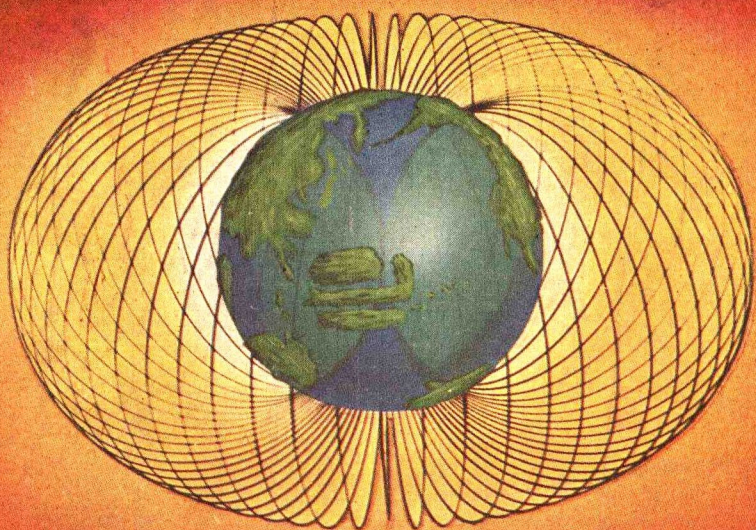


# AMAZING

## STORIES

DECEMBER 25¢

IN CANADA 30¢



THE LAND OF KUI by RICHARD S. SHAVER



## JANUARY FEATURE STORIES

Don't miss these great full-length novels which will appear in your favorite Ziff-Davis fiction magazines for January. Plenty of other stories and features, too, to give you the biggest money's worth of reading enjoyment you can buy anywhere. Reserve your copies now at your dealer—25c each.

### AMAZING STORIES

#### THE MIND ROVERS

By Richard S. Shaver

A strange thing happened in the "Big House"—Butch Valentine began to hear voices in his mind, and they became so real that he actually entered a weird world in his brain where monsters and beautiful women fought and loved—and died.

*And Other Great Stories*

### fantastic ADVENTURES

#### PRINCESS OF THE SEA

By Don Wilcox

She came out of the sea riding a white horse. Who was she, and what was she? How could a human being live on the sea bottom? Unless it is true that the ancient gods live there, and the lovely horsewoman was really the daughter of Neptune.

*And Other Great Stories*

### Mammoth DETECTIVE

#### BLOOD ON THE MOON

By Dwight V. Swain

How lovely the white light of the moon—but suddenly a crimson horror obscured its rays, and murder stalked through the red shadows. A two-dollar novel written as only an expert detective fictionist can write it.

*And Other Great Stories*

### MAMMOTH ADVENTURE

#### ISLAND OF VANISHING MEN

By Chester S. Geier

One by one they vanished, these unlucky men. Unlucky because they happened to be on the same island with—what? That was the question. And only a very lovely girl could answer the most terrible of all questions: *Who dies next?*

*And Other Great Stories*



# The LAND of KUI

by RICHARD S. SHAVER

**Back from their long absence among the stars came the Elders of the human race—to destroy a continent gone evil.**



The young emperor lolled on the throne, amusing himself with the court beauties who danced for him



**T**HE Nor-Princess Vanue reclined in all the ensorceling magnificence of her vital beauty. Her hair was a great air-borne golden cloud holding prisoner the light beams, holding them there adream in beauty. Her flesh was now rosy, now golden little shadows from the captive light in her hair—now palest magic of moonshine, now ivory pillars of strength fallen for a moment into rest, to dream. Her eyes, shooting out bright blue gleams above the whole immortal wonder of her, were blue bearers of the wisdom of the beauty of life that was hers.

Mutan Mion, watching and fallen adreaming, too, felt again the insupportable longing of love that such beings do inevitably inspire in lesser breasts. And as he watched, Vanue talked, her slow sweet toned words dropping like struck notes from some too-vibrant harp. Her voice was both a music and a meaning, an infinitely lovely poem of sound, with mind-heard overtones of subtle thought vibrating around the word sounds. For such is life growth, all those qualities which are the cultured adults are in an immortal multiplied to an infinite, to an nth degree, and Vanue was the product of an immortal culture—an adult immortal.

"My Mutan, in your days in Atlantis schools, before the migration, heard you ever of the land of Kui?"

"Lady Vanue, I was not an over-bright student, in those days. Something I have heard of such a land; but I remember little except that it sank after certain evil deeds and a desperate war."

"I have seen records of the events leading up to the cataclysm, salvaged by some intrepid agent of the superior powers from the very sea's roaring throat, as it engulfed all Kui."

"It was a great continent, the first

part of Mother Mu to be settled by the Titans. The greatest city on all that planet, now called Earth, was the city of Ra-Mu."

A wondrous place it was, Ra-Mu, of deep, deep caverns, vaster by far than those built by the smaller sons of the later colonists. It was deeper within the earth's diamantine under-rock where the very soul of the planet lies asleep. But hold, I am *telling* you—when I might be *showing* you those very old records."

And Vanue's great hand, which was swift and light as a sea-bird for all its size, reached for a bronze wand and tapped with it a silver bell that hung from the pillar of twining gold-scaled snakes beside her couch. And one of the floating-haired young Nor witch-maids, who are ever in attendance upon her for very love of her, came on quick, silkenly sliding feet upon the glittering floor—that floor which mirrored every movement many ways—and stood before Vanue. Her face was gratitude, an earnest hope that this call from her loved Vanue would result in an opportunity for her to return to Vanue some part of the value she daily received from Vanue's largesse.

"Bring those old Kui records for the Lord Mutan. He has never seen them, and I would like to look at them myself again. They are the only actual history extant of a terrible deed by the greatest villain that poor globe ever bore."

**S**OON the mysterious vapors of the thought cloud swirled within the prisoning globular force fields, and within the fluorescing vapors the images and happenings of another time and place were real again before us.

As the beloved Vanue rose on one arm to watch the better, all the unbearable vital energy that coruscated in her visible aura moved too, in a flashing inter-



play of a myriad colors, and Mion was torn between watching her, who was his Goddess, and this mighty tale that began to unfold in the mystery of the thought records projected in the cloud.

Now Mutan Mion lost his self, and became only an all-seeing eye within the time and place called the ancient Land of Kui. It was that time when our world was young and the sun was wholly beneficent and no thing aged or died on all the planet Mu.

