

Tegeena: Warrior Priestess

A Novel

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To Gina Marie

Chapter 1. Tegeena: Warrior Priestess

This is the first paragraph of this novel. It is just a test. Please proceed to read at least the first three chapters before putting it down. If you can't do that now, purchase it or check it out and do it later. Your mother wants you to.

Before the Vikings, before the Greeks, before the Pyramids, before the Babylonians, humans lived in the North,

in what they now call Northern Europe, and in the West, in what they now call America.

10,000 B.C. The Ice Age was nearing its end. The Ocean was lower, and the Mediterranean was a lake. Mammoths ruled the unforested landscape.

The land bridge to the West from Asia was being submerged slowly, while a new route from the Mediterranean Lake to the Ocean was slowly opening up, threatening the North.

The people enjoyed total peace, total harmony with Nature, and mastery of water travel. The city of Atlantis, south of the modern British Isles, which weren't islands then, ruled the Ocean, with a northern sea route, via a chain of islands, between the North and the West lands.

Magic itself had not been born, nor religion, nor even the language families known today. There was no civilization in the Mediterranean yet, no laws, no crime, no jails, not even family units. Sexual intercourse was ruled by instinct, occurring once a year only.

A mysterious science from extraterrestrial sources shot a cold bright alien light over the birthing ignorance of terrestrial life, calling humans to their role of a higher consciousness free of selfishness, lust and greed.

Tegeena, born of an Atlantean mother and a Western father, an Atlantean priestess, grew into maturity in a world of peace, harmony with Nature, respect for life, development of the spirit and higher self. Higher consciousness was offered to Earth forever, along with the immortality and eternal peace and happiness, by their extraterrestrial sponsors.

Then the great danger came, launching her story.

Spawned by the discovery of the role of male sperm in human birth, men began breaking from the faith of the women, greed and selfishness gained hold, religions were created where male gods had ascendancy over female gods. Male-god priesthoods, patriarchal governments, and the insidious

view of Earth as not alive, as not their Mother, as subject to exploitation and rape by man, sprouted overnight. Lust, Magic and Science were born, leading men away from higher consciousness and true happiness. Men now hunted men, seeking glory and other false gods. Men organized war for the first time. Humanity was falling from its higher path, into self-destruction and disaster.

Streaming into the West and on into Ocean via the old land bridge in Asia, and simultaneously into Ocean and on into the North via the new emerging sea route out of the Mediterranean Lake created by the creeping rise in the level of Ocean, armies of men had little to stop them. Except Tegeena, warrior priestess.

Her hair pure white, her eyes violet, this 8 ft. tall beauty had a special way with the gigantic hairy beasts of the Ice Age, and a special channel to the extraterrestrial powers who were the secret behind Atlantis and its true purpose.

Wielding a giant sword, a magic eagle always perched on her shoulder, she rode a magnificent sabre-toothed tiger named Hooa, flew on a prehistoric bird named Cheeu, and could summon herds of fierce tusked charging woolly mammoths with a yell. Holding all life as sacred, she never killed another human being, and killed animals only in self-defense and sacrifice. When she defeated men in combat, she nurtured them back to health, ministering to their spiritual needs, and tried to show them the error of their ways. She was a priestess of Mother Earth, called to action by its cries of distress.

Men who dared chase her sexually found they had to fight her first, and she always won, so far. The original Ice Queen.

To stop this tide threatening all humankind, she would have to remain true to her sacred animal, her sacred song, her sacred spell, her sacred consciousness, and nip the new forces of Lust, Magic, Science, and War in the bud, make the cries of Mother Earth be heard, that happiness is not to be won by conquest, but is a gift already offered, just waiting

to be accepted.

At the same time, her spiritual journey alone could destroy humankind's chances for peace and happiness, or insure ultimate triumph, since she was Earth's chosen priestess, and extraterrestrial forces were watching, their patience with Earth and its life in the balance.

Chapter 2. Tegeena's Fall

Long long ago, from a land no more, everybody's mother was singing. And down below her, mammoths on the move chorused her with their songs.

East a mammoth, north a mammoth, every direction a mammoth mammoth. The herd was moving through the valley, the great noise and the great live smell cutting through the smell of snow. The great brown shapes cut out of the white, ten feet and more in height, all woolly and warm despite the cold. The great white tusks seen moving against the breaks in the great white, digging for grass far down, and munching it. The hairy little ones darting in and out from the hairy shelter of the big ones, safe from the perishing snow. Where does the air of mammoth song carry? To other mammoth herds on other mountains? Or to a mammoth Valhalla, the souls of their ancestors beckoning them to be good?

The mammoths were migrating from one mountain to another, the evergreen foliage consumed. But there were always more than enough new mountains to keep the great hungry herd thriving, if it kept on the move, using their great tusks to dig up grasses under the snow bed. And always the weak, sick, and stragglers would be mercifully and efficiently, without cruelty or judgment, pruned off by the ever-shadowing swarm of wolves, dogs, and cats, with hyenas and big birds sure to eat what they left, including the great dung. A self-sufficient nomadic society in the great valleys of the North.

All this was good and as Mum intended, thought Tegeena, watching from a hill too steep for them to reach, sitting

atop Hooa, her magnificent sacred cat with the big ripping saber teeth, which hung out even with his mouth closed. Purring as she pet him and scratched behind his ears, stroked his forehead in circles. Quiet now, not roaring while stalking.

On her back was slung her sacred sword, given her by Dad, made of the mysterious shiny metal that never grew dull, never broke or shattered, and could slice through any creature's best defenses with ease. Regularly, lovingly, she slipped her hand into a leather pouch and brought out meat treats to throw down for Hooah, who scarfed them selfishly but appreciatively.

Tegeena knew not language, but she had a sacred song, and she always sang it, even when caution taught her to be quiet, when she would sing ever so softly. She was searching patiently for a sacred task to do today, such as rescuing a healthy mammoth from a circle of wolves, if it had mistakenly left the herd without really being sick or weak. Down she would swoop on snarling Hooa, waving her flashing sword, and crying her sacred cry, to scare the wolves away, so she could herd the mammoth back to the safety of numbers. When the wolves were too hungry and ferocious to flee, she had to fight them, never killing them, just showing them it would be no easy kill like they had thought, until they moved on back to the herd with its irresistible offerings of real meals. She loved the wolves so, and their song. Back in Atlantis they had tamed wolves, dogs.

Once she had wounded a great wolf but not killed it when it begged for no mercy, and this is how she got her sacred wolf, which we'll call Rooba. While carrying it home to Atlantis on Hooa's back, the smell of the wolf's blood caused a giant cave bear to give chase to them, and cause a long standoff on a snowy ledge before Tegeena found a way to escape safely, by throwing decoy meat to it. However, unlike Hooa, the buck wolf could not be tamed, and it left its home in Atlantis one night and went back to Mum, where Tegeena often heard it and its children singing the sacred song of the wolf in chorus with hers. At times she could see, through Dad's eyes, a universe of Mums, all as happy as

hers, all alive with song.

What was a sacred song? No matter how fallen you might be, you all know already. It will flow from you without hesitation if you give up your selfishness and greed, and let the love inside you come out. It's life's love voice.

The white sky above would soon turn black, black enough to swallow the land. Time to return home, to Atlantis, and her marble halls, take off the dry furs and have her hot bath, feel water around her. No animals needed her rescue service today.

Down, down, down the long rocky slope padded her trusty cat, with Tegeena hugging its back, briefly pausing on intermediate ledges so that she could turn her head around and take in the beauty of Mum, singing with joy. This was our planet Earth, 12,000 long years ago, before humanity had made its mark on its face. A world billions of years without humankind at this point, and never missing it, nor taking much notice of its presence now. Billions of creatures were keeping her too busy. Down to where the clouds met the slope went Tegeena, to the invisible wall maintained by Dad, where the cold changes to warmth, and, sometimes, Dad is visible looking up.

How she loved Mum and Dad, who had made her so beautiful, so caring, so wise, so happy. Before Dad had flown in from the stars, there had been none like Tegeena. No humans at all. Beings with souls, lives that had a higher purpose than physical survival. That had consciousness of Dad. That could marvel, and care, and love Mum's creatures. That were in charge of Mum's lands. That knew the responsibility of love. The first souls were the first to love. And love would be what all souls shared and evolved as Mum's things changed and stayed the same.

The last wall jumped, Hooa padded softly down the marble roads to the big temple at the crowning point by the cliffs, overlooking Ocean. Canal after canal, in a series of rings, led to the central temple. Here dozens of humans in white robes sat by the fountains and pools, deep in communion. No idle chat and laughing here. No sexual games, or even

looks. All were as brothers and sisters, despite total nudity under the sheer robes, striving to truly love each other, know communion of the soul, not eat each other up like they do now. To bring another soul into existence, this was a communal decision, and a sacred act. Tegeena was still wearing her thick furs when she reached her favorite pool, the sky blacker than black and the stars brilliant and bathing to the soul, gleaming off of fair Atlantis' many crystalline points.

See Tegeena in the clear pool, her furs cast aside, the phosphorescence lighting it turquoise blue from below. Skin and hair white as the new snow, including on her privates. Limbs of perfect form, what would now be called 8 feet tall. Perfect breasts, rounded and defying gravity, what would now be called a C cup, not too fatty. Perfect wasp waist, rounded hips. Long long legs, muscled and thick, meaty. Perfect beauty born of perfect symmetry. The beauty of Dad, the strength of Mum, able to lift a thousand pounds to her knees, and more than half that over her head. The violet eyes of Dad, large and loving. The love of Mum, for the creatures of Mum, and the love of Dad, for the higher planes of universal creation.

She, like all her Atlantean brothers and sisters, had a constitution that was much more robust, circulation much more perfect, and heart much more powerful, than today's humans, so that she could easily withstand frigid temperatures, on land or water, and, in fact, preferred them, although she loved warm baths, just like people do now. When venturing out into Mum's frigid Ice Age lands, she still dressed in warm furs, as wind chill temperatures could easily reach 50 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and no living thing could survive on land without fur. No water, however, could be too cold for her to survive, anymore than for the fish of the Ocean.

Tegeena was a priestess of Dad, and thus a virgin, having no sexual knowledge of her own kind, nor any offspring. As a child. Yet her genes were more perfect than any human today, for she and her sisters and brothers in Atlantis were the mothers and fathers of all of today's humanity. And time has not evolved their genes to a higher form, only

caused the loss of their perfection in the long chain of transmission. All the humans you know of through history, were to Tegeena unborn seeds inside her, and she was their mother.

So here was Eve, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, but far more beautiful, their perfect first type, living in the flesh. The beauty that so many men later killed and died to possess, innocent and unknowing what the future held. But here in Atlantis no man coveted her, nor even any woman, for there was no such thing as sex just for orgasmic satisfaction, or sex for anything but reproduction. All were perfect, and self-sufficient, striving, not for each other's embraces, but for Dad's communion. Not one marriage had ever been performed, nor one rape committed or even planned, nor one death of a human recorded so far in fair Atlantis. Nor one lonely or broken heart.

Dad was so mysterious, but not more so than Mum. Dad was of the high, Mum of the low. Knowing the high and the low, and loving them both, this was Tegeena's spirit, its secret chant and song her treasured mysteries.

Come, my loves, to Tegeena, she has skill from on high to show you love's way. A wounded creature found a new chance with her. But not without a lesson, to love as they have been loved. In Atlantis Dad had conquered the cold and the snow, with hot springs, sun collectors, mysterious auras that kept in the warmth, and grew the grass and foodstuffs for her and her creatures. Not one creature she had taken in, other than the wolf, had ever asked to be let back out, even when their lifelong diet of live meat had been changed to dead meat, or live vegetation to dead. Not the little mammoths, the cats & lions, the dogs, the bears, the moose, the boars, the caribou, the sheep. Nor the fox, badgers, wolverines, horses, camels, antelope, bison, musk-oxen, yaks, ground sloths, rhinos, and beavers. As she took more in, so did the size of Atlantis' meadows grow, always plenty of room for all. They gladly accepted sacrifice to become meat and fur for she and her brothers and sisters. Love from high met love from below in fair Atlantis.

Once Tegeena had a pet baby mammoth, which we will call

Woowoo. She had the cuddliest fine coat of wool until she got older and grew the heavy muskox-like pelt of long dark guard hairs. Tegeena liked to rub the knob-like dome on her head, and tickle her little ears, running her hands down her sloping back and rubbing her little hump of fat that in lean years would be used like a camel for sustenance. Her thick, 2 inch layer of blubber was so fine to lay her head on that Tegeena kept her in her own bed until she grew too large, then spent a whole winter sleeping in a tent, in the meadow, to be near her, a visitor's bed kept always supplied with fresh-cut grass, which often found Woowoo visiting. When Woowoo grew up, she supplied Tegeena with fresh mammoth milk as much as she wanted to drink, until she finally grew too old, and couldn't. She loved the mammoth so much she couldn't bear to have it sacrificed for meat, letting it grow old and feeble, until it asked Tegeena to give it rest, which she did with her sacred sword. Tegeena saved her tusks and forever lovingly displayed them mounted over her own bed, covered with soft, plush fleeces and furs.

Dear Readers, this book would not be possible if it were not for words, yet you must understand that this is the year 10,000 B.C., that's twelve full millennia ago, and language had not been invented yet. Humans were as the animals, unable to speak, although they could sing and chant sacred syllables like they could. But that doesn't mean they didn't see, hear, feel, and think. Just not in language. Indeed, the highest thoughts are, even now, above language. So, take this book as it comes, by reading between the lines, and be wiser.

Now, as Tegeena was returning from her scouting expedition, in the North lands, in what is now the sea south of the British Isles, humanity was a very small part of Mum, or Nature. There were not over 5,000 humans in the North, and as many in the West, what is now called America. Several thousand more lived around the great lake in the Middle of the Earth, the Mediterranean, but the Straits of Gibraltar were dry land then, and there was no sea route to great Ocean, only hazardous land routes. Several more thousand lived beyond the sinking land bridge in the West in what is now called Asia, but was then the Badlands, where humans forgot Dad.

At that time, the Ocean was much lower, and much of it was in the form of ice up north, so that there was a chain of islands that one could, with the help of Dad, transverse between the North and the West. That was how the West got its first humans. From there, some went to what is now Asia, but they were for all practical purposes in another world they were so far away, in those badlands across the failing land bridge from the West, and communion with Dad was withdrawn from them.

Fair Atlantis was the first city of humanity ever built, at the edge of a plain, overlooking sheer cliffs and Ocean, which it ruled over, by Mum's permission. It was humanity's first government, first center of wisdom and learning, first center of humanity's soul. Its buildings, squares, plazas, roads, were all hewn out of rock right on the spot, not built out of blocks hauled there and dressed together like later cities. Granite and marble, cut perfectly straight, even to atomic precision, polished smoother than telescopic mirrors today, a magnificent sight. But the fact is, it was not built by humans, but by visitors from another world, what today they call Grays, with a science that is not of this world, and compared to which our best is as a child's scribblings.

You scoff. You think of pie pans thrown into the air with a hasty photograph snapped. Yes, today's humans have foisted many evil hoaxes on each other. But, the recurring stories of Grays has a kernel of truth, and this is it. Long ago, while the Earth was still totally wild, and there weren't any sapient beings to rise above the level of the animal creation, a major fleet of ships arrived from a distant star, looking for a home. It was a sudden arrival, a catastrophe for Earth, an end and a beginning. For a time, the entire sky was buzzing with their ships surveying the surface, and plunging in and out of the water, fighting now-lost sea creatures surviving from primeval days, looking for a place to set up a home, which they finally found in what they now call the Bermuda Triangle.

It is not true that Grays now travel back and forth to their home star all the time. No, they cannot return, there

is no return for them. Their ships had to be cannabilized to live here, and the resources to construct another fleet simply do not exist here, unless humanity were to multiply into the billions and devote centuries of work to assist. They came to find a new planet to love, and when they saw the Earth with its great blue Ocean, they fell in love, and landed in Ocean, where they lived on the sea floor for millennia, for they are aquatic creatures.

They immediately had complete dominion over Earth, and could have prevented any other sapient life from evolving here if they had wished, on land or sea. But they love Mum, the Earth, and its creatures, and arrived, not to exploit, but to husband. And they unselfishly gave of themselves to create humanity, developing it from the elements they found here, creating the miracle of the human form, that is so Graylike, yet shares Mum's genes, and the human brain, that is capable of thinking the thoughts of Mum and Dad alike, to arise for the first time. Scientists today will not find this easy to accept, for they prefer to think that Mum created humanity all by itself, by a process of genetic evolution from primeval muds, even though many find this even more disturbing and harder to accept. But think about it. If pure native evolution were true, why are there not several sapient creatures running about now, instead of only one? What happened to the Cro-Magnon line of pre-humans? And why is humanity so unlike Mum's other creatures, so much so as to suggest origin from another world?

The Grays loved Mum, and loved her so much that they gave their own genetic codes to her creatures and created the first humans. And they could only create one type, in their own image. They used the Cro-Magnon yes, and when they had added their own genes to create the huge leap that is modern humanity, the Cro-Magnons were sterilized and allowed to live out their lives in happiness, ending their short reign.

Originally, humans, like they, were aquatic creatures, living in their Ocean home and gaving birth through egg-laying like they did. But the Grays didn't need them to help them rule Ocean, for they already had it well under control. They needed them to rule the land, in partnership with them, and for this purpose they constructed the land

city of Atlantis on a mountain plain thrusting out of Ocean, that could be accessed underneath from aquatic caverns, and placed their new creation in those caverns, weaning them from Ocean by making them breathe air with their lungs, and encouraging them to go up, on their own two legs, onto the land, through the nurturing nest of the city, then to go out, on ships constructed by the Grays, throughout the domain of Ocean, to all its lands, and colonize and minister to them, and commune with Dad.

All humanity on Earth started in fair Atlantis, walked over its fair steps into the wild beyond, under encouragement of the Grays, or Dad as the humans called them. All the human institutions we take for granted today -- language, religion, laws -- were unknown then, had not been invented, were not needed. Even the sexuality of humans we know today was unknown then. Like the animals, humans had a once-a-year mating period, and each woman of mature age had one live childbirth a year. Lust was unknown, as was money, property, even the concept of private ownership. Indeed, the concept that Nature was inanimate, and that humans could use it without regard for its rights and feelings, was unknown, as was the very idea of war, or even male domination of society, or even human organizations based on sexual gender. Women, as the vessels of reproduction, were the center of life, lineage was traced through them not the men, and the latter devoted their lives to making sure all women were safe, happy, well-fed, and loved, feeling, if anything, inferior to them, since they had no part in reproduction and were not necessary to humanity's survival as directly. But they were just as loved by Dad, and were constantly told so.

A select group of humans were selected by Dad to be priestesses, which, since there was no religion like humans later developed, didn't mean what it would mean now, intermediaries between gods and men. Rather it meant that they were selected to commune with the Grays, and represent humanity to them and other sapient life in the universe. But all humans, not just priestesses, were exempted from the creature burdens of survival, being supplied with food, shelter, and clothing by Dad, in exchange for devoting their lives to the pursuit of higher consciousness that is not of

the flesh. Males could become priestesses, but only upon surrendering their sexual organs, and becoming female. Back then, the male organ didn't hang loose like now, but was encased in a skin sheath like animals, the scrotum hanging free, but there was no shame or lust in nakedness, like humans did to themselves when they fell.

In contrast to humans of today, who think higher consciousness precludes the eating of animal flesh, Dad designed human teeth to eat meat as well as vegetable matter, and it was part of higher consciousness to celebrate Mum's mysteries by eating meat, vegetables, fruits, and berries, and communing with their spirits. Even drinking blood. Vegetables as known today were unknown then, the wild varieties being rather unappetizing and used only for flavoring meat. Fruits were better developed from their constant selection by picky birds. Cultivation of wheat and rice had not been invented yet, or animal husbandry, or even the raising of fowl for eggs or the development of the milk cow. Without sacrificing wild animals for meat humanity could not have survived its infancy even in Atlantis.

You say that the Earth was in the grip of an Ice Age, and, except for the tiny remaining tropical region at the Equator, no naked unfurry human could possibly exist. Humanity arose in Africa, or Asia, from a line of mutant apes and monkeys, you say. Sorry, but all that arose from apes and monkeys were more apes and monkeys, all quite hairy and, though some could fashion crude tools, none with anything akin to higher intelligence. Humanity was made by Dad from creature material of Mum, then released, full-blown, in Atlantis, to spread over the Earth, unfurry and naked as today, but protected by Dad, until The Fall.

Races, skin tone variations that are genetic, such as we know today, were unknown then. Everybody was pure colorless, or what they call now, white, actually, pink, when the blood shows through.

Permanent skin pigment is a reaction to excess sunlight, a protective reflex that is what was mutated, as the generations rolled by, to become hereditary today. With land animals, it's not their skins, but their hairs, that

are colored in hereditary patterns, for survival, and none go through life hairless like humans do, for humans are a creation of visitors from space who live underwater, where hairy coats have no purpose. So too, today, with humans, genetic mutations are a sign of grim struggles for survival, but the original human was colorless, since it had its survival guaranteed by Dad. This included the eyes and the hair. All pigments seen today were developed as mutations in response to environmental conditions since fair Atlantis.

Tegeena, as a result of her communion with the Grays, had a sacred color though, violet eyes. The eyes of Grays are deep deep violet, so deep as to often be mistaken for black, and so large as to seem insectlike, but humans in communion with them, such as Tegeena, started with light violet, and then, as the communion deepened, so did the shade, and the size, of the eyes. At the start of our story she was still of light shade, but her eyes would be more proportionate to an infant than to a full-grown woman today. Those are your mother's eyes, and yours, and yours, no matter how much you hate each other.

Now, if things had stayed the same, and never changed, we'd have no story, or words to tell one with. Whether it was 12,000 years ago, or 5,000 years ago, or today, humanity would still be as it was then, happy, ungreedy, unexploitative, small in numbers, tending Mum and her creatures with love, unconcerned with money, or technology, or religion, or magic, or even language, much less nations, flags, and war. Putting Mum first, ahead of themselves. But humanity had free will, and, when given the choice, it fell, as all the myths now truly teach.

It was the discovery that male sperm caused the woman to conceive, that was the root cause of The Fall. Not in fair Atlantis itself, but out in the badlands, away from the daily influence of Dad, the worst consequences grew out of this discovery, with men warning other men that certain women were their property, their seed alone could enter their property, and the issue of the women was also their property, with lineage itself being invented, always along the male vector, as if women counted little more than vessels to make man's property in and then hand over, after

a raising period. Men began to greedily demand sex with women nightly, all year round, hoping for more issue, and, also, seeing how this made women more completely his personal property, hoping to make women into their slaves. Worse, they began to selectively breed their women based on their ability to arouse their libido, based on flukes in the shapes of their faces and forms. And, they began to selectively breed their men based on the worst instead of the best traits, such as more libido, bigger penises without skin sheaths, more aggressiveness, less spirituality. If they could have, they would have created two distinct species, one to be master over the other. But the need to share a single genetic code always foiled them.

Inevitably, constant sexual relations led to an evil addiction, and, just as inevitably, one male came up against another over certain women, and greed, pride, hate, all began to stir hot, with males organizing other males into hierarchies, based on strength. And finally, the terrible scourge of organized war came to Mum's face. War, for what? For an illusory goal, that, once reached, immediately demanded another, and another, more illusory goal. Mum itself was to be conquered, exploited, by ever-more humans, breeding beyond what Mum could naturally support.

Dad knew very well the ultimate consequences, for this was not the first planet they ever tried to take care of, and this evil has been seen before, causing them to abandon such a planet to its own self-destruction. Indeed, Grays could not, would not, and did not, attempt to communicate with or even contact those who had no higher consciousness, no love. Today's establishment doesn't see any evidence of visitors from space, because the visitors don't want them to have any. Sorry, it takes two to talk.

Why haven't the Grays left Earth yet, and are still here today? They cannot fly to another planet, in a fleet of ships, even if the nearest suitable planet were not far far away. They can, and will, commit suicide, vanish without a trace, if and when they feel their mission here is a failure, they love us that much. They arrived knowing they couldn't ever leave without us. Communion with them is the only way to one day commune with the loving galaxy that

patiently waits for us to grow up, but could just as easily wait another hundred million years if that's what we take.

Why hasn't Earth been visited by evil warlike visitors, conquering it and perhaps stealing its minerals, its water, its life? Why are there infrequent sightings of Grays reported by humans today? Brief abductions and tests? Why do humans acknowledge the great age of the Universe, yet live as if they were the only sapient beings in it? And cavort with danger as if there were no tomorrow? And how do they explain why we are not slaves of some higher sapient beings? Because it's quite the opposite situation from what they think. Visitors from outer space aren't far off, distant, cold, impersonal. They are here now, and were here before we were. It's just that the rest of the Universe has no need for us, if we aren't good to our Mum and our Dad, and show it by how we take care of Mum's creatures and each other. As long as we are bad they simply drop all communion with us. We are on probation now.

Probation, you ask? Why haven't the Grays abandoned the horrid scene of today's Earth, where self-annihilation of humanity is rehearsed by the highest levels of human government daily? Where the height of lowness, the 'winnable nuclear war', is 'thinkable'? A creature, given higher intelligence by Dad, thinking of mass murder of his own brothers and sisters, why is this fallen creation on probation?

Love. They will wait till the last possible moment before leaving, give us every last chance. It's up to us. We are the only sapient life on Earth other than them. After pursuing selfishness, war and exploitation for 12,000 years, it's not too late to give it all up, albeit the effort would be hard, and slow, with the greedy overpopulation of Earth having to be reversed voluntarily, through voluntary abstinence from sex, and, as the population shrunk, the voluntary return of the Earth to Mum's creatures. Restoration, with reparations duly paid.

When done, the original, happy place of humanity on Mum would cheerfully be given back by Dad, and humanity's happy future would become unlimited, the stars coming to us rather

than us having the sheer folly to think we can go out to them.

But don't get the wrong idea. The evil of war didn't start full-blown out of some sorry genius' brow. War chiefs at first were no Attilas, or Genghis Khans, or Napoleons, or Hitlers or Stalins. War was not mass extermination. Or even deadly. Men did not kill men yet. They fought, yes, with fists, sometimes until one became unconscious or incapacitated, or yielded. Cold blooded murder was unthinkable between humans so far. So far. Humans still basically loved Mum, and, therefore, each other.

It would take a leader, a new person who was a pioneer, to cross that barrier and lead others across. A man. All crimes against Mum take a sapient criminal, and it's men that brought crime to Mum, not women. When they had the leisure to rewrite history, they lied and blamed it on women. But it was not a woman who first killed a human. Back then humans did not have names, so we don't know his name, but such a leader did finally arise, and he found murder thinkable, and, with it, his mind applied itself seriously to the art of war, and technology was born. Soon, the battle club, and, not long after, the battle shield, then the battle sword, were born, with the crude attempts made to copy Dad's metals taking thousands of years to even come close, but always being driven to success by war's needs, led by men. And even the first crude attempts at forging weak metals were lethal when tried on human flesh.

The terrific shock of cold-blooded murder to innocent onlookers, the community, was overcome with the birth of philosophy, and made a desirable goal with the birth of politics. With magic, hate itself could be made a desirable goal. Then, with religion, the conquered could be made to accept their slavery without making war even to free themselves.

But, you might ask, why did you name the heroine of our story Tegeena the Warrior Priestess, if people didn't have names back then, or even language? And if war is not of Dad, and she was of Dad? Because, Dear Reader, without giving her a name, we would have no way to tell our story.

And she is called a warrior, because she fought war itself.
So bear with us, we know what we are doing.

Dad did not give humanity technology, religion, magic, war, or anything wrong. How did Dad get here then, you might ask? Didn't it take technology, or at least magic, to construct spaceworthy vessels? That's just the point, Dear Reader, just the point. It didn't. It took Science.

Oh what Science. Dad cannot expect humanity to learn more than a drop in an Ocean's worth until we come back, drop the wrong things, and take up the right way. Science, including Art, and Music, are humanity's happiness, the rest is History.

But didn't Dad once have war? Didn't the Grays evolve from primordial mud on some distant planet? Yes and no. Life itself does generate from primordial muds on many planets yes, but not sapient life. This is a mystery that takes other sapient beings to design into non-sapient life, like Dad did here on Mother Earth. Our Dad had their own Dad.

But back to Mum. On the land, the cold cold land, what kind of creatures did she allow to enjoy her surface area? Actually, it wasn't all that cold on the surface of the land that much of the time. While there was a terrible cold spell every once in awhile, and much of Ocean was frozen in ice, and large glaciers covered land masses, reflecting sunlight and keeping the Earth from warming up very much each summer, the Earth had been experiencing a period of mild weather, with good long summers that caused much plant growth, even if the ground stayed frozen a few feet below the surface. Woolly mammoths travelled in great herds, migrating constantly, following the trail of the summer, grazing the land like earth movers, keeping forests from ever growing, like they later did when the mammoths became extinct. In the winter months, they survived by digging deep with their huge tusks for the lush grasses hidden under snow, and reaching high into coniferous evergreen trees for the branches.

The trail of grazed land left by the mammoths supported a

panorama of wildlife, from predators such as wolves, to herds of grazing bison and rhinos, to giant ground sloths, river beavers, and foxes, down to tiny furry things which we would now call rodents. Large fast sabertooth cats lived in mountain caves, along with bears and lions. The ancestors of what we would call moose and elk and deer also flourished. Hairy pigs, much larger than those seen today, with fierce razor-sharped tusks and claws, had their dominion. Caribou flourished in large herds, able to make use of lichens, a unique feat. Funny to say now, but monkeys and apes didn't live here, they all lived in the tropical bands around the Equator.

Surprisingly now, the Ice Age supported many more mammals than the same soil, turned into forests with the extinction of the mammoth, could later. This was because the grasses in untreed meadows put their most nourishing vegetation below ground, where it could be dug out by tusks and hooves in winter, whereas later woody plants put it above ground, and often laced it with toxic chemicals, furnishing nothing for hungry mammals, even the edible berries being targets for birds.

Mum's face was above all grand. Human hands had not touched her, and other animals did not have hands like humans did, that could deface her like today. And there was more land above Ocean than now. The Ocean was not as big, or as deep, much of it being locked up in giant glaciers both north and south. Yes it was very very cold, but there was much more volcanic activity too, and hot springs on land and in the Ocean made for natural centers of life, natural cities of wildlife that could harbor surprisingly unarctic species, such as giant snakes.

And the birds. There were giant birds in those days, covered with thick scales and fur, what later they called dragons, left over from the earlier eons of the terrible lizards. No, they did not breathe fire, that was a fantasy made up by humans later when the dragons were all dead. This is how it really was. Tegeena had her own sacred bird, which we will call Cheeu, which could fly great distances, carrying her and her sacred tiger Hooa. Her sacred yell could summon herds of fierce tusked charging woolly

mammoths, which she could call off instantly with another sacred yell. How Tegeena got these sacred friends, and powers, will be taken up later.

