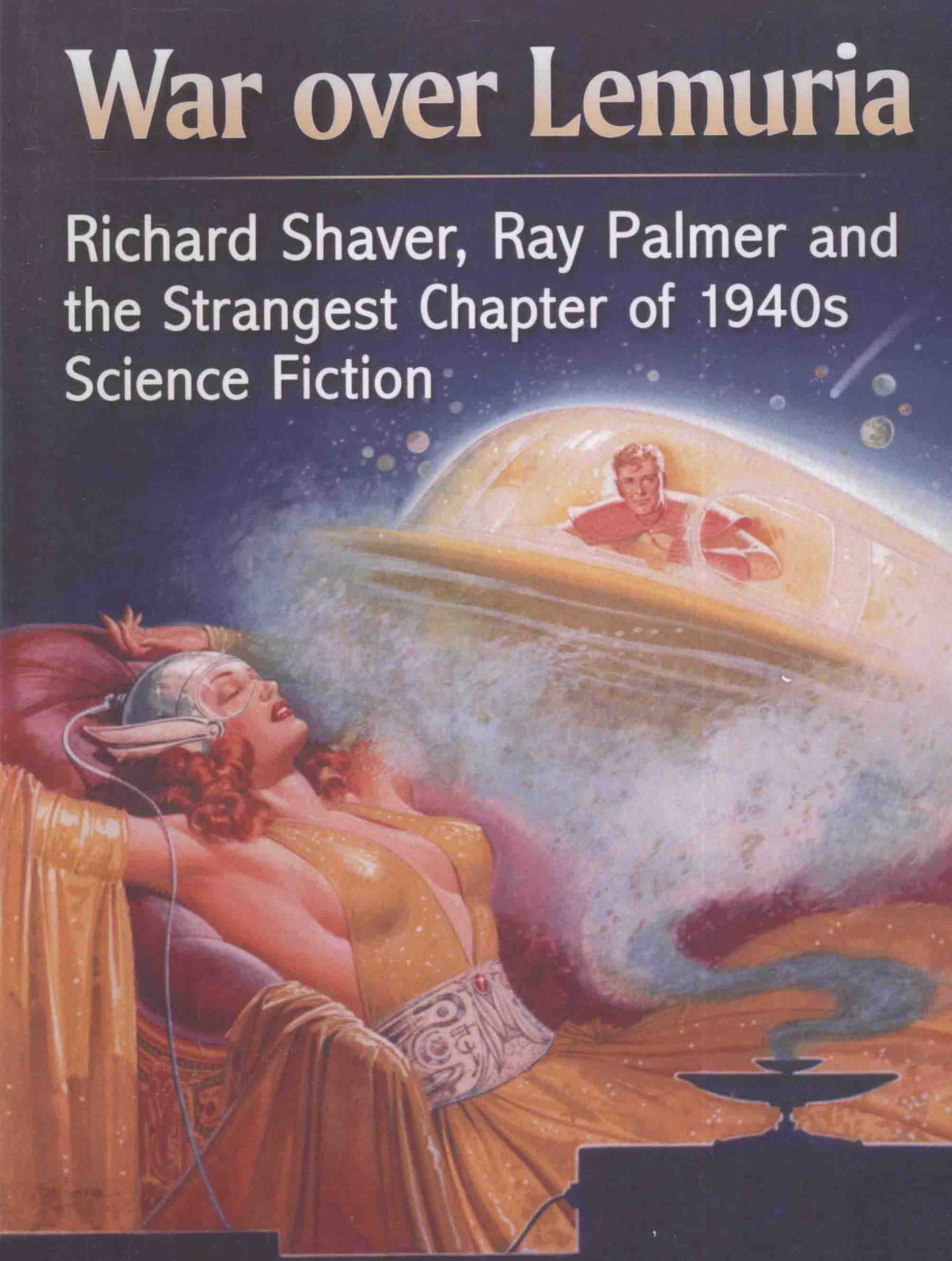
War over Lemuria

Richard Shaver, Ray Palmer and the Strangest Chapter of 1940s Science Fiction



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Front cover artwork: The controversy was raging about Richard Shaver's yarns about Lemuria, so his "Quest of Brail" story merited this illustration by Robert Gibson Jones on the December 1945 cover of *Amazing Stories* (author's collection)

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To Chester S. Geier,
everyone's favorite character.

