

CANCER PLANET MISSION

by

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INTRODUCTION TO COSMOPHILOSOPHY

Amat Mayna

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FOREWORD

Cancer Planet Mission, the introduction to a series of books about Cosmo philosophy has to be considered a revolutionary literary work. Ever since a young man, with a pacifist heart, escaped the Gestapo and found refuge in England, the most shattering events have happened in his life. Recently, the leading London newspaper THE GUARDIAN, under the headline: TO PERU FROM SPACE, reported: "I Mr. Pallmann, (the author,) was doing food-research for the Agricultural University of Lima, Peru, in order to find an inexpensive high-protein food. He hit on arrow-root as a binding agent. Whilst biological research near the upper Amazon River..." AND HERE BEGINS what some reporters call "The greatest cosmic story ever told" We are faced with the undeniable fact that God has created man not just on one particular planet. There are far superior men and women on other planets: superior not in pride, contempt and hypocrisy, but in health, respect and happiness. Friends of Cosmo philosophy believe it to be absurd that God should only be concerned with one particular faith and with only one particular Planet.

There is this Spiral Galaxy of ANDROMEDA. It is one of a million galaxies and consists of several million suns. Most of these suns may have created billions of planets similar to ours. There, the author tells us, with the same endeavour, as on our planet (he human animal has murdered God and their fellow human beings: but also many civilisations have reached the higher form of development, the true Biological Age. On such Planets the usual glory and power seekers, warmongers, the god of myth, fear and superstition no longer exist. Cosmo philosophy tells about the wisdom of these people and their courage to new faith. How they survived the greatest disasters. How they developed their amazing space-crafts in order to settle on other planets. How they achieved happiness and a longer span of life. How they finally made peace between themselves and God. Mr. Pallmann's diary speaks with enthusiasm of the amazing central-energy-generation of their Space-craft, but most longingly he talks about their "Cosmo philosophy" which has long replaced the hypocrisies and superstitions of the less developed planets.

Our ethics are based on love, compassion, reincarnation, threats of hell and a general theological pattern fixed and stiffened by dogmas thousands of years old. Their pattern or the future pattern for religion is based on mutual respect and because of this code, he was told that most advanced civilizations on other planets are not at all the monsters pictured by science fiction, but they are cheerful and humble people of great intelligence. They believe, that God does not punish, nor offer specific commandments, but that God is Nature and Their philosophy is determinist too and they know that in time when they have gone even further ahead, we shall arrive where they are now and abolish wars, as they have, and with them superstitions and factional religions. Mr. Pallmann, has Managed, if putting pen to Paper, to write an enthralling and stimulating book which is not only very readable but has given us the message of a revolutionary futuristic pattern of life:

COSMOPHILOSOPHY. Ludwig Pallmann was an international salesman for machinery to pulverize grain, who travelled widely and spoke several languages. While in India, he encountered a mysterious man on a train who had the "light brown skin of a Eurasian, huge dark eyes, a rather small mouth, and an unusual chin line. The lower part of the jaw looked slightly deformed. Above all, there was this peculiarity of speech, this complete reliance upon an electronic gadget to reproduce his voice." The two started chatting, and later met up again, in India, and later, when Pallmann was selling machinery to finely grind the yucca root in Peru. Eventually, the mystery man takes Pallmann on a train ride to Huancayo. Then they travel to a lake, where a UFO glides to the edge. Pallmann takes a trip to an alien plantation, where Amazon plants are being harvested and hybridized. He learns about the "cosmophilosophy" of the humanoid aliens, which is of a pacifist, vegetarian, socialist nature. Pallman is informed that man's highest duty is to protect women and children from violence. There is also a trip to a "lost city," Linislan, somewhere northeast of Cuzco.

The author vanished and the publisher went out of business soon after the book's release, adding to the mystery.

CHAPTER 1

I Meet Satu Ra

The Cosmic story of AMAT MAYNA begins in London, Not that London, swinging or prosaic, depending upon how old you are and how you look at it, played much of a part in the shattering events that were to befall me. But it so happened that I was in London at the time, going about my lawful occasions in the normal course of my business. My business, loosely speaking, is the sale and the installation of heavy machinery used in the large scale production of food, for example, milling assemblies for the fine-grinding of cereals on a vast programme. I was visiting London at the time, for my business makes me a perpetual globetrotter. It chanced that I was in London on that first day of October, nineteen sixty-four. I was taking a breather, a brief pause in a heavy Latin-American itinerary, and also making the necessary arrangements for the next part of my schedule: INDIA.

As I recall it, the weather that Thursday morning was fine. The sun still had warmth in it, although there was a hint of approaching autumn, The streets, as usual, were packed as I made my way from the Strand Palace Hotel to India House, where I made application for a visitor's visa to visit India. The business was conducted in a very agreeable fashion with a youngish official, who wished me well and hoped that I would find it a viable proposition to install in the future a battery of machinery for cereal grinding. As he put it, anything that would help to solve India's chronic food problem, any kind of technical improvement would be welcome. After lunch, I set about making the necessary travel arrangements. Here I met my first snag, I could not get an immediate direct flight.

As I didn't want to cool my heels too long in London I settled for an alternative route, which meant that I had something like thirty-six hours to kill. I passed the time boning up on India, for it was years since I had last visited that huge subcontinent. In the upshot, the flight was without interest. The last leg was from Teheran to Calcutta, and I landed at Dum-Dum Airport round about mid-day, the fourth of October. Although I had been to India before, I had never been to Dum-Dum Airport, It has to be seen to be believed. My first impression of it was that of a mad-house at carnival time. It was a Brueghel brought slap into the middle of the twentieth century and set in the heat of India. I had to force a way through the teeming crowds that thronged the concourse. There were people waiting to emplane, people waiting for incoming flights, and people just waiting. People, people, people. People of all ages. People of all shapes and sizes. People of all colors and nationalities. No wonder, I thought, as I made my way to a taxi, that India had a food problem. As I settled in the taxi, and told the driver to take me to the Oberon Grand Hotel, I remembered a story I had heard several years before. It is a story about people meeting I is alleged that if three Frenchmen got together for lunch, then they would have started a new political party before the time they had reached their coffee.

If three Germans meet, then they form a protection society, and the first resolution they pass is one calling upon heaven to protect them from the competition of Japanese gadgetry. Similarly, three Spaniards would form a company to manufacture crystal chandeliers, whilst three Americans would immediately form a luncheon club and set about drafting menus for the next meetings. But if three Indians met, they would at once call in another thirty Indians and organize a religious festival in honour of their gods. I thought of this anecdote as the taxi weaved its honking way through the crowded streets. There were obvious signs of the Indian's preoccupation with his gods. I even saw a cow bring traffic to a halt just before the taxi screeched to a stop outside the Oberon Grand Hotel. The Oberon Grand is something left over from the Spacious days of the British Raj. If I were asked

to give my impression of the Oberon Grand in a few words, then I would have to say that, for me, it stands as the citadel for the modern cult of servility, The Oberon Grand is vast by any standards, It never seems to have many guests in it at any one time, or, rather, there is always room to move. But however many guests there are, they are always outnumbered by the servants. I don't know the exact ratio of servants to guests, but at an estimate, I should say that there are anything from five to eight servants to each guest in the hotel. Now, for the man who lives out of a suitcase, this surfeit of servants poses an immediate problem. Tipping, I think I'm a bit of an expert on tipping, as I've tipped my way round the world on many occasions. Some say that the word originates in France, and comes from "pourboire."

This means showing satisfaction for services rendered by giving the servant some money in order to buy a drink. Others say that the word derives from the initial letters of three other words: To Insure Promptness. This means that you buy quick service by greasing the servant's palm with money. Whatever the origin of the word, a traveller staying in an hotel is still expected to tip, despite the ten per cent that is often added to the bill as a service charge. I've tipped in many strange places, but I've never tipped as I was expected to tip in India, Here, you are ranked according to the way you tip. A smallish tip, and you are a maharaja, Or at least a mahatma. A bigger tip, and you are a mandarin, a veritable saint. Of course, if you don't give any tip at all, then you're a dirty, mean louse, and you have to get your drinking water for yourself. In India you hear the word "baksheesh" a hundred times a day. You have to use your own judgment whether or not you do give a tip. The starving, wide-eyed, unsmiling children of India make you think twice before you give anybody a tip, and they make you wonder why you up at all.

Certainly, in this country you never give a fat man a lip. I quickly found this out, as I just as quickly found out about the real value of money, and of life. You have to learn the art of giving the right amount of money to the right people at the right time, otherwise you would be everlastingly tipping. This was my philosophy, a materialistic philosophy, I must admit, as I went about my business in Calcutta, But I found, as I went from contact to contact, that this appeared to be the normal Indian way of life. As I moved about the business quarter of Calcutta, so I was impressed by the sheer number of people I saw. I knew that India, like China, was undergoing a population explosion, but I was not prepared for the milling crowds that thronged the streets at all hours of the day and night. They weren't happy crowds. Indeed, they did not look well-fed crowds, It is common knowledge that the vastly increasing world population is making rapid inroads into the dwindling food reserves available to Earth. Some people, some governments are doing all they can to grapple with the problem. Here in India, everybody, from high government official to the lowliest of workers, seems overwhelmed by inertia, so that they were unable to do anything positive to meliorate the acute conditions of Want that prevail.

Never in all my life have I seen a place like India that is screaming out for swift, efficient organization in order that people might survive, let alone enjoy a decent standard of living. And as I went from one businessman to another in the few days that I spent in Calcutta, I thought I saw the main reason why there was this inertia, this attitude of fatalism It is linked with bureaucratic redtape, but, above all, with religion. Now I'm not one to knock organization and administration if it serves some useful function. Although I'm not what you might call an orthodox religious person, yet I hope I respect the religious beliefs of others. I suppose you might call this the live-and-let-live part of my basic philosophy. But out here in India I saw a country that was being strangled by its own bureaucratic red-tape, a country that was dying because of its religious fatalism. I'm not exaggerating when I make these, admittedly, sweeping charges. In all my wanderings over the face of the globe: in all my dealings with businessmen and with government officials, I have never met such finicky insistence on protocol, such cultivated bureaucracy for the sake of bureaucracy, such

scepticism and superstition as I have encountered in India. I not only met intransigent officials and also immovable businessmen.

I came up against half-gods, saints, spirits and, inevitably, the holy animals by the thousand. It staggered me that it was no sin in India to let a child die of starvation, but it was a mortal sin to kill a sacred animal, even if that sacred animal was the very lowly rat, as it very often was. My good intentions towards the Indians and their food problem very soon dwindled to a resigned, albeit sentimental, detachment. Perhaps attachment is the better word, for although I could not make any progress with my business plans, yet I did become very much attached to India, and also, despite their inertia-fatalism, to many of the Indians with whom I came into contact. But it was the attachment of the tourist and of the sight-seer, not of the technician wanting to sell machinery. Not the attachment of an involved human being wanting to do something for starving people. After a few days of this hitting my head against the brick wall of Indian bureaucracy and religious fatalism, I decided that Calcutta was no place for me. After all, I had come all this way to India with a business proposition. I had not come as an idle spectator of the Indian scene, a rubber-necking tourist.

So I checked out of the Oberon Grand Hotel, having paid the tipping ransom first, and crossed the sub-continent to Bombay. At least Bombay was western looking, geographically if no other way. Bombay was just as bad as Calcutta. I soon discovered that there were import and export rules by the hundred. Most western countries have this type of regulation, but here in Bombay the government had run riot with hundreds of them, each succeeding one more onerous than the previous one. If I could have entered into a business arrangement, then I found out that I would spend all my time making out endless lists, filling in countless forms, paying out duty and tax that would have beggared a philanthropic society and I represented a business concern. After I had spent a couple of days in Bombay and I'd had time to size up the situation, I realized that I was getting nowhere fast. All these restrictions were understandable in the light of India's recently-won independence. She was still suffering from the mistrust of the alien, the suspicion of the undesirable foreigner.

I gave up the unequal struggle, reflecting that it was pointless trying to do business in these circumstances. Every penny invested would have been at risk. The threat of nationalization was such that a businessman was always on the look out for a means of escape, even though that escape might involve a last despairing jump from a high window! Once I had made this decision, I felt a lot better in myself. I turned the business trip into a holiday, cabling my office to say that the business trip was off but the pleasure trip was on. That's the best of being the boss; you can make your own decisions and there's nobody to dispute them! In the same way that I had mingled with the crowds in Calcutta, so I now mixed with the throngs of Bombay, I remembered a lag from my school days, when we had been studying the works of Mark Twain. The famous American humorist had remarked about the bejewelled natives of India. Things must have changed since his day; for although I saw any amount of native Indians, I saw precious few jewels. Even in the hotels that I visited, jewels were conspicuous by their absence. The handful of faded old ladies who haunted such places aired nothing but their memories. I decided that the only way to see the real India, the India that is ignored by the tourists, was to travel the whole length of the country by tram, going third class in order to study the natives at first hand.

So I bought a ticket for Madras, down on the south east coast, paid my hotel bill, handed out the inevitable baksheesh, and set out for the south, ruefully thinking that the whole trip had been one ghastly failure. Again, Mark Twain was brought to my mind. He had spoken about the charm and delight of travelling by train in India. Indeed, he had so rhapsodised about it, that he had asserted

that the delight of it was beyond words. Once more, things must have changed since his day. There was one excellent word for it: smell. I had hardly settled in my compartment before I became aware of the smell. It was not the bottle of Scotch that I immediately uncorked once the train had started. That in itself was no mean feat: not the train's starting, but the fact that I had a bottle of Scotch to uncork. It is very difficult for anybody to get hold of whisky in India, but as I was an overseas visitor, I had been lucky. Thanks to the British, it is possible to travel pretty well everywhere in India. But as I discovered, though you can travel far and wide, you can't escape from the smell. If one has to love humanity, then in India one also has to learn how to love, and live with halitosis. I left Bombay on the tenth of October, 1964. In the ten days that I had spent trying to do business in Calcutta and Bombay, I had achieved precisely nothing. That was, I suppose, the reason for my pessimism, but I looked forward to the long rail journey, for it would give me the opportunity to see a great deal of this enormous Country.

The British, I understood, had handed over the railways in fair nick to the Indian authorities. However, what with one thing and another, maintenance had not been quite so good since independence as it had been before, Accidents do occur a little more frequently, and the people who travel look upon them as an occupational hazard. Some extremely nervous, or cautious, travellers take all steps possible to make sure that as far as possible everything is in order. But they are the exception and not the rule. Never is the national characteristic of fatalism more evident in India than when travelling by train. Judge my surprise, then, when I noticed my travelling companion make a careful check of everything in the compartment. It was this eccentricity that made me notice him. The man was obviously a sahib left over from the British occupation, He was very well dressed, and had the unmistakable stamp of authority in his bearing, but he himself checked the door handle and lock, the windows, and tested the seals as though he was of a very nervous disposition and quite unaccustomed to making a long railway journey. When he had tested everything to his satisfaction, my companion took the seat opposite me. Courteously, he inclined his head in greeting. Just as courteously, I acknowledged the greeting, at the same time offering him a drink from my bottle.

This he accepted. I watched him closely as he savoured the Scotch, and he drained the flask top into which I had poured the drink. "Forgive me," I began, "but by the way you inspected all the fittings of the compartment. I take it you are somewhat nervous of travelling by train?" My companion smiled. "Not at all, sir. I am merely curious." He waved his hand to indicate the various notices with which the compartment was liberally be sprinkled. I must admit that the man had a point, I have travelled on most of the major railway routes of the world, and on several of the minor ones as well. If I'd been asked, I'd have said that the limit of mistrust is shown by some of the Latin-American railways, which exhibit prominently in the compartments such shattering notices as, "Do not accept food, drink or tobacco from strangers, They may be doped."

As I say, I would have said that these notices were the ultimate of man's distrust for man"until I read the notices that my companion indicated on the Bombay-Madras mail. "Beware of Thieves." one notice exhorted me. Another told me to, "Beware of thieves asking permission to sleep on the floor of this carriage." Yet a third notice begged me to, "Please secure the safety catches, latches, and barrel bolts fitted to the doors and windows, particularly at night." "We seem," I remarked jocularly, "to be travelling among thieves. An honest man would seem to be a rarity in India." I had said this as a joke, but my companion frowned slightly as if I had said something very unpleasant indeed. So I tried to retrieve my gaffe by offering him another drink of whisky. He accepted, and cordial relations were once more established.

I had intended to travel third class so that I might have the opportunity of studying the different types of native Indians: but at the last moment I had shied from this, the smell no doubt being responsible, and I had taken a ticket in a four-berth compartment. My companion and I were the

only two travelling in this compartment, and after the introductory drinks we settled ourselves down on opposite corner seats and watched the Indian landscape pass by. I was so absorbed in what I saw that I entirely forgot about my travelling companion. I took it that he was equally interested, for he never interrupted by so much as a word. The Bombay-Madras mail had left in the early afternoon. After I had watched the environs of Bombay disappear into the distance, I began to think about sleeping arrangements for the night. Faintly amused, I read the warning notices once more, and then turned my attention to the four bunks with which the compartment was furnished. I have already mentioned that my companion and I occupied lower seats, that, by night, served as very comfortable berths. I inspected the mattress and found it to be first class. I wasn't so sure about the blankets, which seemed rather fluffy, and therefore, I thought, might be itchy. My companion, seeing me thus occupied, carried out a similar inspection of the other berth. He appeared satisfied, settled himself once more in his corner, and then leant forward and spoke in a confidential whisper to me. The nearness of the man gave me the opportunity to study him at even closer quarters than I had already done without appearing to be rude. I was aware, as I had not been aware before, of the extraordinary quality of his eyes. Any amount of clichés have been written about eyes. I could not have designed more expressive eyes than those my travelling companion had. On such occasions as these, one must turn to clichés, for, however hackneyed they may be, they do underline a basic truth. And in very truth, my companion had eyes that really talked. His eyes were not the only impressive feature about the man, I have already spoken of his general air of authority, an air that he maintained even when relaxing in his seat. I guessed his height at a little under six foot, five foot ten or eleven, perhaps. His height was accentuated by his slim build, and by his extremely long legs, which he kept tucked underneath his berth. But what fascinated me as much as his eyes were his unusually long, slender fingers. On second thoughts, it wasn't so much the fingers that fascinated me as the fingertips. He wore some kind of protection over them, unlike any form of glove that I had ever seen. But that is the only way to describe the style of the protective covering: finger-tip gloves. For the rest, he was off-white in colour, light brown, I suppose you would call it, a very light brown indeed: even his hair was light brown. I doubt if he weighed a hundred pounds fully dressed, but for all his slim build he did not give the appearance of being physically weak. Indeed, on the contrary. Something else arrested my attention.

I could not help observing that every time he inhaled, so he contracted his hands. Indeed, it seemed that he had to have recourse to deep inhalation with every breath rather as though he suffered from respiratory trouble. Not that there was any external evidence of this, for, as I have said, he looked a very healthy specimen indeed. I suppose my close scrutiny of him must have made my companion slightly uneasy, although he was courtesy itself when he addressed me. It was then that I received one further shock: for his voice did not appear to come from his mouth, but rather from a little speaking device that he had clipped to his chest. As we entered into conversation, I noticed a peculiarity about his speech. Although, as I have already mentioned, his English was impeccable, and he spoke fluently enough, yet there was always a slight but definite hesitation before he spoke. It was as if he was making the mental effort to say the first word, after which all the others would come spontaneously. But that first word was laboured. It was a trick of speech that was not at all unpleasant. Indeed, I found myself waiting for it in much the same way as a man whose lover has the slightest of impediments in her speech waits for the unrolled R as the key-signal of their oneness. His voice was nothing remarkable. There was a certain basic musical quality about it, nothing that betokened the great orator. Indeed, I suppose that the very cadence of his voice gave a certain quality of monotony to it. Yet all the time he was speaking, so he was smiling a warm, friendly smile. He introduced himself as "Satu Ra". Obviously, Satu Ra was a man of great charm.

Soon, my first reactions of surprise were replaced by those of warmth and friendship as we got deeper and deeper into our conversation. And while we were talking, the train ferreted deeper and

deeper in the heart of Mother India. About one hundred miles out of Bombay, the train passes through the last of the tunnels that pierce the highlands, which, until the coming of modern engineering skills had proved an almost impassable barrier. It was soon after Passing through this tunnel that Satu Ra asked me one or two personal questions. "You are not English," he remarked. "I was led to believe you were," "I'm sorry," I said, "I had no intention to mislead you. No, I'm not English, but I speak several languages, and the best way to communicate in India is by using English." I looked at my watch as the express-train to Madras, hissing like a dry-cleaner's steam press, came to a stop in a large station. It was just on eight and I looked out of the window to see if I could find the name of the station, but we were some way from any name board. Full night was almost upon us. The sky, despite the light rain that was falling, tended to be an orange-yellow in colour, Orange-yellow "the colour of ripening corn. But only the great Lord Siva would know how many people in India would be left without food that night. On the station platform, hundreds of the thinnest, hungriest looking, bare-shanked fellows milled around. The lucky minority would eat a few tortilla patties, which wrinkled old ladies, squatting before charcoal braziers, were cooking.

Some of the crones were sitting cooking right in front of the station-master's office. They did not take any notice of anybody, but concentrated on their homely cooking, blowing into the charcoal embers in order to get the maximum heat. Everywhere, hustling, bare footed porters bustled about carrying the most unbelievable bundles, consisting of ragged bags, boxes, and other items of luggage. These they piled onto their backs and heads as if they were piling rubbish onto a garbage truck. To add to the din, infants were yelling, passengers were complaining in the loudest possible voices. Suspicious travellers and would-be passengers furtively eyed their companions. Perhaps these notices were necessary after all. Amidst this hullabaloo, I saw the poorest, most wretched woman I had ever seen in my entire life. She held a fretful baby in one hand, and held out the other for a tip. There she stood, a ragged, bedraggled daughter of Mother India, with a hungry child crying for food. This, I reflected, was the true face of India. Her 'Arabian Nights' splendours were a figment of the imagination. Mark Twain's sparkling jewels were spurious gems. Here was the stark reality of India: an emaciated, ragged woman. A crying, fretful hungry child. There they stood on that unknown platform, a gross, obscene monument to India and hunger. As I watched this woman and her child, a Brahmin pushed roughly past her.

I could see the look of utter disdain on the man's face as he pushed her to one side. I could observe the look of disdain turn to one of horror as he realized that he had touched this untouchable woman. Without a word, Satu Ra left the compartment. Through the darkening window, I could see him moving through the crowds, I rose from my berth anxious to find out what he was up to. A magazine seller wheeled his trolley up to my companion, Satu Ra waved him away. The man was only interested in the woman and her baby. You did not have to be a doctor to see that the mite was dying, probably of malnutrition and neglect. A handsome, bearded European stopped at the little drama unfolding on that platform, He looked with compassion on the woman and the child. Compassion turned to astonishment as he saw Satu Ra press a coin into the woman's hand and a tablet into the baby's mouth. I, too, was astonished at what I had seen. I was still more astounded when Satu Ra returned to the compartment and without a word of explanation beckoned to me. "Please come with me," he said softly, "There is much to be done". I did not think of arguing, much less of disobeying. Instead, I left my comfortable berth, and followed Satu Ra onto the platform. He led the way to the last of the coaches, a third class one that was swarming with passengers. He clambered aboard, and I scrambled after him. When I found myself among the hordes of people inside the railway coach, I was glad that I had changed my mind and had decided to travel first class. As I looked around me, I was cross that there could be such extremes of poverty in a country that had its full quota of really rich men.

More, why was there poverty anywhere on Earth? I could not answer that question. Perhaps a trained economist or some other expert could come up with a satisfactory answer. I just knew that I could not, nor ever would be able to. The poorest of the poor travel like so many head of cattle in the third class wagons of the Indian railways. Perhaps all third class passengers are not so abjectly poor as that wretched woman and her child. But at a cursory glance it seemed that all the women and children in that coach suffered from some degree of Poverty and deprivation. After I'd had more experience of travelling in India, I appreciated that fakirs, gurus, sheiks and chapatti-eating rascals also travelled third class. They did not look hungry. It was always the women and children who looked hungry. This fact reminded me of the streets of Callao, which I knew so well. There, all the dogs are sleek and fat, it is the bitches that die of hunger in the gutters: the poor, hungry bitches of South America. By now, the train had restarted on its way to Madras.

Belching smoke puffed its way into the topical night. And as the train edged towards Madras, Satu Ra and I ignored our comfortable berths, and picked our way through the miserable heap of humanity sweating it out in that third class wagon which I had so nearly joined. Dim lights made the scene appear more frightening and distressing. The atmosphere was mephitic. We jogged to the tune of the train, and inched our way towards a group of young children, Satu Ra had noticed wedged in one corner of this cattle-truck of a carriage. When we finally reached these children, I was amazed to hear Satu Ra speak to them in faultless Hindi. Again, he had recourse to the speaking device. I only had a few words of Hindi that I had picked up on my infrequent visits to India, so I was unable to follow precisely what he was saying. But I noticed that they all took the tablets which he handed to them. These third class carriages are cluttered with the luggage of the passengers.

Satu Ra observed an old man squatting on the floor dwarfed by loaded baskets. Just to look at this old man, with his skinny arms outstretched in supplication for the inevitable tip, reminded me of my childhood days when I learnt the stories of the New Testament. I hadn't thought very much about the New Testament since those far off school days: but as Satu Ra moved towards that sick, skinny mendicant, I was reminded of those stories. Particularly when Satu Ra smiled at the old man and spoke what were obviously comforting words. So Jesus Christ, I thought, must have smiled and spoken as he went about healing the sick and comforting the weary. Satu Ra gave the old man one of the tablets, and waited until he had swallowed it. Then we went round looking for others who were sick and weary. We found many of these, most of them looking as if they were ready for the last rites. Satu Ra gave each of them a tablet from his seemingly inexhaustible supply. In our searchings, we re-passed the first old man to whom Satu Ra had given one of the tablets. Imagine my astonishment when I saw the old man get to his feet. I looked again more closely to make sure it was the same man. Elderly, skinny Indians look very similar. There was no doubt about it. Here was the same old man, but he was scarcely recognizable as the same person who had swallowed the tablet. There was even a faint smile on his wrinkled face as he held out his hands towards Sam Ra.

He wasn't begging this time. He merely wanted to touch Satu Ra's clothing. My companion carried on with his task of healing. There was precious little I could do. I had no miracle drug. That was how I thought of the tablets: a miracle drug. So I did the next best thing, pressed a few coins into the hands of the people to whom Satu Ra ministered, and smiled at them, lacking any Hindi words of comfort in my meagre vocabulary. When Satu Ra had seen to all the people who needed attention, we took the opportunity of another stop to make our way back to our own compartment. I felt somewhat exhausted, and flopped down in my corner, searching for that bottle of Scotch, Satu Ra sat opposite me, still smiling, and apparently tireless. Just before the train pulled out a venerable Sikh gentleman hurled himself into our compartment amid a flurry of a luxuriant beard and loose, billowing white clothing. He stayed with us for the remainder of the journey to Madras. Never have I had such a silent travelling companion as this bearded Sikh.

At first, he sat next to Satu Ra, who smiled at him. The Sikh looked stonily ahead. For mile after

mile the man just sat there, his white turban hardly moving as he stared at a spot on the side of the carriage, a yard or so past my right shoulder. He was, I thought, probably reflecting on the wisdom of the British in putting up those warning notices. Satu Ra and I spoke earnestly about the abject poverty we had witnessed. After about half an hour, we saw the Sikh clamber up to the berth above mine. He unfolded one of his nondescript packages. It turned out to be a kind of sleeping-bag, which he fixed between the two upper berths, and then climbed into it as if it had been a hammock.

Perhaps he had found bugs in the upper berth, although this was very unlikely. Although the Sikh had climbed into the hammock, he did not really go to sleep. It was one of the strangest sights I have ever seen, an example of sleeping with one eye open. And the open eye kept Satu Ra and myself in focus rather as if the owner of the eye thought we were a couple of those thieves against whom the British had warned the travelling public. The Sikh's sleeping habits were so extraordinary that I took out my watch and made a time study. For three minutes precisely, the man kept his left eye open and his right eye shut. Then he would change over for another three minutes, opening his right eye and shutting the left. He must have timed his eye movements by the huge wrist-watch that he wore strapped to the left wrist. And so it went on, in three minute intervals, presumably throughout the entire night. For when I woke up in the morning, he was still sleeping three minutes with the left eye, then three minutes with the right. During all the time he had been in the compartment, the man did not utter one single word. When he left us at Madras, he still had that worried look about him, as though he feared for the safety of his watch and the dozen packages which he clutched fiercely. We watched him go. "What an extraordinary character," I remarked. "But then," I added as an afterthought, "I've seen many extraordinary things during this train journey." Satu Ra smiled. "Are you alluding to me?" he asked casually. "No, Not really." I answered, somewhat confused. "I'm slightly annoyed with myself, though, because I can't place you." "Place me? What do you mean?" "Who you are. Where you come from. What you do." "I see. There's no real mystery about me, my friend. I come from "Cotosoti." "Cotosoti," I repeated, "I've never heard of that. Where is it? In Central America?"

"No, no, my Friend. It is on Itibi Ra 2" "Itibi Ra 2! Now I know you're joking." "I assure you I'm not." "I've travelled the world," said, "extensively. I know my way about. And I've never heard of such a place. Whereabouts is it?" I followed the line of his fingers. He was pointing towards the east in the general direction of the sun which, even at this early hour of the morning, was already blazing from a cloudless tropical sky.

CHAPTER 2

Strangers on Earth

I don't think I shall ever be able fully to analyse my feeling when Satu Ra pointed vaguely out to space. Certainly, he had said it in such a way that I had no reason to think that he was pulling my leg. But before I could collect my scattered wits, my erstwhile travelling companion had bid me a courteous goodbye, had hailed a taxi, and had left me gawping in the station concourse. I was brought back to my senses by a taxi-driver who pulled up alongside me and asked if I wanted to be taken anywhere. Automatically, I gave the name of the hotel to which I had wired a reservation from Bombay. Still somewhat dazed, I helped the driver load my luggage, climbed into the back, and pondered over the implications of Satu Ra's casual words. What he inferred, of course, was that he came from another world, from another planet away out there in distant Space. If my own personal philosophy had to be spelt out, I suppose I would have to call myself a pragmatist materialist. All my life I had dealt with concrete things, concrete facts. These were the things that I understood, that I could grapple with, mentally and physically. Anything beyond that, and I would be the first to admit that I was getting out of my depth.

Yet undoubtedly I had spent the last twenty- four hours in the company of a flesh and blood person, albeit one with many remarkable attributes, who on our parting coolly informed me that he came from somewhere out in space. My mind just could not encompass the magnitude of what he had said. I mulled over the events of that train ride from Bombay to Madras, thought of the uncanny aptitude he had for languages, the miracle drug that he had dispensed to the sick and needy, the air of complete authority and selfassurance with which he had moved among the milling throngs of people"and found myself out of my depth once more. The taxi screeched to a halt. The driver opened the door and then started to unload my luggage. Still in a dream, I paid him off, signed the hotel register, went to my room, and pulled out that bottle of Scotch. I don't want to give the impression that I'm a soak. Far from it, although I keep on referring to that bottle of Scotch, now, alas, three parts empty. I like my drink, but I've travelled the tropics long enough to know that the hard stuff can be a killer, and I'm wise enough to know the right time of the day when to relax with a drink. So I broke the habit of a lifetime, and had a stiff morning peg-neat! Even the drink and a subsequent shower did little to clear my brain. No. That's not strictly accurate. My mind was crystal clear. I was thinking rationally, behaving normally; except, of course, in that one area of my recent experience with the man who called himself Satu Ra. Still puzzled, I went down in search of some reference books.

The hotel had a writing room in which there were several book cases crammed with books in several languages. I went over to the shelves, made a suitable choice, sat down at a writing table, and very carefully and methodically went through an atlas that I had selected. I was unable to find any entry dealing with either Cotosoli or Itibi Ra 2. This did not surprise me greatly, as I've already explained, I've travelled the world extensively, and found myself in some very out-of-the-way locations. But I'd never come across either of the place names that Satu Ra had mentioned. I'd be prepared to swear to that. Whilst I was pondering over the strange names, a sudden telephone call from the reception desk urged me to go downstairs, where a distinguished looking Indian was pointed out to me by one of the bell-boys. The man offered me the typical brahmin greeting and handed me an art pamphlet with an address in Madras, "Religious, fine, Indian art," he whispered and then he added the name of Satu Ra. Again the polite greeting, and the man left without a word. I returned to my room on the third floor and pondered over this new implication. What people? Perhaps they want to sell me some religious art pictures? Or had I met with the head of some obscure religious sect, in which India abounded; and that airy wave of Mr. Satu Ra's hand towards the eastern sun implied a mystical union with whatever god they worshipped, rather than an indication that this funny looking man had come to India from the vastness of outer space? The more I thought about it, the more I found the whole idea ridiculous. But what was I to lose?

After an excellent lunch, I took the same taxi, shiny now, because the driver had washed it, to the address indicated on the pamphlet. As this was my first visit to Madras, I watched with interest as the taxi took me to a section of the town that seemed to be dominated by vast mansions and palaces. My taxi decanted me at one of these palatial mansions. That meant, of course, that I had to give the taxi driver a bigger tip than I otherwise would have done. I did not immediately go up the front entrance, which I could see at the end of an imposing driveway. Instead, I stood back and admired the sweeping facade of the building. Most visitors to the tropics are suitably impressed by the many large mansions which they see dotted around the landscape. Most of these mansions are set in beautiful grounds, resplendent with a multitude of exotic plants and flowers. The mansions invariably have huge dining rooms with high ceilings, and the most elegant reception rooms. It would appear that, in the tropics, the poorer the poor, the richer the rich become. The riches, however, are not always of a permanent nature. Wealth sometimes evaporates for various reasons, so that a once wealthy family could well be left in possession of One of these

superb mansions set in a spacious park, and yet not have the money for its upkeep. Few people have the money, or the inclination, to invest in such white elephants. The upshot is that many of these colonial mansions and palaces are turned into clubs. This, I imagined, was the case with Satu Ra.

He was staying at a club housed in one of these former private dwellings. That would be the size of it. I knew that Satu Ra enjoyed a cultured way of life. In such a club, he would be sure of getting what he was evidently accustomed to. For this type of club usually had an excellent standard of cuisine and accommodation, often a tribute to the tastes of a previous owner. From my own limited experience of Indian hotels and guest houses, I knew that visitors of the highest social standard, the greatest wealth, spoke eulogistically of the variety, quality and appeal of this type of club accommodation. It is something of a paradox that while millions are starving in the vast sub-continent of India, these clubs will provide a menu running into sixteen different courses for one meal. A person, were he so disposed, could work through all sixteen courses at one sitting, I use the word "sitting" advisedly, for a diner rarely gets up from the table for at least three hours after sitting down at it. Some of the mansions of the former lords of India are also used as schools, often for evening classes: others serve as museums, exhibition halls. and art galleries. The art galleries which I had visited during my brief stay in Calcutta and in Bombay, had a delightful juxtaposition for religious and secular art, so that one could turn from an immensely moving religious painting to find a wayout pop art canvas cheek-by-jowl with it. It was as I had thought. The mansion was not Satu Ra's private address but a museum-cum-art gallery devoted in the main to works of ancient religious nature. Despite its wealth of treasures, the museum mansion was almost deserted. When I went into the entrance hall, I at once saw Satu Ra. I did not see the gentleman who had brought to me the message of Satu Ra's invitation and apart from a sleepy attendant tucked away in a far corner there were no other people all the time I was with Satu Ra. He walked forward to greet me and immediately went into one of the exhibition rooms to show me the image of an old Indian god.

"This is what I found of particular interest," he said and pointed to the sacred cloth of Lord Vishnu, painted in red, yellow and golden colours. "It is proof, that earlier generations have observed the effigy of our out-of-space crafts having made an earlier landing," he said and pointed to the rather strange designs of flying-saucers, beautifully designed onto the sacred cloth of Lord Vishnu. Naturally, this did not mean much to me and only many months later while in South America, by rare chance was I able to see an almost identical "flying-saucer image," also pointed out to me as some religious art work of Pre-Colombian Gods. Until then I would have thought that Indian art forms, particularly religious antique art forms, were uniquely Indian, I was wrong. not only then, but even later in South America, when I assumed that PreColombian art could be related to one and the same early civilization, Only today do I know that there is an analogy with the unknown planet Itibi Ra 2 and earlier visits by people from that planet. Of course, at the time in India I thought this out in terms of allegory and symbolism, reflecting that Perhaps this "Itibi Ra", the strange man had mentioned, might be their equivalent of the mythical Shangri La or other romantical nonsense. At the back of my mind was the thought that there must be a commercial reason for this invitation and I expected some sales-talk from my host. At least mentally I prepared myself. However nothing of the sort happened. Satu Ra did not want me to buy old religious paintings nor anything else. We spent a very agreeable afternoon together. Having viewed the interesting rooms of exhibition, we went outside into the garden. There, I was able to observe the strange man even better than during our trip from Bombay to Madras. He had the light brown skin of a Eurasian, huge dark eyes, a rather small mouth and an unusual chin line. The lower part of the jaw looked slightly deformed.