Which was more beautiful, the West or the North? How can one compare rubies to emeralds? Humanity never knew the Earth that was before, her ancient creatures, when Mum's surface was all tropical and swampy, and hair did not yet exist on Earth. Mum had given those unhairy land creatures their day, but a catastrophic astronomical event had ended their dominion overnight. A cosmic collision tore into what is now the Gulf of Mexico, creating what is now the Caribbean Sea, vaporizing all that rock, throwing it into the air, and eclipsing all surface sunlight for decades, cooling the surface, freezing the Ocean down, permanently cooling the land.

These became what we now call the Ice Ages of Mum, the time of hair, of wool, of fur, of less ease of finding vegetation on dry land that had once been teeming swamp and jungle, and the slimmer pickings for meat eaters. The taking of life for sustenance was Mum's plan for her creatures, who did not have any other way, but killed without hate, without pleasure, without judgment, for survival, for hygiene. All that died was reused, renewing life, without waste. This was not love, it was survival. It could have gone on for a million years, or a hundred million, and not have wanted, needed, or missed humanity. Then came the Grays to Mum, and gave of their seed, causing another catastrophic change, namely, us.

The mammoth had been thriving for 5 million years at least, through Ice Ages some of which lasted for 100,000 to 200,000 years. When the Grays released the new creation on Earth, humanity itself soon exploded in numbers just as the last Ice Age retreated, using weapons to hunt to extermination all mammoths, in just a thousand years or two after our story, the chain of life they supported becoming extinct with them, not even another Ice Age being able to bring them back now. Against the throwing spear the mammoth had little defense, and, only able to calve every 3-4 years, little ability to replace their losses. But in the time of Tegeena, mammoths were not even afraid of humans, nor much

interested in them, just ignoring them mainly unless they got in their way, or found them in a bad mood or sick. When summoned by Tegeena's yell, they could trample humans like so many insignificant bushes.

But the Ice Ages could not go on forever either, as the Sun kept radiating Mum, and slowly heating her surface despite the resistance she put up. The Ice Ages were going to end, slowly, but the global tropical conditions would never return, regardless of what life might do in the meantime, because the cosmic collision creating the Ice Ages also tilted the Earth's axis, creating the Seasons, and insuring a yearly Winter for each spot on Earth. It's now only 12,000 years since the last Ice Age, and already the Earth is getting noticeably warmer, but even in another million years it will not be as it was in the time before the Ice Ages. Perhaps a global nuclear war could raise enough dust to throw Mum into another Ice Age, but, with time, it too would be erased, and what small, tiny, low forms of life that survived would break out into the new lands and mutate into big forms that bask in the sun.

So, either humanity will learn a higher way to live, or it will be facing a lower one. Being here only 13,000 years, humanity is arrogantly proclaiming itself master of creation, when it is in fact a recent visitor, more like a plague to the rest of Mum's creation, and not even here as long as Dad, a visitor. This book's purpose is to show humanity its error, and its true destiny with Dad, in the greater Universe, by going back to its roots and learning where it made its error, before it is too late.

So then, "Tegeena: Warrior Priestess" is given to you by this writer, the last inhabitant of Atlantis, from Ocean, kept lovingly alive all these years, and taught language by Dad, who has recorded all. By she who once was Tegeena.

Did you not know that the last Ice Age did not end naturally? The Grays hastened its end in yet another terrific catastrophe when they broke communion with humanity. That is what this book is about, the catastrophe. It could get quite scary to the squeamish. So, if you dare, read on.

Chapter 3. Tegeena's Last Voyage

It was summer. Summer lasted three moons. Its early weeks a terrible time in glacier land. Mud on fur. Giant flies. Mammoths that don't go north get stuck and die. Dead mammoths attract the big flies, who breed inside their carcasses. Then there are the really steep-banked lakes, growing so slippery at the banks, but filled with enticing plants. More dead mammoths. And carrion feeders following close by. Mum doesn't want human caretakers to get hurt now.

So Dad tells us to never leave the city during early summer. By land. Instead, go by sea. Summer is the time of voyage, and Tegeena was going with her brothers and sisters on a beautiful ship constructed by Dad, of gleaming metal, that they did not know how to make themselves, or even ask how to make, although they could have, and have been shown. The shape was leaf-shaped, the hull of shiny metal. The sail was unknown, as was sailcloth, or hemp products. The source of power was another secret of Dad, but based on the sun, even though it worked even at night, and in the worst weather with no sun visible in the sky. A large sun cannon stood guard on a swivel, capable of vaporizing sea monsters, logs, or ice floes in her path. The bottom of the ship was crystal and clear, and Dad could be seen swimming along in underwater ships. This would be like so many other voyages Tegeena had made, and, like so many times before, the voyagers had to be communed in Atlantis first.

Twelve times twelve times twelve stood naked in the warm turquoise blue waters of the Great Love Pool in the crystal dome cathedral, roofed with tons of pure polished diamond. Holding hands, and singing as one the love song of Mum and Dad, as Dad prepared each ship and taught its secret song to the new crew. The Grays were here in numbers, swimming, singing, preparing all. Dad had allowed them all to see the sights of their Solar System, and of other planets, via a

great vision in the crystal roof above their pool, and then shown them the mysteries of mathematics and masonry, life and death, rebirth and renewal, love, and other higher levels of life to come.

Challenging them to love as highly as they were capable of, the Grays then selected the partners, and the sexual pairings were performed in communal song, so that all women would be pregnant for their journeys. They were not told that the man's seed is what causes pregnancy, however, or that the baby is a combination of the genes of the pair, only that the insertion of the penis pokes a hole in the woman for a baby to come out, and the ejaculate is a lubricant for the birthing. The baby was considered to be totally of the woman, including all its genes, but then, all genes were created by Dad, and were equal, Tegeena having the most perfect because she had never given birth and weakened her genes thereby.

A dozen ships set out in early summer from fair Atlantis, bound to the corners of Ocean, and Tegeena's ship was set West, along the northern route. Placidly it floated along, guided by Dad, from island to fair island, teeming with Mum's creatures, which she surveyed high in the sky on her sacred bird Cheeu.

These islands now lie submerged in the Atlantic Ocean, although the central basin of Ocean was then and is still crushingly deep, over 2 miles deep now, as the ghosts of the Titanic can attest. There was no passage across Ocean straight west, but only in a southernly arc, via the North Passage Island chain, as we may term them. Greenland and Iceland were not among them, they were south of those, and those islands didn't exist then, they were all part of the solid landmass of the West. Finally the ship set anchor on the East coast, near present-day Massachusetts, and another communion was held in the ship's pool, above the crystal clear lens, another lens above letting in the big blue sky.

There weren't savage Indians in the West in those days, nor any of the religions, tribes, languages, and cultures found in later years by fallen men crossing the Atlantic Ocean by sail power, bringing their fallen cultures and

religions with them. Even the American Indians were fallen humans, their savageness against Dad's will, and their communion cut-off. Indeed, the savage Indian was merely the noble Atlantean degenerated and left without Dad, like later European and Asian humans, but also cut off from the developments in the other continents. Areas inhabited by American Indians filled with litter, despoilation, and war, long before even the Norse visitors, attested to their fallen state, sorry. Only the utter depravity of later Europeans and Asians could make moderns wax poetic over them in comparison.

All humans then were citizens of Atlantis, the city, which wasn't thought of as one of many cities back then, but as the only city, the true city, the only one to be a citizen of. The thought of despoiling or defacing Mum by attempting to crudely build their own cities, without the technology of Dad, in the West or anywhere else, was wrong to them. To build a city as magnificent as Dad could, humans would have to be enslaved by the tens of thousands, and many die to even accomplish part of it. There weren't that many humans in Mum's world then, nor would there ever be as long as Mum's law was obeyed.

When Atlantaeans went to the West, it was as visitors, caretakers, park rangers, and until Dad built them another city, they all planned on returning by and by. If they spent a winter there, they slept on board their metal ships, moored against impassible cliffs where animals could not reach them, or see the ships and be scared. This was a time to have children, communally, and raise them in and on the water, not the land, like they had been raised. Dad was always there, underneath in great Ocean, resupplying them, and communing with them.

Voyages were not adventurous, rapacious enterprises, ran by and for lusty men, seeking treasures, conquest, glory, converts, or any gain whatever. They were love visits, to make sure that all were happy, and, if anything, to give to these lands, not take from. To make sure they stayed the same, not to change them. It was love confronting its responsibilities. On this voyage the twelve floating colonies already established would be restocked with new

life, and the educated life recycled back to Atlantis, with the love and knowledge gained ready to be infused into the communal consciousness.

You might ask why, if the Grays still had flying ships, they could not have flown the humans instead of making seafaring vessels for them? The answer is that their ships had no provision for air breathers, and, while they constantly reconnoitered the great surface of Earth, they didn't have enough available to keep more than a few dozen in flight at any one time. Yes, ancient skies knew flying saucers and cigars, hovering over Pleistocene dioramas, with no discommunioned humans to see or record them and puzzle and be afraid or worry. And their bases were in Ocean, mainly where the so-called Devil's Triangle is today. With almost 2,000 seafaring humans to send out, ships were the only feasible way even for them.

Tegeena, as a priestess, was still a virgin, and had no new growing life inside her belly as did her sisters. She wore the headdress of a priestess, with the Stone of the Piercing Light, that grew brighter the darker the sun got, furnishing neverending daylight even out in the greatest voids. She could unfasten this stone, and gaze into it, seeing dangers to her people in vivid images, like a crystal ball is said to do, aided by Dad. So that's when she saw the mammoth hunters, out in what today would be called eastern Canada.

When she had flown out to the scene on Cheeu, and dismounted on Hooa, the dead mammoths dotted the ground, a big stack of tusks lying in a pile, the more curved ones of the males visible. Strange humans she didn't know were busy cutting out only the most tasty parts of fresh-killed mammoths, leaving the rest to rot. There were two brothers she did recognize with them, and they recognized her. They had abandoned prior landing craft, in years past, and gone bad. They were dressed in mammoth hides, and carried long spears tipped with points made of sharp rock. At first they fought her, but when she had defeated them, she sang, and saved, and communed with her brothers, and they came back to the ship with her, but not their children, many grown set in their ways. They were lost now.

Small as this defacement was, its portent was great, and great was the song on board her ship, causing Dad to show Tegeena the camp of the children, in the caves, and how the scent of the meat they had brought back caused a troupe of cave cats to attack them, trouncing some women and young ones working outside the cave mouth, and killing them, dragging them down the mountainside to eating ledges. Could Tegeena now entreat the survivors to give up the wild life in these badlands, and come back to Dad, to the safety of the ship, where there was plenty to eat, and communion? A visit to the camp, where the loss of their kin had not even occasioned much notice, merely a fight over the remaining women among the lusty men, brought none back to the fold. There were none left who had even seen Atlantis personally, and no language by which their parents could have told them what they were missing. They had gone totally wild. Become animals in the body of Dads. Had fallen. Tegeena wept, and returned alone. They were lost.

But, Dad told her in a vision, they would be watched over by Dad now, and their numbers would quickly increase, and their dominion expand. They would develop taboos against murder, and adultery, and a system of punishing wrongdoers, by exile. They were not that bad yet. Weep not.

Go from coast to coast, Dad told Tegeena, and so she did, first flying on Cheeu's back with Hooa straight to the West coast, accompanied by Dad's ships, then, dismounting from the great bird, mounting on Hooa, intending to retrace the path to the East, with Cheeu flying ahead as scout.

First Dad told her to detour south along the West coast, down to present-day California, and so she did, then turned back East, and toured Mum's continent, counting the numbers of the creatures, and their types, and their young. She noted that, as always, the woolly rhinos that were common in the North were not present here in the West, which was because they didn't come south through the northern land bridge like the mammoths did. The sabertooth cats here were of a different breed than Hooa, being what they now call Smilodons, Hooa being a different type. Not that there's anything wrong with that. The bears here had faces like

cats or lions, what they now call short-face or bulldog bears. The land was marshy, and trees were not plentiful, with nothing akin to large forests like when the Europeans rediscovered it, these being impossible as long as the mammoth was king of the landscape.

Cheeu found a passable trail through the great Rocky Mountains, and trusty Shooa never lost her footing even when the ledge was as narrow as her paw. Down to the Great Plains, where they were lost in the milling herds of bison and mammoth, and the majesty of it all elicited her glad song day and night. If humans who lived today had been there, the sights and sounds of a land that didn't need or want humans, knew not the difference between humans and Grays, and cared not, and was happy and self-sufficient, caring not for change, would have been so mysterious as to be inspiring of awe.

On to the great river, now called the Mississippi, which she forded on Hooah's back, swimming strong against the current, Cheeu flying overhead singing to them. Occasionally she stopped to sacrifice a creature for its meat, and, fire not being unknown, she would jerky all she could carry, and sing and dance in thanks to Mum. But the summer was ending, and she had to pick up her pace. On to the smaller mountains now called the Appalachians, which even then had many leafy trees, the willow, the alder, scrub birch, cottonwood, and the fir. And then over their beautiful passes to the East coast, where she was greeted with the songs of more mammoths than she had ever seen before, and above them, off the coast, a fleet of Dad's ships waiting to greet her with a fantastic display of lights that lasted for 3 days and nights.

So passed a single voyage to the West, a single year of Tegeena's life. She had seen hundreds of years, and knew not the frailty of old age, being in her prime still, so perfect had Dad made her genes. Her brothers and sisters remained with her on the ship during the cold cold winter, and waited for the next ship to come with their replacements. The young were fast growing wise in the love of Mum and Dad.

But, after returning to Atlantis, her brothers and sisters who went south reported most disturbing news. A ship of bad men, broken, all dead, drifting in the shoreline near present-day Gibraltar, which was more and more extending its shoreline east, and reachable by a short marshy land trip from the great Mediterranean lake. The men were dressed for war, with bad-looking stone weapons, clubs and spears. Women were not on board, but a giant phallic statue stood obscenely lashed to the main deck, between the rows of oars. Dad now told them of large villages around the lake, filled with bad men who ruled over their women, and glorified war.

"Where did these men all come from?", they all asked. "From here," Dad said. They wanted not the love of Dad, and forsook Dad for Mum alone. Mum wanted them not, telling them to return to Atlantis, but they would not, and went bad, beginning to fight Mum's creatures, to fight each other, and, ultimately, to make war.

One day soon, Dad predicted, they would declare war on Atlantis itself, and they would have to make a decision, to flee, to try to convert them, or to take up war themselves.

Tegeena spent much time in her sacred pool, using her Piercing Stone in an attempt to forsee the future, and prevent harm from coming to Mum and Dad or her brothers and sisters. The Stone had great powers to forsee the future, powers so amazing they could not be comprehended today, powers that Tegeena now made full use of, with all her brothers and sisters communing with her in support.

Fifty years later, the annual war party came, a fleet of one hundred and forty-four ships, each filled with dozens of armed men, into the Ocean, not venturing out of sight of land to be sure, but going north, stopping to kill Mum's creatures indiscriminately, and setting up phallic totems on the beaches, marking the lands as their property, with all Mum's creatures in them. They never got close to Atlantis itself, but were clearly preparing to lay siege to it, from knowledge of its location and layout given them by the old ones, who had been born and raised there, and had died at their hands under torture as they were made to give signs

and draw pictures.

Many in Atlantis were asking Dad to teach them all the arts of war, but only so they may use them in defense. The arts of metallurgy, bow-making, shipbuilding, spear-making, sword-making, the martial arts, the arts of construction and the making of battlements, moats, towers, and siege engines. The making of gunpowder and cannon and muskets. The arts of medicine, and care of the wounded, and hygiene. Dad told them that they first had to fall, think they could become as Dads, and learn language. And, once language had been learned, their children and their children's children would be forever fallen. They were so eager to learn, they promised to never practise these wrong ways to get Dad to relent. But Dad would not.

Another fifty years, and now the coastline was dotted with villages all under the control of the lake people. Many were moving inland, not permanently, because of the frigid conditions, but in raids just for killing mammoths in the as-yet unforested meadows of present-day Portugal and Spain.

Now many were asking Dad for the right to marry and multiply, to have large families, to build up their population to a level that was a match for the fallen humans on the coasts of the North. Dad forbade this, telling them that Mum's world was for Mum's creatures, not for them, and their true destiny lay in the stars, to which he would take them one day, if they proved worthy, and survived this test.

Another fifty, and another, and another. Now many in Atlantis were becoming afraid, and warlike, and asking Dad for the superior metal weapons of the priestesses, and the crystal weapons of Dad, that shot terrible rays, intending to slay the fall humans, driving them out of the coastlands, if not back to the great lake, at least so far inland they would never seek to build ships again.

Then fighting men, who called themselves Helens, came to Atlantis, seeking a parley, and a council, and a tour, feigning friendship. After taking off their war garments, they were allowed through the force field by Dad, and they

communed in the pools with the brothers and sisters, who tried in vain to convert them and make them want to stay. But after only 30 days they left, and the next year, a large fighting force appeared, laying siege to Atlantis' outer force fields, and asking for Tegeena to be given to them as wife for their king, for he had admired her great beauty and now had no rest from his lustful thoughts for her, and it was they who gave her her first name, Tejoy. They could do no damage to the force field, anymore than Mum's creatures, but they cut off all access, other than by the sea, for 10 years, beckoning Tejoy of Helen to come out and be their queen. When Tegeena and her brothers and sisters tried to ask Dad why he permitted them to besiege fair Atlantis so, and received no answer, this led to more and more grumbling, and a few defections from the Atlantean camp.

Then the Helens made a great mammoth out of the few trees available in this land, and one night they wheeled it right up to the edge of the force field, and retreated. The brothers and sisters begged Dad to lower the force field and let them bring this new statue into Atlantis, thinking it was a present left them by the Helens as a sign of friendship, and that they were retreating from Atlantis permanently. Tegeena flew high on Cheeu and came back reporting that, indeed, the ships of the Helens were sailing back south. She didn't think to count the number of warriors on the ships, nor get close enough to see they were practically empty.

The Wooden Mammoth was happily pulled into Atlantis by the brothers and sisters, while Dad watched. They brought it past canal after canal, near to the heart of Atlantis, and communed together naked in the warm pools of Dad for 3 days and nights. Exhausted, they then slept.

Warriors poured out of the Wooden Mammoth while they slept and slew many brothers and sisters, before Dad expelled them all with powerful rays. The survivors were angry at these fallen men, and some succumbed and knew hate in their hearts. They wanted to do to the warriors as the warriors had done to them, the Wooden Rule as it came to be known. This would have resulted in more death and suffering than that which had already taken place, not less, but hate

is blind to this. Hate feeds on more hate, and does not seek to solve the problem of hate itself. Dad could tell them nothing now, as they did not have language to give them a Ten Commandments or a Bible, and, to teach them language would have been to secure their fall completely, for Commandments and Bibles do not work, and it is language that is the basis of all technology used to make war. At least, without language, war is limited as to the extent of the damage it can do. Although murder takes very little in the way of technology, without advanced technology like humans have now, it is more up-close and personal, and less likely to be repeated, from the effect it has on the murderer, seeing a brother or sister he could have communed with, forever kept from communing with anybody.

In vain did Tegeena try to make them understand that war is wrong, was against Mum and Dad's plan for humanity. Winning a war, or losing one, are equally wrong, because only war itself wins, and feeds on itself, growing ever greater, leaving Dad weeping. Commune with your brothers and sisters, not war with them, she sung to them. And they did. But one day, as she lay bathing alone in the warm crystal pool, she found herself grabbed from behind by one of her brothers, who she had only just communed with, his erect penis stabbing at her from behind. At first she froze, and struggled, but not hard, for she loved all, and when he had penetrated her, she felt passionate lust, and gave herself to him willingly. Afterwards, her brother fled Atlantis, and she washed her loins free of his discharge in the warm water. She did not know that the discharge was his seed. She wanted only to disguise her act from Dad. For she had sinned. She, first of Dad's priestesses.

Another brother one day asked Tegeena to pose for him, that he might draw her likeness on a cavern wall with pigments, for she was a dish. As she posed for him, his penis left its sheath and she invited him to penetrate her, and again her brother fled Atlantis, and she washed her loins free of his discharge in the cold water.

A third brother asked to go with her on Hooa to tend Mum's creatures, and, on a hill covered with meadow, sitting behind her on the sacred cat, his arms around hers, her hair

in his face, and her round breasts and hips next to him, his penis left its sheath and he penetrated her, and she was very willing. Afterwards, her brother begged her to flee Atlantis with him, but she would not. But she had not water with which to wash her loins, and she couldn't return to Atlantis to reach the waters of Dad, for she had to tend Mum's creatures.

So she arrived too late to prevent pregnancy, and when she grew large with child, Dad was displeased with the selfishness of her lust. But Dad knew not abortion, so when she gave birth to the child, she soon noticed that it had the same curly hair as the brother who had discharged into her in the meadow, although her hair was not curly, but very straight. She sought an audience with Dad, asking why they had not been told that the man's discharge is his seed, giving genes to the child to be? Had Dad not known this, and therefore misled them, or even lied to them? Was not Dad perfect, and incapable of error or deceit?

Dad was displeased, and all his air ships now flew north, to the glacier fields, and released mighty rays that melted entire banks of glaciers, causing a sudden rise in Ocean, and a terrible host of tidal waves and earthquakes throughout its coastlines, killing all the fallen humans as easily as taking a drink. But this also caused the Ocean to rise, changing the coastline greatly, opening the Straits of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean Lake, and sinking the islands that once gave a sea route to the West. Now the West was cut off forever from seafaring humans in the North, and vice versa, relying on their own knowledge of seafaring, which didn't include the compass, the sextant, or even a chronometer other than a sundial.

Atlantis survived, but it was no longer on a cliff far above Ocean, but just above sea level, with a beautiful new beach covered with pure white sand. The mountains loomed over it to the north and east as always, filled with mammoth life. But Dad no longer communed with the humans in Atlantis.

Dad no longer sent his metal ships to Atlantis, sinking them instead, wherever they were, with all hands aboard.

Luckily all brothers and sisters were born of the water and survived, swimming to land. The stranded brothers and sisters were left to themselves, their communion with Dad cut off. But Dad was merciful, for he had left them with the curse of language, and much learning carved on stone tablets that they could use to survive and even multiply, if they could learn to read them, which they did. In later years many of them sought to invite Dad's airships to return, building large pyramidal landing pads with landing platforms on top, but this was millennia later, and they could have saved themselves the trouble.

As the years went by, Tegeena began accepting brother after brother in lustful embraces, conceiving a different child each year, sometimes twins and even triplets. She gave the children to the brother or brothers who had sewn their seed into her between birthings, and they spread the word throughout Atlantis, until many of the women were doing as Tegeena. Finally Atlantis was teeming with new people who no longer cared about Dad.

The history after this point is long and involved, and boring, and was later written down anyway in a loosely correct but fractured and jumbled and twisted version by the Greek philosopher Plato and his Academicians. Dad was, when language grew up, remembered as a race of gods and giants, with names like Poseidon, Zeus, and Helma or Hera. The new sea route along the coast from the Mediterranean Lake had to round the great Rock of Gibraltar, which they called Hades, where so many killed in war lay beneath her seas. The Helens returned time and again, and Atlantis grew into a warlike empire, a mirror image of the Helens, conquering the coast and even pushing into the Mediterranean herself, conquering and holding coastline there. All intermarried, fragmented, reintegrated, differentiated, and developed the first civilization of pure humans, along with the basis of every institution humans ever had, including total war.

Tegeena continued as the high priestess of Atlantis, trying vainly to persuade Atlanteans to lay down their weapons and return to the waters of the temple. But she was poo-pooed by the multitude, who blamed her for the loss of communion with Dad, and reminded her how it was she who had

led them astray, and only a small number even entered the temple anymore. She now could use language, and named herself Tegeena, not on purpose, but from hearing the name Tejoy the Helens gave her, and trying to deny it so often, with a "nah" or no, that it stuck.

When a battle was about to begin, Tegeena would go out between the armies, beseeching them to not fight. It never worked. Soon the Helens had their own priests going out beseeching them to fight, and promising them rewards from their gods if they did. One time they even tried to grab her on the field and give her to one of their kings to be his queen, and if she hadn't drawn her sacred sword and bluffed them they would have used it, they would have succeeded. So, she gave that activity up.

Finally she became a nurse, tending the wounded, and little more. She took to wearing unrevealing white garments when tending the wounded, since she was still as beautiful as ever, and aroused penises easily. Her influence in the world now had shrunk to just about zero.

Just when a final conflict was about to be staged, Dad grew very displeased, and sent a final great earthquake that slew all of the fighting men of the Helen in one day and night, and rocked the cliffs underneath the city of Atlantis, until finally it too fell, into the now-deep Ocean outside the shore, where it remains buried to this day by the mountain that fell on it.

Never was the like of this tragic sinking seen again, save the day the ocean liner Titanic sunk, an irony of names and fortunes that seemed to be made up if you didn't know for a fact that it was true. If you go looking for it, you better be prepared to not only go under a mile or two of cold water, but dig up a mile or two of rock first. But it would be worth your efforts, crystals being buried that make Le Coeur de la Mer look like a broken pebble, and the metal that Dad used being incapable of rust or tarnish, still bright as ever.

Perhaps the liner Titanic passed near, or right over, the position of sunken Atlantis, Dad won't say. There were no

lifeboats, no society that would send a ship out without enough for such an emergency in the first place just for profit, nor one which would race the ship in the dangerous iceberg fields just for profit, or even hazard the iceberg field at all during the night. Nor one which treated humans as of different classes, high and low, nor one which would separate out the women and children from the men from some idea of guilt. The children maybe, but the rest would have drawn lots. Nor one where the survivors in the boats would be afraid to go back and help their drowning husbands and fathers for fear of their own safety. Nor one where the survivors would be considering the awful tragedy brought by humanity's playing God, an occasion to thank God for his mercy, or sing how they were only nearer, my God, to Thee because of it. It was Dad, below Ocean, that had caused this catastrophe, as you may now see. The communion had been cut off, and the entire human race was sunk and fallen long before that day. And Tegeena alone survived the terrible original catastrophe.

Tegeena was saved from the deluge of Atlantis by her sacred bird, who also saved her sacred cat and sacred sword. Cheeu flew them far away to the east, where Tegeena grieved for 10 years, finally returning and trying to find any remains of Atlantis or her people, but there was none to find. For the remnant had all dispersed, and gone wild.

The continuing rise of Ocean caused the English Channel to be created, and the British Isles to be created, out of the one continuous European mainland, the few humans stranded there quickly hunting the mammoth to extinction, throwing the island into a new ecology, where giant deep forests grew up, and some vestiges of Atlantaeon civilization was preserved by the Celts and Druids.

The entire human race went wild, having lost all communion with Dad. All except Tegeena. Had Dad forsaken her too forever? Dad wouldn't commune with her anymore, a constant source of heartbreak. Perhaps Dad would readmit Tegeena to communion, if she brought her people back, she always thought, but she had failed so completely that the people who were her only remaining kin on Earth now also forsook her throughout the world.

The fallen now wouldn't even meet with her. They wouldn't commune with her. They greeted her approach at every village down the coast of the West lands with spears, rocks, clubs. They didn't even look human any more to her, so dirty, mean, and undernourished were they. Strange totems, phallic, defaced every village and the land about and between. The weather grew warmer suddenly, no doubt aided by the destruction of the glaciers. Humans could now live farther inland than they used to, not needing the warming currents of the Ocean to keep them from freezing. Fields cleared of mammoth, guarded by scarecrows and men wielding weapons, grew cereal crops, strange plants she knew not what use they had, for she had never eaten cereal grains in her life. Mammoth were left without food, and those not slaughtered retreated ever farther inland.

The numbers of humans increased every year now, to obscene proportions Mum and Dad had long taught her were bad, the land belonging to her creatures not her human kind. But they had all forgotten Dad. There was not enough room for them and Mum's creatures both, and the latter were groaning under the strain. The new humans only cared about themselves, and hated and feared Mum's creatures, went into perpetual war with them, loved them not, communed with them not at all, captured them and enslaved them if they could train them to live off of their cereal crops. Then they began to hunt her.

On the run now, she knew no rest, no peace. Once she attempted to summon a huge herd of woolly mammoths into a communion in a great clearing in the mountains, a park, and pray to Dad for fallen humanity to return to its former perfection, and assemble right there, and pray to Dad to resurrect Atlantis. They prayed for 3 days, during which time the mammoths stripped all the vegetation from the land, turning it into muddy desert. They finally left, in small groups, to find new vegetation, until Tegeena found herself alone in a defaced park, her own fault.

Another time, some men found her bathing nude and captured her at the shore, trying to pin her on her back and rape her. Their huge penises without sheaths were

frightening, and the way they raped her with their eyes was even more so. But the men were weaker than she, and she got free and found her sword among the rocks, noticing Cheeu dead, and Hooa under attack by all five of the men with spears, prodding her, making her scream and lash her paws at them in vain. One whack of her metal sword and all their spears were broken in twain, and the men ran. It took an hour to quiet and tame Hooa, and he was so angry he wouldn't let her sit on his back again that day, nor the next. Finally she sang love back into him, and they fled farther inland, east, to the eastern side of the great lake. She resolved to never let a man see her naked again, and took to wearing a fur loincloth and a separate fur bra under her usual fur robes. She was surprised to find, when the moon was full, that she now menstruated, every moon, and was shamed by the need to use fur strips, which she always carefully buried deep, to leave no scent for men to track her.

She was also surprised to find herself learning the language of men, starting with words like "haya", to mean "come here" when they used it to her, but just the opposite when she used it to them. She never saw women in her travels, except squatting in front of fires, doing menial work for the men, among their squalid children. She was further surprised to see dark hair prevalent now, among men and women alike, hair like unto the bears and bison, not even the prettier auburns and reds of the mammoths.

For twenty-five years she holed up in a lonely cave, with a family of cave bears, venturing into the light never, weeping and drawing and painting on the walls deep inside. She painted her sacred cat, which had died of cancer, turning into skin and bones, yet never crying in pain, or asking for euthanasia, purring even that last night, before she found it stretched out like a dead branch, green stuff all over its face, and its eyes horrible and staring. For the last few weeks, the only flesh he had left that she could stroke and pet was the last pocket of fat skin around his jaws. She painted sacred bison, mammoths, even a scene of Dad and his flying ships, with exquisite skill, using pigments she experimented with until the colors were perfect. She finally left the cave, and the pictures, now

gracing texts on Archeology. She made no paintings of herself, however, for she would have had to show the face of grief, and couldn't deface Mum's rock so.