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And to Richard Shaver for sending me on a 40-year walkabout.

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Part IV. Diaspora

Preface

Richard Shaver began writing this book in 1975 when I suggested we collaborate on a book about his life. I had known him through correspondence for two and a half years before I made my upstart proposal. He replied with a flippant remark about my inability to write a cogent letter, let alone a book, but he put aside his misgivings and typed what would have been the first page of an autobiography, parts of which appear in the book you now hold.

Our relationship was clear-cut from the beginning. He was in his late 60s, I was in my early 20s. He was the Kung Fu Master, I was Grasshopper, and he never failed to let me know what a poor student I was. He gave me barely passing grades on my interpretations of rock books, one of his greatest discoveries. The rock books were cryptic, high tech, pre–Flood relics manufactured by an ancient race, he said, and until I understood them I would never know the meaning of life, the universe, or anything, for that matter.

As for our collaboration, he coached me, saying that if I wrote just one page per day, I would have a 365-page book within a year; longer if I took Sundays off. It sounded easy in theory. Then I realized I knew nothing about him, other than what I read about his part in the notorious Shaver Mystery — then, as now, a nearly forgotten skeleton in the closet of science fiction literature. And as any Kung Fu Master will tell you, meaningful answers come only when you ask the right questions.

While I pondered my dilemma, Shaver fell ill and died on November 5, 1975. Thus began my 40 years in the wilderness in search of Shaver's life, times and eventual banishment from the annals of science fiction.

To facilitate my search, in 1979 I founded *Shavertron*, a fanzine of the old order. I cut and pasted on graph paper and printed it on a Gestetner mimeograph machine at my workplace. *Shavertron* was all about Shaver, Ray Palmer (his editor at *Amazing Stories*) and the controversy surrounding them. *Shavertron* was meant to put me in touch with those who could help me in my search, and to some degree it worked.

I sent the first issue — two sheets of blue paper stapled together — to Shaver's personal mailing list, given to me by his widow, Dottie. Many of Shaver's former fans contacted me; even a few personal friends. In 1984 I met Richard Horton, Thomas Brown and Vincent Gaddis in Oceanside, California.

Gaddis was a stage magician and Fortean author who invented the term "Bermuda Triangle" in one of his books. He also wrote fillers for Ray Palmer's *Amazing Stories*. Brown was running Meade Layne's old Borderland Sciences Research Foundation, and Horton was Shaver's unofficially adopted son. I had finally hit pay dirt.

On visits to the Shavers' Wisconsin farm during the early 1950s, Horton became fast friends with Dick and Dottie. Thus Horton was a living record of the farm, Shaver, and

Ray Palmer. In the years that followed our first meeting, Horton and I casually discussed how one day we would write a book about Shaver's life, but it was not until 2006, on a visit to Horton's Banning, California, home, that we agreed there was enough material to begin work. Sad to say, Rich Horton died while working on his contribution. Now I was two Richards down. Nevertheless, the project continued.

During my research into the lives of Ray Palmer and Richard Shaver, I discovered parts of their lives they would rather forget; secret places they chose not to think about. They experienced physical and emotional pain that eventually guided the course of their lives. This shared experience of trauma connected them in unspoken ways that, as survivors, only they fully understood. It also made them difficult for *others* to understand, and opened them up to criticism from people who had no idea what made them tick. They were anomalies, or, as the critics liked to paint them, freaks of nature.