Then, there were those finger-tip gloves which he seemed to wear at all times, even though the weather was extremely hot. Above all, there was this peculiarity of speech, this complete reliance upon an electronic gadget to reproduce his voice. If it had not been for this I certainly would have

paced him as the religious leader of some sect, like the Trappists, who make a vow of silence. Perhaps, I thought, he had made such a vow of silence and yet had also provided a built-in escape mechanism from that vow by linking the vocal chords with an electronic speaking device that bypassed the mouth, thus giving a semblance of credence to the original vow of silence. Utterly ridiculous! But have not the early Christians emasculated themselves so that their virility would not come between themselves and their devotions to God. Others have blinded and scourged themselves" all in the name of religion. For a second I thought that my host could have come from another part of India, as he had got on the train at Bombay and was making a pilgrimage to one of the holy cities of his particular religion, but then again he spoke about his home on another planet and continued to ask me questions, mostly about Europe. I was thus thrown once more into utter confusion. Also, he asked me what my name means, and told him, but then I recalled my impoliteness while being on the train. I had forgotten to introduce myself. "You know who I am, then?" I had remarked and Satu Ra smiled:

"Most things are simple, when we analyse them, your name was printed on your luggage tag."

We continued to talk for a while and I mentioned my intention to see Kashmir in the northern part of India. Then, I said, I would travel back to Calcutta by plane and fly up to Benares, which is only a very short flight from Calcutta. "That would make an excellent tour," my friend replied and added, "Benares, the holiest of all cities, shall be the place where we meet again." What made him think that our paths would cross again"? "Maybe this will indicate our presence in Benares," he said and showed me a curious ring. made of solid gold, at least half an inch thick. "This ring," he informed me, "is the symbol of a human religion very close to ours; it is many times 10,000 years old." I looked at the ring more closely, In the middle of it was a minute scrap of metal that sparkled like a diamond. Mr, Satu Ra pointed to the metal design and assured me that because of it we would be able to meet again. Then he handed me the ring and told me not to lose it.

Briefly, I had hesitated to take such a strange present. We had walked across the patio of the colonial mansion to the drive that led down to the road: I know that it is unusual to say the least, to receive such a magnificent gift, specially on such a chance acquaintance and I looked at Satu Ra. But he was smiling gently at me. Reassured, I slipped the ring on my finger, and thanked him, inadequately enough. for the present. There was one question I had wanted to ask Mr. Satu Ra since I met him the first time on the train. The gift of the ring, the symbol of religion, I dared to think of his regard for me, emboldened me to ask: "Would you please," I said, "tell me your profession?" Satu Ra smiled once more. "I am a servant," he replied, "A servant of God, as are all my people." With that, he gave me a friendly wave of the hand and returned to the mansion. I ambled along the pavement until a taxi came my way. There is little point in describing my visit to Kashmir. Suffice it that I managed to study some magnificent temples, and enthused over the various art forms with which the temples were decorated. I do not want to seem impious when I confess that I was more interested in the ceremonial of religion than in the religion itself. I had been told so much already, in Bombay, about Benares, the holy town on the Ganges "Where they go to die". that I remained only two short days in Kashmir and flew back to Calcutta and then to Benares.

BENARES

I shall never forget this town, Benares, because it was there I finally understood the true aspects of death and the very meaning of life itself. In India, of course, there is not much guessing: The ultimate meaning of life is love and death. Where there is love, there is also death. There is no escape from the two, And in order to live fully, one must at some point in life experience real love, real passionate love, and also the direct danger of death. Without an awareness of these two, life can have no meaning. Indeed, if is the vital clue to the erotica with which so many of the Indian temples are embellished. By death, I do not mean the death that comes at the end of the physical life. Death is that which looks you straight in the face, the reverse of the coin of love. Of course, this love and

death that is life, do not have much in common, except, perhaps, that both passion and death pass on, for they are both in a very great hurry. In India, physical death is never very far away. Perhaps that is the way that nature orders things. The astonishing rate of increase of the population is apparently linked in many aspects to the closeness of life to death. Indeed, to observe nature makes one believe this to be true. A few miserable grasshoppers have a better time than the giant swarms, numbering countless millions, which in their fury devastate everything that comes in their path.

Once they have filled their stomachs, made love and laid a few eggs, their life comes to an end. So by analogy, the more people who populate this planet Earth, the nearer that population will be to disaster. The rich nations, with decent homes and hospitals, with well-adjusted, conservatively dressed, philistine communities, will never know what it is to have millions of starving, uneducated, super-religious fanatics running half-naked through some of the largest areas of the world. But make no mistake about it. The struggle to live of these starving millions is as violent as their death. So I discovered in my journey across the length and breadth of India, that life and death are cheap. Funereal customs are as beggarly as is life for the average Indian. The corpse, naked under a small sheet, is placed upon a stack of logs, and the fire is left to do its work. A fat old man burns much faster than a skinny old woman, so that funeral workers, attending to the last rites, mark up their price when dealing with the poor. So even in death, poverty remains a curse. But there is logic in the demand. "The body-burners know that the fat man's body will not need much wood. But the skinny person's body will take an hour and a half to be consumed, and a lot of wood will be needed. You simply have to be practical, even in the matter of death. You must see the problem from the point of view of the body-burners. I discovered, however, many more pleasant things in Benares than the riverside crematoria, however important these might be to the religious and economic life of the community. There is, for example, an excellent hotel, the only one approved of by western people. I checked in at this hotel, and admired not only the accommodation but also the beautiful gardens made all the more splendid by the tropical trees dotted about. On the night of the second day after I had checked into Benares and into this hotel, I was enjoying the night air in the garden. Suddenly, I noticed that the metal design in the middle of the gold ring that Satu Ra had given me in Madras was shining with a lustre that far outshone the natural glitter of the metal. It must have been a trick of the light! That is what I immediately told myself. A piece of metal just does not glow incandescently of its own volition. It had to be a trick of the light, an optical illusion.

I tested out this hypothesis by moving my hand so that the moonlight and the light from the battery of lamps struck the metal design from every conceivable angle. The result was the same, that scrap of metal glowed as if it was a miniature searchlight. I even tried putting the ring in my pocket. where there could be no possibility for reflected light. The metal design, if anything, glowed even more brightly. A mental image of Satu Ra came before me. His words, that the ring would announce his presence, flooded into my mind. The whole thing was ridiculous. It just could not happen. But there it was, happening in front of my very eyes. Up till now, I had looked upon Satu Ra with a very open mind. If I had been a religious man, I suppose I would have been in the position of an honest agnostic. Satu Ra might have been, or might not have been what I thought him to be, a holy mystic belonging to some small religious sect of which I had never heard, but that ring, with its metal inset shining so brightly at me, put an entirely different complexion on the matter. I was sitting in the grounds of the hotel facing the main entrance. This entrance was brilliantly lit: Many people were standing on the steps leading to the entrance. Because of my own position with respect to the lights, it would have been impossible for anybody at that entrance to see me sitting in what must have been to them the darkness of the grounds. A little after half past nine, I saw the unmistakable figure of Satu Ra appear at the entrance of the hotel. It would have been the natural thing for him to enquire for me at the desk. Instead, he passed through the entrance out into the grounds and walked straight to where I was sitting in a secluded, darkened spot. He came to me, as

though he had been linked in some way to a homing device. Satu Ra greeted me warmly. He seemed very pleased to see me and enquired if I had enjoyed my visit to the temples of Kashmir.

So I started to tell him about my holiday jaunt, took him over to the light, and showed him some photographs which I had taken on the trip. Most of the photographs had a religious motif. There were interiors and exteriors of temples: coloured slides of many different effigies to the numerous gods worshipped in those temples: pictures of priests and worshippers; the whole spectrum of what one would expect to find when making such a holiday trip. My friend hesitated very much to look at the faces of the people pictured on the photos, but suddenly he must have changed his mind, and looked at them carefully before handing them back to me. "You have been there?" I enquired. "Yes, I have been to these places of worship. But you know, my friend, religion is blind. Just like love." He said this very sadly, as though he were reluctant to pass any criticisms on religion. After we had finished with the photographs, we sat down on a bench near to the main entrance where we could observe the comings and goings of the bystanders. A group of uniformed hotel servants loitered around the entrance practicing the international sport of girl-watching, a pastime that is not only international but also historical, The Spanish conquistadors did it in Cuzco: the Romans in Gaul. It does not matter one little bit if the girls are ugly or pretty, of low, middle or high class, if kitchenmaid or hotel guest: men will watch them. We saw a young airline hostess, chic and pretty as a picture, walk down the stairs and have a word with the hotel manager.

"The girl-watchers reacted as if she was the seventh wonder of the world. Satu Ra noted this intense reaction, and smiled his amusement. "What men won't do for the sight of a pretty face and figure," he remarked. "It is the same in all the Universe." "It is a powerful force." I agreed. "Why. I once saw a riot sparked off because of it." He asked me to continue. «It was while I was once in South America, at a place called Barrunquilla, in Colombia. I was there on business. I was in a cafe having a drink when a beautiful young woman sauntered by. She really was beautiful, in a dark, Spanish sort of way. This young lady had a remarkably over-developed bust. I remember that she wore a vivid red dress, and that she had tiny bells stitched to the dress. As she walked through the down town section, her hips swivelling, so the bells tinkled away merrily. It was sensational. All the men started to follow her. Traffic came to a halt. Eventually the police had to step in and ask her to stop strolling along the street. That's when the riot started, for the men turned on the police and began to beat them up.» And where were you when all this was taking place? I kept my seat in the cafe, and had a grandstand view of the riot. It crossed my mind then what a powerful force a woman could be. Why, there was a rebellion in one of the neighbouring countries, There are always rebellions in South American countries. So I thought that if that woman, or some other woman with the same kind of sex appeal, could put up for president, or could be made head of a junta, there had be peace for a good many years to come, Men would just do as she told them at the crook of her little finger. Satu Raa nodded in agreement. There is much truth in what you say. The men would be lost in admiration of such a president. They'd spend the entire day muttering. *Mamasita que hermosa!* and *Que preciosidad!* What a gorgeous baby! What a doll! Why, she'd be just about the first South American president to die of old age. And she'd never fear the assassin's bullet, The South Americans are even more demonstrative than the Indians over there!

I jerked my thumb in the direction of the girl-watchers, who were still feasting their eyes, and their imagination, on that doll of an air hostess. Some of the expressions that filtered across to me on the night air were frank in the extreme, reminiscent of some of the more realistic passages in some of the modern novels that I had read. Satu Raa was still amused with all this. He had looked a trifle nonplussed at the starkness of some of the language of admiration, but his sense of humour took over, and he laughed at some of the more outrageous expressions. My friend had not said very much, but had contented himself with watching the by-play. I in my turn was fascinated by the

facility with which he understood everything that was said, no matter what the language spoken. For example: we were speaking in English. I had lapsed into Spanish, which is one of the languages that I speak fluently, mainly because of my extensive business interests in South America, then again, some of the girl-watchers had broken into rapid Hindi. Yet Satu Raa was at home with all these languages, and, I shrewdly suspected, with many more besides. I decided that the speaking gadget that he used, which looked for all the world like a very sophisticated deaf aid, must have something to do with his gift of tongues. I thought that it must be an advanced form of electronic translation device, something of the nature of the simultaneous interpreting machinery that is used at the United Nations, on a vest-pocket scale, of course.

But there was something also in connection with the device that puzzled me. I have said that Satu Raa's voice was nothing out of the ordinary: it had not the timbre of the orator, the resonance of the velvety musical voice. And yet there was a quality about his voice that made the hearer feel the inner meaning of words. There is a figure of speech in which the word suggests the act. A word like crash, or bash, suggests the action implied by the spoken word. With Satu Raa, however, there was depth of feeling even greater than that contained in these onomatopoeic words. If he spoke of pain, then you almost winced at the word. If he spoke of love, then you were blanketed in the sensation of love. It is a difficult thing to explain. The gadget gave the voice a new dimension, a subtlety such as I had not heard in any other man voice. Again, this set me pondering. In my heart of hearts, I knew that all talk about people from outer space, people from other planets, was just so much nonsense. But even as I told myself this, I remembered the ring on my finger, and the metal dot that lit up to warn of Satu Raa's approach. Like the agnostic who has had a revealing spiritual experience, I reminded myself that I must not condemn out of hand, least of all because I did not understand the mechanics of a thing. Satu Raa was speaking earnestly to me. I appreciated that I was being a trifle discourteous in allowing my thoughts to wander. Did you say your sister? I asked, latching on to the last word that he had spoken, the first word to impinge on my conscious mind for some little time,. I'd be delighted. Then I will summon her. When he said this, I naturally thought that he would leave me for a few minutes, go to the hotel, and then return with his sister, perhaps phoning wherever she was from the reception desk. Instead Satu Raa remained seated. The expression on his face changed. It seemed as if that different chin was suddenly possessed by lock-jaw. It was hideous to look at. The eyes, too, were widely dilated. Curiously, the light seemed to leave the eyes, as though someone had turned off a switch at the back of the retina. I realized that Satu Raa was in a mild state of trance. Then, as suddenly as it had been occasioned, so the condition left him. If I had not seen the change in the man, I would not have believed it possible to change from normality to catalepsy and back to normality in the split second that it took for the sequence to be played out.

Satu Raa had not turned a hair. I for my part felt in need of a drink, so I called a servant across and ordered Scotch and soda for both of us. The servant turned away to carry out the order, and as he did so, I saw Satu Raa's sister coming across the grass to us. At least, I took it to be his sister, for there was no other reason why a most attractive lady should be advancing upon two men taking their ease in the grounds of an hotel late at night. As she approached us, I thought it was queer that I had not noticed her before she materialized in front of us. My subconscious choice of mental words staggered me. I had thought in terms of materialization. She had come from a well-lit area. I could see everything and everybody in the vicinity of the hotel entrance. Yet I had not seen her until she neared the bench on which Satu Raa and I were sitting. I liked the way the woman walked. A gliding, undulating movement, a movement in which body and arms moved rhythmically in a way that I had only noticed before with her brother.

As I rose to be introduced to Xiti, I could see at once the family likeness. There could be little doubt that this was Satu Raa's sister. There was that same different chin formation, those same compelling eyes, that same air of charm and of authority. And when we were introduced, she looked me straight

in the eyes in a way that few women do. But there was no pert boldness in that look, merely fearlessness and utter frankness. Xiti took a chair opposite the bench on which Satu Raa and I reseated ourselves. Her every movement was a study in gracefulness. She was dressed in a glittering evening gown, as though she had just left a very formal reception. But although the ensemble was exotic in the extreme, there was no hint of the oriental about it, except that her tiny feet were enhanced by golden sandals. An orange half-veil accentuated rather than hid her matchless beauty.

„I'm very pleased to be able to meet you.“ Her voice was a scented whisper, the pianissimo of a magnificent melody. I caught my breath as I listened to that incomparable voice. One thing at once became apparent to me. Although she was speaking normally, it was obvious that she was employing the same technique as her brother for communicating with me. I looked closely at her charming, petite figure. There, the pendant on her flawless throat, was a small bejewelled brooch. It was seemingly an exotic version of the electronic gadget that her brother used. Her voice came from the heart of this fine, small brooch, yet the sound synchronized with her lip movements. This was one of the refinements of the gadget. Never were lip movements out of phase with the sound. Satu Raa had a good-natured twinkle in his eye. Seeking to prove a theory. I suddenly spoke to him in Spanish. He answered without hesitation. His Spanish was correct, the accent perfect, the grammar excellent, however, there was one significant point. There is a whole range of Spanish accents, depending upon whether the language is spoken in Spain itself, in Argentina, in Colombia or in Cuba. There is, of course, little difference between the Spanish of Mexico and that of Peru. As I have already mentioned, I am fluent in Spanish, for I have made many business trips to most of the major countries where that language is spoken. So I am aware of the regional differences of the language. Of course, one has to stay a long time in any one of the countries to speak the language correctly and idiomatically. I persisted with my experiment, continuing to speak in Spanish, but ringing the changes, so that at one time I spoke as though I were a native of Spain, the next of Peru.

Satu Raa and Xiti reacted to the implicit challenge. Their facial expressions changed as I altered my intonation. I could see their puzzlement reflected in their eyes. They looked at each other intently, as though they were listening to strange, unknown sounds, and were trying to identify them. They seemed to be caught in some mental activity induced by imagined sensory impressions that were causing them some tension and ill-feeling. Immediately, they switched back into English. Thus I knew that they were not truly polyglot, but were relying on some mechanical device: and the only mechanical device visible was the gadget worn by Satu Raa and the brooch by Xiti. But they were innocent of wires or batteries, of circuits or valves. By this time, I had recovered my normal composure. Human nature being what it is, inevitably I paid more attention to Xiti than I did to her brother. Of course, I was never discourteous, and he made his contribution to the conversation. I suppose that I am attracted to the exotic in the female of the species, and Xiti had exoticism in the highest degree. If I were a professional writer, I might be able to probe in depth my feelings that night when I first met Xiti. I might be able to find words that matched the beauty of that Indian night and the greater beauty of that glorious woman. Let the thought pass for the deed, for those feelings indeed men usually keep to themselves and don't go shouting about the rooftops.

The man in the street, that mythical ordinary man from Lima to Lhasa, would blush with humiliation at the thought that his most intimate thoughts were being given vocal expression. Xiti's self-assurance, her rigid selfdiscipline, her exoticism, that hint of mystery about her, that incomparable beauty: all these kindled within me basic masculine desire. This must have been only too apparent at times, but Xiti's air of charm, of being in control of the situation never deserted her for one moment. I was eventually glad about this, for I discovered that she did not react in the way that I reacted. Not that she was free of desires, but this was neither the time nor the place to express them, nor was it the right technique to employ. For we humans are peculiar people. We can make

love, the summit of human affection, in the midst of the most terrible human suffering, in the depths of human despair. We can copulate, then dash off in an airplane and kill a few hundred women and children with napalm and high explosives, then rush back and start making love all over again. Our surroundings do not mean very much to us when our sexual appetites need quenching. This is all supposed to be perfectly normal behaviour in the human animal. Any healthy man who acted differently would soon find himself on the psychiatrist's couch, or behind prison bars. But as I found out with Xiti, she and others like her are made differently. Or rather, they are not brainwashed or conditioned to this form of behaviour. With them, there is an absolute isolation of the spirit from the carnal body. Love cannot exist where there is hate, despair or suffering, and love in this context includes the physical act of love. But as the evening wore on, my contribution to the conversation became less and less as I thought more and more about the extraordinary situation in which I had found myself.

CHAPTER 3

THE HUMAN COMEDY – PAINLESS DEATH

The following morning, I wanted to be alone in order to think over the extraordinary affair of Satu Raa, Xiti and Itibi Raa 2. I wanted to make up my mind once and for all whether or not I had been the victim of a gigantic leg-pull, although why anybody should want to hoax me, a stranger in India, was beyond my comprehension. Also beyond my immediate comprehension were the references made by my two friends to their homeland and to their people. Whenever they spoke in these terms, there was no doubt in my own mind that they were thinking in ultra-mundane terms. All the realist in me bristled at this thought, but there was no denying it. Both of them spoke in these terms in a completely matter-of-fact way that forced credulity upon me. So I wanted somewhere, some place, where I could think over the implications of this ultramundane frame of mind and choice of words, somewhere to ponder over the essential differences in their physical as well as mental make-up, somewhere to rationalize the whole sequence of events since I had joined the Bombay-Madras express.

The crowds thronging the waterside of the Ganges, the sacred river of India, as it flows majestically through Benares, the sacred Capital of Religion, was the very place for my cogitation; for there is no place where a man can be so lonely as in a vast crowd. So I went down to the water's edge, moving among the young Brahmans, the Ashariram sharireshv, the anavasteshv. I picked my way through the Harridans, the sons of God, to the gurus, by the madmen and the lazy saints, who make you believe in the power of meditation, although their meditation takes the form of waiting patiently for the inevitable tip. There was also a good deal of political activity going on that morning. Beggars were shouting. «India must have the atom bomb!» Other beggars, cancelling out the exhortations of their professional brethren, distributed leaflets printed in fractured English announcing that, A-bomb manufacturers will be heavy burden! I listened to the pro-atom bomb chanting and wondered what on earth was really happening in India. Here was a country impoverished beyond belief, suffering from constant starvation, living on the dole of better-organized communities: yet her beggars were clamouring to have the atom bomb!

At last, I found a suitable spot almost at the river bank. and gave myself over to thinking about my personal problems rather than those of Mother India. I had scarcely started on my selfexamination, when I noticed Satu Raa making his way towards me. How he had known that I was in that crowd: how he had recognized me even: how he had known the exact spot where to find me, all these were beyond my understanding. But I was getting to the state of mind when I did not try to understand the mental processes of my new friends, but rather was beginning to accept them, and not find a rational explanation for what they said and did. I thought I would find you here, he said brightly. He

was followed by several very old men and women, who continued their walk towards the bank of the river where I later observed them praying. Because of certain primitive elements and castes which cling to Indian society, I was surprised to find my friend amongst these the poorest and most miserable creatures: The untouchables. Mr. Satu Raa asked me if I would like to join him and without waiting for my answer made his way in the direction of the Ramakrishna Monastery. It was a glorious day, full of sunshine as we walked up the ghat to the chants of Sita Ram. Since the early morning hundreds of pilgrims and those ready to die are joined before the sannyasis, the holy men. Soon, we were mixing with bhistis, khitmitgars, the watercarriers and the skivvies right bang in the middle of the mahabhinishkamana. That word, mahabhinishkamana, needs a little explanation. I think the best translation is, The way to ultimate resignation. In fact, it is the vast dumping ground where people, young and old, men and women, who are at death's door, are brought to await the end. It is one of the most pitiful places in all the world. It is also one of the busiest. Soon, Satu Raa was going about his ministrations. I have been in the midst of natural and man made calamities, and seen doctors and nurses, parsons and other welfare workers going about their duties. But I have never seen anybody, man or woman, professional or amateur welfare worker, act with such compassion and gentleness, as I saw Satu Raa carry out his works of mercy in that wretched mahabhinishkamana at Benares. He went straight to a crying child that was huddled over its mother.

It was obvious that the mother had just died. The child, she could have been no more than seven or eight, howled to heaven in misery, the tears cleaving a path through the dirt and muck that befouled her face. Satu Raa found some water, and with the utmost care he washed the child as best he could. I myself was almost moved to tears. But I noticed the nearby chokidars, the watchmen who worked at this ghoulish place, looked on without showing the slightest trace of emotion. Satu Raa finished this task, spoke comfortingly to the child, found something for her to eat, then came across to me. The pity of it all, he said, indicating the mass of dying humanity. What is happening to India? I asked; This was the question that had haunted me, the question to which I could find no answer. What will become of her? Nothing, replied Satu Raa simply. India will always be India. Violence is not the answer. Selfcontrol is. She must regain her capacity to understand her own nature. I took it that Satu Raa meant that India must learn to control her own population. Of course, he was right. Pity is not the answer to India's problem of starvation, nor is the sending of a thousand ships a day to the country, laden with food, if that were possible. The control of the population is the only answer to India's twin problems of poverty and starvation, with the attendant misery that these bring in their wake. It was while we were discussing these problems that I saw Xiti once more. At first, I did not recognize her, for she was wearing a topee, and a silken veil hid her eyes. In any case, I would not have interrupted her. She, too, was ministering to the needs of the people gathered at the mahabhinishkamana. It was the children she was helping. She had charmed two bhistis into carrying cans of clean water for her, and this she ladled out sparingly. Now she attended to a small mite that was moaning piteously like a mourning dove. No wonder, for the child was covered with open sores. Xiti reached into the sari that she was wearing, an elegant green sari. Carefully, she covered the child's sores with the yellow paste. The effect was little short of miraculous. The child, it was a small girl, stopped keening. It even managed a faint smile. The ointment seemed to be as much a panacea as the tablets that Satu Raa had dispensed on the train. Tablets and ointment appeared to have the power of speeding the recovery of bodily organs that still functioned, however imperfectly.

They brought the blessing of peace to those in need of death. I use the expression, 'in need of death', advisedly: for there is a point in life when death is more welcome than life itself. I did not thrust myself upon Xiti, although I longed to talk to her. Instead, I crept away, leaving her to her task of healing and comforting. As I did, some words that Satu Raa had spoken the previous evening thundered through my brain. 'My people alone know the real horror of the sin of negligence.' He had used an unfamiliar word that I spelt as ruessit, when I wrote up my diary before

turning in for the night; but he had explained that *ruessit* meant negligence. How right he was, I reflected as I looked around the *mahabhinishkamana*. Negligence and apathy are deadly sins which we encourage because we are frightened to do anything positive. I thought of all those people living a sub-standard life in India, in parts of Africa, South America and Asia. I thought of the millions of people who lived worthy, blameless lives, and then were punished by being afflicted with some terrible terminal disease such as cancer, a disease which, like so many more that bedevilled humanity, could be cured if man would put his skill and resources into the necessary research, instead of dissipating them on useless things such as atom bombs. India epitomizes this negligence and apathy of mankind. It epitomizes the dichotomy within man. Where there is pain, suffering and death, there is also love. Conversely, where there is love, there is also pain, suffering and death. In this context, I include the act of copulation as part of the mystique of love. Even in the death-shambles of the *mahabhinishkamana*, there was sexual love. Right there by the sacred river, where the sick were waiting to die, and the dead to be burned, there was an awful lot of sexuality. Next to the burning logs of the funeral pyres, immediately alongside the waters of the most holy of Indian rivers, the prostitutes had their symbolic temples.

I really mean temples: for many temples, and not only those dedicated to procreation are embellished with illustrations of carnal love which rank as religious art, the most intimate, indecent is perhaps the better word, positions are graphically highlighted on the walls of these temples. The message of carnal love - creativity is, I suppose, the correct Euphuism, blazons forth from a thousand religious statues, from a thousand religious frescoes. But it is the act of sex not of love, that is symbolized. Sophisticated societies use all manner of illogical phrases for the emotion known as love. To make love is just plain stupid, for love cannot be made. It is born with a person, within the heart and soul. It is a feeling that one may or may not have. If a person is lucky enough to be born with love in his heart, then he has love for the rest of his life. Love cannot be turned into symbols and statues, nor can it be made. If you think that I am drawing a long bow, then remind yourself of the psychopath. He is the person without feelings, without emotions, including the feeling and emotion of love. So, if it is possible for there to be an absence of these qualities, then it follows that it must be possible for those without these feelings to make love like robots. Indian brothels are, I suppose, the most smelly places in the world. They are usually located next to the temples, or by the markets, and they stink to high heaven. The lover pays the record sum of eight cents to have sexual union with a lady of pleasure. After *Satu Raa* had finished all he could do at the *mahabhinishkamana*, we wandered in the cool of the evening down through the ghettos. In the hovels with their open doors, dim petrol lights revealed dirty straw mats and even dirtier straw cushions. Painted whores were very much in evidence, as was the all-pervading stench, a vile smell compounded of the odour of urine, sauces, cunningly mixed spices, that were sold under most unhygienic conditions at street corners; of red betel nut, of potato and pepper patties, of cheap perfume, of decaying rats. Here in the ghettos was a fiesta of dirt, smell and sex. We watched as the excited patron of one of the ghetto houses paid his eight cents and passed through one of the open doors. This was immediately shut.

We heard a bolt being rammed home and a key being turned. The door is the only part of such hovels that is made of wood. The rest is cardboard and flattened tin containers. Within a minute or so, the movements of violent passion started to shake the whole flimsy structure. The waiting customers hooted with laughter. The hovel shook in one last frenzied thrust. There was a moment's pause, and then the satisfied client, he was hardly more than a youth - came out of the brothel, looking rather sheepish, I thought, and the first in the queue took his place. Soon, the hovel started to tremble once more, to shake and then to dance. A man had taken the boy's place. All this rather sickened me, but *Satu Raa* was not at all perturbed. He was aware that the Indians are far from being bashful where sex is concerned, and their animal behaviour was of interest to him

anthropologically. Indeed, I heard him comment that the Indians possessed the most interesting of all forms of native civilization. I wasn't quite certain whether or not he was referring to their mating habits or to their general standards of living. In a nearby doorway, in this same stretch of the ghetto, we noticed a fat little girl. She was no more than a babe, with black braids that came down to her shoulders. I thought she was trying to dance. Then I recognized the movements. Despite her tender years, she was trying, and trying in vain, with her stubby, little immature figure, to imitate the cunning body convulsions of her professional and practised neighbours.

We watched the human comedy, or should it be tragedy, for a few more minutes, and then my companion hailed a passing rickshaw. Where are we going? I asked, for I had let him take over the arrangements for the rest of the evening. We are going to see the Children of God, he replied. The Children of God! This is possibly the most pitiful of all necropolic ceremonies in India. The rickshaw took us to a place some way from the hovels we had been visiting, but still on the banks of the river. The night sky was turned into day as we reached the very primitive crematorium.

I counted more than forty funeral fires, some so close that they were almost contiguous. The attendants are so callous that the decencies are offended. As we walked round the crematorium, for all the world as though we were enjoying the attractions of some public park or place of amusement, we could see small, tormented limbs dangling outside the immediate orbit of the flames until the consuming fire broke them off. The attendants snatched up the freed arms and legs and threw them back into the flames as if they were feeding a garden fire more twigs. It was a sickening experience to see the small, lacerated faces, the thin, black emaciated bodies, the burning, sightless eyes staring into the night sky. Life to these children had meant nothing but suffering and despair. What else could have been expected in a country afflicted by poverty and starvation, set in a world riddled by fear, hate and war? These are the reasons why nameless children are burnt at night beside a majestic Indian river. That is why the faces of the children, twisted and contorted by the searing flames, seem to be crying and not frying. I was glad that Xiti was not with us to see the end product of man's sin of negligence. That scene would have made angels weep. Sadly, Satu Raa and I returned to my hotel. It is a well known theory that, under the stress of emotion, even though an attempt is made to hide those emotions, the characteristics of the human voice may lead towards a true understanding of the nature of the speaker. The well known phrase, The ring of truth about it, is an example of this theory. Let me give one illustration from history. When Columbus returned from his first voyage to the Americas, most people in Spain called him a liar when he told of his discoveries. Openly, or secretly, they just did not believe him. But those who were in his presence when he spoke about his adventures, as was the King of Spain himself, were impressed by his obvious sincerity. Philip of Spain was convinced by hearing the man that Columbus was speaking the truth. Facial expressions have nothing to do with this theory. A blind man could just as well be convinced of the truthfulness of a person by listening to his voice, as could a sighted man.

I subscribe to this theory, and think of the moment when one accepts the authenticity of what a person is saying as the moment of truth. The moment of truth as far as Satu Raa and I were concerned came when we sat in the grounds of my hotel, that late October night of nineteen sixty four, after we had visited the Children of God. Until that moment of truth, there were certain things that he had said that I had taken with the proverbial grain of salt. After the moment of truth, I was prepared to accept everything he said as gospel. Hence forth, as far as I was concerned, he, and Xiti for that matter, was always a witness of the truth. I don't know what alchemy it was that brought us to the moment of truth. It might have been the whisky. It might well have been that, in the quiet of that Indian night, we came to the point in time when we unreservedly accepted each other for what we were. Whatever the cause, on that memorable night, I accepted that Satu Raa had come from another planet named Itibi Raa 2, and that his people had discovered Earth in much the same way that Columbus had discovered the New World: by a deliberate voyage of exploration. As I recall it,

we had been talking about the Children of God and the bone structure of the body: how essential it was in every country, to have the correct diet when young. in order that the bone structure of the body should be healthy and not twisted or stunted, or suffer from calcium deficiency. I had then thrown in some remarks about bone structure determining physical beauty, particularly the facial bones in women, I had also said how western people prized a good set of teeth. Satu Raa had smiled at this. Now, his smile, although attractive and charming, had always bothered me slightly. At first, I could not pinpoint the slight feeling of unease that I had because of his smile.

Then, I think it was the second time I met the man, I understood. He never showed his teeth when he smiled. Indeed, because of that slightly different jaw formation about which I have already remarked, his fine, sensitive lips always seemed to cover his teeth completely. Naturally, Satu Raa had noticed my curiosity and with absolute frankness explained that, for many thousands of years, men and women on their planet have lived without teeth like the appendix and similar organs, as not really being necessary. I found out that on our planet Satu Raa and Xiti did use some artificial support that obviously, like a plastic-type insert, kept the shape of their mouths similar to ours. At closer sight, I noticed, as a minor difference, the smaller shape of the tongue and those long, thin sensitive lips. As perhaps one of the nicest gestures of friendship, my friends voluntarily took off the protective finger-tip covering in order to show me their very strange hands. In contrast to the feminine hand, the male finger-tips are flat and round, like little discs. Extremely sensitive they must be as there are no nails whatever, with the very rosy, fine and soft flesh extending to the very end of each finger. Xiti's hands were a true masterwork of nature: pointed and extremely thin, very long, entirely different from her brother's. They both seemed to be very amused at my complete mystification and spoke in their own language for a long time. Because of their kindness and frankness they came so much closer to my heart. They spoke to me like real friends, telling me also the reason for these differences. It seems that they are able to analyse sound, and perhaps are even able to hear through the sensitive nerves of their finger-tips. Also, at later times, I became sure of the fact, that they were using their fingers as we would use our tongues for tasting and exploring, specially when doing biological research work. I did not see Satu Raa and Xiti again in India.

Perhaps the lack of privacy forced them suddenly to disappear. Until the time I first met the brother and sister, I had never kept a diary. But these events were so moving and followed each other so quickly and ideas were tumbling over in my mind to such an extent, that I felt I had to put them in order in a diary. What I wrote into the first pages of a little booklet, I bought in Benares, was the following: We humans must really be devoid even of common sense, if we keep living in continuous pain inflicted by ourselves on a thousand different occasions throughout all life. On another planet, perhaps the fear of death has been replaced by the desire to find peace. Just to have known Satu Raa and his sister made me realise that none of us at the present time has the slightest notion of peace, REAL peace: so great was their relaxed and modest humanism. So great their contentment with Time. They just seemed to Live' every hour, every minute, without being Time-conscious'. They gave you the feeling of supreme, superior and unforgettable friendship. To have been with these wonderful people gave me the deepest feelings in my entire life.

CHAPTER 4

AMAZON SWAMPS

Sipping hot coffee, whilst everybody else on a jet flight to Rome was sound asleep, I left India on the 27th of October 1964. I had taken the local plane from Benares to New Delhi and there, late at night, had taken one of the huge international airplanes on flight from Asia to Europe making one of its scheduled stops.

Away from their influence several questions had to be answered. Questions leading to many more. There was no doubt that I had been impressed specially by those painkilling tablets and ointments, by their devotion to the old and sick and most of all to those dying in pain. Also, the ring! How it lit up, the metal insert of it, without any physical cause. The amazing thing was, that I had this evidence which had not cost me one single dollar, right in front of my very eyes. These things I had done, had seen, had touched, and I decided to have some expert check on the ring which seemed to me the most clinching evidence. On the 6th of November, I had this done in Zurich, Switzerland. The jeweller who saw it first at once became very interested, and asked me where I had bought the strange looking ring. He said that the pre-Columbian design and gold work of the God on its surface were unlike anything he had ever seen or had knowledge of. He suggested me seeing a friend of his dealing with antique jewellery. I saw this man on the same day, late at night. The diagnosis of this expert was, that he believed this to be a masterwork of great value, belonging to one of the earliest pre-Columbian dynasties. He could not pin down a particular civilization but suggested that the ring might have come from a nobleman. Naturally this did not answer my questions, Anybody, I thought, could guess that such a valuable piece of jewelry must have been the property of some king or nobleman. What intrigued them to the point of utmost curiosity was the metal insert, which I believe to be of extraterrestrial origin, Presumably a professional metallurgist would have been able to identify the insert, but he would have had to take the ring apart. As for myself, because of all this I had neglected my business. There had been several technical innovations in pulverizing and fine-grinding machinery.

I found out that my office in a Latin American country received a great deal of competition by a new type of mill which was manufactured in Spain and sold at a competitively low price throughout all Latin America. So, I hopped over to Barcelona to have a look at this machinery, It was an uncomplicated piece of machinery, not bad at all with a profit margin obviously cut to the bone. This might have been done with the sole purpose of forcing an entry into the market. During the entire year 1965, and again in the summer of 1966, I urged our machine-manufacturing company to start constructing a simple, less expensive mill for the Latin American countries. I didn't mind the Spanish horning in on our newly established markets, after all, they had an historical interest in that area, but I objected most strongly to their cutting in on what we ourselves could easily avoid. During the last years I installed pulverizing plants, one in Argentina, three in Mexico and two in Columbia and the Republic of Peru. It so happened that at the end of 1966 my office in Lima had received an enquiry from a Swiss company registered in Tingo Maria, right on the fringe of the upper Amazon contributories. The company there had plans to fine-grind the yucca root in order to produce starches for the chemical fields on a large scale. The difficulties of this new assignment in Tingo Maria situated next to the fissures of a thousand swamps and rivers, made me decide to handle this interesting deal all by myself. In the upshot, I had no trouble in making a sale, I got on famously with the company representatives. Specifications, schedules and prices were agreed, delivery dates from Europe worked out. Before the time of the first cropping, a pulverizing plant for the handling of vast quantities of yucca would be ready. Back in Lima, I reported my experiences with the yucca roots to some of my friends at the Agricultural University and they were highly delighted, for they had been researching on further uses of the yucca, but could not find the right equipment to do the pulverizing correctly. The Agricultural University of Lima, Peru, during the year 1966-67 was doing important research work on one of the greatest national projects that the Peruvian government had inaugurated in order to try to feed the masses of people living in the Andes areas.

