

WILHELM LANDIG

WOLF-TIME
FOR



THULE

BERSERKER

BOOKS



WILHELM LANDIG

WOLF TIME
AROUND
THULE



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WOLF TIME IS

Spirits of vengeance tear apart the speech of
insight! Wolf time is
Wolfish behaviour goes
around, as we are told
of seers at the holy spring! Wolf time is
Destroy the melodies of living beauty! Wolf time
is
Violent offenders and overpowerers triumph! Wolf
time is
Reverse the sacred runes,
twist upwards to downwards,
confuse us!
Sight becomes confused
Delusion swirls around
searching and sensing

Hermann Pöpken,

FIRST BOOK

PRELUDE

skeggold skálmold
skildir klofnir
vingold vargold . .
(Hatchet time, sword
time, shields broken!
Wind time, wolf time . . .)
Edda/Völuspa

The year 1944 was drawing to a close

While the still intact German forces on the fronts in the east and west of the Greater German Empire fought back tenaciously and doggedly despite supply shortages, work on the home front was still hectic in order to bring about a last-minute turnaround before the impending catastrophe

New weapons and means were feverishly tested in the laboratories and workshops. Some were finalised, some were developed but never used. These were weapons and means, the most important and decisive of which could be removed from later access by the Allies despite the treachery lurking everywhere and which then disappeared from German territory without a trace

It was not yet time

In Kiel, as the last winter of the war began, the naval cadets stood in front of their commander-in-chief, Grand Admiral Dönitz, at their muster for the junior naval officers of the Imperial Navy. With hearts pounding and eyes filled with faith, they listened to the speech of their supreme commander. Like many people in the empire, they too hoped that miracles would still have to happen . . .

Dönitz presented a sober picture of the situation to the young people. He emphasised the duty to persevere harshly and without embellishment. Most remarkable for the audience, however, was the Grand Admiral's emphasised statement that the Imperial Navy still had a great task to fulfil in the future. The navy knew all the nooks and crannies of the seas, and it would not be difficult for it to carry out special missions.

This subtle allusion fascinated the young cadets. No-one was able to interpret the deeper meaning, but it was clear to all that every spoken word had a meaning.

word had weight

Dönitz's greatness was undeniable. The men of the Imperial Navy honoured him, and so it came as no surprise that the young officer offspring were also deeply impressed. All the enthusiasm they still had to give flew to their commander-in-chief. So they placed themselves unconditionally under the law of their imperial battle flag . .

Days later.

The increasingly difficult and critical war situation required supplies on all sides. So the detachments of young naval cadets began immediately

At the same time, a special naval group arrived in Kiel. After inspecting the personnel papers, they had those who had been invalidated out assigned to them. This group had the code name "Whale Shark" and was led by a corvette captain and an air force major. After this assignment, the special group immediately left Kiel with secret orders.

The end of the military conflict was fast approaching. The macabre climax, the radio announcement of Hitler's death in the command bunker, had passed and Dönitz had rightfully succeeded him as German head of state.

The drama of the last days of the war began. Chaos broke out everywhere. With their last desperate strength, the remnants of the Wehrmacht braced themselves against the onrushing Bolshevism in order to allow as many refugee trains as possible to escape to the West. In these last days, officers and men surpassed themselves, and no chronicle is able to record the greatness of the soldiers' self-sacrifice and achievements. All this in the knowledge that the surrender of arms had become unavoidable. The surrender of the German armed forces was imminent.

In the last few days, wave after wave of Allied bomber units continued to fly into Germany, dropping their heavy incendiary and high-explosive bombs over the cities. In the east, the red colossus rolled in and spread horror

The Red Army followed Ilya Ehrenburg's incitement to hatred: "Kill, kill, kill! ... Break the Germanic arrogance, take their women! . ."

At this point, no one thought it possible that the Reich, which was in the last throes of resistance, would still be capable of any action. And despite this very assumption, the German Imperial Navy launched its last and extraordinary endeavour, which was classified militarily as a Secret Command Matter and politically as a Secret Reich Matter.

had been organised. Despite the gathering of people and material, this operation held tight and went unnoticed by the agents working in the occupied territory of Norway.

On 2 May 1945, a large convoy of the new German giant U-boats, type XXI, which had been kept secret until the end, left the Norwegian port of Kristiansund for the North Sea. This flotilla had been ready for departure since 24 April.

Shortly afterwards, a naval battle, kept secret by the Allies for as long as possible, took place between the German unit and Allied naval forces in the area between Iceland and Greenland. .

I

THE HIDDEN BATTLE

"Total humanity has its reliable sword in the law revealed in its attitude
This makes the total human being unassailable and insurmountable even in the greatest isolation, even under the curse and spell of lawless fanatics."

Kurt Eggers

Above Kristiansund, scattered stars twinkled through torn cloud cover. Foggy clouds drifted inland from the sea, and the sentries in the harbour wandered around like ghostly shadows. The city itself lay in darkness, and only a narrow finger of light from the moon broke through a hole in the clouds

That night on the second of May, boat after boat of the giant U-boat flotilla of the latest type XXI crept out of the harbour. The first to leave were combat boats, followed by a number of lightly armoured supply boats of the same type, and the final boats were again combat boats.

The entire flotilla had crews, officers and men, mostly young and single people, most of them under 25 years of age. The exceptions were assigned civilians, including technicians and scientists. Vidkun Quisling was also to be brought to safety with this unit, but he refused to leave Norway.

When the boats sailed, the crews disappeared from the German records and were considered missing from then on. When selecting the crews, care had already been taken to find people who had few or no relatives or loved ones left. Their disappearance was therefore not particularly noticeable

All the boats were amply supplied and well over the crew strength target, right down to the last corner. The commanders of the submarines had precise orders. Enemy sea surveillance was to be avoided for as long as possible. The new type of boat was no longer as difficult as the earlier types, which had suffered heavy losses in recent years due to the enemy's technical developments. The new boats' snorkels had been made location-proof with a Buna coating and also carried a round dipole antenna for warning reception, which also responded to the 9 cm wave of the British Rotterdam devices.

The new boats were two-storey and had a displacement of 1500 tonnes. In the lower compartment there was a huge accumulator battery which allowed the boat to travel at a maximum speed of 16 nautical miles for one hour, with which it could shake off any pursuers at sea. Furthermore, each boat had an active locating device that made it possible to locate enemy ships up to a distance of 8 nautical miles. Another advantage of the boats was their significantly higher average speed and the ability to remain under water for four days at a slow crawl. A few hours of snorkelling were enough to recharge the battery. A further-developed balcony listening device was able to detect the propeller noises of convoys up to 40 nautical miles away, giving the boats additional safety and attack orientation.

Then there were a few more boats of a completely new three-thousand tonne boat type, which had two turbine sets for propulsion and a crew of 50. They were kept under the strictest secrecy, as they were not fuelled by the means previously used. A completely new type of fuel was filled into bottles and labelled with a pressure stamp. The fuel was a mass that oxidised in oxygen. Mixed with seawater, the new type of element bubbled up, then this oxide-seawater compound was blown into turbines under the enormous pressure of six hundred atmospheres. From there, the mixture was channelled through a regenerator and, after a separation process, returned to the boat with the recovered oxygen. The remaining substance was then channelled through a hollow shaft to the propeller. By removing the fog from the propellers through a suction effect, the speed could be increased. With the propellers working freely, the new type of boat travelled 75 nautical miles under water. And with the help of the recovered oxygen, it was even possible to travel underwater for years. A substance similar to salt or carbide functioned in chambers that were adjustable. A very small amount was enough to drive the turbines. The speed was regulated by adjusting the valves. These boats with their completely new type of propulsion were the best-kept secret of the Kriegsmarine and had to be kept out of enemy hands. U 558 of this new series suffered engine damage during a special operation off Iceland and disappeared. The aforementioned number of the series never appeared anywhere, nor did any other numbers.

m

The German designers had thought of everything when developing the latest types. They were just a year too late.

When the Ghost Flotilla reached the open sea, it formed up according to plan and headed for the North Sea. The world did not yet know that the boats were equipped with new technical devices and weapons.

The supply boat 5XX was also in the convoy. Like other boats, it unusually had two commanders on board. The commander on duty was Captain Formutt. He was also single, after his family had been killed in a bombardment of Berlin. A crew of 18 was planned for the boat, but there were 59 men on board. The spirit on board was serious but unbroken, in keeping with the situation at the end of the war. Somehow the men on the boat sensed the extraordinary nature of this endeavour and the responsibility that had been placed on each and every one of them. They knew that the war in the Reich was coming to an end and that they would be on the brink of surrender. With this knowledge, they travelled towards an uncertain future.

Among the men detached to boat 5XX were two lieutenant captains who were not part of the crew. Like many other men in the unit, they were entrusted with special tasks. One of them was from Hamburg, the other from Vienna.

It had not been easy to remove the sifted personnel for special tasks. Skills and probation were the focus of a rigorous examination. When they received their orders and were assigned to the unit, everything that had gone before faded away. Kristiansund was a turning point for them.

Although inwardly driven by restlessness, their expressions showed restraint and calm. Only their thoughts and expectations rushed ahead of the boats, which were travelling across the vast sea towards a distant destination.