This book is not the final word on the Shaver Mystery, Richard Shaver, or Ray Palmer. In my pursuit for answers I encountered some dead ends. On the other hand, some doors opened to me unexpectedly.

Another thing. This book does nothing to confirm or deny the reality of Shaver's deros — an evil race of beings living inside the Earth — or the existence of flying saucers and whether Richard Shaver and Ray Palmer invented them. This is a story of ordinary men thrust into extraordinary circumstances. What they did to overcome their circumstances hit science fiction with a one-two punch.

Introduction

"I am a cross-eyed old man. What in hell, nothing comes out of my head but repetitive nonsense. I try to write and nothing happens but moon glow on the knobs of horn — blow horn blow."— Richard Shaver

It is said that time heals old wounds. It can change a point of reference, create a new universe or a new attitude. It brings deference to closed minds that, in the dim past, prevailed. Whether time enough has passed for science fiction fandom to forgive the sins of Richard S. Shaver and Raymond A. Palmer is debatable, for history has accused them of the greatest hoax ever foisted on man and science fiction. They called it the Shaver Mystery.

On learning of Shaver's death in 1975, Palmer confessed that it felt as if he had just lost a brother,[1] and though their relationship was often difficult, they were brothers under the skin. They shared a history of trauma, violence, and transformation. The very act of their survival made them brothers.

The Shaver Mystery was a product of its time. It appeared in March 1945 as World War II was turning against the Axis. Atom bombs were about to drop on Japan. Intrigue, conspiracy, paranoia, and the hope and fear spawned by emerging new science ran rampant. Science fiction fans were claiming their place in popular culture. In the midst of all this raged the great conflict known as the Shaver Mystery, a prism through which the angst of war-torn Earthlings seemed to focus.

On its face the Shaver Mystery was the promotion of a series of science fiction yarns that appeared in *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures* magazines between 1945 and 1948, with Palmer as editor. It all began with a strange alphabet called Mantong, Earth's "mother tongue." It was an artifact Shaver "discovered" and developed over time.

Science fiction was already full of odd languages and slang. A.E. Van Vogt's *Slan* novels popularized new slang terms among SF fans. The "universal language" of Esperanto gained popularity in SF circles as early as the 1930s. Fans evolved their own language, and it grew into a sizable glossary of words. "Egoboo," "Beardmutterings," "Fiaggh," and "Fugghead" were colorful and puzzling terms to the non-fan. Language has always been the building block of any new movement, something that SF pulp writer L. Ron Hubbard knew when he fashioned Scientology.

The language key may be why Shaver sent his Mantong alphabet to Palmer. Shaver was not merely selling stories, he had a message for humanity. Nevertheless, Mantong was not what sparked the controversy. The controversy — the *mystery*— came from Shaver's claim that his stories were based on facts acquired from another world. Hardcore SF fans found Shaver's facts hard to swallow, though they were not the hoax everyone suspected.

Shaver's facts were what placed him among other historical figures like William Blake, Pythagoras, Galileo, Luther, and Emanuel Swedenborg, all of whom dispensed similar facts that came from auditory and visual hallucinations. Put succinctly, Shaver heard voices. They were similar to the voices heard by luminaries like Joan of Arc and Philip K. Dick, and they gave Shaver information. They also gave him his mission in life.

Shaver's voices explained that prior to the Deluge of Noah, an advanced civilization flourished under the leadership of three races: the Atlans, Titans, and Nortans. These beings came from somewhere in deep space and lived happily on Earth until the neighborhood went to hell in a handbasket. The sun began to spew radioactive particles that were deadly to their existence. Their bodies — once immortal — began to age. This would never do, and their learned ones sought an immediate solution.

At first, they avoided the sun by retreating underground, constructing vast cavern systems within the Earth's crust. This is where they lived and worked for many years, until finally leaving Earth forever, preferring the security of dark space, as far from our deadly sun as possible.