The cry was for inexpensive, high-protein value food-stuffs, but they must be acceptable to the palate, I reminded my friends of an interesting fish-flour project. It is possible to obtain vast quantities of fish-flour in Peru. The trouble is that no human beings would ever make bread from it.

The experiment was tried by a group of European scientists, who succeeded in deodorizing fish-flour. They tried to market it, but word soon got round that the new flour was fish in origin. That was the end of that project. Because of my specialist knowledge of milling and pulverizing machinery, I was invited to work with the university people on a whole series of experiments. I gladly accepted the invitation, and helped in making many grinding tests using different components. Finally, we settled for a fine mixture of cotton-seed and corn flour, with one or two other ingredients added in small quantities. This flour was excellent for making tortilla patties and bread. More to the point, my organization's machinery could cope with the grinding process, as I was able to show the authorities. The Peruvians were very well satisfied with the equipment my organization sent over. The result was that the Government authorized me to erect a pilot plant in the University itself, earmarking a large area of the grounds for this purpose. Now, the work at Tingo Maria and Lima during the last months of 1966 had been intensive and exhausting. It had lasted for something like three months, and during that time I don't think I had a full day off. So while waiting for the preparatory work to be carried out on the University campus, I took a few days' busman's holiday, and set off for nearby Columbia in order to have a brief change and also to inspect a Bakelite pulverizing plant which I had installed some years before. The American manager of the plant was an old business acquaintance of mine. He would welcome the chance to hear my suggestions which might enable them to increase the output of the pulverizing equipment of their plant. I also welcomed the opportunity to spend Christmas in Columbia, a country which I like very much. I left the comforts of Lima and set off for Cali, in Columbia, where the plant was located. Mr. Jenson, the president of the firm, was pleased to see me. The plant was in good nick, the maintenance first class. I went over it with a small tooth-comb, however, and satisfied myself that, barring accidents, the machinery would last a good number of years.

It took the two of us the best part of all day to inspect the installation. When we had finished our work, Jenson drove me in his jeep to the country club, which was situated on the River Cauca. I remember that as we drove there, we chatted about the paradox of the Indians of that area living in abject poverty, while the vast Amazonian backlands were a potential source of unlimited vegetable and mineral wealth. Extraction was the problem. The country club provided all the amenities of civilization, and I was able to relax for three whole days in Cali. I felt much refreshed, and would have liked to have stayed there for a longer time, but I was working to a fine schedule. The foundation work for the pilot scheme in Lima was due to be completed within the week. I had heard so much about the endless tropical hell of the American jungle that I decided to return to Lima by the craziest route imaginable. There was one snag. There were no jet flights in those territories. True, there were local air lines, but you could well find yourself in a plane where the doors were locked with a strip of telephone wire. If you went to the toilet, you lifted the seal and found yourself looking straight down at the ground, some twelve thousand feet below. As well as carrying passengers, these local lines also hump freight, so you could well be sitting among old kitchen equipment: metal tables, rusty chairs, ancient refrigerators. The plane I took on my crazy journey back to Lima was grossly overloaded. This was reflected in take-off. The plane hurtled down the runway, and seemed reluctant to leave it. When the end of the runway was perilously close, the plane was a grudging yard off the ground. I prayed to all the saints that there were no hoardings, trees or tall obstructions in the take-off path. My prayers must have been answered, for the plane eventually gained height without stalling. I breathed once more. These old-time planes are piloted by the best-dressed pilots I have ever encountered in all my travels. They are perfumed and moustachio'd, wear white gloves, and have a charm and nonchalance all their own. They are not in the least bit worried about the lack of altitude when hurtling down a runway. It takes a little more time to get a load into the air, and that is all that concerns them.

The flight from Cali is an endless one over treetops until altitude has to be gained in order to cross

the backbone of the Andes. Once over the towering peaks, there is a descent until the flight path levels once more over the jungle, the endless jungle, the last remaining, unconquered natural wonder of the world: a land with its thousands of rivers and lakes, its deadly snakes and insects, its horrible piranhas, the most carnivorous of all fish: this cursed part of the last estancia del diablo - the last remaining foothold of the Devil on Earth, with its clean-picked skeletons along the river banks, its fevers, cannibals and constant death. This region is a challenge to the few remaining adventurers. It is the land of the mighty Amazon, the labyrinthine Caqueta, Maranon, Jurua, Purua, Putumayo and Ucayali. From the air, it seems as if no living soul could remain alive one single day within this inhospitable murderous jungle. Most of the area is still unexplored, unvisited by modern man. This fact is indicated by white patches on even the best maps, a convention in map making that hides the vastness of the swamps, and the countless tributaries of the many mighty rivers. But those self-same swamps have given birth to Indians, at once the most stoical and most cruel on Earth. It has been known for one of them to wander in from the forest with a hand hacked off at the wrist. There is just no way to tell from his face how he is reacting. There is just no way to make these Indians show emotion if they do not want to do so. Incas or Aztecas of the highlands are just as impassive as their brothers of the swamps. When the Spanish inquisition burned the feet off the Indians, after they had stolen their land, they simply would not believe that mortal man could be possessed of such courage. Some Spaniards went back to Spain and told their compatriots that they had murdered the rain or sun Gods in person! Under the most acute pain they looked at them with loathing as the flames consumed the lower parts of their bodies. Perhaps it is the effect of the coca-chewing habit of the Amazon Indians that makes them impervious to emotion. Whatever it is, their conduct under stress remains one of the mysteries of human behaviour. After some hours of jungle hopping, and with the necessary modicum of luck, the endless waves of tree tops give way to the mightiest river in the world. The plane lands, and you step into the natural Turkish bath of the Amazonian interior. Now you know why most of the Amazon Indians wander around naked. With that heat, who needs clothes?

At the small airport, I was met by Mr. Mike Tsalickis, a dealer in animals, birds, reptiles and fish. He was great as a host, and, incidentally, the perfect amphitryon to those in need of adventure. He took me along to his estancia, where he keeps a fine collection of snakes, monkeys, and other elements of his stock-in-trade. He also has an office there, from which he functions as consular agent of the U.S.A. I mention Mr. Tsalickis's secondary occupation of amphitryon because he acts as go-between for many people who briefly seek escape from the pressures of modern civilization, and who come to take a quick look at this part of the still natural savage world. These people do not come merely to hunt and to fish. Many of them wish to see how the Amazonian Indian lives in his native habitat. Providing all these services is the work of an amphitryon because he acts as go-between for many in good measure. In his office he keeps a printed list of excursions which are available for the adventure seekers - he refers to them as trippers. On page three of this list, there is the following information:

- SERVICE No. 5 : Thirty minute boat trip to Mari-Acu Indian village in nearby Brazil, home of the Ticuna Indians. Here is an opportunity to observe their traditions, customs, and items used in their everyday living. By chance, the hair-pulling ceremony may also be observed if scheduled by the family concerned. Duration - four hours. The list does not explain if those four hours are devoted entirely to the hair-pulling ceremony!

This ceremony is, in fact, performed on some naked forest beauty's private parts. You would imagine that, with all the teeming life in the forests, a lot of fellows from Chicago and the other North American cities would be coming down to this neck of the woods for the hunting and fishing.

Mr. Tsalickis assures me, however, that his boatmen, who chaperon the visitors, tell him that they come down merely to take pictures of the hairpulling ceremony. I would have liked to have gone on

a hunting trip with Mike Tsalickis, some forty miles upriver, where the evergreen lakes of Loretoyacu are situated; but unfortunately I was taken ill and had to stay in bed when the others set off. The jaguars, ocelots, tapirs and capybaras would all have to wait until I got better. I became so ill that I really thought I was going to die. Leticia, where Mike Tsalickis is stationed, is situated some two thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon. It is just south of the Equator, and has a very small population. I was suffering from kidney trouble, and a kidney operation in Leticia was just not on. The town's industries, apart from catering for a small tourist trade, are making soap and soft drinks. This economy does not need a very large labour force, so there is no need for a fully equipped hospital in the town. My best chance of survival was to take the military flying-boat to Iquitos, the capital of the state of Loreta in nearby Peru. I hope nobody else has to endure the torture of a severe kidney attack in the cockpit of a military flyingboat, with the temperature at a hundred and ten Fahrenheit. The ancient aircraft I flew in was nearly twenty years old, and looked it.

But there was simply no other way of getting to Iquitos from Mike Tsalickis's place. There are just no civilian air services between Leticia, which is in Columbia, and Iquitos, which, as I have said, is over the border in Peru.

Just to get into the ramshackle flying-boat was an adventure itself. You have to cross the tremendous Amazon swamp where the Indian river settlement is situated. There is a mighty splash of muddy water. A door opens, and you are invited to climb aboard. The Peruvian Air force unit stationed at Loreta's border with Ecuador offers this remarkable passenger service twice a week.

The funny thing was that, when I clambered off the flying-boat at Iquitos, I felt a little better, I was given a friendly warning about the poor service at the Iquitos hospital, so I decided to postpone the operation, and wait until I could catch a flight back to Lima. In Iquitos, one hears all sorts of stories about the men who have dared to invade this sickening hell of the Amazon jungle. The name of Emanuel Cantu springs to mind, as does that of Colonel Fawcett, the famous British adventurer, who discovered many new rivers, lakes and Indian tribes. He was lost without trace, as are so many brave explorers having entered the Labyrinth of no return. Of course, it is not all jungle. The big rivers, such as the Purua, Maranon, Ucayali, and the Amazon itself, have sizeable towns strung along their banks. In these towns there are schools and a certain standard of education. There are also the missions, and innumerable isolated villages strung like small beads along the thousands of miles of the water courses, from source to mouth. A very large population live in these river towns, missions and villages. Unhappily, it is no exaggeration to say that for every ten people living in these communities, eight suffer from disease of one kind or another. The drug stores of the larger settlements do a very thriving business; there is one on every street corner. On the Upper Ucayali, a lot of victims, paralysed by the dreadful beriberi sickness, may be seen. They hobble along on crutches everywhere, begging for a coin. When anybody decides to wander into the jungle, it is fiesta time for the insects. They wait for their prey, even, I swear, working a shift system so as not to miss anybody. The insects working the night shift are not the same as those working the early morning and late afternoon shifts. There are thousands of different types of insect, carrying hundreds of different types of diseases. Some of the insects are so small that they cannot be detected by the naked eye. But they are just as deadly as the larger, visible ones. Fish can be unpleasant as well. Again, they do not have to be big fish, I have already mentioned the pirana. This little monster's name is sometimes spelt piranha. No matter how the name is spelt, the fish is just deadly.

The pirana attack in force whenever a hand or foot is put into the water. They haunt the vicinity of the riverside slaughter-houses; but the smell of blood from any animal anywhere at any time makes them the most deadly of living creatures. Within a matter of seconds, they are capable of stripping a man or an animal to the bone. But vegetation can be just as deadly: you have to watch out for poisonous leaves, sticks as sharp as needles, thorny vines as dangerous as barbed wire all competing in Nature's inexorable game: the fight to survive. Whilst waiting for transport from Iquitos, I made

the acquaintance of a delightful American lady and her husband, a retired army officer, They were both enthusiastic amateur anthropologists, and spent two hours telling me about their hobby. A few days before I met them, Colonel and Mrs. Thompson, who came from Texas, had tried to locate a young guide, who was supposed to know all the answers concerning survival in the jungle, particularly if the intruders into the green hell were merely curious and inexperienced. The middle-aged colonel and his wife were both curious. They wanted to pay a short visit into the heart of the jungle, a risky venture that even the strongest and fittest young men of Iquitos fight shy of making. The Thompsons wished to contact the cannibals, who they believed, live happy and without a care inside the jungle and not near the river where civilisation has ruined their health and natural habits. They told me that they found this particular guide in a carpenter's shop, where he was repairing his outboard motor boat.

The guide was a most unlikely redhaired Austrian, who sported an eight months' beard. He had, my new friends informed me, wild, crazy eyes, and was prone to making nervous gestures. But the guide was, Colonel Thompson hastened to inform me, a very interesting man indeed. The Thompsons proved delightful raconteurs, so for my benefit, they re-enacted the scene at the Hotel de las Turistas where the three of them had gone to discuss the expedition over a round of drinks. Ill take you for two hundred dollars each, said the guide. Payable in advance, he added as a trenchant afterthought. Alright, replied the Colonel. You'll have to be prepared to live on monkey meat and snakes for a couple of weeks, continued the young Austrian. Have you ever eaten monkey meat? asked Mrs, Thompson. Many times, the red-haired Austrian replied. It tastes just like human flesh. Mrs. Thompson reported that she had almost fainted on the spot. Oh! It's all right, the guide assured her when she had recovered her composure. It isn't bad if it's roasted. As a matter of fact, my friends on the river know how to prepare a dead body so that it eats just like Christmas turkey. The Colonel had tried to stop the guide from speaking in this vein, but the Austrian was not to be put off: If you return from the trip, you're never the same anymore. It is easy for you to shiver and look disgusted, but if you are forced to go hungry for weeks, why should the flesh of a dead, old woman be any different from the meat of any old bird? I made a few conventional remarks after the Thompsons had related this anecdote. Did you make the trip? I asked, then immediately answered myself. No, of course you didn't, You say all this happened just a few days ago. You must have changed your minds. You bet we did, said Colonel Thompson emphatically. Why, if we had gone on that tip, and had got lost in the jungle, that fellow would have eaten my wife, and thought nothing about it!

Evidently, the amateur anthropologists must have been very shaken by the episode. The very next day they went along to the office of the Peruvian Airline in order to see about booking a return flight to Dallas, Texas. I decided that the Colonel had been right, The redhaired Austrian guide seemed a most interesting character. After what I had seen and experienced in India and in other parts of the world, I did not think that I would turn squeamish over anything that this young man would be likely to tell me. So I sought him out, and found him in that same carpenter's shop that the Thompsons had described. You know, he said, these people, not just the Thompsons, but all others like them who come to this outlandish spot - are alright in their way. But they take their prejudices with them like an extra skin wherever they go. You need years to prepare yourself for the jungle, and most white people turn savages themselves while doing so. Besides, who is to blame these Indians, if they eat their dead ones instead of cremating them? A piece of meat, carefully roasted over a hot fire, loses its identity, It could be beef, chicken, monkey, or man. And what's more, it's a natural way of getting rid of the dead. Perfectly natural, as you'll agree if you watch all the other creatures doing it. It's the natural justification of killing to appease hunger. He paused for a moment, but I offered no comment. I was happy to let him ramble on, expounding his philosophy. On the other side of the Yavari River, the redhaired guide continued, I saw several white explorers turned native. They were the craziest bunch of nuts I ever saw. I'd been down with the fever for several

days when I ran into them. I thought I was still delirious when I first saw them. The funniest people I have ever met: with hands so strange, that I thought them to be from a different world. I pricked up my ears at this, but again kept my mouth shut. They might have talked a lot of nonsense, but they were such fine engineers. They even fixed a broken outboard propeller blade for me so that I could get back to the Yavari. It was the last of four blades that I'd started with, so you can judge how glad I was. For all their craziness, they were good at doctoring as well.

The Austrian accepted with alacrity my invitation to go across to the hotel for a drinking session, and did not mind at all when I started to pump him about his adventures. This fellow with the funny mouth, a legacy of some fever, I suppose, gave me a tablet to swallow. I felt better almost immediately. Then he gave me some fruit juice. That was the best fruit juice I've ever tasted. Yes. They were white folk turned native all right. I told them to give it up, and come back to civilization, but they refused. As for me, as soon as I was completely well, I came back out of the jungle as though all the devils in hell were on my tail. Did anybody else see these white natives? I asked. I doubt it. I don't suppose anybody believed me when I told my tale. Later, I went upstream of the Yavari to Bolognesi. That's right up on the Brazilian border. I felt great. That tablet must have lasted a long time! I told the missionaries on the Brazil side of the border what I'd seen out there on the Yavari River. They wouldn't believe a word I said. Made out it was the fever. Said no white man would dare to go into cannibal country, and that, Christian or non-Christian, having your head shrunk to the size of an apple was no way of getting to heaven. I wouldn't argue with them. I know what I saw out there. The pause this time was much longer, the pull on the glass much more lingering. Although I was dying to ask him any amount of questions, yet I refrained from doing so. It is considered bad manners in this part of the world to be too inquisitive. And yet, people do open up when they have spent several months in solitude. They are in need of conversation. If the guide wanted to confide in me, then he would, but in his own good time. Meanwhile, I was content to sit and think over the implications of the story of his attack of fever out there in the jungle by the Yavari river, and how he had been cured by the white men who had turned native.

I think you're like me, the Austrian finally said, putting aside his empty glass. You probably despise as much as I do the narrowness of your own home town. In our towns and villages, a son is expected to follow the same occupation as his father. My father was a musician. He played in the Vienna State Orchestra, so he must have been pretty good. So I had to become a musician. When I was only six years old, I was forced to learn the violin. Twice a week the professor came to our house in Innsbruck. In the late afternoon, when school was finished for the day. I hated that man. Other kids could play football in the street, but I was forced to listen to the most dreadful noises you can imagine, produced by me, against my will, on an instrument I found was becoming more and more repugnant to me. And to think my father put that violin under the Christmas tree. Imagine a boy of six being landed with a violin when he'd been dreaming of a football! I nodded my head in sympathy. I could well imagine the anguish of a football-mad six year old. People in South America are not like the bourgeois Europeans. Here, they do what they want to do, not what their parents want them to do. It doesn't matter a great deal whether or not they make a lot of money. They're just happy doing what comes naturally, and they're proud of doing it. Look at me for an example. I'm importing hardware by plane from Lima. I sell it down river, on credit. It isn't easy. When my customers see my boat coming, they disappear into the jungle, instead of paying me in rubber or with money. But in the end, I get paid, because we are all friends. It's a happy-go-lucky life. Most people in South America are like me. Think of the Brazilians in Rio. They really are a happy lot. They've got the finest harbour in all the world. What a place to see at night from the cable-car!

What wonderful avenues, what luxurious hotels and shops. And they are courteous all the time. If you compare that with the rat-race in Europe and in the United States: if you remember how the

people who live there often have to dig themselves out of the snow and ice, then you begin to appreciate that here in South America people really are living. They live in paradise on Earth. It's unhygienic, of course. But people here just don't vegetate from one workday to the next. They're really swinging. That's how I feel about living in South America. Swinging in the sun. That's for me. At last the Austrian had come to the end of his philosophising, He got up to go, a contented man because he had got things off his chest, and had passed a comfortable hour drinking with me, incidentally, at my expense, I thought that I had listened long enough to ask a question or two, so I detained him with yet another refill of his glass. That was something like an adventure in the Yavari River, I remarked. Have you had any other adventures like that? Any with animals perhaps?

My intention was to draw him out into revealing some more details about the crazy white men who had turned native. Because of the pain-killing tablets he had received, there was little doubt in my own mind that he had perhaps encountered some people similar to Satu Raa. But the Austrian guide had exhausted that subject. I've had many adventures, he admitted. Why, I had one the first week of arriving out here. I was only a youngster of eighteen or so. I told you I couldn't wait to leave Austria and my family. It was the Christmas of nineteen forty-six. I was in the Ucayali country then. I had my base at Pucallpa-Peru, and was just beginning to learn my trade. I had wandered down to the waterside, The river was in full spate, dirty, muddy, treacherous, and alive with piranas. I was watching some native boys searching for turtle eggs. We were on a small beach, smooth and sandy. Suddenly, one of the boys shouted at the top of his voice. I thought he'd seen something big in the water. Then all the other lads started to make a fuss. They dashed into the water. They weren't in the water very long. They picked up something and came hurrying back and I looked at what they'd found. It was a baby. A brown little baby girl! I was shocked. Who would do a thing like that? Of course, I hadn't heard about the little custom of the upstream Indians in the Ucayali country. If the family is hungry: if there are too many babies, then they throw the newborn girls into the river. Ironically, this tribe does not believe in killing, so they throw the live baby into the water knowing that the fish will get her.

After saving the little girl, those kids stood round looking at the baby. They weren't doing a thing about it. So I stepped in, picked up the baby, and took it along to the Catholic mission in Pucallpa. I explained what had happened to the sisters, and they took the baby in. They thanked me, and invited me along to the christening. They arranged that right away. Instant christening, in case the baby should die of exposure. Maria Navidad they named the child. Maria for the Mother of God, Navidad because she had been found on Christmas Day. A remarkable story, I replied. As remarkable in its way as your story about the white natives. He wasn't to be drawn. I took that baby girl a few presents before I left Pucallpa. A bonny kid she was. Do you know what happened to her? I asked. I left Pucallpa the following summer, I wrote once a few years later. The sisters told me they were educating her at a mission school near Lima. I lost touch after that. I'm not much of a letter writer. At any rate, this story has a happy ending. Only partly. The sisters told me the baby's mother had been beaten up by her own people. I understand the woman died soon after. Never heard tell of a father. So Maria Navidad must be an orphan. But you left her in good hands. That was commendable of you. I don't want any medals! Any time you want to disappear into the jungle, just let me know. He left the hotel. He must have been a hardened drinker, and he had finished a bottle with gusto. I stayed at the bar for a longish time after he had gone. I didn't drink any more. I just wanted to think over the things he had told me. It made sense, what he had told people about his homeland. I had met many of them myself in my travels. Many of the northern people are desperate people with a host of complexes. He was also right, generally speaking, about South America, The climate did make a vast difference. Admittedly, he'd studiously refrained from mentioning the disgusting poverty of the peasant people, and the filthy slums of Caracas, Lima, Bogota, Rio and the other major cities. His point was that as long as there is sunshine the people are, in the main, happy.

You rarely find a depressed, desperate person in the sunny South American states. There are people living there as poor as European slum dwellers, but the South American peasant accepts his poverty with a smile. Nor do they feel their poverty to be a personal disgrace, with an accompanying psychopathic complex, as do the poor of the more northerly countries. As a matter of interest, I'd noticed that the majority of South Americans seem to work at the happy-go-lucky type of job. They work as fruit juice sellers. The beggars strum guitars. There are the wandering tin-can collectors, the shoe-shine boys, the coconut and candy salesmen, the sellers of onions and rotten vegetables: the third-class meat salesmen: the travellers and representatives who try to get rid of carbon paper, cheap perfume, candlesticks, plastic flowers, cigarette lighters and a host of other junk. Then there are the repairers of fountain-pens, umbrellas, broken windows, and a host of other broken articles.

There are the sellers of lottery tickets, newspapers, and funny stories. There are the revendedores of the theatre, the cinema and the other places of entertainment. There are the cattle minders and the dog watchers. These are the people with the thousand and one happy-go-lucky type jobs. There is simply no end to the imaginative work that will go to the filling of an empty stomach in South America. I remember one particular fellow I saw in Guyaquil. It was during my previous trip to South America, and I had to go up to Ecuador in connection with the installation of a medium sized milling plant. I had finished work for the day, and after dinner I wandered around the town for an hour or so. I was in the harbour area when I came across a dentist. Late as it was, he was busy at work. His surgery was a table and chair in the forecourt of a large gas station. His light came from a decrepit gasoline pump. He was dirty looking for a dentist. I discovered that during the day he went from house to house buying up all unwanted dentures. In the evening, he came along and set up his primitive surgery at the gas station. The only instrument this dentist had was a pair of pliers. With these pliers, he yanked out the teeth of his Indian patients. There was no fuss, no bother, no office, no waiting room, no laboratory! just the man, his pliers, his table and his chair. This dentist did not believe in anaesthetics either. Sometimes, he did give a patient a swig from a bottle of aguardiente, which he kept on the table by his elbow. Aguardiente is ninety-eight per cent pure sugar-cane alcohol, so perhaps he intended the drink to be used for both antiseptic and analgesic purposes. If a patient needed dentures, then he had the choice of the dentist's second hand collection. It did not matter if the poor fellow had just had an extraction. The dentist rummaged among his stock, found a plate with the requisite number of teeth on it, thrust it into his patient's mouth, and told the fellow to bite hard, even though his gums were still bleeding. You could hear him yell with triumph as he found the right plate and rammed it home. That plate will last for ever, he announced, the wording never varying. It will never come out. Off you go, and buy yourself a bottle of aguardiente on your way home. The dentist ended this exhortation with a great belly laugh, in which his patient nearly always joined. As I say, the South Americans are, basically, a very happy people.

CHAPTER 5

LIMA

When I first began to tell about the rather uncomfortable pains of my kidney illness, it was not my intention to bother my readers with a medical history. There is hardly a life without sickness and if everyone of us would start writing about it, there would be no end to it. However, the following pages, I hope, will show my patient friends the reason behind all this. I have to explain, that at the beginning of the year 1967 after an endless and miserable flight over the snowcovered Andes mountains from Iquitos to Lima, the doctors of the Maison Francais Hospital in Lima ordered an operation. I went through the usual routine of checks, tests and X-ray pictures. The trouble was located in my right kidney. My doctor explained things to me, and I agreed to have the operation as soon as possible. I was allocated a very nice room with a private bath on the ground floor of the

hospital. An inner door led to an ante-chamber which gave on to the patio-garden, which is a characteristic feature of Latin-American architecture, and shows the Spanish influence that persists in Peru. My quarters were, indeed, very comfortable. I thought that, if I was doomed to die under the knife, then at least I would die in pleasant surroundings. A friendly sister of Spanish origin took charge of me. At first, it was rather a silent friendship, for after all the tests I felt really wretched once more. However, as the pain subsided, a warm relationship developed between us. Sister Marta, for that was her name, told me all about her work, and the history of this famous hospital. She also told me about her nostalgia for Spain. Strangely, the climate of Peru did not agree with her, and she longed to get back to Europe. I was told that I would have my operation some three days after I had been admitted to the Maison Francais Hospital.

I would have liked to have had it right away, but there was little I could do to change the operating theatre time-table. So I resigned myself to putting up with the intermittent pain for another couple of days, and sweat it out in that very pleasantly decorated room. When I say sweat it out, I really mean what I say. In the months of January and February 1967 Lima was enjoying a heat wave, and in the tropics that means that it is very hot indeed. I kept the windows and the door to the patio open in order to obtain the greatest advantage from what little breeze there was. On the second night that I spent in Maison Francais, I had a very severe bout of pain. So strong was this agony of mine, that with the pain and the heat of the night, I felt that death would be a welcome relief. I tried to reach the bell push by the side of my bed. My intention was to summon the night nurse and ask her to give me some pain-killing injection. Automatically, I registered the time by my bedside clock. It was almost three in the morning. My groping fingers failed to find the bell push that would summon help and relief. But I did find something else: a hand that came from the pain-racked night and clasped my own. Tormented by pain as I was, I still felt a shock when I found my hand grasped by another slim, warm one. A tiny beam of light pierced the dark. I could make out the features of my nocturnal visitor. It was Xiti, Satu Raa's sister.

Without a word, she smiled at me, took off the ring and put one of those healing tablets in my mouth. Quickly, I looked at the ring she had taken. The metal inset, inserted in the band of gold, glowed with its warning light. Because of the tremendous pain I had not felt the burning rays from my ring. The red-haired Austrian had given me hope that the Itibi Raayans were still on our own planet. Now here she was at my bedside, as if in answer to my prayers. How she had known that I was sick: how she had known where to find me, I did not know. All I was conscious of was her nearness, the sense of utter relief that engulfed me as she sat down on my bed, and the thought that now she was with me, to take from me the horrible pain. A faint light reflected from the jeweled talking device that I had last seen in Benares. Still without speaking, Xiti stretched out her hands to me. Her sensitive fingers, from which she had removed the protective finger-tip gloves, ran lightly over my face with gossamer touch. I did not know how long she had been in the room before she revealed her presence. I do not know how long her healing fingers soothed my sweating, fevered face. But I do know that what with her ministrations and the swift effect of the tablet, the pain eased from my body and I wallowed in the peace. I was free of pain. Even the fever left me. In that moment, I took Xiti into my arms, inhaling the sweet strangeness of her lovely body. Because of the closeness of our embrace, Xiti, hiding her mouth behind a minute veil of silk, I later found out that they use this in order to avoid infection, struggled to free herself, pouring broken little melodic nothings into my receptive ears. Xiti stayed with me.

We saw dawn come grey-rose, saw the Catholic sisters make their way to chapel, heard their singing to welcome the new tropical day. It was then that I asked her the question that had been bothering me: how did she know I was in South America, in Lima, in this hospital? She told me about a nurse called Maria Navidad she wanted to see, but had hesitated to do so because of several

problems involved. It so happened, that this was the young lady rescued by the mestizos and the Austrian guide near the town of Pucallpo on the Ucayali river, rescued as a baby and raised as an orphan by the sisters. «We knew her mother», Xiti informed me, and what she told me is almost impossible to believe: the mother of the baby had been terribly beaten. Near death, the Indian woman had been rescued by the out-of-space biologists, having found her near their first landing site. After healing the Indian woman, she was taken to Itibi Raa 2, where she died soon after. She could not adjust herself to the different planet and yet had not wanted to return to earth, so great her fear had been. But, as Xiti later informed me, she died the way all Itibi Raayans die: in peace and happiness. The mother of Maria Navidad must have been some kind of a celebrity on that planet and the humanistic people had wanted to know as much about the former life she had led on earth and in particular about the baby, that Xiti asked me to talk to Maria Navidad as she hesitated to do so herself. As I considered myself a very sick man, I told Xiti about the coming operation, but she smiled softly and said: You shall be free of pain for six of your months. And right she was. All this may be checked by any one of my readers: I became the miracle patient of the famous Maison Francais Hospital in Lima, Peru. When the doctors came around to put me on the operating table, I had already eaten a very heavy breakfast, a thing I had not done for almost three weeks. I had gotten out of bed, a new man in need of a hot and cold bath. Feeling perfectly well, I had ventured outside and eaten in one of the little Chinese coffee-shops, the Chifas, as they are called in Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru. Xiti was right.

I was able to report that I had not so much as a single twinge of pain: nor, although I was not to know it at that time, despite Xiti's optimism, did I have any symptoms of kidney trouble for almost exactly the time she had indicated. I never enjoyed such good health as I experienced during the ensuing year, without so much as a cold, a headache, toothache, or any other ache or pain to which man is heir. You should have seen the raised eyebrows, the looks of disbelief among the medical people when, instead of being wheeled into the operating theatre, I told them I was going to discharge myself as cured. They could tell just by looking at me that I was infinitely better, and although they agreed to postpone the operation, they insisted that I should remain in the hospital at least until the next day in order to make another series of exhaustive tests, and also to ensure themselves that I did not have a relapse. This I agreed to do, for I had to kill time for a day until an appointment I had with Xiti, to be at the sky-room of the Hotel Grillon. For the rest of the day I submitted myself to all the tests and checks that the doctors could devise. They were all negative. The Catholic sisters were ready to believe in a miracle, the doctors continued to raise their eyebrows. Well, Hm, Well, said a puzzled surgeon. You're as fit as a flea. Then I can be discharged tomorrow morning, I said. I see no reason why not. I shall be grateful then if you would arrange it. Certainly. This really is baffling, the doctor said again. Yesterday you were a very sick man, and today you seem to be a different person. I must have been visited by an angel during the night, I replied, making a feeble joke. You must have been, he agreed, looking at me sharply. But my face gave nothing away, and he left me in order to make the necessary arrangements for my discharge from hospital.

Sister Marta was much more positive when she came back to my room. The saints be praised, she announced. A very miracle if ever I've seen one. Whatever it is, I am profoundly thankful, I told her. Not that I'm ungrateful for what you've done for me. I really felt very ill when I arrived here. You were, she affirmed. Sister Marta, I asked, do you know a colleague of yours who works in this hospital. Sister Maria Navidad? Indeed I do. Not a nursing sister, you understand, she finished her finals at the beginning of this year. She's over in Men's Medical. Sister Marta favoured me with a very shrewd look. Do you think I could have a word with her, please? I returned it as blandly as I could. Very well. I will see to it. She was as good as her word. I was sitting on the patio after lunch, luxuriating in the hot sunshine, when a young nurse, who could hardly have been more than twenty,

came up to my patio bench. Good afternoon, she began. Sister Marta informs me you wanted to see me. Indeed I do, nurse, I replied in Spanish, getting to my feet, forgive my taking this very personal interest in you, but I would like to take some pictures of you and Sister Marta before I have to go. Naturally, good natured as all the Latins are, she agreed and even smiled together with Sister Marta as I took the photos. Neither sister Marta nor Maria Navidad could possibly understand this sudden interest, but when Sister Marta left the palio I immediately turned to Maria Navidad and told her about the Austrian guide and how I was informed about the rescue of a tiny little baby so many years ago. I wanted to make her talk, to hear her version of all this, but the young lady did not say a word. She just stood there as struck by thunder and suddenly, after I had said something about having heard from other people about her mother, I saw two tiny little pearls, the tears of a motherless child, running down her cheeks. I felt deeply ashamed.

At 10 a.m. the flowing morning, I paid my hospital bill, said goodbye to Sister Marta, caught a taxi, and checked in at the Hotel Crillon. There were no vacancies, so I had to content myself by making a reservation for the earliest possible time, and took myself to the Savoy, where I was given a room on the tenth floor. I unpacked, strolled on to the balcony, and admired the view. It was a stupendous, panoramic view of most of Lima, a magnificent kaleidoscope that stretched as far as the eye could see to the protecting hills of Chosica. I was on top of the world again and in more senses than one. I have always liked to let things simmer before making new decisions, and I therefore decided not to go to my office. Instead, I went to the movies, had a good dinner and, as soon as the clock struck twelve at night, I left my room and made my way to the Crillon nearby. The laggard lift delayed my entrance to the Sky Room, where an orchestra was playing Mexican melodies. Xiti had arrived before me, and this surprised me very much, as a decent young lady wouldn't venture into a night-club unaccompanied, even though the night-club of the Sky Room at the Hotel Crillon is to be considered as one of the best, if not the very best, in all Peru. Sure enough, there were suspicious and curious glances from well dressed people nearby. Immediately, and because of the minute blue veil she wore, people noticed the subtle difference between her and 'ourselves', our people, from our planet. By this, I mean not just cultured Peruvians, or the many Europeans and North Americans staying at this famous first class hotel, but even the less instructed bell-boys and lift-operators, stared at Xiti. But, instead of finding her embarrassed or shy, she looked at me and everybody with the greatest of ease. I ordered a Tom Collins for her and had a double scotch, which made me ask her to dance. I am old fashioned enough to think that our nervous system, on which we depend so much for our erotic titillation, cannot be unknown territory to those from another world. I found this to be correct and particularly correct with the soft music and the wonderful theme-song of Pedro Infante: *Amorcito Corazon*.

Outside the Sky Room window millions of lights, the lights of a fairyland Lima, the lights of Lima by night - which is a different light to the daylight of the endless slums, the lights of human illusions, were blazing and glittering while the music was playing. An unforgettable evening and I left her, floating on air. During the next few days, I was able to find out many things concerning the precautionary measures protecting Xiti. It is an interesting fact that Xiti's feeling of security is connected with the kindness and superior intelligence of these people. Their belief that no human being on earth can really harm them because of what she called *amat mayna*, or their science of soul, we do not understand. They are able to read our very thoughts and not only are they able to take their precautions but may be able to influence our thoughts should this be necessary because of security reasons. It is evident that I was very curious about this.

When I asked her about it, she did not want to explain, and only much later was I able to get the details about their precautionary measures. For two days I had the pleasure of wandering through public and private libraries, museums, an English club, churches, shops, supermarkets, up and down the famous Calle de la Union. As we could not speak to each other while in public, we appraised

everything by the touch of our hands or little gestures. Because of the wonderful physical and mental well being after days and weeks of pain, I looked upon this short time I spent with Xiti as the happiest couple of days in my entire life. A period of convalescence. Perhaps this was all due to the life-saving tablet she had given me. If I come to think of it, my mental clairvoyance during these days was simply extraordinary. It was the first time that I understood the way these people feel about time. I really understood how they feel about 'life'. You see, we human beings think of life as a period, where we have to hurry things. To our friends from out of space this looks as if we are afraid of life itself. As if life was the worst part of our destiny, as if it were a great misfortune. Of course, as so many people still suffer on our planet, how can this be considered otherwise? But being with Xiti, I suddenly began to see things their way: relaxed, they are, and perhaps more than relaxed, they are just infallibly considerate to everything. Xiti's interest, for instance, in music was something wonderful to experience. At the entrance of the Calle de la Union in Lima there is a record shop. Already, passing the Hotel Bolivar on the Placa de San Martin, Xiti's acoustic nerves had taken up the rhythm of this shop's loudspeaker playing some Columbian cumbias. She really liked that and there is reason to suppose that it would have been no better, or let's say cultured, if she had listened to Beethoven instead. She simply liked the rhythm of cumbia. Seldom have I seen a happier look on someone's face as this strange woman passed the record store. How many people on our earth, I thought, are able to enjoy the forces of rhythm as much as Xiti did? At the time in Lima, I did not know that I would soon be able to experience the great sensitive activities of these people; that I would hear about their work, their beneficial and health-restoring religion, their very life and death. The highly abnormal circumstances into which I was drawn, were never exhausting; as a matter of fact, they were agreeable to my health. I simply liked to be with Xiti, and when she asked me if I would want to meet her brother, I was very pleased to accept her invitation.