At night, the boats would surface after they thought they were largely safe in these waters. The heavy storms of April were over, but the big Atlantic waves still showed all the symptoms of an angry rolling sea. The wind played a primal concerto, and the bright wisps of spray on the crests of the wave crests glistened pale silvery under the slender fingers of the rising night satellites, which occasionally broke through the long cloud lines. These were the favourite hours of the sea giantess Ran

The supply boat U 5XX was now also on a surface voyage. The commander, the 1st officer in charge, the two caeus and a chief petty officer were standing on the turret of the vehicle that had surfaced. The officers on duty peered intently into the dark expanse of night, in which the towers of several distant boats could be dimly seen

With his hand held out as a windbreak, Lieutenant Captain Krall from Hamburg turned to his companion and said, just barely intelligibly:

"Many hundreds of years ago, the Vikings sailed into the grey void in search of Thule."

The Viennese Hellfeldt nodded. Turning his head away from the wind, he added:

"Back then, the cross-bearers flooded Norway and drove out the faithful."

Krall's angular face showed bitterness. "It's similar today. Now it is again soldiers of Christ, as Churchill says, who have allied themselves with atheistic Bolshevism to destroy the Reich. We too are now displaced persons because we do not want to submit to the great plan of the anonymous..."

A breaker flooded the foredeck of the boat and made it dance. Hellfeldt wanted to reply, but a violent gust tore the first word from his lips. The stiff Atlantic wind played with his strength. It brought the cold of the north and tugged at the tower crew's clothing.

The boats ahead could be seen diving slowly in hazy visibility. The commander of U 5XX made a curt gesture. "We're diving now too!"

The men on the tower hurried to obey the order. They hurriedly descended into the boat, one behind the other. The commander was the last to follow, after casting a peering glance into the leaden-coloured expanse. It now looked as if the low-sailing dark clouds were drawing a protective veil over the ghost flotilla against the clearing light of the moon

After closing the turret hatch, the large boat flooded and sank. The periscope and snorkel were extended. The interior of the vessel was largely quiet at this time. Everyone who was off duty or not part of the crew was asleep. The sound of the evenly working engines sounded like a calming monotonous melody, and the lights spread a mild glow

"It's all going well," said Krall as he climbed into his cramped bunk. "This new type of boat will live up to all expectations. Now we can outwit the enemy's defence technology again. Since 1942, we have had to accept considerable losses due to the enemy's targeting of our radio traffic and radio detection."

Hellfeldt, who was already lying in the neighbouring bunk, replied yawning: "Well, the enemy cousins from the island didn't lie on their ears either. Churchill wanted blood and tears, as he so cynically and beautifully told his people, but not more than too much of it. So the cousins had to come up with some ideas to keep things from getting too bad."

"Mhm . . ." Krall grimaced. "They came up with some things that didn't suit us. But it also forced us to think further, and now it's our turn! "

"Well, we already gave a taste of this the previous month when we inflicted heavy losses on a convoy because the enemy's defences were so confused!"

"Certainly," Krall confirmed. "But now we have even more cards up our sleeves!"

"When the time is right, we'll play our new trump cards," Hellfeldt muttered. "Our pack's raid is like a swarm of hornets that shouldn't be teased. Who knows what's in store for us in the near future. We're all living with a strange feeling now. It's a spell of something extraordinary, combined with a knowledge of great tasks."

"What do you mean big tasks?..." The hamburger coughed slightly. "We're travelling around in the devil's kitchen, and there'll be a row, my dear! "

"Who are you telling?" Hellfeldt waved his hand tiredly. "You'd better sleep, Meerhusar, I can already feel the dawn approaching underwater. Who knows what the day will bring..."

"So let's stop with the chit-chat and get down to business." Krall was still babbling:

"On this trip, you mix up day and night. You become a fish..."

The convoy continued northwards past Iceland. Observation revealed heavy enemy radio traffic, which indicated that Allied convoys were very active. Everything pointed to the fact that the Allies no longer expected German operations in the Atlantic. It was known that the German Imperial Navy could now only limit itself to bringing parts of the German civilian population and wounded members of the Wehrmacht in the east to safety from being overrun by the Soviets at sea.

The hopelessness of the situation and the misjudgement of the Western Allies towards the Soviets was also clear to the men of the navy. Even before they left Kristiansund, the men knew that it was too late for miracles to turn the tide of the war, and this knowledge was a prerequisite for the fulfilment of their special tasks. They were now the broken bearers of an order that was abhorrent to the rest of the world. The law to which they had subjected themselves did not embody party thinking or denomination, but sprang from the timeless idea of empire. It was the spirit of heroic realism in the awakening to the total essence of a people that did not give up even on the threshold of impending doom. With this soulfulness and a

In their deep belief in the law of time, they sailed into the great unknown that lay in the bosom of the future, which only the Norns knew how to interpret. Hour after hour passed, and the boats travelled steadily along.

Their radius of action and speed capabilities surpassed all of their opponents' assumptions and could still cause surprises.

The two lieutenant captains entrusted with special duties were sitting on the edge of their bunks, full of inner restlessness.

"We know a lot and we know nothing," Krall whined, grumbling about the monotonous hours. "We should have a scribbler on board who can oracle.

"There's nothing in the pot for oracle-hungry people," Hellfeldt joked. "We have to blow off steam with consolations! "

"I've been told that the Viennese are particularly blessed with pious sayings," the man from Hamburg replied.

"Certainly," said the man addressed, deadly serious. "Like this, for example: He who trusts in God and stands firm has not built on sand! "

"Zum Düwel ook," grinned Krall. "This psalm could have been stolen straight from our harbour on the Elbe! Banging around will probably be part of our happiness in the near future."

"Good for those who can," Hellfeldt said dryly. "Besides, the navy isn't a skittles club."

"I never said that," the man from Hamburg defended indignantly. "Well, we're both no longer smoking wet nurses and will get through our little games! "

"Of course! And I love going fishing with you. We'll have a lot of fun together."

"Haha fun! that I don't laugh! Have the past five years of war been fun? Do you think the future will be any brighter? Schott and Butt, the sharks are laughing too! "

Bright laughter came from the neighbouring bunk. Mattheus, a newly qualified midshipman who belonged to the whale shark detachment, volunteered to listen to the Kaleu intermezzo.

"Gentlemen," he said with a respectful undertone, looking enviously at the German Cross in gold that both naval officers wore next to the two Iron Crosses, "now I know how not to be defeated!" His boyish eyes beamed at his older comrades.

"Everything has to be learnt," replied Krall. "Gallows humour was always a good companion when things got queasy. But there have always been enough people who just couldn't laugh when it rained rubbish! " The ensign tried to smile. "They say of the Vikings that they

would have laughed and sung even when they were dying."

"That may be so." The man from Hamburg grimaced. "In any case, I wasn't there."

"But it's true, isn't it?" Mattheus objected.

"Sure! But people also change over time. Some remain people-conscious and carry on their good blood, others degenerate." Krall showed a pinched mouth.

"But that's not just the case with us Germans. Almost all Western nations are now undergoing a process from which either elites will once again emerge to fulfil history's mandate, or the degenerates will drag their nations into the abyss of self-destruction. Bravery is the prerogative of the elites. In them still lives the unbroken law of life assertion and fearlessness before death. The Vikings also lived according to the principle: Everything necessary is good! That is why they fought like berserkers, because life and death lie side by side. What must be done, must be done to the last! "

"Surely good must always win in the end?" The ensign had a believing light in his eyes.

"Let's hope so," Hellfeldt interjected. "If the good guys don't fight, the bad guys will win! "

The ensign's eyes wandered a little. His simple view of the world and lack of experience did not yet tolerate any complications in his thinking. The fire of youth still burned within him, and his inner vision was full of illusions.

The Viennese sensed the boy's uncertainty. He added reassuringly: "You can lose a lot, my dear! But never give up hope! Even the smallest flame, coming out of the darkest night, can become a shining light again. It often depends on the guardians! . . ."

The ensign no longer answered. He looked thoughtfully at his older comrades. There was understanding and silent thanks in his gaze.

The boats were now travelling in the space between Iceland and Greenland.

It had cleared up slightly and the sea was peaceful. A few thin veils of clouds drifted smokily across the sky, dots of light danced on the waves. There was a trace of smoke behind the chine.

Shortly afterwards, the alarm was sounded. The supply boats dropped off according to a fixed plan, while the rearguard vessels advanced overtaking. Everything proceeded in a manoeuvre-like manner and without disorder. It almost seemed as if the men in the flotilla were happy to add some excitement to the journey. Following the commanders' instructions, the crews immediately realised that the boats were forming up to attack.

"Damned if we're not driving a battle cigar," Krall cursed into the alarm.

into it. "Now we're stuck in a supply boat and can't paint any stripes."

"Better safe than sorry," Hellfeldt replied, unperturbed by the commotion. "The people at the Führer's headquarters or in the naval high command already knew why specially commissioned personnel were shunted off to supply boats."

"If we want to know what happens next, we have to stick with the commander," said the Hamburg native.

"He's already in the detection room and has the whole team of specialists around him," Hellfeldt explained. "There's no tail in the tower. Just the II WO and a chief petty officer."

