude except for her jewels and what seem to be tiny paintings on her skin much like the ultra-modern art done on the bodies of some of Playboy's lovelies. Behind her, handmaidens watch in awe as she commands what seems to be some fearsome monster cowering before her.





These are the natural eroded faces of picture rock. There are pictures on them, but you have to practice “seeing” them—it isn’t as simple as looking at a news photo. There are two big reasons for this; pre-deluge eras are separated from us by a chasm of time and event almost unbridgeable by the modern mind. The second reason is that in those days eyes and minds were different. Focal lengths and organization of pictures responded to a beat of life and activity of mind denied us today. Their way of thinking out pictures in four-way compositions is entirely mysterious at first glance, like trying to grasp how three-dimensional chess is played. Stare at them, open your mind, and images will begin to flood in on you! Books like these two, not much bigger than a man’s fist, are really a treasure trove. They need only an informed public to create the hottest market in antiques the world has ever seen. They are like finding a movie film made before the Flood. Even as stones they are fascinating and lovely.





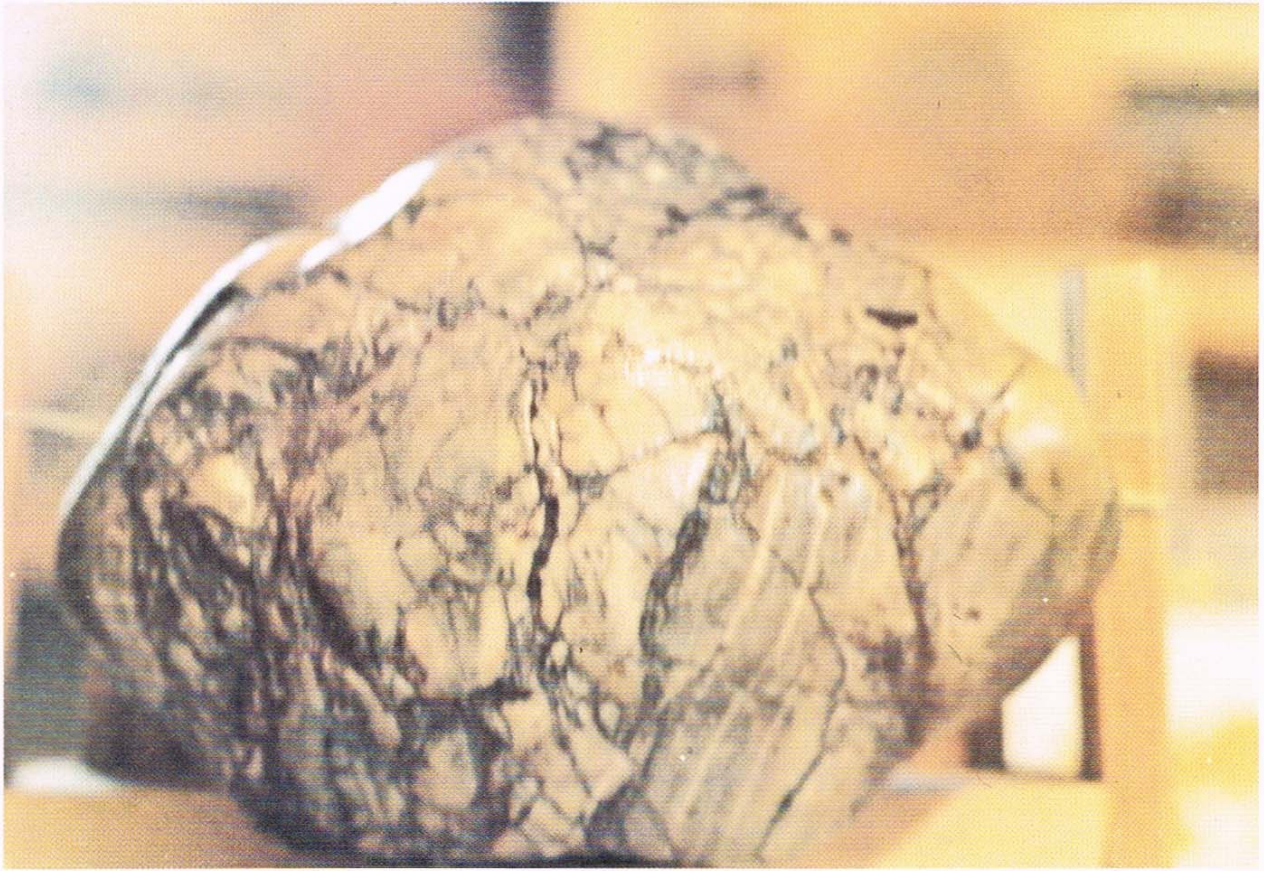
Upper left: this battered headstone still shows profile. The exterior portrait will show all the way through, if cut. *Upper right:* the complex arrangement of images seen through each other is most apparent when light-through photos are taken. The two dark areas are eyes, but one seems to be part of a profile view of the same face. *Left:* an uncut headstone like the one at upper right. Note its great similarity, even to the complex arrangement of eyes. *Lower left:* this is a slice of soft rock, often too weathered and deteriorated to show much original exterior detail—but when cut, we find that this is really a headstone. *Lower center:* this is a woman's headstone. Worked into headstones are tiny portraits to describe the life of the deceased, and if you will look just above the very apparent eye, you will see a girl with bare shoulders dressed in an "evening" gown. Note the female face at approximately the ear position. *Lower right:* an actual petrified head; gill slits are still visible.



The stones on these two pages are what I call "headstones". They are flattish, shaped like a human head. Headstones are not round, but flat. I think the flat stones were used to mark the grave they honored, and contained the portraits of the deceased. How do I know? Because I have been collecting such pictorial rocks and cutting them into pictures for some twenty-five years. I know what man looked like when he still swam in the oceans, and had hardly ventured out on the land except to bask on the sands or on the rocks like seals still do on some shores. All the time they have been telling us man descended from a club-wielding

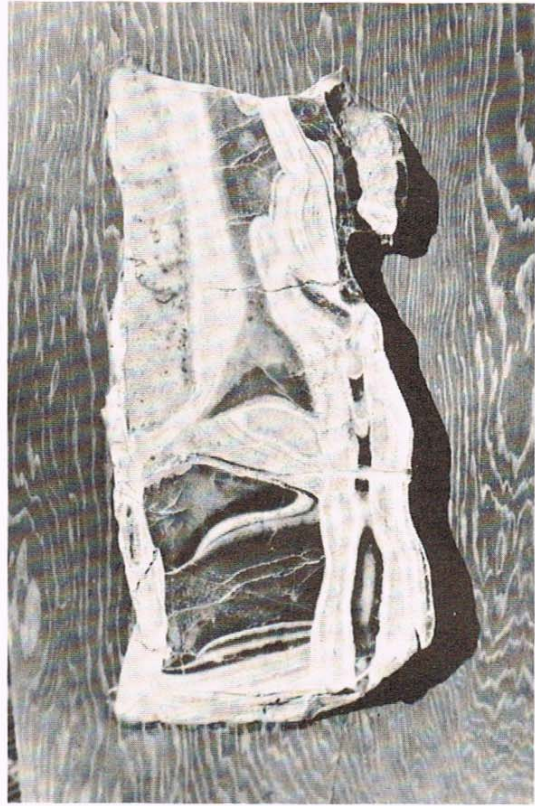
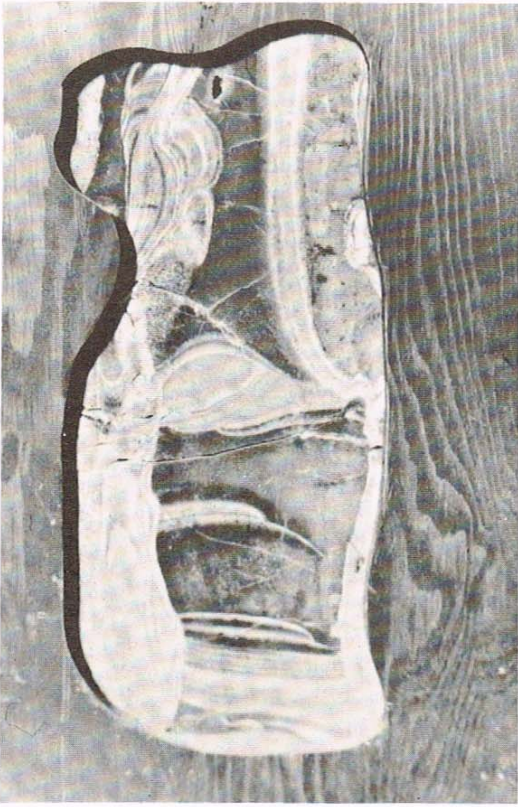


ape-like and hairy half-man, when all the time complete evidence of man's descent from sea-going amphibians lay at their feet. For nearly anyone can bend over and pick up a picture rock nearly anywhere (because the rock books have been scattered by the Deluge(s), and learn from it of man's ancestors in the early oceans of Earth. They were highly civilized, but still—a water dwelling animal! The two photos on this page are of the same slice of headstone. One is taken with backlighting to show that interiorly they were as accurately sculptured as exteriorly—even to sinuses, brain cavity and nasal passages. Instead of hair, this one had head-fins. He is not the human of today, but he is human; the kind of human capable of living in water. You can still see his gills, quite evident in both photos, connected with his breathing apparatus.



Archaeologists call this stone a “throwstone” or “handstone” because it seems designed to fit the palm. It seems that even without thinking it, they are admitting that the stones are not entirely natural, but have been “worked” in some way, or handled a great deal to achieve the high polish some of them actually have. But these stones were not designed for throwing. They are in fact palm-sized books. They are faded, water-worn, battered, but still covered with images we can easily see when we really look. In the case of the stone pictured below, I have sketched very roughly what it is that I see. Can you see it too? Did I really have to tell you “what you ought to see?” One of the clues I can give you to determine whether or not it is your imagination is to consider that so very often when one sees a female face in the rock, in just the right place on that rock will also be seen that strange “outsize” pointed Mer breast. The tilted head, the seductive breast, the listening woman and the plotting whisperer at her shoulder—all set the stage for a story you can almost entirely figure out by just slowly rotating the stone round and round and over and over.





