

# COLORS

- Another Place

Gordon W. Young

“Colors” is dedicated to my wife, family, and my deceased father and mother. I would also like to thank all those who have reviewed the manuscript and for suggestions offered.

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Foreword:

Is there a parallel planet to Earth in another dimension? The two planets of *Colors* are much alike geographically, and yet different in every other way as their technology, culture, philosophies, art and politics bear only slight resemblance to each other. Earth also has nothing remotely similar to Earthe's creation of new technology, lasting peace, exciting discussion, and explosive innovation. Planet Earthe is "Another Place" in every way.

*Colors* asks the questions: Why do we continually believe our current materialism will always provide desirable solutions instead of considering other possible societies? Is there perhaps truly "Another Place"?

From Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* to George Orwell's *1984*, authors have sometime suggested better worlds, but mostly created visions of dark worlds which could also be. I would like to add *Colors* to a very short list of better worlds that could be ours.

Gordon W. Young  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
March, 2006

## About the Author:

Gordon W. Young is a Registered Professional Engineer (PE) in electrical engineering with 25 years as a consulting engineer. He has worked on nuclear rocket engines in Nevada, instrumentation problems in Northern Sweden, and commercial projects in India. Other novel work includes Sleeping Beauty's color changing dress, earth sheltered homes, and Liberace's electronic suits for Hollywood.

Active in alternate energy as well as nuclear energy, he wrote the winning proposal to construct what was then the world's largest photovoltaic power plant (1980), and was project engineer on the project for his employer at that time. He designed the solar system for the first commercial solar home in his state and systems for the state's first solar subdivision, receiving the Governor's Energy Award that year.

He was also a professor of Manufacturing and Automation Technologies for ten years.

Other awards include the Award for Energy Innovation from the U.S. Department of Energy, and the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineer's Centennial Medal where he is a Life Senior Member.

His major interests at present are inventing new technology concepts such as those in this book, seeking to improve his profession to draw students to engineering, trying to do his part to increase energy understanding, and provide new sources of energy. He prefers this course to relying on special interest groups and politicians - foreign and domestic - promoting oil from unstable areas of the world.

Gordon is married with four children. His other interests lie wherever he can learn something useful, and apply innovative ideas to help create the peace of Earth on Earth.

Visit his website at [www.youngideas.info](http://www.youngideas.info)

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## Chapter One

### Beginning

“If men were angels, no government would be necessary.”

- James Madison

Lienaa had not slept again. It had been six long days since the great bubble formed in the desert floor, rising above her veiled in brown dust streaming from every vent and hole; then, hanging in the air as though his life was suspended on a breath, it collapsed with ten thousand thunders marking the death of Ralph to her world. Her mind was filled with the terrible power of that sound. It would be better to know he was dead than to foolishly believe he was alive. At least she *knew* Jennaah was dead! She wrapped the warm, dimly fluorescent covers of the bed tightly around her body and tried to lay very still till finally, amid the reverberating echoes in her mind, exhaustion overcame her and she drifted into darkness.

At another place in the fabric of time and space the front door burst open and the sound of the children’s feet in the hall lowered the anxiety of Yvonne’s imagination. “You are late again! You know what time I expect you to be home and it is nearly six. Where were you?” “Oh Mom,” intoned five year old Billy with great patience, “Candi and I are good and besides, we were with Ralph.” Six year old Candi showed even more patience tinged with the wisdom of age. “Ralph would NEVER do anything bad to us!”

“Who is Ralph?” Yvonne responded, her mind running through a list of semi-cherubic and very young acquaintances of her children with smiling and sometimes dirty faces.

“Ralph is our friend with a beard!” Immediately the pictures changed, anxiety shot up and evil men paraded across

Yvonne's mind. "You mean Ralph is an old man and you spent the afternoon with him? What did he want you to do?" "Nothing, he told us stories, GREAT fairy stories about an emerald city and a princess sort of like OZ!" "But what did he ask you, what did he want you to do?" Yvonne was in full disaster mode now, RED ALERT!

"He was sad and alone and he just wanted someone to talk to" said Billy with the beginning of a down turned lip as he thought of Ralph. "And he looks sort of sick". "But what did he want you to do?" "Listen to his stories - if we wanted to."

Candi brightened and chimed in "Mommy! He said our parents would ask why we were late, so he wanted us to ask you if you would come tomorrow so he could say hi to you and see if it was OK if he told us more stories. Tomorrow is Saturday and Dad will be home and so you can both come and say hi to Ralph too and then you will say it is OK for him to tell us more stories about OZ and maybe we can ask Ralph for dinner too. He LOVES fish and chips!"

The alarm bells died and were replaced by curiosity till tomorrow.

As the Johnsons approached the beach the next morning the children ran ahead towards a medium height, thin but muscular man of about 30 sitting on a bench facing the beach and sea. He was just beyond a walkway where the occasional jogger passed and was feeding 15 or 20 seagulls which had gathered to noisily struggle for the pieces of bread he tossed toward them. He did have a beard but unlike Yvonne's frantic Rasputin construction of the night before, it was short and well trimmed with perhaps a hair or two of early grey and matched his well trimmed but slightly long hair. His skin appeared strangely sunburned and somewhat discolored as though it had been subjected to both intense heat and the pummeling of a hundred small but masochistic boxers.



By the time Yvonne and Bill caught up with the children, both were talking and laughing with the animated Ralph whose rather sad, grey eyes crinkled up at the corners as he smiled and spoke with them softly but as rapidly as they were speaking with him.

“Ralph, this is our Mom and Dad!” Billy happily volunteered. Ralph smiled and said, “I am glad you came as I didn’t want you to think I was any threat to your two children. Things being as they are today, it is a good idea to be careful. Bill noted that Ralph had a sort of an English accent he couldn’t quite place even though it sounded as though he was from Australia or somewhere like that.

“Here kids, take the rest of the bread and feed the seagulls while I talk to your parents for a few minutes” Ralph said as he handed Candi the package. The children immediately ran off with Candi scattering bread in all directions and Bill and Yvonne sat down on the bench next to Ralph. Yvonne was just forming a searching question about why did Ralph want to tell her children stories when Ralph immediately directed a soft but insistent question to Bill.

“Dr. Johnson - do you believe in parallel universes?” Bill was taken aback even though at only 35 he was considered a world authority in theoretical physics. “What?” was his first remark. “Do you believe in a parallel universe since you are in a field that should allow such conclusions? Consider your recent research papers!” said Ralph with the same even tone.

Bill recovered quickly but Yvonne spoke ahead of him. “What does that have to do with our children?”

Ralph shot back, “You have wonderful imaginative children, and they are about the only ones who have believed the things I have told them since I have been here. Dr. Johnson - do you believe in parallel universes?”

Bill was fully recovered and his mind was now sorting through theories and weighing them to see if he did believe. “I believe it is possible that there are other universes if that is what you mean.” “That is good, because as much as I think of your children, you were the one I intended to meet. If I told you I had been to another universe, would you believe me or want to call the ‘men in white coats’ as I believe you Americans say?”

Neither Bill nor Yvonne knew what to say because of the earnestness in Ralph’s eyes. Yvonne thought that if Ralph was a threat to children, he was the strangest threat she had ever heard of. Ralph spoke more quickly and earnestly than ever now. “I wanted to meet you, Dr. Johnson, because I need to ask your help, and the best way I could think of was to do it through your children asking you to come here today.”

“So the stories were just a fraud?” said Bill questioningly. “Not at all” Ralph flashed back, “they were all true, but I simplified them a bit so the children could understand them.”

“But the part about Oz!” Yvonne looked troubled. The look in Ralph’s oddly blood streaked eyes was unsettling. “Where I have been is a lot like Oz and I suppose that is really not a bad analogy for the children, and besides.....” The children came back out of bread and followed by a large flock of seagulls noisily demanding more. “May I come to visit you tonight after the children are asleep?” Ralph looked even more earnest if that were possible. Bill said “Yes” and Yvonne continued, “Why don’t you come for dinner? We are having, uh... fish and chips!”

Ralph, Bill and the children ate prodigious quantities of fish and chips and Ralph told them an unbelievable story about children in Oz who loved school, and were taught not only by adult teachers, but also by older children who were also official teachers. Before long it was time for the children to go to bed and soon only Bill, Yvonne and Ralph were illuminated by the yellow chandelier, sitting amid the cardboard containers and faux newspaper wrappings that earlier had held dinner. The

grandfather clock in the darkened hall struck ten times. The Johnsons were ready for an explanation.

“I chose to tell you about my experiences because I hope you are willing to accept new ideas no matter where they come from and because you Bill, are among the few people in your time who just may believe me. Because of what I have seen and experienced I have taken upon myself a ‘quest’ - if you like, to try and help our world. I know it sounds like rubbish, but would you hear me out?” Both Bill and Yvonne agreed they would, and that small nod of agreement would change their lives forever.