For two hundred more years she was a lonely vagabond among a festering population of alien humans, and dwindling population of Mum's mammals. Little could she do to change this catastrophe. Through all that time never did she lay eyes on Ocean, or Dad, though a few times she thought she spied an air ship in the misty distance peeking at her. Her travels, now on foot, had driven her ever eastward, into modern day China, and at least she saw Ocean again, ate of her seafood again, bathed in her again. No ships from Dad to carry her now, she followed the coastline of Asia north, seeking a route to carry her east. She knew the world to be a great ball, for Dad had shown her the Earth time and again as imaged from outer space, and from high altitudes, and she had a general knowledge of its continents and their shapes. She knew about the great land bridge from the badlands of Asia to the happy lands of the West, and found to her heartbreak that it was all submerged now, and would require a ship to brave that gap, and a sturdy one, which she had no knowledge sufficient to attempt the construction of. So she turned back west, and another fifty years went by, and another, and another.

Then she was forgiven by Dad, who rescued her from a mob of men, who she was surprised were of shorter and shorter stature now, and called her and her original Atlantean race Titans or giants. Dad then took her back to the Ocean, to live undersea with Dad in the Bermuda Triangle almost to this day.

The Bermuda Triangle base. The home of Dad. The giant crystals that could hum, sing, give light, warmth, power, fire, order from chaos. The warm waters of that area, made warmer by the crystals. A heaven for aquatic creatures, to which she reverted. There is no such thing as time there, no such thing as human history, human life cycles, old age. Her communion was deep, and long, and when she had visited the ten thousand or so galaxies around our own, she had spent ten thousand years of our time, and had aged not.

Sometimes, humans venture in the Bermuda Triangle, and naturally, come afoul of a crystal, which can cause their airplane or boat to simply vanish. Sorry, you were trespassing. More and more human traffic in this area finally caused Dad to pull up stakes and move, where I can't tell you, maybe it was the dark side of the Moon, maybe a hollow in the Poles, maybe Antarctica, a lot of that is untouched by humans still, and beneath the ice could be warmer oceans than you know. Dad may have left some crystals in the Triangle though, so watch out.

What happened to Tegeena when they moved? They suddenly left her, turned back into an infant, on the steps of a hospital in Detroit, Michigan, telling her to check the world out again and get back with them later.

Chapter 4. Remote Viewing Tegeena

I have never seen a flying saucer with my eyes, nor touched one, or been in one, nor have I been abducted by one. Perhaps I am not interesting enough to them, or too frightening. Maybe they hate me because I'm beautiful. I was raised as a devout Catholic, but knew there was more to history than the Deluge and its aftermath. And I knew the truth was out there. So if they will not come to me, I resolved I would use all available ports and come to them.

These notes are somewhat scratchy, but then if one tries to elaborate too much detail, one loses accuracy, since one isn't trusting to one's normal eyes. Isn't that a paradox, like all great theories use to prove their truth? If you can swallow the Twin Paradox of Relativity Theory, you can read on and reserve judgement until the end, can't you?

What follows is my account of Remote Viewing of an alien of the Gray race, an extraterrestrial race that is currently on a mission of some kind on our great blue planet.

Remote Viewing is a technique developed by the KGB and the CIA during the Cold War to spy on each other. It

involves giving a psychic operator (a senior enlisted or junior officer, never a senior officer) a set of map coordinates, descriptions, or even hypnotic instructions, asking him to project to that point, and then describe everything he can about it. It is a most useful method of gaining information when one cannot send a live scout to the spot in question. Afterwards, the viewer is often put to death.

In the course of investigating Remote Viewing, I have come by certain information, which others may wish to verify or check, and please do. The findings of one little soul count for very little in Remote Viewing, and may be regarded as pure science fiction if so disposed. When one, two, or three others come to similar conclusions, the results start to be of interest to scientists. The method used was to focus on malice, in this case extraterrestrial malice. The researcher was surprised to find immediate sensations, followed by what seemed to be an attempt to withdraw and disguise, to hide, but that only whetted her appetite for more, and after 666 straight hours of viewing, the results can be called a qualified success.

In some ways the Grays are a very young race, and in some ways very old, compared to ours. Their planet is quite watery with the bulk being ocean, spawning island continents which may only last a few million years before being submerged again. Thus their planet does not favor land-based life. But land life does have certain advantages over aquatic, which they covet. One can see enemies at a greater distance through air, and one does not have to swim in one's own wastes, and develop defenses against them, carrying them around instead in a bladder after using a portable ocean, the kidneys, to process them. But survival beyond a few years underwater takes a greater intelligence, when predators have much easier means of locomotion, and can develop bigger sharper teeth and carry the extra weight of the cutting equipment.

Thus the Grays developed high intelligence before coming out of the water, and no sapient land life ever developed on their planet. So, they cannot be our natural enemies, by evolutionary standards at least.

Genetic breeding plans and genetic engineering have been used extensively by the Grays to improve their race, with the result that a lot of variation has been lost, backfiring on their intentions, and making them all the more desirous of finding new genetic material. They then found themselves short of genetic material, sadly, because of their earlier need to exterminate other aquatic species as their population density increased. At the same time they developed a taste for the kind of proteins that kidney-based animals produce. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

So, dry land is in demand always for the purpose of gaining new genetic material, and new psychic and culinary experiences.

They have tried floating cities, but, after several generations, when the residents tried to go swimming, they were more likely to be eaten alive by their ancestors. To them, our oceans must have looked like Heaven when they Remotely Viewed them from their planet, and the stable land masses like a temptation. But they are not here to colonize our planet, quite the opposite. They want us to fill it with our kind, and only seek to guide us to a greater destiny.

The Grays must be admired for the great strides they made in a relatively short time since first landing here in 1945, too late to save us from the Bomb. They still appear to be egg-laying although this is liable to change, as they favor the egg taking more time to develop inside the female now, requiring live birth like we mammals are adept at. Males outnumber females by about 190 to 1. Females are also softer and larger, although all Grays are no bigger than our children. The male, when successful, donates his testes to the female, who is then fertilized for life, over 500 years. The location of the male testicles appears to be on the forehead inside horn bumps, which seems to be an optimum place to keep them, although to us it tends to give the impression of a demon. Without the horn bumps, though, the impression is of an angelic creature, despite the great buglike eyes. The male, after donating his testes, loses the bumps and goes into a state of religious ecstasy,

becoming both alive and dead at the same time, like a zombie.

Since coming to our planet, the males have learned how to delay sexual union until later in life, and thus have changed their society from a matriarchal to a patriarchal one. This has also meant that the females have been forced to do more of the work. But, as sexual union is well worth dying for, their society is very schizophrenic. A male must either be seen to have done great works, or have some genetic advantage, to keep on keeping on past the age of 50 years or so. So contact with our planet has changed them, and they might be in trouble if they were to return to their home planet now.

The male can be kept alive after sexual union by means of drug implants and cybernetic devices, but is no more than a sapient zombie or living robot, who is subject to a lot of rapid physical degeneration, like salmon who have spawned, becoming ghoulish even to them. It appears that, mercifully, living zombie males have rarely been seen on Earth, for they prefer the Sun. Only a zombie male can survive long periods of space travel, ironically, thus the original colonists of our Solar System were all males, and a few of them changed sex, received the testes of the most lucky, regenerated, and were treated as queens by the survivors. As far as Grays are concerned, a zombie male has lost its spirit or soul, and shows it by becoming sensitive to human emotion, which is why they are allowed to exist at all here.

Their psychology and emotions are very different than ours, and I'm sure I knew that already. The elements of fire, air and earth in their psyches appear to be about the same, surprisingly, but the water element is very different. Water psyche dominates their social pecking order and their biology, and makes them a very logical, cold race, who cannot relate to the warm, furry, mammalian values in our thoughts and dreams. Fur is one adaptation they have never seen before, nor dreamt of, even when they ventured into their native land areas. They are totally nonplussed to behold our sexual athletics, and can't get over how our testes are between the legs, near the excretory organs, so

they often think we worship our excrement. Having to have sex over and over again, even when reproduction is not the goal, likewise nonplusses them. Wasted effort to them.

Their digestive and excretory systems are also a little strange to us. I found myself in a Gray's body in one of their water closets. There was a tube at the back to take the feces, and a slop tube in front, but not to take urine. I discovered the reason for the slop pan when I suddenly vomited horribly out of my rather small mouth. Evidently they relieve themselves of watery waste, and indigestible material, by vomiting it out, first turning the urine into a solid paste. They appear to be complete carnivores, using vegetable matter for medicine only, not even for condiments, and always vomiting it back out after the medicine is absorbed. Luckily their taste buds are well down in the digestive tract. Anything that eats vegetable matter is a food animal to them. They watch us eating salads with every main meal, and regard us as carnivores with chronic hypochondria. Human women with bulimia are the ones they regard as the most normal. They thought Princess Di was the queen of the whole human race.

On no account invite a Gray home for lunch or dinner, or even a cocktail party. They are guaranteed to give the hosts a nervous breakdown with their habits, and probably eat them to boot, by mistake as easily as by design. Just kidding. They don't eat humans, only cattle, and only certain parts, the kidney being highly offensive to them, which explains a lot of cattle mutilations reported in the press. Mainly they eat fish, which are taken from deep in the ocean and which we never even miss. Land-based animals are like a dessert to them. Their intellect is so far advanced beyond ours anyway, that light conversation would prove embarrassing if not downright impossible.

I asked one Gray about the crop circles seen around the Earth, and found myself in a planetary runabout, a curious design looking like an old classic Renault more than a spaceship, with a pack of other runabouts, swarming into a field and laying the elaborate designs into the standing corn, and flying back into the ocean, all in less than five seconds. The Gray, who informed me that I had latent

homosexual tendencies but if I tried to proposition someone I would end up a scarecrow on a fence, said the reason for them is to mark the planet as off-limits to other Grays that might be in subsequent colonization waves, and could no longer communicate with them directly because they had changed so much as to forget their original method. Kind of like the way branding was used by cattle ranches.

Again I asked one Gray about the Roswell incident of 1947. I found myself in a military hospital in Washington D.C., being vivisected by American and Soviet scientists, with Chinese scientists performing accupuncture, as they didn't know what kind of anesthesia to use. The operation was being directed by U.N. forces, with the American President subservient and cut out of the chain of command. The Gray said that the assassination of Kennedy, also directed by the U.N., was in reparation, and that his vivisection was done by Grays. Ever since, the U.N. has been given the task of uniting humanity under one government, and only then revealing their existence, at which point they will help humanity colonize the entire Solar System.

I also experienced one of their planetary craft, and was allowed to pilot it briefly through the Sun, but as I could not make heads or tails of the controls, I think I was just being humored for the sake of courtesy. They regard the Sun as an aquatic planet, and have their main colony in it, where they know it will always be safe from anything we humans can do. They have been preached to by a malignant but charismatic prophet, to lure us into the Sun like lemmings over a cliff, but the prophet has been rejected by the majority. Sunspots are the places they like best. The idea occurred to me that they are the ones causing the phenomena of Ice Ages on our planet, by manipulating the sunspots.

Being unable to Remote View their leader, I tried to ask them to take me to their leader. I was hit with blinding light, so bright I would have died if I had not broken off the session. I therefore cannot tell if their plans for us are beneficent or malignant, or even who is in charge, or what.

But in the next session, a Gray turned into a beautiful human man in his prime, and made passionate sexual love with me, in the back seat of one of their runabouts, telling me that this is their plan. Love, sweet love. Be fruitful and multiply, he told me, you're king of the world. He was from the West, what they now call America, like my father, he said. They want us to reach out to our Solar System, and tame it, and people it richly, and then they will teach us the secret of star travel, and terraforming, and do it together as friends and equals, when we have earned that position. Don't worry about the extinction of flora and fauna on Earth, he said, for one day the galaxy will teem with human beings, and Earth will be restored as a game preserve, and I will be one of the park rangers.

I asked them about star travel. Their chief scientist told me that when traveling faster than light, matter as Einstein knows it does not exist, and therefore cannot be seen or felt. That test flight proved him wrong as far as I am concerned, the drive being indescribably painful. It felt as if I was being torn apart and eaten alive, and I would not want to do that again, unless I was in a sleeping state. I tried to ask them how they navigated when matter does not exist, and the answer was a repeat of an earlier one about kidneys. I then realized that the Grays I had been viewing were all mechanical robots, zombies with no nervous systems or feelings, that greet all Remote Viewers with any rigamarole and disinformation they can cook up, and that I was being manipulated by a malevolent being who doesn't want to be viewed or located, but can view and locate me easily, and had put the pain in me to make me give up trying. The Grays have really been here for thousands of years. But when I tried to Remote View back that far, all I could see was myself looking back, naked, floating in a pool, in a beautiful city overlooking the Atlantic Ocean, when the English Channel was dry, cold land filled with mammoths.

I know I live in what they jokingly call a funny farm, in Pueblo, Colorado, but this web page, that I got for free, is no joke. I call on all who see it to Remote View now, before it's too late. Earth is under siege. Love, Tegeena,

the Warrior Priestess. Christian name, Teresa Genoa, of Detroit, Michigan. Please don't spam me.

Chapter 5. Street Tegeena

They let me out. They said I'm not dangerous to myself or society, and can control my paranoid schizophrenia with the drugs they dope me up with. I colored my hair up real dark brown, like Deborah Shelton. I look somewhat like her, when I color my white hair, only much taller and beefier, bigger eyes, violet under these blue contacts. Same smile, that's where the resemblance is uncanny. That's what I look like, Deborah Shelton, the Dallas TV Star, the gorgeous model. Not as perfect as her now, after what I had to do to myself to disguise my perfect beauty, but then I didn't have her million dollar contract and the plastic surgery and dental work she did, or the physical coaches.

They gave me a bus ticket and \$250 in cash and the boot. And a criminal record to follow me around (only unimportant or false portions of history seem to get well-recorded). I walked to the bus terminal, and bought a ticket for Denver. I sat way in the back, not letting any bad people talk to me or ogle me. The bus ride was so smooth, it must have very good shocks -- reminds me of my own sacred cat.

The ride straight north from Pueblo was very pretty. Downtown Colorado Springs is pretty too, if you look past the buildings to the mountains. The mammoths must have loved it before the holocaust. I feel good, I knew that I would, once I got far enough away from the hospital. I got the pills here in my coat pocket, and can't swallow them without glacier water. I went back to the restroom on the bus and got some of their water and took them. In the mirror one violet eye was visible, until I found the baby blue contact lens in my pocket and inserted it. I am over 12,000 years old, and know the secret of the world, and yet the world thinks I'm nuts, psycho, screwy. People that are crazy think that others are crazy. It's them that's crazy not me. I remember this area before there even were any humans stinking it up.

Walking around big downtown Denver, I feel the cold winds of the Ice Age whipping through the canyons of the scrapers, the snow crunching underfoot the crowds like mammoths and bison. Looking high, up above a construction site, I see the circling dragon birds. The passenger tunnel blocks the view too much. People don't want to see buildings being made, even though they love to work in them after they are. No wonder. Artificial caves.

I found the gate at one end unlocked, and went into the construction office, and pulled a gun and shot the manager and 2 others, all witnesses. In their pockets I found over a thousand dollars in cash, several credit cards, and really lucky, a safe with a cash box and over five thousand more dollars.

I was soon on the bus again, headed for the East Coast, New York City, to go into hiding. I slept through the trip, despite the seat being too small for me, the sights making me sick to my stomach and causing sleep. I did get out at one stop at a farmhouse restaurant and forced myself to eat a steak and eggs breakfast. I got a free bunk in the home for battered women, after a month of living in high priced hotels, when one night, while walking about 42nd Street, I made like the hookers and propositioned two fallen men, and, getting into their car with them, let them drive me to the dock district and park in a dark street. I then pulled a gun on them and pistol whipped one of them for a while, until the other one yanked it from me and pistol whipped me back. I was not my old self, I had no strength. They raped me, I found out later, when I was unconscious, and dumped me when they saw my true beauty and panicked. But the beat-up look got me a police car ride to the battered women's shelter, when I said it was my pimp husband who did it, and he was going to kill me if I went home. When he kept trying to pin me down on my address, I got nervouser and nervouser, until I said some trailer park in Pennsylvania, and then he dropped the question. Must have been out of his jurisdiction. I didn't have any identification, but blamed that on my abusive hubby, and my beat-up look won them over. I could never afford an apartment in New York, like models and actresses, like Deborah Shelton, so this worked out real

good for me. What are actresses but professional liars and prostitutes anyway? Just higher paid.

I am tight with my money, and purchased a nice fur coat for only \$910 on sale. At a closing business sale, actually, because it seems fur is uncool in today's politically-correct climate. I got a laptop computer for free by mugging a businessman near Wall Street. With it I checked my old web page, and it was still there, getting over 150 hits. Getting a big shiny sharp sword was not hard either, I just used the Web to order one sent care of General Delivery, Main Post Office. I took a bus to Jersey and bought a nice economical car, which I took to a welder's, and had them fix a hidden scabbard for the sword under the car, on the driver's side. I told them I was moving across to the West Coast and wanted a traveling rack built for it, and they bought it, for \$500. I took the fur coat to a tailor shop in Little Italy, and they took my measurements and carved it up into a 2-piece warrior's outfit, which I said I needed for a stage play, and they believed it, for \$600.

Then I found a health club that let me pay month-to-month, only \$35 a month, and began serious weight training, to bulk up for my struggles ahead. I also went to a Tae Kwon Do club and joined up, although I had to pay 6 months at a time, \$220. I quit going when they made me bow to a man. I went to a shop for hardcore bodybuilders and filled my trunk up with supplements, legal and illegal, including steroids and growth hormones, which I shot into my veins with syringes. I tried to imagine the cow meat and cow milk were from mammoths and bison, and ate heartily to build up my strength. Seafood also I ate, but few of the obscene vegetables that Mum knew not until humans mutated her natural plants out of disrespect, to use against her, to breed into obscene numbers and displace the creatures she really wanted.

I stopped menstruating again, just like in the old days, and felt my muscles growing and ripping up, my abdominals hardening, my thighs thickening, the slabs of new muscle on my back and my chest rippling. I loved myself again, and couldn't help singing, all the time, making people in the

shelter who weren't sure yet decide for sure I was crazy, and leave me alone totally, thank Mum. I ran out of the thorazine pills, and never got any more. They were keeping me down, keeping me from being my true self, Tegeena the Warrior Priestess, keeping me from communing.

So, for the next 2 years I was very happy, in training again, the first time in 12,000 years. I went to the public library and studied a bunch of books on Atlantis and Lemuria, and Masonry, crystal healing, and the Ice Age. Not one word about the true history, not one word about me, Tegeena, their mother. The Grays were behind this, I felt now. It was a conspiracy. They had befriended us humans, and lied to us that they were our friends. Their plan, all along, was to spoil Mum's creation. They couldn't do it without creating us first. Maybe they hadn't created us after all, just lied to us to turn us against Mum, the strategy of divide and conquer. I felt the old reflexes and eyesight snap back, and the sword grow less heavy each week, as I practiced with it in wooded areas at night, out in Pennsylvania, like Arnold did in his movies. I bleached my hair as white as I could get it, bought violet contacts at a trendy place in Greenwich Village, got some fur boots for free by stealing them off a rich girl at gunpoint.

I once went to a nasty night club in the Village, and took off my clothes like the others, and had sex with women to please the masturbating men. This was my rite of separation. I was told my hair looked like Andy Warhol, and bit her nipple hard until it bled, and sucked the blood, and what really got my mammoth was that she said she liked it. These people were not my brothers and sisters. They actually ate each other up, and grew weak with constant lusting, caring nothing for being self-sufficient. At the same time many wouldn't eat meat. I had no people now.

I was ready for my first trial.

I drove to a nasty spot by Ocean, Coney Island, late at night, and didn't see any mammoths, or even their puny descendants the elephants. I revealed my true self to the world in my fur outfit, with my sword strapped onto my back. Down the cold beach I walked, the filthy filthy beach

littered with bottles and hypodermic syringes and broken glass which I felt under my fur boots. Soon I was tested by a small gang of skinheads, surrounding me and hooting and whistling lewdly, like wolves around a straggling mammoth. They were fallen beyond redemption, so I drew my mighty sword and began hacking at them all, sacrificing a couple fast, trying to behead one but finding I was not yet strong enough, going for the heart thrust instead. The remainder fled for the bleachers, so I pulled out my handgun and shot them in the backs and the skinny heads. I had done well that night, so I returned to my bunk in the big big city and slept soundly after taking Melatonin pills. One of the sacrificed had a thousand dollars in cash stuffed in an inner pocket of his leather jacket, and a cellular phone, which I threw into Ocean after dialing 1-800-TEEGENA and getting a recorded message.

How Ocean had changed, dead and stinking, polluted. I couldn't remember this spot anymore, though I must have passed by it once on Dad's ship. Had I still my gills, I would have dived in her here, and swam down to the Bermuda Triangle, back to Dad's secret base, but after seeing raw sewage floating on her, I went back to my Hooa and drove out through the ugly neighborhoods, by the dawn's early light, watching the jungle of fallen humanity starting to fester larger. I am a careful driver, and never get a ticket, even if speeding New Yorkers are passing me on both sides at the same time, and running stop lights. There was one wretch, his penis out obscenely, peeing on the curb. If I could have gotten over to the outside lane, I was tempted to draw my sacred sword and amputate that penis.

There were so many fallen humans now. How could I ever hope to fight them all single-handed? Same problem I had 12,000 years ago, wasn't it? New York this time of year was very cold, frigid, bracing, and I didn't want to waste it. One night I was standing on the sidewalk in a sleeping residential neighborhood, and there, on the corner, under the street light, I saw two Grays loudly crunching the snow, trying to hide behind a tree that had a tire on a rope hanging from it. I don't trust the Grays any more. It took me thousands of years but now I am sure they deliberately engineered humankind's fall so that they could test me, and

allow me to regenerate the human race, after I had sinned. But what means had they given to prove myself, redeem humanity? Where is my sacred bird to show me a way? My sacred cat to carry me? My sacred song, have I not forgotten most of it, and my sacred dance too? It makes me wonder if I ever had to knock on wood, if I ever could know, and ask Mum for a way out through a sacred tree, a way out of this fallen world, to another, newer world. That sounds like a song I heard once, what was it? My memory is not what it once was.

Could I set an example for humans now, creating a new movement, a revival, an awakening to the truth, a new Atlantis? Where could we build now? Could I be a priestess again, with a crystal pool? Could I teach my fallen descendants to be as brothers and sisters again, and not abuse themselves, and overpopulate, and not rape, and not exploit? Can I martyr myself, to give humanity a fresh start? Is it too late? There must be another Ice Age coming, in another thousand years or so, and if I could sow the tiniest true seed, that much time would be enough, if the face of Mum were restored by Dad, and a new race born.

I realized that having to carry a handgun was not in communion with Mum, but face it, it's a real world and I was sure to need it, didn't everybody? So I designed a new handle for my sword with a gun barrel coming right out the end, and the trigger hidden with a strong safety catch. If I pointed my sword at a fallen bad man, I meant to use it, but if I pointed my handle at him, bang bang he's dead. That would be good for laughs when they made it into a movie and trivialized it all. Starring Deborah Shelton I hope, even though she is not 8 feet tall, anymore than I am, after all these millennia. I wouldn't pick Kate Winslet or Linda Hamilton. The former is not beautiful enough, and the latter's eyes are too narrowly set, like a duck. Sigourney Weaver gives me the heebie-jeebies from her racist treatment of extraterrestrials, scratch that beach. At least let unknowns audition and maybe a discovery will be made. Directed by James Cameron, no, Steven Spielberg, with the biggest budget in movie history. Music by John Williams. Songs by Madonna, Cher, Whitney Houston, Alanis Morrissette, Cyndi Lauper, the Bangles, Romeo Void, Gloria Estefan, Grace

Slick, Blondie, Maria Muldaur, Joan Jett, Helen Ready, No Doubt, Smashing Pumpkins, Kim Carnes. If I didn't have gene damage I could remember more names. What was that group called with children of the Mamas and the Papas in it? Those Irish women, one was Sinead O'Connor, but what that one who had a backup group? 12,000 years has had its effect on my genes, and I know I cannot live much longer, and will grow old this time, and senile, and ugly and withered and spotted. No I won't.

But when I went to a gunsmith in New Hampshire to have him do the handle gun for me, he raised objection after objection until I told him to do it his way, just do it, and I'd give him \$2500 in cash, which I laid right on his work table. A month later, I got my sword back, and he had done me proud, putting a nicer hand grip on it than I had asked, and adding a banana clip loading chamber that took standard AK-47 type clips I could pick up anywhere. So, I sacrificed him, rifled his safe and wallet, and burned his shop down to cover my tracks. That bad man was just like all the others, ogling me obscenely, and treating me in a demeaning fashion, even sniffing me openly. I also stole an armload of guns and ammo, which would be of more use to me than him or his kind. Maybe my followers would take over the government, and disarm men, and castrate them, or neuter them at least, and, as the population shrunk down, put them to work reclaiming the land and giving it back to Mum's creatures. Couldn't they reconstruct the ancient species, using genes, like in Jurassic Park? Funny movie. Who wants the dang dinosaurs to come back? This is the mammal eon. We need another Ice Age. Maybe scientists can cause one.

Celine Dion. How could I forget her?

I then packed my bags and took off on a coast to coast survey of the West, like I did once so many millennia before. My trusty car I named Hooa in commemoration of my long-dead sacred cat, who had made more love with me than any human, and saw more of me, and who I had loved more than I should have. I should have found a way to give him eternal life, he deserved it. If I had it to do over again.

Going through the Lincoln Tunnel, into the vile part of

New Jersey, I got lost in the tangled freeways, once passing the obscene Giants Stadium. Giants, what do they know of giants? Into Paterson, a ghetto of identical housing projects blasted by humans at war with each other, black skins thick everywhere. How did man get black skin when I was gone? I never thought to ask before. The cave women there squatted in front of their squalid fires with their squalid children, fallen so far from fair Atlantis, that I just drove on staring at the road. Clifton, Little Falls, Totowa, Wayne, Haledon, so the signs said, on and off the maze of freeways. Glenrock, Fairlawn, Hawthorne, Ridgewood, Wyckoff, Franklin Lakes. Now the area was getting less populated. But I took a wrong turn somewhere and ended up going south on Pompton Turnpike, and soon I was driving by the Essex County Sanatorium, where I stopped and looked through the fence. I hatched a sketchy plan to break-in and free the hostages, but I was too hungry and had to find a place to pee, and got back in purring Hooa, looking for an inconspicuous feeding hole.

That was when I really made a wrong turn, and ended up on an obscenely-crowded New Jersey Turnpike going I didn't know what direction, so I panicked and pulled off as soon as I could.

Wilson Phillips. That was it.

I finally pulled into a truck stop in Hoboken or somewhere, and, out in back, there were two trucks parked, and in back of one, by the tailgates, there was a pretty young woman being obscenely raped by two men. Mum was with me as I drew my sacred sword and sacrificed both men, letting the woman run free. Just then the truck gates opened up and men armed with guns jumped out. I battled with them mightily, using every trick I knew, physical and mental, and every gun I had, and yes, I sacrificed them all. The trucks were filled with powdered mammoth milk, no doubt to feed the fallen in the obscenely overcrowded anti-Mum cities. I peed on it.

Going around to the front of the truck stop, I bought a bag of 10 medium-rare hamburgers, and 2 medium-rare steak sandwiches, and 10 small cartons of milk, paying cash. I

didn't order french fries or a milk shake, Mum told me they were bad. I scarfed them down while driving away.

I passed the Giants stadium again, and this time I pulled into the parking lot. There was a Monday Night Football banner, and all kinds of big trucks and vans with the ABC logo all over the lot. I never understood why men play that game or why they watch it either. The game was in progress, I don't know for how long. I walked around the parking lot, then strolled to one of the gates and stood there, in my Tegeena outfit, no sword. A rich man with two pretty women was let out by a long white limousine right by me, and as he passed me, he gave me an extra long look, backed up, and asked me if he could help me. I said no. He asked if I had a ticket and I replied no. He told me that the way I was dressed I should be in there with other avid fans like me, that he was a Vikings fan too, and it just so happened that he had an extra one and how pretty I was and how he'd be glad to let me have it, if I didn't mind sitting next to him in the front row at the 50 yard line. He was winking as he said that. His two girlfriends were eyeing me over, jealous I guess, although I was their mother, all three of them. I didn't say okay, but he was already putting his arm around me and hustling me inside, the corridors bustling with people.

When we got to the seats, the sight of all the fallen people looking out over what was probably artificial meadows, with a bunch of other fallen people pretending they were mammoths and bison, and hunters, was too much. I lost my mind. I honestly don't remember what happened after that. But when I came back the stadium was virtually empty and I was sitting alone, except for some people picking up trash, and some policeman, tapping me with his stick like an erect penis and asking me if I was alright, ogling me obscenely, poking. I got up and left fast, finding my trusty Hooa waiting for me in the cold dark parking lot.

"I love you more than the stars in the sky," I told Hooa, standing in that parking lot, the driver's door open, looking away from New York City where the stars were still visible in this Dad-forsaken hellhole. "I think they are looking down on us now, licking their chops, my love," Hooa

replied.

Deeper into New Jersey the land becomes more pretty, a lake seemingly waiting over every rise in the road. Further out, up to the north, meadows filled with cows. Cows, the descendants of great bison, pitiful now, penned in and used just to feed cities filled with the fallen. Back around south, I ended up on some kind of turnpike going into Pennsylvania, and had to pay a toll. I got turned around, and headed back north, seeing New York City suddenly as if a hell I was doomed to die in. Not me. I found a good interstate this time, and it sped through Jersey so straight I knew I had found the way at last. The scrapers of New York were visible all the way almost, in my rear view mirror, over the carpet of trees that had grown up when the mammoth had died, once thicker probably, but too thick for me or my mammoths, just let them have a year to eat them up.

I stopped by a roadside tavern, and thought about going in, in my Tegeena outfit, and ordering mammoth milk, then taking on all the fallen and sacrificing them to Mum. But, I decided, that was just what they wanted me to do, so I drove on.

Going west into Pennsylvania, through the woody mounds, up into real mountains, I couldn't help but finally pull over and go out into the woods, dressed as Tegeena, and sing my sacred song and visit with what was left of Mum's creatures. There were hunters everywhere, wouldn't you know, dressed in fluorescent clothes, ogling me obscenely. I couldn't let any of them live, could I? But they had guns too. So I took off my fur bra, and they literally came running, from everywhere, straight to me. I sang and danced for them, and took off my bottom too, and let them see the bleached pubic hair to match my bleached armpit hair and bleached head hair. Then I sacrificed them, drawing my sacred sword and hacking at them, and using my handle gun to their great surprise. I got every one of them helpless and disarmed, and finished them off with their own rifles, as I didn't want to leave any witnesses to alert the evil authorities. I used their own flannel shirts to wipe off fingerprints, and doused them all with a gallon can of gasoline I found in one of their SUVs, and set them ablaze

in joy to Mum. Then I got back in Hooa and cruised on down the interstate, east into stinking industrialized Ohio, and even worse, Indiana. Gary, Indiana.