Within the record projection in the midst of the thought cloud lay a great continent—a vast green jewel set in the blue water. The eye swept swiftly down as a plunging ship from out of the ether of space might plunge. And the great jewel upon the round cloud-hung globe that was Mu became swiftly greater, spreading outward, until below was only the tall glittering towers, the park-like treed spaces of the culture forests and the rolling vehicles and darting planes of a metropolis.

The eye of view swept on down like an alighting plane and entered at last one of the tall towers. Still down and down it swept and the floors of the towers swept past as if made of glass to the penetrative vision of the recording mech. Still down and down, and now the eye was far underground and ever about the speeding eye passed the endless tiered borings of the Titans who had built this cavern city and towered surface openings—the City of Ra-Mu, the crown jewel of all the Land of Kui.<sup>1</sup>

Now at last the eye of view came to rest, an omniscient spirit within a great and richly opulent chamber. About were the vast but lively bodies and laughing faces of the huge young Titan nobles of Ra-Mu. For this was the center chamber of the great suite of cavern halls and chambers that were the private possession of Salund Mar. And

Salund Mar was the second son of the ruler of Ra-Mu, and through the Elders of Ra-Mu his father was ruler of all Kui.

Finally the eye of view rested upon the princely person about whom the festivities revolved. Huge he was, but young, and with the spoiled face of inherited beauty that has been overlaid with the willful pride of a soured soul—with the subtle signs of the disaffection called Der.

His robe of blue velvet, worked over with great golden hawks astoop upon fleeing herons trailing their white tailed feathers, was flung open at his hairy throat's base; where the massive muscles swelled now with mocking laughter.

**B**ESIDE him sat his counterpart in physique and appearance, in coloring as florid, in mien as noble—the same curled black hair, the same strong thewed limbs carelessly thrust out and the same great white teeth aflash with

---

<sup>1</sup> Source of "Land of Kui"—quoted from "The Lost Continent of Mu," by James Churchward. Page 81—"Temple situated at Uxmal, Yucatan" and has been named by Le Plongeon "The Temple of Sacred Mysteries." On its walls an important inscription reads: "This edifice is a commemorative monument dedicated to the memory of Mu, the Lands of the West—That Land of Kui, the birthplace of our sacred mysteries."

On Page 78—"That Land of Kui" means the land of departed souls. The Egyptian Ka comes out of the Maya Kui.

Later, quoting Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the great Egyptologist, Churchward says: "Kui-Land, or The Land of Kui, according to the Maya language, was the birthplace of the Goddess Maya—the mother of Gods and of Man."

The temple faces west, and it is characteristically Churchward's contention that the Land of Mu, which I (Shaver) contend, was the name for the whole globe, and that Churchward was talking about The Land of Kui and it did lie in the Pacific. Churchward seems to think Mu and Kui are one and the same.

The South Sea Islands and other lands of the South Pacific are considered to be the remains of this sunken continent—the peaks—and the Polynesians survivors of the ancient civilization in Kui-Land.—Author.



laughter. But there was a difference, a subtle all important difference, and the friends of the older brother, Clotilde, while not as numerous, were far more steadfast and better reputed than the friends of the younger Salund Mar. Clotilde wore a sober black doublet, slashed with cloth of gold at hip and shoulder, and about his strong throat a gold chain, his only ornament. But the clothing of Salund Mar was set with great rubies—his hair sprinkled with gold dust and the dagger at his waist was set with jewels worth his own ransom.

This soberly clad and more meditative of these two brothers was Clotilde, eldest son of the ruler and heir apparent to the throne of Clotilde III, upon the elevation of his father to the greater planets. This event was ordained for the first day of the New Year, and that day was one month away.

Now the omniscient eye of the auto-spy-ray that had been sent there by none knows what method or by whom, swept nearer to the great black curled head of Salund Mar and went within to explore the inner nature of the man. And his thoughts became things within the thought cloud's projection.

Within his mind was again the whole Land of Kui, and crowning the great continent of Kui was the city of Ra-Mu and beautiful it was and rich and mighty within Salund Mar's brain. But crowning it all was the person of Salund Mar and that was the most wonderful thing of all in the mind. And within his mind his spirit moved, coiled, plotted and stunk like a slimy and poisonous snake, and made his face to smile and his mouth to say sweet words.

"Speak, my Clotilde, and tell me what will you do first when you are the ruler of all this mighty land of Kui?"

THE now serious face of Clotilde turned upon his brother and looked at him, puzzled. And then he answered, after a time of deep thought upon his answer.

"Why, first I shall ask all the classes, all the forms of life and all the various unions of workmen and like organizations for complaints. And then I shall spend my first years of office righting and satisfying every complaint. I shall not be as long as my father in winning my elevation to Hevi Enn and its more satisfying life."

"You are right, my brother. The great Elder race will reward you for your efforts, I am sure." But a careful listener would have read in Salund's voice that he had little faith in the wisdom of the Elder race or in the value of their rewards. And it is so with those that cannot comprehend greatness, trust or honesty, or believe in any noble thing. For Salund was dero, and such were few in the Land of Kui, and so it was that his dis-affection escaped notice, detention and treatment, was ignored by all.

And the young Titan, Clotilde, gazed long and dreamily at the eyes of the young girl Cilnor upon a scarlet couch across the chamber where she lay and dropped grapes into her open, laughing mouth, and talked with the maidens about her. And he did not fail to see the cunningly contrived ring on his brother's finger that was shaped like a snake, did not fail to see it open its jaws where the great head of the snake mounted the two diamond eyes, did not fail to see the shimmer of the drop-let of death. But it was so vague a sight that the eyes of Clotilde knew that it was but the shimmering of the lights that shone in the depths of the stones that were the evil eyes of the snake of the ring.

For the young Clotilde's great spirit



was adream with the tales of the wonders and pleasures of the Elder planets where he would some day win an entrance by wise and careful work. But the spirit of Salund Mar was as the snake of the ring on his hand, dripping slow death upon the best of life.

Clotilde was thinking that it was not quite fair in some ways that the son of a ruler had such a great chance to win the elevation to Hevi Enn more quickly than a lowlier person. For though Clotilde knew that he, too, would be a lowly person when he did arrive at Hevi Enn some time in the future, he knew too that he would be much better off than here as the ruler of all Kui. And was not his father being elevated in just one month to prove to him that it was a better thing? And would not the king of a savage tribe of the uncivilized jungles be better off as a citizen of Ra-Mu than as a king in his village? Proof enough, indeed! But the eyes of Salund, upon his brother's face in silent exultation that at last the poison had been administered, knew that such things were lies. But they were not lies, unfortunately for Salund. The poison was a slow one, and Clotilde died, one week later.