“First of all, let me show you something.” Ralph took from his pocket a wrinkled, old fashioned New Zealand passport. He passed it to Yvonne. The name was “Raphael McPherson”. The photo looked as much like him as a black and white passport photo could, but the dates were obviously wrong. The date of issue was December 8<sup>th</sup> 1949 and the date of Raphael’s birth was listed as December 15<sup>th</sup>, 1926. This could not have been the case as even though Yvonne had noticed Ralph’s hands and even fingertips were also strangely bruised and oddly discolored, there was no nearly eighty year old man seated at that table. “You look incredibly like your grandfather.” said Yvonne as she absent mindedly thumbed into the visa section and a glowing, slowly rotating, three dimensional color hologram of an eagle holding an olive branch in right and left claws (unlike ours which has arrows in the left), slowly extended from the page. She instantly dropped the passport as if it had been a snake, but then as it lay open on the table read the words floating below the eagle, “United Peoples of America admitted Decembre 26<sup>th</sup> 2210”.

There was a long silence as both Bill and Yvonne watched the small eagle eerily rotating above its image in the polished wood table. Bill finally spoke. “Please tell us your story.” There was a long pause punctuated only by the ticking of the clock. “I need to start at the beginning but I suspect you will not believe me in any case.” A long sigh and Ralph began. “I was actually born December 15<sup>th</sup> 1926 in Dunedin, New Zealand. When I was a boy, my parents moved to Auckland

where my father repaired launches, yachts, and other pleasure boats. We lived on the North Shore of Auckland Harbour in a place called Devonport not far from the harbour ferry docks. When I graduated from public schooling, I rode the ferries each day to attend Auckland University attempting to study engineering, but often the lure of the sea and the world outside New Zealand took my mind from my studies. There was also considerable work with my father on the boats and my school success was less than it might have been.

I used to sit near the water's edge and watch the ships entering and leaving the docks, moving past the small naval base in Devonport. I dreamt of passing the old volcano near the harbour mouth, sailing grandly into the wild and wonderful ocean, which held promise of adventure and far away places. I was going to do great things and perhaps someday after great trials and deeds even save the world!

In December 1949 I finally had a chance to exit my narrow world as I was given a birthday present from the owner of a small ocean going yacht my father had been repairing. The customer suggested my father invite me on board for a short Christmas cruise to Fiji and return. In the years I had worked with my father, I had never had an opportunity to leave the shores of New Zealand.

I obtained a passport as I would be spending a few days in Fiji and began to dream of the wind in the sails, and my stalwart time at the wheel.

The day I left, I said a hurried good bye to my family as I would be back soon, rode the clanking electric tram to the foot of Queen Street where "Tui" lay – a tiny white sailed bird amidst the giant funneled commercial ships at Princess Wharf - and loaded my cardboard suitcase on board. I had just passed the famous Civic Theatre where I had spent many happy hours gazing not only at movies, but at the golden orchestra ship rising out of the cabaret floor and the blue vaulted ceiling with small electric stars in a cloudless night sky. Now I was going to see

real stars with a beauty I had never before known amidst the lights of Auckland.

It was about noon when we cast off. In a few hours the client, his Maori wife Joan, two crew members and I were out of sight of land on a peaceful sea with a fresh wind, full sails, and nothing but blue sky and feathery clouds in all directions. By about 9:00PM it was sunset, and the sunset that night was as beautiful and brilliant as I had ever seen. The sky darkened, with stars incredibly multiplying before my eyes! The Southern Cross shown in all its brilliance while an occasional meteorite flashed overhead leaving a long trail of light amidst the stars; easily putting to shame the slowly moving lights of our craft. I was completely overcome with happiness for the first time in my life!

Joan had brought a spring wound gramophone along on the trip. It was brand new with a personalized nameplate but as it came on board, she dropped it and put an ugly gash along the wooden side. It still worked however, and now echoed scratchy romantic songs as the disks spun on the darkened deck. Since I had heard them all many times, I was preparing to go below while the client, his wife, and the steersman stayed on deck. My turn at the wheel would come very early in the morning and I wanted to be prepared.

As I walked to the hatch and took hold of the railing to descend, I noticed the sound of the gramophone began to strangely fade and oddly lower in pitch. It did not stop suddenly; but gradually disappeared as the pitch became lower and lower. I looked back and the stars were similarly changing from blue white to a dull red, fading and vanishing far more rapidly than they had come! Alarmed, I raised my voice to the owner in the cockpit but uttered only a few almost silent, low pitched noises which quickly faded from my throat! All other sound lowered in pitch and faded. There was no sound from the waves, no sound from the boat. I looked at the astonished trio on the deck and could see their wide eyes radiating fear as their slowly moving mouths moved helplessly, but could hear no sound. We had become deaf and mute in seconds.

I was terrified by a peculiar visual distortion in everything I saw. The distortion grew quickly, building on the silence and looking like the view from inside a very old red glass bottle distorting, dimming and reddening everything - until in the space of only a few moments my view of the sky and the boat was so darkened and absent even of red, that I was barely able to perceive anything. My hand on the newly refinished hardwood rail of Tui held a rough, splintering rail which softened, became spongy, then icy cold and soft in moldy decay. The deck beneath me simultaneously became rough and splinters began to penetrate my skin before softening and sinking back into cold, rotting planks beneath my bare feet. My field of vision was nearly gone, the ocean began to silently vaporize and the flesh of my limbs and body began to ooze plasma, then oddly and painlessly separate from my bones in the darkness. I could now see nothing, but there was a powerful stench of decaying flesh as sinews weakened, bones separated and I felt my body dissolve into a reeking pile. My senses faded into unconsciousness, but my last thought was of an enormously brilliant and incredibly violent field of inconceivable colors and patterns overwhelming the darkness, exploding over and through every cell!

#### Chapter Technical Notes:

As a boy in 1948, I lived for three years in New Zealand when my father was president of the mission for my church. I went to school in Auckland and well remember the Civic Theatre, the trams and all the other things outlined in this chapter. Returning as a missionary myself some years later for two years, I have a good cultural and historic appreciation for details of New Zealand life in that period - thus the selection of Ralph as a New Zealander.

I loved the old Civic Theatre with its mysterious statues and blue night sky studded with electric light bulb stars and surrounded by golden towers. As a small boy I could imagine a giant Arabian Nights Genie and wonderful events in this place.

The idea of an alternate world and a way to get there is pure fiction unlike many of the ideas in this book which have excellent theoretical underpinnings.

## Chapter Two

### A New Earthe

When I awoke, the sun was shining brilliantly in my face as I lay on my back near the railing. The sea was smooth as glass and the welcome sounds of tiny waves slapping against the hull and the sound of small movements of the sails made me realize I was now able to hear once again. My body seemed also normal and the deck and railing were as smooth as they had ever been. Believing I had suffered a terrible dream, I called to my crewmates but there was no reply and I appeared to be alone on board! I searched the boat completely but not only was I unable to find my shipmates, but all clothing, personal effects, and any other indication they had ever served on this yacht down to toothbrushes missing from their holders, were gone . It was as though they had never existed, I was sole occupant of this part of the ocean, and my nightmare continued although I now realized I was awake.

We had taken no radio on board, and the chronometer had stopped. My watch had also stopped so I had no idea of how long I had been unconscious, and assumed it may have run down. I wound it and restarted it with a guess as to the time.

The wind had shifted and was favourable for me to return to the New Zealand I had left only a few hours before, so I consulted the compass, brought Tui about and pointed her bow towards Auckland. The day seemed long and I ate both lunch and dinner between my time at the previously long awaited wheel. Finally the sunset came and I assumed my watch was about one hour off as sunset occurred at 10:30PM. It seemed from my calculations I should be back to Auckland by now and I remained awake to catch a glimpse of the glimmering shore. I



was tired and supposed I had miscalculated because the sun began to rise once again just past midnight by my watch!

I became anxious to see the shore of “Aotearoa” but all the next day there was nothing but dark blue sea as the yacht bored along in still favourable winds. I reviewed the compass and checked it for errors with a small pocket compass. Could I be off course in some way? There appeared nothing wrong, but for three more long days and short nights I held that course with no sight of land, life or any other vessel. Each night by my watch, the night became slightly shorter and the day came even sooner. Somehow I had missed returning to New Zealand!

I was beginning to panic in desperation, when on the sixth day I saw on the far South horizon a small white dot moving toward me with great speed. It had to be a ship but unlike any I had ever imagined. As it drew closer I took out a Very Pistol to fire a flare but saw that it was on an absolute intercept course and how lucky I had been to be directly on their course. I fired the pistol anyway as they came closer and waved my arms wildly for attention!