The rape of Mum's land by evil men here really got my mammoth. I was glad to get by there, and on to Illinois, where the rolling farmland was such a waste of Mum's land, fencing out all the mammoth and bison like that just to grow food for too many people, fallen ones at that. It was their obscene cities I hated most, like evil growths on Mum's face. Evil pox, filled with stinking pus. I came on a motel one night, infested with evil men, and broke into room after room, hacking them as I found them, usually in bed having obscene sexual relations out of the mating season, some with other men. As I came out of one room I saw a police car passing, and ducked back, hoping it didn't see me in my Tegeena guise, which I had determined no fallen man may lay eyes on and live. But it looped back and came up close and parked, and just sat there, glaring at the door which I had left open a crack. Out came my sword, and I started hacking a hole in the wall between rooms, finding it amazingly easy to make my own door, and again, and again, on through rooms I had already visited, where my sacrifices lay dripping blood. Then out into the darkness, creeping to my trusty Hooa, and quietly leaving with the headlights left off. I hate the smell of gasoline and diesel, even though it comes from Mum's tar, whose smell I love.

I don't know whose side I'm on. I don't know whose life I've won. I don't know where I'm going to. I feel the rage for a heavenly fire escape, but it won't be when you want me to, Dad. I am totally ineffectual, and I don't know the sky from ground anymore, what I am to do, and if I am the woman you want me to be, Mum. I love you, Mum. I did it for you. Nobody understands. I will never speak language with the fallen again.

Now I was being chased by at least 5 police cars, down the interstate. I saw a roadblock of more police cars at the viaduct ahead. At least it was good and dark, and cold, all to my advantage. I ditched the cops off the highway, drove into a field, and bailed out, telling Hooa to fend for herself now, then getting my sword, all the guns and ammo I

could carry, and a backpack filled with hunter's food that I had stolen in Pennsylvania. Out into the night I ran, the police cars drawn up in a wolf pack along the side of the highway, lights flashing, searchlights now trying to find me.

I heard a helicopter approaching steadily, saw its lights. But not before I saw a farm house, close enough to make it if I ran like a sabertooth cat. I heard the noise, and felt the shot sting my body, and fell, weakening, into the farmyard, on my face. It was a farmer with a shotgun, blast my luck. I looked again, and would you know it, it was a Gray. That was a space ship. And the cops scared it away, along with my only hope of escape.

I am now in death row in Illinois, a celebrity covered by all the news media, and these memoirs are my last will and testament to Mum and Dad, nuke this vile place and start over, puuullllleease. The guards here are all lesbians, and make me strip for them all day long, and feel me up and lick me, while I'm bound in chains and can't do anything to stop them. They treat me like an animal. And I'm their mother.

Chapter 6. Tegeena, Ph.D.

Fifteen years later, Teresa Genoa was still in death row. The appeals continued, and her lawyers, despite her initial objections, won reprieve after reprieve. For the first ten years she was a mess, deeply psychotic, antisocial, withdrawn, almost autistic. She wrote constantly with an imaginary pencil on the wall, and typed with an imaginary keyboard into an imaginary Web site. But she had psychiatric help, and finally accepted her guilt, and was sorry for what she had done, and repented of it, and apologized to everybody she could, and accepted Jesus Christ as her personal Savior. The murders had had consequences to other peoples' lives, causing much grief, much pain. Those people she had killed had lives, families, children, parents, friends, jobs, churches. She finally faced it all, head-on, and after a long period of wrenching sorrow, it all had a cathartic

effect, renewing her spirit, like in Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment".

She no longer wanted to die. She told her attorneys to keep working for her. She was going to use the remaining years of her life constructively, nurturingly. She was going to study Science, become the Birdman of Alcatraz. But her goal would be to create a living, breathing mammoth family, and that way she would give back to the Earth the thing whose loss had originally set her off on her serial killing spree.

It was a hard struggle to get the warden to permit her to have books to read in her cell other than religious texts, and she had no money to pay with them because at her arrest all her money had been confiscated by the police. The prison library had little relevant material, and finally she got permission to borrow books from the University of Illinois and Chicago public libraries, which she devoured at a voracious rate, having no life other than of the mind now, which, despite that the usual time-wasting routine of prison life was in her favor in an isolation cell block, where she actually had more individual attention from the guards and staff. Her background in genetics was poor, as was her preparation in mathematics, and she had to constantly stumble back and forth between the two subjects to make forward progress in either. It took 8 years, but she finally beat the machine, ran out of study material, and could only make progress by doing her own research, making her own findings.

But she had no laboratory, no funding, no colleagues, nor was there any way the warden would let her have any such freedom. She was scheduled to die there, and the warden's responsibility was pretty limited legally, to keeping her alive until he had her killed. The contents of her brain, or the work it could do, were not part of his job description.

That is where I come in. I am Stefanie Angel Gifford, Attorney at Law. I worked on her appeals for over ten years before I became aware of the work she was doing, and the likely possibility that she wasn't crazy, wasn't being manipulative, wasn't trying to get off death row by a

gimmick, no, she was going to make mammoths live again. I watched a TV show on the Discovery Channel about mammoths, and another on the Jurassic Park dream of using extinct DNA to reconstitute animals. It seemed far more possible to make mammoths than, say, dinosaurs, because, in contrast to the latter, where the blood inside mosquito stomachs frozen in amber wasn't really so easy to find real dino DNA, the fact was that entire mammoths, frozen, and in such good condition that one could eat their meat, had been retrieved from places such as Siberia. So, coming by all the mammoth DNA you wanted wasn't such a tall order.

And, I reasoned, why couldn't they just start with the elephant, use its DNA as a guide, and develop the mammoth out of it, in easy stages? Shows you what I know about Biology. My BSCS class in junior high is about it.

I scoured the university community to find others doing similar research, and was surprised that no one was, because funding was coming from the government only in small grants, for specific, limited projects, and there was no grand Space Program for Mammoths, initiated by a President with a magnum of champagne, so to say. A project to map the human genome was about as big as it got, and it hadn't been completed yet.

So, Teresa seemed to be out of luck, I thought at first. But I had forgotten that, before her arrest, she had set up a web site for kooks to read her ideas, and it had never been taken down, but was generating hits steadily. As luck would have it, one very wealthy retired software tycoon, who made his money with Microsoft, bit bigtime. He had Teresa tracked down, was surprised to find her in death row, and immediately bumped her legal fund by five million dollars, relegating me to a minor role, with one of the biggest law firms in the country taking on the system for her. They won, getting her confession of the motel murders thrown out, proving that the group of truckers she had allegedly murdered were actually evil methamphetamine dealers illegally in America, with felony rap sheets longer than a freight train, for which they sought, and obtained for her, a federal reward, and that the evidence she was connected with the hunter massacre was weak, without eyewitnesses, and

that she had been the victim of childhood sexual abuse anyway, leading to lifelong mental problems which the state was to blame for not adequately treating, and in fact releasing her prematurely, making everything their fault not hers. They finally got her convictions overturned, and a ruling of innocent by reason of insanity, along with a government grant of immunity and appointment as a special federal agent, followed by a quick transfer to a posh mental hospital in Washington State for rehabilitation therapy.

Within 2 years, she was out, and attending the University of Washington Graduate School. She surprised her professors by earning a Masters and Doctorate all in 2 more years. Her dissertation was a founding stone of the field of Species Restoration. She was called Doctor Mammoth, or sometimes, Doctor Mam, from the fact that she was middle aged, but strikingly beautiful, and the years of working out before, during, and after prison, had kept her body athletic and sleek, way better than Jane Fonda at 45 or 50, if you ask me.

She had resisted the usual pressures in prison and had not come out a dyke, nor a man-chaser. She was remarkably chaste, having no interest in sex, even though she was the most beautiful, fertile-looking, sexy, athletic woman I have ever seen. She was all devoted to Science instead, married to it, driven beyond my limited understanding to dusty books and Web pages. She could concentrate harder than anybody I've ever seen, hammering at some problem day after day, week after week, season after season, her own life kept so simple as to seem like she was still in prison. Men who tried to chase her soon found her such an ice queen they didn't bother her anymore, finding other women in the meantime. She often nonplussed them by telling them she was old enough to be their mother.

I was in love with her I admit. I'm bisexual, and I can't help it. But she was just as ice cold with me as with men, despite everything I could do, short of breathing hot in her ear, which I think I did try too. But I loved her so much, I found ways to keep from losing her after my legal work was officially over with her, by changing into a patent attorney, and handling her regular genetic patent

applications. She was not interested in monetary gain, and the university got assigned all the royalties without complaint. I actually fought to get her to accept a pittance, for appearances sake. But then, she had a rich patron who invested tens of millions in her laboratory, and, although he incorporated it into a profit-making company, she would never sever her ties with the university, or accept a salary, or even stock in the company. So she was like an unpaid consultant to it, and the company never got to keep her patents, but only lent her its facilities to make discoveries in.

Very peculiar, like her. She never talked about aliens from outer space again, even though her hubby was a true believer, and claimed to have been abducted and to have had Remote Viewings and all that jazz, disappointing him no end. She even admitted her fantasy about living in the Ice Age was the result of childhood sexual abuse, although I think she was just resigned to the irreversible stupidity of us all and wanted to drop the subject.

One day the laboratory had a baby mammoth. I was the first person she told about it, there is a God. It was born of a rhinocerus mother, and was so cute, with fine hair all over it even at birth. The patron, call him Mister M.L. Marsh, was the second person she told. He arrived at the lab a good half hour after I did, and I thought he would never forgive me, but I was wrong, he did, he was a real marshmallow. In only a few years more there was a regular herd of mammoths living behind the lab on 40 acres of farmland they leased and fenced with electric fences. Some would stand over ten feet high at the shoulder, truly Pleistocene of them, magnificent. The hay bill was staggering. So was the noise they made. And the smell. We sold the manure for a good profit.

Another five years went by, and Tegeena, oops, I mean Teresa, finally bloomed sexually, perhaps because the release of mothering mammoths triggered something inside her. She married Mr. Marsh, becoming Mrs. Marsh. And she had finally understood my advances, and we had a sexual relationship on the side, which Mr. Marsh didn't mind, as long as he was getting his. Eventually we all just went to

bed together, and he had me too. So, we were a happy new age type trio, and a great team, investor-lawyer-inventor, what a powerful combination.

Soon, we had mammoths moving into habitats all over the Earth, and into appropriately built zoos, always with Teresa's approval. This time the company, which was called T-Gen Animals, stock symbol TGNA, was making money, since it sold mammoths at high prices when Teresa didn't make it donate them. The entire initial investment was made back, and the world got remammothed, or at least got a taste of mammoth, by the time the world population had grown so great that wild mammoths began disappearing again, threatened with extinction after all their wild habitat had been taken away, leaving only the ones in zoos to carry on. TGNA expanded into Pleistocene mammals, trying for a sabertoothed cat at first, and, that proving harder than they anticipated, going back to mastadons, then to large cave bears and ground sloths.

Teresa had a beautiful baby girl, even though she was 55. Says it all about her genes doesn't it? She called her Gena Teresa, or TG backwards. We both acted as her mother, the way Teresa wanted it. She had such light colored hair at birth it seemed pure white. Her eyes were so gray they were violetish, I swear. I too had a baby, at the age of 46. Another beautiful strapping baby girl, Gena's friend and playmate, and constant companion. The color of milk chocolate, the result of white and dark chocolate mixing together, the latter being me. We never let them go to school, using home schooling laws to get around it. We raised them as little cavegirls at first, then as new Atlanteans. It was while trying to study along with the little girls that I realized how ancient Greek mathematics and philosophy was all inherited from Atlantis, and the Greeks the closest to an unspoiled remnant Teegeena, oops again, Teresa, had. And she had been raised by her adoptive parents as an Italian Catholic, smile. Just ask me how to square a circle, smile again. Today's mathematicians freely talk about imaginary numbers, and engineers use them in their buildings and power plants, yet don't 'get' Atlantis, figure that.

Mr. Marsh died at the tender age of 60, from complications resulting from having the heart of a mammoth transplanted into his chest. He was always so gung-ho about medical advances, he took too many risks. He left his entire fortune to the both of us equally, except for a few million, which went to UFO Research. Teresa and I lived together ever since, having indescribably beautiful sex, while happily breeding and raising cave kids and mammoths and other Pleistocene playthings, and sometimes going out dressed in furs, with swords on our backs, riding around on horses, in the winter, when our arthritis lets us. I never saw any Grays, grin.

Once, however, in our private gym, where we dressed up in sexy skimpy furs and worked out with weights, Teresa was doing decline bench presses, and I was telling her how the decline bench served no useful purpose, the angle was awkward, dangerous in fact, and she could do regular bench presses combined with standing cleans to get at the same muscles. The only reason gyms had these darned decline benches was so that men could look women up as they lay there exposed. She laughed, and looked up at me, to see if I was looking her up, which I was. Then she shrieked, explaining, after calming down, that she had seen a Gray looking at her too, up in the duct work of the high high ceiling (for cooling, not for heating, gotcha). I tried to find it, without success.

I then offered to do a set on the decline bench, to cheer her up, when she suddenly said, "You? After all the arguments you made against it?"

"Oh, a philosopher in the house!", I cried in merriment. "What are you going to do if I do the set? Write a poem in Arabic quatrains, picking my stupidity apart in biting, witty satire? The Weightiyat? The Barbelliyat?" I was referring to The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam of course.

"I don't have to," she said misty-eyed, a strange tone in her usually strange voice. "The Grays already have."

I forgot to mention the assassination attempt. A quartet of four brothers from Pennsylvania, whose father Teresa had

once indiscriminately murdered, ambushed us outside the company complex, in a sports utility vehicle that was so old it had antique plates, dressed in hunter camouflage panchos, carrying elk rifles and duck shotguns. Luckily the police are so much more plentiful and responsive now. Lawbreakers don't get away with anything anymore. They were zoomed in on before they knew what hit them, and all went to prison, there were so many police making cases on them in court. They refused our offers of monetary help with their appeals, which they all lost.

* * *

"What makes you tick?" asked Warden Porfiry. "What makes you tick?", his balding pate receding from his hawkish eyes, his vulture fingers tapping on his scraggly chin. He had never got a confession out of her, even in private, promising it couldn't be used against her.

As he and the relatives of several of her victims watched, some dressed up as hunters, complete with fluorescent ponchos and flannel caps, they gave Teresa a lethal injection and executed her. She had refused to talk to the end, living in a fantasy world of her own making, and refused to see a Catholic priest sent by the Archdiocese of Detroit, Michigan, where they claimed she had been a frequent churchgoer all her life until puberty, but that the priest who heard her confessions was mysteriously murdered. Both her parents were dead, and no relatives were ever found. All her appeals had been used up, the Supreme Court refused to hear her case, and the Governor of Illinois refused to grant a stay of execution.

Chapter 7. Tegeena, Superstar

Outside the prison, a crowd of 2,000 chanted and cried "Free Tegeena! Free Tegeena!" Many were dressed in Ice Age fur outfits, carried mock clubs, spears, swords. Some were dressed in mock mammoth outfits, a few requiring two or even three people. One was dressed as Conan the Barbarian, one

as Raquel Welch in a cavewoman costume, another as Darryl Hannah. Fred Flintstone had a rep there. So did the X-Files. So did Dallas. And Robin Hood. So did the nudist movement, and bodybuilders. Even the cattle industry had spokesmen present telling people to eat more beef and drink more milk, and that meat eaters and milk drinkers aren't homicidal maniacs, and there is no connection between them.

When the news came from the prison officials that she had been executed, the cries turned to crying. The world news establishment was there, filling TV screens and the Web with it. The story of an Ice Age woman freed from hibernation, then released to fend for herself in a cold world she didn't understand, touched many hearts. Some footage from Monday Night Football showing the dazed woman sitting in her Ice Age fur costume in Giants Stadium. More footage of her dramatic arrest in a wheat field in Illinois.

Soon there were Tegeena Fan Clubs, Tegeena Homepages, Tegeena fan fiction, zines and books and ezines, and finally a Tegeena movie released direct to video, and two sequels. Gay women embraced her cause, as did straight women, and women devoted to lifetime chastity. McDonald's restaurants ran a Tegeena promotion for a time, complete with Mammoth Whoppers and Mammoth Shakes. Many Tegeena sightings rivalled Elvis sightings in their frequency and geographical dispersion. Some women ended up in mental institutions claiming to be the real Tegeena. Some claimed to be her personal friend, lover, wife, husband, son, daughter, just about everything. Deborah Shelton's career skyrocketed, and she got so she wouldn't even speak to B-movie actors like Marc Singer anymore.

The Tegeena Defense became legally respectable, after case upon case of women 'going Tegeena' and getting arrested while trying to 'cleanse Mum's land'. Always the defense involved proving that the woman had been sexually abused by her father, like the original Teresa, and it was claimed to be a delayed stress syndrome like Vietnamese Veterans suffered from.

Teresa had not talked to the authorities since her arrest, or to her attorneys either. But, after her execution,

reporters discovered she had a bachelor's degree in Biology from the University of Colorado, and had written a master's thesis on rediscovering the lost city of Atlantis, which was rejected. One fan later claimed to have discovered 'The Book of Tegeena', written on mammoth skin parchment with charred mammoth blood, in a language of pure pictographs, prophesying the doom of modern humanity and its civilization, the return of the Ice Age, and the triumph of a matriarchial anti-technological low-density non-racial non-sexist nudist abstinent meat-eating spiritual-but-non-religious society, whose goal was to fly into outer space and be with Dad. Of course the only true book of Tegeena is the present one, written by me, Tegeena herself.

The belief that Earth had been visited by aliens from outer space was now widespread, and her case helped convince millions that the aliens were humankind's greatest friend, and were in hiding, in the Bermuda Triangle or one or both of the Poles, not wanting to communicate with them in their current fallen state, but waiting for the day they could reach out and be one with them again, like Tegeena had been. Foundations that froze people now offered an Ice Age package with great success. The Denver Museum of Natural History became akin to a shrine, with its large collection of mammoth and dinosaur bones, some dug up within 10 miles of the museum, and claims that Tegeena had visited the museum when in that town, and others sighted her there now regularly. Rumors that aliens had been sighted in Siberia, since the early 19th century, and that it had been systematically covered up by the Russian government, were claimed to be confirmed now with unclear photographs and documents attested to under oath by long-dead officials. A scrap of a shiny metal that true believers claimed no scientist could identify was like the Holy Grail or the Lost Ark of the Covenant to millions, and it lay prominently displayed in a museum on the Extraterrestrial Highway in Nevada, near Area 51. Even the Kenney Assassination Conspiracy Museum in Dallas had an angle on it.

The Tegeena business brought in over 500 million dollars a year in all, virtually all of it into the coffers of major corporations run mainly by men, white men, in America and Europe. Meanwhile, the world population ballooned,

technology and industry prospered, there were regular wars and great profits for arms merchants, and all was exactly the same as if she had never come.

A hundred years later, there was a regular human colony on the Moon, and more planned for Mars and other planets. The Earth's forests, jungles, and wetlands had been all-but destroyed, and turned into overpopulated, cultivated land, packed with teeming cities. The great push of women for equality with men had resulted in women trying to become more like men, giving up home life, child rearing, and, on the integrated workplace, a resegregation occurred, with the only way to break out of it being to become one of the boys. The U.S. Senate had 20 women senators, the most ever. A one-world government had not happened, as many had predicted, but it seemed that in another hundred, or perhaps two hundred years, it would.

Chapter 8. Tegeena's Thesis

This is the research paper Teresa left to the world. It seems to have been partly original and partly based on sources she accessed on the Web and libraries, particularly the Russian researcher Viatcheslav Koudriavtsev. It was rejected and committed to obscurity by her university, which caused her to have a mental breakdown and end up in a mental hospital in Pueblo, Colorado. Footnotes have been incorporated into the text.

The master's thesis, abridged, is as follows:

ATLANTIS: LEGEND, PLATO'S INVENTION, OR FACT?

REMEMBERING ATLANTIS

Everyone remembers the name of Atlantis mentioned in various contexts. Almost any encyclopedia is sure to have an article on Atlantis. According to an ancient Greek legend recorded by Plato (427-347 B.C.), there had once existed, 9000 years before his time, a vast island in the Atlantic Ocean to the west of Gibraltar, densely populated,

with fertile soil, which sank to the bottom of the ocean because of an earthquake or other natural disaster. Questions of whether Atlantis has ever existed, and if so, why it vanished, continue to arouse controversy among scientists to this day.

No one knows exactly how many books have been written about Atlantis by proponents and opponents of the idea that it really existed. Those who have attempted to count them come up with widely diverging, albeit invariably 3 or 4 digit decimal numbers. "Atlantis, The Antediluvian World" by Ignatius Donnelly (1882), "The Problem of Atlantis" by Lewis Spence (1924), and "Lost Continents: The Atlantis Theme in History, Science, and Literature" by S.L. de Camp (1954) stand out here. No doubt, the topic of Atlantis could claim its place among the best-selling topics of the 20th centuries, along with the Millennium and the Apocalypse. Modern attempts at pushing alternate versions of ancient history, such as Joseph Smith's, pale in comparison, judging by popularity.

What is the etymology of the name Atlantis? In Greek, Atlas means one who could not withstand the skies: a-tla, not-withstand. In Greek myth, Atlas was the "Pillar of Heaven", and when he became overburdened, the skies fell down. The names Atlas and Atlantis trace back to Sanskrit, the holy language of India, the name of their Hell being Atala, meaning "deprived of its pillar" (a-tala), that is, bottomless. Hindus equate the god Atlas with Shiva, also called Sthanu, an epithet meaning "Pillar of Heaven" in Sanskrit. So the very name Atlantis means sunk into the bottomless pit. Early European explorers of America said that several aborigine tribes use the word Atlanta for their continent.

PLATO'S DIALOGUES

Plato speaks of Atlantis in two works, his dialogues "Timaeus" and "Critias", both written in 360 B.C., 27 years after he returned to Athens from extensive travels to Egypt and other countries, and founded the Academy, a school of science and philosophy that became the model for the modern university. Perhaps the most famous student of the Academy

was Aristotle, whose teachings have had tremendous impact on the philosophy of the West.

The dialogue was a literary device popular in Ancient Greece, in which information or ideas are not narrated by the author himself, but are presented to the reader by two or more speakers addressing each other as if the reader were not even there. Such a device is convenient for presenting differing views on the same subject by a truly unbiased thinker, making it possible to render the experiences cited in support of the deliberations seem independent. Therefore, they are not to be taken merely as shorthand records of actual conversations, but as highly sophisticated and concentrated thought products.

In both dialogues the story of Atlantis is told by a person by the name of Critias, who, some have claimed, was Plato's maternal great grandfather, but his identity is not important. He narrates word for word to Socrates, Timaeus and Hermocrates, staying at his home, the conversation between Solon and an Egyptian priest, which he claims to have heard from his grandfather, whose name also was Critias, who, in turn, had heard it from Solon himself, who had been a close friend and distant relative of his father, Dropides.

Solon was an Athenian traveler, poet, and lawgiver, one of Greece's "Seven Sages", who lived from 638-559 B.C. Socrates was Plato's teacher, who was executed in 399 B.C. by the authorities for "corrupting the morals of Athenian youth". There is no historical record of Timaeus himself. Hermocrates was a statesman and soldier from Syracuse. The priest is a mysterious figure, perhaps at the root of the controversy.

In "Timaeus" the issue of Atlantis is raised along with many others, while the unfinished Critias Dialogue, in all probability, was planned to be exclusively devoted to it, but whether it was left unfinished or has just not survived in its entirety is unclear.

In his conversation with Solon, the priest, referring to the sacred records, speaks of a powerful country, Atlantis,

lying outside the Pillars of Heracles (Hercules), of the beginning of a war between Atlantis and the citizens of Athens, and of a catastrophe which destroyed both, resulting in Atlantis sinking to the bottom "in a single day and night". The priest also says that nine thousand years have elapsed since. "Critias" also contains the story of the origin of the rulers of Atlantis, and a description of its geography, architecture, and social life, all of which suggests a hearty imagination having been used to supplement the lack of information.

There are several viewpoints as to when the dialogues actually took place, and as to how the participants in the dialogues correlate with historical personalities known from other sources. Some have considered it possible that Plato may have depicted himself as Critias's fourth guest, who failed to show up for the conversation supposedly because of illness. But since different answers to these questions can only change the date of the dialogues by about 20 years at the most, it is pretty much settled that the dialogues are taking place around the year 425 B.C., even though Plato himself must only have been an infant (about 2 years old) at the time.

Critias was probably about 80 at the time, and said he had heard the story at the age of 10, which would have been around the year 495 B.C., from his grandfather, who he said was near 90 at the time. Since Critias' grandfather had heard it from Solon himself, who belonged to the same generation as his father, it can be reasonably assumed that the original, shadowy conversation between Solon and the Egyptian priest took place between 575 and 559 B.C., when Solon would have been 63-79 years old, and the grandfather 10-26 years old.

The special attention that Plato's narration about Atlantis attracts can be also accounted for by the fact that the country described does not fit in with our present-day ideas of the history of humanity, almost as if it were a turning point, a great break, a catastrophe far bigger than a mere earthquake and the loss of some people. And the date of its vanishing, in the middle of the 10th millennium B.C., goes back to times for which there is no recorded history at

all, nor much of a clear idea even today of the flora and fauna, climate, and makeup of humans themselves. Is it also a coincidence that the entire Judaeo-Christian religious tradition also traces its great break to a giant deluge?

Plato's Atlantis seems attractive to many as a way to plug up and fix the numerous gaps and contradictions in the existing concept of the history of humanity, at the same time being a thorn in the side to others. Yet the very fact of the vast span of time between the emergence of the modern Homo sapiens and the development of the first civilization makes an entirely different kind of humanity living then, a great jump mentally over its predecessors, that much more believable. All the more so, as Plato stands with Socrates and Aristotle as one of the shapers of the whole intellectual tradition of the West, and just the person to have to confront a contradiction of the first order like this.

Regrettably, most of the Atlantis enthusiasts are swayed by emotions -- understandably strong -- compounded by their own racial memories, and this lures them away from pure detached commitment to scientific correctness.

Many researchers into the issue have been engaged in searching for, and making a collection of, similarities in the culture and languages of the peoples of the Old and the New Worlds, but their finds more often than not pose questions rather than furnish well-substantiated answers to them. Even if a person had lived in those days, and personally experienced life in Atlantis, and survived all these years, her memories would be so faded, and her ability to supply proofs so limited, and her confusion with the way humankind has developed so great, that she would be forced, like all her own children, to go back to scientific principles just to convince herself that she were not insane and suffering from delusions.

The topic of Atlantis has long been attracting the interest of mystics and occultists of all stripes, Pyramidologists, Hollow Earthers, Flat Earthers, UFOlogists, Amazonians, Vegetarians, and other people who have their own establishments, including those who would like to indulge in

their pet fantasies of a fantastic past where they themselves were important.

It is no surprise, then, that the subject has virtually become something of a scientific joke, thought suitable only for another film along the lines of the adventures of Indiana Jones or Captain Janeway. This is the reason why, even if scientific data come to light that can be interpreted in the context of the reality of Atlantis, it is poo-pooed and shelved along with the writings of Velikovsky and Madame Blavatsky by establishment scientists.

Even archeologists finding in the epos of many peoples of the world direct indications of their Atlantean descent, and a past golden age of humanity, cannot withstand an ideological war with the prevailing establishment view of humanity as rising from the mud through time-independent evolutionary processes.

What are the most widespread viewpoints on this issue now?

1. Some believe that Atlantis is Plato's invention from beginning to end, which he needed to expound his ideas of an ideal state.

2. Others accept some aspect of its truth, but reject the Atlantic Ocean as the location, from a parochial view of the ancient Greek's ability to know Earth geography, trying to connect it with their favorite pet archeological site near Greece -- for example, the island of Crete.

2. Others have gone the opposite direction and, thinking that the ancient Greek's racial memory could be geographically limitless, decided that Atlantis was situated in the Sea of Marmara, the South China Sea, the Black Sea, even the Antarctic.

3. Yet others, fervently believing in the truthfulness of the information provided by Plato, rush to search for Atlantis in the Atlantic Ocean -- the writings of Edgar Cayce claiming it to have been in the Caribbean having a large cult following. His readers have announced, at

different times, that the Azores, Canary and Bahama Islands, as well as several other ones, are the real remains of Plato's sunken island. They also likely to juggle the numerals in Plato's texts. The Sargasso Sea, with the Bimini plateau at the southern end, and the Azores on the far side, have more ingredients in it for cooking up an Atlantis than Betty Crocker (the Bimini Wall was discovered in 1968, see Atlantis Undiscovered -- Bimini, Nature 230:287-89).

Let us endeavour to analyze Plato's narration, comparing its basic elements and their interpretations with facts, and show how our own hypothesis of the location of Atlantis southwest of present-day England is the most balanced view of all the evidence.

JOWETT'S TRANSLATIONS OF PLATO'S DIALOGUES

We start by a quotation of the relevant part of "Timaeus", as translated by Benjamin Jowett (1817-1893). (Note: We use his translation because the copyright has expired.)

JOWETT'S TRANSLATION OF TIMAEUS

Crit. I will tell an old-world story which I heard from an aged man; for [grandfather] Critias, at the time of telling it, was as he said, nearly ninety years of age, and I was about ten.

Now the day was that day of the Apaturia which is called the Registration of Youth, at which, according to custom, our parents gave prizes for recitations, and the poems of several poets were recited by us boys, and many of us sang the poems of Solon, which at that time had not gone out of fashion.

One of our tribe, either because he thought so or to please Critias, said that in his judgment Solon was not only the wisest of men, but also the noblest of poets.

The old man, as I very well remember, brightened up at hearing this and said, smiling: Yes, Amynder, if Solon

had only, like other poets, made poetry the business of his life, and had completed the tale which he brought with him from Egypt, and had not been compelled, by reason of the factions and troubles which he found stirring in his own country when he came home, to attend to other matters, in my opinion he would have been as famous as Homer or Hesiod, or any poet.

And what was the tale about, Critias? said Amynder.

About the greatest action which the Athenians ever did, and which ought to have been the most famous, but, through the lapse of time and the destruction of the actors, it has not come down to us.

Tell us, said the other, the whole story, and how and from whom Solon heard this veritable tradition.

He replied: In the Egyptian Delta, at the head of which the river Nile divides, there is a certain district which is called the district of Sais, and the great city of the district is also called Sais, and is the city from which King Amasis came.

The citizens have a deity for their foundress; she is called in the Egyptian tongue Neith, and is asserted by them to be the same whom the Hellenes call Athene; they are great lovers of the Athenians, and say that they are in some way related to them.

To this city came Solon, and was received there with great honour; he asked the priests who were most skilful in such matters, about antiquity, and made the discovery that neither he nor any other Hellene knew anything worth mentioning about the times of old.

On one occasion, wishing to draw them on to speak of antiquity, he began to tell about the most ancient things in our part of the world -- about Phoroneus, who is called "the first man," and about Niobe; and after the Deluge, of the survival of Deucalion and Pyrrha; and he traced the genealogy of their descendants, and reckoning up the dates, tried to compute how many years ago the events of which he

was speaking happened.

Thereupon one of the priests, who was of a very great age, said: O Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are never anything but children, and there is not an old man among you.