"I'm not interested in the tower either. Let's get to the tracking room! "

When they arrived amidships, the commander was already waving to them from the tracking room: "Come in, there's still room! We now have an excellent radio link. There's a strong enemy formation ahead of us and the flotilla has already been ordered to attack by the FdU!" The second commander suddenly appeared next to the two lieutenant captains, having previously inspected the alarm service. "We've now received some unexpected help!" He patted both naval officers on the shoulders. "A flying object, launched from a base outside the Reich's territory, is observing a strong enemy warship formation from a great height and is transmitting the orders to the command centre on longitudinal waves. We can receive these longitudinal waves up to a water depth of 20 metres."

"This base is probably Arctic point 103," Hellfeldt added.

"Ah! " The second in command was astonished. "Then you probably also know that the flying object is possibly a flying disc?"

"We both know that," the Viennese confirmed curtly. "These flying discs were constructed under the designation V 7. We heard a lot about them from a Major Küpper who was present at our order reception."

"Our flotilla is attacking now," the second in command waved them off. "When the spell is over, you two come to me!" He turned away briefly without waiting for confirmation of his request. His interest was now focussed on evaluating the tracking results and the Fu reports. And both commanders began to curse.

Captain Formutt slapped his clenched right hand into his open left palm. "Right now, when big pots are sailing in front of our noses, we have to watch! I'd give anything to be able to do more than

just following things..."

"That's rubbish," growled the second one laconically. "Nothing we can do." He turned back to the two Kaleus: "With our new technical equipment, which is available to us here in the tracking room as a command centre, we can at least keep a good eye on the whole thing. In any case, we are approaching the approximate 8 nautical mile limit so that we can start active localisation. It's a pity we didn't have all these nice things two years ago. Active localisation, similar to the echo sounder system, as well as the security of our radio short pulse system against direction finding by the opponent are already a big thing. Now the helmsman can determine the course of the boat and we no longer need periscope observation. What's more, the maximum deviation of the values determined at the furthest detection range is only fifty metres with an angular accuracy of plus or minus one degree. We commanders no longer make decisions on our own, but are dependent on close cooperation with our technical group."

"We've already got that covered, even though we only serve on surface vessels," Krall replied. "We..." A call made him pause.

One of the technicians threw up his hand. "We have the first results of our active detection! We can now work with our device and keep the ordered distance at the same time! "

Now the hustle and bustle grew. The "courier", a short signal crowded onto Millisec, worked without complaint. The liaison bridge over the V 3 in the sky sent instructions and reports. The location centre was now buzzing frantically with continuously reported results, instructions and incoming noises from the boat service.

The men of the crew did their best. Five years of war no longer gave rise to loud enthusiasm, but their dedication to duty and their zeal were unshaken. The tension in the boat grew, and they waited for the first results of the attack that was about to begin. For more than two years, the men of the German U Boot Waffe had become the hunted, and now the tide was turning again. The hunted became hunters again.

Detection became more difficult for the U 5XX technical team. Fighter boats had pushed their way between the supply boat and the enemy squadron, and the pulse reflexes with changing values increased. Signals and communications now demanded full concentration and attention

The flying disc's operational support completely replaced the four-engined Condor aircraft that the company lacked. The high technology for the mission had never before been achieved in this way, and the men of the flotilla utilised the possibilities given to them to the best of their ability. The attack was on.

Now the moment had come when every single minute stretched the tension, which had become almost unbearable. The crew of U 5XX could do nothing on their own and had to wait for reports on how things were progressing.

"Strange war, where you can't see an enemy in action," cursed a voice in the tracking room.

"And damn it, you can't see if and how the pots go up! " "I'm asking for calm!" Formutt's voice sounded a little sharp.

"How are we supposed to..."

Shouting came from outside. A mate rushed into the room and waved a piece of paper. "This is a report from the FdU! Confirmation of the first hits!" He slammed the hooks together and twisted his mouth up to his ears. "Enemy in the range of our eels! ="

"Well, here we go!" The second in command tightened up. "This should now be a historical memorable event: we lose the war and win a final battle..."

Now it was Formutt who interrupted all speech. He ordered an immediate overall situation localisation in order to reconfirm the safety of his own location

In the meantime, new messages arrived that shortened the wait and indicated further hits.

"Well, these are our latest torpedoes, which can navigate to their target independently! " Formutt's face showed satisfaction. "These eels run up to the enemy at a depth of 50 metres and use their listening heads to steer towards the propeller sounds. Our boats are able to release six eels at the same time. After ten minutes, another six of this type of T XI can be shot down! "

Now the technicians came back to investigate. The results showed a safe position for U 5XX and no enemy air activity. The operating flying disc also confirmed enemy-free airspace, as was to be expected in this area

"We'll go to periscope height," decided the commander. "Let's see how many pots sink! " He left the detection room, followed by the second in command, the I. WO and the L.1, who were joined by both naval officers

While the boat was still rising and the periscope was being extended, both commanders were already standing in front of the eyepiece to get an overview of the situation as soon as the correct diving height was reached.

After a few minutes, the periscope broke through the water line and reached a clear field of vision. Formutt was the first to scout and searched the rear sight towards the enemy. The men stood crowded together with undisguised impatience

next to him

The second in command could not contain his curiosity. "Oh, the monkey's got me in lust! Is something happening?..."

Instead of replying, Formutt gave the order to head closer to the enemy. Then he turned round and released the eyepiece. His face suddenly looked old. "My God! It's like a nightmare! See for yourself! =" Stepping back, he let the second in command approach. "T e l l m e , i s i t t r u e ? " He stroked his eyes with his hand and waited.

The second in command moved the eyepiece, searching. The men watching him saw how his hands tightened around the handles. His face was a mask. When the second man turned round, he nodded to Formutt. "This is not a dream, but a terrible reality! Hardly a trace of the enemy's fire spell. The entire visible length of the enemy squadron is littered with sinking ships, including some mighty hunks! "

The men looked at each other, then one by one they also approached the periscope. None of the men who then stepped away were able to hide their surprise.

"This will drive the Allies to the bone when their staffs receive this message," said Formutt seriously. "Now we have an unbeatable weapon to disrupt and destroy the enemy convoy system and squadron movements. Unfortunately, too late! . . ."

Further news has now come from the FdU. This not only confirmed what we had just seen, but also made it known in figures. The result must have been shocking for the Allies when it became known. The spider-web-like fanning torpedoes of the new type T XI had hit all the ships of the enemy squadron without the enemy having succeeded in inflicting any losses on the attackers in the short time of their desperate defence. The flotilla had fought a battle, from which it continued in an orderly fashion as if on manoeuvre.

The periscope of U 5XX showed the observing men ships sinking over the entire length of the horizon. Some of the ships' bows and sterns were rising increasingly steeply towards the sky, while others were still leaning and sinking. Occasionally there were explosions that turned the drama of war into an inferno. Clouds of smoke clumped together in absurd shapes and formed an eerie backdrop to the sea, which was churning in places. Billowing columns of smoke rose several hundred metres into the air and cast long shadows. A destroyer lay keel up in front of the boat's field of vision and was also slowly being pulled into the depths. There were no boats to be seen. Apparently the attack with the hits was so surprising and

The situation was such that chaos broke out everywhere before anyone could even think about rescue operations.

The faces of the men in the tower showed shock. They all knew the hardships of war and the vagaries of fate. In the decision of survival between me or you, as human beings they could not hide their honest sympathy for the underdog.

"There's hell to the side of us!" Formutt showed a pinched mouth. After taking a deep breath, he continued: "Let's hope that as many sailors as possible can save themselves! "

He looked at the men standing around him in turn. In his place, the second in command stood in front of the eyepiece and continued to observe. He gave his impressions almost monotonously: "Now two more boxes are going down and disappearing! The smoke drifting away and dissipating is the only thing that remains of the proud chunks of the Navy and is now blowing away. Some of the pots are tormenting themselves as they sink." He ran his hand over his sweaty forehead. "And now someone has been in a hurry to get under water! I don't see any boats either! .. "

"Many will now curse Churchill's blood and tears pledge," Krall said harshly. "In December 1942, Eden told the House of Commons that this war was not Britain's war. It is being waged for the sake of others. These others

are not English," Hellfeldt interjected. "He called them by their real names, too." He grabbed his collar as if it was too tight.

"Well, all this should be of little comfort to today's victims! " An orderly rushed up. "Report from the FdU! "

Formutt took the demolition from Fu Block and read it. Then he adjusted his cap and said in an official manner: "The attack operation is now declared over. A balance sheet report will follow. The FdU would like to thank all the boat crews for their exemplary efforts!" He paused for a moment and then added: "That's the end of the raid! Off! ="

The orderly stepped away and disappeared. Noise now drifted into the tower room from the boat rooms

"The men are starting to celebrate," said the I. WO with a smile.

As if in confirmation, a song increasingly resounded. As in the early days of the war, the men of the German U Boot Waffe once again sang their old battle song: ". . . for we are going, for we are going, for we are going against Engelland! ="

The second in command showed some movement. "The old fighting spirit is not dead yet! We have now fought back once more in the war that was forced upon us. Now let's see what comes later."

Hellfeldt nodded a little thoughtfully, but then he turned to Formutt with a proactive sentence: "Captain, what about a grog? ="

Formutt played astonishment: "Oh no?" Then he barked abruptly: "Have a special ration issued! "

The formation retained the flying disc link. While the flotilla continued on its course and normal operations resumed, the V 7 ensured a regular communication link with Arctic point 103.