This parka type hood garment is unusual and indicative of a colder climate than most pictures indicate. The saw usually amputates the arms in 3-dimensional rock pictures; here you can only make out the shoulder opening where the arms would be. The peculiar flat-headed man at the bottom half of the upper left photo with the turban is a sort of accidental effect characteristic with 3-dimensional saw cuts, that is: if I had sawed the rock at a different angle he would have replaced the central figure and not been "out of focus". The other top photo is the back view of the same fragment, and not the other face of the cut. This slice is a half-inch thick, and the parka hood only shows in part—you have to get used to these cross-sections of 3-dimensional pictures before you can really know just what you are seeing. Note the handsome face on the left hand picture in the upper right corner in the parka hood. This face on the back of the rock is in two positions, which is characteristic of rock cuts—as if they were double exposures or motion photos like strobe shots. This strong black and white design I have only found in Arkansas picture rock. At right is a different stone, but remarkably similar in construction.





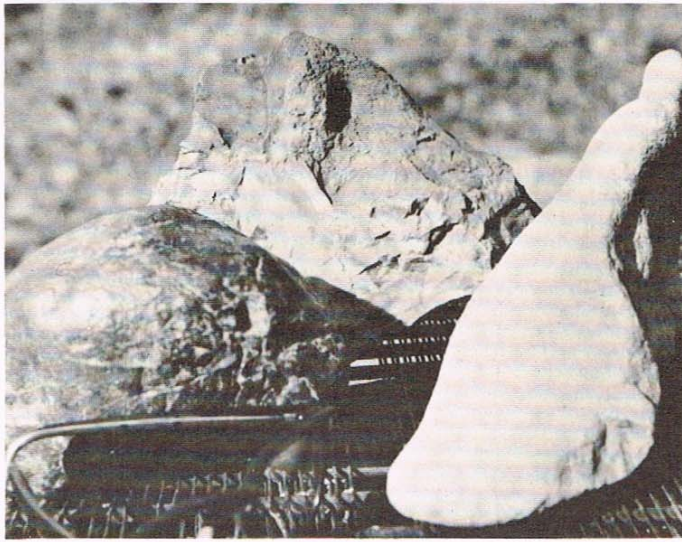
This is a rock-book cut on an angle, two ways, to leave a part of the original surface and show how the surface relates to the interior. The central area is the original surface, the sort of picture you can find nearly anywhere on Earth that "rocks" occur! Note the pointed ears on the man in the center area; this is more of an illusion than fact. That is the seemingly pointed ears are in fact the ends of a large cheek fin, transparent over the ear. The angle of the jaw the "button" is also covered by a similar fin, the gill-cover fin, and sometimes the gills show as a large red area under the chin from some angles. These gills and gill cover seem to have been the first parts to atrophy in the migration to land-living. I leave all such analyses of the dates and changes to later generations, as there were obviously several long-enduring migrations both from the land to the sea and vice versa (witness whales and seals breathing air, etc.).



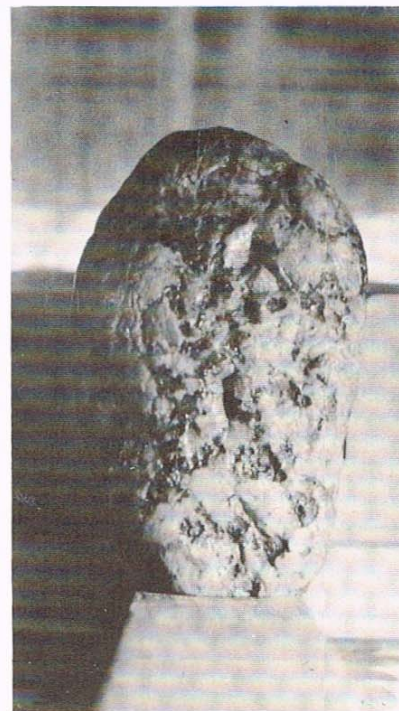
The stone pictured above is badly battered, but there are still signs of the artist's handiwork on the surface. This is a crystalline type of rock.

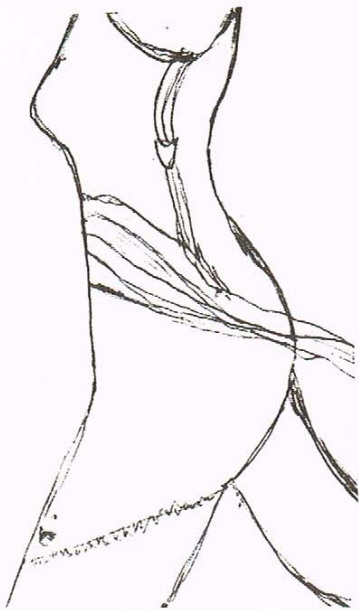
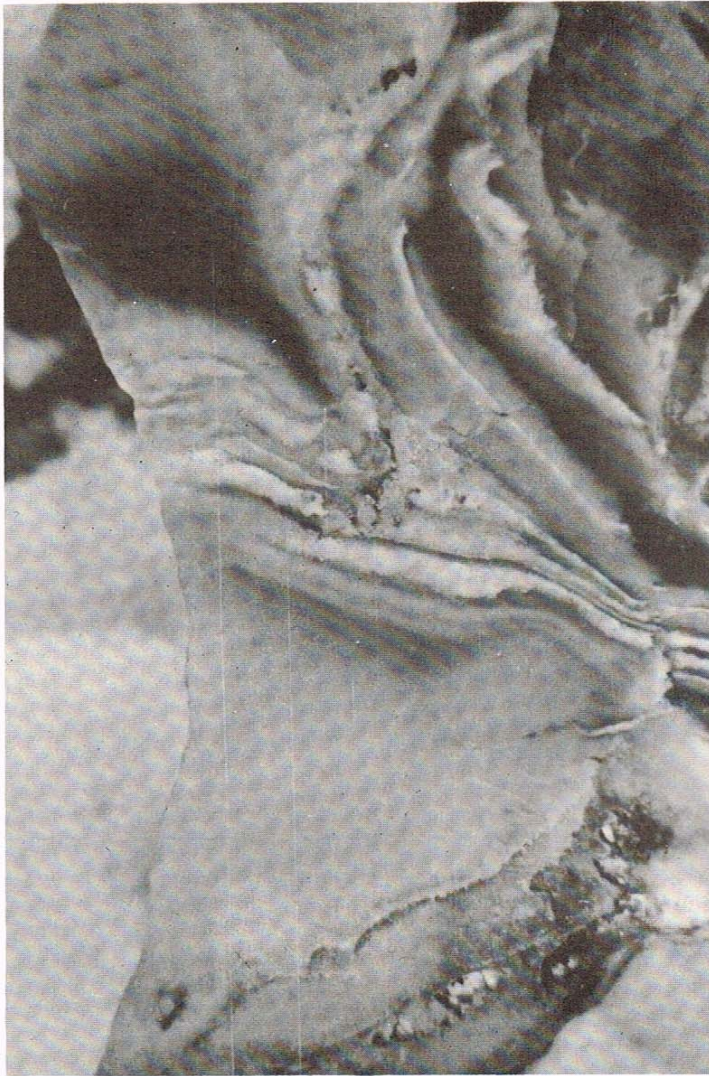


The photo at the left is a rock slice from the stone pictured above. When projected onto a canvas treated in the method I use to produce an emboss of the images in this type of stone, the result is the crowded multi-image paintings you see elsewhere in this book.

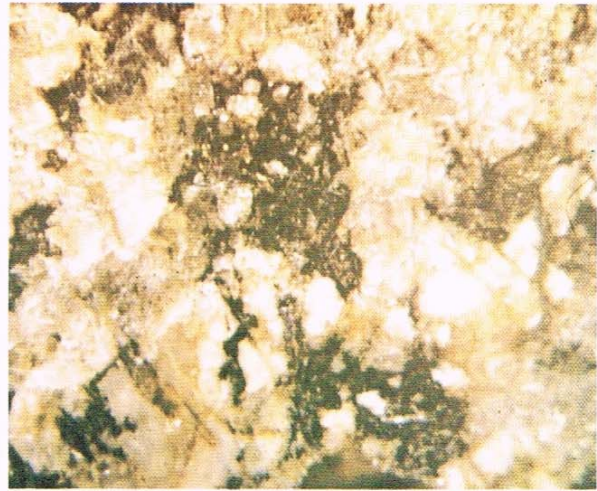


One of the most plentiful artifacts to be found among the "glacial moraine" debris of the Flood, in addition to the rock-books, are foot casts. The large one is a shoemaker's last, for making boots. The top of the ankle is a handle, and it is also the part of the last that was placed in a socket to hold the sole upright and level for putting on the stiff outer sole. The little one in the middle photo is a baby shoe last, also a shoemaker's tool. There are more baby shoe lasts than there are adult lasts, which is only natural since children wear out shoes so fast. What is odd about these ancient shoemaker's tools? Well, the heel of the adult is so much narrower than modern heels, and it has a spur on the back of the heel. It is evident that boots had to be made with a slot in the back for this spur to protrude! This is an adult's amphibious human's foot, from the front. The arch is very high, yet the bottom of the foot is flat. The bottom left photo is the same last, lying on its side. The dark stone beside it is jade, the one behind it a headstone. Bottom right is the forepart of an engraved last from which I cut the heel before I knew what I was doing. This one must have been used to make moccasins, and possibly to display them, accounting for its ornateness.