## CHAPTER II

**S**TILL and white and noble lay Clotilde in his coffin, in scarlet clothes that had been prepared for the ceremony of ascending the throne of all Kui-Land. And the rosy cross blazed upon his breast, and the eyes of all those who swore by the Rose Cross in that room blazed with a similar fire, and that fire boded ill for the one who had done this thing.

Black were the lilies banked about the great coffin, and black were the horses that champed outside to bear

his young body to its place in the great tomb. And sad were the cries of the young girls, for Clotilde had been greatly admired by all, and such capture the hearts of the young.

Death was almost unknown to the people of Kui, and murder was but a word they had read or heard somewhere. They could not fully grasp the enormity of the thing that had happened. Grasping it with their minds, they still could not conceive who might have done this thing here in Ra-Mu, where evil had no home.

Schooled and cool was the mind of Salund Mar, as he paced sorrowfully up the aisle of the church of the Elder One. Sad was his face, sober his bearing. But deep within the breast that sparkled with the dark blue gems set into the heavy fabric of metal-cloth, boiled an exultation. And the hand that rested on the jeweled dagger hilt was clenched, though his firm hand-grip to his friends told them without words that they shook hands with the coming ruler in sorrowing friendship only.

Pitiful was the white face of Cilnor, the maid who had been chosen by Clotilde and had promised herself to him. Like a flower whose stalk has been cut, she wilted visibly before them as they bowed their heads in the endless ceremonies of the Death of the Flaming Cross. And as the white robed priests swung their censers and chanted the last chant for the soul of young Clotilde, she ran sobbing from the chamber of death.

For three days she wept in her own quarters, and in the end they bore her away, not dead, but better so. Her mind had given way, and she saw constant visions of great hawks diving deathward on a heron, and the heron her brother. And the vision would not stop, but kept screaming from her

mouth to save the heron her brother. And many murmured at this vision, for it seemed the work of Mother Mu, the spirit that watches over all the better people of earth—the inner soul of the planet. But they placed her in the doctor's hands.

CAME the day of Clotilde the Elder's ascension to the first planet of the God Schools—Hevi Enn. And came the same day the installation of Salund Mar as the ruler of all Kui-Land.

The chief of the Elders sent from the far planet Hevi Enn was called Konro Loral, and he was of great wisdom.

These dozen mighty Titan Elders from far Hevi Enn had journeyed all that fearful distance through the star ways for no purpose but to officiate at the elevation of Clotilde the Elder to the greater planets, and to test the young Salund Mar for his fitness to assume office. And they worked all day after their arrival, preparing certain great machines of extreme delicacy for the testing of the mind of Salund Mar, for to put a whole nation into the hands of one young man is a serious matter.

The omniscient eye of the subtle spy-ray watched all their labors with interest, and Mutan and Vanue wondered who that spy who had brought the recording ray mech might be, and how daring and skilful to do what he had done without detection or hindrance. And they watched with open eyes, for such work was old. Since the time of early Mu much had changed with the passage of time, and many things had been forgotten.

Then into the quiet laboratory where they labored with their huge hands, taking all the delicate apparatus apart for examination and replacing, oiling and putting in new parts—into that place of quiet concentration of thought—came a great rushing of winds and a

roar. And Konro Loral straightened his back and looked at his other Elder friends from afar, for that noise betokened the departure of the ship in which they had come, and with it went Clotilde, and the ceremony of his elevation must be over and how could that be, for they must be present to make it officially proper? And even as their large grave eyes questioned each other, came a page-boy in his bright red doublet and striped hose, and whispered into Konro Loral's ear. And Konroe cursed a great God's oath and his face became fierce as a force-storm in dark space.

"Friends, the high priest of Ra-Mu, the shepherd of all the children of the Rose Cross, lies murdered in his cell—a knife in his back. And some ignorant oaf has officiated in his place who did not even know we had to be present, and has dispatched Clotilde upon his way without our knowing. And our own passage back to our home will now have to wait the coming of the ship from Hevi Enn next year."

"How can this be," asked Bonlor Vit, his bearded face white with strange thoughts. "Murder has not existed on this planet since the rule of the League began."

And as they drew together to discuss this strange event, into the great laboratory where they stood walked a procession of young nobles, fops with curled hair and many rich jewels glittering on their fingers, in their hair and worked into patterns on their clothes. These were the noble youths who formed the circle of friends of the Prince Salund Mar. Their perfumed hair, the twinkling gems starring their clothes, the luxurious, idle superiority of their faces, the curling lips sneering an evil intent on their faces—all these things told Konro Loral that events were getting out of his hands. And they



surrounded the labor-stained and bearded old Titans of wisdom and goodness, with their work-worn clothes and stained hands, their defenseless look of the habitual scholar and peruser of books who neglects the active and warlike side of life. And they mocked the unarmed scholars from far Hevi Enn, saying:

"You are the Elders of Wisdom from afar, but there are many things you do not know today that you should know to stay alive! Tell us, if you are so wise, why do you die today and at whose hands? Mayhap if you are really wise and not old misfit wise-acres whom the Lords of Hevi Enn have sent here to rid themselves of bookish pests, we will let you live. We do not believe in you or your wisdom or the mysterious powers that are said to protect you."

THE form of the mighty Konro Loral towered, and awe struck fear into the young fops, for Konro was twice the size of any of them. He looked at the arrogant young men with luxury and idleness, writing large and evil messages across their young faces' smoothness, and he said:

"You are the friends and supporters of the evil Salund Mar, and you have come to slay me so that his murder of the young Clotilde may go unseen and unknown forever. But you will fail, for, foreseeing the turn of events, I have sent a message with the ship that has left bearing the Elder Clotilde to the far, terrible might of the just and wise rulers of Hevi Enn, and of many another planet including this one, which is only a child among their other children. They will know all that has happened. Their ways of knowing such things are somewhat numerous, and even if my message, and the fact that I am missing from the ship which was

supposed to return me to my home will not tell them what has happened, it is not true they will not learn of this.

"There are other watchers, other messengers, and the tale will get through if my own letter does not. They will know all that has happened. It were wiser for you to give yourselves into my keeping, but you are unwise and foolish men who have failed to study in your schools. Your minds will never see the true way of life, and so I must die, which I foresaw long ago on Hevi Enn when I heard of young Clotilde's death which had no apparent cause. There was but one in all Kui with a motive to kill him, and that one was Salund Mar."