Footnote here: one of the most enjoyable pleasures was offering several beautifully carved gold ingots, which Xiti asked me to exchange for the local currency. This rare and rather novel method of converting into local currency took place on the second floor of one of the old Spanish style commercial houses in union street in Lima. Even though quite a few adventurers and not too well dressed Indian natives are still trading in gold, like in the old western times, in Bolivia, Equador and Peru, the beautifully melted and carved ingots, surprised the specialists.

On the 17th of February 1967, the week of the summer zenith of the Peruvian year, we left Lima at a quarter to eight. Loaded with packages and suit-cases crammed full of books, records, seeds, and God knows what else that Xiti had bought, our train journey was to take us over the highest railroad pass which has ever been constructed.

CHAPTER 6 THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF HELL

On the 17th of February 1967, the week of the summer zenith of the Peruvian year, we left Lima at a quarter to eight. Loaded with packages and suit-cases crammed full of books, records, seeds, and God knows what else that Xiti had bought, our train journey was to take us over the highest railroad pass which has ever been constructed. Thousands of feet up the majestic Andes mountains. From the steaming -hot coastal plains of Peru the train was to take us through the river of evil valleys, as the Indians call it, to the very front door of amazonic hell: HUANCAYO, surrounded by snow-covered hills, see picture below, the last outposts of semi-civilized wilderness. The train pulled out of Central Station right on the button. We had two first class window seats to ourselves.

The green livery of the train made a splendid splash of colour as the engine headed its way Lowards the high mountains. Of course, the ubiquitous British had built this railway. Wherever you go in the

world, in the most unlikely and inaccessible places, you are almost sure to come across a British built railway. They must have had a mania for building railways, and as their own small island did not give them much scope for laying out routes on the grand scale, they moved into other territories, either by conquest or by invitation, and built their railways.

Magnificently, I doubt if any other people, except perhaps the Americans, could have built a line to compare with those that worm their way up to the Andean roof of the world. Naturally, the British expect to benefit from all this railway building, passenger traffic alone would not be much of a recompense. Here in the Andes, as in other places where the British have left their mark, the hills and mountains are bulging with mineral wealth waiting to be mined and shifted to the industrial powers of the world. In the particular case of the Andes, the mineral is chiefly copper. The journey is most thrilling, even for the most hardened of travellers. It is not a fast run, for the line is so tortuous. Xiti and I were happy to watch the scenic splendour of the trip up into the high mountains. The River Rimac is the first major hazard out of Lima. Frail bridges take the line over this curving river, which races crazily far below. The railway then threads its way through steep canyons, pierced by hundreds of mephitic tunnels, beyond each of which is another breathtaking view. Nearer and nearer chugs the train to the cruel peaks of the Oroyo Mountains. Round about eleven we pulled into Matucana.

Even before the train had stopped, the carriages were besieged by hundreds of pitiful, bare footed sellers of corn-cob, tortillas, and soft drinks, who importuned the passengers, as did the countless children, who came shouting, pushing and poking their way through the sellers and beggars. Innumerable dogs also came to see what they could scavenge from the train. Matucana is the last stop before the train enters the towering highland region. It is also the last stop where tropical fruit can be bought, and the last place to see happy faces. Thereafter, life in the Andean highlands is grim and earnest. The line climbed for another five thousand feet, and the train clickety-clicked its way into the sky. We were now in the land of the stoical, melancholic and ever distrustful Indians. This is the land where the Spanish conqueror, Francisco Pizarro, went out of his mind. The land is cold, wild and windy. The barren terrain stretched endlessly. The few towns in the area, La Union, Junin and Huancayo, are unfriendly and pathetic. We had booked two tickets to Huancayo where, so Xiti informed me, Satu Ra would be waiting with transport. I did not ask her how she had communicated with her brother. I took it for granted that if they wanted to do something, they would do it, even though an ordinary mortal such as myself might have difficulty in accomplishing what was to be done. Shortly after four o'clock that afternoon, we arrived at Huancayo. I found it to be a fair sized Indian mountain town, round about the thirteen thousand foot contour. The roads are often impassable because of snow or a sudden cloudburst. Surrounding narrow canyons, the steep peaks of the Andes, dilapidated mud huts, giant cacti, all these give the place an almost surrealistic air. The marvel is that the railway could reach this spot. At the station we were met by Mr. Satu Ra, whom I did not recognize at first. He was dressed very much like the natives, with heavy woollen gear. There wasn't much difference to be noticed between his looks and the taxi driver who he had charged with helping to unload all our luggage. We had a brief word of greeting, and then we busied ourselves pushing all the impedimenta Xiti had discovered in the Peruvian capital into the car. Never, in all my life, have I seen such a vehicle. No fenders, and with broken backwindows, the old Buick also had no hood and the motor could be observed in full operational vigour. We were much amused by this and as soon as we were on the road, the old Buick surprised us with one of the finest radios to which I have ever listened.

Soon after leaving Huancayo, we passed some Inca Ruins. These were the first I had seen, and Satu Ra kindly stopped the car in order that we might take a closer look at the ruins. The Incas, as we have all learnt, have left many well preserved settlements. At this particular site there were also the ruins of a fortress. Satu Ra had evidently visited this before, and he told me some interesting facts

about it, and also showed me the secret entrance to what must have been the royal treasure chamber. Night comes early in the Peruvian mountains, so we could not stay too long exploring the ruins. We had to carry on with our drive. Just as dusk was falling, we came to a trail that led down to a huge lake. It might have been part of Lake Junin or some other of the many lagos del altiplano that litter the way to La Union. As soon as we stopped and unloaded the car, the taxi driver said 'Adios' and wanted to kiss the hands of Mr. Satu Ra, - something absolutely out of the question in Peru. It surprised me very much and, I believe that Satu Ra must have helped this man or some sick member of his family. I was never told, nor have I ever seen this man again. After we saw his unfortunate vehicle disappear, we enjoyed the very peaceful lake side. With the snow-covered Andes peaks in the background, we observed the setting sun, colouring the white of the mountain with pure gold. A great feeling of happiness came over me. There was also an Indian shepherd with many beautiful big and fat sheep. Instead of being fascinated by the sunset, he was fascinated by us. I shall never forget this shepherd. Thinking about it today I still have to laugh. You see, at the very moment the sun had disappeared, I saw my first 'flying-saucer' and at the same time as it settled down gracefully and easily on the surface of the lake, I saw the shepherd disappear with the speed of a hunted rabbit. In spite of my being filled with a terrific sensation of awe, I just could not help laughing at the Indian's dashing velocity. There was a soft but painful noise, or rather reverberation, as the saucer glided towards the edge of the lake, right to the spot where we were waiting.

It was then when I thought I could not bear it any longer and that the whole valley, with its lakes and hills would be ripped to pieces. As the noise disappeared, a few decibels from painful to 'bearable,' the saucer hovered, and opened up underneath its circular surface. Like a giant crooking his little finger, an embarkation device, soft and gripping at the same time, scooped us up and deposited us in some kind of 'antiseptic reception quarter.' Immediately I became aware of the biological, vegetational, cellular structure, similar to soft polyethylene, embellished with exquisite designs and symbols. Only the flooring was a little harder, and I suppose the reason for this must be its mirror-like quality. Through this floor, you could see like a surgeon would be able to see your brain. You could see a billion nerves and bloodvessels, it was like looking into the living cells of a giant's overdeveloped brain. Right there and with Xiti attending I was stripped to the buff; imagine: to take a bath. So much has been written and talked about on the subject of unidentified flying objects and a great deal of money has been spent by various military and private research investigators, but despite all this when you actually see a flying saucer for the first time I believe that not one in a million scientific investigators would be able to explain the fantastic feeling that I experienced. I certainly do understand the shepherd's fear and I probably would have dashed off at the same speed if I had not known that this would happen eventually.

CHAPTER 7

THE SLAVE PLANET

My first trip in a flying-saucer reminded me of the first trip I made by Comet from New York to London on the BOAC route. I had come from New Jersey, to Idlewild, the airport for New York, where I was to switch to the BOAC Comet. Idlewild has now been renamed Kennedy Airport, but by whatever name it is called, it took me as long to get from New Jersey to New York and across that airport as it took for the Comet to whisk me across the Atlantic to London. Of course, the difference in speed of the two parts of that journey cannot be compared to the speed between the Comet and the flying-saucer, simply because flying-saucers do not fly, nor are you able to 'feel' speed. There was nothing mysterious about the actual 'flight.' I felt completely safe and relaxed. As a matter of fact, I did not even know how long the flight had lasted. Inside the craft there was a discreet hum, the rhythm, like the sound associated with low voltage waves, or with turbines, as I

thought then. Evidently, the reverberations I had heard and felt when first observing the flyingsaucer settle were either linked with particular manoeuvres, Or were merely externalised noise. During the bath, I remember, I suddenly felt sleepy and I must have lost consciousness. When I woke up, I found myself in some very comfortable, soft sleeping device, suspended like a hammock, but at the same time attached to many hundreds of fine and multi-coloured 'veins' and 'vessels.' This, I later was told, is part of a 'medical computer system" (health analysis during sleep forming only a small part of life-preserving treatments). Xiti, who had obviously risen earlier, or not slept at all, had brought to me a very kimono-like garment and answered my first questions. There was so much I wanted to know, that she hardly knew where to begin. Then I was invited to the most controversial breakfast of my entire existence.

Instead of toast, eggs and bacon, I found the gelatinous looking plants from their planet impossible to eat and I tried the complicated arrangement of small containers from which I was supposed to sip. I was curious about the contents of these gadgets, so I started to take a sip at random. They all had a wonderful time just laughing like little children about my lousy behaviour. The wife of one of the astronauts showed me how to do it. Nevertheless, I left practically with an empty stomach.

Perhaps the most sensational thing about the spacecraft was the fact that there were no 'locks and doors,' no keys, no particular, private or separated quarters, not even rooms, everything and even the commanding cell, called the Yano or 'the eye' was part of the biological structure of the craft. There was not one straight line so to speak in the whole space-craft, nor were the circular forms 'exactly' circular. At all times, the 'eye' of the craft is part of this body. This centre unit of the craft was so geared with other instruments, that its power of involvement was complete. In other words, the 'eye centre unit' is some kind of an activated memory, a transmitting and receiving centre, similar to our brains. The amazing thing is, that I was able to experience later, how this individual brain of the 'saucer' became part of the giant system of cosmic generator-brains and, in particular, how this great individual unit had to be considered a minute part of the great memory computer on the home planet itself. The Itibi Rayans, far from hiding anything from me, encouraged my curiosity. At all times I was asked about my impressions, which I gave voluntarily and with exactness: The impressions of a meat-eating animal, the impressions we would want to know from the Neanderthal type man about our sky-scrappers. During that first day that I stopped at my observation post, the eye-room was focused for long periods of time on the home planet, Itibi Ra 2. Satu Ra kindly arranged this in order that I might acquaint myself with the kind of life that the Itibi Rayans lived when they were not exploring the Universe in their flying Saucers. So it was that I saw their methods of transportation, their food-processing installations, their 'biological' machinery and their instruments. I even listened to a concert, and invaded some of the homes. I use the word 'invaded' deliberately, because the involvement brought about by the 'eye' makes one feel as if one was actually going to these places, going to the concert, for example, or visiting friends in their own home. Of one thing I soon became convinced. Satu Ra and Xiti were not exaggerating when they said that their people were a happy people. I saw evidence of this happiness. Not once did I notice anybody who might have been said to look fearful, unhappy or sad.

I liked their domestic architecture and layout. Most of their homes were built along river banks and the sides of lakes and other waterways. Their architecture was unlike any I had seen on Earth, except in futuristic exhibitions. They delighted in dominant colours, a vivid orange being particularly favoured. If I were asked to give one outstanding characteristic of the Itibi Rayans I observed through the eye generator, I would again come back to their happiness. Everybody seemed to be smiling, young and old. There didn't appear to be many unhealthy people about, but the 'generator' was trained on to what they call 'health centres,' and I saw that even patients there were smiling. Smiling certainly seemed to have a therapeutic effect on these people. Linked with the all-pervading air of happiness on Itibi Ra 2 was an atmosphere of calmness and serenity. No one

seemed out of patience. Nobody appeared to be in a hurry, Nobody seemed angered or disgusted. I was so engrossed in what I was living through, for this is the best way to describe how I spent my first day inside the flying-saucer, that I could not absorb all the detail of what I saw and heard. Later on, in the quietness of what they call the 'health centre' of the craft, I was able to collect my thoughts, go over my recollections, and make some proper notes in the diary that I kept, using mostly shorthand. What intrigued me most about Itibi Ra 2 was the fact that it was fused with two very small satellite planets. This, Satu Ra explained when I tackled him about it, was a quasar unit with a giant heart. The larger planet was, of course Itibi Ra 2, which I had been observing so closely all day. The third, the 'slave planet' was a much smaller biological body, and merely called *The Factory*.

The Heart planet functioned as an enormous artificial heart, pumping power into the fused planet, The Itibi Raayan engineers had got at the power of The Factory by slicing the top off it, rather as if they had sliced off the top of a giant egg. The factory thus became a power mine, whose enormous, and virtually everlasting energy, they were able to tap at will. A long time ago I was informed, the higher civilizations in Cosmos came to the conclusion, that all cellular forms of life are sensitive and susceptible to cancer. Because of technical improvement, they say, humanity shall not live longer, but shorter. Because of the self-created artificial life it is extremely easy to die and it is our own desire for comfortable substitutes and artificial conditions which brings us closer to death. But not only human beings are infested with cancer producing conditions. These 'cancer planets' as our friends call them have fallen to the habit of their surroundings. Because of the permissive age, they have not had the courage and foresight the Itibi Rayans had: to separate all artificial and mechanical working machinery and research from their normal surroundings. All the dirty work, if the reader excuses this expression, these wonderful people have learned to do automatically and under perfect mechanical conditions on a separately attached 'slave planet.' Of course, the word 'slave planet' is not the correct interpretation for the Itibi Rayan word: *Coxa Xixan*, which means 'planet factory.' Through the eye-generator I was able to peer right into the bowels of this factory planet. To me, it looked for all the world like an opened-up octopus. The vast number of tentacles were, I suppose, the channels and cables tapping the power sources. Not the flying-saucers, but this slave-planet power concept I consider a main achievement of the people from space. It was from The Factory that my friends had boundless energy for any purpose they required: for cosmic transportation, production, research, and climatic conditioning.

Because of these vast and endless supplies of energy taken from nature itself, they were no longer bothered by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, thunderstorms and other similar disasters. With this power at their command, they could neutralize the capricious forces of Nature itself. Xiti had made no idle boast when she had said that they could change their environment. This was the very thing that they had done. And they have done it without danger to their health. Towards evening, Satu Ra and some of his colleagues, who all appeared to be knowledgeable scientists, came to the eye-generator and sat beside Xiti and myself. I spoke in awe at the ingenuity that had been shown by the Itibi Raayans in harnessing this massive force. Satu Ra smiled quietly. He loved to use the variety of his language-computer to talk, preferably in French: this is one of his favourite answers, which I noted in my diary: 'C'est jamais complique si l'on comprend la regularite des choses,' (It's never complicated if you understand the regularity of things) and as a matter of fact, their remarkable achievements are proof of this saying. They have been able to regulate their own sun system for the best possible inter-cosmic time-sequences, they have invented what they call 'Acai,' the biological heart planet, the working units with the low pumping noise, the accurate operating of their giant pulsars or newly formed 'balancing planets.' They apparently even brought about certain changes within their galaxy. 'And the result of all this,' I had asked Mr. Satu Ra, 'I mean, the human, the psychological result?' 'C'est pour cela qu'on a plus peur,' (This is why we are more afraid) Mr. Satu

Ra had answered, (And because of this, our progress, we are no longer afraid.) And slowly, I began to understand that this lack of fear was basic to their philosophy, the ethical and religious pattern, which I noted down in my diary as COSMOPHILOSOPHY.

In the turn of events which were to befall me I came to know the truest and deepest truth of this word Cosmophilosophy which is, of course a very clumsy and even rather naive translation of what they call AMAT MAYNA. In order to give the reader just one little idea of the many millions of different aspects of Amat Mayna, I would like to mention just one of them. I call it the Itibi Rayan 'Danger signals of God.' All of us have seen, felt and touched these signals, but none of us has real knowledge of their tremendous value. We all know about many other things, but not about the most important ones, and according to Amat Mayna, the danger signals of GOD-NATURE are the main reason for the longer span of life, these our friends from out of space have achieved. There are exactly 11.420 such signals and their value can best be explained by some technical danger signals, the only ones we know and understand. Anyone having travelled from Paris to Madrid or from New York to Washington has seen the three, or more, warning signs, before the first major semaphor, or stopsignal. This stop-signal may be (in Europe) green, yellow or red. A red danger-signal passed by a train, still does not inflect death by accident since there is a fifth and last signal and that is the final major Stop signal before a train may hit another train. Just to mention Cancer, because we call this book Cancer Planet Mission, according to our friends there are seventeen danger signals to cancer and they are all perfectly noticeable long before the first serious indications: a slight fever, an imperceptible cough, a slight headache and so on and so forth; who really takes them seriously'.

CHAPTER 8

ADDICTS DISCOVER OUR PLANET

On the 19th of February 1967 I wrote into my diary the name of our planet Earth in out-of-space language: EARTH, SIL-SIL-HUA. Planet Earth, I was told, had been discovered many thousands of years ago, but only received a scientific numeration as the first astronauts (not Itibi Rayans) disappeared on our planet and were never heard of again. The Itibi Rayan exploration of Earth and their official discovery, not others, took place in the year 1946. It was because of Mr. Hua, now the second in command of Mr. Satu Ra's space-craft, that this our planet received its name: SIL-SIL-HUA. Actually, if we translate SIL-SIL-HUA, we shall be surprised as the word SIL SIL stands for our Chirimoya fruit. In other words SIL-SIL-HUA means: The place where Mr. Hua discovered the Chirimoya fruit.

Again, this may seem to be a joke, but it isn't. Itibi Rayans, I soon found out, do suffer physically if they do not get enough new flavours. They are addicted to new tastes. Perhaps addicted is too strong a word, so let's settle for 'a bad habit.' But the fact remains, that they are continually searching for new tastes throughout the entire Universe. Having lived in Paris, they do remind me of an old French professor of mine who just could not live without his 'coquilles de Saint-Jacques' (scallops) at least once a week. Of course, there are other reasons why these people from a different world go on these tremendous voyages of exploration. They are motivated to do so to keep fit, to keep on the move, to be superior to others. What has motivated earth men to land on the moon, and what shall motivate earth men to step on to Mars and even Venus? In order to grow new fruits and exciting new plant flavours, our friends have brought with them the most interesting specimens of vegetation and they are real biological wonders. Some of these are cross-fertilized and transplanted with plants entirely different to theirs. Plants from our planet, and others, are used to produce new taste sensations.

On the 18th of February 1967, the day after my arrival, I first became able to observe the

surrounding area from my position near the giant 'eye-generator.' Because of certain quarantine restrictions, I was not allowed, during the morning, to step outside the craft and meet other members of the crew. I was wondering why the Itibi Rayans, of all the lovely places on earth, had found this Godforsaken Green Hell, perhaps the worst spot in the entire world to do research. 'Surely,' I said to Satu Ra, 'you are not so afraid of the human race that you choose the worst possible spot on our planet?' 'The climate here is perfect.' Satu Ra laughed, and said that 'mistrust' is part of their religion of respect, but as I did not know at the time what their religion was, I could only guess, that because of their different ways of life, they mistrust most of humanity on Earth. During many hundreds of thousands of years, the people of my friends have evolved from meat eaters to vegetarians. I was informed that the evolutionary process in their food habits also brought in its wake a character problem. At first they felt superior to the meat eating civilizations in cosmos, until Talayan (a poetic, religious name by sound only, similar to the Indian word Mahatma), Talayan, the greatest religious reformer of their planet, gave to the Itibi Rayans what I translated as the seven cosmic commandments.

Itibi Rayans, I was further told, are prone to commit a sin, a sin we do not know on earth, and which is called *URASITI*, or 'Love of over-tasting.' When they first found the tropical Chirimoya fruit, they all went 'urasiti' (a gluttony condition). We shall never be able to experience what these conditions really mean, as our palates are not as sensitive as theirs. Having stopped eating solid food, having forgotten how to kill an animal and eat it, they also have entirely different nerves. They have abandoned the idea to kill. No more war, on human beings or animals, except in self-defence. They have become planters, scientists, explorers, teachers, religious philosophers (cosmophilosophers), biologists, etc. But most of all, they have become the most trusted human beings in the entire Universe.

On the 19th of February 1967, I have also noted in my diary the name of the Itibi Rayan plantation: *MIRIM*.' On this day I was also able to resume a more harmonious assimilation with Xiti. It was a fantastic experience to hear and see this brave and wonderful Xiti talk to her parents on a two-way transmitting system very much like our television, However, touching the device, I immediately became aware of the fact that just like the saucer itself, this also seemed to be of biological, 'living,' cellular structure. The word *MIRIM*, I found out later, the Itibi Raayans had taken from their Indian helpers, who know the nearby Mirim River by its correct name. Xiti must have informed her parents about me being on board. The conversation was in their own language, a rather high pitched melodic whispering, very charming and, perhaps, I should say, with humorous undertones. I still think that a lot of the things I said, asked and did, things so clumsy and 'earthen,' must have put me into a comedian's role. Naturally, as everybody was so kind and cheerful, I never became aware of this, except for the smiles, the telling smiles. Xiti's parents lived in a lovely place, ablaze with flowers of every colour, and with plant life of every description. I saw many other homes in the neighbourhood area, all built on the banks of small rivers. At one time, Xiti also spoke to a neighbour of her parents and the 'eye-generator' had 'gone' directly into the inside of her house, also very charmingly decorated with symbols similar to those I saw within the space-craft. Again, everything seemed so peaceful and relaxed. There was this magnificent garden, I remember, between the two homes, the river with the glorious waterflowers I shall never forget. Nor shall I forget the ineffable charm of the parents. As I looked closer in on Xiti's parents, I could not help thinking of the classic Japanese school of painting. Not that there are similar facial characteristics, but I observed the distinctive oriental politeness all the time Xiti had been able to be close to her parents. At the end of the transmission, the elderly people looked in my direction and repeated several times: *SILIT SILIT*. (Later Xiti explained the meaning: welcome to our hearts.)

To my astonishment, Xiti then switched to a sport event and I must say it was one of the hardest games I ever saw in my entire life. Of course, I am unable to explain this correctly, but I understand

that the huge amount of players, perhaps 7,000 young men, were engaged in a giant size ball game, where a final selection of the most able and strongest also ended with the victory of the most intelligent team. To play this substitute for war, the young Itibi Rayans used several hundred computerized electronically controlled gadgets, very similar to multi-coloured footballs. I understood that not the referee, but the different balls (perhaps also interconnected with each other) have to decide the game. To me, the whole thing looked like football on a giant chess board, played rapidly over a plain field of about five miles. Decisions were made by those having reached a higher commanding status because of bravery and intelligent behaviour. The hardness and often brutal behaviour of many lower rank players really surprised me. It seemed to be absolutely contrary of what I had thought about the Itibi Rayans so far. I asked Xiti about it, the next day, on February 19th, and she explained that these events have prevented war and bloodshed for many thousands of years. And yet, these games, she said, made it possible to keep the inborn and instinctive fighting condition of mankind intact. There is also the genetic reason to keep fit, to be healthy through hardship and sporting bravery. After Satu Ra himself had told me 'that war in cosmos is a possibility,' I came to the conclusion that Itibi Rayans, in spite of their rather unique history of peace, nevertheless do believe in staying prepared for the worst. The amazing thing about this 'game,' I found out, was this IT HAS NO END. Just like our wars seem to continue from one century to the next, the Itibi Raayan war-games continue from time to time, exactly at the same position where they were broken off, by 'peacemaking referees' "The urge to keep fit" without doubt is part of the Itibi Rayan pattern of everyday life, just as their desire to include their different health methods and in particular, their continuously 'computerized' health check up, seems to be part of their deeprooted religious belief that it is their duty towards GOD-NATURE to be fit and healthy.

CHAPTER 9

HOW FLYING SAUCERS OPERATE

Until I had met Satu Ra, I had not given much thought to natural force. I knew about the elemental force of a volcanic eruption, of a typhoon, even of forked lightning, but these were examples of uncontrolled natural forces. Of course, there are also examples of controlled natural forces: the windmill, solar batteries and sun-steam engines spring to mind. But the forces involved in these and other examples are negligible compared with some of the forces that Satu Ra had spoken about. I was, subconsciously, thinking in terms of atomic and nuclear power as harnessed by man. These were as a candle compared to the brightest searchlight when thinking in terms of cosmic natural power and the other advanced techniques used by the Itibi Rayans and their cousins in outer space. I must emphasize to my readers that only science fiction calls space-ships 'flying-saucers.' That is a solecism of fantasy. I doubt if space-ships actually fly in the accepted sense of the word. They are propelled by cosmic waves. A minimum fleet of twenty-seven to thirty ships are needed for operating within our solar system. The power units, or the carriers, are at all times above the control and supply ships. It is the carriers that arrange for the power to be switched on or off.

The threedimensional fusion of the carriers accords with the cosmic condition of the third dimension itself, and this makes it possible to hit a target at a very high speed, much faster, indeed, than the speed of light. In other words: We humans on earth are wasting our time experimenting with rockets. This is what I noted down in my diary after talking to Satu Ra about their space-craft: 'There will be little purpose in continuing with our mechanical way of life. These people have forgotten the use of iron and steel. They have created biological craft being absorbed, activated and propelled by tremendous dimensional forces. They have never gotten their priorities wrong. From the beginning of their civilization, they became friends with the power of their sun and surrounding cosmic forces.' This is what I wrote into my diary late at night: 'Instead of thinking in terms of

individual countries obtaining national prestige by being the first land to reach the moon, or colonize Mars, the world powers should start thinking about the sun and putting that to work for mankind. Problems associated with war, cruelty, and population explosion, would disappear overnight if Nature were understood as a friend, if all of us would work together, like the Itibi Rayans do. Are we not like inventors working on fire-fighting devices to be used hundreds of miles away while all the time our own houses are burning around our ears? What do we know about the source of life? What do we know about the power and energy of our sun? We all know, that without the sun, we would cease to exist, but what have we done to use our sun in order to live?'

The more I thought along these lines, the more I became interested in the space-craft itself. There were actually three of them at the time I landed near the plantation. Only one of these carried crew members, the other two were supply vessels. Amidst all the different delights of the lab-unit, the one and most fascinating thing for me to do, was to return to the space craft in order to see, feel and listen to the many amazing wonders I was mostly unable to understand. It was Xiti who explained a great deal of the 'unbelievable', the 'unknown' and, because of her, I was able to write down a few outstanding facts I shall now mention. Because of this friendship with Xiti, you see, I had no fear. Because of feeling close to her, I dared to ask her the questions I could not have asked otherwise. The answers Xiti supplied for my diary make it clear, why, for many thousands of years, certain civilizations in cosmos do know how to travel by space-craft. Only a colossal need, necessity of life or death, could have forced the Itibi Rayans and other advanced civilizations, to invent these wonderful Space-ships which are able to lift enormous loads. The undertaking, from what Xiti explained, was within their capabilities which are those of the furthest advanced biological scientists in the Universe. Not their former age of iron and steel, but the modern 'life-creating biological age' made the space-craft possible. 'There is no mystery about it,' Xiti said: 'There are many planets in cosmos where all water supply suddenly stops, and where all plants, all animals and insects cease to function normally. The only solution then is immigration to the other planets, where there is abundance of water and oxygen. Several hundred thousand years ago, when the Itibi Rayans became aware of the danger, they began to create the means of transportation for several million people. They did not know trains, freight cars, automobiles, or ships. But they knew how to create new plant life, they knew how to use the forces of their sun, they were able to use 'vegetative brains,' computerized memories, which they created within their enormous 'eye-generators.' With other human beings, from other planets, similar to their own, they were able to communicate, they were also able to investigate, experience, analyse and learn from other people in the Universe. (One of the reasons Xiti had bought so many books and records from Lima.) Since 'Itibi Ra one' went dry, our friends from out of space have looked at water as something very special indeed. It may even have been a psychological reason why they switched to a liquid rather than a solid diet, why they became 'water scientists,' flavour-specialists, and why, as a result, they only have rudimentary teeth. Their homes, after immigration on to Itibi Ra 2, were built near beautifully planted water gardens.

They practise hydrotherapy for internal and external cures, using the right texture, temperatures, flavours and minerals of many different waters. As Xiti told me, the Itibi Rayans went back and forth many times to their dying planet, moving over four hundred million tons of 'human life', plants, insects, animals, biological 'machines,' work and lab-equipment, recording devices, musical instruments, etc., etc. 'There has never been such a mass evacuation in the whole history of Universe,' I was informed. Indeed, only the necessity to survive had forced the Itibi Rayan scientists to think about travelling on to another planet and to create the necessary means of transportation. Only because of their highly advanced understanding of all lifecreating ways of nature, were they able to create and test a series of dimensional filtering and prismatic type 'life receiving' space-batteries reacting to the inter-cosmic forces of colour, light, temperature, time and

other cosmic waves. The Itibi Rayans, with the same instinctive intelligence Noah must have had, created new, fascinating 'interconnection' of cosmic batteries, reaching the dimensional scientific 'switch' from 'receiving' to 'sending cosmic forces.' In other words, instead of waves being received, activated and returned, they were able to move with the activated 'returned' waves themselves. The whole thing, I found out, goes far beyond our present evolutionary pattern. We have isolated ourselves from the 'life-creating' forces of nature. We are in a way similar to other civilizations, like those on planet Molta, which Xiti mentioned as the 'planet where they all die of cancer.' When I asked her 'Why do they all die of cancer?' she said: 'They advanced from a purely mechanical age towards the age of no return: the age of 'godliness'.' In other words, there are people in the Universe so far away from God and Nature, that because of the superiority of their mechanical gadgets, they came to believe that they are 'like God themselves.' The result, as Xiti pointed out, may be their destruction by cancer.

Footnotes; Osmose, the transportation of liquid weights into higher levels by using the forces of electricity, could be an example of our present day scientists doing something similar, of course in a primitive way and not at all using the proper cosmic forces. (out of my diary)

'The biological structure of the space-craft makes it impossible - even for a technically trained man, to draw a blueprint what makes our brains, our nerves transmit orders to our bodies to move heavy weights? The forces of life, certainly, are similar, but who is qualified to understand this puzzle? Perhaps a futuristic minded biomedical expert'? A brain or nerve specialist? where are the limiting factors? How are they able to control these forces? Yes, they tried to explain! But I do not even know how a television circuit works, much less shall I ever understand this, however, one thing I am absolutely sure about and that is: The naturalistic concepts that our out of space visitors perhaps have had cosmic power for millions of years, made them use the greatest power houses of the Universe (Cosmic energy bodies a billion times stronger than our sun) There are thousands of different types of spacecrafts but none of them are able to operate without the inter-dimensional energy craft. Why? Because there are tremendous cosmic empty spaces where they need energy crafts in order to substitute the lack of direct and positive interconnective power.

CHAPTER 10

THE MURDERER

On the second day of my arrival, precisely in the late afternoon hours, I had an example of the different way in which the Itibi Rayans treat sinners, Or, as we would say, in this particular case, a criminal. A message had come to the control ship from one of the guards on duty on the perimeter of the plantation. He had captured a sorry looking Indian found trying to help himself to some fruit of the young plants. The guard had taken the man to Satu Ra, who had sent a signal to Xiti, asking that I should come along to the control room in order to see if I could help in the interrogation of a fellow human being. We went along to the control room. The Indian was there, a small, emaciated fellow, looking absolutely bewildered. Satu Ra and I questioned the man. He had escaped from prison and was trying to make his way up the Mirim River. When I asked him why he had been imprisoned, he told me that, in a fit of blind rage, he had killed another Indian. For this crime, he had been found guilty and sentenced to death. Now, a death sentence in these parts is not quite so fearful as it sounds. The usual practice in the case of a condemned man is to lock him in the local jail, which is a very insecure place. The jailers then make enquiries about the man's family, particularly if they have plenty of dinero and can pay to have the prisoner's escape engineered. Indians most certainly admit their crimes and very often are proud of them. If the family can pay, then the man 'escapes'. If the prisoner's family cannot afford to pay for the escape, or if the man has

no family, then he is still allowed to 'escape', and is shot while doing so. I have it on credible authority that in the Leticia province not a single judicial execution has been carried out. All the condemned prisoners over that long period of time have either escaped, or have been shot while trying to escape. It would seem as though our Indian was just about the first genuine escaper. He had killed a fellow Indian. He had been sentenced to death. He had no money, no family. And he had escaped, stealing a boat while doing so and trying to make his way into even more remote parts by way of the River Mirim. (It was because of his mentioning the River Mirim, that I was able, later in Lima, to place the Itibi Rayan plantation.)

Now, I reckoned that, although it would be a nuisance, for the river traffic would have to be interfered with, the authorities would make some show of trying to recapture the escaped prisoner. I explained this to Satu Ra, who agreed with my reasoning, and looked a trifle worried. If the authorities made an intensive search, then they might well stumble upon the Mirim River plantations. And it wouldn't be too difficult to trace the prisoner's route. He had come up the Mirim, had lost his way for a few days in the tortuous Galves tributary, had made his way back to the main stream of the Lower Mirim, and had finally come to roost in the Itibi Rayan settlement, chiefly because he had broken no less than three outboard propeller blades and had been unable to continue his journey in the boat he had stolen. With religious conviction, the Itibi Rayans began to cure the man of all his many ailments. I think that the Indian himself, at the beginning, hardly knew what was happening to him. He was passed from one astronaut scientist to the next. I was simply amazed by the eagerness of these men to treat the Indian. As the man had been plagued by insects, so that he had a poisoned eye, septic bites, was worm ridden and emaciated, all of it looked like being a long nursing job. But I had forgotten their great many fantastic vegetative medicines. I watched my friends make a very careful selection of all kinds of juices. These they gave to the man. Within a short time of only two days, the Indian refugee was all right.

The man who had been ready for the undertaker, even though the vulture birds do this work in the jungle, was again on his feet, prancing about like a two-year-old. 'Que pasa aqui?' he said. 'Quienes son esta gentes?' he wanted to know from me. 'Who are these men? Where am I?' He kept on speaking in the atrocious Spanish that we had used during his first interrogation. 'They are friends,' I told him. 'Explorers,' 'That is good. I must make my way to the Upper Mirim, then make my way to Curzeiro do Sul.' 'Don't worry. My friends will take you there, I'm sure.' 'How?' 'In one of their space-craft,' I said, laughing. Suddenly, it dawned upon the Indian that all this must be the work of the devil. 'You call those things ships?' he said. He must have taken the space-craft for round buildings of some kind. I saw how the man became afraid of what he saw. His reaction was only normal. Naturally, as he had seen 'white people' in places like Iquitos and Leticia, as he spoke Spanish and had been to school, he immediately became suspicious, and suspicion, as we know, creates fear. Right there and then, I wanted to find out what another human being, having had an education, even a rudimentary one, would think about 'out of space people.' So I just 'let him have it,' like they say in America. I told him that these people came to the Amazon jungles from another planet. 'No me digas', 'you don't tell me,' the flummoxed Indian kept repeating over and over again.

His eyes rolled as he took in the silvery outline of the control-craft, then hastily he crossed himself and said: 'Dios no,', "Dios no.' There was nothing that could stop him laughing. He kept on laughing for a long time. You see, he had gone a little crazy, as they say, in Latin America: 'un poco loco.' His nerves, shattered already from his exposure to the jungle, were unable to resist. His mind, unable to understand that our friends had come as friends, became 'unhinged.' There was nothing the Itibi Rayans could do for him. For a couple of days Satu Ra ordered him to be kept inside the health-centre of the control-craft. This is what I noted about the case in my diary: 'His intrusion taught me one thing: 'ordinary' human beings are not yet conditioned to accept our friends from

outer space. It will be some time before Itibi Rayans shall be able to move freely about our world and be known for what they are.' However, the amazing point is that the Itibi Rayans do move about our planet in limited numbers. Satu Ra himself was an example of this. Perhaps he chose his countries carefully: India, for example, Of course, when they mixed freely, it is with pacific or unsophisticated people such as the Indian peasants they employed on their plantations. These Indians were employed on very humdrum tasks, keeping the area free of insects, because, despite the protective covers, insects did manage to find their way into the seedlings and saplings. The Indians looked upon their employers as lightskinned foreigners from another part of the world. I doubt if they gave a second thought to the rather unusual chin formation of the Itibi Rayans. In any case, the simple Amazon Indians, unlike the man from Leticia jail, would not have believed that people could come from other planets. They would have rejected such a story in exactly the same way as most of us would reject the idea of several men having been landed on the moon, if we had not seen it on TV. I spoke to Satu Ra about this very point. 'At first,' he agreed, 'the local Indians looked upon us with some caution. But then Niti and I began to heal their wounds, and cure their sick. They soon came to accept us, 'Perhaps,' I wrote into my diary, 'humanity one day shall accept these people as friends, alter we realise they have come to heal most of our century-old moral sicknesses, and not just our physical ones.'

Footnote: Through the study of thousands of year old memory-of-memory computation, the Itibi Rayan scientists and religious leaders have come to the conclusion that only on the underdeveloped planets, the brutality of man, go so far as to make women responsible for instance, for birth control - which Itibi Rayans definitely feel is part of man's duty. Also your disgusting habit of involving women and children in war. Most of the time, our friends from out of space say: Women and children do not even know WHY men are fighting and killing.