This is a female torso. You should recognize it, unless you've never seen one before! And she seems quite modern too, even though I found her in an agate that must be incredible ages old. Can it be that she is wearing a "long-line bra" and a zippered slip? Isn't that a zipper down the middle of her back? And can't we see the fancy hand-sewn hemline on her undergarment, scalloped and with a tie-down eye-hole or button-hole which might have been used to fasten a garter high on the thigh? She is undoubtedly in motion, running toward the left, and seems to be taking off her clothes at the same time. The study of the total rock leads me to believe she is running toward water. A young Mer girl, eager to take a swim? One can realize how much more driving this desire is to amphibious people, raised in the water, to get back into the water. (I'll have to admit, the artist who made the stone picture is better at drawing than I am!)



Here we have another view of the same stone pictured on page 123, together with two slices cut from it. Don't study them too long or you will begin "seeing things".

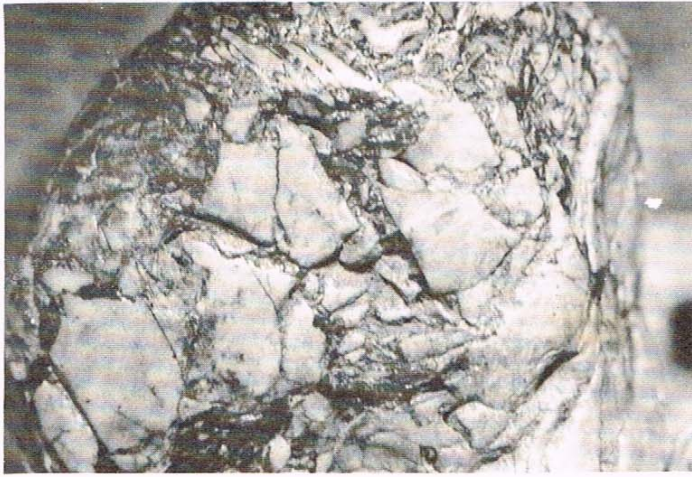




Three book rocks photographed with a rule to give you the scale of their size. The two at the top are uncut, the other view are the same stones cut to show the interior picture. Exterior

pictures were designed to be seen by the naked eye without assistance of lights or lenses, and so are often more comprehensible than the cut slices of the 3-dimensional interior pictures; but they are so old the surface has suffered immeasurable harm, and only the low spots of such stones are really in anywhere near mint condition. I suspect that in the ever-frost of the tundra these picture rocks will be found in much better shape, as many of the dyes are heat sensitive and deteriorate in the sun. I think one reason they are in such good shape today in Wisconsin is that Wisconsin was frozen under the surface until quite recently. Old-timers told me there were areas in early Wisconsin only fifty years ago where the frost was permanent only about six foot down, and that there were no truly large trees because the ground was too frozen to permit root growth.



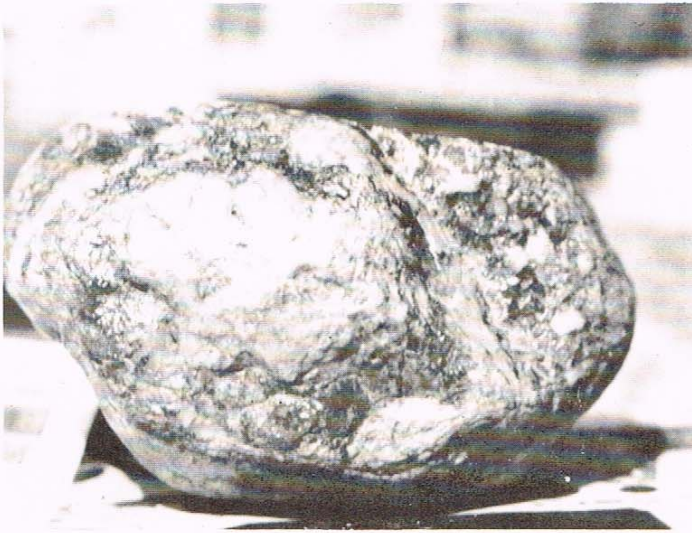


"For Heaven's sake! You mean you cut me out of a rock like that!"



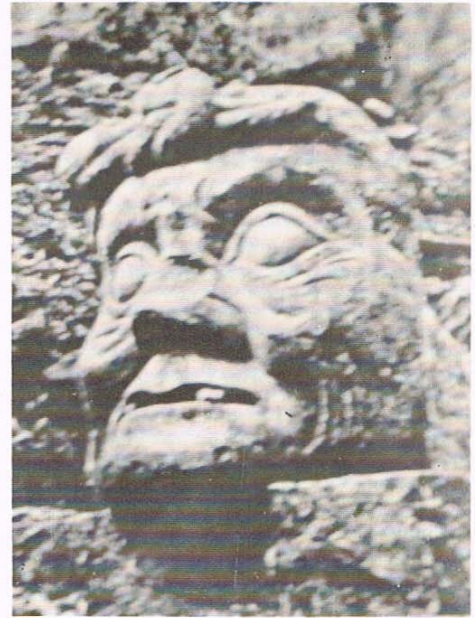
HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A STONE AND A ROCK-BOOK

The stones on this page are typical of the outside appearance of rock-books. When you find a stone that looks like this, you can be sure it is not "natural"—it is covered with raised figure work, and often human faces and figures, animals, caricatures and even what appears to be writing or printing. All these stones are very hard (hardness 8) and sometimes polished. Many of them are classified as agate. Don't throw it aside—take it home, clean it (it may be crusted with lime and hardened soil in the indentations), study it, ponder over it.



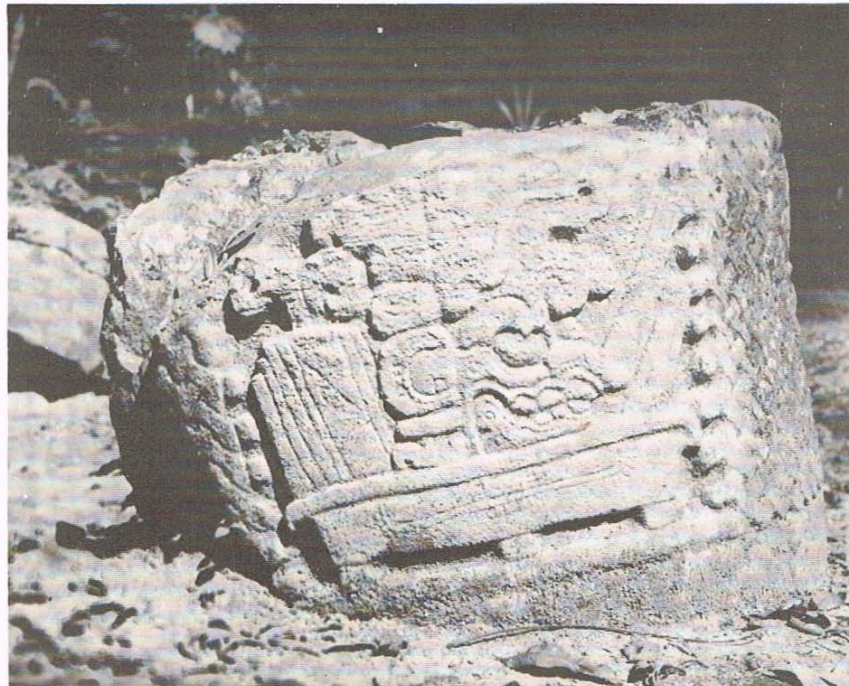


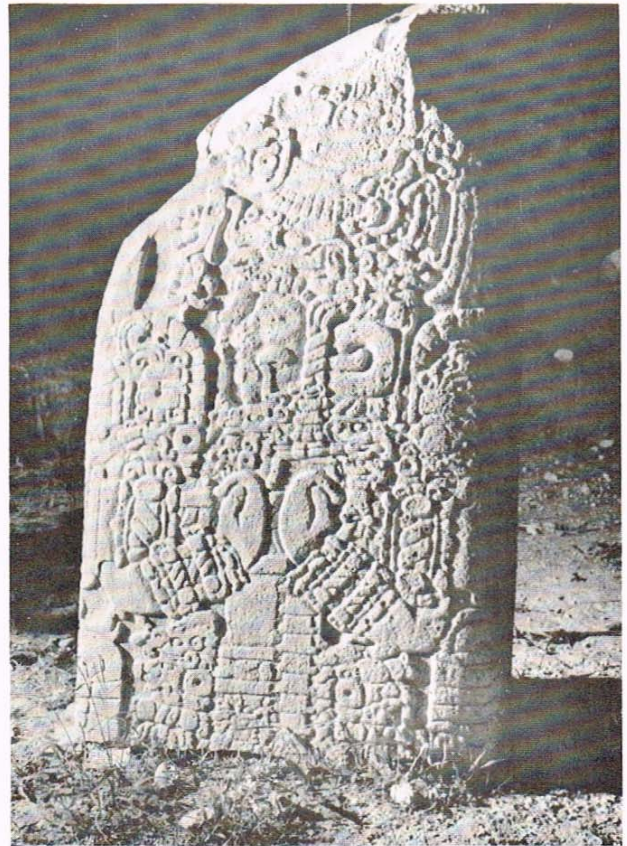
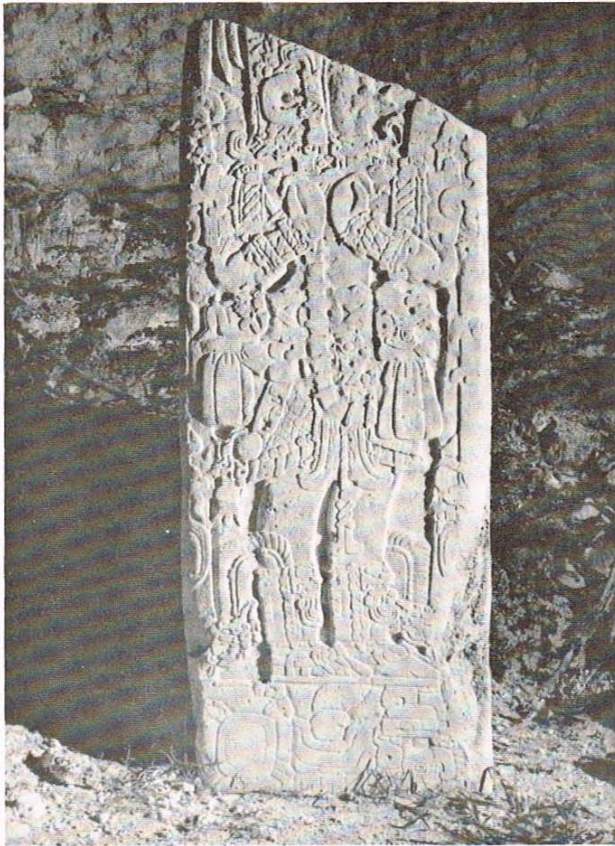
The three rock slices just above are quite remarkable, and just a moment's study will have you finding things that your first cursory glance would convince you could not possibly be there. It is this type of rock that gives the best emboss results when projected or reflected. However, these stones have to be studied with magnifying glasses, and finally with a microscope to uncover the really astounding things that are in them. At the top of the page is a pair of slices from these very stones, greatly enlarged, as evidence by the coin. The sides were reversed in printing; however it does not matter, for there is no lack of images to be seen.