Since the destruction of the enemy ship formation, attention had to be paid to the airspace with the decreasing distance from the American continent. The sunk units had sent a radio spell through the ether and signalled the attack. The air cover provided by the flying disc therefore meant increased security for the flotilla. Nevertheless, the aerial sights remained manned when travelling underwater in order to be doubly protected

Enemy search planes had already been sighted twice without being able to detect a German presence

The alert remained. From a report from V 7 it was known that the US Navy had established a defence and observation belt off the northern American coast opposite the Arctic. From this it could be concluded that an Arctic German base was assumed without being able to locate its position.

When the two lieutenant captains reported to the second in command and thus complied with his request during the attack, they met him with a very thoughtful expression on their faces

"Don't go to any trouble! " He stroked the side of his hair with a somewhat erratic movement, then said briefly, "Let's sit down in the mess hall! "

The small room in the wardroom was empty at the moment. The watch officers, the TWO and the other officers on duty were all at their posts. The captain sat down and made a welcoming gesture.

"I'm surprised that the enemy air force doesn't yet have its aeroplanes buzzing around like hornets in this area. They must be pretty wild in London and Washington now!"

"Maybe they're trying to cover up the whole thing at the moment?" Hellfeldt raised his eyebrows. "I assume that they don't want to admit defeat before the end of the war. All the more so as we in the Reich are hardly in a position to process our own reports and inform our own population and the rest of the world."

"So a silence on this battle?"

"That's my opinion too, Captain!" Krall's interjection was factual and

cool. "The Allies must now polish all their renown buttons if they want to kick us into the ground. A bad poker card must now be thrown under the bus at all costs! "

"It's not all evening yet. We must not judge by the moment, but think in terms of time!" The commander's eyes were clear and firm. "I'll now return to the conversation we started earlier about the V7. You mentioned a Major Küpper. That should mean that you received your order from a corvette captain I know and this major."

"That's right!" replied the man from Hamburg. "And on this occasion we also found out more about the flying discs, which could be prevented from being seized by the Allies."

"There were several models. Plans in Wroclaw and Prague. In Prague at the BMW plants." The commander crossed his legs and leaned back slightly

"The first model was made in Vienna! " Krall saw a trace of astonishment in the captain's expression. "The Viennese technician Schauburger was the first to work on the flying disc project and had an airworthy model made of copper built in a factory in Vienna's fourth district. However, as had already happened several times with new developments, an engineer named Schriever then also worked on a similar model. The Viennese model flying disc had a dome in the shape of a halved egg, around which rotating discs were arranged. However, this project was not realised. Instead, Schriever built operational missiles in the Breslau workshop, which were given the designation V 7."

The commander leant forward. "I didn't know those details. And what about Prague?"

"No more flying discs were brought out of Prague. Presumably it was intended to destroy the components before the city fell. However, I heard of fears that the Soviets could capture plans or at least parts of plans."

"Bloody negligence! " The commander grimaced angrily and growled: "Instead of lighting the fire in time, these guys preferred to leave their papers to Ivan. Because if that's really true . . .?"

"You can't say for sure at the moment," Hellfeldt interjected. "Everything is full of contradictory reports."

"That's always the case when things are in flux. Well, in a few years' time we'll see what German inventions the Allies have snatched up and then conjure up with Simsalabims from their cylinders as their own construction. It's a blessing in disguise that we probably already have the most important things

to safety before and continue to do so with our operation. The V 7 now accompanying us is proof of successful rescue operations." The captain leant forward. "Do you know anything about the flying discs?"

Krall and Hellfeldt nodded. The man from Hamburg replied: "To put it more precisely, this strange flying machine is actually a flying gyroscope. Even at the experimental stage, speeds were shown that put all previous results in aviation in the shade. As far as I know, it should be possible to reach speeds of up to four thousand kilometres per hour. The device has a climb rate of about one hundred metres per second. A simple movement principle envisages that the gyroscope is first brought into the air in a hovering position, then jets are activated for a forward flight. The seemingly fantastic speed is achieved by using ramjets in addition to the turbine engines, although these can only operate at speeds of 800 kilometres or more. The apparatus can also stand still in space. The rotor prevents it from descending when the horizontal drive is set."

"So a jet aircraft?" asked the commander.

"Yes!" Krall continued: "In this design, the fuel tanks are stored under the cabin floor. On the outside, around the centre, is a bearing for the rotor blade ring. Below this are the engines that operate the rotor. The rotating blades are enclosed by a centring ring. All in all, a great idea!"

The commander did not hide his excitement. "I know nothing about flight technology. But these clues give me an idea of this ingenious invention."

"One more thing," said Krall. "The construction has a diameter of thirty-one point four metres. The number of nozzles on the outer edge of the disc is thirty-two. There are slots on the top of the flying disc for the air to pass through, and there are outflow fields on the underside. This is what the whole thing looks like! "

"And what about the weaponry?"

The man from Hamburg shrugged his shoulders at this question. "I don't know anything more about that. Rumour has it that there is a new beam weapon, but there are no further details."

"According to the technical data, it can also be assumed that the V 7 and any other flight constructions can move from the Arctic to the Antarctic partly without and partly with intermediate landings. You are aware that we now have to pick up material and a base crew from the Arctic and transfer them to a new base in the Antarctic, where there is more space and security."

"Certainly, Captain! The Americans have already smelled a rat. From the jet

tion of the American defence belt, an Arctic advance with strong forces could take place tomorrow or the day after. We must therefore destroy everything that is not transportable, as well as all accommodation and workshops."

"Unfortunately! That makes our new base on New Swabia all the more secure and defensible. Captain Ritscher had already received orders from the High Command of the Navy in 1936 to look for opportunities to build an Antarctic station. The major expedition at the time was disguised as a scientific endeavour in front of the world public. In 1938, the Antarctic station area was already largely developed and was then expanded even further. When Grand Admiral Dönitz spoke to the naval cadets in Kiel about the many hiding places in all the seas, this station was already included. On a later occasion, Dönitz spoke of an impregnable fortress in this area."

"There'll be a lot going on then," Krall muttered. "If new weapons are stockpiled there, and if possible even more than at point 103 in the Arctic, then we'll have a good bargaining chip for the future! "

"Certainly, but the necessary conditions must also be met in our new situation, and above all it depends on how our Germans are doing at home." Hellfeldt swayed his head apprehensively. "I fear that the propagandised re-education will bear fruit for a long time. We Germans are great in victory, but small in defeat. I doubt whether the spirit of the Free Corps in the Baltic and the Ruhr will live again this time. Even Fichte and Arndt will not rise so quickly this time when the Reich is occupied. The enemy propaganda will crush everything. The lies will be so thick that it will be like living in a nightmare. We've already had a taste of it! "

"I'm afraid you're right," said the commander with a deep sigh. After a short pause, he added: "But everything comes to an end. Even the biggest lies will melt like butter in the sun."

"We don't want to think about tomorrow now," said Krall. "We now have a major task to fulfil and a military-technical power to hoard. And we will do that to the best of our ability. Incidentally, I just remembered that in addition to the flying disc construction, other state-of-the-art aircraft were taken over by a certain section of the Schutzstaffel and brought to the Norwegian airport at Banak, high in the north of the country. These new miracle models were withheld from the Luftwaffe as allegedly faulty designs and operated on a trial basis under the sign of the Black Sun instead of our national emblem in the northern region. It can be assumed that these devices were moved to point 103, as Norway had to be evacuated and no airfield in the Reich was safe and operational."

"Since I'm also a secret agent, I know some of it," the commander admitted. "Incidentally, a few months ago, a new type of long-haul aeroplane was dismantled by fitters at the Heinkel aircraft factory in Berlin and taken away in a dismantled state. This type of aeroplane had four engines, but only two propellers. Two in-line engines ran synchronously on a shaft at the front and operated one propeller together. According to the information I have received, this aircraft could fly from Germany to America and back again without a stopover. Some models were still stored in a special hangar, but were no longer used."

"We are six months too late with all our developments," said Hellfeldt regretfully. "If we had another six months now, we could come up with unstoppable surprises and beat our opponents! "

"Could..." Krall mimicked bitterly. "The facts decide! Now we're the beaten ones_"

"Now, I suppose," the commander interjected with a subtle smile. "But let's think of ourselves - we're already serving the coming morning! " He looked urgently at the two Kaleus. Our tasks are all focussed on a distant goal. Important things must be brought to safety. I have also been briefed to some extent by the corvette captain I know, who is coordinating important tasks with a Major Küpper from the Luftwaffe and two liaison officers from the Waffen SS. These officers belonged to the Black Sun group. I do not know the exact meaning of this symbol."

"But us!" interjected the man from Hamburg.

The commander's eyes widened in astonishment. "You're a naval officer! How do you know about secret things in the defence squadrons?"

"My brother belongs to this circle! The Black Sun is the symbol of a small but influential esoteric protective circle whose connections run all over the world. One of the most important connections goes to Tibet to the yellow cap lamas and the black cap sect. Although Himmler was reasonably well informed about these things, he was not a member of this circle to which he gave his protection. This group plays a major and decisive role in the relocation of potential and arid rescue operations."