It was a large ship, and of a type I had never imagined. Circular in shape, about 150 meters in diameter and 30 meters high it rode ten meters or so above the waves but made almost no sound. I thought it looked more like an aircraft of some type and I looked for propellers or even a new style “jet nozzle” but there was none. As it approached it appeared to float above calmer water beneath the vessel. I read the name of the dazzling ship as what I supposed to be the bow slowed, moving by me while the ship sank closer to the surface of the sea. “Antarctica” was written in gold letters on the white hull, but the letters were rather strangely shaped with no horizontal bar on the “A’s” and no left horizontal bar on the top of the “T”. There were quite a number of ports and other types of openings in the hull and the superstructure was dominated by a glassed in bridge, a streamlined large greenhouse like structure and several white balls looking very much like giant golf balls! There was no stack or funnel I could see or any indication of smoke or exhaust from

the engines. As it came along side with a small whine, the ship stopped and sank into the sea surface along side my small boat.

A port immediately opened, revealing a dark haired man standing inside. “That’s an awfully old and decrepit way to get around in these waters! Are you having any difficulty?” The man was about 55 and had on a white short sleeved “T” shirt with a raised blue outline of an iceberg decorated with three gold metal stars on the left chest. He had a strange accent unlike any I had ever heard in New Zealand or in any film, but I imagined it was probably some sort of internal American dialect. He jumped out of the port on to my deck and I noticed that behind other dark glass port openings a number of people were watching what was happening. “What I can’t understand is why you are sailing this beautiful antique at all, and especially to Antarctica!” He shook his head in disbelief and ran his hand over the glossy railing I had seen decay and splinter so few days before. “Antarctica!” There was disbelief in my mind. “I am on my way to New Zealand!” “Not this way you aren’t, wherever ‘Neuzealan’ is!” You are at 65 degrees South 180 degrees East and on this course you would have passed the Antarctic Circle very soon on your way to an uninhabited point 500 kilometers from our base at Scott II. You don’t seem to be a very good navigator and have you no crew?”

I was about to try to clearly explain what I didn’t even remotely understand myself, when another younger man lowered himself onto the deck and whispered in the ear of my interrogator. All I heard was something about “very slight antimatter trace” and then they both looked at me with extreme interest. “What happened to you the last several days?” the older man said with anticipation. I tried to be logical, but everything began to spill out in a jumbled mess! The two men looked at each other, nodded and the younger said “Could he be a ‘tweener’?” The older man said nothing but asked me if I would like them to take me to their home port and bring the yacht as well. I thanked them even though I wondered how they could tow this yacht with such a different craft. I was asked if the Tui could be laid on her side on the deck and when I indicated I

believed that could be done, I was informed both Tui and I would be welcome aboard the “Antarctica”.

In a few minutes other crewmembers came on board the yacht with handheld instruments which they passed over the boat, announcing several locations where they then placed small boxes. “Got to get the field right!” announced a crewman with only one star as he directed two others with no stars. We climbed to the upper deck of Antarctica as two small ropes were fastened to the bow and stern of Tui. There was a very odd sound and the yacht rose slowly out of the water to the point where only a small part of the heavy keel was immersed in the waves. A crewman at each end then easily *LIFTED* Tui from the water by the ropes, held it by the keel and carried it up and across the deck of Antarctica with no effort, setting Tui in an open space between the “golf balls” and slowly rested it on its side. The sound stopped and the deck beneath Tui distorted slightly from the weight of the boat. It appeared to be secure although several odd colored ropes were used to secure it to the deck. Surprise was evident on my face but the captain said nothing.

“Welcome on board the Antarctica!” said the gentleman with the three stars. “I am captain Jefferey Jortanno and I am glad we were notified to investigate your situation on the way back from Scott II!” “Who found me?” I inquired. “Oh, they tracked you on the SeaNet monitors for several days and only the fact that you showed up suddenly out of nowhere, sailing what appeared to be an antique yacht to an unlikely destination piqued their interest and they contacted us to intercept you.” Nothing he had said made any sense to someone in 1949 so I asked what I supposed was a very stupid question that had been gnawing at me since I saw this incredible vessel. “What is the date?” I asked. He smiled a faint smile. “I guess you may have lost track of time with your lack of navigational equipment. Tonight is Christus Eve, Decembre 24<sup>th</sup>.” His expression became questioning, he did not smile, and his eyes looked deeply into mine as he said “2210”.

My sane, ordered world collapsed. He could not have missed the color draining from my face or my jump as a cold chill took control when I heard that date. If I was not still on the boat and this was some terribly distorted nightmare before death, I was over 200 years in the future! Two hundred years from my home, dead family and a world now crumbled! I was totally, completely, alone in a strange world. The captain had never even heard of New Zealand! He saw my response and quietly suggested in a kindly manner; "It is possible that you have been through a situation few have ever faced and you are possibly not from our time or place. From your response to our date, I suggest you keep your origin to yourself by simply telling anyone who asks that you were off course due to your antique navigation systems on Tui. When we reach our homeport, you will have a chance to discuss this with people who know much more than I do. Till then please enjoy the hospitality of Antarctica."

The clock in the hall struck eleven times, Ralph passed his hand over his eye to wipe away a single tear sparkling oddly under the dim light from the chandelier and leaned back from the table. "I am sorry" he said, "but if you knew my feeling of loss at that moment, you would know why I feel as I do."

"I have many questions about the transition" Bill said intently but without emotion. Yvonne spoke softly. "My entire family died in a car accident when I was ten and I understand much of what you have felt." "There is much more to my present feelings than what I felt then, but it concerns my story and so I must tell you in my own way or you will think me truly mad" Ralph quietly responded.

The next two hours were spent in discussions with Bill asking those questions only a physicist would ask and Yvonne concerned with Ralph's state of mind after the shock of "transition" as Bill called it. Yvonne made tea and after multiple cups, the clock struck a single chime while Ralph answered a large number of questions from both Bill and Yvonne. Ralph suggested that he return home. "Do you live far?", said Bill. "Less than a mile away I have a rented room and I have a bicycle

outside” He seemed terribly tired and his skin seemed more bruised and damaged than before.

“Tomorrow morning we attend church and after that could you come to dinner and we will continue our conversation afterwards. Do you like chicken?.” Yvonne offered. Ralph said he did and Bill drove him home, leaving the bicycle for tomorrow.

#### Chapter Technical Notes:

The idea of antigravity has been around for a long time. Over the years it has gone from “Buck Rogers” to respectability and back again several times. I have tried to keep up on what I believe will ultimately be found to be a sound and useful principal. In this book, I have tried to show the benefits of a new discovery of this magnitude in simple ways such as the “Antarctica” where a society accepts such a condition as normal in their lives. Those of you who may be interested can find huge resources in a Google search for “antigravity” or “antigravity devices” and make up your own minds. There is a book I especially recommend: “The Hunt for Zero Point: Inside the Classified World of Antigravity Technology” by the aviation editor and aerospace consultant Nick Cook of “Jane’s Defence Weekly” (an eminently respected journal on new defense technology worldwide). You will wonder far more than you have before about antigravity as a real possibility.

## Chapter Three

### Christus Evening

Bill was up early the next morning. It was raining and he was surfing the internet to see if there was a reference to anything Ralph had told them. His navigational details were possible insofar as Bill could tell and the details of New Zealand life and places seemed accurate for the date. He had not discovered anything similar to Ralph's account of the energy or lack thereof that had transported him from one universe to another. When he picked up Ralph for dinner, he was ready for more of Ralph's story and had invited a friend, physicist and somewhat self promoting philosopher Dr. Felix Garamond to come to give his opinion on what Ralph was telling them. Felix was only invited with a vow of silence till they could determine if Ralph was legitimate as they both realized their professional credibility would be seriously undermined if they accepted his story but could not prove it was possible.

The children asked if they could hear another story and Ralph continued his "Oz" account including this time a beautiful city of happy people who ran through the air and could fly from buildings in a beautifully forested city. The children went off to bed dreaming of gardens and waterfalls on the roofs of tall buildings.

The doorbell rang and when Yvonne opened it, Dr. Garamond smiled and came in. Soon the four were sitting around the table in the light of the chandelier to hear more of Ralph's story – fact or fiction. Bill had briefed Felix on Ralph's previous story and so they began where Ralph left off the night before.

"On board the Antarctica I was shown to a cabin where I felt better as I recognized a bed, a bathroom, and a few other

things I was familiar with or (thought I was) after passing through passageways past smiling passengers of various nationalities. Their clothes were quite different from those I was familiar with. There were brilliant colors as well as pastels, color combinations and jewelry I had never seen in New Zealand. Their clothing seemed to be designed for comfort, and the materials were often seemingly iridescent which struck me as odd since their purpose was casual rather than formal. I saw no neckties or hats as one would have seen in my time in New Zealand. All however were dressed in light weight fabrics and simple styles!