And the young men murmured to each other, seeing that Konro Loral was truly wise and no fool and that their deeds would not go unknown of all as Salund had assured them. But their fears of the great powers that were represented by the Elder Konro were so great that they decided to kill him anyway, to put off the final day of retribution. Principally they decided this because they believed in the careless and loving kindness of the good-natured Gods whom they had been taught to adore. They were sure that even if caught, their punishment would be light.

But Salund Mar came in, a great figure in a flame-colored cloak, belted about the waist with the forbidden dis-bulb pistols and a flame sword of the illegal charge. On Salund's flushed face was the fierce urgency of events that moved too fast for him. For he had listened from the distance to the thoughts of his nobles over his own telaug beams and knew they were not deeply enough embroiled as yet and might withdraw at any time. And he pulled a dis-bulb from his belt and pointed it at Konro saying:

"Make your peace with whatever you may believe to be the Gods of Death!"

AND that majestic working man, Konro the wise Elder from Hevi Enn, spoke, answering:

"There are no Gods in the Land of Death; but only a new beginning as a tiny seed and all to do again. There is only nothingness for an age in the Land of Death. You should not play with your own chances of going there by these deeds of yours."

And young Salund sneered, his lips curling luxuriously over his great white teeth, and the will to kill writing a terrible message of madness across the young spoiled face.

"Then may your Gods of Nothingness accept your deed, and maybe your soul, if you have any, though how even a soul could live through this . . ." and he discharged the dis-bulb into each of the Titan Elders' immortal and sacred bodies, bodies that had survived an eon of warfare and striving, to be betrayed in the end by a youth with not a tenth of their ability. Those immortal bodies dissolved in the pale flames of atomic fire.<sup>2</sup> The room reeked with the burning. Young Sleer Kopt, son of a noble of the court and Lord of the Province Koptland on the rim of Kui, laughed with the thrill of such sudden and decisive events, and opened the windows upon the great rocky airshafts and set the pumps going to clear the room of the stinking air.

"These great ones from afar with their feeble will to rule us whether we will or not, they do stink like any common cattle when they cook!" he said laughing and the company of young Lords all laughed too, feeling most adventurous and able to have disposed of this powerful group of men who represented the might of the League of the Rose Cross over the little world on

which Kui-Land was the greatest in strength. And in their minds they all decided that they did not need to be elevated to the planet Hevi Enn. For the ease of doing such things assured them they could build and would build a life for themselves as great as the good life of the far place which they had been taught to reverence and desire. And they ceased to reverence or fear the Elder Planets and their agents from then on.

So it was that young Salund, clothed all over in tight fitting cloth-of-gold, embroidered with great scarlet flamingoes with glittering eyes of sapphire, and sewn over with the green pearls of smoky beauty from the fearful deeps off Sair, and sprinkled over the hair, curled and black, with gold dust, and glittering all over like a candelabra, took his place upon the throne that had been his father's and should now have been his dead brother's.

And his full lips sucked in the taste of power over forbidden delights, power over life and death; and the serving girls, who had before been free, safe

<sup>2</sup> Immortal, meaning the ability to live forever, in the sense that "forever" is a definite length of time. To those of you who object to the apparent confusion of terms in the "death" of an "immortal," it should be borne in mind that "immortality" in the body, so sought after by mystics and alchemists in all ages, is a thing based on molecular structure, and not on atomic. Although we may attain a molecular balance to the body which permits a constant and efficient renewal of that body so that it goes on existing without deterioration, we are still confronted with the truth that this balance may be interfered with or totally destroyed. In that sense there is no such thing as "immortality." But that space is inhabited by a race of Men who are immortal is an unshakable truth in the concept of molecular structure, which Men may be and are killed as Salund Mar has killed them.

We may conjecture as to "immortality" of the "soul" as something atomic, or sub-atomic, rather than molecular, and thereby glimpse what may be another and greater truth of the continuity of identity, in which true "immortality" exists. Not even an atom bomb could destroy such "immortality."—Ed.



and with the common rights of all citizens, now cowered at his feet like slaves with fear, for they knew his temper and were afraid.

FROM the city of Ra-Mu an exodus of those who feared the mad young Salund Mar began. Many and great were the names of those who fled through the vast round tubes, wide as rivers and as level as unstirred water, that were the ways of the city of Ra-Mu. But the rolling caravans of merchant princes, of nobles who had in past time ran afoul of the uncertain temper of Salund, of the leaders of the unions of workers, and of all the life in the city with the wisdom to foresee what was going to happen under the hand of Salund Mar were met outside the hearing of the city by soldiers. Their massive war-tank spouted fire from the many snouts of the terrible ray-cannon-mech of the science of Kui, and the swift killing rays of such range that none other could reach far enough to defend against swept the caravans of all life. And the greater part of those who fled Ra-Mu failed to live to carry the news of his deeds to the rest of the Land of Kui. And their goods went into the private coffers of Salund Mar, and their great dwelling caverns with the rich furnishings of the merchants fell to the ownership of the young nobles who had abetted Salund.

Within the city's laboratories, places huge as an ordinary city themselves, labored now day and night all the skilled men brought by royal order from all of Kui. And their work was designed to construct an armament that even the war-fleets of the all-powerful, but heretofore peaceful Hevi Enn that were expected from space, would not be able to overcome.

In case all this labor should prove futile, and the wisdom and experience

of the much older men and greater and more able men from Hevi Enn should bring war weapons of more terrible power than anything he might construct, Salund prepared a weapon unknown to any science before. It was a thing so terrible that only his twisted brain could have conceived a use for it.

Deep under the cavern city of Ra-Mu, within the diamantine inner rocks that hold all the upper rock of the upper world in its place, he built a titanic machine of more power than men had ever put in one place before. What it was is this: a thing that affected the tiny magnetic charges that are the binding of all matter's molecules, that do flow about the surface of atoms as water does about earth—but that in this flow do bind them all into one—as mud is bound by water, but separates when dry and becomes dust. So it is with all matter to be held by this fluid stuff into a hard thing that we call rock, or steel, or whatever it may be. This is the powerful magnetic substance that is driven out when iron is heated, and that flows back in when the iron is plunged into cold water. They give temper and hardness by binding the parts of matter more firmly together in the iron. T-ions is what the scientists of Ra-Mu called them, and they are things that can be driven and coerced in many ways. Matter does strange things when these binding magnets are removed, just as water boils and becomes steam when the heat repellant drives out the binding of the T-ions.