"And the navy," emphasised the commander.

"And the navy! " Hellfeldt repeated emphatically. The Lord Commander, Grand Admiral Dönitz, has given us equally important tasks, and we will carry them out! " He suddenly faltered. His face took on a thoughtful expression. "If the Wehrmacht has surrendered then

we will no longer fly the Reichskriegsflagge. Any apparent breach of an obligation to surrender would lead to severe reprisals at home! "

Now the commander tightened up. His voice suddenly became quiet. "Gentlemen, you are not yet aware of the message we have just received, which was passed on to us via the V i : Tomorrow at 12 noon there will be a complete ceasefire on all fronts. The German armed forces must surrender unconditionally! "

The two lieutenant captains lost colour in their faces. There was a brief pause in silence. Then the Viennese man said tonelessly: "So it's time..."

"It's time!" The commander endeavoured to conceal any emotion.

"To your flag question, Hellfeldt! From noon tomorrow, we'll be sailing as submarines of unknown nationality! " He looked into the staring faces of the naval officers sitting opposite him. "Whatever happens next, remember something of crucial importance: the surrender explicitly refers to the entire armed forces of the Reich and is a military one! The Reich has not surrendered! ="

Minutes passed again. The captain's words had worked like a bomb. It was the Viennese who found a few words first. "What you have just told us, Captain, was to be expected with certainty these days. It means nothing more than our orders coming into force, putting us on our own two feet. But it touches us deeply that the Empire continues to exist under international law despite the withdrawal of arms, even if it is occupied."

Now the commander stood up. He grabbed the officers' hands and squeezed them tightly. "It's like you said, Hellfeldt, we're on our own! "

The service continued. After the general announcement of the German surrender, the brief elation over the naval victory was replaced by disillusionment. What came next was a great game of hide-and-seek against an enemy who was looking for this flotilla in order to force its surrender or destroy it.

The commanders had remembered their fallen comrades in a few words. Every superfluous word had been avoided. The men in the crews were selected volunteers who needed no encouragement. On some of the boats they had even sung the Deutschlandlied.

The flotilla had reached the Arctic region. Now they had to rely on the technicians and their equipment to avoid the floes and icebergs. During the further advance to the north, they suddenly came to a

The second part of the flotilla was ordered to remain on standby. Only the boats intended to pick up equipment and personnel continued on their course to point 103. Among those remaining behind was the boat 5XX

The commanders had received strict instructions to be on the lookout for enemy search craft despite the remote zone. It could be assumed that the enemy only flew aerial observations in order not to lose any more ships. After an announcement by the flotilla commander, the V 7 remained in the holding area to maintain contact and as an aerial observation.

The crew of U 5XX had already grown into a community. As was to be expected, the off-duty men's conversations centred on the last few weeks back home and what was likely to happen next

The second in command, the first officer in charge and the two lieutenant captains were sitting in the cramped mess again. This time the conversation was a little more relaxed.

"I know you're unhappy," said the second officer when he saw the unchanging seriousness in the other officers' expressions. "I can understand that you want to get to point 103. Patience! There's still enough waiting for you!"

"We don't doubt that," Krall replied. "But the fact that we have to play invisible ghosts here isn't particularly exciting. I would have loved to pull a polar bear by the tail once."

"Phew," said the I. WO and grinned. "Maybe clean your nostrils, hey?"

"The bumblebees buzzing all over the sky looking for us are enough for me." The second made a movement of displeasure. "The Allies still have doubts about Adolf Hitler's death and, according to my information, they suspect that we are supposed to bring him to safety and that the body in front of the Reich Chancellery bunker is just a diversionary manoeuvre."

"If the enemy powers believe that, they'll chase us through the sun, moon and stars for all eternity," hissed the I. WO. "By the unholy Kla- bautermann, this could be a nice ride! "

"People are always looking for amusement," Krall mocked in a mild tone of voice. "There were a number of fantastic rumours about Hitler's death right from the start. The recurring doubts are dangerous medicine! It's true that some things seem mysterious, but at the moment it's still too early to know for sure. Major Küpper told me shortly before our boats sailed that the Soviets doubted the death. There is one claim among the many versions that there was still a lot of activity at Tempelhof airfield on 30 April, although the Soviets had already advanced as far as Koch and Oranienstrasse in Berlin and had lost all contact with the

city centre had been interrupted. At 4 p.m. and 15 minutes, another Ju 52 landed, flying in a Waffen SS troop from Rechlin. An engineer Küpper knew was the gunner on this aircraft. During the immediate refuelling of the aircraft, he was suddenly prodded by an on-board radio operator, who at the same time pointed to a Messerschmitt Type 332 turbine fighter that was ready to take off at a distance of only one hundred to one hundred and twenty metres. Both witnesses now insist that they had seen Hitler in his field grey uniform during a brief conversation with some party functionaries. The plane had then taken off at 4.30 pm. Seven and a half hours later, Dönitz announced Hitler's death in the bunker."

The second in command did not hide his astonishment. "I've never heard that version before."

"Sure," said Krall. "The few witnesses have hardly any opportunity to pass on their knowledge in this emerging chaos. With so much pushing and shoving all around, everyone has enough to do on their own to get round the confusion of orders. There's no time for market palaver!"

"And because it can't be true, this canard would only cause mischief," Hellfeldt added. "After Dönitz took over the government, his declarations as head of state must also be binding, otherwise he would no longer be considered credible later on. And if Hitler had wanted to flee, he would hardly have waited until literally the last second. We also know that our U-boat flotilla was originally prepared to receive Hitler and his staff. He did not come."

"Hitler is dead!" said the second in command briefly.

"Certainly! The only question that remains open is whether the remains found in front of the Reich Chancellery bunker were actually those of Hitler. His repeatedly expressed fear that his corpse could be denigrated leaves open the possibility that a game of mistaken identity could have been attempted. But one should no longer attach too much importance to this matter. With his death, the party is now also over."

Krall showed a thoughtful expression. "It's actually a strange coincidence that the special commandos and Point 103 are made up of men from all types of weapons and the special protection squadron, but no party men. The civilians were selected according to their expertise. I never met a gold pheasant anywhere."

The I. WO coughed slightly

"If you cough, you spit trichinae," laughed the man from Hamburg. Becoming serious again, he continued: "Since Koch took over in Ukraine, the party has lost its grip on things. The good people now have to pay the debt of the bad ones!"

"It wouldn't have been the first time." The I. WO looked at the two naval officers. "But it seems that the protection squadrons have their own coffee in the pot. After all that's going on now?..."

Again it was Krall who took over the answer: "The people of the Black Corps had their own ideas from the very beginning, which had developed into the preparation of a state of the Order. The Inner Order was thinking of a state in the Burgundy region, which would have a special position within a Greater Germanic Empire. In this model state, the party would have had no powers. The polar Midnight Mountain is their mythical point, and so there are also threads running to the Brotherhood of Polarians in Paris. They are well aware of the challenge of the future, whether the coming power will emanate from Midnight Mountain or from Sinai."

"And now? " The officer of the watch leant forward tensely.

"Now it's a matter of survival! The men in this inner circle are now, in part together with us, bringing important armaments secrets and other things to safety from the Allies. They also held their hand over the flying discs from the very beginning of the developments. That's why the V 7 never joined the Luftwaffe. The circle always operated independently, without taking the party into account. They coordinated their relocation operation with us, and they were loyal to Dönitz. That secured everything."

"What this group is planning for the future must not interest us now," the second in command abruptly cut off the conversation. "In the coming hours of the German depression, we are dependent on immediate defence. Now comes the time to prove ourselves! "

The men stood up. They had understood the commander

Days passed again. The waiting boats were occasionally submerged. Misty clouds drifted over the lead-grey water, shielding them from view. They often formed strange and ghostly shadows and carried the icy breath of the frost giant Hrymthursis with them.

Approaching icebergs were signalled by the warning devices. They drifted past in fascinating and often oppressive beauty. They came from the space where it is day for six months of the year and then night for just as long. Gliding along with the white ice giants were matt glittering crystalline flocs like pale Arctic flowers

The V 7 has been absent several times in the last few days. However, it remained an uninterrupted communications bridge for point 103, which has now been cleared.

According to the available reports, there was still a lot of air activity in the southern and south-western areas. Ships did not dare to breach the chain of defences set up by the US Navy against the suspected Arctic attack.

German base. There is no doubt that the last naval battle, which had been so costly for the Allies, had prompted caution and restraint. The weather planes also observed the warning area.

Duty on the boats was tightly organised to avoid the monotony of waiting. The flying disc occasionally transmitted short reports from the Reich, which could only be taken from the occupied transmitters and gave a coloured picture. It was now learnt that the Allies had divided Germany into four occupation zones and that large parts of the country were also under foreign administration. At the same time, a great manhunt had begun.

After the old saying that every wait comes to an end, the hour of high activity suddenly came round again

The V7 was suddenly back and reported that the evacuation convoy was on its way back to the assembly point. The FdU gave the order to be ready to join up immediately with the flotilla section travelling on. Despite the general lack of space, the waiting boats only had to take on some of the base personnel and distribute them to the individual vehicles.

The situation was clear again. The first task was solved, the Arctic base no longer existed.