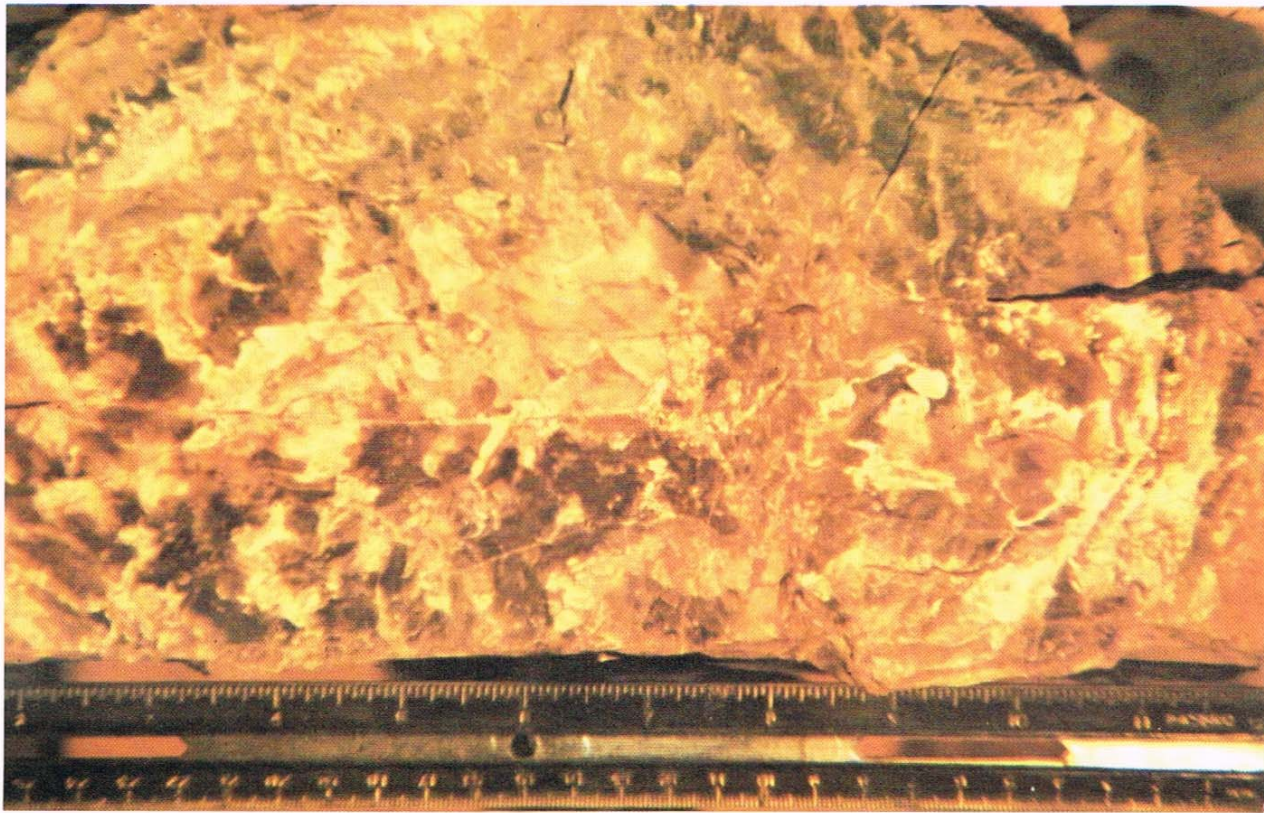


ANCIENT MAYA CARVINGS ON ROCKS
—A CRUDE IMITATION OF THEIR ANCIENT FOREBEARS?

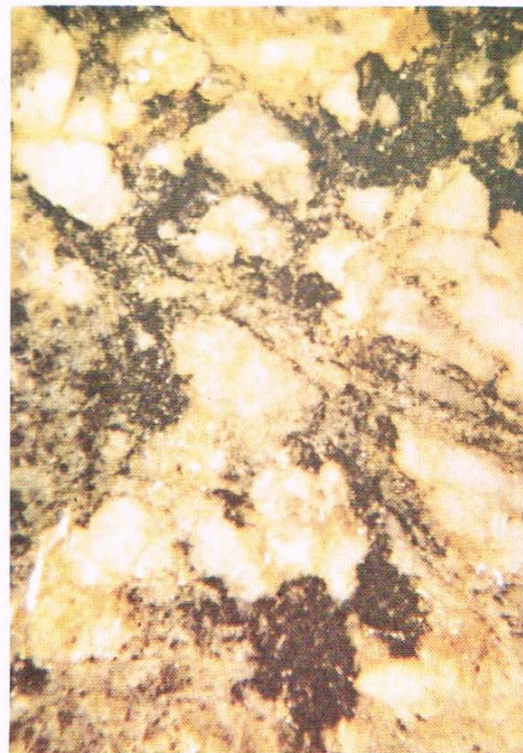
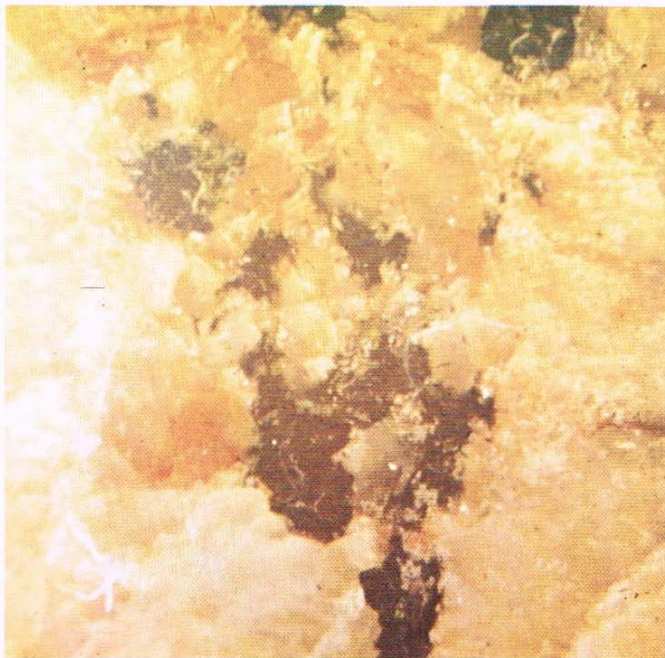
On these two pages I have reproduced some of the stela and glyph stones of the ancient Maya. They too carved themselves and their history on stone, and their science was great, as their calendar stones prove. The huge head above is seven or eight feet high. It is a strange head, even for the Maya. Is it pre-Deluge? Note the broken nose. Yet it seems still perched on its original pedestal. What interests me is the unusual hair-do, the large canines projecting on the lip, the feminine look—you are not quite sure whether this is male or female, in fact. And look at those especially large eyes; is this really a Mer, and not Mayan—we have seen so many of those large eyes in rock-books.





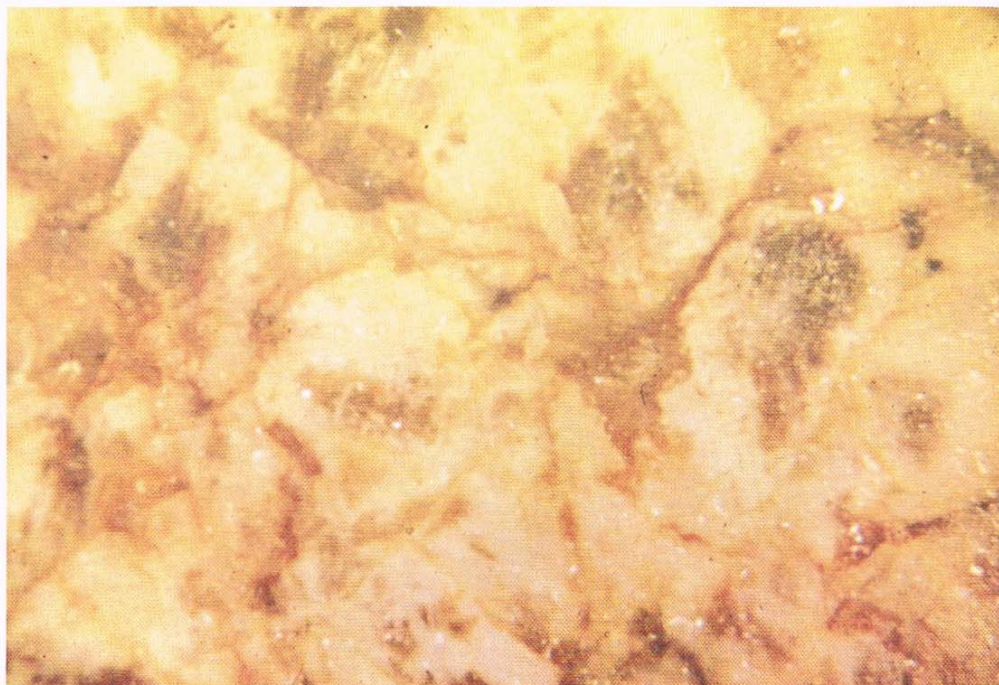


This is another type of agatized rock, of the kind that can be found in profusion in Arkansas. The two slices shown on this page are cut from this stone, enlarged seven or eight times.