Captain Jortanno had assigned a steward to assist me and I was informed that evening would be both a Christus Eve celebration and the final formal dinner before reaching their homeport in the "United Peoples of America". The speed at which we had begun to move was astonishing as it seemed that only a very fast aircraft could make that trip in the time specified. The ship had been on a pleasure summer cruise to Antarctica which had taken them from their homeport to the South Pole research station where they were able not only to become tourists, but to inform themselves on the research and long history of the area. They also gained credit for continuing scholarship and increased the love of those children on board for learning and understanding as they wonderingly explored the village at the pole. Because this vessel could travel above the surface of the earth or sea and needed no road, they had simply "driven" to the pole with no change of vehicle, leaving no tracks on the trackless snow and ice in their journey.

The steward left me after telling me that dinner would begin at 8/65 hours in the dining solon. He obviously did not know my lack of understanding of time in this world in which I found myself. The door had opened when we entered and closed when he left by means of some mechanism, and I was left alone, looking for the first time out the very large oval porthole of my cabin. It had become cloudy and was now raining outside as the rain moved silently and almost horizontally across the glass while the blue grey sea below shot past at a speed I could not estimate.

I had just sat down on the bed as it was very inviting when I heard a personable voice coming from the bed say pleasantly ‘Do you have any instructions for bed parameters?’ I had no idea what to say or do and so I said “No” and the bed replied “Thank you! Rest well” in an even more pleasant voice.

Gingerly I laid my body on the bed finding it quite comfortable. Actually it was very comfortable and having had a highly stressful day to say the least, I immediately lost consciousness until I heard a tuneful chime and a voice announcing “The evening’s activities will begin in 74 minutes!” I opened my eyes and saw the image of the man who was speaking appearing on a wall plate near my bed. (This was my first experience with television) The plate went dark and I got up not knowing if 74 minutes here was the same as my 74 minutes. My ragged cardboard suitcase had been brought by the steward while I slept and I opened it to see what I could wear as my present clothing was undesirable in many unpleasant ways. I entered the bathroom to clean up and shower, but was greeted with another voice from the basin. “Do you have any instructions for bathroom parameters?” I still had no idea what that meant and so I said “No”; the basin said “Thank you! Enjoy the basin” and I proceeded to try to determine how to work the basin and shower. I had never seen a faucet which came on as I moved my hand toward it and announced the water temperature to me.

After some difficulty, I was able to shower, clean up and put on some fresh clothes which though badly wrinkled, at least looked better than what I had on when I came aboard. My faithful ‘Wilkinson Sword’ razor and strop removed the beard I had accumulated using what I assumed to be soap, and I felt ready to meet the other passengers. I moved toward the door to leave and nothing happened. There was no knob and so I pushed with no effect until I muttered “How do I get the door open?” A different but equally pleasant voice came from the door. “Do you have any instructions for door parameters?” This time I said “Open the door!” “Of course”, the door said. “Do you want it to remain open?” “No” I said, beginning to get the hang of this sort of thing. “Just be sure to let me back in”. The door said “Do you



want all to have access". I was frustrated and said "Fine!" The door said "Please say yes or no!" I thought I should say "Yes" and the door opened.

I moved down the long, curving carpeted hall which was softly illuminated by strips of bluish white light running along the ceiling edges, baseboards and around the stateroom doors. On the ceiling was a narrow bas relief strip of sparkling lighted flowers in every color of the rainbow which flowed overhead and out of sight in the curving distance. I followed the signs to the "Dining Location" and entered a large, circular room with a soft blue spherical ceiling illuminated by a slowly changing star pattern in which I recognized the Southern Cross slipping slowly toward the horizon as it would as we moved North. It reminded me very much of the Civic Theatre in now so far away Auckland, but was infinitely more detailed. The floor was covered with the softest blue carpet I had ever touched, with a large compass rose pattern in the center of the room. There were tables in a semicircular pattern around a smooth area which I took as a dance floor and stage. There were probably sixty or seventy people already seated at tables made of a clear material which looked very much like glass but which gave off a pale glow reflecting the starlit sky above them. On one side there were two large curved tables of the same material covered with food which was the center of attention of those who moved down both sides filling their plates with items which both looked and smelled very good to a man who had not eaten for many hours.

The captain stood up and gestured to me to come to his table. I went over to the table where room had been made for me next to captain Jortanno who was resplendent in a brilliant white uniform with the three gold stars and emblem of "Antarctica" on his left chest. "Ah, captain McPherson" he said pleasantly. "Please fill your plate, come sit with us, and enjoy the evening!" I joined the line at the table, picked up a plate and proceeded to be astonished by the variety of food which was available. Some of it I recognized and some I did not. There were what I took to be meat, fish, and vegetarian dishes, and I tentatively took a small amount of each dish from the beautifully presented food and

moved down the table past a wall of ice set up as a decorative sculpture and appearing to be made of ice “stones”. In a “cave” in the transparent wall was a glowing white point of star like light behind a large stone which appeared to have been used to cover the cave but was now moved near the opening outside. I reached the end of the first table with a plate filled from only a few of the many dishes and returned to the captain’s table.

I was struck by the fact that no one was smoking as in my 1949 society there would have been many who smoked at such an event. I also noticed the lack of the smell of liquor at my table as the stewards kept the guests glasses filled with one of several different hot or cold colored liquids. The steward offered me one of several whose names I do not remember and I choose one which looked like red wine and proceeded to taste all the sample food I had brought from the table. About half were spicy, a few were a bit bland, and others had the flavor of fish, beef, and several flavors I was at a loss to describe. I noticed that the cutlery I was using was also different in that the forks had three prongs with the center prong slightly longer than the others (for retrieving small bits of food I discovered) and the knife was sharp on both sides of the blade (but only within a short area of the point on the rear of the blade). I was beginning to become used to finding things in this world which did not match those I was familiar with even in the most mundane places.

Most of the men in the room had on light colored pants, (pressed, I noticed) and dark jackets of various somewhat subdued colors unlike any I had seen before, similar to the jacket I had seen photos of the prime minister of the newly independent country of India wearing, but it was the women who received the bulk of my attention. They were of various ages, but besides pleasant smiles, and though a few were wearing somewhat conventional (in my time) evening dress in many colors, others were wearing dresses of the most amazing material which encompassed all the colors of the rainbow and reflected the light in the room in prismatic rainbows from every part of the garment. I wondered how they viewed my baggy, brown wool deck pants. There was an infinite variety of hairstyles, some very elaborate,

and a considerable amount of unusual jewelry. Each woman also wore somewhere on a piece of jewelry an identical, oddly shaped smooth white stone. The women ranged in ages from late teens to elderly women, all of whom seemed to be having an excellent time with their companions.

I tasted the “red wine” and found it to be a slightly tart but pleasant berry like flavor without any hint of alcohol I could detect, and indeed I saw no evidence of intoxication among the passengers in the salon. I asked the captain if there were regulations against serving alcohol on the ship and he smiled and said that about 80 years ago the public had raised a furor about the health hazards of smoking. After those concerns had been addressed, alcoholic drink dangers had then been considered, and now few people either drank alcohol or smoked. This had increased average life span by over five years and improved both society and family life considerably, and so alcohol was ultimately accepted as undesirable and usage had become very small. This, he said, had been accomplished without compulsory laws or regulations of any kind which to me was amazing.

I saw my companions cheerfulness in a new light in that they were actually truly having a good time without chemical stimulation, and was about to comment to the captain on this when I suddenly noticed a young lady who had just entered the salon and was coming to our table at the captain’s request.

She was not tall, very slender, and came gracefully toward us with an appearance so striking that I am afraid my jaw must have fallen open as I clumsily dropped my fork to my plate and thence to the floor, making a loud noise which only served to embarrass me further! She glided smilingly up to the table while I viewed her through glassware at the table level trying to retrieve my fork knowing all my movements were visible to her through the clear tabletop. “Good evening Lienaa!” his voice sounded fatherly. “Thank you for coming to my table tonight! I would like you to meet Captain McPherson of the beautifully restored antique yacht Tui whose historically accurate antique navigation

equipment gave him problems on his latest voyage! Captain McPherson, may I introduce Miss Lienaa Solas!”

Her large, oddly pale green flecked eyes gazed most pleasantly into mine from a luxuriant fringe of pale green-white eyelashes, smiling oval face, flawlessly pale alabaster skin, a slender upturned nose and gently chiseled chin. Her unique appearance included sparkingly pale, greenish white hair, eyebrows, and lips glistening with lipstick of the same pale color. Her warm smile showed kindness and charm, as her slender hand accented with long, pale green fingernails took mine in a warm and friendly greeting. Her long hair changed constantly from pale to brilliant white with a greenish tinge in many places and was filled with strange, almost ghostly sparkles of light which moved constantly over, through, and beneath her hair. She wore a slender, long sleeve, high neck, blue green dress which touched the floor, constructed from a remarkable material which both reflected and flowed with animated light at a million points and gave a bluish green tinge to all other reflected colors. What struck me most however was a cool, pure white, sparkling, almost electrical aurora like glow surrounding her body and head. This seemed brighter at sharp points such as the ends of her hair and eyelashes, and when she opened her mouth to speak there were pointed glints of light from her brilliant white teeth as well! A pale bluish green jewel was positioned in the center of her forehead by a “V” shaped silver chain giving an exotic look to her otherwise occidental face. She also had a white stone similar to those others were wearing, set in a blue bracelet around her right wrist with several jeweled blue rings on her fingers and very long blue jeweled earrings in her ears. Her transparent shoes had high, slender heels of a clear pale blue color and one could see that her toenails were also a very pale green. Still in 1949, I immediately thought of my boyhood reading and of “Ozma of the Emerald City of Oz”!