CHAPTER 11 THE LOST CITY

On the River Mirim plantation, without doubt, the most dangerous man was Turu, the medicine man of the Indian tribesmen. By a rare chance, as a young boy of 15, Turu had the task of watching three captured Peruvian soldiers. These unlucky men, kept as prisoners of the savages for over two years, were finally tortured to death during a tribal festival. One of the soldiers, a rather cultivated man, he must have been, taught the Spanish language to Turu, who several months later, ventured into the Amazon capital town of Iquitos all by himself. Doing so, he became an important man to his tribe. He was able to steal knives, nails, machetes and many other important things. But what impressed his fellow tribesmen was Turu's return with a bag full of salt. Salt to the Indians is considered as valuable as gold. Because of his new authority and in the struggle for leadership, Turu, for a hand full of salt, had the old medicine-man murdered in cold blood. It was at this time when the Itibi Rayans, impressed by the linguistic superiority of Turu, began to fear the disclosure of their Amazon base headquarters. (They had several other plantations, one I believe to be near the Bolivian Paurcarlambo River.) On the 19th of February 1967, after having had another rather disappointing breakfast, I was asked to talk to Turu and find out as one human to the next what his intentions were. This request surprised me very much as I had always thought the Itibi Rayans were capable of 'reading our minds.' (As a matter of fact, they are able to do so, if there is a 'mind' to read.) What I was soon aware of, after having a chat with Turu, was this: he was a man unable to think the way we do, or even make a plan for the next day. These Indians find enough fruit from day to day. They hunt and fish enough during one single day, consequently they do not need to think or plan beyond a 12-hour circle. Should this man Turu suddenly get the impulse to disappear and venture down the Mirim towards civilization, he would certainly do so, but I doubted very much

that he would do so in order to betray the Itibi Rayans, not that he was not capable of treachery, but this simply would not enter his mind. Besides, who would want to believe him?

Suppose one of my readers decided to tell the police authorities about 'people from out of space"! How would he go about it without making himself suspicious? Imagine a primitive man from the deepest jungle wanting to denounce the presence of our friends!

I felt certain that Satu Ra and his scientist crew members had nothing to fear from Spanish-speaking Turu. In a way I liked Turu. He had all the instincts of an Anaconda, the giant Amazon snake: very peaceful when satisfied, but extremely dangerous when hungry or in love. The trouble with Turu was that most of the time he was hungry and in love. He then disappeared for several days, Xiti told me, and returned with fantastic tales about his monkeykilling traps, and his solitary war against the moribund migales, the greatest of all living spiders, so large that it cannot be covered by a plate.

Even though his wives (he had three) took up all his attention at night, Turu, when in love with someone else's 'property,' had killed the watch-dogs which the suspecting husbands had stationed before certain homes of a neighbouring settlement. What his fellow tribesmen liked the best about him, however, was his bravery where the migales are concerned. To get as many of these murderers is a most dangerous undertaking. A few years ago, several people got killed in the town Riververalta in Bolivia trying to burn down a house infested with the giant spiders. It so happened that the house was used as a quarter for passing soldiers. Seventeen of those were murdered at night by the poisonous monsters.

The intelligent insect lowers itself at night and its bite means death. On the day of the execution of the owner of the house, who had been condemned, the authorities found the huge nests of the apazaucas, as the Bolivians call the giant insect. I quite well began to understand the unconscious but very deep philosophy of Turu. Not like Shakespeare's 'To be or not to be, that is the question,' but 'Kill or be killed, that is the question.' And sometimes even as a question it would be too late...

On several occasions during my stay at the Mirim River base I was able to listen to Turu telling or making violent gestures to his people tending the plants. He wanted them to return to the 'outside world' and to me he explained that life in the deadly forest is not as bad as we must believe it to be underneath our protective shield. As a matter of fact, he suddenly began to talk about a white man having gone 'native.' He called this man 'Mori' and sometimes 'Moris.' I later found out that he spoke the truth, and that this fellow must have been a renegade from a big European town, perhaps Paris. His name, I suppose, must be Maurice. Turu spoke of him as a real friend. I very much wanted to meet this fellow, but Turu never invited me to come along. An interesting psychological observation concerning Turu I must also mention. Unlike the highland shepherd and the escaped criminal, this primitive man was not at all frightened of the space-craft. This he proved to me when I talked to him the first time. It was late in the afternoon, about 5 p.m., while talking to the Indian when suddenly we saw another control-craft coming down.

A beautiful space-ship it was, and as we had been on the outer fringes of the plantation, we were able to observe the big bird coming down only about 900 feet from the protected plantation area, very close to one of the supply craft. It was a real pleasure to see the craft coming to such a soft and easy landing, like setting itself on a carpet of air.

Out stepped the most audacious group of wildlooking but smiling savages followed by a bunch of serious Itibi Rayan explorers. There was plenty of excitement, but what really made me shake my head was this: these, perhaps the most feared man-eaters of the endless forests, with ears of pendulous lobes and quills thrust from side to side through their nostrils, were laughing and giggling like little girls. What an excursion it must have been. What follows I noted into my diary as some of the happiest hours I had spent with these people. They were celebrating the discovery of a huge pre-Columbian symbol, a religious symbol of great significance to their civilization. This symbol, of which I include a design, the Itibi Raayans had discovered at what they called 'Linislan,'

the lost city. As Xiti was able to explain, I understand this Linislan city to be an ancient town of several million people, now buried underneath a layer of seven feet of tropical growth. In order to excavate with their special equipment, the Itibi Raayans had placed these selected Indian 'friends' near strategic waterways and swamp-passages as guards. The Itibi Rayans had known these men already since their very first landing near Pucallpa. The amazing thing I discovered was the age of these Indians: all over 50 years, looking as healthy and young as those Indians being only 20 or 25. Another controversy! Had they been used as human guinea-pigs by the Itibi Rayans? Xiti never wanted to talk much about the subject, but she did tell me all about Linislan.

Because of their extremely sensitive navigational equipment, the Itibi Rayans found out that the secret of ancient South America, this uncompleted manuscript of human history, lies within the walls of many megalithic edifices and temples, fortresses of powerful civilizations unknown to us. How many brave explorers like Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett, have tried in vain to penetrate this veil, prepared to face hardship, and found death. As one famous Portuguese explorer wrote: 'Easy as it was to conquer the Empire of the Incas, this was not so as regards the region east of the Andes (known commonly as the Amazon jungles) owing to the impenetrable forests which cover its surface. There these men of iron had to struggle against obstacles such as an almost impenetrable growth, aided at times by human beings as barbarous as Nature itself. Wide and tricky rivers, torrents capable of destroying anything which resisted them; hungry wild beasts; gigantic and poisonous reptiles; insects no less dangerous and more troublesome than the reptiles; inaccessible mountains, on whose slopes every step carried its risk, now of going over the precipice, now of being bitten by a venomous serpent or by one of the millions of equally poisonous ants, limitless forests, immense lagoons, swamps, torrential rains, inundations of enormous extent.' But in many important respects these words of the historian are exaggerated. Between Cuzco and the Brazilian highlands, the Itibi Rayans discovered seven recognized military trails constructed many thousands of years ago. One of these trails led to 'Linislan', The Lost City-, -'the Rome of South America'. No people are less racial and prejudiced, or are more friendly disposed towards all human beings as the Itibi Rayans. Healing the Indians, they made friends with them for ever. And the Indians, far from feeling inferior to them, regard the out of space people as their friends. (What annoys most beings, not just 'human beings' is a suggestion of superiority.) With the help of their Indian friends, as Xiti explained, Linislan was discovered on October the 15th 1966, our time.

The Itibi Rayan explorers had been excavating for several months until on the 1st of February 1967 they opened the principal temple of Linislan and found the religious symbol of the 'flying man from out of space.'

Many generations of Indians and many a North American tourist have seen imitations of this preColumbian symbol without knowing its real meaning. But to have discovered this image within the Linislan temple must have been the fantastic proof that many thousands of years ago another civilization from out of space had first landed on this our lonely planet earth. Not Columbus discovered America, but the ancient Vikings. Not Mr. Hua, or Mr. Satu Ra discovered planet earth, but a much earlier team of astronauts. Still to-day I do not know what the Itibi Rayans were celebrating that unforgettable day of February 1967. What did the Indians celebrate? Xiti tried to explain. Smilingly, she told me again and again, that everyone of the crew felt happy because of the similar symbol they had on one of their control panels inside the craft and indeed she showed this to me the next day. I found out that through the study of millions of religious symbols, the Itibi Rayans had been able to solve the controversy about God, and with it the question as to whether the Universe is a creation of a personal God, or whether God itself is the Universe. Not because of the geological, astrological and intercosmic science, nor because of dimensional theories or theological dogmas, but simply because of the most unbelievable collection of millions of religious symbols, and their analysis, did the Itibi Rayans form their 'COSMOPHILOSOPHY,' or Cosmic Religion,

which they believe to be the zenith of religious truth and wisdom. What the Linislan symbol really stands for, I was only finding out superficially. The deeper meaning I can only guess. The Linislan symbol, I feel, represents life, 'creating new matter.' That much I understood. Also that it became the religious symbol of GOD-NATURE.

Note: I remember in particular one beautifully designed symbol in the health centre of the space craft. I forgot to note the name. The symbol showed a man's hand protecting a woman's breast on which a baby was feeding. The symbol explains, they said, the mystery of human violence and man's highest duty: to protect women and children from violence.

The question of what Itibi Rayans really believe to be God-Nature, what their moral and ethical laws are, their prayers, their social behaviour, etc., I was only surmising at the time, Not until near the end of my stay was I to be informed.

CHAPTER 12

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GUAYABA

Shortly after dawn, on the 20th of February 1967, I was told by Xiti that my friends had decided to take a short break from their routine work as planters and go on another exploration trip. Looking through my diary notes, I find an entry about being a bit worried over my return to Lima. I knew I was overdue in the Peruvian capital, and that a backlog of work was waiting for me (specially where the installation of some machinery in the port of Callao was concerned). But, in the short time I had been in the Mirim River base, I had become so fascinated with everything these people did, that the idea of spending a few days with them on another adventure really fascinated me. Secretly I wondered, as already in India and Lima, what would happen to them if one of their men or women were arrested. Little did I know, besides the fact that Xiti used a perfectly imitated Argentine passport, that all Itibi Raayans know exactly what to do and what not to do. For instance, in many countries, it is useless to show a passport if this passport does not show an entry stamp from the airport police. On the trip to Columbia, Satu Ra decided not to use passports at all, but to proceed at night and only stay a very limited time and at a place where the chances of detection were absolutely out of the question. All day, during the 20th of February, I had stayed inside the control craft, experimenting with one of the eye-generator's historical computers, waiting for departure time. We finally left at about 10 p.m., after we all had a last vegetarian meal. The extremely short criss-cross over great altitude and distance was a disappointment. Exactly like on the first flight near Huancayo to the Mirim River base, I did not notice, see, hear or feel anything at all. But I did observe, and with the utmost interest, the immediate and very clever control-craft protection carried out in the darkness of what I was able to understand to be a huge delta swamp of the Magdalena river south of Barranguilla, Columbia.

Within seconds, the spacecraft had covered itself with a special liquid coming out of a million pores which, besides being a perfect element of camouflage and natural colouring, also served as a bacteria and insect repelling agent. This only lasted about 5 to 10 minutes. When finished, we immediately embarked in two very comfortable and very flat speed boats. These boats on both sides, and on the bottom, were propelled by tiny and silent generators. There was no motor at all but a great number of air-jets, working in absolute silence. I figured the speed of about 30 to 35 mph (48-56 km/h) and the trip itself lasted well over 1 hour. Because of the wonderful night temperature, everybody seemed to enjoy this travelling down the Magdalena River. The Itibi Rayans carried their beautifully carved drinking gadgets and even though they never offered me 'a drink', they always had three little containers given to me to carry for my personal use. I was only

able to speak to Mr. Satu Ra, as Xiti had not received clearance to join the party and all the other crew members did not carry language computers. The exception, of course, I found out later, was Mr. Hua. Approaching the port of Barranquilla at about 11 PM we found an isolated spot, with wild hedges covering the river embankment. In spite of the moonlight, it was a dark night. Dogs howled. Not a ship stirred on the broad waters of the river. Camp was pitched on a sandy strip over the water line in a break of the undergrowth. Most of the Itibi Raayans wanted to rest and observe the neighbourhood, but Satu Ra decided to visit the night market of this the largest coastal town of Columbia.

Like most large towns in the South American republics, it had a busy night life. The markets, for example, keep open until there isn't a customer left to buy. Most markets have their fair share of fruit and soft drink vendors. It must have been at 11.30 p.m. when we arrived at one of the filthiest markets I have ever seen. Rotten fruit and banana leaves were strewn all over the street. But, there seemed to be a large selection of fruit and soft drinks on the stalls. That was good. We might find something different here, something to the Itibi Rayan taste, I thought, with a sarcastic sense of humour. 'The display of fruit is one of the features of Columbia', I told Satu Ra. 'Undoubtedly you will find something to interest you'. Satu Ra went from fruit stall to fruit stall making a minute inspection of the fruit that was offered for sale. Now, a market seller, all over the world, always has the same thing in common: they don't like customers touching and inspecting their goods, turning over the stock without buying anything. So as to prevent any scene that might be embarrassing to my friend, I rummaged in my packets and found some Peruvian coins that, besides some bills, I had left from the time I was in Lima. These I handed to Satu Ra. (He had no money of his own, and I told him to buy what he wanted.) Satu Ra displayed a naivete that was astounding for one so astute as himself. He inspected the fruit, turning and prodding, but he did not buy anything. Instead, he offered a stall seller money merely for the privilege of inspecting the stock, smiled politely, then moved on to the next stall. Each stallholder accepted the money with alacrity, and did not press any fruit on to Satu Ra. I suppose they looked upon the money as a tip given to them by an eccentric foreigner. I am sure they must have thought of Satu Ra as the typical American 'Gringo'. We wandered through the town and found one or two other smaller-markets, Suddenly, my nostrils were assailed by the most heavenly aroma: that of roasting chicken.

All the longing for good, solid food came back to me. I had been living on the Itibi Raayan diet. Mark you, I was fit enough on it, but I recently had this craving for solid, homely good food. The smell of the roasting chicken brought on that longing once more. I soon tracked that heavenly smell down to its source. A chicken roaster had set up his stall in the corner of one of the smaller markets, Half a dozen chickens were turning on spits over a glowing charcoal fire. I reached in my pocket for my wallet, extracted a fifty sole Peruvian bill, and gave the Columbian chicken roaster a lesson in Peruvian currency. We agreed that the bill was the equivalent of about thirty pesos, more than enough to buy half a succulent chicken, which the man proceeded to hand me. The chicken roasting Columbian even gave me three pesos bills of his money and immediately, with a muttered word of apology to Satu Ra, I ate that half chicken there and then. I was ravenous. Never has chicken tasted so good as in that market place, with the night sky above and Satu Ra by my side as I tore strips of juicy breast from my half chicken. I reckon it took me about as long to eat that half chicken as the voyage to the river delta had taken-about 5-7 minutes. Satu Ra was amazed at the 'Caveman's' gluttony, for that was what it was. Then I saw a look of sadness cross his face, I knew what he was thinking: that it was a crime to kill a bird just for a human being to eat it. At that moment, I must confess, I was out of sympathy with Itibi Raayan philosophy. All I was interested in was picking the bones clean. What was it Cervantes said? 'See if you can find a knife, and look out for one or two chickens, and then, Good appetite!' A knowing bird, that Cervantes. I just didn't trouble about a knife. Only Satu Ra's now disapproving look spoiled the pleasure of that half chicken. Soon after

we left the chicken stall, we ran into Mr. Hua. He told us that he found himself unable to sleep, and had, therefore, followed us to the market, hoping to meet up with us. They asked me if I knew about another market open that late, and I replied that I remembered from a previous visit to Barranquilla that I had seen one down by a beautiful church. So we went there and it was in this market that we came across the guayaba, This proved to be the only fruit on sale in Barranquilla that was not known to my friends from Itibi Ra 2.

'Have you tasted this fruit?' Satu Ra questioned me. 'Yes. It has a bitter-sweet flavour, really delightful'. I also mentioned that the guayaba has a lot of seeds which makes it less popular than it otherwise would be. 'But it is fit for consumption?' Satu Ra wanted to know. I said: 'Many people make a drink from it, rather than go to the trouble of eating the fruit. In this respect, it is like the ordinary orange or lemon'. 'It is not difficult to cultivate?' They both wanted to know immediately and I told them: 'I think not, although I'm no expert. I do know that it grows all the way from Mexico, down through the Central American countries into the north of Peru. A very fair spread'. With this, my friends seemed to be satisfied and decided to take it back to the plantation laboratories. Again, I had to pay, this time with the change from the chicken. They chose the most perfect fruit, but then Satu Ra asked me if I could not find the specimens of the guayaba tree. This was an impossible thing, as it was past midnight and most of the fruit sellers were beginning to close their stands. Nevertheless, we spent an hour or so wandering through the night markets of Barranquilla looking for a plant dealer, but without success. It seemed as if my friends never got tired. I was feeling sleepy, and, therefore, suggested that we return to the temporary camp, have a few hours sleep, and then resume the search for a plant dealer in the morning.

I was up very early in the morning. Shipping was already shuffling its way along the Magdalena. I had no objection to being found camped out on the embankment, but I thought it might embarrass my Itibi Raayan friends if they were. So, I woke the rest of the camp. Within a short time they all were safely inside the two boats. With the exception of the guard on duty, they had all had a good night's rest. They just never worried about being detected. Of course, with security measures entirely different in Columbia as in India, the Itibi Raayans did not dare to enter Barranquilla during day time. Perhaps they had stayed the night just to keep me company. I was very pleased to find proof of their trust when they agreed to meet me at the same place in order to pick me up the following morning, at the same time, just after dawn. I watched my friends disappear in an upstream direction and then made my way back leisurely to the centre of the town. As there were no buses that early, I had to walk almost one hour. The first thing I did was to have a 'human' breakfast, a normal breakfast with eggs, toast, marmalade and good Columbian coffee, which I consider the best. Barranquilla was astir. It is a large, thriving town that has grown enormously since I first knew it. My first call was to the offices of the Iberian Airlines, where I found a copy of the local trade directory. I checked under the heading 'Nurserymen', There was not a single entry. Out I went into the bustling street, hailed a taxi, and asked the driver the best place to buy a few plants. He knew several places, so off we went. I drew a complete blank. Not one of the half dozen dealers I visited stocked the guayaba. Indeed, one or two thought that I was crazy trying to buy samples, when all I had to do was to go up country for a few miles and cut a few for myself.

The last place I visited with the friendly cabbie was owned by a little old woman. She didn't stock the plant but she thought that if I crossed the river to the town of Santa Marta, I would stand a very good chance of finding a place where this particular plant was sold. I thanked my informant, and the cabbie drove me down to the ferry terminal. Not too far from the terminal, but still in the town, I noticed a store that sold the latest Japanese cameras. It occurred to me that, despite the dislike the Itibi Rayans had for cameras, they would hardly object if I went back with some samples of the plant for them and a new camera for myself. So I told the driver to take me to the Hotel Central, where an obliging cashier changed a Peruvian bill of large denomination into smaller bills. Then I

went to the store and bought a Japanese camera. Back inside the taxi, I told the driver to return to the ferry, and then made a quick check of the camera. It seemed in excellent order, so I loaded it with a roll of film. By this time we were at the ferry terminal. I paid off the driver and added a handsome tip. The trip across the delta was most enjoyable. The water was placid, the sun hot, the people friendly. I shot several frames, and reflected on the amazing sequence of events that had sent me searching for the guayaba plant in a Columbian town for some visitors from another planet. I disembarked at the peaceful delta and took a bus to Santa Marta about 25 miles from the huge river. Santa Marta is a pleasant little town, and I soon found a nursery. There were a couple of amiable Indians in charge of the place, and they let me wander sound inspecting the stock. There were flowers in profusion, palm trees, fruit trees, orchids in pots; but there was no sign of a guayaba plant.

Disappointed, I explained my plight to the nurserymen. They told me that there were one or two other plant firms in the town, but they did not think any of them stocked the tree. However, one of them knew of a large private garden. He had seen the plant growing in that garden. Perhaps the owner might let me have a few cuttings. Together with the nurseryman, I hailed a cruising taxi. I had been given the approximate position of the private garden, and we had little difficulty in finding it. The house where I made my enquiry was a substantial building, in the typical Spanish colonial style. The lady of the house took me into the grounds of the house. There were plenty of guayabas, and she let me have all the cuttings I needed. She insisted on helping me pack the roots and buds in sacking, and would take very little for the rather large bundle with which I eventually left. I had time to kill before the bus left for the ferry, so I placed the roots in the luggage office of the bus station and explored the town for an hour or so. In good time, I rescued the guayabas, boarded the ferry, and returned to Barranquilla. It was about 10:30 p.m. and a long time before dawn. I couldn't very well go to an hotel for bed and breakfast, besides I didn't want to let the precious plants out of my sight. So I spent an uneasy night wandering round the town, sitting in coffee-shops clutching the cuttings, wailing for the first light of dawn. The first part of the night was not too bad. At about 1 a.m. I found myself back in that same small market place I had visited the previous evening. The smell of roasting chicken waited in my nostrils. I bought a further half chicken, wedged in the plants between my legs and this time ate the chicken much more slowly. 'These, our teeth', I thought, 'are made for chopping meat and not for sipping fine juices, nor vegetarian delicacies'. The hours after midnight dragged. Again, all the stalls closed. If I had been a policeman, I would have been very suspicious of the lone foreigner walking the streets of Barranquilla hugging a parcel of plants. Fortunately, I did not see anybody in authority, and, just as dawn was breaking, I made my way along the river front to the rendezvous on the embankment.

I had scarcely reached the agreed spot when Satu Ra, all by himself, came fussing up in the silent speed-boat. I managed to clamber aboard, and Satu Ra immediately opened the magnetic power regulator. The comfort of the boat made me sleep immediately for a full hour. Suddenly, we were all aboard Satu Ra's control ship, and he invited me to go along with him to his control room, which is situated in the middle section of the space ship. 'Well done,' he congratulated me. 'We will take very good care of you and the cuttings. I see no reason why we shouldn't have a trial guayaba plot and then send off our own cuttings to Itibi Ra 2 to see if they will stand transplanting'. * Back at the plantation, as I had feared, Satu Ra took a special interest in the camera I had bought. He told me about 'Amat Mayna', the science of soul based on ancient beliefs. Not that my friends believe in reincarnation, but, definitely, they do not care for photos and pictures because of certain implications. I understood that, besides certain security restrictions, they simply do not care about 'their looks'. They are devoid of all vanity, pride or feeling of superiority. I suppose, it is a religious thing, to avoid contempt. During all the time, and particularly where Xiti was concerned, I never saw them use a mirror. Satu Ra kept the camera and gave it back to me before my return to Lima on

the 27th of February. He never touched the film and the shots I took on the ferry* to Santa Marta are all I have from this trip.

**Footnote: In this connection I must mention, that I observed, that the return of the Iibi Rayan explorers coincided with the departure of the Magdalena River della expedition. I am sure that these people never keep two missions going at the same time, even though I was told that they are able to supervise several differently located plantation research labs.*

CHAPTER 13

ANOTHER CIVILIZATIONS PRAYER

Back at the Mirim base, the chief botanists, one of them a woman astronaut-scientist, on the 23rd and 24th of February made a serious investigation of the fruit and seeds, as well as the plants I was able to buy in Santa Marta. Their research work lasted two complete days: dissecting, analysing, bedding the plants and savouring their flavour. All this was reported to Itibi Ra 2. I have always eschewed to predict things, but this interest in a health and life-spending plant I do not believe exaggerated. Perhaps future generations will do what the Itibi Raayans did. I know, at the present time, a multitude of war-material inventing geniuses keep us busy, and the serious investigation of a tropical fruit may appear to be the joke of a bad comedy, but isn't it life itself that would make such a comedy of health viable? It was Mr. Hua who took the greatest interest and who took me under his wing to show me the run of the laboratories and answer my questions. I already described how they laid out the plantation under huge green protective sheets, but I have given little indication of the extremes to which my friends went in order that their flavour stations should operate under the best conditions. For example, air filters and humidifiers had been installed at strategic points so that, no matter what the weather, the plant biologists could always have controlled weather conditions inside the flavour station.

The main path through the plantation complex separated the station into two sections, each of which was made self-contained by means of coloured dividing sheets that were rigged tree high. In front of the actual biology research laboratory was a wing consisting of several large tents. In these tents were many vegetable guinea pigs, which had been brought from Itibi Ra 2, had been transplanted, and had then been used as required for grafting on to samples of Earth vegetation. The object of the grafting operations was to obtain as fine a strain of individual plant life as it was possible to get by uniting the best of Earth types with the best of Itibi Ra 2 types. The biology research laboratory was Hua's pride and joy. It was a series of interconnecting marquees, stretching for some three hundred and fifty feet (115m) and was some sixty feet (20m) wide. It was divided off into experimental bays, rather like the operating rooms of hospitals. In these bays, the Itibi Rayan biologists went to work on plants in much the same way that a doctor goes to work on a patient. The finest instruments were used to dissect the cells of the plants: the veins and stems of the plants were put under close scrutiny. X-ray pictures were taken, not the normal plate-type X-rays but a continuous record, rather like a roll of film. The plant surgeons, for this was what the biologists really were, could watch on separate left and right hand panels let into the wall. On these panels, the eye-computer projected a continuous report of the dissection as it proceeded. These television-type panels were studied throughout the entire process by special observation officers, who indicated their opinions to a chief scientific officer who controlled the actual work itself. The accommodation was very gay. Religious symbols of Itibi Ra 2 were scattered throughout the complex in order to remind the biologists of their homeland. Work was never carried out standing. The biologists sat at their work in the Oriental manner. Despite the excellent atmospheric conditions within the various sections of the laboratories and grafting unit, I found that by the end of the day I was feeling rather worn out. Xiti noticed this,

and suggested that, before going to the craft for our evening meal, we should stroll across to the bath tents and relax for a short while. This sounded most agreeable, so she had a word with her brother, and we left the bay where she had been working, and walked the short distance to the bathing units. Mention has already been made on several occasions to the love of water that the Itibi Rayans had. Some historians refer to empires which have developed along mighty rivers as riparian empires. So, in years to come, when regular communications have been established between Earth and Itibi Ra 2, future historians will, I think, refer to my friends as the product of an extraterrestrial riparian civilization. My friends normally bathe at least twice a day: before going to work and when work is finished in the late afternoon. Their bathing habits are a combination of the Finnish and Japanese. The normal bath is like the Finnish sauna unit, and they have both wet and dry bath units.

Because of their lack of inhibitions about nakedness, men and women bath together. It was indeed a relaxing half hour. The tropical birds were sweetening the air with their music. The scent of hundreds of different plants invaded the nostrils. The cleansing water relaxed the body. I noticed that Xiti, who is meticulous about her personal hygiene, was scrubbing furiously as if she had done filthy work in the laboratories. I remarked upon this, and she frowned a little. 'Can you not smell?' she demanded. 'Smell what?' I wondered. But then she told me to my face that I had eaten meat. I laughed like an idiot. On two occasions I had eaten chicken in Barranquilla. Xiti grinned and pulled a face at me. She looked so adorable that I almost forgot the presence of other people in the bath unit. In the comparative cool of the early evening, we sauntered back to the space-craft. It was here, I suppose, that the Itibi Rayans showed their gift for domesticity. The dining quarter and 'health' lounges were bright with decorations. Lovely, soft divans and deep cushions, gay with floral patterned covers, invited relaxation after the day's work. I admired the way in which the women, some being the wives of the astronauts, who shared similar jobs to the men all day, could shed their technical role during off duty hours and revert to an essential femininity such as one experiences when in Japan. They even took it upon themselves to see to the running of the domestic side of the expedition. We spent a pleasant evening in the mess before making our way back to Xiti's quarters. For the first time since I had met this remarkable woman, I said with her the evening prayer, the first intercosmic prayer to God available to us human beings on earth. The prayer was begun and ended with the word 'Talayan' uttered in a reverential way. It is both an vocation and a valediction. The whole prayer, which I translated into English, is I think, so much more meaningful than the normal everyday prayer, with its constant demands for this and for that. Here it is: Let me be prepared to fear nothing, my one and only GOD-NATURE. Let me stay strong, and honest to myself and others. Let me be prepared for kindness at all times, so that I cause no pain to others or myself. Let me, Only One in Cosmos, keep thy Laws. Let me abstain from all excesses; let me be true to myself and others. Let me observe the law of peaceful death.

CHAPTER 14

DEATH OF A MONKEY

The dining quarter and 'health' lounges were bright with decorations. Lovely, soft divans and deep cushions, gay with floral patterned covers, invited relaxation after the day's work. I admired the way in which the women, some being the wives of the astronauts, who shared similar jobs to the men all day, could shed their technical role during off duty hours and revert to an essential femininity such as one experiences when in Japan. They even took it upon themselves to see to the running of the domestic side of the expedition. A rather disappointing and deplorable incident I reported in my diary on the 23rd of February, 1967. Because of this occurrence I began to ask Xiti to tell me more about the life of Satu Ra and most of the time I spent on board the space-craft writing the biography of Satu Ra together with what I believe to be their cosmophilosophic religion. Easy enough it was to

make the notes in several languages and using shorthand, but to put all this down in one and the same human language, not being a professional writer, will take me several years. Because of what happened on the 23rd of February, 1967, I shall do it. In the early morning of this unforgettable day while I was still asleep, Mr. Satu Ra, used to a different sleeping habit, had ventured outside the plantation to pay a short visit to the Indian plantation helpers. I think I have mentioned before, that on the outer fringes from the Mirim headquarters, the tribesmen had built some provisional palm-huts for their women and children. With the exception of Turu, the Indians liked to live with our friends because of the benefits and privileges of medical attention, the good fruit etc. the Itibi Rayans granted. During the night, a fight between the Indians from the Linislan area and those having lived with the Mirim scientists resulted in the killing of Turu's father and another tribesman.

At dawn the Linislan helpers had disappeared and the Mirim Indians made preparations for the funeral of the deceased. Perhaps the word funeral is the wrong expression because according to their custom these cannibals do not bury or cremate their dead, but instead they are roasted over a huge open fire and eaten clean to the bones. It is their view, and this reminds me very much about what the Austrian guide told me in Iquitos, that it should not be any worse to eat a dead man than a dead beast, as the roasted meat tastes the same or even better. The cannibals' funeral feast with the bodies serving for the feast itself, had to be celebrated according to an old custom. The Mirim Indians called it Mang-Mang-Mang, which means the slow beating to death of an older female wool-monkey. During the night they had caught a perfect specimen for this purpose, which they describe us an 'Acca' or monkey grandmother. The unlucky old creature had fallen into one of the many banana traps and was immediately taken to the funeral fiesta. Very close to the dead bodies the monkey was then spread eagled flat on the ground and all the tribesmen with their women and children took turns in the religious ceremony: 'The death of a thousand strikes.' The following explanation for this cruelty was offered voluntarily by Turu. With wild gestures he indicated the demons and devils of the great jungle; not only the roasted flesh, he said, is dispatched with ceremonial 'gusto' but the ear-piercing shrieks of the tortured animal are supposed to keep devils and demons at a distance. But why monkeys, I asked, and in particular in old female monkey?

There, Turu did not know what to say, except that it just was the 'costumbre'. I was revolted by the story of the cruelty which caused this sensitive female monkey such agony. Her anguished shrieks must have been heard deep in the jungle. Merciful death at last released her from her immeasurable suffering. The Indians then placed the body with other human corpses over an open fire which consumed her wool-thick hair. It must have been at this moment, I believe, that Mr. Satu Ra arrived at the scene. The full grown 'monkey grandmother' completely bare without hair, must have looked to Satu Ra exactly like a 7 to 10 year old human girl. The roasting of Turu's relative, the smell and odour of burning meat must have given the Itibi Raayan biologist a shock. From Turu I found out what happened next. Not feeling embarrassed by Mr. Satu Ra's arrival at the scene, the Indians offered him to take 'a bite'. When he objected and ordered them to release the bodies and have them buried, the tribesmen got mad. There wasn't much Mr. Satu Ra could do. Perhaps these Indians, in religious fanaticism, or traditional custom, were used to the habit of torturing. (But what about our intelligent doctors using the same animals for vivisection'?) What must have gone through the mind of my beloved friend Mr. Satu Ra that morning of February the 23rd, 1967?

Only through Xiti I know that slowly, like dream-walking, he had returned to the space-craft. We did not see the space-craft commander for two full days and nights. I was told that he had retired to his quarters to hold a 'Mayna memorial' for the dead monkey. He had not taken food nor drink during his voluntary fast, nor did he want to be disturbed, not even through the communication computers. It was Mr. Hua, the second in command, who had taken over security and disciplinary matters. Was Satu Ra, besides being the most responsible scientist of the entire space-fleet, also

their religious leader? I asked Xiti. In the evening of this unforgettable day, she finally agreed to talk about her brother and I shall include his biography with this book. There is plenty of evidence, after I had the time to study my jungle diary, that the Itibi Rayans consider all higher developed monkeys as part of the great cosmic human family. To them, meateating human beings, are much closer related to the big apes than to Itibi Rayan human beings. As Xiti explained it: Your habit of killing children and women in war does not differ at all in cruelty from the Mirim River Indians killing an old monkey grandmother. The religious fast my friend from out of space was holding, this 'sit-in' as our younger generation may say, he offered out of his own sincere belief in God. Again and again I asked Xiti. Because of the poetic evening prayer Xiti had made me write, I was convinced that they do believe in God. But what kind of a God? A personal God? An impersonal God, or perhaps, as I began to suspect: GOD-NATURE, with Nature being God itself? The symbol of Linislan, was it really the symbol of this God? What I was offered finally as a new and original pattern of their way of believing in God, I consider the original form of their cosmophilosophic pattern. From the 23rd to the 26th of February, I filled the last part of my note-book with interesting notes all about the religious belief of my friends, their ceremonies, habits and even sacred holidays.

The amazing fact was that during our discussions, I was informed that there are civilizations in the Cosmos having formed some kind of an inter-cosmic ring. All these civilizations live on planets with much the same life-spending conditions as our planet earth. Naturally, because of this, I immediately asked Xiti if there was a possibility that these people, like science fiction pretends, could invade our world and destroy every human being on earth. Perhaps, I said to Xiti, they would want to do so because of our cruelty? But, smiling mildly, she said: "YOUR CRUELTY IS PART OF YOUR GENERAL DEVELOPMENT PATTERN." In other words, our friends believe that the higher we step up the ladder of evolution the less cruel and selfish humanity should be. On the 25th of February I find a note in my diary: "HUMANITY IN COSMOS COULD NOT EXIST, IF THEY LIVED SELFISHLY AND CRUELLY, THEY COULD NOT EXIST, IF THEY WOULD NOT LOVE GOD-NATURE." Since the days I noted Xiti's words, I have come to believe that true religion on earth has not even been born, that it is not necessary to start new religious beliefs or even reform those available to our souls. But this I do know: With the help of Cosmophilosophy we shall find the way to true religion. Perhaps doing so we shall take another look at our present misinformed views and return to the simplicity of our original leaders: Buddha, Moses, Jesus, Mohamed and many more. Perhaps through Cosmophilosophy we shall come to understand that all of us live on one and the same motherland, that this motherland, this beautiful planet of ours is part of a greater intercosmic development pattern with many civilizations belonging to the same great human family. But most of all, because of Cosmophilosophy, humanity shall find out very soon that this mother planet of ours is big and powerful enough to make a decent living possible to all our suffering brothers and sisters. It is all up to us, to every one of us! " And when shall we find this out?" I had asked. "As soon as you stop hating and killing each other," was Xiti's logical answer.

Footnote: Talayan, the greatest of all Itibi Rayan reformers, altered the concept of a superstitious belief in personal Gods into the now universally accepted belief in GOD-NATURE. After the retirement of Talayan, as Itibi Rayan President and religious leader, the word God was never again used: instead it became GOD-NATURE.

CHAPTER 15

THE CANCER PLANET

On February the 26th, 1967, shortly before I wanted to retire, it must have been between 10 and 11 p.m.-I was told by Xiti that Mr. Satu Ra wanted to see me in his communications centre, located in

the middle lower section of the space-craft; I had never been there. It was Xiti herself who took me. Satu Ra was not alone. Most of the scientists were with him, seated comfortably. What I noticed was their very solemn expressions. During an interview of about only 2 minutes, I was informed that the Itibi Rayans had received a command to evacuate the plantations and return to their mother planet. It was Xiti again who showed me the way out, but before I left, Satu Ra offered me his sincere thanks for my assistance to his sister in Lima. Then Mr, Hua, in the name of all the scientists who did not talk to me, as they did not carry language computers -said "thank you" for my help in finding the wonderful Guayaba plant.

All this happened very fast. I did not know what to think. At about 12.30 when I still could not find sleep I got up. With great difficulty I found my way down to the centrally located communication centre. Perhaps Satu Ra, now all by himself, had felt my approach and invited me to come inside this his most private quarters. Here, sipping the exotic fine flavours of his favourite juices, we stayed together until dawn, talking and discussing many unforgettable subjects.