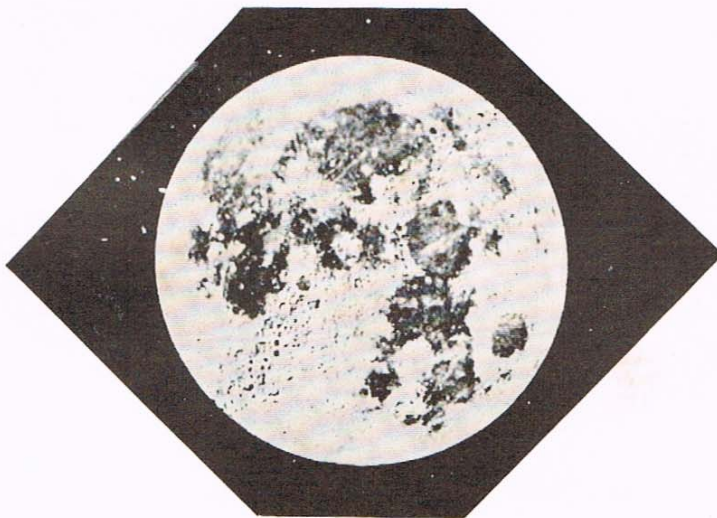
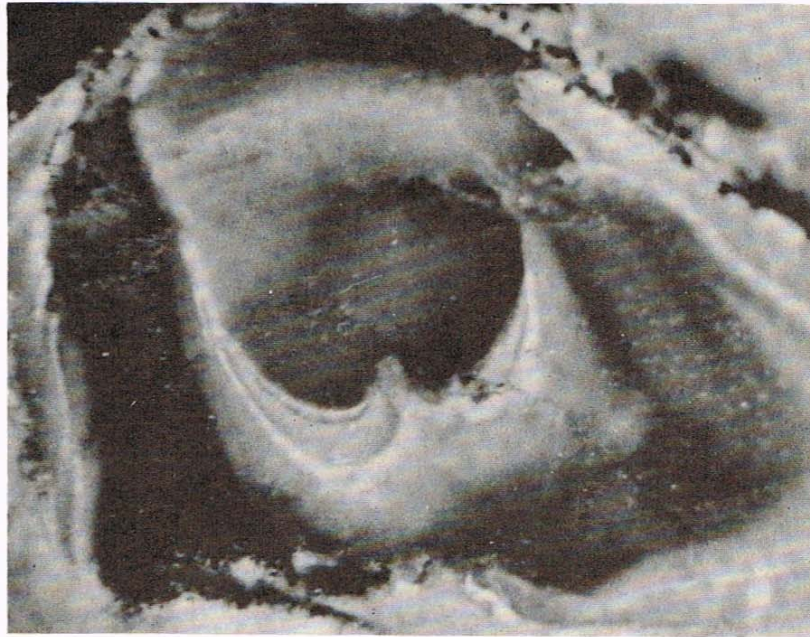




Above are four varieties of picture-rock that can easily be identified by their peculiar patterns. Two of them are agate, two of them are what is called "conglomerate". The enlargement below is from the conglomerate on the right. Actually, I think the images are arranged in some way by the artist, and then the whole is impregnated with agate so as to hold the whole composite in its desired place, then hardened into an extremely dense form that even challenges the diamond saw to cut into slices.

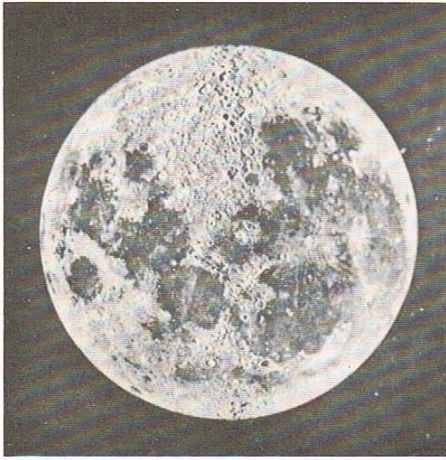


DID
THE MOON
EVER
STRIKE THE EARTH?



When I found this picture, I was looking for faces—and I found one. It was the old familiar picture of the crescent moon with its pointed nose and glaring eye. But it was in an unusual position—very close to Earth, and its unlighted portion was huge and black. Reaching up as though to clasp the moon to her bosom, Mother Earth's arms were reaching up to pull it down to her. Suddenly I knew what I have since confirmed in hundreds of images noted in rock-books—the Great Catastrophe that scientists talk about, that wiped out the ancient world, was a flood, true, but caused by the moon which fell and struck Earth, rolled around it, and produced mile-high tidal waves. Those arms of Mother Earth, they were the arms of that magnetism that Velikovsky blames so eloquently for the planetary disasters he speaks about in his books, those planetary collisions which left their mark all over Earth, and on themselves. What this picture in permanent agate is depicting is the final descent of

Among my stones are spherical ones that seem to be maps. They look a great deal like a relief globe of Earth, yet not our planet. Because I believe in space travel, the matter of navigation is important; and when I looked at the moon, and saw the "woman in the moon", I decided there was a space-traveling race who used some method to mark planets. If they had some way to alter the property of a rock's surface so that it reflected light differently than others, immense surfaces could be so marked from space "photographically" without any great expenditure of energy. That is, photos projected onto the moon's surface became a part of the moon's surface.



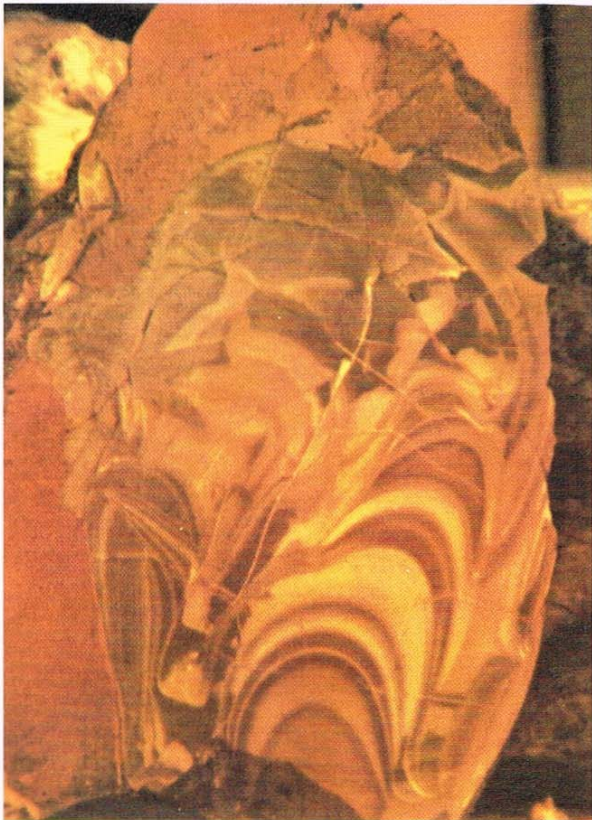
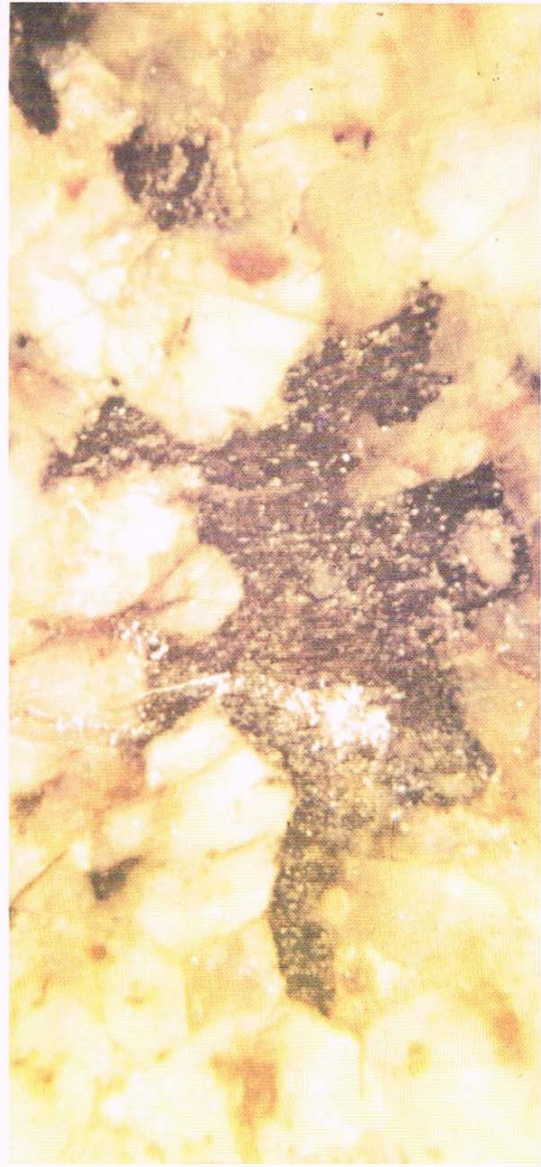
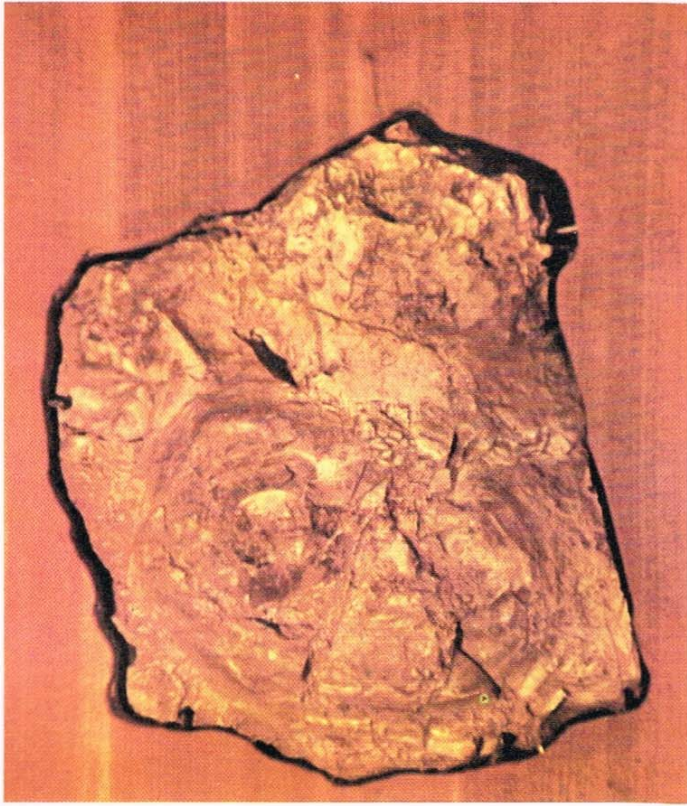
Here are two images of the moon—one is a positive, the other is a negative. In the negative, the ring of craters around the moon's middle is quite plain. Can you tell me this is not the abrasions caused by the satellite rolling around the Earth as it struck the surface? If it is not, have you a theory to account for this very strange arrangement of craters?