“It is a pleasure to meet you!” Her voice was warm and engaging and she struck me as the most cheerful girl I had ever met. Oddly enough, her appearance seemed not in the least garish or unsettling to me, but seemed to suit her and increase the

feeling of cheerful confidence, extreme intelligence, and articulate speech she projected. I do not remember what I said in return sitting next to the most unusual young lady I had ever met, but it was neither brilliant nor engaging and as she took the chair next to me the captain stood up to announce the program.

We were to have a program consisting of a Christus program by the children on board, musical selections by members of the passengers and crew, singing by all, followed by a Christus prayer by followers of that faith. The captain concluded his remarks with “Here on Antarctica as throughout the world, we have the greatest respect for those of all nations who attempt to follow a greater power than their own and welcome the opportunity to share in the celebration of their joy. We all realize our lives have value in a scheme we only dimly grasp but we have happiness in the anticipation of greater understanding. Our ice sculpture tonight represents the familiar Christus symbol of life and resurrection overcoming death and the tomb, and we rejoice with, and admire all who believe life will overcome death!” There was applause from all in the salon. Chairs for the crew were brought in and as many as were able came in and were seated wherever there was room in back or among the passengers. Even more came till it was standing room only at the rear. The crew’s mix of white uniforms, were an addition to the variety of color already in the room and made an eclectic sight with both passengers and crew waiting for the program. Small children from both passenger and crew families sat in front and waited for their part with the usual restless energy of all children. (The captain had earlier told me that both passengers and crew often had their families on board with them with continuous association for all.) Some had costumes of Christmas figures I was familiar with such as wise men and angels, and others had much less elaborate children’s versions of what the adults were wearing while some had their usual daytime clothing. All sat respectfully however for the duration of the program and seemed intent on understanding whatever they could.

A Master of Ceremonies stood and asked that all would please refrain from “audible or visible Tel contact” during the

program. A few quietly said something to the white jewel I now noticed all including children carried on either wrists, in necklaces, or other ways and the program began.

Children put on various songs, dances, and even a crèche scene I was familiar with from my youth. They seemed to enjoy what they were doing and the applause from everyone was warmly encouraging.

The children were followed by several members of the passengers and crew forming an impromptu orchestra playing music appropriate to the holiday. I recognized some instruments and music but instruments such as a very large mandolin like instrument shaped like a hollow wooden box resting on the floor I had never before seen or heard. An occasional child would also entertain with his or her instrument as part of the orchestra.

Applause greeted all efforts but the mood changed when the last program item which was the Christus Prayer was announced. Although only a portion of the audience stood for the prayer as an indication of their belief, Miss Solas immediately stood up thus reminding me of my Anglican roots, so I also stood with head bowed as did all others in the room whether sitting or standing as a Christus prayer was delivered by a passenger in the front of the group in silence except for a slight hum from the ship's engines. What was said gave me pause and comfort even though the gentle prayer was not long and was respectfully concluded.

There was silence for a few moments after the conclusion of the prayer with several quiet "So may it be" comments from the audience. Miss Solas, the other audience members and I sat down and the official program for the evening was over. Many in the audience said something to their "jewels" and immediately had a far away look in their eyes for a few moments before returning to conversation.

Within minutes the mood had once again lightened with two of the passengers and one crew member becoming an

impromptu orchestra with the assistance of several complex looking devices that multiplied their efforts to an entire orchestra. The children left to a chorus of smiles and applause and soon the floor was covered with dancers of all types and ages who swayed and moved in wonderful ways I had never seen, to music I had never heard. It was announced there would be music from earlier times for classical music and dance fans. The music changed and I could almost believe I was hearing a piece by Glenn Miller from during the war. It changed again and sounded like a Strauss Waltz as the dancers swirling by revolved around the room. Long before then, Miss Solas had been approached by several young men from passengers and crew and was now gracefully dancing in the midst of many other couples leaving the captain and myself alone at the table. It seemed she was equally accomplished in all forms of dance. It also showed that I was not the only one who had noticed her.

“Why don’t you dance?” the captain asked. “I am a man with two left feet I replied.” “Ah, the captain said, in that we are similar, and my ship is my partner till I return to my family in San Frisco. How do you find Antarctica?” “A wonderful ship!” I replied with enthusiasm. “How do I deal with furniture that talks to me however?” He smiled broadly but was also slightly unsettled. “I am sorry, I should have had the steward explain the operation to you, but it would have called attention to the fact that you were very different from the rest of us since to us voice response systems are as familiar to us as analog clocks are probably to you.” He glanced toward my wrist where I wore my stem wound watch on its leather band. “To control these systems simply address them by name such as ‘Bed’, and then say ‘Controllexgo’. The system for that object will respond to you. Say ‘menu’ and it will present you with a number of choices. We use ‘Controllexgo’ because it is not a word we ever use normally in conversation to prevent actuation of other systems. I can say that here, because there is no bed in the sound of my voice. You will get used to it!” “Thank you” I said as I watched Miss Solas, swaying gracefully, hands above her head, in the midst of a difficult dance with a handsome young ‘two star’ crew member and silently cursed my own uncoordinated feet. “We have made

good time after our stop to pick you up, and should reach port in San Frisco just after dark day after tomorrow. When we arrive, we will be met by Dr. Klaus Henderson who is our best expert in what seems to have happened to you. He is planning that you stay at the Institute for Planetary Anomalies with him for awhile. We have some understanding of this phenomena and he is most interested to talk to you. And now, if you will excuse me, I have my evening duties to perform.”

We arose, shook hands, and the captain left me alone at the table. My ‘Princess Ozma’ was still a whirling, blue-green source of sparks on the dance floor and so after polite conversation with several people in my walk to the door, I entered the hall and returned to my room after having an interesting conversation with the room door. After other enlightening conversations with the bed and bathroom, I drifted off to sleep lulled by the soft sound of the ship and the now moonlit, star studded view of a racing sea below.

#### Chapter Technical Notes:

As my field is electronics, I keep up with the excellent progress being made in voice recognition and the voice controlled devices in this chapter are not far from the sometimes frustrating voice activated telephone systems we deal with every day. Because it is now possible to have simple voice recognition capability on a single chip at very low cost , I believe we will soon have all sorts of appliances and other devices which you can speak to, in areas much cheaper than voice recognition systems in costly cars and other top of the line items. By using a word “Controllexgo” that is never used in conversation one could alert the electronics that the next word should be listened to and considered for action.

The idea which we seem to have to try to strip religion from all social gatherings when it is the single most potent force in directing the world’s societies seems ludicrous to me, especially if it is discussed with courtesy and consideration for other or no beliefs. Religion in Earthe is very important and those



who follow Christus in this chapter have discovered that the most exciting doctrine he taught was not the cross which many here are fixated on, but the open tomb which opens the way for all to be resurrected to new life. Thus the light in the tomb is sculpture for Christus Eve as His symbol.

The nuclear family is basic to Earthe society and because of the immersive communications technology they have created, children can be with families physically while the parents work and the children study their lessons. Taking children on board a vessel such as Antarctica would be a typical family experience for both passengers and crew and since there is no class structure in their society, children and adults move freely from one part of society to another without hindrance. Music and the arts are viewed as equal to but not above technology and science.

On Earthe the people are not only diverse, but some are even different like Lienaa, but they share the common goal of trying to make the best of what they have while improving their lives with or without help from others.

The principle of an Aura Generator such as Lienaa uses is beyond present technology. I believe however that if such a device were to become available it would have a place in art, fashion, and many other areas of life. Sorry to not have any references to the possible use of such a device in our world except to provide the “glory of angels.”

## Chapter Four

### Lienaa

I awoke at, I am not sure what time, but sun was streaming through the window into my eyes as the clouds moved slowly and the sea moved rapidly past our flying ship. Out of sheer curiosity, I said “Window. Controllexgo, Menu” The window said “Darken percenti, Lighten percenti, Blackout, Clean”. I said “Darken 40 percenti” whereupon the sunlight dimmed and my eyes were able to fully revive. I dressed rapidly having somewhat mastered the bathroom and because I had requested the steward bring me some clothing of the casual type worn by the passengers in a note I had “archaically” attached to the outside of the door by wedging it into the door as it closed the night before. He must have thought the Luddites were alive and well!