"What comes next will be unique in the history of our navy," said Captain Formutt to his officers. "A voyage halfway around the globe lies ahead of us. We owe the fact that we are capable of this to the restless German technology, which, even if too late to turn the tide of war, has once again outstripped the enemy, as our last weapons proved. No-one will reckon with our radius of action! "

"This also applies to the hoarded air force models," Hellfeldt added.

"As we already know, their flight performance is also still unknown to the enemy. Unfortunately, we are now leaving an area that is important for the Schutzstaffel group and no longer permits the planned reconnaissance in the wider Arctic area."

The captain looked briefly at the Viennese. "I don't think that's our concern right now. Our attention must turn to other things. Don't you think so?"

Hellfeldt looked thoughtfully into the commander's face. He replied quietly, but with a meaningful emphasis: "Perhaps so! Often some things of importance are beyond our sight . . ."

The days of waiting stretched into hours. Then, in the pale twilight, the rescue flotilla arrived, boat after boat. They approached the assembly point. Like giant whales, they ploughed through the open water, while the V 7

flew in circles.

Now the manoeuvres went in quick succession. As ordered, the waiting boats took over some of the base personnel. As they were already overcrowded, sleeping berths had to be shared on a rotational basis.

U 5XX received six more men. Five of them were members of the technical base personnel, the sixth was a major in the Waffen SS.

The commander called the officers into the mess and introduced the new arrivals. The technicians were flight and radar specialists wearing uniform polar clothing. Under his open parka, the major showed off his field grey with decorations and war badges from his time on the front. His name was Eyken.

It was also he who, on behalf of the embarked passengers, thanked the captain for the friendly welcome and politely regretted that they had to overstretch the space in the boat due to circumstances. He had a deep and warm voice and, despite an emphatically taut demeanour, something winning about him.

"Settle in on board," said Formutt succinctly but kindly. "The I. WO is here to help you! "

The first watch officer casually put a finger to his cap.

During the subsequent allocation of berths, the new major joined Ensign Mattheus in the bunk community. Both now had the bunk at their disposal for twelve hours each. This meant that the two lieutenant captains also had a neighbourhood that suited them perfectly. The man from Hamburg arrived just as the major had a duffle bag he had brought with him lying open in front of his assigned bunk. The fur parka, which he had taken off in the meantime, lay on the bunk cover.

Do you perhaps know my brother?" he asked.

The major blinked. "Excuse me, I didn't quite understand your name before."

"Krall! "

"Ah!" The major jerked up. "I know Krall very well. He is z. b. V.! " With a comradely gesture, he shook hands with the man from Hamburg. "Now I'm in a good family! "

"Wait and see," babbled Hellfeldt, who had approached and heard the last words. "We're grumpy sea dogs! "

"I'm still missing them in my collection," Eyken replied glibly.

"I would like to try to get along with such species!"

"Do you know where my brother could be?" Krall led the conversation back to his concern. "I haven't had any contact with him for months."

Eyken swayed his head thoughtfully. "He wasn't sent to our base. After he was wounded, he was sent to special duty at

Berlin. Some of my comrades and I were still in contact with him there. But I don't know where he was on the day of the surrender. In any case, it was probably ensured that he and other important men did not fall into the hands of the Allies. But nobody can say anything for sure."

"He was part of your group," said the man from Hamburg quietly.

The major looked sharply at the lieutenant captain. "Do you know anything about this?"

"Sufficient," he replied cautiously. "Hellfeldt and I are secret keepers. My brother and I also have a common line that allows us to be open with each other."

The sternness on Eyken's face softened. "Well, then it's true about the good family!" He rubbed his chin some more, then laughed. "We're all special birds. An exclusive zoo, so to speak. No wonder we're all more or less in the picture here."

"Well, let's say pretty much," Krall qualified.

"Few know everything. And that's a good thing!"

"Certainly," Hellfeldt agreed. Then he added: "I think we'll let you settle in now, Mr Eyken. We can have a good chat later."

"Leave the 'Mr' aside," Eyken replied. "Let's leave out the overly formal. Camaraderie has priority! "

As the two naval officers turned to leave, the major held them back. "Do you have a position here on board?"

"No," replied Krall. "We're just passengers like you."

"Haha, passengers," laughed Eyken. "Nautilus passengers like something out of a Jules Verne novel. Well, if you like, we can continue spinning your yarn later in the mess. That's what they say in our navy, isn't it?"

"Yarn spinning and dumpling making," nodded the man from Hamburg.

"Gladly, of course. See you later, Eyken! "

A tremor now ran through the boat. Captain Formutt had given the order to sail. The entire flotilla set sail for its new destination.

The aircraft from the abandoned base flew under their own power to their new designated aerodrome. Nobody in the flotilla knew which route they were taking and where a stopover was organised. Only the V 3, which flew in first, remained with the U-boat formation for air cover.

The boats were still surfaced. The summer fog, which began after the end of the polar winter, only began in full density in July. Only occasional hazy veils appeared, and the drift ice slowly decreased with increasing distance from the geographic North Pole. Now and again, giant black seaweed floated in the water, fanning out. Occasionally there were also

Seals on gliding floes. The slaughter of animals by a barbaric civilisation had killed off the large herds. The flotilla had not yet encountered any walrus. Every now and then an alk.

In the mess, the second in command had spoken to the two naval officers. "When we reach the Gulf Stream Strait, the danger of icebergs will also cease. Then comes the time again when our technicians have to watch out like hell to avoid the enemy instead of the natural dangers. We are now expressly forbidden to bring about an encounter with the enemy. We have little to fear when submerged. We could sail submerged in the entire polar region. But we'll make faster progress in the upper waters. Once in the Atlantic, we'll have to sail submerged anyway, at least during the day."

"It gets warmer more quickly in West Greenland," Hellfeldt interjected. "The Gulf Stream has an arm of water that goes all the way to the Labrador Sea."

"I know," said the second briefly. "But the US defence is to the west. We'd be in trouble there again. Incidentally, it has also recently become several degrees warmer in our navigation zone than it used to be. The magnetic pole shift towards Prince of Wales Island in Canada and the changing intensity of the sun's rays are causing atmospheric circulation in the form of a warming air current. The well-known large cold poles north of Siberia and western Alaska remain unchanged. We are travelling eastwards along the Svalbard-Iceland axis, which is ice-free."

The next day, both Kaleus were sitting alone in the mess hall when Eyken joined them.

"Am I inconvenient?"

"On the contrary," the Hamburg native immediately assured him. "We're currently hatching another polar egg."

"That must be a big thing if you incubate it with two people," Eyken chuckled.

"Do you want me to help?"

"You can do that! We were just talking about the mysterious Blue Island that people in the know are talking about, but nobody has been able to say anything more."

Eyken became serious. He looked at the naval officers at first and raised his eyebrows. Then he slowly and deliberately took his seat. "Why do you want to know about this?"

Both lieutenant captains exchanged glances, then the man from Hamburg answered openly:

"We know, Eyken, that your circle in the far north names a mythical high place, the so-called Midnight Mountain, which is considered the protector of the Aryan white race. Developments are leading more and more to a decisive confrontation between the Midnight Mountain and the Sinai. Our lost war is part of the prelude to the great encounter of the mystical

forces that are superior to the profane levels. That by way of introduction!

Eyken remained silent, only his eyes were wide.

"If we were talking about the Blue Island before," continued the Hamburg native,

"We are looking for possible explanations for this legendary land, which plays an undeniable role in polar esotericism. It is beyond our knowledge to what extent there are connections between the Blue Island and the Midnight Mountain."

"According to everything we know so far, there are no direct connections," said the major laconically.

"That's what we assumed," Krall replied. "But I assume that you know something else about this island?"

Eyken hesitated before answering, and his face became thoughtful again. After a while, he said slowly: "You have the knowledge of our circle. But we all know little about the phenomenon of the Blue Island. It is a legendary land that is said to lie near the geographic North Pole. Even our flying discs have not been able to locate it perfectly during our previous explorations. Since the polar region is a sea surface covered by ice and only has small and larger groups of islands at the edges, it could be possible that the Lomonosov chain, which was folded up in the Mesozoic and runs 900 metres below sea level from East Greenland to Siberia, has an unknown land peak. But I emphasise that this is only an assumption. Eyken made a gesture with his hand before continuing. "Incidentally, Canadian and American aviators claim to have seen this island, which is described as large and surrounded by a ring of high ice mountains. Strangely enough, the island is mostly hidden under a dense blue ether that is impenetrable even to modern radar equipment. Hence the name Blue Island."

"And did you find this island from point 103?" Krall looked at his counterpart with fascination.

"We've skimmed through them. But nobody wants to talk about it. They think all the reporters are crazy. That's also the case with the Canadian and American pilots. Two Canadians claim that they were able to fly over the island before the strange changes and saw monastery-like buildings on ice cliffs. To what extent this was truth or hallucination cannot be determined. For the time being, let us leave it at that, that it is assertion against assertion. In any case, it is interesting to note that as early as 1908 Frederick A. Cook claimed to have seen land at about 85 degrees north during his march to the pole. He described the area with cliffs and glacier walls in front and mountains in the background.