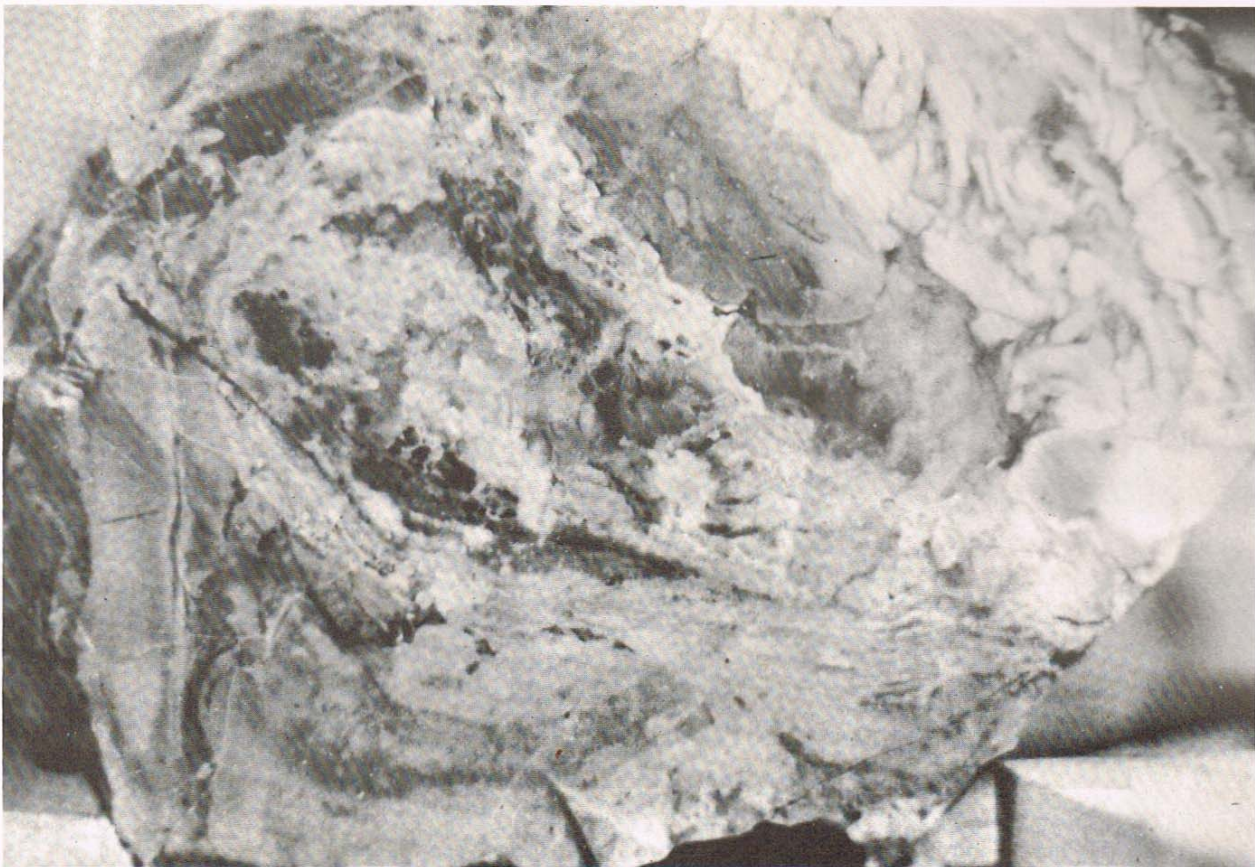
the moon, throwing up a huge shock wave in front of it that sent the planet's oceans careening around it in a tremendous tide, then rolling around the planet, finally breaking the grip of the arms of magnetism and receding once more into space to its erratic orbit. It has fallen from that orbit more than once! It will fall again! The picture on page 134 is the most significant picture in the rock-books, because it portrays the end of a world—the world of the water-people, of space commerce, and a vast civilization. It shows the advent of the moon at the moment it first plowed into Earth's atmosphere. If we could read an account written long after, it might go like this: Long ago the moon fell on this Earth. It bounced, struck by the circling hand of velocity, and bounced back on a new orbit. Then after a hundred years it fell again. The great tides of its fall swept over the Earth again and again as it circled lower and lower, and finally struck the surface. It literally rolled around Mother Earth, abrading the surface of both planets, causing enormous fractures in the crust, loosing vast torrents of lava to mingle with the rushing tides creating enormous clouds of steam. This time the moon picked up a lot more velocity from the whirling world, and again it moved off into a new orbit farther out than before. Now we have the history of mankind divided into three parts separated by two great catastrophes—the falls of the moon. And in between, ice ages, caused by the condensing and falling as snow of the evaporated oceans. The moon caused the ice ages! When the moon falls, it gets hot circling in the air as it falls through the atmosphere in a long, spiraling fall. The air gets hot, and when it does, it picks up a lot of water. There is contributory heating due to the conflicting magnetic fields of the two globes as they jockey about getting their two attractive poles into position for the final thunder as they strike (accounting for the abrasive ring being from north to south on the moon), then tear apart again as the velocity and kinetic energy of the turning Earth brings the repelling poles together and hurls the moon away again. Any astronomer worthy of the name could total up the force of the tides' movement, the amount of gravitational pull between moon and Earth, and come to the conclusion that eventually the moon will fall again because the orbit must be a spiral with all that pull on it, and the magnetic forces will once more align.

This is a photo of the back of the moon, taken by Apollo 8. The official position is that the moon's craters are caused by impact from falling meteorites and from volcanic activity. It is my position that these craters are caused by impact with Earth, from actual impact with mountains and hills, and from the impact of debris from the collision which followed the moon into new orbit and then fell to its surface.

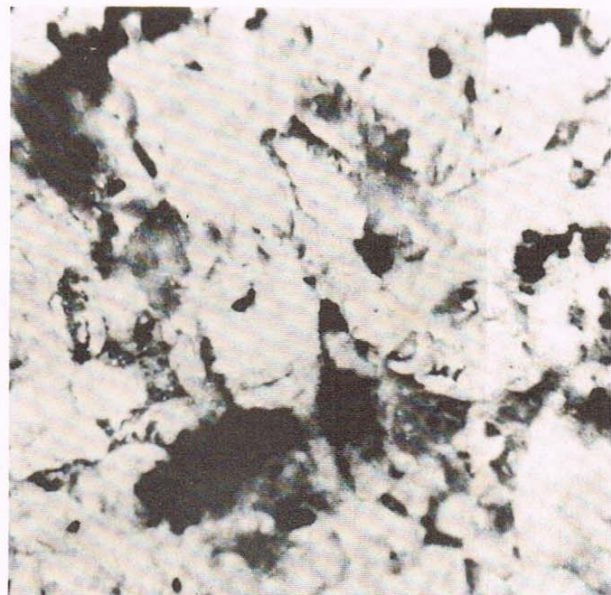
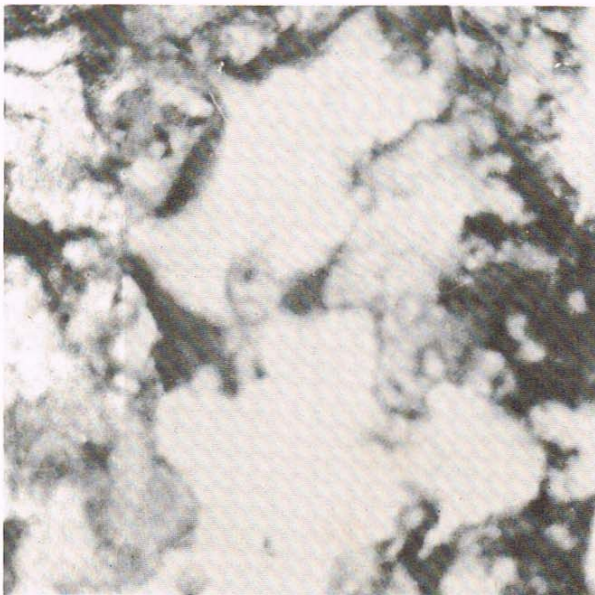