I entered the hallway dressed in shorts and tennis shoes of a brilliant orange color, with a hooded red sweatshirt with “NIKUS XXVUMIIV” emblazoned across the chest in large yellow letters. I am not sure what this meant, but as long as I fit in with the other passengers I did not care although it was not difficult to picture myself directing traffic!

I went to a small nautical appearing restaurant I noticed the night before on my return, sat down and looked at the menu. Except for the difference in letter shape and construction, it was easily readable. I ordered a “Poseidonn Maximus” sandwich from the waiter as that was the only thing I was certain of, as another guest at a nearby table commented to his partner that the “Poseidonn Maximus is very good!” My sandwich was delivered by a small wheeled cart which came to my table and announced that it had brought my order. I lifted the tray off the cart, took a

wild guess and said “Thank you!” whereupon the cart responded cheerfully “A pleasure!” and rolled happily away on its return to the kitchen.

The Poseidonn Maximus looked and tasted remarkably like a ham and cheese sandwich with an anchovy flavor, but I saw no evidence of either a real ham slice or parts of an anchovy in what seemed to be a clever imitation of a creature sandwich without any real creatures contained therein. I ate my sandwich and arose, grateful that I did not have to tip the waiter or pay for individual things on a cruise ship since I had seen no “real” money and did not have any idea of its value as yet.

I directed my steps along the main hall to where the sign said was the “3 Ball Room” and stepped into an observation gallery. Inside what appeared to be a large glass court were nine young men and women sending balls (and themselves) ricocheting off glass walls, floors, and ceilings. Though they were moving very fast through the air in all directions often colliding with each other, the three different colored balls they kept in continuous motion were often unerringly thrown through three matching colored hoops floating and slowly rotating amongst the players on three axes as they frantically attempted to shoot a ball through them while everyone was in constant motion. A large display kept track of what I supposed to be a score in this three dimensional human billiard like game. Occasionally, a player would catch the other team’s ball as well as his or her own and propel it through their own hoop whereupon the opponents score would decrease by one. They wore no protective gear such as helmets and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the collisions with the balls, walls and each other as it appeared that their weight was no more than a feather. Occasionally a handicapping “wind “ would appear from one direction or another and the hoops and players would have to play the game while trying to avoid looking like falling leaves in a windstorm!

The sudden sound of the hall clock striking once again brought Ralph back to the reality of his listeners who were

obviously more interested in parallel universe theory than the rules of “3 Ball”.

“Please excuse me for digressing” Ralph explained. “It is partly because you are the first I have been able to get this far with in my explanation – I have so much I want to tell, and partly because the society I am telling you about has offered you their technology such as gravity control if you will also accept their ideas for society. It is your decision.” “Does this mean that you have communication with these supposed people if they do exist?” It was Felix first sour comment. “Communication is very hard and requires complex conditions. It so far has been almost non existent, but I hope it will get better over time if I am able to assemble the necessary equipment and personnel. I need to deliver my story and message in my own way however and so please bear with me and the details I provide as some of the ideas I offer will reshape your civilization if adopted in the way I offer them” explained Ralph. “Very well,” said Felix and Ralph returned to his story:

I left the “3 ball” court and moved into another hall which led to the greenhouse or “Solarium”. This room took the place of a series of outside decks on an ordinary ship where sun worshipers lay on lounges able to command the clear material above them to let through any amount of the ultraviolet rays of the sun to rest on their personal location and the specifications for their sun filter would move along the ‘glass’ as the sun moved to make sure they had the optimal amount of tanning for the optimal amount of time. There were probably 50 or so people in the Solarium and though Ralph noticed their bathing suits exposed somewhat more of them than 1949 standards, no one could say they were not appropriate for the purpose and still in good taste. Some of the lounges had a milky transparency field surrounding them which obscured vision so that those inside could take advantage of sun exposure on any areas of their bodies they chose.

Among those in one corner I saw my Ozma as she was instantly recognizable by her long, freely falling, pale green

white hair and pale white skin. Now however, she had no “aura” or fabulous dress, but was wearing a white “T” shirt with “Antarctica” in rainbow colors across it and fluorescent green shorts. She was lying on her back and her eyes were covered with sunshields. I came up to her, cleared my throat nervously and said, “Miss Solas?” She sat up, removed the sunshields and looked into my eyes with the same articulate, level green gaze she had given me the night before. “Captain McPherson – it is good to see you again!” and she once again extended her hand to mine.

I needed to say something better than the night before, but all I could think of was to apologize for dropping my fork when I saw her. “Please don’t give it another thought!” she said with a dazzling smile and cheerful laugh. “Normally I don’t use so much color or an aura generator, but the captain is my uncle and he was so anxious to show me off to his friends when I came on board after spending six months climbing down ice holes at the South pole, I was happy to oblige”. I foolishly stammered “But I had never seen anything like your hair...” She smiled her dazzling smile and laughed again. “Like most people, you wonder about my color scheme. It is actually a genetic defect from a mutation which only occurs on the average once in 11.9 million births. I and some of my relatives must have been the special ones as a number of my family have it! Although when I was born everyone was very supportive, I became tired of strangers looking at me and wondering how I got that way, so from the time I was about eight till I was almost seventeen, I took a skin darkener, colored my hair, eyelashes and eyebrows and had brown eye lenses surgically inserted . Would you believe I used to have “dark auburn” hair, eyes and eyebrows? I began to realize however that my color was part of me, that God loved me either way; that it didn’t make me a better girl to have the same color hair as many others; that I was not a “victim of life’s trials” only different and that I needed to be the best I could - so on my seventeenth birthday, I returned to my natural color. I am now 24, my friends still love me, and I have become “unforgettable”! Actually, (in case you wondered) the green hair color fades

slowly when it is exposed to sunlight which accounts for my multicolor look.

I am also an Exobiologist who specializes in alien life forms when possible since I occasionally feel like one. I did my thesis work on Mars, and I believe the universe is FULL of life and VERY interesting! I also believe that our solar system is not the only system with extremely intelligent life and that there is a God who watches over how many star systems I don't know or care, but I believe He watches over me! I try very hard to listen to those who follow Him and help us to understand His teachings and I try to learn from His words. So there - now you know all there is about me so tell me about you?"

I nervously cleared my throat again and she said "Do you have a problem with your throat? We have a ships doctor on board, our MediTel is excellent, and this is the third time I have heard you do that in the last nine hours." I started to clear my throat again but thought better of it and started into my rehearsed "I was sailing my antique ship....." speech, but she immediately interjected, "There is no way you can fool an exobiologist with that sort of story. You are an alien – probably a "tweener". You know it and I know it and my scientific curiosity is highly aroused and we need to go somewhere and discuss this! I know just the place! With a green glance that would have made me follow her half way around the world, she took my hand, pulled none too gently and off we went to "The Place".

When Antarctica is in the water, it is possible to go to a room in the bow with large windows which look into the sea and observe marine life; When the ship is airborne as it was then, the view of the white capped water only ten meters or so below your view and racing by at 180 km/hr or so is truly spectacular. There was no one in the room when we arrived and the windows blocked the sound of the wind outside leaving only the incoming sun and the hum of the ship. We sat down in two of the chairs which rotated to face each other and I explained to Lienaa everything that had happened and where I had come from. "It sounds to me like you came from the East Australian Islands" she

said, pointing to New Zealand on a map near the windows. “We obviously have a different name for it. I have heard stories of a similar case twenty years ago near Singaporre City where someone came from another world to ours, and although badly injured, was taken to visit the same people you are going to visit and nothing was heard from her again. We don’t have “maddenning scientists” so you don’t have anything to worry about there, but I would be careful about what you agree to do for them when they talk to you as they love experiments. Dr. Henderson is a great man however so you don’t need to worry about him.

By now, I had stopped thinking I needed to clear my throat before talking to her, and I asked her if she was going to be staying in San Frisco for long. She was going to be living there for at least the next few “year fractions”, and so I asked if she would be available in case I wanted to call on her. She said she would, and suggested that perhaps she also might visit me when I was at the Institute for Planetary Anomalies with Dr. Henderson since she was expert “in aliens like me” and we might work together to unravel the mystery of why I was there and what happened to the other “alien”.

The clock struck once again. All were back in the warm dining room and it was very late. Ralph could see his new scientific friend Felix cared little about his adventures if it did not relate to inter dimensional travel and all with the exception of Yvonne were less than fascinated about his personal life. He wondered how he would find a way to explain that everything which happens fits pieces into our life, but that we are not a series of “segmented experiences” as everything no matter how small, affects everything we become.