Shaver's incredible story of Earth's history was just a prequel. There were stragglers that somehow missed out on the migration to space. Some continued to live underground in the caverns constructed by the elders. Others moved back to the sun-drenched surface. These surface dwellers became human beings as we know them today. But underground there was a big problem. Many of the stragglers (Shaver called them abandonderos) turned into evil mutants, poisoned by the contamination of their radiation-filtering systems.

The cave people split into two groups: tero (positive) and dero (negative). Shaver's Mantong alphabet defines a dero as a "detrimental robot," that is, someone whose mind is controlled by the destructive emanations of the sun. Even worse, the deros have access to the Atlans' incredible machines left behind in the caves. These "mech" as Shaver called them, now in the hands of deros, inflict invisible rays on surface folk even today, controlling us in various ways.

Mech can eavesdrop on one's innermost thoughts, transmit physical sensations, healing rays, or instant death. A "telaug" mech can put thoughts into one's mind. Unlike his forebears, who explained voices as the word of God or angels, Shaver explained his voices within the framework of science fiction and emerging science.

In modern psychiatric jargon his telaug is explained as an "influencing machine," a symptom of a popular 20th century psychosis called schizophrenia. Whether it *was* schizophrenia is not known for sure; I have not seen Shaver's medical records.

Palmer discovered Shaver in 1943, less than six months after Shaver's release from Ionia State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Shaver kept his stay in Ionia secret as long as he could, for it had taken a great toll on him. It was a social stigma, a shameful affair that he felt would damage his career as a prophet and successful pulp fiction writer.

Shaver had been hearing voices since 1934, nearly ten years before he contacted Palmer. The voices gave him information that would become the foundation of the Shaver Mystery. Palmer accepted Shaver's information as if he believed it, and for that he was considered a hoaxer and a charlatan. Critics said he knew it could not have been true, that he was using Shaver to create a controversy. Some of that was true, but there was another dimension to the story. Palmer was a true believer in "the unseen."

History has not been kind to the Shaver Mystery. Palmer, known to fans by his initials (Rap), was considered an intelligent man. So was Shaver. Many considered him a genius in his own right. Both men blurred the line between genius and madness, and were condemned as liars and worse.

Unconsciously or not, Ray Palmer transformed Shaver's stories of a subterranean world of evil deros into a metaphor for the evil that gripped a war-torn surface world. The war destroyed Palmer's brother David and some of his closest friends and writers. He may well have seen the Shaver Mystery as an allegory of Man's descent into Hell, a modern-day *Paradise Lost.*

Shaver and Palmer were complex characters. Even those who knew them admitted that, within each of them, there was a wall beyond which no one could see. Their world had not always been a welcoming place for them, and they adjusted as best they could to their misfortunes.

Of the other players on the stage of the Shaver Mystery, few of them wrote autobiographies. Though Shaver yearned for a collaborator to help him tell his story, only Palmer stepped up to sketch a vague portrait of his life in his 1975 autobiography *Martian Diary.*

In the telling of their story, it is hard to know where fact begins and fantasy ends. Rap's critics would have us believe he was a pathological liar. Even his own grandmother could not believe that he remembered minute details of his infancy. He said he did, but she believed it was impossible. According to Palmer, her attitude was consistent with the rest of his family. They would not believe him. So Palmer came to believe he knew something others did not, which he explained in 1968.