The ground, which he estimated to be around 350 metres high. He also named a 50 kilometre long coastline that was lost in a steel-blue haze on both sides. He was unable to reach it and enter it. In his notes, he called it Bradley Land. It is the same area that was called Keenan Land by others. However, one of the first to speak of an unknown land in the far north was Peary, who in 1906 saw mountains to the north-west of Axel Heiberg Land and called what he was sure was Crocker Land. However, Peary's claims are not taken seriously by scientists today. Peary stated 83 degrees north for this area. Various reports and designations overlap here, but the claims about the presence of land and blue cloaking mists are repeated. The strangest thing about all the reports is the inability of the layer to be penetrated by radar beams and the repeatedly claimed failure of on-board instruments such as altimeters, compasses and other devices. Technicians suspect strong magnetic interference fields above this space. The magnetic pole at about 70 or 73 degrees north is quite far away from there. There are therefore people who believe that these must be artificial magnetic fields."

"Who would have built these?" asked Hellfeldt.

"We don't know. In any case, we don't have a hand in it. The evacuation of the base has also prevented us from carrying out any further research. Perhaps later on..." Eyken shrugged his shoulders, his voice dropping to a whisper: "We have other secrets ahead of us. Antarctica also hides a lot. But more about that later."

"I have one more question," said the man from Hamburg after a pause for silence.

"Please?"

"What was left of the base? "

Now Eyken became a soldier again. The answer was short and sweet: "Nothing. We've blown everything up! "

II THE WHITE PUZZLE

So far, my people,
from the salvation
that marvellously
Was close to you

Your right defiled Your
kingdom defiled,
Instead of praise and
reward Only scorn and
derision . .

Fritz Stüber

The homeless ghost flotilla sailed southwards. Coming from the north, it ploughed through the deep waters of the Atlantic and travelled half a globe's length towards its new destination. She had won the last naval battle of the Second World War and completely destroyed the enemy. The Allied command authorities made this fact known to the world public, because at this point the enemies of the Reich were no longer allowed to admit defeat.

The giant boats were supposed to be the hunted, but the hunters did not show themselves. Officially, there were to be no more operations. Numerous aerial reconnaissance missions were reported as routine flights. But the eyes of the enemy found and saw nothing

As June began, the Atlantic was peaceful. Apart from a few climatic disturbance fronts, the sky, which was arching high, was pure blue. White cushions sailed through the clear air every now and then like alabaster baroque formations. At night, the numerous constellations and fixed stars were resplendent on the dark velvet blanket of the firmament in glittering silver, extending far around the moon

To the west of Rio de Oro, the convoy crossed the Tropic of Cancer and then the Cape Verde Islands further south. As they crossed the equator, the boats' course took them just eastwards past the volcanic cliffs of Rochedas São Paulo, which belong to the Brazilian sovereign territory. Apart from a few small Ulks, nobody thought of celebrating the old sailors' festival of baptising the equator. The time was too serious, the constant state of alert did not allow for any major distractions.

From then on, the picture changed. The celestial signs shifted to form a new cosmic panorama that spanned the southern half of the earth. Instead of

The lights of the southern cross of Apus, Argo, the bright Canopus and other congeners shone, now emerging, alongside the Corona borealis, Cygnus, the Great and Little Bear and other northern celestial signs, the great fixed stars Betelgeuse, Prokyon, Vega or Atair and others. They all radiated the peace of the celestial expanses over the sea glittering in their bright light. They also shone over the peace of the continents lying within their radiant range, which sent no sound of weapons against the sky, but in their restless bosom already bore the fruit for a new chaos.

At night, when the ghost boats occasionally surfaced, the pale moon gently stroked the bodies of the vessels with silvery fingers, their prows then throwing up sparkling cascades of water. They followed the rhythm of the waves on the surface of the water and, in the overwhelming expanse of a nature that was close to God here, offered a picture of the old peaceful romance of ships, despite the fact that they carried terrible weapons of death in their steel bellies

An already monotonous daily routine unrolled on the U 5XX boat. The flying disc that had been secured in the air had disappeared for a short time, but now it was back again

"I just want to know where that thing went," said the commander as he sat for a while with the two naval officers and Eyken in the mess. "Did the Scheibenheini pick up fuel, and if so, where? "

"Let's bet that no one in the entire flotilla can provide any information about this," Eyken replied dryly. The few people in the know and their connections outside the Reich have made provisions for the safety and deployment of the German gyroplanes. Even we from the special commandos know nothing."

The captain nodded thoughtfully. "That's probably a good thing! In this war we have seen how treachery has taken root everywhere. After such experiences, you can't be too careful. Secret commando matters and even secret Reich matters were no longer treason-proof." Formutt's face took on a bitter expression.

"That's the tragic thing about us Germans, that we always want to understand everything more than thoroughly," the Viennese interjected. "When the German Empire was smashed after the First World War, the Masonic world apostles gave us a surrogate democracy with corresponding instructions for use. From then on, the German citizen became a party supporter who no longer tolerated anything other than his favoured party and forgot about the state and the people. The relationship to the community was then completely different

than all other peoples who used democratic forms, but without exaggerating them or forgetting the fatherland. When Moeller van den Bruck wrote the book 'Failing Germans' in the 1920s and emphasised the tragedy of individual Germans, he could not have known that one day the whole German people would fail because of such a bad system. History proves that it is bad! " Hellfeldt paused for a moment; then he continued, as the officers looked at him questioningly: "Now the crusaders from the West, with Stalin's blessing, are once again bringing us democracy with the aim of using it to make the Germans their own worst enemy. This is how the Reich will be wiped out! Hey, dear Krall, what does the word 'democracy' actually mean?" The man from Hamburg swayed his head a little uncertainly. "As far as the word democracy was used in the Weimar system, it theoretically meant the concept of popular rule. In practice, however, everything centred on the rule of one party, which then became just as authoritarian in its position of power as authoritarian systems are by nature."

"People's rule is the usual term," the Viennese confirmed Krall's words. "It is derived from the translation of the ancient Greek 'démos' as the word for 'people'. In fact, however, the ancient Greek word for people is 'laós'. Thus the name Menelaós is also correctly translated as 'people's leader'. The word 'démos', however, means scum."

The faces of the listeners betrayed astonishment. Hellfeldt smiled subtly, then continued: "In their day, the ancient Greek farmers of the Piraeus cooked sheep fat in large cauldrons and then skimmed the scum off the surface of the broth. They called this scum 'démos'. The intelligentsia and ruling elite of the ancient Greek city governments then, for their part, scornfully labelled the emerging rule of the mob as demo- cracy, the rule of the scum."

"I didn't know that," Eyken admitted slowly. "But now you understand all the better why betrayal accompanied us everywhere. It was the resistance of the upstarts, who could only see the world from the canal grid and who were only ever concerned with sinecures or the satisfaction of ambition, but never with the empire."

"Those are harsh words," the captain interjected, "but they are true! God have mercy on our people, what will be done to them in the coming years under the name of democracy." He stood up seriously and reached for his cap. "See you later! "

"Not a mouse bites a thread," said Krall. "It's not just the captain who has a worm in his heart. We all have it! "

"Let the devil take worm and mouse," Eyken rumbled. "Save with feelings

We no longer have anything. Let us rather ask ourselves what we should oppose to democratic nonsense in its distorted forms?"

"You can't just answer that off the cuff. After all, Winston Churchill also thought about such problems under different circumstances, and he got no further than the sentence: "Democracy is a miserable form of government, but I know of no better."

"Why should Churchill, who initiated the imminent collapse of the British Empire, be the saviour of the world with new ideas?" growled the Hamburg native bitingly.

Hellfeldt nodded at the man from Hamburg. "We haven't yet come to terms with fate, and fate hasn't come to terms with us either. It gnaws at us because, despite our superhuman efforts, we have suffered defeats and still see no end in sight. Now that the major hostilities on the battlefields have been interrupted, attempts are being made to wipe out the empire and the people by pseudo-peaceful means, as was already attempted after the First World War. Captain Formutt rightly said that democracy will become the enemy's next diabolical weapon of destruction. This is where fate is now putting us to the test. Are we still strong enough to take up this challenge?"

"We have to take it! " Eigen's voice was quiet but firm. "Anyone who knows Nietzsche and Moeller van den Bruck will not feel so uncertain about these things. The latter said in his explanations of democracy that the German people could neither respect it themselves in the form in which they had received it, nor was it respected by others. That alone was the beginning! It was the child of a manipulated and not an organic revolution. After the emperor's departure, a mob uprising was organised, which was very cheaply called a revolution and which was supposed to give the people a republican democracy. In reality, the people were leaderless. But this development, which has already begun and which is now coming back to us in an even worse form, because it is once again dragging the former failed republicans out of their old ways, already harbours evil seeds. The very interpretation that the state is the people and thus democracy is misleading. In fact, the party determines the state and the state determines the people. And the old established and re-licensed parties will once again become an end in themselves, establishing an internal dictatorship ruled by a Bonzocracy. The empire will be replaced by the party, and each party will only act democratically as long as it is not given the opportunity to gain sole power. One will always pretend to govern in the name of a majority or a sum of minorities, but always deny how this assumption of government has been manipulated."