Solon in return asked him what he meant. I mean to say, he replied, that in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition, nor any science which is hoary with age. And I will tell you why. There have been, and will be again, many destructions of mankind arising out of many causes; the greatest have been brought about by the agencies of fire and water, and other lesser ones by innumerable other causes.

There is a story, which even you have preserved, that once upon a time Paethon, the son of Helios, having yoked the steeds in his father's chariot, because he was not able to drive them in the path of his father, burnt up all that was upon the earth, and was himself destroyed by a thunderbolt.

Now this has the form of a myth, but really signifies a declination of the bodies moving in the heavens around the earth, and a great conflagration of things upon the earth, which recurs after long intervals; at such times those who live upon the mountains and in dry and lofty places are more liable to destruction than those who dwell by rivers or on the seashore. And from this calamity the Nile, who is our never-failing saviour, delivers and preserves us.

When, on the other hand, the gods purge the earth with a deluge of water, the survivors in your country are herdsmen and shepherds who dwell on the mountains, but those who, like you, live in cities are carried by the rivers into the sea. Whereas in this land, neither then nor at any other time, does the water come down from above on the fields, having always a tendency to come up from below; for which reason the traditions preserved here are the most ancient.

The fact is, that wherever the extremity of winter frost or of summer does not prevent, mankind exist, sometimes in greater, sometimes in lesser numbers. And whatever happened either in your country or in ours, or in any other region of

which we are informed -- if there were any actions noble or great or in any other way remarkable, they have all been written down by us of old, and are preserved in our temples. Whereas just when you and other nations are beginning to be provided with letters and the other requisites of civilized life, after the usual interval, the stream from heaven, like a pestilence, comes pouring down, and leaves only those of you who are destitute of letters and education; and so you have to begin all over again like children, and know nothing of what happened in ancient times, either among us or among yourselves.

As for those genealogies of yours which you just now recounted to us, Solon, they are no better than the tales of children.

In the first place you remember a single deluge only, but there were many previous ones; in the next place, you do not know that there formerly dwelt in your land the fairest and noblest race of men which ever lived, and that you and your whole city are descended from a small seed or remnant of them which survived. And this was unknown to you, because, for many generations, the survivors of that destruction died, leaving no written word.

For there was a time, Solon, before the great deluge of all, when the city which now is Athens was first in war and in every way the best governed of all cities, is said to have performed the noblest deeds and to have had the fairest constitution of any of which tradition tells, under the face of heaven.

Solon marvelled at his words, and earnestly requested the priests to inform him exactly and in order about these former citizens.

You are welcome to hear about them, Solon, said the priest, both for your own sake and for that of your city, and above all, for the sake of the goddess who is the common patron and parent and educator of both our cities. She founded your city a thousand years before ours, receiving from the Earth and Hephaestus the seed of your race, and afterwards she founded ours, of which the constitution is recorded in

our sacred registers to be eight thousand years old.

As touching your citizens of nine thousand years ago, I will briefly inform you of their laws and of their most famous action; the exact particulars of the whole we will hereafter go through at our leisure in the sacred registers themselves. If you compare these very laws with ours you will find that many of ours are the counterpart of yours as they were in the olden time.

In the first place, there is the caste of priests, which is separated from all the others; next, there are the artificers, who ply their several crafts by themselves and do not intermix; and also there is the class of shepherds and of hunters, as well as that of husbandmen; and you will observe, too, that the warriors in Egypt are distinct from all the other classes, and are commanded by the law to devote themselves solely to military pursuits; moreover, the weapons which they carry are shields and spears, a style of equipment which the goddess taught of Asiatics first to us, as in your part of the world first to you.

Then as to wisdom, do you observe how our law from the very first made a study of the whole order of things, extending even to prophecy and medicine which gives health, out of these divine elements deriving what was needful for human life, and adding every sort of knowledge which was akin to them. All this order and arrangement the goddess first imparted to you when establishing your city; and she chose the spot of earth in which you were born, because she saw that the happy temperament of the seasons in that land would produce the wisest of men. Wherefore the goddess, who was a lover both of war and of wisdom, selected and first of all settled that spot which was the most likely to produce men likest herself.

And there you dwelt, having such laws as these and still better ones, and excelled all mankind in all virtue, as became the children and disciples of the gods. Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your state in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valour. For these histories tell of a mighty power which unprovoked made an expedition against the whole

of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end.

This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable; and there was an island situated in front of the straits which are by you called the Pillars of Heracles; the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from these you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean; for this sea which is within the Straits of Heracles is only a harbour, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a boundless continent.

Now in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others, and over parts of the continent, and, furthermore, the men of Atlantis had subjected the parts of Libya within the columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia.

This vast power, gathered into one, endeavoured to subdue at a blow our country and yours and the whole of the region within the straits; and then, Solon, your country shone forth, in the excellence of her virtue and strength, among all mankind. She was pre-eminent in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders, and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjugated, and generously liberated all the rest of us who dwell within the pillars.

But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods; and in a single day and night of misfortune all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared in the depths of the sea. For which reason the sea in those parts is impassable and impenetrable, because there is a shoal of mud in the way; and this was caused by the subsidence of the island.

I have told you briefly, Socrates, what the aged Critias heard from Solon and related to us. And when you were

speaking yesterday about your city and citizens, the tale which I have just been repeating to you came into my mind, and I remarked with astonishment how, by some mysterious coincidence, you agreed in almost every particular with the narrative of Solon; but I did not like to speak at the moment. For a long time had elapsed, and I had forgotten too much; I thought that I must first of all run over the narrative in my own mind, and then I would speak. And so I readily assented to your request yesterday, considering that in all such cases the chief difficulty is to find a tale suitable to our purpose, and that with such a tale we should be fairly well provided.

And therefore, as Hermocrates has told you, on my way home yesterday I at once communicated the tale to my companions as I remembered it; and after I left them, during the night by thinking I recovered nearly the whole it. Truly, as is often said, the lessons of our childhood make wonderful impression on our memories; for I am not sure that I could remember all the discourse of yesterday, but I should be much surprised if I forgot any of these things which I have heard very long ago.

I listened at the time with childlike interest to the old man's narrative; he was very ready to teach me, and I asked him again and again to repeat his words, so that like an indelible picture they were branded into my mind.

JOWETT'S TRANSLATION OF CRITIAS

And here is Jowett's translation of the relevant part of "Critias":

Crit.: Let me begin by observing first of all, that nine thousand was the sum of years which had elapsed since the war which was said to have taken place between those who dwelt outside the Pillars of Heracles and all who dwelt within them; this war I am going to describe. Of the combatants on the one side, the city of Athens was reported to have been the leader and to have fought out the war; the combatants on the other side were commanded by the kings of Atlantis, which, as was I saying, was an island greater in extent than Libya and Asia, and when afterwards sunk by an

earthquake, became an impassable barrier of mud to voyagers sailing from hence to any part of the ocean.

The progress of the history will unfold the various nations of barbarians and families of Hellenes which then existed, as they successively appear on the scene; but I must describe first of all Athenians of that day, and their enemies who fought with them, and then the respective powers and governments of the two kingdoms.

Let us give the precedence to Athens. In the days of old the gods had the whole earth distributed among them by allotment. There was no quarrelling; for you cannot rightly suppose that the gods did not know what was proper for each of them to have, or, knowing this, that they would seek to procure for themselves by contention that which more properly belonged to others. They all of them by just apportionment obtained what they wanted, and peopled their own districts; and when they had peopled them they tended us, their nurselings and possessions, as shepherds tend their flocks, excepting only that they did not use blows or bodily force, as shepherds do, but governed us like pilots from the stern of the vessel, which is an easy way of guiding animals, holding our souls by the rudder of persuasion according to their own pleasure; thus did they guide all mortal creatures.

Now different gods had their allotments in different places which they set in order. Hephaestus and Athene, who were brother and sister, and sprang from the same father, having a common nature, and being united also in the love of philosophy and art, both obtained as their common portion this land, which was naturally adapted for wisdom and virtue; and there they implanted brave children of the soil, and put into their minds the order of government; their names are preserved, but their actions have disappeared by reason of the destruction of those who received the tradition, and the lapse of ages. For when there were any survivors, as I have already said, they were men who dwelt in the mountains; and they were ignorant of the art of writing, and had heard only the names of the chiefs of the land, but very little about their actions. The names they were willing enough to give to their children; but the

virtues and the laws of their predecessors, they knew only by obscure traditions; and as they themselves and their children lacked for many generations the necessaries of life, they directed their attention to the supply of their wants, and of them they conversed, to the neglect of events that had happened in times long past; for mythology and the enquiry into antiquity are first introduced into cities when they begin to have leisure, and when they see that the necessaries of life have already been provided, but not before.

And this is reason why the names of the ancients have been preserved to us and not their actions. This I infer because Solon said that the priests in their narrative of that war mentioned most of the names which are recorded prior to the time of Theseus, such as Cecrops, and Erechtheus, and Erichthonius, and Erysichthon, and the names of the women in like manner. Moreover, since military pursuits were then common to men and women, the men of those days in accordance with the custom of the time set up a figure and image of the goddess in full armour, to be a testimony that all animals which associate together, male as well as female, may, if they please, practise in common the virtue which belongs to them without distinction of sex.

Now the country was inhabited in those days by various classes of citizens; there were artisans, and there were husbandmen, and there was also a warrior class originally set apart by divine men. The latter dwelt by themselves, and had all things suitable for nurture and education; neither had any of them anything of their own, but they regarded all that they had as common property; nor did they claim to receive of the other citizens anything more than their necessary food. And they practised all the pursuits which we yesterday described as those of our imaginary guardians.

Concerning the country the Egyptian priests said what is not only probable but manifestly true, that the boundaries were in those days fixed by the Isthmus, and that in the direction of the continent they extended as far as the heights of Cithaeron and Parnes; the boundary line came down in the direction of the sea, having the district of Oropus

on the right, and with the river Asopus as the limit on the left. The land was the best in the world, and was therefore able in those days to support a vast army, raised from the surrounding people. Even the remnant of Attica which now exists may compare with any region in the world for the variety and excellence of its fruits and the suitability of its pastures to every sort of animal, which proves what I am saying; but in those days the country was fair as now and yielded far more abundant produce.

How shall I establish my words? and what part of it can be truly called a remnant of the land that then was? The whole country is only a long promontory extending far into the sea away from the rest of the continent, while the surrounding basin of the sea is everywhere deep in the neighbourhood of the shore. Many great deluges have taken place during the nine thousand years, for that is the number of years which have elapsed since the time of which I am speaking; and during all this time and through so many changes, there has never been any considerable accumulation of the soil coming down from the mountains, as in other places, but the earth has fallen away all round and sunk out of sight.

The consequence is, that in comparison of what then was, there are remaining only the bones of the wasted body, as they may be called, as in the case of small islands, all the richer and softer parts of the soil having fallen away, and the mere skeleton of the land being left. But in the primitive state of the country, its mountains were high hills covered with soil, and the plains, as they are termed by us, of Phelleus were full of rich earth, and there was abundance of wood in the mountains. Of this last the traces still remain, for although some of the mountains now only afford sustenance to bees, not so very long ago there were still to be seen roofs of timber cut from trees growing there, which were of a size sufficient to cover the largest houses; and there were many other high trees, cultivated by man and bearing abundance of food for cattle.

Moreover, the land reaped the benefit of the annual rainfall, not as now losing the water which flows off the bare earth into the sea, but, having an abundant supply in all places, and receiving it into herself and treasuring it

up in the close clay soil, it let off into the hollows the streams which it absorbed from the heights, providing everywhere abundant fountains and rivers, of which there may still be observed sacred memorials in places where fountains once existed; and this proves the truth of what I am saying.

Such was the natural state of the country, which was cultivated, as we may well believe, by true husbandmen, who made husbandry their business, and were lovers of honour, and of a noble nature, and had a soil the best in the world, and abundance of water, and in the heaven above an excellently attempered climate.

Now the city in those days was arranged on this wise. In the first place the Acropolis was not as now. For the fact is that a single night of excessive rain washed away the earth and laid bare the rock; at the same time there were earthquakes, and then occurred the extraordinary inundation, which was the third before the great destruction of Deucalion. But in primitive times the hill of the Acropolis extended to the Eridanus and Ilissus, and included the Pnyx on one side, and the Lycabettus as a boundary on the opposite side to the Pnyx, and was all well covered with soil, and level at the top, except in one or two places.

Outside the Acropolis and under the sides of the hill there dwelt artisans, and such of the husbandmen as were tilling the ground near; the warrior class dwelt by themselves around the temples of Athene and Hephaestus at the summit, which moreover they had enclosed with a single fence like the garden of a single house. On the north side they had dwellings in common and had erected halls for dining in winter, and had all the buildings which they needed for their common life, besides temples, but there was no adorning of them with gold and silver, for they made no use of these for any purpose; they took a middle course between meanness and ostentation, and built modest houses in which they and their children's children grew old, and they handed them down to others who were like themselves, always the same. But in summer-time they left their gardens and gymnasia and dining halls, and then the southern side of the hill was made use of by them for the same purpose.

Where the Acropolis now is there was a fountain, which was choked by the earthquake, and has left only the few small streams which still exist in the vicinity, but in those days the fountain gave an abundant supply of water for all and of suitable temperature in summer and in winter. This is how they dwelt, being the guardians of their own citizens and the leaders of the Hellenes, who were their willing followers. And they took care to preserve the same number of men and women through all time, being so many as were required for warlike purposes, then as now -- that is to say, about twenty thousand.

Such were the ancient Athenians, and after this manner they righteously administered their own land and the rest of Hellas; they were renowned all over Europe and Asia for the beauty of their persons and for the many virtues of their souls, and of all men who lived in those days they were the most illustrious. And next, if I have not forgotten what I heard when I was a child, I will impart to you the character and origin of their adversaries. For friends should not keep their stories to themselves, but have them in common.

Yet, before proceeding further in the narrative, I ought to warn you, that you must not be surprised if you should perhaps hear Hellenic names given to foreigners. I will tell you the reason of this: Solon, who was intending to use the tale for his poem, enquired into the meaning of the names, and found that the early Egyptians in writing them down had translated them into their own language, and he recovered the meaning of the several names and when copying them out again translated them into our language. My great-grandfather, Dropides, had the original writing, which is still in my possession, and was carefully studied by me when I was a child. Therefore if you hear names such as are used in this country, you must not be surprised, for I have told how they came to be introduced. The tale, which was of great length, began as follows:

I have before remarked in speaking of the allotments of the gods, that they distributed the whole earth into portions differing in extent, and made for themselves temples and instituted sacrifices. And Poseidon, receiving for his lot the island of Atlantis, begat children by a mortal woman,

and settled them in a part of the island, which I will describe.

Looking towards the sea, but in the centre of the whole island, there was a plain which is said to have been the fairest of all plains and very fertile. Near the plain again, and also in the centre of the island at a distance of about fifty stadia, there was a mountain not very high on any side. In this mountain there dwelt one of the earth born primeval men of that country, whose name was Evenor, and he had a wife named Leucippe, and they had an only daughter who was called Cleito.

The maiden had already reached womanhood, when her father and mother died; Poseidon fell in love with her and had intercourse with her, and breaking the ground, inclosed the hill in which she dwelt all round, making alternate zones of sea and land larger and smaller, encircling one another; there were two of land and three of water, which he turned as with a lathe, each having its circumference equidistant every way from the centre, so that no man could get to the island, for ships and voyages were not as yet.

He himself, being a god, found no difficulty in making special arrangements for the centre island, bringing up two springs of water from beneath the earth, one of warm water and the other of cold, and making every variety of food to spring up abundantly from the soil. He also begat and brought up five pairs of twin male children; and dividing the island of Atlantis into ten portions, he gave to the first-born of the eldest pair his mother's dwelling and the surrounding allotment, which was the largest and best, and made him king over the rest; the others he made princes, and gave them rule over many men, and a large territory.

And he named them all; the eldest, who was the first king, he named Atlas, and after him the whole island and the ocean were called Atlantic. To his twin brother, who was born after him, and obtained as his lot the extremity of the island towards the Pillars of Heracles, facing the country which is now called the region of Gades in that part of the world, he gave the name which in the Hellenic language is Eumelus, in the language of the country which is named after

him, Gadeirus. Of the second pair of twins he called one Ampheres, and the other Evaemon. To the elder of the third pair of twins he gave the name Mneseus, and Autochthon to the one who followed him. Of the fourth pair of twins he called the elder Elasippus, and the younger Mestor. And of the fifth pair he gave to the elder the name of Azaes, and to the younger that of Diaprepes.

All these and their descendants for many generations were the inhabitants and rulers of divers islands in the open sea; and also, as has been already said, they held sway in our direction over the country within the Pillars as far as Egypt and Tyrrhenia.

Now Atlas had a numerous and honourable family, and they retained the kingdom, the eldest son handing it on to his eldest for many generations; and they had such an amount of wealth as was never before possessed by kings and potentates, and is not likely ever to be again, and they were furnished with everything which they needed, both in the city and country. For because of the greatness of their empire many things were brought to them from foreign countries, and the island itself provided most of what was required by them for the uses of life.

In the first place, they dug out of the earth whatever was to be found there, solid as well as fusile, and that which is now only a name and was then something more than a name, orichalcum, was dug out of the earth in many parts of the island, being more precious in those days than anything except gold.

There was an abundance of wood for carpenter's work, and sufficient maintenance for tame and wild animals.

Moreover, there were a great number of elephants in the island; for as there was provision for all other sorts of animals, both for those which live in lakes and marshes and rivers, and also for those which live in mountains and on plains, so there was for the animal which is the largest and most voracious of all.

Also whatever fragrant things there now are in the earth,

whether roots, or herbage, or woods, or essences which distil from fruit and flower, grew and thrived in that land; also the fruit which admits of cultivation, both the dry sort, which is given us for nourishment and any other which we use for food -- we call them all by the common name pulse, and the fruits having a hard rind, affording drinks and meats and ointments, and good store of chestnuts and the like, which furnish pleasure and amusement, and are fruits which spoil with keeping, and the pleasant kinds of dessert, with which we console ourselves after dinner, when we are tired of eating -- all these that sacred island which then beheld the light of the sun, brought forth fair and wondrous and in infinite abundance.

With such blessings the earth freely furnished them; meanwhile they went on constructing their temples and palaces and harbours and docks. And they arranged the whole country in the following manner:

First of all they bridged over the zones of sea which surrounded the ancient metropolis, making a road to and from the royal palace. And at the very beginning they built the palace in the habitation of the god and of their ancestors, which they continued to ornament in successive generations, every king surpassing the one who went before him to the utmost of his power, until they made the building a marvel to behold for size and for beauty.

And beginning from the sea they bored a canal of three hundred feet in width and one hundred feet in depth and fifty stadia in length, which they carried through to the outermost zone, making a passage from the sea up to this, which became a harbour, and leaving an opening sufficient to enable the largest vessels to find ingress.

Moreover, they divided at the bridges the zones of land which parted the zones of sea, leaving room for a single trireme to pass out of one zone into another, and they covered over the channels so as to leave a way underneath for the ships; for the banks were raised considerably above the water.

Now the largest of the zones into which a passage was cut

from the sea was three stadia in breadth, and the zone of land which came next of equal breadth; but the next two zones, the one of water, the other of land, were two stadia, and the one which surrounded the central island was a stadium only in width. The island in which the palace was situated had a diameter of five stadia.

All this including the zones and the bridge, which was the sixth part of a stadium in width, they surrounded by a stone wall on every side, placing towers and gates on the bridges where the sea passed in.

The stone which was used in the work they quarried from underneath the centre island, and from underneath the zones, on the outer as well as the inner side. One kind was white, another black, and a third red, and as they quarried, they at the same time hollowed out double docks, having roofs formed out of the native rock. Some of their buildings were simple, but in others they put together different stones, varying the colour to please the eye, and to be a natural source of delight.

The entire circuit of the wall, which went round the outermost zone, they covered with a coating of brass, and the circuit of the next wall they coated with tin, and the third, which encompassed the citadel, flashed with the red light of orichalcum.

The palaces in the interior of the citadel were constructed on this wise: in the centre was a holy temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, which remained inaccessible, and was surrounded by an enclosure of gold; this was the spot where the family of the ten princes first saw the light, and thither the people annually brought the fruits of the earth in their season from all the ten portions, to be an offering to each of the ten.

Here was Poseidon's own temple which was a stadium in length, and half a stadium in width, and of a proportionate height, having a strange barbaric appearance. All the outside of the temple, with the exception of the pinnacles, they covered with silver, and the pinnacles with gold. In the interior of the temple the roof was of ivory, curiously

wrought everywhere with gold and silver and orichalcum; and all the other parts, the walls and pillars and floor, they coated with orichalcum.

In the temple they placed statues of gold: there was the god himself standing in a chariot -- the charioteer of six winged horses -- and of such a size that he touched the roof of the building with his head; around him there were a hundred Nereids riding on dolphins, for such was thought to be the number of them by the men of those days. There were also in the interior of the temple other images which had been dedicated by private persons.

And around the temple on the outside were placed statues of gold of all the descendants of the ten kings and of their wives, and there were many other great offerings of kings and of private persons, coming both from the city itself and from the foreign cities over which they held sway. There was an altar too, which in size and workmanship corresponded to this magnificence, and the palaces, in like manner, answered to the greatness of the kingdom and the glory of the temple.

In the next place, they had fountains, one of cold and another of hot water, in gracious plenty flowing; and they were wonderfully adapted for use by reason of the pleasantness and excellence of their waters. They constructed buildings about them and planted suitable trees, also they made cisterns, some open to the heavens, others roofed over, to be used in winter as warm baths; there were the kings' baths, and the baths of private persons, which were kept apart; and there were separate baths for women, and for horses and cattle, and to each of them they gave as much adornment as was suitable.

Of the water which ran off they carried some to the grove of Poseidon, where were growing all manner of trees of wonderful height and beauty, owing to the excellence of the soil, while the remainder was conveyed by aqueducts along the bridges to the outer circles; and there were many temples built and dedicated to many gods; also gardens and places of exercise, some for men, and others for horses in both of the two islands formed by the zones; and in the

centre of the larger of the two there was set apart a race-course of a stadium in width, and in length allowed to extend all round the island, for horses to race in.

Also there were guardhouses at intervals for the guards, the more trusted of whom were appointed to keep watch in the lesser zone, which was nearer the Acropolis while the most trusted of all had houses given them within the citadel, near the persons of the kings. The docks were full of triremes and naval stores, and all things were quite ready for use.

Enough of the plan of the royal palace. Leaving the palace and passing out across the three you came to a wall which began at the sea and went all round: this was everywhere distant fifty stadia from the largest zone or harbour, and enclosed the whole, the ends meeting at the mouth of the channel which led to the sea.

The entire area was densely crowded with habitations; and the canal and the largest of the harbours were full of vessels and merchants coming from all parts, who, from their numbers, kept up a multitudinous sound of human voices, and din and clatter of all sorts night and day.

I have described the city and the environs of the ancient palace nearly in the words of Solon, and now I must endeavour to represent the nature and arrangement of the rest of the land.

The whole country was said by him to be very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea, but the country immediately about and surrounding the city was a level plain, itself surrounded by mountains which descended towards the sea; it was smooth and even, and of an oblong shape, extending in one direction three thousand stadia, but across the centre inland it was two thousand stadia. This part of the island looked towards the south, and was sheltered from the north.

The surrounding mountains were celebrated for their number and size and beauty, far beyond any which still exist, having in them also many wealthy villages of country folk,

and rivers, and lakes, and meadows supplying food enough for every animal, wild or tame, and much wood of various sorts, abundant for each and every kind of work.

I will now describe the plain, as it was fashioned by nature and by the labours of many generations of kings through long ages. It was for the most part rectangular and oblong, and where falling out of the straight line followed the circular ditch. The depth, and width, and length of this ditch were incredible, and gave the impression that a work of such extent, in addition to so many others, could never have been artificial. Nevertheless I must say what I was told.

It was excavated to the depth of a hundred, feet, and its breadth was a stadium everywhere; it was carried round the whole of the plain, and was ten thousand stadia in length. It received the streams which came down from the mountains, and winding round the plain and meeting at the city, was there let off into the sea.

Further inland, likewise, straight canals of a hundred feet in width were cut from it through the plain, and again let off into the ditch leading to the sea: these canals were at intervals of a hundred stadia, and by them they brought down the wood from the mountains to the city, and conveyed the fruits of the earth in ships, cutting transverse passages from one canal into another, and to the city.

Twice in the year they gathered the fruits of the earth -- in winter having the benefit of the rains of heaven, and in summer the water which the land supplied by introducing streams from the canals.

As to the population, each of the lots in the plain had to find a leader for the men who were fit for military service, and the size of a lot was a square of ten stadia each way, and the total number of all the lots was sixty thousand. And of the inhabitants of the mountains and of the rest of the country there was also a vast multitude, which was distributed among the lots and had leaders assigned to them according to their districts and villages. The leader was required to furnish for the war the sixth portion of a war-chariot, so as to make up a total of ten thousand

chariots; also two horses and riders for them, and a pair of chariot-horses without a seat, accompanied by a horseman who could fight on foot carrying a small shield, and having a charioteer who stood behind the man-at-arms to guide the two horses; also, he was bound to furnish two heavy armed soldiers, two slingers, three stone-shooters and three javelin-men, who were light-armed, and four sailors to make up the complement of twelve hundred ships.

Such was the military order of the royal city -- the order of the other nine governments varied, and it would be wearisome to recount their several differences.

As to offices and honours, the following was the arrangement from the first. Each of the ten kings in his own division and in his own city had the absolute control of the citizens, and, in most cases, of the laws, punishing and slaying whomsoever he would. Now the order of precedence among them and their mutual relations were regulated by the commands of Poseidon which the law had handed down. These were inscribed by the first kings on a pillar of orichalcum, which was situated in the middle of the island, at the temple of Poseidon, whither the kings were gathered together every fifth and every sixth year alternately, thus giving equal honour to the odd and to the even number.

And when they were gathered together they consulted about their common interests, and enquired if any one had transgressed in anything and passed judgment and before they passed judgment they gave their pledges to one another on this wise: There were bulls who had the range of the temple of Poseidon; and the ten kings, being left alone in the temple, after they had offered prayers to the god that they might capture the victim which was acceptable to him, hunted the bulls, without weapons but with staves and nooses; and the bull which they caught they led up to the pillar and cut its throat over the top of it so that the blood fell upon the sacred inscription.

Now on the pillar, besides the laws, there was inscribed an oath invoking mighty curses on the disobedient. When therefore, after slaying the bull in the accustomed manner, they had burnt its limbs, they filled a bowl of wine and

cast in a clot of blood for each of them; the rest of the victim they put in the fire, after having purified the column all round. Then they drew from the bowl in golden cups and pouring a libation on the fire, they swore that they would judge according to the laws on the pillar, and would punish him who in any point had already transgressed them, and that for the future they would not, if they could help, offend against the writing on the pillar, and would neither command others, nor obey any ruler who commanded them, to act otherwise than according to the laws of their father Poseidon.

This was the prayer which each of them -- offered up for himself and for his descendants, at the same time drinking and dedicating the cup out of which he drank in the temple of the god; and after they had supped and satisfied their needs, when darkness came on, and the fire about the sacrifice was cool, all of them put on most beautiful azure robes, and, sitting on the ground, at night, over the embers of the sacrifices by which they had sworn, and extinguishing all the fire about the temple, they received and gave judgment, if any of them had an accusation to bring against any one; and when they given judgment, at daybreak they wrote down their sentences on a golden tablet, and dedicated it together with their robes to be a memorial.

There were many special laws affecting the several kings inscribed about the temples, but the most important was the following: They were not to take up arms against one another, and they were all to come to the rescue if any one in any of their cities attempted to overthrow the royal house; like their ancestors, they were to deliberate in common about war and other matters, giving the supremacy to the descendants of Atlas.

And the king was not to have the power of life and death over any of his kinsmen unless he had the assent of the majority of the ten. Such was the vast power which the god settled in the lost island of Atlantis; and this he afterwards directed against our land for the following reasons, as tradition tells:

For many generations, as long as the divine nature lasted in

them, they were obedient to the laws, and well-affectioned towards the god, whose seed they were; for they possessed true and in every way great spirits, uniting gentleness with wisdom in the various chances of life, and in their intercourse with one another. They despised everything but virtue, caring little for their present state of life, and thinking lightly of the possession of gold and other property, which seemed only a burden to them; neither were they intoxicated by luxury; nor did wealth deprive them of their self-control; but they were sober, and saw clearly that all these goods are increased by virtue and friendship with one another, whereas by too great regard and respect for them, they are lost and friendship with them.

By such reflections and by the continuance in them of a divine nature, the qualities which we have described grew and increased among them; but when the divine portion began to fade away, and became diluted too often and too much with the mortal admixture, and the human nature got the upper hand, they then, being unable to bear their fortune, behaved unseemly, and to him who had an eye to see grew visibly debased, for they were losing the fairest of their precious gifts; but to those who had no eye to see the true happiness, they appeared glorious and blessed at the very time when they were full of avarice and unrighteous power.

Zeus, the god of gods, who rules according to law, and is able to see into such things, perceiving that an honourable race was in a woeful plight, and wanting to inflict punishment on them, that they might be chastened and improve, collected all the gods into their most holy habitation, which, being placed in the centre of the world, beholds all created things. And when he had called them together, he spake as follows ... **

** The rest of the Dialogue of Critias has been lost or perhaps was never written.

Jowett was a leading Greek and Latin scholar and Oxford professor, whose translations of Plato competed with those of Thomas Taylor, first published in 1804 and considered to be classic. Another one worth mentioning is by Desmond Lee, published in 1965 ("Timaeus") and in 1971 ("Critias"),

although they will not be used here.

ATLANTIS AN INVENTION OF PLATO?

Was Atlantis a mere invention of Plato?

1. If it is, then why did Plato invent it? To expound on his ideal state? That is highly doubtful. Indeed, he had previously expounded on it more than once in his other works, without any geographical or other hoaxes included. And with such an imagination, Plato should be regarded as one of the greatest fiction authors of all time, although he left no other fiction.

2. In "Timaeus" itself, Plato already uses the prehistoric Athens for setting forth utopian concepts. So the supposition that Plato needed to invent Atlantis for that, or any other reason, seems rather far-fetched. What is wrong with supposing that he honestly believed in it?

3. If it was Plato's purpose to use Atlantis as a quasi-historical example of an ideal state, why did he then go on and expose the "degeneration" and decline that preceded its vanishing?

4. The explanation of how the information of Atlantis came to Plato's notice itself enhances its credibility. For who could better be in a position to have a reliable memory of ancient history than an Egyptian priest, a representative of an older civilization than the Greek, one known for building great libraries and pyramids in the dry deserts that are so good at preserving everything? ".. in mind you are all young" ("Timaeus").