> A hundred times a day I open my mouth to say something, then I clamp it shut again. It has been my misfortune to have learned something about that "unseen" world that exists all about us ... and when you speak of it, you'd better be kidding, because even though they may listen respectfully, or tolerantly, or with feigned interest, or with correct politeness, in the back of their minds they don't believe it can possibly be true, and they are firmly convinced that you are, at the very least, deceiving yourself, if you are not actually psychotic.[2]

And so it went with most people who knew Ray Palmer. They were never quite sure what to think of him. Did he truly believe in *anything*? Though he often tried to express his beliefs, he was never very good at it. His agile mind was in a constant state of flux. Facts were open-ended, never a sure thing for very long. Those around him saw this trait, but were at a loss what to think about it. Bea Mahaffey worked closely with Rap as editor of two of his SF magazines during the early 1950s. In a 1980 interview she explained that, try as she might, she could never quite pin down Rap's belief system — on anything. His explanations were so convoluted they left her bewildered:

> There are so many conflicting stories about the man. Having worked with him for five years, it is difficult for anyone to say they knew the real Ray Palmer, you know only what a person permits you to know. Ray was a complex man. He was a science fiction fan, he really loved science fiction and the field, and when the strife came between Ray and the science fiction fans that were so anti–Palmer it hurt Ray a lot more than he let on, and a lot more than people realized. When he lashed out at fans, it was hurt striking out. He was basically a gentle person who was a pacifist to an extreme.[3]

Rap's daughter Linda Jane also noted the confusion caused by her father's expressions of thought. In a note to the author sent October 10, 2010, she said, "By the way my dad talked, it was pretty much impossible to know if he believed what he was saying or not. I think he got a lot of satisfaction from that. He was always a good talker and a good writer and had a vivid imagination."

The obfuscation shielding Palmer's innermost thoughts was likely a self-taught survival

technique he had begun using as a boy. He perfected the skill while growing up with an abusive, alcoholic father, who did not share or understand his son's innermost thoughts and dreams. Keeping them secret was young Palmer's way of dealing with the emotional abuse.

SF fandom was a tough audience in Palmer's day, and may be still. Fans considered themselves superior to the rest of humanity — intelligent, well-read, and opinionated. Jokes and hoaxes played on fellow fans were a common pastime, as were fan feuds which were often exasperating and ridiculous.

Fans sometimes wore propeller beanies, dropped water balloons from hotel windows during SF conventions, and set off firecrackers to create general mayhem. City cops were aware of the antics of local SF club members and kept a wary eye on them. In one case, the FBI got involved. Fans set themselves apart from the uninformed masses, and were critical of anyone perceived as outside their point of reference. Rap began as one of these fans.

Fandom became an historical fact when SF fan Jack Speer partitioned it into numerical *fandoms*, or eras, each with its own personality and focus. Palmer's life as a fan began in Eofandom, the earliest era (1930–1933).

During First Fandom (1933–1936) the driving force was *Fantasy Magazine*, where Rap was contributing editor. Then came the First Interregnum (late 1936–October 1937), Second Fandom (October 1937–October 1938), the Second Transition (from the 1938 Philadelphia convention through the 1940 Chicago Worldcon), Third Fandom (September 1940–early 1944), the Third Interregnum (1944), and Fourth Fandom (late 1944–1947), which saw the rise of the Shaver Mystery.

From Eofandom to the end of Fourth Fandom, the number of truly active SF fans numbered less than 200. Shaver became the whipping boy of those fans, thanks to his role in *Amazing Stories* and the Shaver Mystery. This troubled Shaver to no end, to be so reviled, for he believed sincerely in every word he wrote — except for the ones he knew were fiction.

The Shaver Mystery, as it turned out, reflected changing attitudes about mental health as much as it did attitudes about science fiction. Shaver's stories encouraged a heretofore-unrepresented group of readers to come out of the closet. Fandom called them the Lunatic Fringe because they believed in and supported Richard Shaver. Many of these new fans said they heard the same voices that spoke to Shaver. Thousands of letters from readers poured into Palmer's office confirming that *their* voices were saying the same things described by Shaver.

This was a revelation for Rap, who said the letters were proof that Shaver's claims were true. Rap had tapped into a vast, marginalized group of citizens that did in fact hear voices. In Shaver they saw a fellow traveler, for he was hearing the same voices that influenced their day-to-day lives, for better or worse.