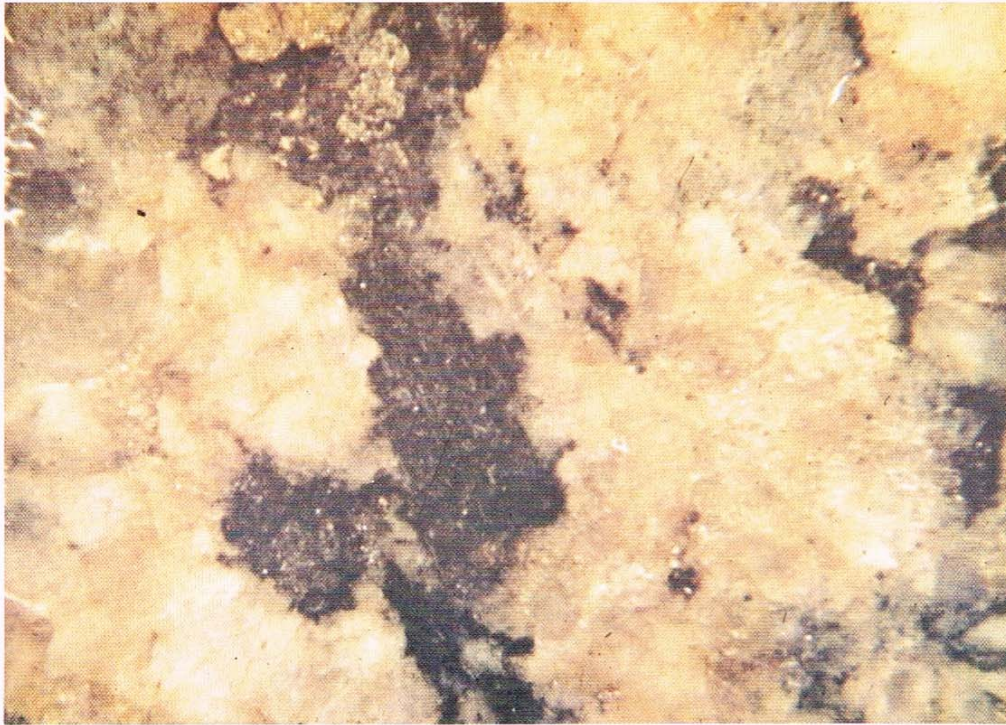


The photo at the upper left is a slice of "headstone". It is a soft type of stone, and generally the images are visible on the outside. But often the method used to impress the image on the surface penetrates all the way through the rock. The stone slice at the upper right is another cut from the same stone pictured on page 133. I like it for its suggestion of "teddy bears" and it may well be a children's book. The stone with a slice taken from its side, at the left, is one that I treat with in detail in another place in this book. It is an especially fine example of Arkansas agate, but an even finer example of "ancient history"!



You will find this same rock slice pictured in full color on page 138. Compare it, and note the greater range of discovery possible with different photographic techniques, and with slightly different angles. In the two pictures below, why not try to make a "head count" of what you can see? The longer you look, the more you will find. You will find humor, tragedy, caricature, every facial expression of emotion possible. You will find males and females, children, old men and women. Some of them large and obvious, others extremely tiny, but just as obvious. Could you be bored "reading" a rock book like this!





I call this one "Confrontation" because of the two figures facing each other so pugnaciously (one on each side of the dark central area). Neither one seems to be entirely human! The stone below pains me greatly—a tiny difference in the angle of the saw-cut, and I would have had a perfect picture. This is an agate, and the right hand side is the profile of ancient man. In the left-center is a messed-up female profile. To show the effect of different lighting, and of black and white film, see page 137 for this same stone, where the three tiny human figures on her forehead show up quite plainly.





These four slices of agate are for you to practice your “seeing” ability. Look at them closely, look at them from a distance, look at them from all angles. Rotate them slowly, tilt them backward and forward. Suddenly you will see something, and when you do, the related images will spring out from almost invisibility to startle you with the realization of how little we really see when we don’t know what we are looking at or what we are looking for. Then realize that these pictures cannot possibly show you what is really in the rock-books. You will have to get some stones of your own, buy a diamond saw, and begin to investigate for yourself. This isn’t such a waste of time and money as you might imagine, because today gemologists (rock-houds) greatly prize the “accidentals” as they call those stones in which an evident picture appears. Some of these are already extremely valuable, in many cases worth more as pictures than as gems—and after all, agate is a gem!





WE LIVE IN THE VALLEY OF THE BLIND

If you recall the story, the one-eyed man died trying to climb out of the valley of the blind, to save his one eye. They were going to put it out, to cure him of his wild idea that there was such a thing as sight.

Today, after nearly twenty-five years of trying to find a response I could call intelligent as well as honest, I know what the Hippies mean by the Establishment. They mean precisely what the one-eyed man meant when he climbed the cliffs of the blind valley. Anything is better than their blindness.

Yet, all that is really needed to rescue this immense library of the Elder World from its rotting place in the sand banks of the world floods is just a little reporting, observation, photography, talking—by enough people.

There are mountains of rock books, containing surface engraving as plain as that on any coin. That is the real story of blindness—that engraving has never been noticed by any of our antiquarians because they never looked at a mere rock for anything but arrow heads and stone axes.

What this means is that there exist no genuine working archaeologists in this United States. If any did exist, they could not have missed this very marvelous and very evident art.

I have spent thousands of hours studying these stones and in thinking about what their existence means to us, the people of the U.S.A., and the rest of the “civilized” world.

I have spent a lot of time writing to various universities and colleges, trying to contact a working antiquarian actually interested in American artifacts of this type, without success.

This is sad, because America’s landscape is really one gigantic ruin after another. These pre-deluge ruins dominate all our rocky landscapes, and are in fact almost standard backdrops for most of our Western movies and T.V. programs. Those picturesque cliffs and tremendous boulders are in fact Cyclopean ruins, and if you stop looking at

the cowboys and Indians for just a few seconds you can’t miss the fact yourself.

The cut rock, masonry walls, tremendous abutments and pillars are still after all this weary time exactly what they were when they were brand new—the work of giant men.

One doesn’t realize this instantly because they are so very, very big! But when distance and perspective lend a hand, they come into focus as the marvels that they are!

Smashed by mile-high tidal waves, eroded by a whole series of ice ages, tilted and cracked by how many quakes, smothered in mud from the ocean bottoms thrown across the land when our oceans followed the captured moon in its first approach and collision with earth, those ruins are still indestructibly there, strong as mountains and high as Ygdrasil.

The mud has eroded away now, but in places it has solidified to a soft rock that slightly obscures the original outlines, plugs the windows and doors and some of the detail of the artwork. Nevertheless they are inescapably there to any artist who looks for them.

For me they are the entertainment in many movies, and without watching for them I find the whole thing impossibly dull.

Cowboys and Indians chasing each other through all infinity, with such ruins as their backgrounds and all quite ignorant of their presence is for me crass ignorance of their own beginnings and their own glorious forebears.

Such blind ignorance is not bearable but one has it constantly, once one knows the facts of life. It shows and it shows horribly and painfully, in the preacher’s words on Genesis, in the teacher’s words on history and man.

The preacher’s words on Genesis go on and on about the apple, and the sin of people eating an apple to get wise like the gods. If you remember, there is a passage or two where they say: “They will next try to “Eat of the Tree of Life and

become as we. . ." etc.

One gathers that the great crime was the seeking of wisdom by simple Adam and Eve. Just how the translators got that apple and that immense wisdom of "the knowledge of Good and Evil. . ." together as one and the same, I will never know. I would like to see the original texts.

In any case, the only moral one can gather from what is written in the Bible about Adam and Eve is that "God" disapproves of people trying to know much about Good and Evil and that he is mighty touchy about his apples. He throws anyone out of the garden who eats even one apple!

"The Serpent" committed the unpardonable sin of aiding and abetting Adam and Eve in their desire for knowledge of Good and Evil. It seems he was much reduced in status and also cast out of the "Garden". Which was always mysterious and contradictory to me as a child. It all seemed such a to-do about an apple, especially as I was planning a foray over a garden fence after some apples myself.

It wasn't until I was quite adult that I finally realized that all that balderdash about an apple was deadly serious, even in today's world, and that there were still flaming swords and an evil sort of Cherub and Cherubim still around trying to keep people from learning anything at all about anything!

This thing about people not learning is the one great fact of history most avoided by all historians. It is the theme, the ugly ancient rigamarole and Sabbath dance around a crucified innocent, to keep the people ignorant.

Well, the people do not have to be ignorant now. The books lie all around them, in their fields, on their hills, in their sand holes and gravel beds.

All that anyone has to do is to pick them up and study them. And all the ugly facts like moon-falls and perished cities and wonder works like space ships and star routes will be available to anyone.

The world has been in cruel slavery to ignorance, and that the dark ages were not entirely due to natural disaster seems so true that there isn't much use in going into the matter any deeper after you have read Genesis without seeing what was meant. For where else on Earth and what other ruler than God would exile people just for trying to learn the

difference between Good and Evil! That is what they teach on Sunday.

I really have no quarrel with religion; just with the words and what they really say. To me, today, religion is a rather hideous perversion of a once wonderful ceremonial worship of some wonderful thing by the people.

Once, before the moon fell, before "upon the world the mists began to fall" people had ways and customs of much meaning and true virtue. The Church ceremonies of today are a survival of some once wonderful thing that people had, long ago.

They have changed the words, but the old wonderful meanings keep trying to shine through in spite of the ignorance and the rant and the falsehoods.

That wonderful ancient custom I still reverence! I despise the wordy nonsense they have made of it all.

I hold that once on Earth there was a true bible, perhaps a number of true bibles all of which taught clearly the difference between good and evil.

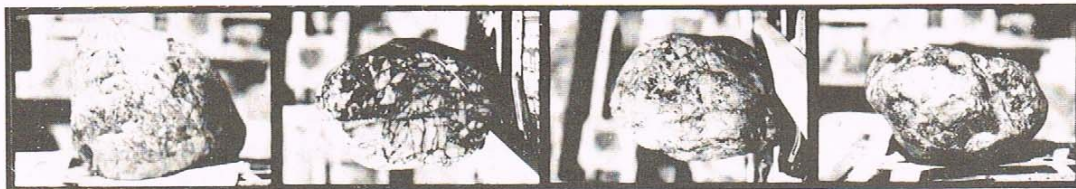
That bible of old I still reverence. I have no sympathy for the one we use today to stop all the mouths of reason everywhere. A bible should not teach that eating an apple brings exile from Paradise; nor that eating an apple can give knowledge of good and evil; nor that the tree of life bears forbidden fruit.