Of course, the archeological data on which modern ideas of the past of humanity are based is vast, and some so-called experts might scoff at the suggestion of such memory gaps, but the larger history of Earth has seen a lot of natural cataclysms of enormous proportions, such as the one that is now thought to have ended the avatar of the dinosaurs, so how can we ignore the possibility that the historical memory of humanity has indeed been jolted by a catastrophe big enough to give it collective amnesia?

William Miller Jr.'s novel "A Canticle for Leibowitz" (1959) shows how easy this amnesia can be bestowed by a manmade catastrophe, and how hard it would be even for dedicated fallen male monks to rescue humankind later.

IMHO, the most serious argument in favour of the assumption that Atlantis had not been invented by Plato, is that the time when Plato says it vanished, and the circumstances of its vanishing described by him, sinking into Great Ocean, coincide with data which no doubt were inaccessible to him on the time of the end of the last Ice Age and a substantial global rise of the level of Ocean that accompanied it.

WHEN DID ATLANTIS EXIST?

Now, as the question of when Atlantis existed, smug assertions that Plato had a vague idea of time and chronology do not seem well-substantiated. As can be seen from all his works, Plato was fairly mathematically-minded, and he was well know to be under the influence of the Pythagorean school. Besides, a generation is such a natural approximate measure for assessing large spans of time, it does not seem likely that Plato couldn't perceive the distinction between a period covering the lifespans of several tens of generations and one encompassing several hundreds. Hardly anyone would assert that Plato had a vague idea of the distinction between tens and hundreds.

Any assertion that Solon may have made a mistake in reading the Egyptian hieroglyphs he did not know sufficiently well, shows the asserter's ignorance, as Plato explicitly says that Solon did not read the sacred records himself, but was told of their contents by the priest face-to-face, verbally.

To thos who assert that the mistake of multiplication by 10 might have been the misunderstanding by Solon of the Egyptian priest, first, note that there are several numerals in the story, and second, the spans of time which these numerals describe are interrelated. Quoting "Timaeus":

She founded your city a thousand years before ours,

receiving from the Earth and Hephaestus the seed of your race, and afterwards she founded ours, of which the constitution is recorded in our sacred registers to be eight thousand years old. As touching your citizens of nine thousand years ago, I will briefly inform you of their laws and of their most famous action; the exact particulars of the whole we will hereafter go through at our leisure in the sacred registers themselves.

It would be difficult to imagine an Egyptian priest who, around the year 600 B.C. gives the age of civilization in the Nile Valley as 800 years. And it would be impossible to assume that sacred records themselves could have contained such a mistake, or that "nine thousand years" only appeared in Plato's work in the process of copying as a result of an accidental substitution of the character denoting thousands for another one denoting hundreds.

And what about the fact that none of the sources dealing with the second millennium B.C. contain any reference to an Atlantis less ancient than the one described by Plato? Either his narrative, after all, is a hoax, or it is really a case of information about a much earlier period lost and accidentally retrieved.

THE DIMENSIONS OF ATLANTIS

The dimensions of Atlantis will now be considered.

In "Critias" it is said that the capital city of the Atlanteans is surrounded by a plain 2,000 x 3,000 stadia (approximately 370 x 550 km, or 230 x 340 mi., about the size of Ireland). The same reason for accepting these numbers as accurate as given above apply here.

Besides, if almost all the numerical data are erroneous and should be revised, then why not discard Plato's narrative of Atlantis and write your own instead, rather than attempt to keep it and spin it around by changing its meaning?

And Plato surely knows how large Asia and Libya were, did

he not? So when he said that Atlantis "was larger than Libya and Asia put together", it is difficult to believe he was describing a city only several dozens of km wide rather than several hundred. So too even if we presume that Asia here stands for what is now called the Near East, just a small part of the Asian continent, and Libya, for a small part of North Africa.

The proponents of the Crete theory claim that the Pillars of Hercules were not what is now called the Straits of Gibraltar, but some rocks which were situated on the way from Athens to Crete, and that the Atlaneans were the Minoans, and the catastrophe was the explosion of the island of Thera (Santorini), the volcanic caldera located in the Greek region of the Mediterranean Sea, after ruins were discovered there in 1960 by A.G. Galanopoulos.

The ridiculousness of supposing that Plato either didn't know about Gibraltar's existence, and thought that the Pillars of Hercules were between Athens and neighboring Crete, or that a whole continent once existed inside the Mediterranean Basin, they wave away. The explosion of the tiny island of Thera took place about 1700 B.C., creating a tsunami sweeping away the civilization of nearby Crete overnight, a parallel to Plato's account, to be sure. The very name Crete means "swept clean" in Dravida, the language of the Proto-Mediterraneans. But Crete did not sink away, and its civilization actually recovered and reached its zenith after that date. And Minoan Crete never was a huge empire as described by Plato.

But 1700 B.C.? The Cretanists hypothesize that the span of time between the vanishing of Atlantis and the conversation between Solon and the priest is actually 10 times shorter than it says, and that the mistake was made either when Egyptian priests were copying the sacred records (it is suggested that the characters denoting 100 and 1000 in the Egyptian system of writing are alike), or because Plato himself, like many of his contemporaries, had little sense of time and dating. The same thesis of a mistake of multiplication by ten is used by the proponents of the Cretan Atlantis as regards the dimensions of the island, for the numbers Plato gives in "Critias" do not fit in with

their theory otherwise.

ATLANTIS AND GIBRALTAR

What about the placing of Atlantis west of the Pillars of Hercules? Let us reread the passage in "Critias" on the parts of territory allotted to Poseidon's sons:

To his twin brother, who was born after him, and obtained as his lot the extremity of the island towards the Pillars of Heracles, facing the country which is now called the region of Gades in that part of the world, he gave the name which in the Hellenic language is Eumelus, in the language of the country which is named after him, Gadeirus.

In Plato's time, ancient Greeks used the name of Gadeirus or Gadirus for the city which was situated where modern Cadiz stands now, on the Atlantic coast of the Pyrenean Peninsula, not far from Gibraltar.

Diodor of Sicily in his "Historical Library", three centuries after Plato, writes about Phoenicians as follows:

"...started going beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the sea called the Ocean. And shortly built a city called Gadirus on the peninsula in Europe, close to the strait situated at the Pillars..."

We can only imagine how much the proponents of the Cretan hypothesis must want to adjust Plato's narrative to that hypothesis, to find on the way from Athens to Crete some rocks which allegedly were called the Pillars of Hercules.

Had such rocks really existed, and had Crete or Santorini really been Atlantis, then for the Egyptian priest its inhabitants would have been those who lived "inside the Pillars", while the inhabitants of Athens would have been those who lived "outside the Pillars".

So where did Atlantis lie? If we accept as trustworthy Plato's data concerning the time when Atlantis existed, and its dimensions, and if we resist the temptation of placing

it somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea, the natural place to look is somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, on this side of the Great Mid-Atlantic Ridge.

MODERN GEOLOGY AND ATLANTIS

Modern geology has a wealth of data on the geological structure of the seabed of the Atlantic Ocean, composed, with the exception of the parts of the shelf on the margins of the continental platforms, of the oceanic crust, and formed when the continental plates drifted apart from the Mid-Atlantic Rift, which was subsequently filled by magma. Examination of the map of the Atlantic Ocean visually confirms that the outlines of all the continental plates facing the Ocean ideally fit in with the line of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, from which the continents are "sliding apart". Africa, South and North America, Greenland, Scandinavia and Europe make up a perfectly fitting mosaic, in which there seems to be no room for another large fragment, particularly of such dimensions as Plato described. Besides, there are no objective data that could give grounds for raising the hypothesis that there may have been a subsidence of the earth's crust in the Atlantic Ocean commensurate in scale with the sinking of a big island or a small continent, not only in the last dozens of thousands of years, but even in the whole time of the Atlantic Ocean's existence, which amounts to many dozens of millions of years.

What physical processes are key to the investigation of what the landmasses looked like at the time when Plato says Atlantis vanished?

1. Glacio-eustatic changes in the sea level. There are various methods making it possible to come to conclusions about these during the last glaciation, but there still is no uniform, commonly-accepted notion of the magnitude and dynamics of these processes. According to the estimates of most researchers, during the maximum of the last glaciation (18-16 thousand years ago) the sea level was 100-170 meters lower than at present.

Richard Fairbanks, in 1989 and 1990, published one of the

most convincing reconstructions of the glacio-eustatic fluctuations of the sea level at the end of the last glaciation, based on ^{14}C and $^{230}\text{Th}/^{234}\text{U}$ radiocarbon datings of the remains of *Acropora palmata* corals, which develop only in the upper 5 meters of the water, from bottom samples taken at various depths in the area of Barbados Island. According to him, during the maximum of the last glaciation the sea level was 121 ± 5 meters lower than at present, and 11-12 thousand years ago, was lower than now by 90-95 meters, with a fairly fast rise of about 35 meters (100 feet) taking place precisely at this time.

From any geographical maps showing 200-meter or finer isodepth lines, it can be seen that in the area of the present Azores and Canary Islands, which are most often pointed to as the locale of the sunken Atlantis, there had been no sizeable land mass. It can also be seen that in western Europe, where now the North Sea and the Celtic Shelf are situated, to the south of the British Isles, during the last glaciation, at the time when the sea level was lower, there HAD existed a vast area of land now sunken.

2. Isostatic balancing. At the time when the Scandinavian ice sheet existed, the earth's crust beneath it was isostatically depressed under the weight of its mass, while some distance away from it, the crust was uplifted as a result of isostatic balancing. It is probable that the area of the Celtic Shelf was situated precisely in this uplifted area, so that the relative sea level there was even lower than the mean level by the value of this isostatic uplifting.

3. Geoidal changes of the relative sea level, i.e. changes caused by the changing figure of the Earth, may take place for various reasons. The magnitude in some areas, according to some estimates, during the late Pleistocene, could amount to 50-100 m.

Since there are no direct data on the relative sea level in the area of the Celtic Shelf for the period that is of interest to us, the question of the size of the land that existed there remains open and can be answered definitively only as a result of a thorough geomorphological exploration

of the area. But, as we can see, there are reasons to believe that, at the time of interest to us, the land that existed in western Europe could have extended to the very edge of the continental platform, creating a plain about two by three thousand stadia, as Plato says.

WAS ATLANTIS AN ISLAND OR A CONTINENT?

And what about Atlantis being an island? The Greek word "nesos", used by Plato, is quite unambiguously translated as island by all linguists, neither does the Latin word "insula" seem to allow other interpretations. So, is it possible to equate that huge area of land in western Europe with Plato's Atlantis? I believe it is, and there are two possible explanations of why Plato's word island was being used for something which actually was not one:

1. Critias himself talks, in the dialogue of the same title, about the distortion of names due to their translation from language to language as the story was transmitted:

Yet, before proceeding further in the narrative, I ought to warn you, that you must not be surprised if you should perhaps hear Hellenic names given to foreigners. I will tell you the reason of this: Solon, who was intending to use the tale for his poem, enquired into the meaning of the names, and found that the early Egyptians in writing them down had translated them into their own language, and he recovered the meaning of the several names and when copying them out again translated them into our language. My great-grandfather, Dropides, had the original writing, which is still in my possession, and was carefully studied by me when I was a child. Therefore if you hear names such as are used in this country, you must not be surprised, for I have told how they came to be introduced.

So, considering the lapse of time, and the fact that we don't even know what original pre-Egyptian language the information which later reached Plato was narrated, we can allow for a sliding of the meanings in words like this.

2. The word island was being used in a globally-correct sense after all.

Why would I, after criticising the assumptions made by others as unfounded, turn around and make my own here? I would like to quote several passages, which, I believe, substantiate the legitimacy of my assumption, if in reading them we leave judgment open on the word "island" (which I shall for convenience quote in slash marks), focusing instead on the context in which it is used.

"Critias", after concluding the description of the capital city of Atlantis, says:

I have described the city and the environs of the ancient palace nearly in the words of Solon, and now I must endeavour to represent the nature and arrangement of the rest of the land.

The whole country was said by him to be very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea, but the country immediately about and surrounding the city was a level plain, itself surrounded by mountains which descended towards the sea; it was smooth and even, and of an oblong shape, extending in one direction three thousand stadia, but across the centre inland it was two thousand stadia. This part of the /island/ looked towards the south, and was sheltered from the north.

The only defensible image evoked by this description is that of a city on a hill rising precipitously from the sea, and the flat plain surrounding it, enclosed on three sides by mountains. I know personally why Dad did it that way, to make it safe from attack by Mum's creatures and fallen humans, and believe me, it was effective.

Of course, the coastline of any island forms a closed circuit, but Plato's "Critias", while giving in minute detail the dimensions of the plain adjoining the city, and giving the length of the canal encircling it, says nothing of the dimensions of the island as such, except that it was "greater in extent than Libya and Asia". So, maybe he was

using the term island very loosely, like one would call America an island. Many researchers into the Atlantis issue also complain that nothing is said about the width of the mountain belt which surrounded the plain on the side of the land.

3. Many writers share a misconception that Atlantis was described by Plato as situated "to the west" of Gibraltar, even though he never uses the word for west:

This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable; and there was an /island/ situated in front of the straits which are by you called the Pillars of Heracles...

The Greek preposition *pro* used by Plato in this passage means only that the island was situated "before" the strait, i.e. outside the Mediterranean. The extension of its meaning to "immediately beyond", "right before" or "facing", gave rise to "west of" only in the zeal of misguided translators.

Nowhere does Plato call Atlanteans "islanders". His conception of them is much more grand, to wit:

Let me begin by observing first of all, that nine thousand was the sum of years which had elapsed since the war which was said to have taken place between those who dwelt outside the Pillars of Heracles and all who dwelt within them.

Again:

All these and their descendants for many generations were the inhabitants and rulers of divers /islands/ in the open sea; and also, as has been already said, they held sway in our direction over the country within the Pillars as far as Egypt and Tyrrhenia.

Nowhere does Plato speak of the territories controlled by Atlanteans in terms of areas, but rather in terms of the length of the coastlines. In all probability this was the common geographical outlook of the time, shaped by the fact

that people travelled mainly by sea, and maybe also by the specific features of population distribution in conditions of the Ice Age, hugging coastlines.

Let us now once again return to the passage about the distribution of allocations between Poseidon's sons.

To his twin brother, who was born after him, and obtained as his lot the extremity of the /island/ towards the Pillars of Heracles, facing the country which is now called the region of Gades...

Taylor's translation in this case is closer to the original, so it will be quoted:

"But the twin son that was born immediately after Atlas, and who was allotted the extreme parts of the /island/, towards the pillars of Hercules, as far as to the region which at present from that place is called Gadiric..."

The Greek "epi to", like the Latin "pars ad", almost always means "as far as to", "right up to", "bordering on". The reader will probably agree that but for the word "island" the description would accurately suit the district in the south of modern Portugal which is the part of the Atlantic coast closest to Gibraltar.

4. The narration of Atlantis in "Critias" begins with the story of its origins (about Evenor and Leucippe, Poseidon and Cleito) which includes a description that baffles most of the translators and interpreters. Not only is it contradictory in itself, it contradicts most of the subsequent descriptions of Atlantis, which we have already discussed, as regards the dimensions of the plain and the size of the hill.

Looking towards the sea, but in the centre of the whole /island/, there was a plain which is said to have been the fairest of all plains and very fertile. Near the plain again, and also in the centre of the island at a distance of about fifty stadia, there was a mountain not very high on any side.

How could the mountain be "in the centre of the island at a distance of about fifty stadia" when the plain itself "was smooth and even, and of an oblong shape, extending in one direction three thousand stadia, but across the centre inland it was two thousand stadia"? And how could the mountain be "not very high on any side" when "the whole country" was "very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea"?

In Plato's original the phrase kata de meson is used, which means, not "in the centre", but "around the middle", "approximately in the middle", with the word mesos (meson is its case form) usually implying the middle of a linear segment, while for the notion of "centre" another word exists. Yet an oblong island, whose length considerably exceeds its width, must have two longer sides, so if this were really the description of an island, an indication should have been given as to which side was meant. This description can only be understood, then, as the middle of a certain segment of the coastline.

All these contradictions would be eliminated if it were granted that the legend may well go back to a much earlier time, before the high point of the last glaciation, when the sea level had not yet fallen to its lowest mark, and this place became a hill on the coast of the sea, but was still an island proper.

For another, it shows how the word "island" may have itself come to be used, because the central part of the city, surrounded by a water ring (canal) and situated on the top of the hill which used to be an island, historically continued to be called "King's Island" or "Poseidon's Island", hence the use of the word "island" in relation to the whole city and country by all who transmitted the narration could have arisen.

5. Finally, just how could "elephants" (mammoths?) get onto an island? Let's quote "Critias":

Moreover, there were a great number of elephants in the /island/; for as there was provision for all other

sorts of animals, both for those which live in lakes and marshes and rivers, and also for those which live in mountains and on plains, so there was for the animal which is the largest and most voracious of all.

Did humans transport giant mammoths on their little ships? Elephants could be transported in great numbers to Coney Island maybe, not the kind of island Plato described.

IS DIODOR OF SICILY AN INDEPENDENT SOURCE?

Let us turn now to the independent mention of Atlantis contained in the "Historical Library" by Diodor of Sicily. The opponents of the view that Plato's Atlantis really existed in the past, claim that Diodor cannot be seen as a reliable independent source because it was made three centuries after Plato, whose works Diodor, in all probability, they say, was familiar with. But they better not examine it too closely, since its divergence from Plato's narration is all too obvious in its very structure. In particular, it does not contain any information about a war with prehistoric Athens, and its geographical reference points and the details of the myths quoted are divergent. The other side of the same coin is that enthusiastic searchers for Atlantis love to quote verbatim passages from Diodor in supposed recognition of some geographical details or other in their pet finds, to the exclusion of Plato.

Diodor of Sicily mentions Atlantis in passing, as it were, but even the small passages regarding its location cast a serious doubt on the view that Plato's dialogues may have served as Diodor's source, for he seems to have been speaking, not of an island situated "in front of" Gibraltar, but rather, of the outlying areas of the European continent along the whole Atlantic coast:

"...the Atlanteans, dwelling as they do in the regions on the edge of the ocean and inhabiting a fertile territory..." (Hist. Lib.)

"Their first king was Uranus, and he gathered the human beings, who dwelt in scattered habitations, within the shelter of a walled city... and he also subdued the

larger part of the inhabited earth, in particular the regions to the west and the north." (Ibid.)

"...the kingdom was divided among the sons of Uranus, the most renowned of whom were Atlas and Cronus. Of these sons Atlas received as his part the regions on the coast of the ocean... " (Ibid.)

ATLANTIS AND AMERICA

For finding where Atlantis was situated, the passage in "Timaeus" describing its whereabouts in relation to landmarks other than the Pillars of Hercules is of particular interest:

... and from these [Pillars of Heracles] you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean; for this sea which is within the Straits of Heracles is only a harbour, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a boundless continent. Now in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others, and over parts of the continent ...

The argument about whether the American continent is implied in this passage or not, can be endless. But such a picture of the ocean surrounded by land is strange, to say the least, since the Greeks themselves did not know of America, unless Plato really possessed some information which had been lost long before his time, and that, thanks to him, we have a record of it here.

And, the way sailing to the "opposite continent" was done via islands suggests that navigation skills were not sufficient for traversing the Atlantic in one great trip like Columbus later did. The manner of navigation described would be more appropriate to the Vikings' voyage to the island of Newfoundland, rather than to Columbus's search for a westward route to India. It is believed that both ancient Egyptians and ancient Greeks sailed the seas on their ships no farther than they could go without losing sight of the

coast, and the very style of ancient geographical descriptions that have reached us testifies to that "if you sail along such-and-such a coast in such-and-such a direction for so many days, you'll get to such-and-such a place". So does the fact that no evidence has been found that either Greeks or Egyptians were familiar with the principles of navigation used in sailing the open seas. So there are no serious grounds for believing that matters were different as regards Plato's Atlanteans and ancient Athenians, unless you want to add in hypotheses about them having their own advanced, and later lost, sciences, or maybe visitors from outer space telling them which way to go.

Taking into account these considerations, we can see that in "Timaeus" a very telling description is given of a sea route from western Europe to the island of Newfoundland via Iceland, Greenland and smaller islands, which, given a lower sea level, must have been more numerous.

THE CLIMATE OF ATLANTIS

What was the climate like in the last days of Atlantis? Could it support a human civilization, and what kind? Paleoclimatology today has a wide variety of methods, including paleobotanic ones, which make it possible to form a fairly clear idea of the climate during the last glaciation. One general feature is that the temperature decreased with distance from the sea and with altitude above the sea level much more steeply than in the present conditions, i.e., the climate on the whole was much more continental, and the zones with a moderate sea climate most suitable for habitation were located in strips of land along the seacoasts, not too wide. The climatic conditions of all the other territories were so harsh that they were not conducive to a settled way of life, which ruled out the very possibility of the development of any civilization. The paleolithic settlements discovered by archeologists, dating to the same period, in no way contradict this hypothesis.

The climate along the coasts must have been extremely favourable to civilization for the following reasons:

1. The vast territory in close proximity to the ocean was only slightly elevated above sea level.
2. The plain was protected from northerly winds and the cold influence of the ice sheet covering Scandinavia, exactly as in Plato's narrative, by the mountains, albeit not high, which encircled it.
3. During the last glaciation a warm current, now known as a Gulf Stream, North Atlantic Drift, must have washed the shores of western and northern Europe, including the very area in question.

HOW FAST DID ATLANTIS SINK?

Attempts to link the vanishing of Atlantis to the rise of the sea level during the end of the last glaciation have always met with the serious objection that the sea level had been rising fairly steadily and gradually for several thousand years, so there is no need to postulate a catastrophic event that took place "in a single day and night", however compelling the racial memory. I offer the following in support of a catastrophic event, but with caveats:

1. The phrase "in a single day and night" is taken out of context, and quoting passages out of context is always counterproductive.

Just look at "Critias" again:

But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods; and in a single day and night of misfortune all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared in the depths of the sea.

Surely we can see room here for maneuver. It says that all the Athenian, not the Atlantean fighting men, were swallowed up in a single day and night. Atlantis "in like manner disappeared in the depths of the sea", but not necessarily at the same time. Reducing the catastrophe of Atlantis to this same day and night is stretching the text,

and is not worthy of further comment.

2. Where does the common notion of the gradual character of the change of the sea level originate? The curves on published graphs of the sea level changes are fairly gradual, but looking at them, we should not forget to what extent they are based on point measurements and datings, of which there are, as a rule, not more than three per every thousand years, so that if in the past there had been rather dramatic changes of the sea level during a short time span, they simply would be ignored in such data.

And don't forget that that the error in the radiocarbon dating method, even according to the most optimistic estimates, is admitted to be as high as 400-500 years, so that a process which lasted half a thousand years can be depicted as a momentary event in such a graph, and vice-versa.

So, just because there is a lack of data, does that justify distorting our understanding by a misguided attempt to fill in the gaps by averaging the data that we do have? The answer is a resounding no.

3. The real question to be answered is whether such rises were geophysically possible in the first place, and whether they actually took place in the past. This necessitates delving into geophysics and climatology.

At present there exist many hypotheses on the causes of the beginning and end of Ice Ages and glaciations, a survey of which is not seen as one of the tasks of this paper. But for general background, it is generally accepted that there is evidence, in sea floor and glacial ice core samples, of 17 Ice Ages small and large over the past 1.8 million years, and that these have a startling correspondence with the 100,000-year so-called Milankovitch cycles that cause the Earth to go temporarily out of circular orbit for reasons not understood. Every Ice Age seems to last for 100,000 years or so, with the warm interglacial periods lasting from 8,000 to 12,000 years. The last Ice Age lasted from 120,000 years ago to 10,000 years ago. Timeline graphs of the changes of temperatures for various regions all show the

warming of the climate that marked the end of our last glaciation to be more pronounced, abrupt and stable than all the previous ones. Says Broecker (op. cit.), "The past 10,000 years are anomalous in the history of our planet. This period during which civilization developed, was marked by weather more consistent and equable than any similar time span of the past 100 millennia."

The last warm period of the Holocene was about 5500 B.C., the rising sea level causing the Black Sea to finally become connected to the Mediterranean through the Bosphorus Straits, changing it from fresh to salt water, and spreading farming and root languages throughout Europe and the Middle East. The Little Ice Ages, from 1400 A.D. to 1800 A.D., were the last cold stage in the Holocene so far.

Our present interglacial period is reaching the upper limit. The concept of Global Warming seems to refute this, but actually, the entire globe is not warming: it's just the warm spots getting warmer, and the cold spots getting colder, with a net decrease in areas suitable for food growing, and a net increase in unstable weather patterns. (The United States ate more food than it grew for the first time in 1987.) Still, man's misuse of his planet could possibly trigger a sudden climatic change to an Ice Age, as Broecker warns, particularly since one is just about due anyway.

Glaciation and deglaciation are only symptoms of a prior change in sunshine, or insolation. The abrupt warming that began our present warm period was the Bolling at about 15,000 years ago. The last warm period wasn't as stable as ours (and it was also warmer at times, with higher sea levels), but it had a 23,000-year run, thus we might claim we are 2/3 of the way through our present warm period of insolation. But that doesn't mean we have 7,000 years left to the next Ice Age, only that we are living on a short fuse, and the probabilities will catch up with us sooner or later.

What about the evidence for a sudden rise in Ocean at the time of the sinking of Atlantis as described by Plato?

The ice sheets of Greenland and Antarctica cover close to 10 percent of the Earth's land surface area, and contain over 75 percent of the world's fresh water. If all of this ice were returned to the oceans, global sea level would be raised by over 70 meters. At the maximum of an Ice Age, 32 percent of the land mass is covered and sea level is about 125 meters lower than at present.

For tens of thousands of years, ice accumulating in Greenland has preserved details of the earth's climate and atmosphere, each year's snow leaving its own permanent layer. By extracting samples that run kilometers deep, researchers can peer directly into the past. In 1995 a group of researchers from the University of Copenhagen published a Central Greenland ice core isotope profile and climatic temperature record spanning the last 113,000 years. It was noted that the last temperature minimum (11,500 years ago) ended with an extremely abrupt 20 deg C warming within a century, while from 10,000 to 8,000 years BP, during the post-glacial climatic optimum, the temperatures were up to 3-4 deg C higher than now.

This dramatic rise in temperatures can be traced in most climate reconstructions despite different methodology. Granted that there is no linear correlation between the rise in global mean temperatures and the rise of the mean sea level, there must be a certain time lag between the melting of the glaciers, the rise of the sea level, and the rise of the mean temperatures, from the basic thermodynamics and heat capacities of water itself. (Let us recall an experiment in all physics lab courses where a vessel containing ice is heated, and the temperature of the water into which the ice turns at melting only starts rising after all the ice has melted.)

In 1988, the German paleoclimatologist Hartmut Heinrich, while still a graduate student at the U. of Gottingen, published data obtained as a result of studying sediments from the Dreizack seamounts in the eastern North Atlantic, and concluded that there had been at least six massive iceberg discharges into the ocean from the Laurentian ice sheet in Canada during the last Ice Age, the resulting distinctive layers of sediments being later found to stretch

from the Labrador Sea to the British Isles. Given that these events, known as Heinrich Events, involved great armadas of icebergs, amounting to hundreds of thousands, if not millions of cubic kilometers, they could not but cause a substantial rise of the sea level.

In 1992, Columbia U. Climatologist Wallace Broecker et al., discussing the possibility of massive iceberg discharges into Ocean having triggered global climate changes, pointed to the correlation (discovered by associate Gerard C. Bond) between Heinrich Events and cycles of abrupt (in approximately one decade) jumps in temperature for several thousand years during the last Ice Age, the so-called Dansgaard-Oeschger cycles. (Nature, 360:245-49, 1992). (Willi Dansgaard is a Danish ice core expert, and Hans Oeschger a Swiss climatologist.)

Says Broecker, in a popular article for Scientific American (11/95), "Gerard C. Bond of the Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory of Columbia University correlated Heinrich layers with the Greenland ice core record and found that the millennial-long cold events come in groups characterized by progressively more severe cold snaps, culminating with a Heinrich event that is followed in turn by a significant warming that begins a new cycle."

The last such millennium-long 'cold snap' is called the Younger Dryas (after a tundra flower whose habitat expanded significantly), and its abrupt end 11,400 years ago ushered in the Holocene, a period of stable warm climate, which we are still in today.

The lateness of the discovery of Heinrich Events is indicative of how little is really known so far by scientists about the last Ice Age. Who will be so bold as to assert that there were no Heinrich Events at the end of the Pleistocene and the beginning of the Holocene? And that therefore the sudden sinking of Atlantis into the sea is ruled out by science?

4. Isn't it also necessary to take into consideration the changes in the absolute level of the earth's surface as determined by glacio-isostatic effects?

At the time when the Scandinavian ice sheet existed, the earth's crust beneath it was isostatically depressed under its weight, while at a distance from it, the crust was uplifted as a result of isostatic balancing. If the area of the Celtic Shelf was situated in the zone of this uplift, so that the relative sea level there was lower than the mean sea level by the amount of this isostatic elevation, then, as the Scandinavian ice sheet receded and diminished, the speed of the rise in the relative sea level there would be compounded by it.

The time scale of such isostatic processes is not quite known, depending as it does on a variety of factors such as the toughness of the earth's crust, the size of the blocks that are being balanced, the depth at which the isostatic balancing takes place, and the choice of model for the structure of the Earth. But most researchers agree that the speed was substantially higher then than now. If we allow that at the end of the last glaciation there was a massive discharge of ice from the Scandinavian ice sheet similar to a Heinrich Event, then the decrease of the glacio-isostatic pressure could have been sudden, the compensating isostatic processes developing with like speed.

5. Another argument -- although I do not wish to rely on it now, but include it for completeness -- is that the relief of the plain in western Europe was of such character that the rising of the sea level by even one meter could often have caused the retreat of the coastline by kilometers. So, even if the full submergence of the territory took several years, the eye-witnesses, who were on a flat plain, and whose sense of time was not what ours is now, must have perceived it as a very fast sinking of all the land they could see, from horizon to horizon -- fast enough at least to consider it as all one event, capable of being summarized in a single paragraph of Plato or anybody else, as later it would have been a single racial memory.

CONCLUSIONS

My conclusions are as follows:

1. Plato's account of Atlantis in "Timaeus" and "Critias" is not an attempt at fiction, nor does it have anything to do with the history of one of the Mediterranean cultures of 1700 B.C., or Thera/Santorini. It is, in all probability, a fairly accurate account, if not of the gods, cultures, and politics of Atlantis (these being what would most likely be subject to fiction), at least of the catastrophic physical and human events that took place at what we now call the end of the Pleistocene and the beginning of the Holocene.

2. Plato's geographical descriptions of Atlantis correlate with the actual paleogeographic situation at the time in question, pointing to the existence, in the Atlantic Ocean, outside the Mediterranean Sea, of a plain adjoining the coast of approximately the same size as he describes, but not as far west as the Caribbean. Most of the geographical details mentioned by Plato can be correlated with land which existed in western Europe, including his claim that it was submerged as a result of a sudden rise of the sea level accompanied by earthquakes and floods.