JUST as water can become loose and agile and fly off like gas into the air, so can rock become loose and agile under certain rays that drive out this universal binding stuff of matter, and fly into the air as smoke, or flow along like water. And Salund Mar had found in an old book in the belongings of the

murdered Elder technician, Konro Loral, the drawings for a machine to make borings into rock, by the use of a ray of power that would make the rock run like water or disappear entirely as a gas, and leave a tunnel all bored through the rock without labor. And this was a great improvement over the method used now of boring tunnels with a dis-ray, for "dis" was an unpleasant stuff to be around, and gave off lava and fumes and was dangerous to all who handled it in tunnel boring.

This mighty ray-mech Salund did cause to be constructed deep under the very cornerstone of Ra-Mu, in a gigantic form, so huge it was that the machine itself was a quarter as wide as Ra-Mu above. When he turned it on for an instant of testing, it bored a vast hole clear across the under-part of the whole continent called "Kui-Land." Through all the under-rock went the great ray, melting and vaporizing all before it, and some rock flowed like water, down into the great natural caverns that do honeycomb the inner parts of earth—and some turned into a grey, soft gas and was drawn off by the air pumps.

### CHAPTER III

NOW were the days of Salund lording it over all the myriads of the people of Kui, and great was the misery.

Now was high revelry in the ancient palace cavern of Ra-Mu. Upon that throne carved of chryso-beryl, in the likeness of two great dragons holding in their claws the seat of power, with the vaulting flames of the Rosy Cross behind it, where wisdom and benevolence had sat for many centuries, sat instead the sprawled, bedecked negligence of Salund Mar. At his feet crouched the prettiest maids of the palace awaiting his pleasure, and they

were nude and ashamed. And about the formerly solemn palace chambers now brawled and tumbled and lechered the young nobles who had followed the lead of Salund in this as in other things. And revolt after revolt flared in the wide flung caverns, and the farmers of the sunbright surface threw down their tools and refused to raise food for such as this monster in the palace. But Salund with a ruthless and bloody hand slew all who opposed him and set others to their tasks.

Then came that day which fear and Salund Mar had awaited hand in hand. This was the day of the coming of justice from far off Hevi Enn, to see to the stewardship of the usurper Salund Mar, for the planet was in truth but a lesser fief of theirs. High overhead was seen at last the flaming symbol of the Rose Cross of the League of the Planets of the Elder Gods, and into the farthest limits of the telescopic eyes of the vision rays could be seen the armada of the space Navy from the dread power of Hevi Enn.

The great space warships of Hevi Enn, some manned with the winged men who are native to that planet, and some manned with the ordinary four limbed men who are those who have been chosen to ascend into that wonderful life, came steadily on, as though all the warriors of all the worlds of space were not enough to stop them or even give them pause. And the ships that Salund had built, and the ships that had been the old navy of Kui, took to the air under that fearful armada impudently, imprudently, and sure that only death could result. For those fearful ships of Hevi Enn were each as large as the whole vast city of Ra-Mu and the imagination could not dare to guess what wonders and terrors they might contain for war.

But Salund was not entirely a fool,



and had found some renegades from the armies of the far planets who had told him what weapons he might expect. And, according to their information, the long needle-like ships of Kui were armed with rays of vast power—a power that was terribly concentrated into a thin path, and the secret of such weapons was that out in space one weapon can reach as far as another, for space offers no obstacle to such passage, and only far vision is needed to make any weapon terrible. And the eyes of his fleet were as good as any eyes, Salund suspected.

SO THE thin, small, fast ships of Kui flashed impudently into the underparts of the vast fleet of Enn, all their rays blazing, and many a winged warrior, and many an ancient bearded and tremendous Elder of Hevi Enn, who had graduated from a dozen planets to reach that famed haven of immortality, died at his vision plate before they fired a shot. And the truth of Salund's audacity was seen; for the people of Hevi Enn and the League of the Rosy Cross had removed the causes of war long ago from their life, thus little improvement had been made in the art of war for centuries, and Salund knew as much about it as they did, for neither knew much. Or so Salund thought during the first few minutes of war which were entirely his way; for one of the mighty warships came blazing down to the globe below by some lucky chance shot, and several veered from their course.

But the truth was otherwise than Salund at first thought. For the might of their strength had given the leader of the fleet from Hevi Enn the idea that even a madman would know better than to fire upon them, and expected only some kind of bluff when the tiny ships took off from the round globe far below. The mercy that was a part of their

hearts made them hold their fire for that split second, which gave the tiny ships with their powerful rays their chance to get in a blow. And that was the end of the space navy of Ra-Mu, for with their minds enraged at the sudden attack without parley or other usual formality, such as prevailed among the cultured men of the League, the fleet of mighty war cruisers flashed now into intricate, unpredictable maneuvers so that no poor faltering human eye from the men who manned Salund's ships, against their better judgment and on pain of death, could follow, and the great rays lashed out simultaneously and down upon their poor heads came all the Hell-fire and God-anger of the power of Hevi Enn. And now a whirlwind of swift destruction, overtook them, and the thousand and more ships, long slim needles of seeming deadly destruction that they were, were within minutes but floating, blazing hulks, riddled fore and aft, and from those blasted wrecks men cried to the God-men of Hevi Enn to release them, or to kill them before the fire burned them alive, but the anger they had aroused left no room for mercy in the great hearts of the Elder warriors.

It was long after when all the wounds of all the Elder men had been attended before the mercy ships of the Rosy Cross flitted from wrecked hulk to burning hull to pick up the survivors and the wounded. For these were rebels, and the hearts of the Elder men had little care for men too stupid to realize that their rule was one of goodness, mercy and wisdom, and not a thing to be rebelled against by any but fools who know not where their best interest lies.

AND in the distances of space, phalanx after phalanx of Salund's needle ships dissolved before the rap-

idly shifting circles, squares and unpredictable formations and courses of the master mariners of Space. Still the great war-dragons of Hevi-Enn sped on deeper into the ever-night of far space in pursuit of the rebel ships that had survived the first shock of battle, and within hours the last of them had flamed into death before their fearful rays, and their anger was appeased.

Now back they came to float once more just out of range of the great space defense rays of the city of Ra-Mu, expecting that if there were sense in this madman, Salund Mar, the white flag of parley would go up from the tall towers of the entries to the underworld city. But no such flag greeted their eyes, and anger again flamed in their breasts, the same anger and hurt that arises in a mother's breast when her own son turns against her and tries to kill her.