During these last 5 hours I found out many things about my friends. Because of the very informal atmosphere I did not mind asking Satu Ra questions of such a personal nature as to his age. I asked him about the future of humanity, about myself, about Xiti, his parents and his work. Satu Ra, the most intelligent human being I ever met, took all his time during our last conversation to give me sincere and friendly answers. What he mentioned about the 5 billion people of another planet far from their own, I believe to be of interest. It should be taken seriously and as a warning.

In 11,000 years, since the last of the Atlantic islands submerged for ever, only 22 to 25 generations of Itibi Rayans have lived within the same time. It becomes obvious that with the tremendous power of their "eye generators" and inter cosmic memory-computers, the words of our friend should be taken seriously. To me his religious wisdom has become a guiding light for my entire life; it is the reason why I began to write this book as soon as I returned to Lima. "Cancer Planets" were mentioned during our conversation and I asked many questions. A cancer-planet, I was informed, is a Universe of its own. A Universe, because people on such a planet sincerely believe they do not need God. They have advanced technically in such a way that they have created an entirely artificial pattern of life. They have invented the most sensational machines, gadgets, power equipment, artificial food, colour, air, even artificial warmachines and chemical weapons, able to destroy their neighbours. Their artificial way of life has made them believe that they are superior to any other civilization in Cosmos. "But God," Mr. Satu Ra said sadly, "has given them Cancer." "Their inventions and creations" my friend said, "are not like the Itibi Rayan creations, they are not working in harmony with God-Nature, nor does God-Nature work in harmony with them. More than 70% of 5 billion people die of cancer. Still they refuse to believe that cancer is no ordinary sickness, for many years they hope for a cure, a self made cure against nature. They refuse to believe that God is Nature and Nature is God. They want to feel superior to Cosmophilosophic law, which says: "Disregarding the laws of Nature is disregarding the laws of God, because God is Nature and Nature is God." (I was able to understand that the Itibi Rayans do have special religious laws against all excesses, including the use of artificial cancer producing agents. I asked my friend to let me know these religious laws and Satu Ra dictated them to me.

I call them the 7 Cosmophilosophic commandments. The Itibi Rayans, he explained, are very much concerned with this "cancer-planet" and he called this planet a "total cosmic drop out.") Satu Ra described the contempt and superior price of the cancer-planet's people, as a direct threat to other human beings in cosmos. He called it an obligation to correct this offense against Nature and God. Not a political move, but a religious call for combined action. Not to kill or destroy, but to force the leaders of this cancer-planet to return to the true wisdom of their ancestors Cosmophilosophy. "How," I wanted to know, "would they force them to do this?" Mr. Satu Ra explained that the combined plan was to interfere with the cancer-planet's established cosmic routing and, in particular

its distance from its own sun. By doing so, they hope to freeze the planet into several progressive ice-age periods. Listening to this, I couldn't help wondering if all this was serious, but Satu Ra definitely insisted that their return to Tibi Ra was due to this plan. Also, my friend believes, that such a natural catastrophe would force the people on that planet to unite in self-defence against God-Nature and stop using the many self-produced artificial cancer agents. "God-Nature shall force them to return to their former health." As final advice to all our brothers and sisters on this our beloved planet earth, my friend begs us to obey and study Nature as a part of God. He said: "THE FORCES OF GOD ARE THE FORCES OF NATURE AND THE FORCES OF NATURE ARE THE FORCES OF GOD." The last remaining hour, before the Itibi Rayans took me to the Peruvian highland lake, the same location of our take-off on 7th February, 1967 - I spent with Xiti, who surprised me with an amazing present, a good-bye present and a present for my entire life, a present none of my readers would think possible or have the imagination to guess.

CHAPTER 16

THE ORPHAN GIRL

During the entire time I had been with my friends at the Mirim River, I was never aware of little Dolores, and I suppose that if their departure had not been of such an extreme urgency I probably would have never seen or heard of the little girl. Why they kept her out of my sight I shall never know, but in the early hours of the morning of the 27th of February, 1967, it was Xiti herself who introduced me to Dolores. This is the story of Dolores, the Itibi Rayans called Lola because little Dolores herself wanted to be called by the shorter abbreviation: Lola. To find some clues to the mysterious appearance of the six-year-old Indian girl I simply did not have the time. What I was told was this: Xiti had taken the little girl from Satu Ra some time ago and had wanted to return with her to Itibi Ra 2, hoping that the six-year old girl would be able to adjust herself and not die, like the mother of Sister Maria Navidad. Why, at the last moment, Xiti decided to let me take the girl back to the Peruvian capital, was, she explained, because of a direct order from their home-planet. For many thousands of years, space-craft of theirs, and others, have had trouble with some magnetic forces of a very small but extremely dangerous planet called Tabra or Tagra. This Tagra, as I prefer to call it, seems to be disturbing their plans as far as the cancer-planet is concerned. As no human beings live on Tagra, Mr. Hua, the second in command, together with seven cosmonauts and several women scientists, including Xiti, received the order to investigate and possibly destroy this planet. As Lola, the little girl had taken a fancy to Xiti, but as Xiti felt it too dangerous to take her along, I was asked to become a father. Just like that: A father for an orphan girl. When I first saw the child I fell in love with her immediately. Not at all shy, she seemed to be at home in a part of the space-craft, a separate section I had never known. The little girl had taken a real liking, not only to Xiti, like as to a mother, but also to Satu Ra. He had found her about six months before near the road from Urcos to Cuzco while investigating the religious symbols of some pre-Inca ruins.

Very close to the desolate ruins a small path ran down from the hills and Satu Ra had seen the child running towards him calling for help. The little girl, with bleeding feet, was begging him to follow her to see her mother. As Xiti told me, the child had spoken in Spanish: "Cercita, Cercita, mamita se muere." "Very close, very close, mami is dying." But "Cercita" in the Peruvian highlands means two hours' walk and when Satu Ra finally came to the miserable hut the mother of the girl was dead. As a biologist, Satu Ra could see that Lola's mother had died of undernourishment, of hunger, and that the whimpering little girl was at the verge of death herself. Besides a few "Olotos," the half-empty stems of cornucups, there was absolutely nothing to eat and Satu Ra immediately gave the little girl one third of a lifesaving tablet. He let her sip from his own juice container until the control craft was able to arrive at a clearing nearby. "Within two days," Xiti said, "the girl had taken a liking to the

Itibi Rayans." To my friends, from a more refined and civilized world, the task of taking care of a minor must have meant no problem (particularly because of the fantastic health-centres). But to find myself one very early morning near the Peruvian town of La Union with Dolores in my arms, shivering in the cold until some kind truck driver took us towards the town of Oroyo, that is quite a different story. Not that I minded taking care of the little girl, but the suddenness of the whole thing, the tears in Xiti's eyes and her last sweet words, the strange breathing of hers while saying "Good-bye" and her sudden decision to return the ring she had taken from me at the Lima hospital, all this made me wonder: "WHAT NEXT?" Also, as I had spent most of my Peruvian money in Columbia, buying the useless camera Satu Ra had given back to me, I had only enough money to buy a "collectivo" fare to Lima, besides a few overripe bananas. During the bumping ride down the mountain road towards Matucana, and the great Peruvian capital, we ate our bananas and listened to the car radio. There were five more passengers in the car and Lola had to sit on my knees. "To become a father," I thought, "is very easy, but to be a father and especially a father to a six-year-old little girl without papers or relatives, that," I thought, "is going to be a problem."

It takes about four hours from Oroyo to Matucana and during the entire time I was thinking about what I should do with little Lola. Finally I found the right solution. In Lima I had known a wonderful French lady. Having been married to a Peruvian officer, she was now a widow, living in a beautiful house in the capital's garden district of Miraflores.

When we reached Lima at about 4 p.m., I went immediately to change and get some money, then off to a modern department store. I bought some clothes for Lola, had an early supper, and at 7 p.m. I was ringing the bell at the garden entrance of my old friend. Little Dolores, in spite of having lived in a space-craft, must never have seen such splendour as this magnificent house, near the blue Pacific. She was frightened, but before nightfall, at 8 p.m., little Lola had made friends, not only with the little old lady, but with her two little dogs: Pommy and Bella. As I felt much too tired to explain things to our hostess -besides what could I possibly have told her? I just asked her to do me the great favour and watch the little girl for a couple of days, "as her parents had to do some work for me out of town." Thanks to the general "laissez vivre" which prevails over all South America, she did not ask questions. Also, I had offered to pay for little Lola's keep. When I finally wanted to leave, I found that Lola did not want me to go. She started crying and I stayed with her, looking at the television until she got sleepy and we took her to bed. A couple of days later, after I had finished the installation of a grinding plant in Callao, the port of Lima, I was told by the old lady that under no circumstances would she want me to take the girl from her, nor did she want any money from me for Dolores. There is an amusing sequel to this story. When I returned from Europe the following year I looked up my good friend. I hardly recognized the elegant seven-year-old young "lady" who came into the drawing room, particularly as she rattled off a greeting in perfect French. But it was my little Lola right enough. She called my friend "Mama francaise." The bond between the lonely woman and the young girl, the two white dogs included, was deep and affectionate. But in a way I was disappointed. The beautiful little Indian girl, having been legally adopted, now looked and talked as if she had come from Paris, I still wonder what the Itibi Rayans would think of that. footnote: I have often thought that it could have been because of scientific and anthropological interests, that the Ilibi Rayans had the little girl on board. But, I must confess, that after "thinking it out" I came to the conclusion, that these people are unable to act with deliberate intention. I believe they wouldn't even have the cruelty to put a monkey into a rocket and blow it up to the moon, and see what happens to the poor creature. Much less would they want to make experiments with a little girl. The girl was on that space-craft, simply because she was found without parents, crying, undernourished and starving with hunger.

CHAPTER 17 THE OLDEST RELIGION ON EARTH

During the years 1967 and 1968 I wound up my affairs in Lima. There were two other installations to be finished, and then I was free to return to the U.S.A. and Europe. One of the interesting things I discovered when having a farewell drink with my friends from the University was that they knew of a certain guerrilla activity in the area where I had thought the Mirim River flavour plantation to be located. Checking the best maps of the Amazon, I came to the conclusion that my first idea of the Itibi Rayan settlement was absolutely unconceivable with the correct topography of this part of South America. Some of my friends, who did believe my story, suggested that the Mirim River camp must have been much further south, perhaps towards the River Paucartambo. I told them that the Indian criminal who had ventured into the plantation headquarters definitely had talked about the Mirim and Leticia section, also Turu had mentioned Iquitos. On the other hand, my friends pointed out that some years ago many strange new plants had been discovered by a French explorer near the town of Pucallpa. One of these they called a special flavour-pollen producing flower, about the thickness of a double-size asparagus, white, thick and with the most delicious perfume. A colour photo of this discovery was printed in one of the leading South American magazines. I am convinced that it is one of the pollen-producing plants from Itibi Ra 2 my friends must have left behind after they abandoned their first plantation.

When I left the Peruvian capital, my friends from the University voluntarily issued a very nice reference in regard to the research work and the technical installation I had done for them in the year 1966 and rechecked during my stay in Lima in 1967. I had taken a personal interest in the Peruvian food problem. The ring, which Xiti had returned to me before leaving, I had already shown to several experts living in Holland. In order to get a better vision of the engraved symbol, I had the ring's photo enlarged. From the illustration you may see yourself that the metal insert, the heart of an ancient God some of my friends believe to be the image of the first human God ever pictured, and which I came to accept as the oldest religious symbol in the entire Universe, used by the Itibi Rayan scientists as a magnetic sender and receiver in connection with their highly developed control centres, or perhaps their "eye-generator" and brain computers, must have had a religious significance already thousands, perhaps millions of years ago. The pre-Inca, pre-Aztec and pre-Mayan civilizations all show a similar symbol. But also the earliest Egyptian Pharaohs had similar symbols engraved on their tombs. Many of the same symbols have been found in the temples of India. All this is proof that the first and most ancient religion of mankind must have been close to one and the same belief in God-Nature. The very same belief that Mr. Satu Ra had mentioned during our last discussion on board the space-craft during the night of February 26th.

Later, of course, the Mayas, and specially the Aztecs and Incas must have changed this belief into a multi-god belief; the God of Sun, the God of Rain, a God of the Wind, etc., etc. Today, if we study the Mexican and Peruvian temples we find many similar symbols and it becomes obvious that at one time the North American and South American continent must have been the seat of human civilization. Between this former world and its ancient secrets, a veil of many thousands of years has descended and the chances are that we shall never get through to the many mysteries behind this veil. Aided by the disappearance of the Atlantic continent, which was the link between Africa and Europe, aided by our own superstitious beliefs and dogmatic form of thinking, the truth about this, our very first religion, about people who knew about an inter-cosmic society with similar religious symbols, may never come to light. Even to-day, these symbols, secretly, form part of the South American Indian's religious feeling. Without knowing it, and deep in their hearts, all over Mexico, Central and South America, many Indians cherish the belief that one day the Inca and pre-Inca, pre-Mayan and pre-Aztec God shall claim his former rights and rule the American continent. In the

power of their gold and silver-thirsty conquerors, the lot of the Indians fell from bad to worse. Perhaps secretly they still long for these their former Gods to come to life again. Even under the rags of contempt and humility the former pride in one and the same God, the God of Nature, has been kept alive. It is significant that our friends of "out of space," who regard all people, regardless of colour and creed, as part of one and the same intercosmic human family, should know the same symbol of GOD-NATURE. Isn't it amazing that the most primitive men on our planet should have known the same religious symbol of God as the most advanced civilization of another world? Isn't it proof that God is the same to all mankind in the Universe? Isn't it proof that cosmophilosophy is part of all mankind in Cosmos?

The incredible fact that many times we have been visited by out of space people, is also shown on many South-Indian religious paintings. I have taken a photograph of such a painting. It shows the covered face of GodNature with two space-crafts pictured on the God's sacred cloth. At a closer look, we are able to see the negative and positive upper and lower sections of the flying craft, the inter-cosmic cellular receivers and senders, the reactionary central generator and command units within the reactionary central generator. This primitive design of a "flying-saucer" corresponds almost with my own observation. (With the exception that the center units were not square, as shown on the religious painting.) I have shown this painting to an Indian professor on a visit to London. This man had been to Tibet in the years 1947 and 1948. He told me that even in Lhasa, on the roof of the world, he had observed religious symbols with "flying machines" pictured.

CHAPTER 18

PARADISE

More than two years have passed. Since then I have moved to Central America in order to be nearer my business in that part of the world. I had first stayed at hotels and an extremely good pension, but soon I was looking for privacy. I wanted to write this book in a place of perfect isolation. Looking for a small property near the tropical lakes of Central America, I had contacted a real estate agent. I told the man that I had heard a great deal about their local beauty spot and that if he had any properties on his books on the lake area, then I would be pleased to consider them. He could not have been more helpful. Indeed, he had several properties on the northern shores - a delectable location - and he was sure that I would find one to suit my purpose. With that, he invited me to step into his car and he drove me out to the properties. I've travelled a good part of this world. I suppose I've seen many beauty spots but to be absolutely honest, there's not one that could match this Central American lake. Its tropical water is a deep yet shimmering blue. Islands are dotted here and there. The ground rises in terraces round the huge lake. Beyond are vast mountains. It is a picture-postcard paradise.

The estate agent saw my look of appreciation and must have thought about raising his commission. "You like it?" he enquired. It was not so much a question as a statement of fact. "It is superb. There is no other word. I could spend the rest of my days here." I took the first property I had seen. It was a fishing and hunting lodge, with a series of terraces, its own water system from a motor pump installed inside a deep well. Well constructed stairways led down the series of terraces. The whole place was like an eagle's nest, perched high above the tropical waters. The house itself was on the central terrace. The garage was on the top terrace. Wherever you look, you are met with such breathtaking views so that the eye is almost surfeited with natural beauty. The formalities were hurried through. Within forty-eight hours I had the key of the property, and had installed myself, my luggage and a housekeeper. I spent the whole of the first day of my tenancy wandering round the house and grounds, climbing the various terraces, feasting my eyes on the stupendous scenes and

taking a swim from the little private beach. It was a perfect day, a gem of a day even for Central America, which has one of the most amenable of tropical climates. Again and again I had to admire the magnificent maquilishuat trees growing all the way up to the huge and sombre San Vicente volcano, lording over the entire landscape. Fortunately, I thought, San Vicente has been described as a good-natured and well-tempered volcano. But who can really trust a real estate agent in a hurry to make a sale? One cough from San Vicente and this paradise and the property could be devastated.

On the second day after I had entered into my private paradise, I got out my typewriter and began to write the story of my adventures with the Itibi Rayans, from the day that I first met Satu Ra on the Madras Night Express. I had lost some of my diaries and it wasn't an easy job to find dates and names. Certain places and words I had synchronized by sound I could not write down in "human" language at all; I simply had to use similar words and sentences so far as the dialogue with these people is concerned. However, the story was still so vivid in my mind that I practically had a total recollection of the most important events, I forgot all about the real reason for my coming to Central America as I pounded, rather inexpertly, the keys of the typewriter. My housekeeper fed me at regular intervals. Other than that, I was not disturbed. Although I am not a skilled writer, yet the words flowed. Each night the pile of manuscript grew. Yet, as I read what I had written I came to the conclusion that all this would be in vain, because "who would want to believe such a story?" It's a concatenation of unlikely circumstances for which I can offer very little explanation. With all my limitations, physical and mental, I have only tried to tell what happened and even if it should be considered a waste of time, I felt it necessary to do so, because of the religious theme involved. It is stupid of me perhaps to expect that others should feel about this what I felt. Men will continue to be born into their present-day beliefs. Besides, as long as this, our civilization, is cursed with the sense of possession and contempt, I presume my experience shall only be a reason to find myself very close to ridicule. But I feel that some of what I believe shall be of value. Especially what the Seven Cosmic Commandments concern, and of which I shall write about as the last chapter. Perhaps they may become little seeds for the future. There are matters on which I have had to maintain my privacy. Even the French philosopher Rousseau in the course of his *CONFESSIONS* narrates incidents that have profoundly shocked his contemporary fellow human beings. As far as I am concerned, and especially as far as the sexual habits of the Itibi Rayans are concerned, I have tried to reveal exactly nothing and I believe, I do have the right to do this, simply because our own sexual habits are far from free. Telling about the sexual pattern and the erotic behaviour of out of space people would again come very close to science fiction. In a way I felt it an obligation to write all this as I have said: "because of my belief in God." I am devoid of personal pride and it doesn't matter much if people agree with me or not. Besides, I think it extremely silly to achieve immortality by inventions or literary creations. In a few hundred years even the most important works of art are forgotten and only very few of them are of school-room interest or shown in a few dusty museums.

CHAPTER 19

THE TRAGEDY OF PLANET TAGRA

About two weeks after I had taken over the property on the lake, a curious thing happened. I was working steadily on the lower terrace, under the amate tree. All morning typing had not been easy. Also, it was nearing noon and the sun was hot. Suddenly my left hand got numb and I thought this to be from overworking on the typewriter. But, suddenly, I felt a burning on my ring-finger and it felt as though a mischievous boy was of causing the sun's rays through an invisible magnifying glass onto the middle joint of my finger. I tried in a hurry to take off the ring and saw the insert flashing and gleaming, as though it were a miniature sun itself. I left my desk underneath the tree

and stepped up into the central terrace and the cool of the house, well away from the direct rays of the sun. The metal still gleamed and glowed with a fire all its own, even though I had placed the ring on top of the kitchen table. Then I knew that my friends from Itibi Ra would soon be getting in touch with me, as in Benares and Lima. I was overjoyed. I went into the bathroom and found some ointment, which I applied to the fiery spot on my finger. Never before had the ring affected my nerves like this. But then, suddenly, observing the ring, I noticed that the light from the metallic inset had dimmed. I went to my bedroom and lay down in order to think. Besides, my heart was pounding and I needed the rest. My housekeeper came to ask if anything was wrong. She knew that I usually worked through to one o'clock before taking a drink, lunch and then rest. I assured her that everything was all right, and asked her if she could hurry lunch as I was almost certain that I would be having a vegetarian diet for a long time.

However, the more I thought of it, the more I liked the idea. I was convinced that one of their control ships had given me the signal and would visit the lake, perhaps at night. I put on the ring, this time on my right hand, and went outside the house again. All thoughts of continuing with my work had vanished. I climbed the stairs to the topmost terrace and gazed over the lake. The placid waters lapped the shores, the islets, the little fishing boats, Nothing disturbed the calm of this beautiful day of January 15th. Somewhat disappointed, I went back inside the house and started to eat my lunch. But I did not enjoy my steak. Nervous as a schoolboy, I got up again and started to have a second drink. This, in the tropical heat before night, was no good. I snapped out of it, and went back to the garage on the top terrace and once more carefully scanned the lake. A small sailing boat was lazily tacking up to Los Quemados and Los Patos isles towards the far side of the lake. But there was no sign of any space-craft, and the sky, too, was innocent of spacecraft. I sat down under the amate tree and tried to concentrate on the typewriter. But where words had once flowed, now they eluded me. I got up in disgust, wandered back into the house, moved around for all the world like a lost puppy casting for familiar smells. Eventually, I felt so restless that I decided to take the small outboard motor-boat and take a dip in the waters of a sandy beach near the Isla del Altar, or as some natives call it, the Isla de los Dioses, the Island of Gods. So named because past volcanic eruptions have pushed from the very bowels of the lake this giant black pinnacle of a rock that gives the appearance of an immense, natural altar. I had been there already the first week of my arrival.

From the Isla de los Dioses one can obtain the most breathtaking view over the central part of the lake. So, before taking my dip, I steered to a landing spot from which a path ran upwards to a volcanic terrace that commanded the entire sweep of this aquatic paradise. After I had eased the motor-boat inshore I tied it up to a branch of an overhanging tree, and trudged up the path that led to the highest point of the altar rock. I had almost reached the top of the face when it occurred to me that I had come to take a dip. But this was the wrong time, I thought suddenly, to take a swim. Instead, I scouted around for the most suitable spot where I could stretch out and observe the sky. But unfortunately the tiny leaves from the escanal trees that grow on the island of forded little protection from the heat of the afternoon sun. So I continued my search for a shady tree. I passed the nests of a few chillos, but the birds were uncommonly silent, The people of Central America love these medium-sized birds, that they affectionately call the racket bird. This is because of the row that it kicks up when there is good news for the hearer. The chillos were strangely silent. I took a short breather before climbing to the topmost point of the north face. From this resting place, the lake, the islands and the mountains are an artist's palette run riot. The glorious panorama stretches to the haze that is the border of Honduras and Nicaragua.

I let the beauty of the view seep into my soul. Soothed by the enchantment of nature's beauty, I felt the cloud lift from my mind, the excitement fade from my body. Once more I studied the still waters of the lake. Suddenly, I noticed a change in the surface waters. They were ruffled by several huge,

concentric circles. It was as if some playful giant had thrown an enormous stone right bang in the middle of the lake in order to ripple the placid waters. I looked at my watch, It was coming up to four. I scanned the lake. There was no large ship that could have accounted for the concentric circles. I turned my cheek to the wind. There was but a gentle breeze, certainly not enough to have disturbed the waters. There could be but one explanation for those circles. Somewhere near at hand, my friends from Itibi Ra 2 had effected a landing. I was not worried because I had not seen the space-craft. They touch down and take off so quickly that, unless one is watching the precise landing spot, it is very difficult to see an actual landing. The concentric rings, however, were good enough evidence for me. In order to obtain a better view of the rings, which could be observed moving out wider and wider over the surface of the lake, I changed my vantage point, and strolled round to the southwesterly side of the rock face. I had only just turned the angle of the face when I received the shock of my life. Satu Ra was sitting on a broad ledge. He was so motionless that he seemed to be carved out of the very living rock itself. I approached my friend.

Satu Ra slowly turned and faced me. He was inexpressibly sad. I noticed that his clothing was of a dark green, that he wore a broad instrument belt, on which was a much larger talking device than the one to which I had become accustomed when I had stayed with him at the Mirim flavour station. He motioned to me to come and sit alongside him. This I did, although the black, volcanic rock ledge on which he was sitting offered no protection from the sun. As I sat down, I became possessed of a feeling of deep contentment. It was as if he had thrown an aura of peace over me, the peace of mind that was part of the normal emotional make-up of the Itibi Rayans. I was so relaxed that I smiled at him and asked: "Where is Xiti? Is she with you"? Satu Ra smiled back at me. It was a sad shadow of his normal smile, one, dare I say, tinged with fear? "Ximsi Xiti Tasat," he whispered. The translation came to me with startling clarity. "Xiti is dead." I grabbed hold of that broad instrument belt. The damned communicator had mistranslated. I caught hold of his hands, forgetting the sensitiveness of his finger lips. "Kimsi Xiti Tasat. Ximsi Xiti Tasat," came the remorseless message, to be followed by the confirmatory "Xiti is dead," repeated in French and Spanish, the languages which we had used on previous occasions. Abruptly, the message ended. Satu Ra eased his back against the rock and looked over this earthly paradise. for the first time I saw him in torment. In spite of my own shocked grief, I felt sorry for my friend. He had known Xiti for so many years. He had known her all his life, as his sister, as a little girl, as a teenager, as part of his family, but most of all as part of his team. Whereas the relationship between Satu Ra and Xiti was based on many years, that between Xiti and myself was the very short attachment of a few weeks.

I looked at the troubled face of my friend and finally asked him how it happened. He burst out into a torrent of Itibi Rayan words, speaking so quickly that the translation became affected. Everything he was saying about a planet Tagra, and an accident, was so evocative of Xiti, that his words were lost in recapturing the image of her beauty. The memory of his sister was lost behind the terrible fate she and seven other astronauts must have experienced on a different world to ours. A tiny little metal sculpture, a cut-off relic in the form of a hand, holding the flower of the seven Cosmic Commandments, was all my friend had kept as a last reminder of his sister. He gave this to me and I shall treasure this last delicate memory of a great woman as the most touching present I ever received in my entire life. He mentioned that this many thousand-year-old relic was of inter-cosmic origin and not from his home-planet. The flower with the six leaves, and the round sun flower-type centre, represents the offering of the seven inter-cosmic commandments God has made to all humanity in the Universe. "Mostly our women," he sadly smiled, "use it as a 'good luck' item and Xiti left it in my communication centre before embarking on her own mission. I was sorry to hear that Mr. Hua and several of the men and women I had known at the Mirim River base had also died at the same time as Xiti. It must have been more than an hour that we sat on the isle talking, almost until sunset, which comes early in El Salvador, Central America. I shall never forget his sadness.

The mental and physical turmoil caused by the tragedy to all of them must have hurt him terribly. What had really happened to my friends after taking leave of them on that cold morning of February 27th 1967?

It would be impossible for me to inform my readers of the correct information I received during the rather short visit. Why he had come to visit me, I cannot explain either. But he came as a friend. Perhaps he wanted to tell me about Xiti. Perhaps he wanted to know some additional information about this our world. I really do not know the exact reason for his last visit. Come to think of it, perhaps he only gave me the relic of the "flower symbol" as a last reminder from their world. A last reminder? Perhaps he wanted to tell us in this, his own way, to stop thinking of hell, purgatories and resurrections, of hypocrisy and religious castes, of contempt and playing this international religious roulette more dangerous than the Russian Roulette, the odds of hitting the right paradise after death are a thousand times greater! The death of Xiti was the death of an astronaut, the death of a Cosmophilosophic scientist. Her death, recorded together with the death of many heroic human beings, has become part of the great memory of memories, the great inter-cosmic computer brain which has functioned for many thousands of years on several planets. From what Mr. Satu Ra said on that tropical afternoon, just before sundown, on the 15th January, 1969, I believe that our own cosmonauts are heading for a great catastrophe. According to what Mr. Satu Ra told me, I sincerely believe that our present methods of propulsion are absolutely wrong and will end in great tragedies. "We must first learn to become friends with our sun". This is what Satu Ra had pointed out again and again. Just as with the tragedy of his sister Xiti, it is always easy to be wise after the event. As far as the disaster near the planet Tagra was concerned, my friend told me that they had taken every precaution, First of all, because of the many plants they were taking back to their home-planet, they thought it necessary to separate the Tagra mission, which Satu Ra explained as a "strategic" mistake. The second, and biggest mistake, came from the memory of the memory computers, which had incorrect information about the magnetic type of interference by Tagra. Tagra's interference had caused the death of several other space-craft, interrupting the positive power return from the activated control-ship cells. But the accident had followed exactly the same pattern as an earlier disaster, many hundreds of years apart. Because of the geyser-like reoccurrence of Tagra's activities, the approach of Mr. Hua's control craft was believed all right. Reaching the orbit of the ill-fated planet, the negative power, necessary for Mr. Hua's craft to be kept out of the planet's surge, suddenly was absorbed by the planet itself and within a split second the craft exploded.

Footnote: All computers I was told are inter-connected with some giant inter-Cosmic ring computing center, our out of space friends call FATEX. Read about FATEX in the second book.

CHAPTER 20

SPACE CRAFT OVER CENTRAL AMERICA

There are fashions in literature just as in clothes; there are fashionable crazes and movements, a generation ago there were "Teddy Boys", now there are "Hippies" and "Skinheads." There are the "Flower People," claiming apparently to be trying out a new attitude to life. It is with none of these, or any other, movements in mind, that I began writing about the Itibi Rayans and their philosophy. I simply hope that my humble contribution, as a mark of my devotion to Xiti, daughter of an Itibi Rayan vice-president, steeped in the knowledge of our Earth-born composers, poets, religious leaders and scientists, herself a scientist of some accomplishment, may lead to a wider knowledge and appreciation of the moral wisdom she brought into my life. I still cannot fathom why I should have been selected from all Earthmen to befriend and help the visitors from Itibi Ra 2, or why I should have had the experience of being introduced to their way of life. I am just grateful that this

happened even though I cannot rationalise these things correctly. Not that I have tried to do so. I know that most of what I was able to translate and write must seem like the travels of another Gulliver. Returning to my properly on that memorable 15th of January, 1969, I did not feel like talking to my housekeeper or the next door gardener, who was cleaning my little beach. So I stepped up to the garage, took the car and drove off towards the capital of this beautiful Central American country.

But my mind was wandering. I have not the remotest idea how I went through the city traffic that night. I kept on driving until I found myself on the dusty San Vicente mountain road near Zacatecoluca, leading up to the village of San Pedro Nonualco. From a previous visit I remembered the home of a very good friend, and as it was almost midnight when I opened his door, I asked him if I could stay the night. "I slept until almost 10 a.m., the next morning and was awakened by the shouts of the newspaper boys, They were yelling their heads off about a flying saucer having been seen over the capital and the San Jacinto Hills that surround the lake where I live. I read the newspaper very carefully. It was the first time that I had serious and sincere witness to what I was writing about. "FLYING SAUCERS OVER SAN SALVADOR" said the first-page headline. Then, witnesses, having been on top of a tall building, described what they had seen. The fairly accurate reports caused something of a sensation. Of course, the newspapers did not report that Satu Ra had come to visit me (even if they knew) and grimly I reflected that if he had had the nerve to make a landing just a few miles from the great international airport of Ilopango, he could have as well asked for permission to land in full view of the entire Central American population. From the reports, it seemed that shortly before his visit on the rock, the space-craft was reported over the Cerro de San Jacinto and had then continued high above San Marcos. The amazing thing is that the spacecraft had silently, and for quite a long time, stayed in an observation position directly over the extensive capital town of San Salvador, exposed to the vision of several hundred thousand people.

The split-second landing on the lake, which I did not observe, because I must have just stepped up the Isla de los Dioses, was seen by a neighbour of mine a few seconds after those observations recorded in the newspaper report. The neighbour saw the craft coming down at tremendous speed and sitting as on an air cushion between the isles of Los Quemados and Los Patos, exactly midway between my home and the Jiboa river outlet of the huge tropical lake. But what does all this mean? I am sure that if the Itibi Rayans would walk through the kitchens and living rooms-of my readers, very few would have the courage to admit to their neighbours, or the press, what they have experienced, seen and heard. Why? Not just, as I have explained before, because of fear of being called ridiculous or insane, but simply because out of every true report a thousand fantastically distorted tales have been fabricated. And this is precisely what happened on the 15th of January, 1969, in El Salvador, Central America. First the true reports came in, the reports from the eye-witnesses, all sincere and serious citizens, then late at night the reports of made-up stories, the rumours, the far-fetched accounts of people having seen real monsters, out of space draculas, one-eyed giants, Of course, some have seen only midgets of the size of ants creeping through their bedrooms. Others have called all this a lot of nonsense, because, in reality, the observed saucer, they swore, had been seen disembarking a regiment of Russian troops. I had lunch with my friend and because he had some business to attend to in the capital, we drove down the end of a dusty country road, returning towards Zacatecoluca and the big town of San Salvador. After having had some coffee with my friend in a small coffee-shop, apposite the Gran Hotel, I arrived at my lake house in the afternoon.

My housekeeper was watering the orange trees on the lower terrace when she saw me. "Senor!" she exclaimed. "Are you all right? You did not come home all night! The automobile. I thought you had an accident!" "I'm perfectly fit, as you can see. I just fancied a night drive, that is all," I said, and

went inside the house. She gave me a very old-fashioned look. The good woman did not know what to think of my sudden disappearance without my telling her anything. Her outraged expression clearly hinted that she thought I had spent the night with one of the casual beauties of the lake villages. I have never before this, told anyone about the last visit of my friends. Until I had finished the manuscript about all this, nobody knew about my latest experience in Central America. But I have kept the headlines of the newspapers, and I have made several sound-recordings of those witnesses who have seen the space-craft and, in particular, one of my neighbours who saw the craft landing on the lake. I do not know of any person on the lake having seen the return of the space-craft, nor do I myself know on which part of the lake Satu Ra took his speedboat in order to be picked up. Contrary to what other spacecraft observers have described, the Itibi Rayan control craft did not show any kind of illumination during darkness. Before I start to write this short biography of a great human being, let me tell you that the character of my friend, and I should add "our friend," Mr. Satu Ra, is only a reflection of the valuable culture all Itibi Rayans enjoy. Satu Ra himself was not an outstanding man if you compare him, for instance, with Mr. Hua, his second in command. His kindness and goodness was the same as the unselfish kindness and goodness of all the other astronauts.

But as a friend, and as the man who has brought the wisdom of Cosmophilosophy, of Cosmic Religion to this planet, Earth, the following description of his life may be as interesting as, for instance, the life of another great explorer: Christopher Columbus. Satu Ra was born near a natural beauty spot on his Planet, a place very close to the Itibi Rayan equator called Cotosoti, in the neighbourhood of the large biological research centre and settlement called Xilox. By our reckoning, he was born in the year 1720, on the 25th of August. So, when I met him, he was about two hundred and fifty years old. If we compare his life span with that of an ordinary human being, this would bring Satu Ra to his early forties, in the prime of life. He knows the approximate time of his own death: somewhere between the year 2210 and 2220, unless, of course, he is killed by some similar accident to that of which overwhelmed his sister Xiti. It must be remembered that the ages achieved by our planetary friends are entirely comparative. Whereas our average age since biblical times has been about forty or fifty years, although the psalmist says that men reach seventy and sometimes eighty years old, the age of the prehistoric man was much less than half this. Therefore our friends, with their great biological achievements and physical evolution, attain a normal average age of several times that experienced by humanity today. Satu Ra's parents are still living.

They are retired biomedical scientists, and their home is at Xilox, a delightful dwelling by a beautiful river, set amidst lush tropical surroundings. He comes of an illustrious Itibi Rayan family, for his grandparents were both famous people on their own planet, and gained the love and affection of all Itibi Rayans, and the respect of the community, for their valuable work in discovering an extremely interesting new instrument by which life process can be observed. Satu Ra always spoke very highly of his parents, but his admiration was for his grandparents, who, as well as perfecting this wonderful bioscope, also carried out valuable research in the fields of biomedical and intercosmic technology. For a term of seven years Satu Ra's father was vice-president of Itibi Ra 2. Because of the renown of his parents and grandparents, particularly the latter, Satu Ra was subsequently chosen to head various Itibi Rayan inter-cosmic research teams. Satu Ra had an orthodox Itibi Rayan religious upbringing. In their spare time, both his parents were religious leaders in the Xilox settlement, where some ten thousand families lived in an expansive area covering something like five thousand square miles of the equatorial belt. As a child, Satu Ra was brought up by his parents until he was five or six years of age. Then he was introduced to the marvelous child education system that exists on Itibi Ra 2. I, myself, saw part of the system at work through the medium of the Eye Centre Computer.

Footnote: The combination of "ua" like in the word Mr Hua, together with the Egyptian word RA are some of our Earth men's words surprisingly used and known by our out-of-space friends, is further evidence that out-of-space visitors have been on earth thousands of years ago.

In common with other young children, Satu Ra was sent to an education centre. This separation of such a young child from its parents may seem faintly repugnant to human beings, but the system is only the logical outcome of a child's own wish to be independent, to be put into a learning situation, from which it derives much pleasure. All creatures have this same wish for independence: the Itibi Rayans merely provide the opportunity at a slightly younger age than most other civilizations.

The Itibi Rayan children seem perfectly content with this system. They are happy to visit their parents during school holidays from the time they are about six. There is no false sentiment attached to this system, but there is love, love born out of understanding, kindness and respect. In all, Satu Ra spent twenty years at various educational centres. This seemed a very long time indeed for a full education, but Satu Ra pointed out that it took longer for a boy to develop into a man on Itibi Ra II than it did for manhood to be reached on Earth. There is no unisex education on Itibi Ra 2. All boys and girls mix together from the time they are sent to their first educational centre. They not only mix in the classroom but also in their outdoor games and sports. Often they run about in the sun quite naked. The Itibi Rayans see all this as a preparation to keep them active, sporting, healthy and mentally clean for the rest of their lives. Sex is not explained in the classroom, but by an analytical study of animals under observation conditions.