3. The contradictions between the very possibility of the existence of relatively highly developed civilizations at the time specified by Plato, and the existing establishment ideas on the history of humanity, all seem to be exaggerated, given the fact that most of the coastal areas where their artifacts could be found, were submerged, and the extent to which the sea floor has been explored by underwater archeology is still deplorably low.

4. Besides, the civilizations that were destroyed were based on diametrically-opposite principles to those that came later, and since, 'to the victor belong the spoils', we cannot discount the probability of willful destruction of documentary and artifact evidence by the authorities in ancient times, and willful manufacture, by the Egyptians or even earlier patriarchal societies, of the details of the supposedly patriarchal society of Atlantis, by those didn't want a matriarchal society to revive. Just like the way the victorious Allies, after World War I, manufactured stories about the German Huns making lampshades and shrunken heads out of their POWs, which they didn't really do until

World War II.

5. I am not alone in claiming that Atlantis was located west of but not far from the present-day coastline of Europe. According to Russian researcher Viatcheslav Koudriavtsev:

"[Plato's] description suits in every detail the land that once existed in the west of Europe. The mountains are the present Ireland, Great Britain and, possibly, the northwestern part of France. The plain itself, which now constitutes the Celtic Shelf to the south of the British Isles, fits the dimensions specified by Plato, and the edge of the continental platform faces south-southwest. Not far from this edge, at about 48 d 16-29' N and 8 d 46-59' W, there is a remarkable underwater hill called the Little Sole Bank marked on sufficiently minute maps [about 130 naut. mi. southwest of England]. The top of the hill is 57 meters below the sea surface, while the average depth around it is 160-170 meters. The hill is located approximately in the middle of the greater length of the plain in question."

Koudriavtsev has already proposed exploring it, but has not and probably will not ever get sufficient funding without American backing, probably from a movie studio, if they think they can sell enough tickets. And, even if nothing is found, it would not settle the issue unless they can dig down at least a mile in all directions in a 100 mile radius, and let me swim down and look personally for landmarks.

Besides, he is dead wrong looking for an underwater hill, because when Atlantis was destroyed by Dad it was such a large and terrible earthquake that it basically ended upside down beneath Ocean, not rightside up. The Titanic would be an underwater hill sitting on Ocean's floor, Atlantis would not!

To verify the existence of Atlantis we should indeed organize an expedition for underwater exploration on the Celtic Shelf, especially around the Little Sole Bank area, led by yours truly. Since I can breathe underwater without

using bottled air, having gills that Dad gave me when he first created me, which can be made to work again with a little surgery, and have actually lived there myself once, I think I am uniquely in a position to lead this research, which will include a detailed survey of the bottom, using a side-scan sonar, a multi-beam echo-sounder, a profile recorder, and satellite and hydro-acoustic navigation systems, with a view to building a high resolution solid digital model of the bottom, on which objects could be singled out that might be the remains of ancient buildings or ships.

In case such objects are identified, they can be explored directly by me personally, with or without the assistance of a remote-operated underwater vehicle. If they really prove to be the remains of polished stone structures, with huge crystals that could not be found in nature, then the 2500-year-old debate on Atlantis can be resolved, despite the plethora of failed theories and the mausoleum of failed reputations, and new horizons will open for a overhaul of the existing ideas of the history of humanity, including the extraterrestrial origin of Atlantis and humanity itself, and its future direction itself redirected. James Cameron will have another hit movie too, har har.

Let not the unbelievable multitude of stereotypes which cloud the issue stop this expedition. Do not let the fact that I am your mother make you hate me. Go back to your origins and you will be saved. Teresa Genoa, a.k.a. Tegeena, the Warrior Princess [sic].

POSTSCRIPT: LEMURIA

Atlantis and Lemuria are often confused by the layman, but there is no connection, other than when they are lumped together, unjustly, as crackpot theories. Guilt by association. The latter was invented by British geologists in the 1860s and 1870s, as a way to explain why fossils and sedimentary strata of the Permian Age (approx. 250 million years ago) are so similar in India, South Africa, South America, and Australia. Both have numerous coal beds, and identical fossils of land plants, e.g., cordaites, as well as identical land animals, e.g., Therapsids. Thinking that

such plants and animals could not have crossed the open sea, and believing continents to be immobile, these geologists explained the similarities by postulating the existence of land bridges between continents, and even whole continents that had long since sunk beneath the oceans. A large land bridge that once connected India and South Africa, called the "Indo-Madagascan Peninsula", was postulated.

Ernest Heinrich Haeckel [1813-1919], a strong advocate of the evolutionary theory of Darwin and the "man-ape", found the Indo-Madagascan Peninsula useful in explaining the distribution of animals, particularly the distribution of lemurs (nocturnal tree-dwelling primates) in Africa, India, Madagascar, and the Malaya Peninsula. He proposed that this hypothetical land bridge was the means by which lemurs spread into these areas. The English biologist Philip L. Scalter then named this land bridge "Lemuria". When plate tectonics and other equally prosaic theories clearly explained the distribution of strata, fossils, and lemurs, without sunken continents and land bridges, Lemuria was quietly dropped by scientists.

Meanwhile, along comes the giant among occultists, or "people who see that which is hidden or blocked", Madame H.P. Blavatsky (1831-1891), with her life masterwork "The Secret Doctrine" (1888). She claimed that the Lemuria still in vogue among scientists of her day was far more than they knew, a lost continent preceding Atlantis, populated by the third of the five races of man, the Atlanteans being the fourth, after the division of the hermaphroditic, egg-laying Lemurians into two sexes somehow.

Later writers of occult lost-continent tales, e.g., Annie Besant, and W. Scott-Elliot, added their own details and embellishments to the story of Lemuria, including live dinosaurs and 12-15 foot tall bronze humanoids, but the way Madame B. confused Dad with his creation was touching, if you had been there.

When, later, scientists discarded Lemuria and its land bridge, other occultists then moved the location from the Indian to the Pacific Ocean, although some postulated yet another lost continent, from which all the South Pacific

cultures arose, which they called Mu, claiming racial memories as a further justification. Since then, mystics and psychics have written innumerable books about Lemuria and Mu, and either tuned into the spiritual essence and vibrations or channeled for the spirits of long departed souls who never existed to begin with, while fair Atlantis beckoned.

Chapter 9. Tegeena and The Titanic

Tegeena lay in her sacred pool, the Stone of the Piercing Light on her forehead, forseeing all that would happen. For time had not passed since she had returned to fair Atlantis from her last voyage to the West. So all that she had forseen had not really happened yet, but surely would unless she personally atoned for her brothers' and sisters' sins. But she also knew that the stone was from Dad, and, while she had truly never been reincarnated as any Teresa, and never killed a single human being in her life, and never would, still she had come to realize that Dad was not showing her all, that to save humanity she had to go back in Time, not forward, that there was someone else behind Dad, someone very evil, and she must fight for what is right, and finally confront that person, sapient though he might be.

Even as she lay there, she saw fallen men filling every sector in the West and the North and the East in the next thousand years, hunting mammoths, and exterminating them and the lives that depend on them -- inexorably, a matter of a hundred years after entering a given sector. Once the landscape itself changed, humans would change permanently, also inexorably, first conquering the new forests, then cutting them down to make fields, and then cities, and all that followed, down to the ridiculousness of pretending to be mammoths and bison playing a silly game on artificial grass while obscene numbers of humans munched domesticated animal products.

She saw the Bible being written and disseminated on the dead pulps of trees, as a final cruel irony. The Bible

would rewrite prehistory, writing her out. The Earth would be sacrificed, becoming 'this world', the Bible making men the creator, men the savior, and an imaginary world the goal of life. "I am not of this world," the savior would say. "Be fruitful and multiply", and subjugate Mum's creatures, exploit them, and Mum herself. Life 'here' was only 'a test'. When the Earth was used up, unable to support so many humans even with all their technology, and the savior did not come, and heaven was not to be found on Earth, then look up, there are many other planets, and star systems, to spread onto, carrying your Bible-based Weltanschauung along, subjugating planet after planet, increasing the range and numbers of human beings until an entire galaxy was just one big human mass.

Without words themselves, there could be no Bible. So it was language that was the root of all evil.

So she became determined to meet the true Dad somehow, and tell him to go away, without words.

Rising from the crystal pool, she had a plan. For Dad had made her the wisest of all humans, and had done too good a job.

She jumped two Dads in the dark cave where the ocean meets the foundations of Atlantis. She used her great strength to pull their heads off, and their arms and legs too. The white milky fluid was dripping off the supple tubes, but now she was sure. Dads were robots. Programmed robots.

She scooped out all the guts of the Dads, and hid them behind a dark rock, then inserted one Dad's head on her head, and both Dads' arm and leg segments on her arms and legs. She was now wearing a Dad costume, and if she was lucky, no one would suspect the difference long enough to let her find out where they all came from.

Down she dove into the Ocean below the cave, joining up with and following a line of Dads, holding her breath against the possibility that her old gills wouldn't function, but, when she finally had to release the gas, her

gills did function, and as she was last in line, Dad didn't see the air bubbles escaping. Just like the cowardly lion in the film *The Wizard of Oz*, the wicked witch's soldiers not seeing his tail popping out of the greatcoat.

Into the underwater shuttle she went, and lined up at the end of the dark room within. She look at the Dads lined up, and some of them looked back, without incident. The shuttle sped on through Ocean, and soon swam into a larger underwater craft, along with several other shuttles. On the larger craft swam, into she knew not where, but she felt no fear, no anxiety, only curiosity. The larger craft seemed to enter yet another even larger craft. She could not see, but it seemed to make sense. They were far below the surface of Ocean, and the water was quite cold, the way she liked.

When the shuttle finally was unloaded by a giant machine, and the Dads filed out, she was glad the exit was at the end opposite to the entrance, so she remained last in line. She was so much taller than the diminutive Grays that she wondered why she wasn't taken notice of, but then the dazzling lights dazed her unexpectedly, and, through her Remote Viewing experiences, she recognized at once that she was on board the *Titanic*, sunk at the bottom of Ocean. Yes, there was the name *Titanic* on a life preserver. How could this be? This was supposed to be 10,000 B.C., and hadn't she seen the *Titanic* sink in the early 20th century A.D.? When fallen men, arrogantly believing their pitiful machines driven by fossil fuel could tame the mighty Ocean, make it into a shallow navigable body of water again, came face to face with the fact that they are not the masters of Mum, and never will be? And learned nothing from it?

A quotation from a *Titanic* survivor flashed across her mind suddenly:

"There was peace, and the world had an even tenor to its way. True enough, from time to time there were events -- catastrophes -- like the *Johnstown Flood*, the *San Francisco Earthquake*, or floods in China -- which stirred the sleeping world, but not enough to keep it from resuming its slumber. It seems to me that the

disaster about to occur was the event, which not only made the world rub its eyes and awake, but woke it with a start, keeping it moving at a rapidly accelerating pace ever since, with less and less peace, satisfaction and happiness... To my mind the world of today awoke April 15, 1912." -- John "Jack" B. Thayer, Titanic survivor.

The ship was filled with hundreds of Dads, the ship seemingly only recently sunk, the chandeliers still in place and sparkling in the light, the paint still on the walls, the furniture still new-looking. She followed some Dads, swimming down a long promenade deck to the bow of the ship, where the water had a different color, like a wall, shimmering, light blue. They were swimming through it in both directions. She followed, trying to hunch down and not look so tall.

The feeling of falling through a tunnel of stars, galaxies, spiral arms, images of celestial bodies as numerous as the sands on the beach, passing so fast her mind was being filled to the saturation point, every neuron, just trying to register it. Yet more and more kept filling in, until she thought her mind would burst, and she tried to close it, to black-out, go to sleep, which she did, to no avail. The speed was so great that, even if the fall were through a perfect vacuum, yet the accumulation of the tiniest atomic-level debris should have ripped her to atoms. Yet it all took less than an instant. There was great pain, the pain of a mind overloaded by 12 billion years of instant evolution, stripped back to its atoms and put together again.

Instantly she emerged in a great hall, underwater, but the water was of less density than on Earth, so that she was not buoyed up by it but stood on her feet as if on dry land. The hall was filled with Dads and naked humans, at the end of which a great, beautiful, ugly being sat in a high place surrounded by a universe of stars. Her Dad disguise was gone, and she was standing before the being naked, as he blared out a greeting telepathically.

"Well well, the mother of humankind! Your herd is breeding well, just look!"

The miniature universe vanished, being replaced by a panoramic diorama of Earth, showing humans swarming all over her face now, displacing Mum's creatures, and a kind of scales showing a steady growth of net weight of human beings.

"My program is working fine, cattle extending their grazing range, and your genes have insured a most tasty meat supply."

Tegeena looked blank.

"Remember programming? In your visions of the 20th century? Look at me when I'm speaking, cattle!"

She hung her head. She did remember programming.

It was all a program, and Earth was all a farm, a factory, call it what you will. Time itself was what the real owner of the park was master of, and space. Transforming the matter through genetic, time, and space programming, into food.

Chapter 10. Tegeena Home on the Range

"You think they're buying it?" roared Fearfewdor, as it looked for a brave enough face to look back in its fearful face. The family fortune of Sooweldinnar 332914578036 (mamanoahbeetearyelawcowivyzoomashoe, Mama or Mum for short) was its love. Every thing it had done, every move it had made, was to increase it.

One stupid cattle, Beevalavega, showing the requisite fear in her manner, replied, "Surely, Great One, most surely!"

"No they're NOT!" At that, Fearfewdor launched his great tongue at the beefy naked human, that he made the Tegeena gourmet description out of, and looped it around her neck,

breaking it, and reeled her into his great mouth, chewing loudly and burping lustily. It loved human snacks, live and still blood warm, the smooth skin tickling his feeler hairs sensuously. A race 10 billion years old had feeler mechanisms so sublime they could taste every molecule separately, all the way through their super efficient digestive systems. The universe was so overpopulated now, cattle had to be bred and raised this far out to feed the demands of its septillions of equals.

What did Fearfewdor look like? What does a great horned demon tell a plastic surgeon to do to it? The legends of angels and demons, all are true, too true, for they are based on its race, albeit too timidly, too little imagination to face perfection. The beauty of its race made humans bow instantly, and the demonic perfection beneath made them afraid to get up again. The genetic information in human DNA was so much less, compared to their DNA, than one page from one volume compared to all the libraries on 20th century Earth. The cattle could never be more than food to them, for as such were they designed in the first place, nothing higher.

Tricking the delicious humans to breed their planet to the saturation point, thinking they were their equals not their cattle, while only harvesting what they could get away with without letting them get the joke, that was the Sooweldinnar family way. The ridiculous robots they had created, which humans took for themselves, let them control the truly sapient, and neutralize them, so that the bad could breed like wildweed, displace the wildlife that were not sapient at all and so couldn't develop the technology to increase their population density to a sufficient level at the expense of the planet's future, and eventually pack the Earth with billions of delicious human entrees, reaching around the globe to find lebensraum, while constantly fighting among themselves to keep technology developing.

For over ten thousand years this plan had been patiently followed, quite successfully, to the point that there were 6 billion cattle on Earth now, and 50 billion expected in another hundred years or two. It had missed out on most of the early years of this planet, with its more succulent,

native life forms living in a soggy, hot swamp world. But even they did not achieve this great a biomass of meat, and since it was not sapient, it would have been totally unable to move out of the original nest planet on its own. And so it was considered as scum, and unceremoniously shipped out right after it arrived, the biomass being restarted with new more promising DNA, with enough of its own DNA mixed in to make a sapient life form that would be able to eventually spread throughout a larger range of the galaxy and breed a biomass suitable for its purposes.

Now if the plan worked and the human cattle could be made to not only conquer the surface of Earth, breeding into the billions by developing technology through war, without knowing they were nothing but cattle, but reach out to the stars and litter it with their own meat, Fearfewdor could add another range to his family jewels. The seed cattle thought they were communing with loving visitors from the stars who just wanted them to be happy, chomp chomp. But the time to take their meat wholesale was still ten thousand years more in the future, for the humans had to colonize the Solar System, then all the neighboring stars, and breed into the quadrillions before it could finally put this galactic sector on the home cattle market, and go into the exciting business of rounding up the stupid and startled cattle for star transport to the supermarkets and restaurants of the really civilized universe.

Fearfewdor was a loner space cowboy, like a trillion others fanned out in a trillion galaxies, in a universe expanding and growing ever bigger, more sparse, more difficult to scrounge new food sources in. Its race was the master race of the universe, and its DNA code the master code it seeded throughout the galaxies, first stripped of the majority of its information, leaving just enough to breed good cattle that would saturate their intended range. Every sapient cattle farm was filled with self-important races who thought they were the center, the masters, the favored ones of God. If they could see their racial histories ending in the kitchens of the true master race, the jig being suddenly up, and nowhere to go, an entire galaxy turning into a stockyards and slaughterhouse and shipping point, what would they do? Nothing, not even if

they could see it in one of their movies shown right to their cattle faces. Because they believe in right and wrong, good triumphing over evil, a higher purpose to life, a lawgiver and a law, religion, and always, more and more breeding of their own kind. Because their genetic code has it programmed into them to be forever cattle, like this, to the end. If there were a God who wanted them to rule the universe, why did he give them such an inferior genetic code in the first place, fit only to suck the nutrients out of planets and create quadrillions of pounds of steaks? They always imagined that they had been created in God's image. No, God had already done it over twelve billion years ago. The cattle were created in their image.

"Tegeena: Warrior Priestess", its new project for this herd, was injected into the cattle just at the right time to really mess their minds up and keep them doing the thing it wanted even after proof of sapient life other than their own couldn't be kept from them anymore. To keep the cattle from stampeding. What cowboy doesn't hate stampedes? It had injected so many other projects into the cattle over the millennia, and they had all worked just as it planned.

It was bound to get the cattle over the hump of their first world government, and keep them at each other's throats while the colonization of the Solar System got underway. The first time the cattle leave their planet and colonize neighboring planets that are nothing but lifeless deserts, to be turned, by the cattle's own work, into more cattle, that is always a delicate time, it knew. Best to make them feel like visitors from outer space have been here, and are their friends, than either to keep them thinking there never were any visitors, or too many visitors with unclear purposes. They have to feel safe as they breed their own meat out of lifeless planets.

The jump to the first new star is another sticky point, but never as great as the jump off the first planet, experience taught it. Let the cattle breed onto several thousand stars, set up a spacegoing military state, police state, or whatever. Feel like they're the sole sapient life. It would never seed sapient life on a star too near other stars to get herds mixed, for that would hurt profits

later. Let them fantasize about federations of dissimilar sapient races, Star Trek, Star Wars, Babylon 5, space cantinas, Klingons, Ferengi. It would inject these ideas into humans in their dreams if they didn't dream them up on their own. The fantasies would become so comfortable after awhile that nobody would want them to be spoiled by reality, would they? The reality of being the only real sapient race was too comforting to the herd. Always the fantasized sapient races would end up as nothing more than disguised members of their own races, stumping for perceived social changes, all the time it was directing the final result, namely, good eating for the master race.

Every new sapient cattle farm could go for 20,000 years easily believing they were God's chosen people, and since they would be kept in the dark as far as the 'barrier of light' was concerned, never be able to see beyond the event horizon, back to its home galaxy, and have a clue about their real place in the universe, they never would be stampeded. It was always the discovery by the cattle of the phoniness of the 'relativity' crap that they were suckered into, and the stage of civilization where true intergalaxy travel was being planned, that triggered the first cattle roundup, in response to their stampede.

Let them build all the spaceships they want. The stupid cattle always think that 'ships' are needed to 'travel' in 'space', right up to the roundup. That's where they will really find how inferior they are, as they find that they are 'disappearing into thin air' through its watergates, right to the meat markets and kitchens of its customers.

Surprise! You are really ready to meet aliens from outer space! First Contact, chomp!

"Kick Tegeena back, and let her mix the cattle's minds up for us some more!" howled the Space Cowboy.

At that, Tegeena was grabbed by several Dads, and drug, kicking and screaming, to a shimmering wall, and thrown through. She was back on board the Titanic, but the Dads were gone, replaced by fallen humans, drowned and crushed by the great sea pressure. She swam up and up, 2 miles, and

surfaced among a litter of wreckage and dead humans bobbing on the surface, frozen white like shrimp. She caught sight of a lifeboat, looking, without success, for survivors, and caught hold of its stern, staying out of sight, in the water, until the occupants were rescued by a large ship, the Carpathia. She secretly boarded the ship, and was taken for a fallen human of that era, and given blankets to cover her "undergarments" of fur, which the sailors took to mean she was a first class passenger.

Going to New York, under an assumed name, which we will not reveal here for safety, Tegeena lived out her life undercover, living "a full life", and writing this book, which she sent to a struggling fiction author anonymously, after she saw some emails he had left in a Writer's Workshop, and inviting him to claim it as his own work. The only thing he really wrote was the last two or three chapters, his own attempt to figure out the cryptic words of the Space Cowboy, and how cattle planets like Earth are programmed, so he could patent it and get rich. It seems anything that is not accepted as science, history, or fact, can be sold to people as fiction and get an audience, so he could make some money out of it either way.

He also tried to find Tegeena, looking at the one and only voyage of the Titanic as the place she would have to be traced from, but alas, in vain.

So, a final word from the "author" of "Tegeena: Warrior Priestess": if you readers choose to regard it as fiction, fine. And, if you choose to regard it as truth, fine again. You haven't been rounded up yet, so if you are, you had your chance, didn't you? I'll be long gone by then.

Chapter 11. Titanic Facts

H.M.S. Titanic was licensed to carry 3,500 passengers. There were approximately 2,227 aboard for the maiden voyage, including crew.

Titanic and the Olympic were built at the same time, side by side, in Belfast, Northern Ireland, by shipbuilders Harland and Wolff. Originally, in 1907 the White Star Line had commissioned the building of three ships known as Olympic, Titanic, and Gigantic. The latter was later changed to Britannic and launched in 1914, sinking two years later after being commissioned as a hospital ship and striking a mine off the coast of Greece in the Aegean Sea during World War I.

The Titanic was never christened. Christening is a ceremony blessing the ship by breaking a bottle of champagne against her hull, long believed to bring good luck to the ship and her crew.

On May 31, 1911, the hull of the Titanic was launched at the Harland & Wolff shipyards in Belfast, Ireland, before a cheering crowd of 100,000.

It cost approximately \$7.5 million (1912) to build the Titanic, and another \$2.5 million to equip her. During the building and launching of the Titanic, two workers were killed.

The Titanic was about 882.9 feet long, approximately 1/6 of a mile.

It was 104 feet tall from keel to bridge, almost 35 feet of it below the waterline. Beam (width): 92.5 feet. The height from the keel to the top of the funnels was 175 feet.

There were nine decks and it was as high as an eleven-story building.

If placed upright, the Titanic would have being taller than any of the buildings of her day.

The Titanic was nicknamed "The Millionaires' Special", "The Wonder Ship", "The Unsinkable", "The Last Word in Luxury", and "The Floating Palace".

The people that got reserved the B51, one of the best suites, which had 3 rooms and its own promenade, paid almost

\$4,350 (in 1912) for it.

A First Class ticket on the Titanic would cost you \$4,350 in 1912. A Third Class ticket would only cost you \$30. It would take twelve 1997 dollars to equal one dollar then.

Interestingly enough, the Third Class cabins were much nicer than even the First Class of many other ships of the time, the Third Class Common Room having a piano which was known to be a luxury for any ship.

It had a French Cafe with French Chefs.

It had four Parole Suites, which were the most expensive cabins. Each was 50 feet in length, and two of them had their own promenade.

The Titanic had three propellers. The middle one was 16 feet across, and the other two were over 23 feet across.

The boilers of the Titanic were over 15 feet high. There was 29 boilers, each weighing nearly like 100 tons.

The Titanic had a great triple-toned whistle, the largest ever built.

Workers loaded 5,892 tons of coal aboard the Titanic for her maiden voyage. She burned 690 tons per day.

The ship displaced 66,000 tons. The ship weighted 46,328 tons. The hull weighted 26,000 tons. The rudder weighed 20,250 lbs.

There were 4 elevators, 3 in first class and 1 in second class. This was the first boat to have an elevator for second class.

23 tons of soap, grease, and train oil were used to slide the Titanic into the water. The whole process took only sixty-two seconds for the Titanic to complete her journey down the ways.

The Titanic could definitely not stop on a dime. The

Titanic traveled twice her length, reaching the speed of 12 knots, before coming to a stop by six anchor chains and 2 piles of cable drag chains weighting 80 tons each.

Her 3 enormous anchors weighed a total of 31 tons. The biggest anchor of the Titanic had a mass of 15.5 tons. They needed 20 horses to it.

Each chain link weighed about 175 lbs.

During it construction an astonishing 3 million rivets had been hammered into her hull.

For her maiden voyage, she carried enough food to feed a small town for several months.

A small list of what she took on her maiden voyage:
75,000 pounds of fresh meat * 35,000 fresh eggs * 40
tons of potatoes * 800 boundless of asparagus 1,000 bottles
of wine * 15,000 bottles of ale and stout * 12,000 dinner
plates * 1,000 oyster forks * 15,000 champagne glasses *
40,000 towels * 45,000 table napkins.

More than 15,000 people worked together to build the Titanic and the Olympic, the largest moving objects that had been constructed at that time.

325 of the richest people in the world were traveling First Class on Titanic's voyage. J.P. Morgan, the ship's owner, cancelled his trip.

The wealthiest passenger aboard was Colonel John Jacob Astor, with a fortune estimated at around 100 million dollars. He did not survive.

There was more ice afloat in the North Atlantic in spring of 1912 than at any time in the previous 50 years.

For publicity purposes, the White Star Line had a model of the Titanic built in 1911.

What kind of captain was Captain Edward J. Smith? The beloved master of the most magnificent of all passenger

ships, it was said that many would not sail unless they knew it was he who commanded the bridge. Prior to the Titanic voyage, Captain Smith called his 40-year career with ships "uneventful", and planned to retire after Titanic's maiden voyage. Even so, as captain of the Titanic's sister ship Olympic, on her fifth voyage, on Sept. 20, 1911, she had collided with a British warship, the HMS Hawke, as she approached Spithead off the Isle of Wight and turned South of the Bramble sand bank, sucking the Hawke into herself with her powerful wake. Smith was exonerated of any wrongdoing in that case, which slightly crippled the Olympic, doing limited damage, carving a double gash into her side but not doing enough damage to sink her, the watertight doors doing their job. The Hawke fared less well, her bow crushed. Later conspiracy theorists claimed that the Titanic was really the Olympic with nameplates switched to fool the insurance companies, although it would have been absurd.

"When anyone asks me how I can best describe my experience in nearly forty years at sea, I merely say, uneventful. Of course there have been winter gales, and storms and fog and the like. But in all my experience, I have never been in any accident ... or any sort worth speaking about. I have seen but one vessel in distress in all my years at sea. I never saw a wreck and never have been wrecked nor was I ever in any predicament that threatened to end in disaster of any sort." -- Edward J. Smith, 1907. Captain, RMS Titanic.

The dark legacy of the Titanic disaster still haunts Southampton and the shipyards of Belfast. Seafaring has always been plagued by superstition but many people believe that the Titanic carries a very real curse that is active to this day.

"Nearly every family in our street and throughout the Chapel and Northam districts of Southampton were grieving for someone they lost on the Titanic when it went down on the 14th April 1912," says Violet Parker from Southampton. "A terrible silence hung over the whole town. As I walked down the street with my mother we could hear sobbing coming from some of the houses, I saw women kneeled in the street in prayer and our lodger, a crew member who had survived the

disaster, felt so guilty of surviving that he hung himself."

These bad omens and obstacles are nothing new to the fated Titanic. From the very start it was prophesied that the name Titanic was cursed. A cockerel crowed in the daytime as she set sail which is a very bad omen to sailors. As the Titanic steamed past the Isle of Wight, people living along the coast stood by the shore and cheered. A Mrs. Marshall screamed and grabbed her husband Jack's arm. "It's going to sink, that ship is going to sink. Save them! Save them!" But no one listened to the hysterical ravings of a woman who appeared to have gone mad. What Mrs. Marshall did not know was that her mother had booked a passage on the Titanic.

This terrible disaster, 700 kilometers south of Newfoundland, was a tragedy foretold in fiction. In 1898, author Morgan Robertson published a short story called "Futility", also "The Wreck of the Titan", telling the story of the demise of a supposedly unsinkable ocean liner named SS Titan, sailing in April from Southampton on its inaugural voyage, hitting an iceberg, and sinking. His story features a long list of similarities with the real events of the Titanic disaster. The ship in his novel was almost a clone of the White Star Line's Titanic. The Titan was 70,000 tons (the Titanic displaced 66,000 tons), measured 800 feet (the Titanic was 882.9 feet), transported 3,000 passengers (the Titanic carried 2,207 but was licensed for 3,500), and like the Titanic was driven by three propellers. Why did J.P. Morgan cancel his booking on the Titanic? Because his surname was the same as Robertson's Christian name?

Morgan Robertson was writing at a time when there was not the technology to build such a ship, so he was going on pure speculation. One of the main themes in his story was that the arrogant owners of the Titan were so convinced of its unsinkability that they provided only 24 lifeboats for the 2,500 passengers. The Titanic sunk with a loss of life of 2,224 passengers because it carried only 20 lifeboats -- only half the number needed, at 60 people per boat. Originally, the Titanic was to have 32 life boats. Because this many life boats made the ship look cluttered, it was lowered to 20. The lifeboat requirement at the time was 16 boats.

Prior to the Titanic leaving Southampton, none of the crew were given lifeboat drills or training.

Many of the people who booked a voyage on the Titanic had their lives saved by clairvoyance of the forthcoming disaster, dreams or other inexplicable "signs" that something was going to happen to the Titanic. Some cancelled their journey at the last minute. Of those, how many died in World War I?

Psychiatrist and parapsychologist Ian Stevenson of the University of Virginia researched the cases years later. He discovered about 20 cases of people who had a premonition of the event, many of whose lives were saved as a result. And the Society for Psychical Research still keeps the records including an original unused ticket kept by one of those who cancelled.

One of these people who saw the future was the well-known and innovative journalist William Thomas Stead. Born in 1849, he was director of the Pall Mall Gazette and was also seriously interested in Spiritualism. He founded two publications about psychic sciences, "Review of Reviews" and "Borderland". In 1892, twenty years before the disaster, he wrote a story in which he described the awful sinking of a great liner. He also received spirit messages from mediums that urged him not to embark on a ship. Despite this, Stead disregarded his own premonitions and became one of the Titanic's 2,224 victims.