What these letters proved was not that Shaver's deros were raying thoughts into people's minds, but that thousands of people were hearing voices. In that sense, the Shaver Mystery became an unintentional support group for sufferers of auditory hallucination. All of that disappeared when the owner of *Amazing Stories* discontinued the Shaver Mystery.

It took another 40 years before these voice — hearers eventually found mainstream support from Dutch professors Marius Romme and Sondra Escher of Maastricht University. Based on their research into the "hearing voices" phenomenon, a Manchester, England, support group formed the Hearing Voices Network in 1990, following a national conference on auditory hallucinations. Its purpose is to promote understanding and remove the stigma from those who hear voices. Romme and Escher estimate that about 4 percent

of the world population hears voices. They contend that a diagnosis of schizophrenia is not predestined for those who hear voices, and believe that a normal life is attainable without drugs or incarceration for those willing to learn the purpose of the voices in their lives.

All this was in the far-off future in 1945, when people like Shaver were sent off to asylums. Fandom criticized these voice-hearers unmercifully, while Palmer lauded them for their bravery in speaking out. He also used their stories to sell magazines, which was, after all, his job as an editor.

One man who claims to have known the *real* Ray Palmer says that he was neither a liar nor a charlatan, but believed in what he published. William Lawrence Hamling, science fiction fan, author, and publisher, says Rap was a savvy editor, and knew how to create interest in a magazine. He was not out to snooker anyone with the Shaver Mystery, according to Hamling. In a 2009 interview at his Palm Springs, California, home, Hamling set the record straight on the Shaver Mystery once and for all: "It was not malicious. Palmer was a believer. He wasn't a phony. I can verify that. He was a top-drawer editor, too, and he had the record to prove it.... Ray had strong convictions. He really and factually believed Shaver, but he didn't promulgate fantasy ideas out of it, he *molded* the Shaver Mystery as a record of an era of hidden truth."

Nevertheless, the inability of others to believe in Palmer appears to have made him a lonely man, as he professed in 1966: "The fact is, at 55 years old, I find myself as alone in this world as a Martian, with actually *no one* to talk to! There is a borderline where ideas seem to become 'insanity.' For years I've had to pretend things to enable me to 'get away' with others."[4]

This may explain the story of Harlan Ellison and the elevator confession. One day during the 1952 Worldcon in Chicago, a teenaged Harlan Ellison caught Rap entering an elevator and rushed inside before the doors closed behind them. Having cornered Rap, Ellison demanded Rap's confession that the entire Shaver Mystery was a hoax. As the story goes, Rap acquiesced.

Ellison claimed that Rap replied, "It was a publicity grabber to obtain circulation." The elevator doors opened and Ellison bolted with the scoop of the decade. Word spread throughout fandom that Rap finally confessed to the so-called Lemurian Hoax. In 1957, Ellison went on the Long John Nebel Radio Show and reaffirmed his version of the story.

Rap responded in a letter to Nebel with his version: that he simply told Ellison what he wanted to hear.

> The science fiction fans (that small group officially known as "fandom") had condemned the Shaver Mystery and me, the first as untrue, and me as a "traitor to science fiction." Harlan Ellison was one of the prime movers in this condemnation. Most of them, I discovered by a few questions, didn't even know what the Mystery was about, and in fact, some had not even read it! Thus, when cornered in the elevator ... Mr. Ellison, who put his question as a challenge ... with the preconceived attitude that if I said it was true I was a liar, and if I were honest, I'd say it was untrue, struck me as the least qualified to put such a question, as he was just a boy of about 17. I replied: "I'll give you the answer you want. It was a publicity stunt to increase circulation."[5]

Ellison eventually went on to work for William Hamling, who knew Ellison well enough to believe that there *was* an elevator confession. Hamling says, "Yes, Harlan would do that. Harlan was mean. Very mean. That is true. He was capable of being a little son of a bitch. Harlan was what my wife always said; 'He is a naughty little boy, and always will be.'"[6]