The four stayed together for another hour that night when Ralph removed from his pocket one of several identical “jewels” (actually called “Tels”) he had brought back with him for the two doctors to evaluate. He explained that they were actually communications and computing devices which were used by the people of the other world as mentors and links to all the resources

of their planet much like their internet was beginning to be used on earth. Like many things in the other world, they were accessed by voice, and information was displayed in several ways as they communicated using a one meter diameter field generated by the Tel, received by the visual centers of the users brain and therefore visible only to them while sound was created in the aural areas of their brains in the same manner. Anyone could contact anyone using these systems in the other world, but here, they were only effective over a relatively short distance since Ralph did not have any relay stations.

He set up one device on each side of the table and activated the Tels to each show the image of the other operator across the table. All were fascinated by the display and Bill and Felix both wanted to take the units to be analyzed by their companies. Ralph indicated this was not the time, as all powerful technologies needed to be developed in a benign environment or they could become tools of control and destruction. This, he said, was why they needed to hear his personal experiences of the parallel world and how they had affected him, and he also said should any of the things he showed them be tampered with, they would self destruct into a formless pile of basic elements impossible to analyze with any success. This was also his personal safeguard if any of the items were removed from his possession, as they would destruct in the same manner and be rendered useless. At that point they finished their discussions for the night.

#### Chapter Technical Notes:

The questions of what would a civilization which was advanced beyond us do for relaxation popped up when I was told how clever the game of “Quidditch” was in the Harry Potter novels and movies. I told those who asked that I thought my characters would perhaps play a complex three dimensional ball



game in almost zero gravity. Because everyone would weigh so little, injuries would not be a problem, thus no helmets and shin guards with a little handicapping wind thrown in for good luck (but no brooms to ride!).

What would these people eat? Would they slaughter animals for food as we do? If one could duplicate almost anything in flavor with various foodstuffs and textures, might we decide that animals were best treated as fellow travelers in life with various levels of intelligence and that we are charged with their care and happiness in return for the assistance and love they would give us? The people of the other world cared about everyone and about the good of society outside their own comfort so why would they not care about the lot of animals as well to be good stewards of their world?

It is amazing how close we are rapidly coming to the “Tel of the new world. In construction, the Tel is a three dimensional integrated circuit where all sorts of different electronic functions are stacked to create a far more complex system than any we have in our two dimensional “chip” world. The “stone” is just the packaging of the device since it doesn’t need power plugs, keyboards, or displays because it works on the visual and aural centers of the brain simulating sight and sound. It also receives voice input from the speech center of the brain by picking up very small muscle impulse signals to vocal cords and mouth muscles. Since its range to user is short, it is a natural for incorporation into jewelry of various types.

The massive amount of information available on the Tel dwarfs the internet. (But Google is beginning to get there.) So long as all this information is used for education and to help the user it will be like Google’s present “do no evil” motto. If that is changed however the early Tel turns into an agent of a future evil time which you will soon meet. Technology is neither good nor evil by itself but may be turned into an agent of one or the other depending on the use it is put to.



## Chapter Five

### San Frisco

The next night came and the children received another story. This time it was about a badly wrinkled scarecrow who made funny noises and kept dropping things, who fell in love with the beautiful princess Ozma with the pale green eyes who lived in a tower of light. This scarecrow had a brain already, but not a very good one and was looking for a wizard who could tell him why he was a scarecrow in a cornfield and what scarecrows are good for in life besides scaring birds. The children were left to ponder the question as they went off to bed and the older foursome were also left to their own questioning beneath the chandelier.

“Why did the girl call you a ‘tweener’” said Yvonne?

“The name came from half true, half myth accounts of people who appeared in strange places and in strange ways over a period of many hundred years in this other world. A partially decomposed male wearing strange riding clothes was found floating in the sea tangled in the reins of a saddled horse in the same condition sixteen hundred kilometers from land and appearing as though he had recently been riding the horse. Thirty years previously, a woman was found wearing an old fashioned bathing costume at the 6500 meter level of a mountain in Asia, frozen to death. Many hundreds of years ago someone was found alive from time to time, but all were burned at the stake as witches, wizards, or killed in other ways because it seemed obvious to the people that they must be in league with the devil as they spoke with strange speech of unknowable places,

things, and events. Sometimes strange things happened and the effect only took people. In my case however the boat was taken as well and not left behind as may have been the case with some of our own mysteries here on earth.

The people I met in the other world (incidentally called “Earthe”) had determined that these people had successfully passed from one dimension to another through an unknown region which, for want of a better name came to be called ‘The Between’ and therefore those who had passed through that experience were known as ‘The Betweeners’ or ‘tweeners’ for short.”

Bill spoke earnestly. “You seem to indicate that the people you were going to meet had the answers to this anomaly?” “Only partially.” said Ralph carefully.

Ralph went on. “The next day I explored captain Jortanno’s ship with Lienaa, who because she knew who I really was and was amazed to see how little I knew about what I was seeing, lowered her discussion to the absolute basics and by so doing, became an excellent guide. Approximately ninety years before their present date, a massive program to discover how to control gravity had finally found the breakthrough and the culture began to be suddenly revolutionized. Because the people of this world recognized how such a breakthrough could help them, they had devoted not only government and corporate resources to such a search, but offered a large prize free of taxes of any kind to any individual who could solve the problem. In value in your terms, it was equivalent to about one hundred million dollars.

A commission was appointed to review all ideas and experimental results from government, industry, and individual results. In the end, the prize was won by a brilliant 16 year old student who discovered that gravity was symmetric and could be reversed with everything from full or increased gravity downward, full or increased gravity upward, or anything in between by balancing the weight of a load downward with an upward gravity field thereby neutralizing the weight of the load

to any level desired. In addition, the balancing forces can be shifted to also provide a propulsive force in any direction. The fact that he won the prize rather than a large company or government lab made many finally realize that breakthroughs are made not by corporations or laboratories, but ultimately by only a single mind. Much assistance can be given by others and an entire laboratory or organization can contribute to refining an idea, but any idea is ultimately traceable to one single individual in its initial form.

Antarctica was held aloft and propelled by gravity balancing and because this required considerable energy the ship was powered by a small fusion reactor using a previously unknown hydrogen /boron reaction which did not emit any radiation and produced only helium as a byproduct. This eliminated the problem of future radioactive waste (which had already eliminated previous nuclear waste) from their civilization by speeding up radioactive decay processes in nuclear material so that a 'thousands of years' storage problem was reduced to about 18 of our months! At present, many of their devices, large and small, are powered by devices utilizing a technology you rejected without serious investigation. I have learned you called it "cold fusion". You thus eliminated by ridicule a possible solution which will ultimately be of immeasurable worth to you; another reason for careful evaluation of new ideas no matter how "strange".

The people of Earthe would also have found your long term preoccupation with nuclear waste disposal humorous to say the least as it will turn out to be only ephemeral. One thing in our own Earth civilization that amazes me is that we regularly make revolutionary discoveries but never seem to believe we will make any more in the future to solve present problems. The people of Earthe discovered a radiation and radioactive waste free form of nuclear energy which released only heat and helium as byproducts, and produced no neutrons in the reaction creating no nuclear waste. This was like reducing a raging forest fire to a warm glow on the hearth. The radioactive waste which remained from previous nuclear production was rapidly converted to non

radioactive materials through what is called transmutation and ultimately made harmless in a few years eliminating forever the problem of waste storage while providing unlimited energy.

Lienaa showed me the various living quarters of the crew and their families and how there were education and associations with other children from the global communications net and all types of communications between those on board and anyone else on earth. Translation was provided electronically if needed, but nearly all spoke at least one other language besides the official world language which fortunately for me was much like mine. In this civilization, the family was basic and preeminent but when I asked Lienaa why this was so, she simply smiled and told me that it was a discussion for another time after I had seen their culture. You are preoccupied with preventing pornography, drugs and other evils from damaging your culture, but if there was no desire for them, they would not be available. Markets arise for things we care about. The people of Earthe realized this and chose to reject these things individually, freely, and without police or punishments, thereby removing the fuel for this consuming fire. These things are unknown in their society because no one sees any use for them since they do not produce happiness and happiness is what the people are interested in.

The tour had taken most of the day and Lienaa decided we needed something to eat. What she highly recommended was a delicious fruit flavored foam which rose in the container as it was consumed, and a recipe from a device which delivered a continuous spaghetti like series of short strands and a sauce of your choice into a spoon-like, cable connected utensil while you held it. (The sauce could be changed as you ate and it was “always full”!) She said we were eating a ‘fastest food’ meal and I tended to agree. As we ate, she laughed and said she hadn’t had one of these for six months and wanted to see how I as an alien reacted to it! Frankly, I didn’t want to be thought of as an ‘alien’, especially by her, but I said nothing.” “I am really a ‘traditions cook’ when I have time” she volunteered. “I love to mix flavors and try to make things the Producers can’t make as yet!” (She explained to me that the “Producers” were machines which could

create many types of food on demand for customers. There were large scale models for production, and small scale models for the home for 'fastest foods')

While in the restaurant, there was an announcement on the video screen which said we would arrive in San Frisco in approximately sixty three minutes and Lienaa took me to the "greenhouse" to watch our approach to the city.