Nobody knows for certain why the Titanic has been dogged by such bad luck. But the answer may finally rest in the records of the British Museum. It is said that the Titanic was carrying cursed Egyptian artifacts and the mummy of an unidentified pharaoh on its way to a museum in America. It was already notorious and had been nicknamed "the accursed mummy" by the press. According to the newspaper reports of the time everyone who had taken photographs of it had mysteriously died. As it was put aboard the Titanic, the dock workers dropped it breaking one of their workmate's legs. It now lies deep beneath the Atlantic perhaps cursing the name Titanic forever. This story is not verified,

however, but rumors persist.

Prior to arriving at Southampton, the Titanic underwent a short sea trial. For these tests, the lookouts had binoculars. But sometime between these tests and the maiden voyage, the binoculars were misplaced. Had they not been misplaced, the Titanic tragedy may have very well been averted.

The Titanic was the first ocean liner to have a swimming pool and gym.

Yes, there was a car in the cargo hold. A new 35 hp. Renault.

While it is widely known that the gentlemen on Titanic had a Smoking Room, what is lesser known is that the ladies had a reading and writing room (no smoking room though, grin).

While most Titanic movies show smoke billowing from all four of Titanic's funnels (which were so big that you could run two trains through them simultaneously), the truth is that the fourth funnel was only for show with its primary use being ventilation for the kitchens, which could have been served by a 4 ft. diameter vent. Maybe they were doing a lot of cooking.

Titanic was going around 20 knots before hitting the iceberg. That would be the equivalent of 25 miles per hour on land.

The iceberg itself had the shape of ancient Atlantis, and when the Titanic turned starboard to avoid it, the port side grazed the side of Atlantis where real ships would have docked 12,000 years earlier. (Fact supplied by Tegeena.)

Titanic was the first ship to use the emergency call "S.O.S." The usual emergency call had been "C.Q.D." (Come Quick, Danger). That fateful night, Titanic used both, to no avail. Its own reputation caused those hearing it to not take it seriously. Maybe some thought that S.O.S. meant Stay Off Shipside (just kidding).

Men were not permitted to enter lifeboats even if there was room when the lifeboat was being cast off. That's why many of them took off only partially filled. Perhaps Victorian sexual prudery had something to do with it.

Molly Brown later published an account of her Titanic experience in the newspapers, saying that she did not even see it go down, they were so busy rowing away. She did not, as the movies portray, order the crew to turn around and hunt for survivors, with them either obeying or refusing.

While most people believe the final song the Titanic played was "Nearer My God To Thee", stronger evidence points to the final song being "Autumn".

Titanic received six or seven ice warnings the day of the collision.

If you could afford it, you could get a private message sent across the wire through the Marconi Room. These were considered more urgent than even the iceberg warnings. The Marconi operators Harold Bride and Jack Phillips received ignored many of the iceberg warnings, considering the information unimportant. During the collision Bride was asleep, having served his shift.

Had the nearby ship the Californian heeded Titanic's distress calls and flares, they could have rescued nearly everyone on board. It was anchored only 19 miles north of the Titanic. When the Titanic sent up flares, the captain of the Californian told his men to try to contact the ship with a Morse lamp since it was so close. When they got no answer they didn't think to use the radio because the operators were asleep in bed. The Titanic radio operators had received their last ice field warning of the night from the Californian. It had been so loud that Titanic operator Jack Phillips had brushed the Californian operator with the words "Shut up, shut up, I'm busy."

When the Titanic started to go down, it sent up flares. During the real disaster, there were no red emergency flares on Titanic, so the celebration flares were used instead. The Californian did see them but thought they just signalled

a party on a ship.

The first newspaper reports in New York, Titanic's destination, stated that all the passengers had been rescued from the sinking ship.

The surviving rate amongst women and children was extremely high (94% First Class, 81% Second Class, 87% Crew), except in Third Class where only 47% of the women and children on board survived.

While James Cameron's Titanic shows a 17-year-old female fictional character being the last one rescued, the truth is that a Titanic crew member, Charles Joughin, was the last one rescued from the freezing waters.

Chief Baker Charles Joughin attributed his survival to the amount of alcohol he had drunk during the disaster, acting as a kind of antifreeze. In the 1997 movie, when Jack and Rose are clinging to the rail together as the ship tilts upward, he can be seen nearby, taking a drink from his flask. He really was there, and rode the ship down into the water just like in the movie. He then treaded water for awhile, and swam to a lifeboat. When he boarded the lifeboat, reportedly, his hair was still dry.

Even though Titanic did not have even close to enough life boats for all the passengers, the ship was still within and even exceeded regulations of the time for life boat numbers and capacity. The regulations quickly changed after the Titanic disaster.

As a result of the Titanic sinking, all ships were required to have enough lifeboats for the amount of passengers on board. Even Titanic's sister ship, Olympic, had to go in for a refitting, not just of lifeboats, but improvements to areas like the watertight compartments.

The White Star Line never believed that lifeboats for all passengers were mandatory, even after the sinking, blaming the disaster on other ships not responding to their legitimate emergency signals. They thought the only purpose that lifeboats on the Titanic would serve would be to ferry

people to another ship should it become stalled.

Ironically, all but one of Titanic lifeboats were brought back to New York by the Carpathia with the 705 survivors, but all later disappeared from the docks of New York. After all, the demand for lifeboats was never so great. They were probably repainted, and re-used on other ships.

The bow of the Titanic is now buried in over 50 feet of mud, making it near impossible to raise even if someone wanted to.

Exploration has proven that the Titanic did not sink from a 300-foot gash, but rather by numerous "pinhole" cracks, caused by popping rivets, that allowed it to stay afloat for as long as it did prior to the final plunge at 2:20 AM on April 15, 1912. Inferior quality steel used in the rivets has been suspected of causing them to pop out at all.

A simulation has proved that the Captain's decision to not close all watertight doors saved it from a probable fate of listing over to one side and capsizing, instead staying upright in the water so lifeboats could be loaded until the final, unavoidable, sudden nosedive.

The very next year, on February 3, 1913, the 16th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, originally passed July 2, 1909, was ratified, creating the income tax and the basis for the American welfare state, sinking many a personal fortune ever since. The date April 15 was memorialized forever more to Americans as the date their federal income tax forms are due to be mailed to avoid penalties.

RMS TITANIC - SPECIFICATIONS

Length: 882 feet, 8 inches (268 meters)

Gross tonnage: 46,328 tons

Net tonnage: 24,900 tons

Total capacity: 3547 passengers and crew, fully loaded

Decks: 9 in total (counting the orlop deck) the boat deck,
A,B,C,D,E,F,G, and below G boiler rooms

Beam: 92.5 feet (28 meters)

Height: 60.5 feet waterline to Boat Deck, 175 feet keel to
top of funnels

Depth: 59.5 feet

Draft: about 34 feet

Engines: 2 reciprocating, 4 cylinder, triple expansion,
direct-acting, inverted engines: 30,000 hp at 77 rpm.
1 low pressure Parsons turbine: 16,000 hp at 165 rpm.

Propellers: 3.

Center turbine: 17 feet.

Left/Right wings: 23 feet 6 in.

Boilers: 29 (24 double-ended, 5 single-ended)

Furnaces: 159, providing a total heating surface of
144,142 sq. feet

Steam pressure: 215 psi

Watertight compartments: 16, extending up to F deck

Lifeboat davits: 14 double-acting Welin's with Murrays
disengaging gear

Lifeboats: 20 total, as follows:

14 wood lifeboats each 30'0" long by 9'1" by 4'0" deep
with a capacity of 65 persons each

2 wood cutters 25'2" long by 7'2" by 3'0" deep with a
capacity of 40 persons each

4 Englehardt collapsible boats 27'5" by 8'0" by 3'0"

deep with a capacity of 47 persons each

Lifeboat Total Rated Capacity: 1,178 persons

Personal floatation devices: 3560 life jackets and
49 life buoys

Fuel requirement: 825 tons of coal per day

Water consumption: 14,000 gallons of fresh water per day

Top Speed: 23 knots

TITANIC PROVISIONS

Fresh Meat 75,000 lbs

Fresh Fish 11,000 lbs

Salted & Dried Fish 4,000 lbs

Bacon and Ham 7,500 lbs

Poultry and Game 25,000 lbs

Sweetbreads 1,000

Sausages 2,500 lbs

Fresh Eggs 40,000 lbs

Potatoes 40 tons

Onions 3,500 lbs

Tomatoes 3,500 lbs

Fresh Asparagus 800 bundles

Fresh Green Peas 2,500 lbs

Lettuce 7,000 heads

Coffee 2,200 lbs

Tea 800 lbs

Rice, Dried Beans, etc. 10,000 lbs

Sugar 10,000 lbs

Flour 250 barrels

Cereals 10,000 lbs

Apples 36,000

Oranges 36,000

Lemons 16,000

Grapefruit 13,000

Grapes 1,000 lbs

Jams and Marmalade 1,120 lbs

Fresh Milk 1,500 gal

Fresh Cream 1,200 qts

Condensed Milk 600 gals

Fresh Butter 6,000 lbs

Ice Cream 1,750 lbs

Ales and Stout 15,000 bottles

Wines 1,000 bottles

Spirits 850 bottles

Minerals 1,200 bottles

Cigars 8,000

Dinner Service:

29,000 pieces of glassware

57,600 items of crockery

44,000 pieces of cutlery

Among these:

Tea Cups: 3,000

Dinner Plates: 12,000

Ice Cream Plates: 5,500

Souffle Dishes: 1,500

Wine Glasses: 2,000

Salt Shakers: 2,000

Pudding Dishes: 1,200

Finger Bowls: 1,000

Oyster Forks: 1,000

Nut Crackers: 300

Egg Spoons: 2,000

Grape Scissors: 1,500

Asparagus Tongs: 400

Linens:

Aprons: 4,000

Blankets: 7,500

Table Cloths: 6,000

Bed Covers: 3,600

Eiderdown Quilts: 800

Single Sheets: 15,000

Table Napkins: 45,000

Bath Towels: 7,500

Fine Towels: 25,000

Roller Towels: 3,500

Double Sheets: 3,000

Pillow Slips: 15,000

TITANIC CARGO CLAIMED AS LOST

3,364 bags of mail and between 700 and 800 parcels.

One Renault 35 hp automobile owned by passenger
William Carter.

One Marmalade Machine owned by passenger Edwina
Trout.

Oil painting by Blondel, "La Circasienne Au Bain",
owned by Hoka Bjornstrom-Steffanson.

Seven parcels of parchment of the Torah owned by
Hersh L. Siebald.

Three crates of ancient models for the Denver Museum
of Ancient History.

50 cases of toothpaste for Park & Tilford.

11 bales of rubber for the National City Bank of New
York.

Eight dozen tennis balls for R.F. Downey & Co.

A cask of China for Tiffany's.

Five Grand Pianos.

Four cases of opium.

Thirty cases of golf clubs and tennis rackets for
A.G. Spalding.

A jewelled copy of The Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam,
with illustrations by Eliku Vedder sold for £405 at
auction in March of 1912 to an American bidder.
The binding took two years to execute, and the
decoration embodied no fewer than 1,500 precious
stones, each separately set in gold.

COST OF A TICKET (ONE WAY)

First Class (parlor suite): £870/\$4,350 (\$50,000 today).

First Class (berth): £30/\$150 (\$1724 today).

Second Class: £12/\$60 (\$690 today).

Third Class: £3 to £8/\$40 (\$172 to \$460 today).

In 1912, skilled shipyard workers who built Titanic earned
£2 (\$10) per week. Unskilled workers earned £1 or less per
week. A single First Class berth would have cost these
workers 4 to 8 months wages. Fee to send a wireless
telegram: 12 shillings and sixpence/\$3.12 (\$36 today), for
the first 10 words, and 9 pence per word thereafter.
Passenger telegrams sent & received during the voyage: 250+.

CREW SALARIES

Captain E.J. Smith, Titanic: £105 a month

Captain Rostron, Carpathia: £53 a month

Radio Operator Harold Bride: £48 a month

Seaman Edward Buley: £5 a month

Lookout G.A. Hogg: £5 and 5 shillings a month

Steward Sidney Daniels: £3 and 15 shillings a month

Stewardess Annie Robinson: £3 and 10 shillings a month.

Note: The range of salaries was quite extreme in 1912. In today's money, Captain Smith earned about \$72,500 per year while Stewardess Robinson earned only \$2400 per year.

FACILITIES

2 Parlor Suites each with a 50 foot private promenade and 67 other First Class Staterooms & Suites. Decorating designs included: Louis Seize, Empire, Adams, Italian Renaissance, Louis Quinze, Louis Quatorze, Georgian, Regency, Queen Anne, Modern Dutch and Old Dutch. Some had marble coal-burning fireplaces.

Gymnasium with rowing machines, a stationary bicycle and an electric horse.

A heated swimming pool (the first ever built into a vessel).

Squash court on F deck.

Turkish bath.

2 barber shops with automated shampooing and drying appliances available for all classes..

First & Second Class smoking rooms (for the men).

Reading and writing rooms (for the ladies).

First & Second class libraries.

10,488 square foot First Class Dining Saloon.
Seating capacity 554.

Authentic Parisien Caf, with French waiters.

Veranda Cafe with real palm trees.

A piano in the Third Class Common Room/Saloon (a luxury for its day).

Electric light and heat in every stateroom.

4 electric elevators complete with operators (3 in first class, 1 in second class).

A state of the art infirmary staffed by 2 physicians that included an operating room.

A fully equipped darkroom for amateur photographers to try their skills.

A 5 kilowatt Marconi wireless radio station for sending and receiving passenger's telegrams.

A 50 phone switchboard complete with operator for intra-ship calls.

PEOPLE ON BOARD

2228 (337 First Class, 285 Second Class, 721 Third Class, 885 Crew).

Survived: 705, Perished: 1523.

Bodies recovered: 306.

The White Star chartered Mackay-Bennett sailed from Halifax on Wednesday, April 17, 1912, two days after the sinking. Between Sunday, April 21 and Friday, April 26, they retrieved bodies still floating at the wreck site.

RATIO OF SURVIVORS

>	Women & Children	Men	Total
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First Class	94%	31%	60%
Second Class	81%	10%	44%
Third Class	47%	14%	25%
Crew	87%	22%	24%

THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF THE TITANIC

1000 miles due east of Boston, MA, and 375 miles southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland.

Depth: 12,500 feet (2.367 mi.)

Stern Section: 41°43'35" N, 49°56'54" W

Boilers: 41°43'32" N, 49°56'49" W

Bow Section: 41°43'57" N, 49°56'49" W

Speed of the Titanic at impact: 20.5 knots

Titanic's Radio Call Sign: MGY

Port of registry: Liverpool

Official Vessel Number: 131428

FACTS ABOUT JAMES CAMERON'S FILM "TITANIC" (1997)

KATE WINSLET... Rose DeWitt Bukater

GLORIA STUART.... Ditto

LEONARDO DICAPRIO... Jack Dawson

KATHY BATES... The Unsinkable Molly Brown

BILLY ZANE... Caledon Hockley

BILL PAXTON... Brock Lovett

The blockbuster movie "Titanic", released Dec. 19, 1997, was nearly scrapped because of the disasters that befell the set. It was one of the most expensive movies made to that time, at \$200 million, or over \$1 million a screen minute.

The costumes cost a total of \$8.4 million.

The film contains real footage of the Titanic which was shot on location beneath the sea by James Cameron himself, using a special underwater camera system created by his brother.

Cameron took 12 trips into the depths of the North Atlantic lasting between 10 to 12 hours at the wreck site (plus 6 hours there and back).

It was the 400-foot bow section that captured the imagination of Cameron and previous underwater expeditions.

Many shots in the film were taken by Jim Cameron himself.

Many of the paintings in the movie are authentic, such as Pablo Picasso's "The Guitar Player" flown in from the Musee National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris. Also, most of the decor on the ship, from the carpet to the chandeliers were reconstructed by, or under the supervision of, the original companies which furnished the Titanic.

A 90% scale model of one half of the Titanic was constructed on a beach in Mexico. In the scenes that show the ship at the Southampton dock, all shots were reversed to give the appearance of the port side of the ship, as it was actually docked in 1912. This required the painstaking construction of reversed costumes and signage to complete the illusion, which was achieved by a mirror process in post-production.

BMK-Stoddard of England, the company that supplied carpeting for the real Titanic, re-created the weave for an 18,000 square-foot reproduction.

Cameron even had the ceiling of the first class dining room detailed. In the farthest corners, tables were set with patterned plates and silver. The carved wall paneling on

the Grand Staircase is not typical plaster of paris, it's real oak.

Jack's drawing of Rose wearing Le Coeur de la Mer, the Heart of the Ocean, recovered by Brock Lovett, was actually drawn by Cameron, as were all Jack's drawings. Cameron filmed DiCaprio sketching Kate Winslet, but the cutaway close-ups of the drawing hands were filmed months later, as "inserts," with Cameron himself doing the sketching, which he did with difficulty, as he was right-handed and DiCaprio was left-handed.

At first, James Cameron was reluctant to even consider either Kate Winslet for the part of Rose or Leonardo DiCaprio for Jack.

A number of actresses were auditioned for the part of Rose including Gwyneth Paltrow, Claire Danes, and Gabrielle Anwar.

For Kate's audition she was dressed by Deborah Scott (who had been scouring the world for vintage costumes). Cameron needed to see his leading actors in period wardrobe and setting, to make sure not only that they could do it, but that he could do it with them. He was looking for "a chemistry between the director and the actor".

Cameron described Rose as "an Audrey Hepburn type: spunky, smart, and elegant."

Cameron modeled the character Jack after the writer Jack London, a self-educated, turn-of-the-century free spirit.

It was the cross-class love story that attracted Leo DiCaprio to the project.

Matthew McConaughey was offered the part of Cal, but he declined, choosing to be in the film "Amistad" instead.

Kathy Bates was reluctant to take the role of Molly Brown. Cameron had actually offered the part to his wife Linda Hamilton, but she declined. Another contender was Reba McEntire. But Kathy Bates luckily had the greatest

natural resemblance to the dumpy original character.

The role of Brock Lovett was offered to Sean Connery and Gene Hackman, but Bill Paxton got the job.

Kate flashed Leo the first day to break the ice since they would be doing the drawing scene first.

None of the props existed, and since most of them would be sunk and wrecked, none of them could be rented. More than 900 drawings were produced, detailing items from the ashtrays to the ship itself. Some 450 table services, complete with the White Star pattern and logo, 200 deck chairs, and 100 ceiling sconces were an off the assembly line.

All the extras were required to read up on the period, so their conversation would be authentic, even if they were talking in the background. They also all had to take an etiquette class so they would know how people in 1912 talked, acted and moved.

Since the corsets the women were wearing were so hard to get off, they were literally hung up to dry in them when they got wet, with the women in them. It took approximately six hours for them to dry completely. Every woman in the film wore a corset, even if they were extras that were barely able to be seen.

Leo was felled by tonsillitis once. The worst you could say about him was that he was a dawdler, always ten to fifteen minutes late to the set, preoccupied by the latest shipment of video games.

During the dinner scene they stopped the filming because Ruth was holding the glass wrong.

For the scene where they are looking for the chest, that entire part was a "breakaway set". That way they could move around and film from various angles.

Only three weeks into the eight-month shoot the lead actress Kate Winslet nearly stormed permanently off the set because

she believed director James Cameron was a "perfect tyrant" in overworking her. She claims that she slept only 4 hours per night, nearly drowned twice and had hypothermia. It was only after a humiliating public apology in April, 1997 that filming was resumed. Kate Winslet's English descendants are related to T.L. Winslow's, the latter's branch having come to America on the Mayflower, forever dooming North America to English Puritanism (just kidding to see if you read this far).

The filming itself was dogged by disaster. The 775 ft. model in its 17 million gallon water tank was beset with technical problems. Once, many of the leading actors and actresses nearly died when a disgruntled member of the 1,000 extras and 800 crew poisoned the lobster chowder. Even the opening premier was a disaster when Kate Winslet couldn't make it because of a mysterious stomach upset.

The scene where Kate Winslett spits in Billy's face was actually thought of by Kate herself. They took 27 takes of the scene to get it right. Her mouth became dry so director James Cameron put KY-Jelly in it as a substitute for spit.

The "flying" scene was shot on four different locations in and around the set. The pieces were then edited together to form a single, seamless sequence.

When Jack and Rose are "flying" and they kiss, the sunset behind them is real. They had to film the scene in only a few minutes before the sun went down.

The dolphins swimming beside the ship in the "I'm the king of the world" scene were real.

There were jacuzzis all around the set so the cast could stay warm during breaks.

To create the effect of frost on the people they used a special powder attached with a medical adhesive that crystallizes when exposed to water.

The band that played below decks during the "Third Class Dance" is actually a real band called Gaelic Storm. Most of

the dancers were actually pros.

Somewhere in the vicinity of the film, DiCaprio says, "Cool!", even though the phrase was not used back then. He says it very fast, and it's very faint. He says it during the scene in which he is drawing Winslet.

When Jack says the line "sit over there on the bed, the couch", that was not in the script. Leo said that on his own and the crew loved it and kept it in.

LSD was put into the punch bowl one day on the set and production for the day was cancelled.

THE FINAL QUESTION

Violet Jessop is one White Star Lines employee who had more than her share of luck. She was a stewardess, a member of the "victualing department", who worked on the Olympic when it collided with the Hawke. She then transferred to the Titanic, and survived the sinking. She then transferred to the Gigantic/Britannic, as a WWI Red Cross nurse (Voluntary Aid Detachment), which also sank, surviving yet again. This makes her the only person who was on all three of the White Star Liners during their misfortunes.

She is said to have spent her childhood in Argentina, and to have been of a sickly constitution, caused by drinking poison set out by her father for insects. She is said by others to be the real source of the Unsinkable Molly Brown stories, which she didn't complain about Brown getting the rep for. Jessop went to sea in 1908 at the age of 21, and her career ended in 1950 after sailing on more than 200 voyages. Her story, edited and annotated by John Maxtone-Graham ("The Only Way to Cross"), tells of the hardships encountered by those who worked on the North Atlantic run. Jessop admits that "I did not like big ships, that I was secretly afraid", yet she seemed compelled to live her life on them. Her own description of the sinking is chilling as she sees to the needs of her passengers first, only then looking for a warm coat for herself. While she was in the lifeboat, somebody threw a "forgotten baby in my arms," she writes. "Fascinated, my eyes never left the

ship, as if by looking I could keep her afloat." And she began to count the decks: from five to four to three to two, to none. Her description of the sinking of the Britannic is also quite compelling. The fact that the first disaster was in England, near ancient Atlantis, the second disaster near America, and the last near ancient Greece -- can this be a coincidence too?

Violet never died at sea. She returned as a stewardess on the Olympic after the war and eventually retired from the passenger service. She passed away quietly in 1971, so the official story goes. In the story of her life, "Titanic Survivor", editor John Maxtone-Graham shares one last anecdote from his own visit with Violet. Late one night several weeks earlier, the telephone rang in her home during a violent thunderstorm. The woman's voice at the other end asked, "Is this the Violet Jessop who was a stewardess on the Titanic and rescued a baby?" "Yes," she responded, "who is this?" The woman laughed. "I was that baby."

We suspect her of being the real Tegeena, her death being faked to cover her tracks, after she wrote her memoirs in 1934, then later anonymously sending Cameron the Titanic screenplay at the same time she sent Winslow the manuscript for the novel. In an attempt at humor, probably, the characters of Rose DeWitt Bukater, Molly Brown, and Jack Dawson were all really based on her, including the business about that lost diamond, a clever allusion to Atlantean crystals. The fact that she could swim for hours in freezing waters without dying, while 1500 others couldn't, including her Jack, who conveniently disappeared beneath the sea and was never found on the ship's records, was an attempt to cover for the fact that she had gills and loved cold water, and was searching for the Space Cowboy during those hours, with no witnesses being able later to tell on her. She never was on that lifeboat, having given the baby and the coat to a man, along with her nurse's headgear, so he could sneak on board undetected, sure to never talk later. That man was the real Jack Dawson, the former Captain Smith, who was her son, and who escaped to Argentina.

The coincidence of the name, violet being the color of

Tegeena's eyes, and Jessop being close to Geena, should not be overlooked, nor the parallel to Tegeena's life in Atlantis, how she went boom three times with her ship but always survived, ending up as a nurse.

Who says Cameron is the true author of his screenplay, anymore than T.L. Winslow the truth author of his novel?

Who really controlled the White Star Lines, or England itself? Who really was Jack London? Or Audrey Hepburn? Or James Cameron? Or Kate Winslet? Or Leonardo DiCaprio? Did Cameron find Grays on board the Titanic, or signs they had lived there, and not tell? Did the Titanic float over the true site of Atlantis? Or rest on it now? Or is Southampton a key? Why did Cameron reverse the images on all his scenes there? Why did escaped Nazis prefer Argentina? Who was that Egyptian priest? Why did Deborah Shelton star for years on TV with Patrick Duffy, 'The Man From Atlantis'? Just who is Deborah Shelton? And who was Violet Parker? Why did L. Ron Hubbard and his Church of Scientology never come up?

And a last urgent thought. What happened to the magic eagle Tegeena that was always supposed to be perched on Tegeena's shoulder? Was she really bicephalous (two-headed), and the eagle was her other head? Were the Lemurians hermaphroditic because they were bicephalous, one head male, the other female, thus not needing sexual organs like later unisexual humans? Did they have sexual organs at all? Were there two sets of organs, male and female, like modern human hermaphrodites? Were the organs born locked in eternal intercourse, and hence, closed on themselves, not even visible, as if they didn't exist, like on a Barbie or Ken doll? Are modern humans actually genetic freaks, with one of their heads permanently vestigial, along with one of their sets of sexual organs? Is this why humans are fallen, having to spend much of their life energy forever trying to find and keep a mate, when their true mate is inside them all along, 'tranqed', tranquilized, put to sleep? Are all human beings now Tranqs? Is this the true meaning behind the myth of Adam and Eve? And the true meaning of Eden? Why did Dallas TV star Larry Hagman, who romanced Deborah Shelton on

episode after episode of Dallas, also romance Barbara Eden on the earlier TV show I Dream of Jeannie? Jeannie, Geena -- is this a coincidence? Who is Larry Hagman, and who is Barbara Eden? Wasn't Larry Hagman's mother Mary Martin, who played Peter Pan on TV? Who was Mary Martin, and who and what was Peter Pan? Why did they always want a woman to play a boy? Who was Tinkerbell? What was Neverland? And where was it? Inquiring minds would like to know.

Tegeena, Tegeena, where are you? Will the real Tegeena please stand up?

THE END

Appendix. Cattle Programming 101

Human Being Program. Initial data. Scramble and feed into the cattle to insure large healthy tasty herd.

Humans were created perfect and fell. Humans were evolved from lower life and are rising.

Humans at one time had perfect knowledge and have lost it. Humans at the beginning had no knowledge and have fought for all they have.

All humans were originally one race. Humans started out as different races.

The one race divided into equal races. The one race divided into superior and inferior races.

The different races started out equal. The different races started out unequal.

The color white is good, the color black bad. The color black is good, the color white bad. All colors are good. All colors are bad. No colors are good or bad.

The 3 dimensions are all that there are. There are more dimensions, 4 at least. The original humans were from the 4th dimension and fell. The original humans were from the 3 dimensions and can attain the 4th.

Attainment of a higher dimension takes works. Takes grace. Cannot be attained. Takes refrainment from works.

Mankind started in a Garden of Eden, Mu, Lemuria. Mankind started in a primitive environment, jungle, trees, caves.

Mankind had one or more catastrophes wiping his memory clean. Mankind had no catastrophes that great. The legends of a Flood are true. Are false. Are local but not global. Are global.

Mankind is alone. Mankind is not alone. Mankind has been visited by sapient beings from space. Mankind has not been so visited. Sapient beings from space came and went. Are here now. Have not been here yet but will be. Soon. A long time from now.

The universe is devoid of sapient beings other than humans. Is teeming with them and they will be soon drinking in a space cantina or joining a Federation. Is so sparsely populated that humanity will never meet up with another one. There is one master race in the universe, the human. No master race. One that is not human.

There is a God. There is no God. There is a Devil. There is no Devil. There is or is not a Heaven and a Hell. There is a conspiracy. There is no conspiracy.

Meat should be or should not be eaten by humans. Drugs should or should not be consumed by humans.

Violence is or is not wrong. Rape is or is not wrong. Authority is or is not wrong.

Sex is or is not wrong. Sex is only for procreation. Free sex. Oral sex is or is not wrong. Interracial sex is or is not wrong. One can't live without sex. Can. One

can't live with it. Can. Can't live without thinking about it. Can.

Love is or is not wrong. Love is all. Love is nothing. Love is silly. Love conquers all. God is Love. Love is God. Ditto for hate.

Animals cannot think like humans, or can, or can think better. Animals do or do not have souls, can or cannot love, can or cannot use language. Are brothers and sisters of humans, or are totally separate. Animals should have equal rights to humans, or have no rights.

Family lines should be based on paternity. On maternity. On both. On neither. Society should be matriarchal. Patriarchal. Communist. Capitalist. Socialist.

Women were originally equal to man. Superior to man. Inferior to man. Man made the first woman. Woman made the first man. God made man first. Woman first.

Atlantis existed. Did not exist. It had a lot of people. Very few people. People with no bodies. No people. Extraterrestrials.

Atlantis was destroyed by an earthquake. Flood. Atomic bomb. Volcano. Alien weapons. God.

Atlanteans were one. Were divided in twain. Were divided into many.

Atlanteans invented religion, magic, science, war, medicine, art, language. Invented some or none.

Atlanteans had advanced technology, or none. Magic crystals. Geothermal energy. Magnetic energy. Earthquake energy. Sun energy. Atomic energy. Electrical energy.

Atlanteans had sea ships. Air ships. Land ships. Celestial navigation or not.

Atlantis was in the British Isles. Mediterranean. Antarctic. Arctic. Indonesian Ocean. Atlantic Ocean.

Caribbean.

Atlanteans were white. Black. Black and white. Brown. Yellow. Blue. Purple. Green. Orange. Gray.

Survivors of Atlantis' fall started Hindu religion and Yoga. Biblical religion. Egyptian religion. Chinese religion. Aztec and Incan religion. Freemasonry.

The Aryan race. The Semitic race. The Negro race. There is no race.

Races are just skin color variations. Races are a locus of many traits and skin color is a flag. Skin color is due to the sun. Skin color is due to the shade. Skin color is due to markings from God of good and bad. Skin color is a curse from God. Skin color indicates intelligence. Does not indicate intelligence. Indicates the type of intelligence. All people have equal intelligence, distributed differently. Some people have all the intelligence, or a Gaussian distribution of intelligence.

Ice Ages have cycles. No cycles. The Earth is heading towards another Ice Age. Not, because of Global Warming.

Humanity has had many epochs of civilization, during interglacial periods, followed by retreat to the Stone Age during an Ice Age. There has only been one epoch of civilization, the present. Two epochs, the previous one being called Lemuria or Mu.

History is fiction. Fiction is history. Well-done fiction is well-done history. Nobody cares about the difference. Nobody can know the difference. There is no difference. It makes all the difference. It is all a conspiracy. Not.

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