The Eye Centre education that young Itibi Rayans receive would certainly not be possible for youngsters on Earth at the present time. But I was assured that everything that the Itibi Rayan educationalists did was motivated by complete sincerity, in an attempt to obtain absolutely natural behaviour. It is this approach that prevents them, for example, from having that feeling of guilt over sexual relationships which is so much a feature of western civilizations on Earth today. At the age of twenty, Satu Ra was introduced into the serious, but always cheerful, pattern of general education. This included all accepted branches of scientific knowledge, from mathematics to chemistry; languages, literature and history; art and archeology; psychology and philosophy; as well as many other fields of learning. The Itibi Rayans believe that as we are not yet sufficiently developed or far enough on the pattern of evolution, we are not yet able to create something and to keep it in a healthy biological condition, in spite of our great technical achievements. We have not yet reached the proper understanding of the nature of God. Eye Centre Education was organized on a system of different rings, somewhat similar to an ordinary university. Advanced subjects catered for within these rings included evolution, or what they called the science of nature in action; the relationship of inter-cosmic science; the science of Xati, which is the correct Itibi Rayan phrase for the science of aromatic food processing; the science of intercosmic religion; the science of intercosmic development, which is part of the attachment of neighbouring planets; the technical development of oasis planets; and many other advanced techniques such as the Earth has not yet dreamed of. It would be impossible for me to over-emphasize the value of the many important Itibi Rayan subjects which future generations on Earth would be wise to pursue in order to follow, although somewhat tardily, the development of other cosmic civilizations.

I would like to devote more space to the subjects that I saw taught in the Eye Centre, but if I did, I would stray from the main theme of Cosmic Religion and enter the world of Jules Verne, a man who certainly was inspired with prescience concerning future events. On reflection, I am certain that a study of Satu Ra's education and development will show the path that human conduct and behaviour will follow, although it will be many hundreds of years before our human descendants' achieve the state of development that Satu Ra and his fellow countrymen have long since enjoyed. Satu Ra's education at the General Eye Computer Centres, to give them their correct title, and at the

various rings that he attended, did not differ from the education received by other young Itibi Rayans. On graduating, however, his records were analysed, he was recognized as a brilliant student, and he was selected for the very exclusive coterie destined to go to Fatex - the Memory of Memory rings. Fatex students followed a special leadership course that would enable them to hold high office on any one of the five Rayan planets that formed their planetary system. The very word "Ra" signifies a group of planets belonging to the one solar system. I might add that all other civilizations had much the same political and educational systems as those enjoyed on Itibi Ra 2. At the Fatex Ra Centre, again, I give its full name - Satu Ra was kept busy, along with his colleagues, developing self-assurance, powers of individual leadership, the attribute of courage to make decisions, and the standards of inter-cosmic intelligence.

This was a vast programme for the students, but they were helped by the thousands of inter-planetary and inter-cosmic computers, and by the four hundred and forty-four Memories of Memories, all of which were in continuous contact with Itibi Ra 2 and with each other. The Fatex Ra Centre explains the very reason for cosmic development. It remains the arbiter for all intercosmic relationships. After graduating from the Fatex Ra Education Centre, Satu Ra joined an inter-cosmic research team. Apart from navigational studies, he worked for the next fifty years on inter-cosmic biological research. This was the most romantic period of his life, for during it he married several times. Two of his wives belonged to the same research team as himself. Itibi Rayan marriage needs some little explanation. Earth dwellers consider the privileges of marriage to be quite natural. In reality, the consequences, apart from having children, frequently turn out to be the most unnatural, mostly because of the hypocritical restrictions imposed by norms of social behaviour. On Itibi Ra 2, however, different norms exist. People there fall in love naturally, marry, and have children as a consequence of that loving union. But the child moves from the family unit to an educational centre round about its sixth year. Marriages usually break up soon after the child commences its education. Thus, it is unusual for a marriage to last for more than six years or so. The most common cause for the breakdown of marriage is irritation, brought about by boredom, itself the progeny of habit. This custom of short marriages is seen in its true perspective when it is appreciated that, if monogamy were practised on Iibi Ra 2, some marriages would have to last for four hundred years and more. On earth, it is the exceptional marriage that lasts for sixty years without the partners falling out of love with each other and becoming irritated by each other's habits.

The chances of such an occurrence, therefore, must be multiplied among the Itibi Rayans and other people noted for their longevity. I must confess that I laughed heartily when Satu Ra explained the marriage customs to me. But Satu Ra remained unsmiling. He pointed out that irritation between marriage partners could only be avoided by their complete compatibility. Although scarce, this was not entirely unknown. He gave as examples the marriages of his own parents and of his grandparents. He also pointed out that these long-term unions were not based on permanent sexual love, for passion cannot bloom eternally. Passion is replaced by friendship and companionship, which are other manifestations of love. The Itibi Rayans hold that the more permanent unions of non-sexual love do not need the sanction of a register office ceremony to make them binding, not even a formal exchange of vows. Such a prerequisite for such a union would be a proof of immaturity, a worthless insurance policy attempting to keep a union indissoluble after all feeling had died. There can be no guarantee for the permanence of the state of love. Insisting upon marriage vows, runs the argument, is merely proof that human beings can have no confidence in the lasting quality of love. Satu Ra, after his fourth union of love had acquired a family of three, one boy and two girls.

It was in the year 1887 when he first came into contact with a wonderful woman from the Pentit

Sines civilization, a people who enjoy an even longer life span than the Itibi Rayans. She was, averred Satu Ra, just such another as Xiti, a woman looking much younger than her actual years. Satu Ra explained that he was not the commander of that particular expedition. He had duties similar to those of any other scientist. Mitis, professionally speaking, enjoyed the same status as himself. Their chance meeting during that particular flight led, Satu Ra assured me, to the greatest love story of his entire life. It had outlasted most marriages based solely on the union of love principle: it had outlasted all the marriages of all his friends and colleagues. Satu Ra and Mitis did not have one permanent home. They had homes in several planets, but by far their favourite home was that at Cotosoti. They revelled in the crystal clear, blue waters of the Cotosoti stream. To this home came their children to spend their precious holidays. Satu Ra explained that they loved their Cotosoti home not only because of the breath-taking beauty of the surrounding scenery, not only because of the fine water sports that they could enjoy, but also because this house was fairly close to where his aged parents lived. This afforded the opportunity for the entire family to meet over the Enit holiday period. Mitis, Satu Ra called her his companion of life, had no further contact with her parents, both of whom had re-married on several occasions. There was also the difficulty of distance involved in this permanent separation, for Mitis's parents lived on faraway Sines, and it took all of two years to travel there from Itibi Ra 2. Very few Sinesians live on Itibi Ra 2, so Mitis devoted herself wholeheartedly to Satu Ra, their children and his friends and colleagues.

By all accounts, Mitis still retained her exotic beauty, was possessed of a charming nature, and her love for Satu Ra was as enduring as his for her. This protestation of enduring love, the one for the other, somewhat puzzled me when Satu Ra referred to it. I still remember very well this discussion, which had taken place shortly before they took me to the Peruvian Highlands, together with the little girl. I had asked him how he could remain in love when he was separated for such long periods from his beloved and he had answered that Mitis was right with him on the very control craft and had been with him already at the earlier landings on our planet. I was never able to unravel the enigma. Not to this day have I been able to fathom out who Mitis really was. Naturally, I thought she was one of the many lady scientists with the expedition. In any case, Satu Ra must have had good and sufficient reasons for wanting to keep this part of his life completely secret. The fact that he had told me this much of his private affairs is illustrative of the esteem in which he held me. As Satu Ra had already mentioned the Enit holiday period, I had also asked him to explain something more about the festivals and holidays which cosmic people celebrate. This additional information I shall include as the last pages of this book. Satu Ra recalled that he had been appointed the religious leader of the equatorial regions of Itibi Ra 2. This included his own home district, for sixty years, he told me, he was the representative, both religious and civil, of the supreme authority of Itibi Ra 2. During his term of office, arrangements had to be made for the reception of several thousand immigrants from the troubled southern sector of Itibi Ra 2. These immigrants were inhabitants of the Sedi region. Sedi may best be translated as the shadow, or sombre area of the planet, and was so named because it was always in the shadow of the small working-planet that the Itibi Rayans had attached to their own planet. The climate of the Sedi region was cool and unhealthy. The supreme authority, therefore, decided to evacuate the people living there. The evacuation was successfully carried out and to Satu Ra fell the task of organizing the reception of the immigrants in the equatorial belt. This meant preparing new homes, transportation, jobs, supplies, educational centres, everything that goes into the founding of an entirely new settlement. Satu Ra pointed out that human beings retained a caveman attachment to their homes, loathing to leave them. This is basically because human beings are still very insecure.

The Sedians, unlike the rest of the Itibi Rayans, had similar fears to their human cousins, and did not want to leave the Sedi region, unhealthy though it was. Satu Ra had the task also of easing their minds so that the mass migration was accomplished with tranquillity. This he succeeded in doing, so

that the newcomers soon became completely absorbed into the equatorial settlement. The people who lived in the equatorial region were very happy to welcome their brothers and sisters from the inhospitable Sedi region. Soon, there was a completely integrated community. Many of the new arrivals had biological skills, and these were soon absorbed into the existing plantations. Because of their background, they are perhaps more dour of character than the equatorial people, among whom they now made their home. However, Satu Ra said that it was most rewarding to have seen them soften up under the influence of the more happy-go-lucky, and become eventually as cheerful and optimistic as the original inhabitants of the equatorial region. My friend insisted that all temperaments can be changed by a change of environment. His work, helped by the efforts of Mitis, to assist the new settlers, was often difficult, but at all times they were sustained by the fifth commandment of their religion, the one which says: "You shall work according to your character and talent, and at all times be kind and cheerful. nor shall you feel superior to others." This, affirmed Satu Ra, was a wonderful commandment indeed; for its application made a new people out of all.

The information about the life of Mr. Satu Ra was partly given to me by his sister and partly by himself. What he himself told me about their religion and the festivals (celebrated not only by themselves but most of their friends belonging to what he called an "intercosmic ring of civilizations") does not make much sense to us at the present time. He repeated that there were four hundred and forty four civilizations within the Cosmic Ring. Because of the vast distances involved, the Itibi Rayans had not made personal contact with every one of these civilizations. However, no matter how remote a civilization, all of them belonged to the same school of Cosmophilosophy. All of them followed the same basic educational pattern. This was achieved by direct contact between neighbours, each civilization being a link that bound and taught the next link. At this point, I remember, Satu Ra reeled off the seven fundamental religious laws as though seeking to impress them forever upon my memory: Ruessit, Sitla, Sinver, Suto, Atas, Orus and Ruessit-fin. Although there was no direct personal contact with every civilization within the ring, yet Satu Ra emphasized that there was constant inter-cosmic communication with all the constituent parts, no matter how distant. (Some kind of an inter-cosmic United Nations, which could keep in touch with all nations in the cosmos.) He also pointed out that it was comparatively simple for all planets belonging to their own solar system to keep in touch with one another. I could understand this supreme-cosmic communications system. Some of the most powerful Earth observatories have succeeded in picking up radio signals from outer space. These signals, although not understood, are part of the network of communications set up by the four hundred and forty- four civilizations forming the cosmic ring.

Satu Ra reflected that this small beginning of picking up cosmic radio signals might pave the way to a fuller communications system involving Earth and the other planets. This itself might lead the way to Earth cosmonauts making the first tentative advances along the road to a fuller inter-cosmic religious union, in which Earth religions amalgamate with the Cosmophilosophic concept of GODNATURE. He was confident about the inevitability of such a union, and hinted that the movement would spread across Earth, spearheaded by leading human scientists and theologians. He did not, however, foresee this occurring until Earth understood the full implications of Cosmophilosophy and its health and mind restoring qualities. Earth, Satu Ra assured me gently, was considered to be an underdeveloped planet, with a warmongering kind of humanity, trying to maintain standards well below those of the average cosmic civilization. The supreme authority of the cosmic ring had decided to keep a watchful eye on the antics of Earth, biding their time until the right moment when, by evolutionary process, Earth would have reached a stage in its development when it could be admitted to full partnership in the cosmic ring. The life of Mr Satu Ra, far from being concluded, has taught me a great deal about human nature. I no longer believe that our young people are wrong to protest against the cruelty of war. I no longer believe that the hypothesis of the

survival of the fittest regardless of morality and ethical qualities makes sense and I no longer believe that our planet Earth and its population has special privileges in relation to religion and God. But I now believe that at our present stage of evolution, only a strong belief in GOD-NATURE and love for each other can stop us from destruction. The life of Mr. Satu Ra has also taught me that the mind of man is nothing but the product of natural causes. It is possible, with the help of Cosmophilosophy, really to understand our evolutionary destiny. It is possible to stop this race of hatred and turn to love.

Footnote: A note from my diary shows this translation from one of the oldest Amat Mayna quotations: "Your pride in material gains shall lead you to habits and surroundings dangerous to your health and very life"

CHAPTER 22

COSMOPHILOSOPHY AND THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

Just recently in a South American country, one of those with chronic revolutionary changes, a young Spanish priest, who had arrived only a few weeks before from Europe, was opening his chapel doors, high up in the Sierra. Suddenly a horde of wild-looking bandits, all carrying machineguns, pushed the trembling priest aside and went straight to the altar. They did not want to steal the gold and silver, all they wanted was to confess, and a very long time it took, as the young priest did not understand the guerillas' Indian dialect. Confessions and absolutions, but mostly absolutions, were what they came for. None of them wanted to die in sin. When they finally left, the nervous priest tried to call his bishop by telephone, but the bandits had cut the wires. So the priest took a horse and galloped fifteen miles to the next village. With the help of another priest, he was finally able to talk to Monsenor, his bishop. He had given the bandits absolution for their sins without understanding their confessions. These men, he thought, must have had murder on their conscience. "Do not worry, my son," the bishop answered, "you have done the right thing because otherwise they would have blown your brains out. Besides, God understands all the languages and dialects on earth."

Summing up the lucidity of Monsenor, I would say that God understands not only the languages and dialects on this our planet Earth, but on all the planets wherever they may be and whatever the human beings living on such faraway places. But according to the Itibi Rayans' Cosmophilosophic religion, God does not only understand the languages of the human race, he understands the languages and expressions of animals, insects, even such impossible creatures as bacteria. He also understands the rain of the clouds, the warmth of the sun, the cold of the night. According to this religion of Nature, God himself is Nature and Nature is God. The Itibi Rayans do not separate God from Nature, they do not separate good from bad, praising the Lord only for the good things and unloading the bad things upon the "poor old Devil," living in the undeveloped parts of the Universe or such old-fashioned places as Hell. The Itibi Rayans never say, "You should love your neighbours, or your enemies," because they feel this to be hypocritical, or a case of blind love. In that case, I was told, we could easily go too far, and include animals, domesticated or wild, and perhaps even turn the other cheek to virus and bacteria. The forces of life, my friends say, are vigorous, and the counterbalances of God's Will, which is the result of the relative respect and values we are able to feel for these forces. Therefore, the First Commandment of Cosmophilosophy is that we shall not fear God nor Man nor Nature, nor inflict pain on Man or Nature. The Third Commandment qualifies this, and adds that the rights of others are to be respected and one must act accordingly. The word "respect" (the Itibi Rayan word Aita) also means "wariness." Respect the rights of other beings but watch out for your own, and be prepared to defend them. Cosmophilosophy entitles you to enforce

your own right to respect. Where does all this lead? It leads to a belief in GOD-NATURE as the fount of origin of us all. It is the very course GOD-NATURE has traced for all creatures since the beginning of the Universe. Humanity is no exception to this rule. But Cosmophilosophy also says this: Because of the higher evolutionary pattern of humanity, it is entitled, not to privileges, but to the benefits of its intelligence and understanding of the higher laws of God.

These laws, Cosmophilosophy teaches, are in advance of our present evolutionary level. Cosmophilosophy is not so much a new religion as an evolutionary state of mind tending to understand the highest laws of God. Let us demonstrate this by referring to a controversial subject and ethical problem such as suicide. The great Roman historian Pliny said "The best thing God has given Man, amid all the sufferings of this life, is the power to end it when he likes." God has given death as his greatest gift with which to end unbearable pain. I personally know of several people, who, having been tortured during the war, in an agony of pain, and in fear of more, asked God to release them from their sufferings. That suicide should be a sin is absolutely against the Will of God, The Seventh Cosmophilosophic Commandment says "You shall not let others die in pain, and this includes your own right not to die in pain." Itibi Rayans look forward to a very old age, much more than we can hope for, but when old enough to die, they do so without fear or dismay. They know that no doctors or well-meaning relatives are there to keep them alive artificially. They believe it is a sin to prolong the hopeless suffering of any being, not only human beings. Our friends say that in a perfect pattern of life, old age has to be perfect and free of pain. It is unworthy for man to die in pain, for this is not the Will of GOD-NATURE, who has given us the means to avoid pain. But how are the Itibi Rayans able to guarantee the observance of such ethical and moral concepts?

As I see it, these people, liberated from the handicaps of egoism, have learned to organize the problems of population growth, and use the powers of Nature to bring food and health into every home on their planet. They have one and the same language on one and the same motherland. Their homeland is their Planet and not a separate piece of country. They have one and the same law and order for all, and most important, they have the same universal system of education and social security, and because of their Seventh Commandment, they do not fear Death. Their thousands of years of progressive development have shown them the absolute need for education and culture. Hence their Fifth Commandment, which is called Atas, and the Education Commandment: "You shall at all times work according to your talents and character, and at all times be kind and cheerful, nor shall you feel superior to others." Because of this Commandment, the Itibi Rayans feel it their duty to develop their talents to the full, and to encourage their children to study according to their individual characters and ability. But this encouragement and development is checked through their infallible computers. It is not merely a question of what an individual thinks and feels he should work at, and create or express; it is also a question of what a sophisticated civilization on such an advanced planet can offer to the younger generations. On our earth planet, we often talk about morality and religion, but what kind of work are we able to offer our young people so that they may understand this morality and religion? Work is the same as food, and it is no use talking to a hungry man about God. We must create the right jobs for the right people in order to get the best out of people, and this we must do without discrimination or contempt. This the Itibi Rayans express in their Sitla Law, the Second Commandment of Cosmophilosophy, which says: "You shall not be a hypocrite to yourself, or to others." The fourth Commandment of this philosophy, called the Suto Law, is a rule of which the Earth men of today have a great need to obey. It is that you shall abstain from all excesses. Some Earth religions have imposed a prohibition against the eating of certain meats, or the imbibing of certain drinks, certain habits of this and that. But Cosmophilosophy forbids all and every excess which none of our religions have so far offered as a remedy against sickness and death.

I recall that Mr. Satu Ra did not smoke, but readers will remember that he liked the drink I offered him on the train from Bombay to Madras, and his sister Xiti enjoyed her Tom Collins in the Sky Room in the Hotel Crillon in Lima, Peru. They like to taste things, but they never exaggerate, and I believe the reason for this moderation is the fact that addiction might follow, and addiction leads to death. But you will notice that the fourth Commandment does not say "Don't do it." It gives you the right to do it in moderation; do not do it in excess. Which leads me to my observations about the sexual habits of the Itibi Rayans. I came to the conclusion that their higher evolutionary status has made them much more sensible in their treatment of sex. They believe that sex, if not indulged in excessively, is good for humanity, and we have all the right to know every detail about it. It is part of GOD-NATURE, they say. It can be a healthy and enjoyable experience which is granted to all creatures by GOD-NATURE himself. Repression and suppression of these feelings and instincts, they believe can have cancer producing factors. These are not presumptions, but biologically proven facts. Discussing this with me, they were sure that many forms of our cancerous civilization are the result of former generations having suppressed their natural feelings. Which brings us back to the First Commandment again: "You shall not fear God, Man, or Nature, nor inflict pain on them." This also includes the pain you may inflict on yourself. In other words again, whatever you do, respect the rights of others, do not behave unnaturally. There is logic behind all Cosmophilosophical Laws, they are all combined in the Will of GODNATURE himself. The First Commandment does not say you shall not kill, nor steal, nor do this or that, it just orders you to beware of inflicting pain, physical or mental, on any being, human or animal.

"If you still have to kill animals," I remember Satu Ra saying, "then you have the intelligence to do so without inflicting pain." "But you could still kill without inflicting pain. One could do so," I remember telling Mr. Satu Ra, "and still keep the First Commandment." But my friend answered: "You cannot take life without sinning against the law of Sinver, the Third Commandment of Cosmophilosophy, which says: You shall respect the rights of other beings." Isn't it obvious, why should you want to kill any being not out to destroy you? (I do understand now why the Itibi Rayans are vegetarians.) I can see the logic of Cosmophilosophy, the moral and ethical logic of naturalistic thinking, which according to the Itibi Rayans is the expression of GODNATURE itself. Religion rarely helps the depressive. We must look at religion not as a cure for physical, moral and mental ills, but we must do what our friends have done: Look at religion as the natural expression of GOD-NATURE. GOD-NATURE does not say to the sick and depressed: "Go and hide in some dark corner and start praying." GOD-NATURE definitely says to all its creatures: GET WELL OR DIE. Only if we are willing to face this fact - which is God's own intelligence and reality, shall we get well. GOD-NATURE, Therefore, does not want us to look at ourselves as being sick and ill, but as human beings still able to make friends with God's own beneficial forces of Nature, willing to help us to get on our feet again. This also includes our present stage of general contempt, hatred and world-wide hypocrisy, our preparing for war while talking about "peace for all." It is only oldfashioned fear and superstition which keeps us from new and fundamental naturalistic reasoning, from making friends with our "imaginary" enemies, from making friends with ourselves. It was Satu Ra himself who told me that any religious organization which preaches love and compassion without a clear and natural concept leading to the understanding of GOD-NATURE, shall be called a religion of hypocrisy.

The value of religion, he explained, entirely depends on the active role it is able to play in civilization's progressive and futuristic pattern. (I have not until today forgotten about that little thrill of suspense when Satu Ra told this to me, as a reminder and a warning against dogmatic stiffness and traditional resignation.) I am sure Mr. Satu Ra is well aware of the fact that millions of human beings are born into these traditional dogmas of belief. When I told him that, he answered that a new age is dawning on humanity, that all this has happened a million times before on other

planets, and that a new social and political structure shall play an important role within one hundred years from now. A great and new feeling of friendship shall emerge from the wreck of older social traditions. It is the young people, he mentioned, who shall destroy these spider-webs of prejudiced belie I was very much surprised when Satu Ra told me about a great feeling of friendship which shall come over many nations on our planet because of a unique situation, a unique political situation I never believed to be possible. He mentioned the United States of America and Russia, and said that because both countries had had the historical opportunity to overcome traditional nonsense and had opened up tremendous stretches of new land for millions of new settlers, the whole planet Earth within one hundred years from now will benefit from the friendship he predicted between the United States and Russia. I hope he is right. It certainly would be a surprise, especially as humanity, long enough, has had to live under the threat of nuclear war. I also remember asking my friend about his view concerning India and China, and he answered that India needs a strict and modern social reform, combined with economic development enforced through absolute totalitarian laws. (This surprised me very much.) Satu Ra said that it is the only way to close the thousands of wounds from an almost dying body. About China, my friend said that unfortunately the Chinese people, from what Itibi Rayan computers contended, had always lived near a famine level and will suffer an overwhelming natural calamity soon if they do not learn to control their population growth and return to absolute individual freedom. (Xiti, as well as Satu Ra, told me on several occasions of the urgency of our religious leaders to understand this need to control our present growth of population.)

"A dogmatic form of thinking," they made it clear, "is not at all in accordance with the ever changing natural forces of GOD-NATURE." I do believe in this myself. I think that the race towards universal progress is only starting and those of our religious organizations which do not want to come along will stay behind, way behind. I also feel that in time to come Cosmophilosophy will make it easier for humanity to reject its present materialistic civilization, and lead, together with those religious organizations willing to learn. If Satu Ra's predictions are true, significantly, by the middle of the twenty-first century, with the futuristic pattern of Cosmophilosophy, our world will have rid itself from all political and social nonsense. Humanity will have turned to the concept of the universal Lord of the Cosmos: GODNATURE, But of one thing my beloved friends have warned me: Not to mislead the public, not to start a new religion, not to talk about mysteries. Not to allow any changes to be added to the pure form of the Seven Cosmic Laws of GOD-NATURE. Not to go about this in a fanatical way, nor make a new dogma out of it. Not to disturb the present way of thinking, unless people themselves feel a feeling of friendship towards Cosmophilosophy.

Footnote: Satu Ra sincerely believed, that the USA shall be able by the end of this century, to write its history's greatest page: not in other lands, but within the hearts of its own people.

Let us simply become friends of Cosmophilosophy. Let us give these futuristic ideas a chance without destroying their naturalistic strength. All of us, religious-minded or not, should read the commandments of our friends from time to time. Only then, with our present religious convictions, will the beneficial value to health and mind be ours in time to come,

THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS OF COSMOPHILOSOPHY.

First Commandment: Ruessit. You shall not fear God, man or nature, nor inflict pain on God, man or nature.

Second Commandment: Sitla. You shall not be a hypocrite to yourself or to others.

Third Commandment: Ainver. You shall respect the rights of other beings.

Fourth Commandment: Sura, You shall abstain from all excesses.

Fifth Commandment: Afas. You shall work according to your talents and character, and at all times

be kind and cheerful, nor shall you feel superior to others.

Sixth Commandment: Orus. You shall undo the sins against others and yourself without delay, and respect the laws of Cosmophilosophy.

Seventh Commandment: Ruessit,(fin), You shall not let others die in pain.

The Sixth Commandment, called Orus, states: "You shall undo the sins against others and yourself without delay, and respect the laws of Cosmophilosophy." In order to honour this Commandment, the Itibi Rayans at the beginning of each year, celebrate the festival of Orus, which is also the festival of Sinver, after the third day. The festival itself, Xiti told me, lasts about five days our time. As I mentioned, if we study the Seven Commandments, we are surprised at their interwoven logic. What, for instance, would the festival of Orus be without the festival of Sinver? What would the reason be for a Sixth Commandment without the Third Commandment? What does the Sixth Commandment tell us, besides its broad human touch in ordering us to undo our sins? Or the Orus festival? It tells us something of the most fundamental emotions of normal man, it tells us of the emotional pattern of nature itself, Nature, as my friends were able to explain to me at their biological research plantation, is extremely careful about committing sin. In the jungle this means attack. The consequences of sin are not enjoyable. Those who do not understand these laws of nature according to their functions are very often the victims of their own mistakes; not after life, not in another world, but right here.

At the festival of Orus, the Itibi Rayans celebrate the human progress and evolution over the necessity to attack, We have come closer to God and no longer do we need to attack in order to eat. The main festival of vegetarian belief. During this festival the finest foods of vegetative origin are offered and people invite their friends and relatives to these banquets. If you come to think about it, our friends have made a wonderful thing out of the fundamental emotions of normal men: A festival to celebrate not only the Sixth and Third Commandments, but also a higher civilization every year celebrates its victory over brutality and former historical predicaments. The Orus festival can therefore be considered a triumph over war and superstition, hatred and contempt. A true festival of human evolution, in order to make it clear that the Orus festival includes the Sinver Commandment as well, the children and younger people on Itibi Ra take it to their hearts to decorate what they call the Flower of Amat Mayna, the six-leaf symbol] of Cosmophilosophy. (Not to be compared with the symbol of creation.) This symbol of Cosmophilosophy represents the Seven Commandments in the form of a flower, with the First Commandment being the centre and heart of the flower, with six different coloured leaves, each representing a different Commandment. As the Orus festival includes the Sinver Commandment (which is symbolized by the orange coloured leaf) both the green Orus leaf and the orange Sinver leaf are specially decorated during this festival. The heart of the Amat Mayna flower represents the most important of all the Commandments: The First Commandment, The festival of this Commandment, called the Festival of Ruessit, is celebrated together with the festival of the Ruessit-fin Commandment, which says: "You shall not let others die in pain." During this shortest of all Itibi Rayan festivals, people visit the sick and old people. It is also a memorial for the dead, The Ruessit festival, which Satu Ra told me about, made me think very deeply indeed.

Euthanasia (mercy killing) has always roused emotional storms wherever it has been discussed on Earth, It has never, as far as I was aware, been practised among civilized communities. Yet here were the Iibi Rayans, the most highly civilized of all peoples I had encountered, writing into their Commandments the doctrine Ruessit and Ruessit-fin (both words are substitutes for Itibi Rayan words impossible to write phonetically). This could mean but one thing - besides many others - that because of the fear of death, a religious law exists in the cosmos which prohibits the dying in pain. I asked my friends about this and I was told that this fear of death is a thing of the past on their

planet. Because of their deeper knowledge of biology and specially as far as botany and vegetarian life is concerned, they have a great knowledge of pain-killing drugs and medicines. Their span of life, far greater than the oldest of human beings on many sub-developed planets, is due not only to their knowledge of these medicines, but mostly because of the security of feeling and emotion this First Commandment offers to all.

When I suggested that on our planet many people die because of being afraid of death, my friend smiled about this paradox of human behaviour and explained that many wars, many sicknesses, and a great deal of our misery is caused because of this fear. That the Itibi Rayans had a much less complicated approach to death I was able to observe for myself. Talking about euthanasia, Satu Ra mentioned that they rarely have the necessity to keep this law. In hopeless cases of extreme agony and pain, those in need of euthanasia are given the pain-killing tablets to ease their last hours. Analysing this correctly, it can hardly be called euthanasia as the Itibi Rayans leave it up to their patients to decide on their own destiny. They can take the tablets or leave them. Those who use this method, my friends say, are wishing to die in dignity and we would not call them sinners and have them condemned socially. As a matter of fact, Itibi Rayans would be breaking the law to take the right from a human being to die without dignity. To them it would be hypocritical to condemn a person to a term of misery and pain, even a lifetime of such torment, because of hopeless disease and a disinclination to let him do what is natural. The third and most happy of all religious festivals on Itibi Ra is the festival of Enit, which is the one month long celebration and holiday season in honour of both the Second and Fifth Commandments. During the Enit festival, the red Sitla leaf of the Amat Mayna flower, together with the white Atas leaf, is specially honoured and decorated.

Actually, this Enit festival is some kind of an inter-cosmic carnival, combined with the greatest sporting events ever having been recorded in the memory computers in cosmos. During these days of general happiness, the colours of the Amat Mayna flowers reign over the entire planet. (A red and white flag is also flown at all sporting events.) On the old planet Itibi Ra, my friends insisted that the festival of Enit was a truly orthodox celebration, dedicated to work, effort and inter-cosmic principles, with people still taking a hard look at themselves and others. But on Itibi Ra II all this changed. Planet Itibi Ra II being situated in the enter of what we call the Milky Way and being about five months cosmic-ray time off from our planet, does have a similar nature as planet Earth. The Enit festival, Mr. Satu Ra pointed out, like our Christmas, falls in the colder season of the Itibi Rayan year, which is one month shorter than our year. But in spite of the colder season, the Enit festival is mostly an outdoor festival, because the colder season on Itibi Ra is also the dry season.

During the festival many sporting events take place. It is a wonderful time for the younger people, Xiti said. They all flock to their beautiful health centres, musical "sit-ins" and their huge picnics and excursions. During these events the great talent selecting games are played, and this is considered a rather serious side of the Enit games. Many youngsters during these meetings discuss their aptitudes, desires, character, mentality, etc., etc., and are helped by others, and by the computer systems, to make a preliminary selection of a future career. In a way, they are playing out an adult situation, behaving quite naturally, also where love is concerned. During these meetings many youngsters become men and many a girl becomes the first lovmate of her boy-friend. When Satu Ra told me about this original pattern of free sexuality I wanted to know more about the erotic behaviour of his people, and he told me. I had wanted to include these notes within this edition, but the first publisher who had read the "incredible sexual situation on another planet" had seriously advised me not to have this printed. Actually, all I wanted to do was to describe the very healthy and natural behaviour of another civilization. I have no ambition to become a writer of sexual thrills, nor have I had in my mind to inflict on my readers great literary style. When I came back from my last visit to Lima and little Dolores, I thought of the tremendous differences in environment on our

planet; also as concerns our festivals, they are never the same. I mean really the same, from one country to the next, even if they should be celebrated because of the same religion.

What the Itibi Rayans have done by uniting their entire planet in one and the same religion with the same festivals and celebrations is, in my opinion, one of the main reasons for their social and political progress. I have always liked to think about our sentimental religious festivals on earth as the self-imposed stop on cruelty and war. I am sure that if all nations had the same celebrations at the same time, because of the same religion, and if they would prolong this time, like the Itibi Rayans did, to one entire month, then we would have peace on earth at least for one entire month. The Itibi Rayan Enit festival is such a festival of inter-cosmic peace, As Enit includes the celebration of the Second Commandment, which is symbolized by the red Sitla leaf of the Amat Mayna, the "reading" of this Commandment is made a duty on every single day of this festival. by "reading" the transmitting of sound-symbols is meant. The Itibi Rayans do not use letters or print. And the reading duty is observed by all, young and old. The Second Cosmophilosophy Commandment is read aloud before every social event on this holiday. As Satu Ra explained: "Our people always come back a little different from these celebrations," The last and most health-restoring holiday is a fifteen-day celebration in the Itibi Rayan mid-year and called Suto because of the fourth Commandment of Casmophilosophy.

The Law of Suto, which states that "you shall abstain from all excesses," some of my friends in London have called just the right commandment to stop you from being thrown into jail, for driving your car through a red light, or for excess of speed. But it would be cynical to bring into ridiculous prominence something GODNATURE himself has wanted us to consider with humility and seriousness: Our health. Since I have met these people, who have one of the longest spans of life ever recorded in the Universe, I have often asked myself how seemingly irreconcilable their longevity must appear to most of us. Perhaps their very deliberately wanting to live longer has made it possible for them to discover the means to do so, And naturally, besides all of their vegetarian habits, and their biological achievements, I sincerely believe the main reason for their longevity is the strict obedience of the fourth Commandment of Cosmophilosophy. What does it mean "to abstain from all excesses"? Thinking about it, I have made a great mistake in believing that this refers to our common excesses, as I have mentioned, the taking of alcohol or the smoking of cigarettes, But having been able to observe my friends, I came to the conclusion that by "abstaining from excesses" a great many errors can be avoided. But even so, it would take us centuries to follow the Itibi Rayan pattern, as so many of us simply have to live by excess out of habit and in order to make enough money for themselves and their families to live. It is one thing for religion to say: "You must not do this," and it s quite a different story really to be able to do it, One of the great advantages of the Itibi Rayan Suto festival is this: It orders people to take a break from work. This is an absolute law on Itibi Ra II. A fifteen-day break for all, made possible and guaranteed by the law. Further, during these Suto holidays, those from the colder regions of Itibi Ra are taken to the warmer health-restoring spas nearer the equatorial regions.

Whether they like it or not, they are made to take part in all kinds of health-restoring activities, which are not only physical but also mental. There are musical festivals, Poetry contests, concerts, amateur theatres and comedy shows. The health spas are decorated in the gold leaf colour of the Amat Mayna flower, together with the Xasni signs, which are the cosmic unity symbols, showing the oneness of the cosmic ring, (Several other planets often send guests and specially artistic performers to the Suto festival. Why the Suto festival also falls together with the Festival of Inter-Cosmic-Unity (Xasni) I was never able to find out.) At the end of the Suto holiday, the health computers are put to work on all the Itibi Rayans, without exception. I have mentioned that an exact health analysis of each and every Itibi Rayan is computed during sleeping time. These ratings are

analysed by brain-computers and are available for a special reading at the end of the Suto health holiday, Those in need of special treatment are ordered, and I am only reporting what Satu Ra had told me, "ordered" to take the necessary measures available to all Itibi Rayans to get well, All this, again, may seem to be pretty far-fetched, but Mr. Satu Ra assured me that within only one hundred and fifty years time, if all the capital wasted on defence, war machinery, and the expense of war itself, together with the correct population growth control all our population on this planet could benefit from a similar international health restoring social security system. If you come to think of it, at the present time, most of us driving a car are able to control and know the exact temperature of the water in the radiator. When oil is leaking or the motor fails, the driver knows this failure immediately and is warned about the defective situation by a little red light on the dashboard. But how often in his life is this same man warned about his own body? About his blood pressure, for example! A great many inventions and mechanical gadgets have been built for war, and in spite of our great evolutionary progress, we have forgotten about the most important of all machines: THE HUMAN BEING, The time will come, when closer to the naturalistic form of thinking, we shall be able to understand many of the thoughts expressed by our friends from another world. We shall do so in our own interest and with the help of Cosmophilosophy.

PRAYERS OF COSMOPHILOSOPHY

LET US NOT BE PROUD, oh LORD OF NATURE, let us be humble, observing thy wisdom of nature. LET US NOT BE SUPERIOR TO OTHERS, oh Lord, because of conditions granted to us by thy wisdom of nature. LET ME BE HUMBLE, oh LORD OF NATURE, and let me feel the beauty of thy life you have given to me. LET ME BE CHEERFUL and kind, oh LORD OF NATURE, and let me feel thy strength, the strength of nature, oh Lord, when lonely and in pain. LET ME BE TRUE, oh LORD OF NATURE, to myself and others by not inflicting pain, oh Lord, and grant me the courage to return to eternal peace with dignity, oh LORD-for such are thy eternal laws of Nature.