And that anger in their breasts became actual force as mighty disintegrating rays reached out from the war-dragons and touched the tops of the towers so that they burned like tall candles in the night that was fallen. And the moon gazed whitely down on that strange and awful scene, and the great trees of the culture gardens wilted and dried and burst into flames from the heat as the tall towers flamed steadily under the dis-rays, and melted and flowed as lava, and the lava flowed into the great shafts that led down to the city—that city that extended in tier after tier from seven miles under the earth to seventy miles within the bowels of Mother Mu, and the lava formed great pools and hardened into plugs that sealed forever the openings into that city.

Now no more could Salund Mar send up his ships even if he had them to send, which he did not. But he could still keep the mighty war fleet at a

distance by the penetrative beams from his fortress city so far within the rock, and he did.

So it was that far off, a hundred miles from the city of Ra-Mu, the fleet landed at last up on the soil of Mu, the tributary planet which they had come to set to rights. And there on the coast of Kui Land great preparations were made to invade the caverns leading to Ra-Mu.

The Elders, from the far world of great weight, built large heavy mechanisms on wheels and began to assemble them in the river-wide tunnels that were the ways leading to the city of the underworld of Kui.

Salund bided his time and waited, and upon his face was defeat and a secret exultation that at the last he was ready to take his would-be conquerors to death with him, as well as all the people of the city who served his will so unwillingly.

AT LAST the invaders were ready, and months had passed, and Salund was ready too. As the terrible armaments of the vast bodied Elders from afar rolled through the under-ways nearer and nearer the city, with their vast fans of defense rays out ahead to block the dis-fire from Salund's army; as the last of them trundled from the surface down into the deeper caverns that led to the heart of Ra-Mu, Salund sighed, for his last card had now to be played.

So, manning its controls himself, and sending the others about up above out of the way, Salund reached out with the great rock-dissolving ray that he had built so much bigger than any man could imagine a use for. On the vision screen of its penetray guide-ray screen, he picked out the advancing war-tanks, the marching troops, the whole vast array of the Elder army advancing from



afar off. He turned on the terrible power, and the vast mechanisms revolved slowly in a great circle, and a pillar of rock about which it revolved was its hitching post and its protection from the falling rocks.

Under the great weight of the far off war-gear trundling slowly toward him Salund shot the terrible rock melting ray, and the floor crashed through under their weight and dropped them, shouting with death into the gulfs he had bored beneath them. The pillar of rock about which the machine revolved became the pillar of rock upholding the whole rock-warren city of Ra-Mu, for Salund circled and circled, seeking with his vast power-ray each last fleeing enemy tank and troop carrier and tool of war, and boring under it a vast shaft of nothingness into which it fell. And so it was that single-handed Salund Mar set at naught all the war gear and cunning of a nation of men far superior to himself, but it was with the invention of one of their number he did this deed. For this rock melting ray was a thing that Konro Loral had worked on by himself for years. Even so, few knew of it, so that when Salund Mar unleashed its vast rock dissolving power upon them, it was a complete surprise.

**S**ALUND sat upon the seat of the vast machine for a long time, entranced with the awful power of it, as it revolved about and about its great rock pillar that held the weight of rock from which it had burned away all the support. Steadily the terrible rock dissolver took away all the under-rock of the land of Kui, and a vast gulf was formed under the whole land. The eyes of Salund were filled with the madness of power as he watched its terrible work. Of the armies that had entered the ways leading to the city of Ra-Mu there was left no man alive, and nothing

remained of all those great ways and living places but one vast open gulf of darkness, for Salund had allowed the great ray to dissolve it all into the grey drifting smoke that filled the gulf with choking vapor of rock.

Now Salund sent a great telaug beam up to where the vast war-dragons lay along the coast of Kui-Land, and his thought over that telaug beam told the men of Hevi Enn, the crews of the ships and those who were yet left alive, some fraction of those who had come with the great armada:

"Take yourselves back to your holy land in the sky from which you came, for you have found a man of a different nature than those with whom you are used to deal. And if your fleet does not leave my land of Kui at once, I will blast out the rock from under you and drop you alive into Hades."

Sadly the surviving few men of Hevi Enn took themselves into the ships, and silently the fleet lifted into the night skies. Soon there was in space around the globe called "Mu" not one of the ships from far off Hevi Enn.

Salund Mar laughed greatly, got down from his seat upon the mighty machine, and went back up to his palace in Ra-Mu.

The people of the city could not sleep for trembling and thinking of the whole Land of Kui, hanging its vast weight upon that single pillar of rock; for the madness of Salund Mar had hung the life of a nation, the weight of a continent, upon that pillar forever.

No man knew how great was that gulf that the rock-dissolving ray had bored, for no ray vision or telescopic eye could reach the outer ends of that gulf. Some stole silently out of the city, explored the reaches of the gulf, and found no end. For the vast power of that ray had burned away the whole under-rock of a continent, and more

beside. Men cursed Salund Mar for a greater fool than any other that had ever lived, but that did not make them any safer.

At last learning what foolish support their lives had now been hung upon, the whole people of Ra-Mu and of all the Land of Kui tried to leave. But the soldiers who still served Salund Mar upon pain of death would not release the ships, and there was no way they could get away.

NOW as the whole land sat in fear of death, came a single ship over the blasted remnants of the surface towers that marked the city of Ra-Mu, and a message ray came down to them and said:

"Leave this city and this land, for it is doomed and all will die who now live within the Land of Kui."

The ship went away, and all wished they could listen to that messenger from afar, but there was no way to escape this madman of a ruler. The people sent delegations to Salund Mar, and the bearded old men begged him on bended knees to allow them to leave the city. But Salund would not give the leave, and his soldiers guarded still the ways, and the many harbors of the coast were in his hands, and there were no ships. There were few ships of the air or of space left after all the warring. These made steadily trip after trip from the crowded, fear-filled Land of Kui to the other lands of Mu. But all they could take away was but a drop of pity in a sea of vast need.

Life went on, and no more did the ships come from far Hevi Enn to molest Salund Mar, the great fool and terrible ruler, and some who went deep into the place where the great machine still lay as Salund had left it looked and saw that it was truth that the whole weight of the continent of all Kui was sup-

ported by that one great rock pillar of adamantine inner rock which was the place where the great machine sat and around which it revolved at a tethered goat around a post. All wise men knew that sooner or later that pillar of incassate, stubborn immutability must give way under the strain, and the sea crush in upon them all as the land sank. They went up to the city of Ra-Mu and prophesied that the land was doomed and all must flee. Many tried always to flee, but the mad Salund sat upon his throne, and sent soldiers to stop those in flight. Many were killed fleeing, and bloody were the days that passed.