I think the many passages like that in the Bible betray its origin and its perversion, its alteration, its substitution for the ancient books of truth.

It is the logic or lack of it that I deplore in Christian teachings. It is the lack of knowledge of semantics and the recognition of its misuse and decay in such writings as the bible.

The semantics, the correct meanings of the words we misuse today, are all available in the books written by those same great space-traveling forebears who wrote upon the moon and upon Earth in letters mountain-high!

You don't have to take all this on faith, as they ask you to take Heaven and the Angels. You can SEE the letters put upon Earth, and the pictures big as continents, just by studying the photos of the moon and of Earth recently taken by our own astronauts.



You can also find the pictures and the writings of those same great forebears on stone books lying about your own landscape. You can pick them up, dust them off, take them home just as you would your Bible; and with a lot more confidence in their truly great and superior origin! You don't have to take their age on faith either. There are "scientific" ways to date such things.

You don't have to take a chance on anyone's theories about the past. You can read their books for yourself, just by working at the job in the same way you would work at reading the Bible if you really believed "God" wrote it.

This is no preachment and no theory. This is simple fact you can check out for yourself just by studying the rocks in your own area of the world.

Such rocks were made by processes similar to those used today to make microfilm. They were made by people with a vast technology, for both teaching and for entertainment.

That is: you have to learn to magnify pictures and writings in solids. This is perhaps too advanced a science for the people who preach about creating a Heaven and Earth in seven days.

I think they have handled such phrases with such uncritical attitudes they have forgotten how to think about the facts of life in front of their eyes.

I think they are in truth the people of the valley of the blind, who stumble over their own stones unseeing, while they listen with their ears to some preaching creature who doesn't have the faintest shred of physical fact in all the torrent of misused and abused words!

I am weary of them and their blind ignoring of the things in life that are far more available and worthy than any preacher's ideas about souls and heavens.

They don't even know the origin of the word "soul" and yet they presume to teach as if they did know!

Soul is a modern word derived from an ancient word which contained a somewhat different concept than it now does.

Once, long ago, people knew about mental error caused by sun-induction. "Sol" was a word that meant the sun. But it had another connotation in their knowledge of sun-induction.

All electrical currents induct a carrier current if there is a source to induct from. This "stranger" in inductive electrical set-ups like carpet sweepers, motors, batteries and men's minds is very much present in all thought.

This causes magnetically induced error in all

thought, just as it causes error in electrical meters and measuring instruments of any delicacy of construction. This magnetic error in thought causes mirage thought!

When a mind thinks of itself, there is a mirage "self" reflected in the thought which in ancient



times was called the "Sol" or sun-reflection in thought.

A "soul" is a modern mis-statement of an ancient fact of mirage self. A second self, in the mind, that acts differently and doesn't think properly at all.

The "soul" is a mirage in the mind!

Do you think you could discuss this mirage with a religious person? You know better! But why not? Because he listens to his second self rather than his own true self! Mental mirage is well known—in the desert, where such things as over-exposure to the sun are frequent, they recognize this condition and fear it terribly.

They call it "cafard" and they run away from it, for people who are cafard sometimes kill. However, they are as often harmlessly bemused. Blind to reason, as it were.

The "soul" they speak of so much is very much present in everyone's mind, and if you now know

about its source in sun-induction causing mental error and mirage thought, you won't listen to the "soul" with too great respect.

One MUST reason in the mind with one's own true self, and not listen to any false personality, or one is apt to do all sorts of mad things, like listening to ignorance instead of wisdom. Or like teaching things you don't *know* are facts as if they *were* facts!

If there is a source of mental error you had better look into it, so as not to have any more mental error than you can help, hadn't you?

There is such a source. It is called sun-induction of magnetic currents in the neurons (which are a sort of electrical wiring system in the mind).

The "soul" is immortal, all right (if you accept that the sun is everlasting). But that the mirage thought in the mind, induced by the sun causing false currents to flow in the mind, is ever *right* about anything at all, is folly!

It is never right. It is like listening to an atom pile and then agreeing with the atom pile. Atomic piles put out so much induction they causes errors in thought, too!

How much preaching about religion, is rational teaching about simple demonstrable fact? And how much is a kind of mirage of impossible concepts of immortal after-life and easy to come by redemption for all your sins?

Just what do they mean by sins? The Elder word for "sin" was a word that meant "sun-induction", and that the "in" meant the world of the small, the "in" world of little particles thrown off by the sun, in the case of "s" in *S* was their symbol for the sun, and "in" was their symbol for very finely divided particles of radioactivity which affect the mind.

"Sin" was a different sort of mental error caused by actual particles entering the mind. Particles of radioactivity were indicated by the letter "s".

How much of modern activity is caused by "sin"? Like the belief in the need for multiplication of nuclear attack weapons.

The true original source, which is *not* the Bible, is the language used by the Elder race, long ago when the world was young and words were truly meanings with sense.

"Sin", the seed of the sun, was well understood by the Elder race. It is not at all understood by those who preach about sin today! It must be understood for the mental infection and inflammation called "sin". This knowledge is available in very ancient rock books, and they are not only available, they are readable!



Richard S. Shaver

The idea that sin refers to sexual excess is not entirely wrong, but it is a misleading teaching. Sexual excesses are a symptom of the disease the ancients called "sin", but they are neither the only tell-tale symptom nor are they the infallible symptomatic display one might think.

So very many words are used in a corrupt form by moderns that to attempt a list of the words and the correct meaning that should attach to them would be to attempt a new dictionary, or a new and better encyclopedia.

There is really no great need for this. The Elder bibles are available, and reading them will provide the correct usages and meanings for many of the words we misuse today. The word "bible" itself is one of these misunderstood and abused words. In the days when the true bibles were manufactured, the word meant what it means in such words as "bibliophile", "bibliolatry" (the worship of a book) etc.

Bible meant simply "book" and not any particular book.

The "bi" means the same as in *bifurcate*, a duality, an interplay of two forces, without which no book would be readable. Dull books are those in which it is not understood that interest must be created by an interplay of two active and opposed or at least divergent forces or people.

Thus: the "Bible of Wrestling" would describe

ways in which two men grapple. And the Bible leading up to our present Bible was the description of the interplay of two opposed forces.

The two opposed forces which the Elder Bible discussed and explained were what we call Good and Evil. But in the dark ages, evil groups feared the knowledge it gave the good people they planned on for victims. The real Bible of Good and Evil was destroyed, hidden, hunted down. . .and a partly false Bible was substituted.

That is why our Bible is dull. When you remove the interplay of the two protagonists from a book about Good and Evil, you don't have a very good plot left.

The true Bible of Good and Evil can be found, it still exists among our mountains of rock books under the piles of the tidal wave debris we call "hills" or moraines, or sand banks, or dunes, or ice-age debris.

Until we do recognize that the real Bible still exists, and the present Bible is not necessarily the only book on Earth, we are in fact suffering from bibliolatry, the worship of a book. Personally I think this is worse than idolatry, and there is a sin in it!

Not only a sin, but "sin" itself. A kind of madness, for which there are any number of words available.

Words with the wrong meanings attached are what really ail us, and we won't really be able to think correctly about anything like Bibles and pedants and one-idea'd madmen and preachers who are really laying down a pattern of behavior very similar to hypocrisy when they say "I believe in the Holy Ghost" and they never saw a ghost nor want to see one!

There is such a thing as sin, all right. The Crusades were among the great mad sins of all time, a berserk massacre of innocent heathens in the name of the Gentle Jesus!

Much that we mistake for religion is in fact a

disguised kind of sin!

When people worship any book to the exclusion of all other books, they are shutting out all education for something that isn't what it pretends to be—a book written by God.

Rock books are parts of the true bible, the books written by the first races. There are no other true bibles anywhere, for the very concept of one book above all other books is in fact *bibliolatry*!

And that is just another kind of madness, you know.

There used to be a bible that law officers carried in their pocket. It gave all the symptoms of "sin", how to detect it and how to treat it on the spot.

"Sin" was a disease, and law officers were trained to deal with it, just as we train doctors to treat diseases today!

Do you want to worship that handbook for law enforcers? It was a bible of Good and Evil, right enough!

It is also available among the other "rocks"!

Our race, emerging from long ages of darkness, carries these marks of madness with them. We do not struggle enough to throw off the ancient madness, and we do not try enough to find the truth in the Bible. The true bible is available among all the other marvelous ancient books we have managed to despise as stones while we worship a false substitute for the real thing.

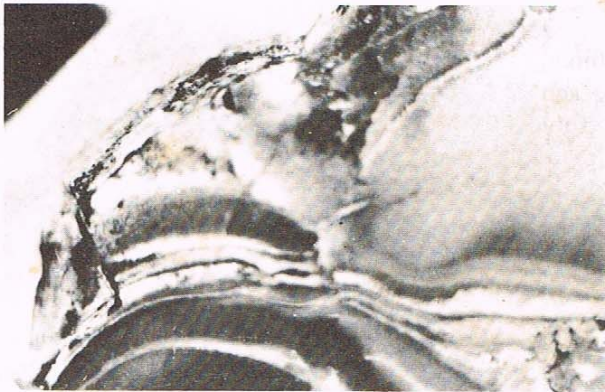
The Gentle Jesus was a teacher of Good. Must we then go on about his poor crucified body as if something grand happened, and that he died to relieve us of the dire results of "sin"?

Must we misinterpret and misrepresent and mistake everything for something else that it is not?

What is a religion that can glorify a crucifixion?

Must we continue to keep in our Bible all the ancient errors of translation, mistranscribings and misconcepts and never notice any of them?

Must we live forever in the valley of the blind?



A short spaceman being interviewed by a tall news woman on his arrival.