CALENDAR OF COSMOPHILOSOPHIC FESTIVALS

1st to 5th of January: Festival of Human Evolution, called the ORUS FESTIVAL. The Sixth Commandment is honoured until the third day, then the Third Commandment (Sinver) is celebrated for the following two days. The green Orus leaf, together with the orange coloured Sinver leaf, are the decorations for this holiday.

11th to 13th of April: Festival of Love and Painless Death, called the RUESSIT FESTIVAL. Both the First and Last (7th) Commandments of Cosmophilosophy are celebrated, The yellow heart of the Amat Mayna Flower (representing love) and the blue leaf (representing death) are the only decorations during this celebration.

1st to 15th of August: Festival of Health and Inter-cosmic Unity, called the SUTO FESTIVAL of the fourth Commandment (Suto). The last days of the festival are dedicated to Yasni-celebrations in honour of inter-cosmic peace, friendship and religious unity. The golden leaf of the Amat Mayna flower is at all times shown in all the homes and public places as a reminder of the golden rule. (The "Golden Rules" of health and peace.)

25th of November to 25th of December: Festival of Truth and Talent, called the ENIT FESTIVAL. The Second Commandment (Sitla) is honoured during one entire month, together with the Fifth Commandment (Atas). These are the basic and positive commandments of Cosmophilosophy. (ENIT is not as much a festival or holiday as it is a period of religious encouragement and selfeducation, specially for the younger people. During the entire month the red Sitla leaf and the white Atas leaf are flown within the enter of a green flag.)

POSTSCRIPT

Just recently, whilst in France, I talked to a group of students at the Sorbonne University. The general unrest of the younger generation which became clear to me is not exclusively part of my own observation. Asking the French students their opinions about borders - borders separating religion, countries and humanity in general, you certainly get the right answer from these modern-minded human beings: ON S'ENFOU DES FRONTIERS, which certainly is difficult slang to translate, but which means something like: We don't give a damn about borders. What does it mean, this antipathetic attitude towards former principles of patriotism and fanatical beliefs? It simply means that our younger people are fed up with our history of bloody wars, the killing of millions, the hatred, the superstitious beliefs, and so on. They say it like an insult to us of an older generation: "ON S'ENFOU," and they really mean it, and strange as it may seem, their expression corresponds exactly with what Mr. Satu Ra had pointed out to me before he left this strange planet in January 1969: TEACH COSMOPHILOSOPHY BECAUSE YOU ARE MANY YEARS BEHIND YOUR NORMAL TIME OF DEVELOPMENT. He could have said, like the French students: ON SENFOU ... or he could have said: WIPE THE DUST OFF YOUR HEARTS and start to be normal human beings, there is no need to continue with this murderous game of self-destruction, contempt and hypocrisy.

Let us not forget that the great biologist, Satu Ra, and his fellow scientists have ample knowledge of our history. They know that only during this last century we have killed in several wars millions of our own fellow human beings. Wars forgotten within twenty years. They know that we have not only killed those engaged in combat, fast and quickly, but that we have burned to death and gassed and tortured thousands, yes, perhaps millions, of innocent women and children as well. They also know that we suffer as a result of many mental disorders, besides our many other physical disorders, like loud and respiratory disorders. They have seen for themselves that our stomachs, hearts and glands are not working like theirs, that eighty per cent of us are suffering from some kind of constant tension and of what they know as ONAT - an Itibi Rayan word for unnatural irregularity, leading to cancer. They believe that rather than spend billions looking for cancer-producing bacteria or virus, we should spend these billions to stop artificial and unnatural irregularities and live healthier lives in order to prevent cancer. They smile at our crazy habit of looking at our wrist watches, when they themselves do not care at all about the time, and carry some kind of "health watches" indicating their pulse, blood pressure, body temperature, indicating disorders, etc., etc.

They sincerely believe that to check health is more important than to check time. "Cancer Planet Mission" may seem to many of my readers the product of my fantasy, which I try to pass on as a true story. However, much of what I relate can be checked. Many things may not correspond to the exact date and time as it happened, simply because I did not date my diary from day to day, and because I was overwhelmed by what happened to me. I, myself, did not believe this possible for a long time and I cannot blame any of my readers for disbelieving me. But even if this is reality taken as fantasy, even then it shall become reality, to those in doubt, within a very short time. Those who talked about people longing for the moon as lunatics, are today ready to make arrangements for a first non-stop and return trip to our satellite. I say, and know, that it is a fact that we are not the only human beings in Cosmos, and I believe that the Itibi Rayans are right in that Cosmophilosophy shall do away with cruelty and war and raise the curtains of darkness from our planet. Within a comparatively short time Cosmophilosophy shall make planet Earth the motherland to all future generations. It is not a new religion. It is simply the oldest and newest way of seeing GOD-NATURE, They believe in respect and kindness; already the compromise of having Gods murdered in order to forgive our sins, appears to be a sin, a sin against their first commandment.

(Nevertheless, it was Xiti who mentioned "that there can be no greater love but to give one s life for

others," and she had begun to understand some of our Christian principles.) They never criticized our religions, they even believe them to have been of great value at certain times and evolutionary levels. That humanity did need a compassionate and comparative religion, born out of suffering, they understood quite well. But they also believe that a religion which does not teach a total halt to all suffering, a religion which does not offer a complete new form of social behaviour suitable according to evolution, such a religion will disappear by itself. And there we return to the general apathy of the French students: MOI, JE M ENFOU., (I do not give a damn.) But they shall give a damn, and it is only a question of time until these new concepts are known to all of us, until our cancerous society wants to return to a more naturalistic form of life: Out of pure necessity. Many of my women readers may at some time or another in their lives have heard about cancer of the breast.

Some may have wondered if it is true what medical authorities and anthropologists have told again and again: Certain primitive tribes do not know this type of cancer at all. Why, then, we may ask, should modern womanhood suffer from something the most "backward" Indian females do not even know? The answer is very simple: If you observe photos of native women, you can see for yourself that nature intended a perfect feminine organ to exercise its rights: Native women need their breasts exactly in the way God-Nature had intended it from way back. Native women, first of all, live in natural surroundings, far from modern society, which tells women how to squeeze and pack their breasts and use bottles to feed their babies, It is the same with cancer of the mouth, tongue and larynx, why, in the name of God-Nature, should we sip our coffee and soup so hot? That we should not want to put a finger in such a boiling brew. Or why should normal men want to continue smoking thirty to fifty cigarettes a day, when it is a certain fact that this unnatural behaviour is producing cancer of the lung? Therefore, let us take these seven cosmophilosophical laws as a steady reminder: To start from today on a new way of life. Who can doubt that on another planet the rewards are a healthier and longer life and, as a result, a much happier life. (Only a healthy person can be happy.) Let us offer an example to our children, if you feel sympathy with the humanistic principles expressed through Cosmophilosophy, you may want to know more about a great Itibi Rayan biologist and reformer, the founder of many life prolonging laws: Talayan "wrote", many thousands of years ago, what is known as AMAT MAYNA. I was able to absorb some of this wonderful man's work, which I believe to be the key to COSMOPHILOSOPHY.

GLOSSARY

FATEX. This is the MEMORY OF MEMORIES, The most important scientific educational enter of an intercosmic group of planets. Ra. The Planets belonging to the solar systems of one and the same galaxy.

MITIS. The Wife of Mr. Satu Ra (also scientist, astronaut and humble religious Missionary).

PENTIT SINES. The Civilization belonging to the Ra group of planets.

AITA. This is Respect, attention, wariness.

XASNI. A Decorative symbol of intercosmic unity.

THE SEVEN AMAT MAYNA COMMANDMENTS are: RUESSIT. SITLA. SINVER. SUTO. ATAS. ORUS. RUESSIT fin.

INTER-COSMIC RING. This is the union of highly developed civilizations of many planets having adopted the wisdom of Talayan in order to find peace.

ITIBI Ra 1. Former home planet. Itibi Ra II. Actual motherland planet.

ITIBI RAYANS. Cosmic civilization.

TALAYAN. Reformer, leader, and founder of religion.

COSMOPHILOSOPHY. Interpretation of GOD-NATURE.

MIRIM. Human word, and possible plantation site of out-of space biologists near the Amazon.

CANCER PLANET. A planet where over 50% of the population dies of cancer and related causes.

SATU Ra. Commander and religious authority of a space-fleet, biologist and a regional leader of his home planet, Itibi Ra II.

XITI. His sister, also a biologist and noted astronaut. Also botanist, anthropologist and historian.

HUA. Second in command and chief biologist, also an explorer and honoured discoverer of rare vegetation.

COTOSI. Satu Ra's place of birth.

XILOX. Biological research enter.

UCAYALI PAUCARTAMBO. Amazon tributaries mentioned by the Itibi Rayans.

AMAT MAYNA. Science of Soul

YAVARI MIRIM. South American jungle stream

MAGDALENA SWAMPS. Also mentioned by the Itibi Rayans landing site near the Colombian Magdalena river.

ACAI. Heart-planet.

SIL SIL HUA. Itibirayan name for the Earth.

COXA XIXAN. So-called "factory planet"

OA. Itibi Rayan word for "End," also "STOP."

ONAT. Original Itibi Rayan "sound" for describing "unusual irregularities and excesses" some of which may lead to cancer.

LINISLAN. City discovered by the Itibi Rayans. former capital city. The Rome of an ancient South American civilization.

TAGRA. Planet.

XIMSI XITI TASA. Itibi Rayan words (by sound) translated: "Xiti has passed away."

XATI. Science of food flavour (unknown to us but most important to our out-of-space friends).

AMAT MAYNA. Cosmophilosophy and intercosmic concept of GOD-NATURE.

THE AMAT MAYNA FLOWER. The symbol of Cosmophilosophy consists of a flower heart with six leaves of different colours, each leaf and colour, representing a specific commandment of GODNATURE.

EPILOGUE

Have I not taught that contempt shall destroy confidence and that humanity in the Cosmos shall progressively unite only if we understand that GOD-NATURE no longer can be considered responsible for this contempt and fear in our hearts? And, have I not predicted, that I, too, shall find death at the zenith of my mission? Death by the hands of those to whom I brought the message of peace? TALAYAN, the Itibi Rayan Reformer like Jesus Christ, Mahatma Gandhi, and so many of God's most beloved, was cruelly murdered in the year of "Amat Mayna" 258114. (His death is remembered, always, during the RUESSIT FESTIVAL) APPENDIX I THE YUNGAY PHOTOS On an undetermined weekend day in March of 1967, Senor Augusto Arranda of Lima, Peru, a labourer, on vacation, went up to Yungay, a small Aymara Indian village high on the shoulders of Mr. Huascarán some 600 kilometres to the north northeast of Lima. He was looking for a certain cactus specimen (the giant Puya Raimundi) which is very rare and only grows in certain localities at considerable elevation. Yungay is about 11,000 feet above sea level and one of the localities said to contain the plant. arriving in Yungay shortly after noon from a larger village below where he had spent the night, Arranda stopped at an Indian Trading Post and General Store, bought a snack, and inquired of the owner, one Senor Ore, where he could rent a camera.

Senor Ore agreed to loan him his own camera, an Old Voightlander box camera with a single element lens, fixed focus, and single shutter speed of about 1/35th second. Arranda bought a fresh roll of film from Ore, which Senor Ore installed in the camera and then showed Arranda how to use

it. Arranda politely thanked him and left, walking alone, as he proceeded along a high mountain trail. It was early afternoon when he set out. After walking for some time, perhaps an hour or more, and snapping 6 pictures with the camera, Arranda decided to turn around and work his way back down to the trading post. It was shortly after this that he noticed that he was being observed by two silent "airplanes". But he didn't know anything about the Peruvian Air force having any airplanes like these. Must be some new acquisition he considered, and they were certainly different and were completely noiseless. He didn't know of any completely silent airplanes anywhere. These were quite different in other respects too. They were perfectly circular in shape, flat like an inverted plate, and had a circular transparent or translucent raised dome on top. The outer part seemed disc-shaped and the ships were nearly flat on the bottom. There were two of them, identical in appearance and size. Sometimes they flew together in different of formations, and sometimes they separated and circled him independently, flying both fast and slow and even standing still in the air at times. They could also rise and descend vertically, and could stop suddenly and accelerate rapidly from a standstill.

These were certainly a new type of airplane like he had never even heard of if that is what they were. He had a growing feeling that they were not of this world - too much beyond known technology - too unconventional, and he had a strange feeling about them too. They came close and they flew away. More than once he thought one of them would land, and then just as quickly it would flit away again. He snapped the last four frames on his roll of film as this was going on. All at once they joined up and flew away together. Arranda sat down a moment to consider all this, and then got up and hurried back to the Trading Post, getting there about 18:30 in the late afternoon. He told Senor Ore about the circular airplanes as the film was rolled to its end and removed from the camera. Arranda described the silvery metallic finish that had a "different" metallic look. It was smooth finished and reflective but it looked a little like ceramic and a little like plastic too. The pale bluish dome looked like glass, but he couldn't exactly see into it - something Like of fogged "solarized" glass but light coloured, maybe a little mirror-like, and maybe that was where it was getting its light blue appearance. At any rate, he could not see inside the cupola. These ships were completely smooth with unbroken surfaces all around them. No window ports or holes, no projections sticking out, no joining lines, rivets or welding seams - as if they were made all in one single piece. Remarkable machines. Senor Ore did not seem too surprised at the description and then volunteered the information that, Those aircraft are sometimes seen in this area." Others had seen and described them. There might be some kind of an operation going on around that area. Arrands thanked Ore again, took the roll of film, and headed back to Lima, promising to let the trading post operator know how the film turned out, In Lima the film was received and processed by Kodak Peruana, printed in two copies and one set of prints was mounted in a pocket album, a special of the developer at the time.

The developed negatives and the two sets of prints were picked up by Senor Arranda a few days later. They may have been lost to the UFO research community right there except for the alertness of one of the Kodak employees who was mildly interested in the UFO phenomenon. Seeing the unique photographs and the superb quality of the pictures, he made an extra set of prints of the UFO pictures for himself. When Arranda came to pick up the photos, the Kedak technician made a point of asking where the pictures were taken, and was told near Yungay. Again but for the fortunes of fate the pictures would have been lost. The Kodak employee showed the photos to his family and put them with family pictures. A few weeks later a couple of Catholic Priests were attending a UFO lecture at the University of Lima given by Mr. Richard Greenwell, a part time teacher at the University there and head of a local UFO study group in Lima. After that lecture one of the Priests came up to Greenwell and offered to show him a remarkable photograph of a UFO . He then produced one of the Yungay pictures, which Richard had never heard of before. The amazed lecturer asked a lot of questions and learned that the photograph had been loaned to the Priest by a

boy in his parish whose dad apparently had more.

Richard asked to meet the boy and his father to see the rest of the pictures. After several complications, they did succeed in getting together with the boy, and finally with his father too. Seeing four photographs in series of this quality and this subject, Richard became excited and wanted to have copies made, which was done. Hearing the limited story of the Kodak employee, Richard tried desperately to find August Arranda, only to discover that he moved around a lot and was not then in Lima. But he had another clue.

The location mentioned was a small village in the mountains and surely he could find the camera and its owner. A few months later Richard Greemell took his vacation and went to Yungay high up on Mount Huascaran. It was not easy of get to because of its remoteness. Once there he had no trouble finding the camera. It may have been the only one in town and it belonged to the owner of the Trading Post where he made the first inquiry. Mr. Ore then produced the pocket album with his copies of all four photos in it, which were better than the copies Richard had because they were made from the original negatives. It was there that Richard learned what is known about the picture taking event. He was able to verify that Arranda went out alone, and in country he was unfamiliar with and needed directions to proceed. He was seen to leave town by many pairs of Indian eyes and was also seen to return alone. He carried nothing with him but the camera and a small Indian shoulder bag, too small for models or anything that might be used of fake such pictures. He also learned that other Indians had seen the same circular craft that day, and had seen them before and also since the pictures were made, and in fact they had been seen a number of times. Now Richard began to wonder what kind of operation might be going on if this was not an isolated incident as he first had believed. This story was growing. Richard noted that the atmosphere at that altitude was entirely too thin to support models sailed into the air.

A garbage can lid lofted in such a manner would fall right to the ground. There was no way to rig any lines at that almost barren altitude without carrying everything with one, which Arranda was observed not to do. Using a box camera and sighting through a right angle viewer would have made it impossible to toss such objects into the air and frame and snap a picture of them before they fell to the ground, much less two objects simultaneously, in perfect formation, both oriented exactly the same way in flight. It could only be concluded that Arranda's story was true and that the objects were just what Arranda had described to Senor Gre. Also the objects were still being seen and evidently took a special interest in that area. Similar craft were being sighted all over this area about that time and for the same dozens of months that the Itibi plantations at the Mari River and the Pucallpa sites were known to be in operation. Similar sightings were also reported from Colombia and Ecuador. It seems strangely coincidental that these events were all going on at the same time unless they were actually related, as I have now come to believe. I suggest that Senor Augusto Arranda photographed the ships from Itibi Ra as they were observing the activities of the natives surrounding their plantation sites only a few score miles away.

APPENDIX I

YUNGAY, PERU March 1967, 17:30

On an undetermined day in March 1967, at Yungay, high in the Ancash Mountains Northern Peru, Senor Augusta Arranda, a visitor from Lima, borrowed a camera, an old box style Voightlander, 40 years since manufacture, and he borrowed it from Trading Post operator, Senor Cesar Ore from whom he bought a roll of film, which Ore installed and showed Arranda how to use the camera. With this poor sophistication in equipment, Arranda set out to walk the high country and try to get some pictures of the spectacular scenery. The next day later Arranda brought the camera back to Ore

who removed the exposed film while Arrand told him of seeing and photographing some strange airplanes out in the high scrub. Ore gave the film to Arranda who took it back to Lima with him. A few weeks after that Senor Ore received a small pocket album with a set of the pictures taken by Arranda on his trip, including 4 pictures of the strange airplanes. The odd craft were disc-shaped, fairly flat, and had a dome or cupola raised on top. There were two such craft, just alike in two of the pictures. The rest of the pictures were of mountains and scenery as expected. From the pictures it appeared that the two circular craft had approached the area, taken notice of the lone hiker, and went to some pains to check him out. They appeared to have arrived together, then split and circled the area, with one coming closer than the other, and after observation to their satisfaction, they seemed to have joined up into formation again and flew away together. Arranda shot the rest of the film of these activities and then started back. The beautiful colour photos showed two disc-shaped UFOs approaching over the shoulder of a mountain, then only one of them circling out over the valley beyond a lower tree top, then the other coming in on a close low pass at almost treetop level, then both ships joined up again at a little more elevation and flew slowly for a moment as the last picture was snapped, and then sped away. The investigation into this case by Richard Greenwell was persistent and diligent, and did turn up considerable information, although we still do not have all.

APPENDIX 2

THE CHICLAYO PHOTO

At about 18:22 on 2 February 1967, a Fawcett Airlines Passenger DC-4 airliner bound from Piura to Lima had just passed Mr. Huascarán to the east and was cruising at 7,000 feet altitude on a southbound heading with 52 passengers and 6 crew members aboard. Suddenly the pilot, Captain Osvaldo Samvitti's voice out in on the cabin intercom saying, "attention all passengers! If you will look to the right you will see another object in the sky. That strange object that you see is a UFO". Looking out, the passengers perceived an unbelievable spectacle, a huge luminous craft of conical shape, resembling a funnel or a huge golf tee, approaching the airliner. It was flying small end forward and had blinking lights on it. The airliner's radio faded out in a burst of static and the cabin lights dimmed down and went out as the amazed passengers watched the manoeuvres of the strange ship. Red, orange, blue and white lights flashed from fixed positions on the luminous craft. Captain Samvitti, a senior pilot with 22,000 hours in the air, estimated that the object would measure 70 meters (about 200 feet) at its widest diameter, and nearly as long from front to rear, a size twice as large as the airliner. The strange craft kept changing colour as it held formation with the airliner, and then performed fantastic manoeuvres.

It held formation at the same speed and altitude but about 12 kms. to the right for several minutes, then turned at an angle toward the airliner and closed in for a few seconds, went straight up and back down again, and made some rapid changes in direction, and then returned to its original formation position. The intensity of its luminosity changed as it performed these rapid variations in motion. At one time it came towards the airplane like an arrow and passed beneath. The coloured lights glared brilliantly as it passed. As it made its approach, the upper surface of the funnel-shaped object flashed a bright blue light and a red one flashed from the underside, but when it returned and passed under the airliner again, the red light had changed to blue and the orange light had changed to red. It then took up a position in formation again about two kilometres to the right. Captain Samvitti tried to radio the control tower at Lima but the radio was dead. Another witness estimated the size of the strange object at its greatest diameter as 230 feet. Journalist Nunez, a passenger aboard at the time, when he heard the pilot's call, looked toward the coastline below and to the right and saw the object just above the shore-line. It was very bright," he said. "About 18:30 the object

began to move and to change direction rapidly. It went up and down so fast it was difficult to follow. After close to an hour of this, the object flashed very brilliantly as it turned and climbed away toward the sea at prodigious speed." Nimez said that many of the passengers were terrified and several women were hysterical. One woman burst into tears. Several people aboard with cameras took pictures.

After the object's departure, Captain Sanvirri had just succeeded in making contact with Lima Control when the radio failed again. A second object, just like the first came in from the left and took up a position on the right as the first had. After a few seconds it flashed bright lights and disappeared in a fantastic burst of speed as the other had done. Lima Control observed the objects on RADAR. We can't help but be impressed by the close proximity in time between this and the Yungay photographs, both taking place in the very middle of the extensive plantation operations by extraterrestrial humans who said they came from a planet they call Itibi-Ra and at the same time and place. A witness has described the Itibi support vehicles as circular metallic with a dome on top, a description that fits the Yungay photographs very well. Is this simple coincidence?

APPENDIX 3 THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL CONNECTION

In late October 1972, unable to complete a mission in Peru because my Lockheed Learstar had been shot up in a revolution in Ecuador, I had no choice but to join my friend Lee Elders on his expedition into the Jungles east of the Andes to look for a big pyramid. Lee had been down there before and his Indian guides had told him about the huge pyramid and a temple in the east face of it looking toward the rising sun. The temple had been unknown even to the Indians who lived around there prior to a great forest fire after a particularly dry season and a lightning strike. The fire burned for days and then the rains came and washed the ash and charred remains down. An Indian hunter pursuing his quarry came upon the unknown ruins and described them. He sketched in the dirt with a stick as he described coming to a half circle facing about 4 foot tall set into another triangular facing of different stone, point up, which in turn was set into a rectangular stone wall about 6 foot high and 12 foot wide in one big block. Above that and set back about one hand's breadth was another wall about 4 foot high and a little wider by scant inches: on either side. Then behind that, yet another hand's breadth set-back and another wider wall, and so on for about a hundred levels to a wide platform on top. The ascending facings were laid up of big squared stones fitted tightly together. Up there on the platform on top was a half sphere flush with the upper surface and under an overhanging canopy of rock.

This find, never before reported to authorities was discovered by a friend of one of Lee's guides just before his leaving the last time he was there; and now Lee's friend and partner, Adriano Vintimilla, an attorney and politician from a local aristocratic family group, had arranged for the same Indian guides to take Lee to the pyramid site to see and photograph it. I had transported him and his equipment to Guayaquil, and now with my airplane out of commission Lee invited me to join him on the expedition into the interior. I jumped at the chance. The Indian guides, the Urgillez brothers, arranged for more India packers to meet us and have some horses located. We would pick them up farther down the line. We loaded all the gear and together with the Urgillez brothers left Guenca in a rented 4-wheel drive Landrover to go as far as the new road being blazed through the jungle to Santa Rosa would take us. The regular 6 day journey would still take us five days on horses and on foot after that. We reached the end of the trail by dusk the first day and sent the Landrover back. Now we were really in it. The other Indians were there waiting however, and they and the Urgillez brothers made a fire and boiled rice for supper. I cut a slice from the stick of smoked cheese I was

carrying and dropped it in my rice. Bone-chilled at that higher altitude, I never ate better rice in my whole life. We sat huddled around a fire on the dirt floor in a tool shelter for the road crew that first night and watched the Indians clean up the cooking, and then they vanished. Here we were in a strange country, in wild and unfamiliar territory, with Indians we could barely communicate with, and they were GONE! We felt pretty helpless. If they didn't come back what in the world would we do?

In the first grey glow of dawn we heard horses and were heartened to think it was our Indians. Jumping up we peered into the dark to see... It was some Indians all right, but not ours! They had horses covered with filled skins and baskets tied on their backs, and the Indians were carrying those long machetes that look like swords. One riding a hoarse had a rifle. They saw us and stopped. The man on the horse asked us something we didn't understand, and when we didn't answer to his satisfaction he became belligerent. About that time the Ureillez brothers showed up and talked with them for about 15 minutes, and then the strangers went on. The brothers said they were "contrabandistas" (smugglers), and wanted to know who we were. The other Indians arrived leading some horses and we tied all the equipment and supplies on them. The Indians were hurrying us in case the contrabandistas decided to come back. Apparently we were in their territory without their permission which they did not like at all. The remoter regions there are controlled by strongmen. The packers had a small horse each for Lee and I - and a good thing because we never would have been able to keep up with those Indians who walked. The horses were as difficult as slogging our way over the uneven ground though, because the "saddles" were two crossed sticks with a board joining the two lower legs on each side of the "X" as it sits on the horse, and the stirrups were wooden leaps too small for our bigger feet, and only the front of our toes would go in them a little ways. It was like standing on tiptoe all day, and made our calves so sore we could hardly walk. That night the Indians took those horses back wherever they got them and got new ones someplace else for the next day. They did this every night.

We went through some of the most beautiful jungle I had ever seen; orchids of many kinds and flowering trees in some places were so unusual they are difficult to describe. There were clouds of brilliant red butterflies hovering around the squishy mud around a puddle. There were dark steamy places with rotted ground and slippery grass; muddy areas where big black leeches even got under your clothes and in your boots; stands of cut-grass head high, packed down in some places where "tigres", a kind of ocelot, had slept. On the third day, I got on my horse, the first one saddled and ready to go, and started out thinking I could go a little slower that way. They were still tying Lee's saddle on when I left. A few minutes later Lee caught up, and my horse started to run. Then he did the same, and I yelled, "Come on, I'm too tired to race." Then I heard Lee yelling, "Whoa! Whoa! How the Hell do you say whoa in Indian?" Then I got the fright of my life - two hooves came up alongside me. Lee's horse was trying to get aboard too, and Lee was still yelling, "Whoa!" Then he jumped off and so did I. The Indians let the horses finish and then we led them and walked for hours, until after dark, trying to reach a certain place the Indians wanted to get to. Arriving at the spot they wanted, the Indians unloaded and the two Ureillez brothers made a fire and fixed coffee and boiled sore corn. Even that boiled hard corn was delicious with my disc of cheese in it. It is strange how tastes change with the environment. The next morning we woke up and looked out the pop-up pup-tent to see a magnificent sight.

A huge pyramid was sticking out above the fog bank in the valley below. It was immense - actually a shaped mountain. It looked like we could be there by noon, but it took two more days of heavy crawling. This was as far as the horses could go. From here on we would carry everything ourselves. We had a river running in a raging torrent below us that was going to be the first obstacle. We crossed it on a cable strung by Indians in a low water stage. The procedure was to lash a big

iron hook to your belly, tying it securely around the waist, hook it over the cable and then pull yourself across hand over hand hanging upside down from the hook. It was a scary trip, but there were much worse things such as the "eckes" snake - a big one with a lot of deadly hemotoxic venom. And there was a little green one that was almost impossible to see, that hung in the vines and creepers everywhere and looked just like them. His bite was neurotoxic and very deadly too. If he bit you the member must be immediately severed to save the life. The black widow spiders were king size, and there were other poisonous creatures too. We struggled up the steep slope of our shaped mountain for a day and a half. The trail became so precarious at times that Les and I actually took time out hanging up there, and wrote up an agreement: if either one of us were bitten and died, or one went over one of the impossible precipices and was killed, the other would not try to get the body out for fear of being lost too, but would go out and report the event for others to worry about. Our body weight alone was enough of start a "derrumbe", a landslide, once that went down thousands of feet and left an exposed scar on the side of the mountain that would be seen for years.

Lee crashed right through a mammoth spider web that stuck all over him. I chidingly said the owner of the web looked like a black widow, He didn't even look for her; just slung a leg over a shrub growing out of the steep earth to keep from sliding when he let go with his hands and said, "Look over there!" I did and saw a kind of dead fowl, bloated and purplish. One of the Indians said, "Oulebre" (snake). it made me shudder to think they were all around us and we couldn't see them. We got to within a couple hundred feet of the top and started to move sidewise to come upon the temple structure near the dome, only to find that a derrumbe had carried away everything down to sheer rock. We were dead tired and heartbroken. We had to go back down and go another way. When we finally got to the base of the temple we found a level stone path, narrow but solid, that led right past the bottom tier of stone. The Indians ahead of us had loosened the half circle sealing stone, revealing a tall skeleton of a human being, a round agate, and a red stone cylinder-seal, like the ones used by the ancient Assyrian Kings and the early Egyptian pharaohs to delegate authority. What it was doing here was a great mystery. We had however seen other Ancient Assyrian and preBabalonian artifacts that had been taken from the caves of Paute not far from here. But an even bigger mystery to us was the tomb cavity.

It was of a clean Creamy-white stone that showed no chisel or excavation marks, and could not have been smoothed. The surface was of a smooth rock matrix with small crystals of quartz embedded in it. I looked like a part of the native rock face at that place but the embedded quartz crystals were not broken or damaged as one would expect if the surface had been smoothed by abrasion. A small corner chipped out for study showed a surface that indicated rock matrix material cleanly evacuated from around the crystals, like it had been done with sonic waves Like a dentist uses to clean teeth, or possibly other disintegrating frequencies. A strange surface. When a flash was directed inside, the tiny quartz crystals looked like diamonds flashing in the dark. We were unable to scale the steep face of the temple structure to get to the dome on top without climbing gear which we did not bring. We wondered about that dome because no known civilization in South America was known to set a keystone in order to make an arch or dome. It was here that we first heard of the abandoned and overgrown ruins of a great city in the jungle to the south. It was not too far from where we were, as the crow flies, but it took weeks to get to it on the ground because we had to go back over the Andes and down to Guay-Aguil at sea level, to start out again lower down, through different passes and lower jungles. But there again we encountered a similar stone half-sphere, and this one too was the size of a small house. This one, however, was completely covered with strange symbols and stick figures of beings and animals doing different things. It was at the river gateway to the city mentioned in the preface to this edition, and seemed to be particularly prominent. An interesting thing still to be investigated is what was under that huge stone dome. Antonio Vintimilla, a cousin of Adriamo, a dentist in another town called Santa Rosa on the west side of the Andes,

treated an Indian boy with a terribly infected tooth and let him go back to his tribe. While he was in the dentist chair he noticed that the dentist had several pre-Colombian stone heads on the shelf in front of the window. A few weeks later, now well again, that Indian boy showed up with several more to put on the shelf as gifts.

Intrigued the dentist sent for an interpreter and asked where they came from. The boy described the lost city, and ultimately guided Antonio there. The Indians found a hole under the base of the great round stone, a small round hole like an animal warren, and they cut a pole about 5 feet long to try to poke the animal out. The pole went all the way into the hole and fell out of reach. They cut another longer one about 12 feet long and tried again. The same thing happened. They put several more longer poles in the same hole and they all disappeared. We have concluded that there may be a room under that dome, but lacking digging tools and also permission, that project had to be given up for a later time. The later time never came as we never went back to that difficult place. The Indians do not want to be disturbed, and we prefer to leave it that way. It is their property, not ours. We value their friendship to this day. There was also another feature there which may have been a vertical landing place in that city, 200 foot diameter circular platforms, and three of them in a cluster, just like the three circular pads used by the Iribians at their plantations. The natives in this vicinity all reported familiarity with the "Brothers From The Sky", as they call them. There they are not as mysterious as the jet transports that pass overhead and never land. Did somebody in earlier times there know technologies still unknown to us?

There is a great deal of mystery here. An interesting commentary may be offered here on relative "civilizations". It is important to note the difference in concepts of what is called civilization and by whom. Some civilizations possess a good many thousands of years of maturity, and some like ours enjoy only a few hundred, and it is ours which seeks to destroy all others, no matter how innocent, and ours too in one mighty holocaust initiated by our own society. The Indian boy from near the "lost" city had his own idea. That Jivaro boy, whom we shall call Luis, was impressed by some of the things he saw when he came out of his Jivaria in 1971 and later. After we left his country in 1972, he contacted a missionary and attended a literacy school where he learned to read and write enough in Spanish to get by. He worked and prepared constantly for our promised return when we would document that unknown city properly for his tribe and for history. We had promised not to compromise his Jivaria by revealing its location, and we kept our promise. He had promised to look for something in the city for us, and he kept his promise. One thing that can be depended on down there is the word of a Jivaro, but if you cross him you are in great danger. We had tried to put together a team to study the city without having to reveal its exact location, a commitment we intended to keep, because we were well aware of what the local government could and would probably do under the circumstances.

There was plenty of precedent in the history of the country. A "Denuncia" would be filed, claiming all sovereignty over the land for the State, and the Indians would then be driven off or put on a reservation by the state and the State would take over the Jivaria as a Federal property. Hundreds of our friends would lose their homes in the process. We had promised not to let that happen. We had been unable to put together any project in all this time that would guarantee the promise we had made, and so we were still home in Arizona when an unbelievable event happened. Eight years after we left that forgotten city, in 1980, Les Elders, the leader of our expedition there at that time, received a collect telephone call from California. It had been placed from a mestizo speaking poor English for another man who was waiting. They were calling from the U.S. Immigration Detention Center on the U.S. /Mexican border near San Diego, a prison, where an undocumented alien speaking poor Spanish and no English, had come to understand that he could make one telephone call. With help from some Mexicans whom he was able to make understand that he had a friend up

here, Lee Elders in Arizona. They obtained a number from Directory Service and the call was finally put through to Lee.

We were flabbergasted and amazed to discover that the Jivaro boy, now Luis the man, had continued with the project we had left him, had found what we wanted him to look for, and thinking we must be having some problems up here in getting back there, had come out of his home Jivaria, sold some things to raise a little money, had obtained an Identity Certificate, so he could journey across the local borders of his country; and having little knowledge of world expenses or travel, and a history book map of the Western Hemisphere, had made his way all through Central America and Mexico and to the United States to help us get back to the city. After coming all that distance the hard way and finally arriving at the U.S. Border, and having learned something about borders by now; he stopped a Mexican Policeman in Mexicali and asked about procedures to cross into the United States. The policeman asked him how much money he had and Luis showed him. The policeman took it all and then took him to a hole in the fence and pointed him through and left. Luis thought this strange, but after all the officer was an authority and who would question that. Luis marched through and headed right for the town to make contact with somebody. The first man he stopped was a Border Patrol Officer who wanted to see his papers. When he found only an Identification Certificate, in Spanish, with no Passport, no visas, no money and no relatives here, he put Luis on a bus and took him right to prison in the Detention Center. There he was frisked, all of his remaining few possessions were taken away from him, including his small change and his Identification Certificate which he had been told never to let out of his possession. He thought these North American Police were really a greedy bunch, even worse than the bandits farther south, and here they worked in shifts, one after another. They were much worse than the civilized police in his own country. They mistreated him, photographed and fingerprinted him, and locked him in a cell. He wondered why. He wondered what they were going to charge him with. How would he ever find the friends he came to help?

Maybe they were locked up in this strange society too. Everybody he saw seemed to be locked up. Nobody seemed to be interested in him at all after locking him up. Finally he met somebody in the exercise yard with whom he could communicate, and was able to explain enough that together they set out to find and make contact with Lee, losing almost a month in the process. Several times border authorities tried to send him back to Mexico, but he couldn't accept that. He would only go to the Mexican Police who he now knew were just as bad. And finally his luck turned. Lee answered his phone and accepted the collect call from a name he did not recognize, and Luis was put on the line. He recognized Lee's voice and Lee his instantly, and was so overwhelmed by all he had been through that he broke down and silently sobbed. He had survived a lot of adversity, overcoming trials. Here he was, the son of a Great Chief, of a large independent Jivaria, would someday be the chief himself (and may now be), a real aristocrat in his own society, having travelled half way around the world, in a difficult and extensive journey, locked in prison for a crime he did not understand, in a strange country full of thieving barbarians who robbed him of all he owned, where he was trying to bring the news to his friends and help them get back to finish the project from so many years ago. Lee hung up the phone, grabbed a change of clothes and his shaving kit and got his car and drove the 450 miles without a rest stop to do what he could for Luis.

Our rules are tough. He was unable to do any more than get another week's delay in deportation by posting a bond, but he was able to get Luis sent back to his own country by paying the difference in the ticket. Luis will never forget the "uncivilized" barbarians he met up here after leaving the safety of his home Jivaria... And we will never break our promise to respect the security of his society by revealing the true location of the abandoned city... If we can introduce Luis to the Extraterrestrial Plantations in return for showing Mr. Pallmann the city, the secrecy of both may be mutually

secured by the other. No other condition is open to consideration.