It was getting dark, and outside the rain streaked greenhouse a dense fog raced by, causing twisting ribbons of condensation creating small horizontal rivers on the glass. I had forgotten that this was the Northern hemisphere's winter and I had heard that San Frisco was often very foggy and cold. A number of passengers, crew and children were gathered with us to see the arrival, and a large screen to one side came alive with what I learned later was a computer based simulation of our entry into the harbor. (I knew nothing about computers at the time. I had never seen, and only dimly heard of such things in 1949.) I marveled at the speed of the ship through darkness and 'pea soup' fog!

The simulation was of an evening sunset arrival and we moved ever closer to the harbor entrance containing two large towers with circular halos of light standing like elongated guardian angels. I asked my friend what they were and she replied with surprise, "The Golden Gates!"

My mind shot back to an old black and white photo I had seen of the famous bridge that spanned the mouth of San Francisco Bay. If this was the bridge, where was the rest of it? Lienaa said that when 'antigrav' propulsion became a common thing, the bridge deck was no longer needed and after much discussion, it was dismantled, leaving the two towers as artistic monuments to the great bridge. Almost before she finished her sentence, we shot out of the fog and rocketed at high speed between the two huge towers! The simulation had given no idea of the size of the monuments or the white brilliance of the circular halos at their tops, even seen through the condensation

on the observation deck windows. Each tower also must have contained a huge generator similar to the one Lienaa had used at the Christus celebration as brilliant moving rainbows of color were created far away from the towers, brightening and flowing toward their bases, then flowing up toward the halos. The rainbow climbed the towers, leaping and springing from every bridge beam or support, brightening and merging into primary colors and then into the brilliant white, thousand meter diameter horizontal rings at the topmost point before radiating upward and outward into the sky in a massively sparkling streamer display. It was the most strangely beautiful thing I had ever seen, but instead of saying that, I said ‘You people are completely mad about color!’

Her pale eyes slowly ignited and burned with green fire into mine. Her manner changed to the offended master teacher instructing the naughty uncomprehending student. ‘Consider the two towers we just passed: The meaning of the artist who created the light structures was that the ultimate truth of life comes from the darkness of the unknown in many ways and all of us are different in abilities, thoughts, and understanding. We must however try to have our lives flow to a central meaning for all of us to willingly share abilities and problems till we are able to blend our efforts together toward something which could not have been built by any of us individually, but which represents what is good in all of us! The fact that there are two radiating towers means that even if we do not agree on everything or even most things, we can create “multiple towers of light” that still contribute to the common good. At the top of the towers our efforts merge into Circlets of Light instead of the dreadful circlets of the Grey time which spread fear instead of happiness!

We now also seem to have *unlimited* ability to accomplish whatever we desire, and the question of what is *truly* desirable occupies us a great deal. As white light is made up of each color, we must appreciate the good in each color and the thoughts and individuals behind them as they form, rise and finally radiate from the Circlets. It is easy to say we appreciate the many colors at the base and on the tower, but it is when these colors try to



merge to a common purpose at the top that it becomes difficult for us and we are unable to create this color.

And it is not only the question of color!

To us, darkness represents the opposite of everything we seek, and so light, color, and life to us are one. The light on the tower is born in the unknown darkness of the night sea and rises to the light of the tower. Remember, there was light in the tomb of the ice carving at the Christus celebration? To me, darkness represents hatred, lust, compulsion, ignorance, and all which drags us down and wastes our lives, and so we seek light and ultimate truth in all we do.

I am *particularly* offended by hatred, lust, and wasting of lives! I have seen pictures of very old historical media events where clothing was black and even photos of “famous” people dressed like others in the picture except all their clothing was black and their facial expressions reflected the lust and darkness within. They were sometimes labeled as desirable models. To me, it looks like they would even relish the use of Grey Circlets! No matter where we come from on Earthe, we seek enlightenment. What good is there in absence of the colors of life and living and what were these people trying to say? Wherever I look in the universe I see the light of stars creating life and the cold darkness of space destroying it. Which are we to believe is good? The colors of our society in clothing and everything else celebrate both our difference and our commonality toward solutions in a better world. You may think us “mad” but we reject complete uniformity and colors of the Grey time!”

The student was chastised and the green fire in her eyes began to die; I didn’t understand all she said, but immediately apologized and made a mental note not to say things like that again. We turned and watched the towers recede into the fog we had reentered, but which was now becoming brighter and shifting into a multi color mix in front of us as we drew closer to the shores of the bay and the city itself.

Antarctica began to slow and the city suddenly erupted out of the fog in a blaze of multicolored lights which extended from brilliant reflections in the calm bay upward from the glowing buildings and spires high into the sky with level upon level of lights from vehicles moving in every direction causing me to suddenly catch my breath! The brilliant white surface of the ship glowed with what seemed to be a million moving, pools of color as she crossed the shining shoreline, passed over a beach and a grove of small trees, and silently settled into a concrete pad surrounded by trees and a semicircular building. The building slowly began to move, wrapping itself around Antarctica and the greenhouse was suddenly illuminated.

“Welcome to San Frisco! It has been a pleasure having you on board with us. Please feel free to take your time disembarking, but be sure to leave any personal luggage in your cabins for the port robots! Any who are in the U.P. for the first time, please proceed to the forward exit on deck E before disembarking.” The video screen came alive, delivered its message and then lapsed into a display of shifting colors and soft music.

The fire in Lienaa’s eyes was now extinguished and she smilingly stated I would need to go to my cabin and leave anything I needed to have taken off the ship either on the floor or the bed. “I am sorry to ignite” she smiled, “but your comment pushed a cultural button. I have looked for every shred of enlightenment and truth I could find, every day of my life, and for a moment I forgot you are not part of our world, but truly an alien!”

I had done it again.

I started to ask about Tui but looking out the back of the greenhouse I saw my white friend vertical once again, rising from the deck and moving slowly out of sight over the edge of the ship in a blaze of spotlights. After Lienaa’s assurance that she would be seeing me soon, I went to my cabin through a hall now busy with small rectangular creatures the size of washing machines

making quiet beeping noises and excusing themselves whenever they met someone as they carried luggage of all types to the exits. I found a note on the bed from the captain thanking me for the chance to meet me and wishing me well in my new life. He said he hoped to meet with Dr. Henderson and myself sometime to add what he could to our discussions. I happened to look out the port and saw someone who appeared to be Captain Jortanno standing well off in the glare of the lights surrounded by whom I took to be his wife, various children and grandchildren, cradling a very small child in his arms, lovingly next to his cheek.

There was a beep at the door and a request to come in. I said 'yes', the door opened and a port robot was asking for my luggage. I quickly put my razor and other items in the suitcase and after removing my passport, placed the suitcase on the floor. The robots rotund body opened, an arm carefully pushed the suitcase into the opening, the body closed and after a "thank you!" the robot rolled happily away down the hall accompanied by several other robots.

It was only a short walk to the exit on Deck E and when I exited the ship I found a young man standing in a rain streaked, tubular passageway made of clear material behind a small yellow desk next to an odd looking green machine. There was no one else waiting. "Captain McPherson" he smiled. "We have been told you were coming. Since you have no identification of our type, or a Tel, do you have any document we can imprint as official record of your visit to us?" I gave him my passport and after some puzzlement and difficulty fitting it into the machine there was a high pitched noise and he removed the document. As soon as it came out the eagle you have seen rose from the paper. I was as surprised as you were, but he assured me that it was an official entry document now should I have any need of one. He directed me through the tube and I entered my new world.

#### Chapter Technical Notes:

The idea that a world would make color a mark of civilization is not particularly unusual. Consider that the early

Maoris of New Zealand created their ornate tattoos and colored body painting as marks of beauty and that they preferred a wife have her lips tattooed with a bluish or other dark dye eliminating their natural red color. The males tended to have longer hair than the females and to decorate it extensively. Their society was highly complex and filled with many unique social conventions very different from our present society. (Search on the internet for “Maori history”)

The idea of converting the Golden Gate Bridge into an objet d’art popped up as I imagined Antarctica coming into San Francisco Bay based on a civilization which had created an aura generator and loved kinetic light art. (Do an internet search for “kinetic light art” to see what we are doing now in this area.)

Since electric power is not supplied by a grid from a central power station in this civilization, and since it is essentially unlimited as it is generated from nuclear fusion in a nuclear waste free manner, there is no reason not to use large amounts of it to light a city or for any other purpose.

The idea of a young student discovering a revolutionary idea such as antigravity is not as impossible as one may suspect. There is a young man of eight in Korea, Song Yoo-geun who wants to build flying cars operating on antigravity. This would not be remarkable except that he has been admitted as a freshman to the Physics Department of Inha University in Incheon, west of Seoul. (As reported by the Korea Herald in 2005). If antigravity had been music, perhaps Mozart could have discovered it as a boy.