Regardless of what others thought of him, Rap believed in himself completely. If it were not for Ray Palmer, who *would* believe in Ray Palmer? Well, Bea Mahaffey for one. She said as much in a 1980 interview:

> As a human being Ray was kind, warm, generous, very sensitive, and very easily hurt because he had been hurt so much. [He was] easy to work for because he made you feel you were working *with* him not *for* him. He was a very complex person; he was a lot more talented and gave a lot more to science fiction than people are aware; he developed some very good writers. It was a joy to work with him. It was not a matter of "me boss you slave," because it was *our* magazine we were working on, and I think everyone working in the office all felt the same way. It wasn't just a job you came and punched a time clock.[7]

Martin Gardner, a mathematician on a crusade to expose fringe cults, did not believe in Palmer. Convinced that Rap was one of the greatest flimflam artists of all time, he said he had proof. For example, take Rap's middle initial: Gardner said it was meaningless; it was just the letter A. He claimed Rap continued the scam by naming his son Raymond B. Palmer, which naturally follows A. Gardner refused to believe otherwise when a long-time Rap associate told him the A stood for Alfred. Said Gardner, "I'll accept 'Alfred' when I see a copy of Ray's birth certificate."[8]

This was the kind of criticism that plagued Palmer throughout his life, coming from learned men of letters. Gardner dug even deeper into the absurd when he wrote that Charles Brown, in his Palmer obit, "said the 'A' stood for Arthur. In an effort to verify this, I asked Jerome Clark, a *FATE* editor. He replied that his boss, Curtis Fuller, told him the 'A' stood only for the first letter of the alphabet."[9]

Locus editor Charles Brown did mistakenly write that Rap's middle name was Arthur in his September 1977 obit on Rap. As for Curtis Fuller telling Jerome Clark that Rap's middle name was merely an "A," Fuller should have known better, having worked with Rap for years. *Alfred*, not A, not Arthur, was Ray Palmer's middle name. All this went into Gardner's exposé, proving that Bea Mahaffey was correct in her assessment that conflicting information seems to plague Ray Palmer.

Rap surrounded himself with an inner circle of his closest friends and associates, usually writers, editors, and science fiction fans. This helped buffer him from a hostile world. Howard Browne, along with William L. Hamling and a handful of others, made up Palmer's inner circle at Ziff-Davis Publishing in Chicago.

Browne's name became indelibly linked to the genesis of the Shaver Mystery when he opened Richard Shaver's first letter to *Amazing Stories* in 1943. Browne worked as a Ziff-Davis associate editor for five years under Rap's supervision. Browne went on to become one of Ray Palmer's harshest critics, especially after Rap's death in 1977. In a tell-all memoir, Browne described a Friday afternoon ritual at the Ziff-Davis office, where Rap would personally dole out checks to his writers. Why in person? Browne said he knew why: "It was Palmer's way, perhaps subconsciously, of proving that — physically handicapped or not — he was the Big Man, the guy in charge. Cross him in any way, deny him the proper homage, and your income stopped, sometimes briefly, sometimes for good."[10]

William Hamling, who shared an office with Palmer at Ziff-Davis, hit the ceiling on hearing Browne's story for the first time in 2009: "Not true! He is so full of shit! That is Howard Browne at his worst. That is not true! *Not true*! The fact is, Howard resented that Ray was his boss.... Howard Browne is a liar there. I resent that, by God. And you can quote me. He's a liar."

Proving once again that emotions run high when it comes to Ray Palmer.

As for Shaver, he emerged, phoenix-like, from a decade of physical and emotional purgatory within the Michigan state hospital system. During that time, he fought it, escaped and was brought back. He became a victim of the snake pit of Depression-era mental health attitudes.