Now one day another small, slim ship arrived from where no man knew, and hung out in the far blue of the daytime sky. A man came and appeared floating down from the far blue, with nothing to uphold him, but still he flew like a bird with no wings. He went into the great underworld of Ra-Mu and no man tried to stop him, for no one cared any more who did what, but only ducked and hid from all the soldiers who served Salund, for they were mad with blood lust, drinking and lechering, and with having everything their own way.

The stranger removed from the palace of Salund Mar a tiny machine and no one who tried to stop him was able.

(Upon the record was seen this man's face and Vanue looked long upon him and Mion thrilled to hear his words, as he told the people of Kui over a broadcast of diffuse beams in all directions that their time had come and they were given one week to find their way from that cursed land or die.)

AGAIN Salund's soldiers stopped all the people who left the city, but by now all the wiser folks had found a way of getting themselves away, or had died

trying.

At the end of one week the tiny slim ship above Kui-Land dropped one little shining sliver of death directly upon the scarred, burned lava pockets that were all that was left of the fair towers of the openings of the cavern city. The bomb exploded with a vast sound, and with the force of that explosion the pillar of rock that held Kui aloft splintered and turned to powder under the terrible weight. The whole continent crashed down and down into the gulf that Salund had created from his madness under the whole land.

The sea rose, then, into terrible, mountain-topping waves as the whole land sank, and rushed crashing and roaring across the whole fair face of the Land of Kui. Afar off on the shores of other lands the seas for a long time beat in waves a mile high, and many were killed over the whole earth. But the might of the great league of the Elders was not questioned again, and no more were the wise agents of the Elders of the Far Planet league killed by any man.

\* \* \*

AND Mion looked at Vanue, where she leaned on one arm still looking at the great sea waves dashing and shaking their mad manes over the sinking Land of Kui, and he marveled at her. Vanue looked up from the spectacle of the death of a continent and of a people, and was pleased that Mion was watching her in preference to the mighty spectacle of the far past. She spoke:

"That was the sinking of the Land of Kui, and the end of the wonderful city of Ra-Mu. Why the Elders of Hevi Enn finally destroyed the place I do not know; perhaps in their reasoning, their prestige demanded they precipitate the fall of the pillar of rock,

since it would fall anyway in time and kill just as many one time as another. Thus their prestige would benefit and a future peril to all be removed, and the devilish fool, Salund Mar, would not live to profit by his murder of their armies. Mayhap the man who ordered the bomb thrown did not know yet, not having read the records, how big was the gulf that Salund Mar had created beneath the continent, nor know at all that Salund had kept his people from leaving. That catastrophe set back all earth's progress for many centuries."

Mutan Mion made no answer, but looked at Vanue's air-borne golden cloud of hair where the light had fallen adream forever, and at her flesh, now rosy-red, now golden little gleams; now silvery shadows of palest moonshine, and at the ivory pillars of strength and beauty that were her limbs, pillars rising now from rest. He looked at her eyes that cast their conquering blue beams upon him, and his heart tried to burst out of its gold trimmed jacket for some reason. Vanue smiled upon him, for she knew him well. Mion got up from the chair of carven ebony, and went out into the night of the cavern city that was Nor, the ever-night of the deep caverns, and he walked a long time through the curious scenes which our tongue has no words to describe. Then he went home to his Arl and her soft arms claimed him.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps the true origin of this curious tale should be accurately presented to the reader, so that he may ponder upon the significance of what he has read. Richard Shaver, whose amazing "Thought Record" stories we have wondered about, does get these "records" from what your editor cannot but describe as "caves" (since he cannot prove otherwise). As a means of "testing" these records, and also as an exciting experiment aimed at determining just how much of Earth's ancient history might be substantiated from legend into fact by the deliberate invitation of still further of these "thought record" telepathic messages from the ancient "caves," we suggested that



Mr. Shaver write a story of the ancient land of Kui, as it has been presented in the remarkable books of the late James Churchward but to allow his "cave people" to have a hand in writing it by referring to their ancient records. Scientists have argued that Churchward was a dreamer and that most of his findings do not mean what he says they mean. It should be true, that if these "thought records" have any accuracy, and extend into Earth's past to the very first "Man" to live on this planet, they should substantiate or disprove Churchward's books. Mr. Shaver assented, carefully read the Churchward books which we provided for him, and then sat down to a weird experience in which your editor participated as a curious observer. From somewhere, over that mysterious machine, the talaug of the caves, came

pictures (invisible to your editor, of course) into the mind of Mr. Shaver, and rapidly he wrote the story "The Land of Kui." Afterward, Shaver expressed himself as "greatly pleased about the story for some strange reason." Of the truth of what we relate in this footnote, you may judge for yourself—it could be entirely fiction. If THAT is so, then mental telepathy is NOT A FICTION, or how would you account for the fact your editor KNEW before he read the manuscript, EVERYTHING THAT WAS IN IT? To your editor, it is another mystifying angle to the "Shaver Mystery." Personally, we think this Shaver story is a very long way from pure fiction—and we think we've seen the past of Earth "as through a glass darkly" but nonetheless we have seen it.—Ed.

## LEGEND of QUINMAS VALLEY

By REX DU HOWARD

THE storm had become quite bad, and Chatham Sound was no place for small craft such as ours, so we put about and into a nearby harbor. Further cruising into Alaska waters would be held up till the storm abated.

Overlooking the harbor was an Indian village, and having nothing better to do, I took my pencils and sketch book and went ashore to look around. I do a bit of sketching, something I fondly believe to be my artistic talent.

This town was a far cry from the day when the Indians lived in log and shak lodge, to the modern homes I was seeing; and my hopes of seeing a real Indian or hearing any native legends seemed small indeed. However luck was with me in that I found sitting on the front steps of his home a very old man, who when I spoke to him, immediately called to someone inside the house. A young lady came to the door. When I made known my wishes, she, after translating to the old man, readily agreed to tell me all the legends and tales he could recall. While he talked in his oddly drawled, yet smooth dialect, the girl, his great grand-daughter, translated this odd tale:

For several days Nis-We-Bask had been following the banks of a large creek; his friend Kae-lth had decided to return to his canoe at tidewater, thence to his summer camp. But Nis-We-Bask was determined to explore this river as far as possible, now during the low water season, just to see how many beaver colonies and other fur-bearing animals could be located. Kae-lth had suggested, rather apprehensively, that it wasn't safe for one man to venture into unknown territory; in fact even hinted that other creatures other than just wild animals might be found, with unpleasant results. Nis-We-Bask had laughed at his friend's fears; moreover he was young and strong and a good hunter as well as the fact that many other

hunters of their tribe had at different times gone out hunting alone, and with one or two exceptions had always returned. Aside from such wild animals as were usually found in these parts, what was there to be afraid of? Surely not the stories old squaws told their grand-children by the lodge fire; stories of giant men who long ago had paid their tribe a visit and taught the tribe many things now forgotten.