On his release, he spoke out against the state prison and asylum systems, writing articles and fictional stories to expose what he considered a racket by fat cats who doled out life sentences to innocent people. Rather than cure him, Shaver's ten-year ordeal drove him deeper within himself. Instead of silencing the voices, his incarceration gave him the key to their origin, their purpose, and his mission to expose a vast conspiracy that spanned centuries. His diploma on graduating from Ionia State Hospital was an ancient alphabet and a degree in Lemurian physics that formed the basis of his science fiction stories.

Readers have debated the truth of Shaver's information from the time his first story "I Remember Lemuria!" appeared in the March 1945 issue of *Amazing Stories*. It sparked discussion on the meaning of visions, dreams, and hallucinations. Students of metaphysics took the Shaver Mystery to heart, much to Shaver's dismay. He believed the voices came from living, breathing people inside the Earth. They were not spirits in any way, shape, or form. His down-to-earth personality added fuel to the debate, for, as unbelievable as his stories were, he was the most believable part of them.

Exactly how Shaver arrived at his vision of Lemuria (aka Mu) is something of a mystery in itself, as it differed from accepted occult lore of the time. Lemuria in Shaver's world was the name for Earth, which he attributed to Lemuria's three root races: the Titans, Atlans and Nortans. But the first recorded use of the name Lemuria seems to have come from Victorian zoologist Philip Sclater. In 1864 he posed the theory of a lost continent to explain the mystery of lemurs living on continents separated by vast expanses of ocean. In Sclater's 19th century, pre-continental drift era land bridges that met untimely ends through cataclysmic disaster explained many zoological anomalies.

Though Lemuria as scientific theory was eventually replaced by the theory of plate tectonics, occultists embraced the Lemurian continent, expounding on its history and inhabitants well into the 20th century. Proponents of Lemurian occult history included Madame Helena Blavatsky, theosophist William Scott-Elliot (*The Lost Lemuria,* 1904), Rudolf Steiner (*Atlantis and Lemuria,* 1911), James Bramwell (*Lost Atlantis,* 1937), Col. James Churchward — who turned Lemuria into a cottage industry (*The Lost Continent of Mu Motherland of Man,* 1926; *The Children of Mu,* 1931; *The Lost Continent of Mu,* 1931; *The Sacred Symbols of Mu,* 1933; *Cosmic Forces of Mu,* 1934; *Second Book of Cosmic Forces of Mu,* 1935), and Frederick Spencer Oliver (*A Dweller on Two Planets,* 1905) who believed survivors of the Lemurian catastrophe were alive and well in a complex of tunnels inside Mt. Shasta in California.

Oliver's image of a brotherhood of white-robed Lemurians residing in the bowels of Mt. Shasta was a template for Stanton A. Goblentz's "Enchantress of Lemuria" which appeared on the cover of *Amazing Stories*' September 1941 issue. Goblentz wrote of a scientist who used penetrating television rays to locate a vast man-made tunnel system 15 miles below the surface of Earth. The scientist found an entrance to the cavern world through the use of his invention and, after many days of subterranean wandering, met the descendants of the Lemurian race, which chose to live underground than return to the uncertainty of a cataclysmically challenged surface world. These Lemurians spoke their own root language and had fantastic high-tech machinery at their disposal, affording them a pleasant underground existence.

"Enchantress of Lemuria" appeared a full three years before Shaver became Palmer's top writer at *Amazing*, so Rap was aware of the Lemurian legend long before he rewrote Shaver's first manuscript and renamed it "I Remember Lemuria." As far as the Shaver Mystery is concerned, the question that remains is, how much of the Lemuria legend came from Richard Shaver and how much came from Ray Palmer?

This book barely scratches the surface of a phenomenon spanning several fields of study: space travel, life extension, mental health, history, geology, metaphysics, ancient astronauts, radionics, physics, astronomy, and SF fandom. A third of the original manuscript ended up on the cutting room floor to reduce its size. If nothing else, it is hoped that what remains will put a human face on two science fiction legends that, until now, history has deigned to present as caricatures.