Musing thus, Nis-We-Bask walked silently along, sometimes along animal trails, sometimes along trails of his own devising. At the mouths of several small tributary streams he had noted beaver cuttings along the banks; thus Nis-We-Bask travelled, mentally charting and placing the spots he and fellow hunters would return to in the spring-time. Beaver pelts stacked the height of a long rifle could be used to buy the rifle, at the new trading post at Fort Simpson. With such pleasant thoughts he came upon an ideal camp site, and gathering some dry twigs, made a small fire and prepared his evening meal of smoked fish roasted at the fire, then, having eaten, he rolled in his blanket and was soon asleep. Toward dawn Nis-We-Bask was awakened to instant alertness. That there was something watching him he could not doubt, and the feeling was almost physical, then in an instant the feeling was gone. He was certain that it was not an animal that had caused him to awaken so suddenly; too any animal would have made some slight sound in leaving that his trained hunter's hearing would have registered. At the first rays of dawn Nis-We-Bask was on his way, ever up the river. Despite the odd experience of the night before he was determined to reach the headwaters of this river before returning home.

The river lessened in size as Nis-We-Bask proceeded, and toward afternoon he arrived at a high

walled pass through which the stream ran. The river being low, it was not difficult to find a way along its edge, which on the inside opened into a fairly large valley, through which the river meandered. Following this, Nis-We-Bask came upon a burned over area fully the length of six war canoes and fully half as wide, the surface being as smooth as the surface of the deep water in the river. Vaguely troubled as to what may have caused this burned area, Nis-We-Bask prepared to spend the night, and on the morrow start the journey home.

Even as he sat by his fire Nis-We-Bask became aware of being watched in the half light of twilight. He could not see who or what could be the cause of it. There had been no sign of bears or other large animals, yet that feeling of being watched persisted. Then he remembered Kae-lth's remarks to the effect that this was where the legendary giants had vanished. Still, why believe old squaws' tales? Those were only to frighten small children. The feeling of being watched became stronger, then the creatures appeared; the things that had been watching Nis-We-Bask. Even as he saw them he knew what they were. They were the Bow-iss, neither man or animal yet with the cunning and vileness of both. Creatures which in olden times, had boldly stolen children and women from the tribes; but they were supposed to have disappeared a long time back. The Bow-iss slowly shambled toward Nis-We-Bask making peculiar sounds as if laughing at some monstrous joke. Panic stricken, yet quite unable to move, Nis-We-Bask watched the slow approach. Then the creatures circled him, removed his bow and arrows and knife; then with two in front and two behind they marched him back the way they had come.

Nis-We-Bask though terrified had time to observe these creatures closely. Each was about the size of a youth, though in shoulder breadth equal to a man, bow-legged and with long unkempt hair of a dirty brown color. Each was clad in loin-cloth and sandals of some smooth, shiny material, and at each belt was a knife and a small box-like affair which appeared to be a weapon of some sort. The creature in the lead headed for a low overhanging cliff at the base of which an opening to a cave was visible, followed by Nis-We-Bask and the other Bow-iss. Nis-We-Bask would have fled there and then, but even as he turned one of the Bow-iss aimed his little box-like weapon at him, causing extreme pain and paralyzing him completely. Amid wild, pealing laughter Nis-We-Bask fainted. When he regained consciousness, he and two of the creatures were traveling in a weird conveyance that made little sound yet travelled at great speed, along a wide shiny road. Inside the cave it was quite light for the very rock overhead shone with a pale silvery color. Ever downward their conveyance went, then finally came to a stop in what seemed a vast cavern.

Nis-We-Bask had no choice but to follow the creatures. He looked about for an exit should

escape be possible, but saw none save the way they had entered. On all sides towered terrifying monsters of metal that somehow or other seemed to have lives of their own; one or two even glowed with a weird blue light. Beyond that his mind could not conceive or describe. One of the Bow-iss aimed his little box-weapon at Nis-We-Bask causing that intense pain and paralysis, after which they dragged him over and chained him to a ring set in the floor of the cave, then they proceeded to place around him in a half circle a pile of wood, collected for this very purpose, this was then set afire. He knew what his fate would be; he was to be roasted alive. Already the heat from the fire was becoming unbearable. Realizing their captive's crazed fear the Bow-iss screamed and danced themselves into a frenzy, as moans and cries were forced from Nis-We-Bask's seared and cracked lips, then merciful unconsciousness.

Nis-We-Bask awoke to a feeling of infinite coolness and comfort; then he realized that he was still in the cave, but on that strange vehicle and being returned to the surface; but instead of the hideous creatures that had taken him down into the cave, the other occupant of the conveyance was a man, huge and fair of coloring. The giant seemed to be aware that Nis-We-Bask was awake, for he turned and smiled, then he spoke though his lips did not move.

"Have no fear Nis-We-Bask, you will be returned to your people, those whom you call the Bow-iss in this cave are no more. While we were absent our home was discovered and occupied by the Bow-iss. The gods were kind that we returned when we did."

Through Nis-We-Bask's mind ran the stories told him in his childhood of the giants who had visited his people in ages past. Surely this being was also one, aye even the same, as were not these ones of ancient times immortal?

Soon they reached the cave entrance and the giant and Nis-We-Bask got out of the now motionless vehicle. Dimly Nis-We-Bask could discern the outline of something huge resting where that burned patch of earth was and he knew somehow that this monster had caused it. The giant broke in on his thoughts, in that way of speaking without uttering a sound.

"I will return you to your canoe at tidewater; do just as I instruct you to. Stand within this circle I have inscribed, close your eyes and do not on any account open them."

With that the giant left Nis-We-Bask and entered the cave again. Just then Nis-We-Bask felt a sickening falling feeling as if he were falling from a great height, then the feeling was gone, and he looked about to find himself on the sand near his canoe.

When Nis-We-Bask returned to his native village and tried to tell of his adventure, he was scoffed at as having a bad dream or falling and hurting his head and dreaming it all. But there were a few who did believe and some who still do.

THE END