"That's right!" Eyken smiled subtly. "So the people will also be looking for a

feel cheated of their participation in the state during a certain period of suffering. What will one day remain as so-called true democrats will then only be the beneficiaries of our temporary collapse. It will then be recognised that, under the pretence of democracy, layers have formed who themselves make up the state, form the governments and sink down into the offices, mass media and organisations that have been built up. Strata that always refer to the people, but keep them away from the personal privileges they have gained. The type of party leader will always stand in opposition to the people. But it is the essence of an alleged German democracy to always be a liberal chameleon! " Eyken paused for a moment, then continued: "Do you know why the democratic institutions in England, France and elsewhere in the West look different or have at least been somewhat successful, but not in Germany? Simply because the German people have no tradition or experience in this area. That is why Weimar had to fail, even if Hitler had not come!"

Hellfeldt nodded in agreement. "Any German democracy in the forms offered so far is doomed to failure from the outset, because it does not correspond to Germanic communal thinking, but is orientated towards liberal tendencies of dissolution. Not community, but party against party with the destruction of the core of the nation. The anonymity of the masses and their rulers is the trump card! Immersion in the fog of anonymity and the eradication or abandonment of personalities is praised as progress. With the depersonalisation of the elites always comes the nameless misery and the rotten smell of the gutter. Thus, for the Germanic man, democracy is nothing more than a planned degradation in a system that breeds only a herd that lives for the sake of eating and sleeping."

"And what do we do about it?" Krall repeated the question he had recently asked.

"A lot of thought still needs to be given to this," Eyken varied his previously expressed opinion. "In any case, a future state must be formed out of a sense of community and thus come from a community of those who have overcome the forms of doom. History demands new alternatives after the inculcated delusions of supranational forces: either a coming world domination in a one-world state, to which Roosevelt had so eagerly dedicated himself and which is to bring the fulfilment of the repeatedly denied Protocols of the Wise Men according to the laws of Sinai, or our renewed rebellion, the hour of the North, will bring a new time. The Hour of the North will give birth to timely ideas and forms!"

"The hour of Thule!" said Krall quietly and solemnly.

Hellfeldt stood up and looked at his comrades: "Better to say: the hour of Great Thule! From now on, we must think big and believe in the continued existence of the white race and its mission."

The boat convoy kept a steady southerly course. Despite being on alert, there were no incidents. Compliance with all safety measures protected the flotilla. Ships were rare in the Antarctic foreland. There were also no more air searches. There is no doubt that the enemy forces suspected the convoy to be anywhere else but on this course.

The island of Ascension was left to the east, and the flotilla pushed further southwards on course SSE towards Tristan da Cunha. It was now possible to go on a short overwater voyage during the day under the air defence screen

The weather conditions were already occasionally hazy due to the cold air currents from the southern earth cap. Every now and then, large albatross birds flew around the boats, screeching. We had now left the Earth's warm belt and the environment was showing a new face

The chosen course left little room for manoeuvre. Between Tristan da Cunha and the submarine Bromley Plateau lies a tongue of drift ice that points into the Atlantic like a finger, then takes an easterly course south of the aforementioned island and approaches the Cape of Good Hope from the south for about three hundred kilometres. In some places it even reaches the 50th parallel, roughly north of Bouvet Island.

This was also the mating season for the blue and fin whales. From time to time, one or more of these large marine mammals dived to the surface and even curiously circled the steelfish, which seemed strange to them. There were quite respectable fellows among them. After all, newborn blue whales reach a length of around seven metres after a gestation period in the womb of ten and a half months.

"The whales have become quite rare," Captain Formutt explained to his boat guests. "The ongoing hunts by the whalers have already decimated the animals. In the last few years of the war, the hunt has slowed down somewhat, even though whaling had been declared essential to the war effort. Soon, fishing ships from various nations will be cleaning up after the marine mammals again."

"The orgies of extermination in nature do not fit in well with the image of a constantly loudly proclaimed humanism that is supposedly also concerned with nature and its

creatures," said Eyken, shaking his head. Looking at the captain questioningly, he continued: "As a stupid landlubber, may I ask you the amusing question of what these sea giants with such big bellies actually do for a living?"

"From Krill," Formutt replied laconically. When he saw the questioner's uncomprehending expression, he had to laugh. "They're small crustaceans," he explained, "the size of crabs. They are also called whale crabs. These in turn feed on green diatoms, which give the sea its green colour in summer."

"Hm," said Eyken. "So not plankton alone after all?"

"Nah," grinned the captain. "Even a whale's stomach wants at least a modest change."

"And do the whales find enough whale crabs?" the questioner continued curiously

Formutt nodded. "So many, anyway, that squid, birds and the penguins far down south can also feed on them." The captain turned round again as he was half walking away. "Speaking of penguins! We'll soon be seeing the first species of these strange fellows! "

"So soon =" Eyken's face suddenly became hard again.

"Soon," Krall confirmed. "We'll soon have reached the area of Bouvet Island, which is uninhabited and already part of the Antarctic advance zone. We'll also have reached the pack ice boundary."

"I'd rather be with Rommel's desert foxes," growled Eyken. "I've always had something against a dog's cold my whole life. Besides, the South Pole is much colder than the North Pole."

"That's right," said the man from Hamburg in confirmation. "The north has a heat reservoir with water masses that are usually four thousand metres deep under the ice cover, as it is well known that salt water can only cool down to a little below two degrees below zero. Antarctica, on the other hand, is land, which is also very high up and therefore pushes the degrees of cold down considerably. The land mass is considerably higher than the Greenland mass and has elevations of up to four and five thousand metres."

"Well learnt," muttered Eyken, a little depressed. "And what else do the Labskaus eaters from the Elbe have to say?"

Krall bared his teeth with feigned indignation. "What do you mean, well learnt? Before I took over my orders, I and the other sea officers were given enough schooling, as we all have no ice sea experience for the Antarctic. You landlubbers can be glad that we have learnt our lessons well, because we will soon be approaching the

The Wedell Sea is considered to be the most dangerous sea in the world, apart from the notorious 30th parallel west of the Azores or the death rhombus near Bermuda and the Bahamas. The Wedell Sea is almost never sailed, and it has already wrecked numerous ships in previous years. In any case, we now know enough about it for our mission, and that goes without saying for every naval officer! "

"Sure," the SS officer admitted. "An animal without legs can't jump . . ."

The convoy travelled steadily southwards. Suddenly there were small white birds in the air. They were snow petrels, the first harbingers of the approaching Antarctic. They came from the pack ice areas over the drift ice belt and marked a pre-zone of one hundred to one hundred and fifty kilometres with their flights.

Later, the first pieces of floe ice appeared, and the first tips of distant icebergs were visible at the centre of the sea.

The convoy now headed for Bouvet Island. The icebergs floating in the lead-grey sea slowly increased in size. A huge chunk with an estimated minimum height of thirty metres above water gave a first impression of the massive and impressive ice world giants. Several times the size of the ice formation shown lay under water and sometimes gave the sea around the giant an indigo blue shimmer.

The men of the crews marvelled at the new world. Inhospitable and yet fascinating, the sixth continent showed its very own face. When Bouvet Island finally emerged from the hazy horizon, its steeply sloping coastal ice edge was revealed as they approached, from which flocks of birds soared.

It was around midday when the boats grouped up in front of the island and rested in a surfaced state. They had circumnavigated half the globe, destroyed an enemy fleet and were now showing off their defiant steel hulls to a nature that had previously resisted the human urge to explore the most

This is where the further decisions were made. New orders got the boat crews moving and caused all kinds of surprises.

By the evening of the same day, it had already been decided that some of the boats would be put on standby at the island, while the bulk of the convoy was ordered further south. The task now was to bring the passengers assigned to the boats to the Antarctic mainland at a suitable place and to unload the numerous material they had brought with them. This included all the equipment and weapon parts originating from Arctic base 103.

ten

After Captain Formutt had also received his order from the FdU, he ordered his officers and the special representatives assigned to him into the small mess hall. When those he had ordered had gathered and assembled around him, he had them stirred.

"Gentlemen," he said with a serious face, "the first stage of our endeavour has been successful and concluded with a major battle victory. Now we are entering a second phase, which will once again demand the utmost. Wherever we are assigned now and whatever tasks we are given, it will depend on each and every one of us that nothing, absolutely nothing, can be a failure. We cannot afford to make any mistakes. We must obey unconditionally now, leaving the amazement to the world for later, when we realise what is going on. I am speaking on behalf of the FdU. Have I been understood =

"Yes, Captain! " The answer came abruptly as if from a single mouth. Formutt continued: "Our boat 5XX will remain off the island with most of the crew until new orders arrive. The second in command of our boat is leaving with the passengers assigned to us. Major Eyken has also been ordered to report to the Antarctic base. Mr Hellfeldt and Mr Krall, however, will remain on board with me until further notice! "

The captain waved them off when he realised that the latter were about to make a protest. "I have been instructed to carry out all orders precisely and not to get involved in any palaver. The FdU, for its part, has received its orders just as strictly from the base command to which we now report. This command centre is now the only intact command centre in the Reich and outside the capitulation. At home, the concept of the Reich has now been erased in violation of international law. Reich President and Grand Admiral Dönitz was arrested and prevented from exercising the rights to which he was entitled. Everything that comes after Dönitz is contrary to both international law and the constitution. The Reich is now in the Antarctic! Furthermore, it was ordered that with immediate effect no more imperial flags should be displayed outside the base itself or carried on voyages."

The commander looked at the men around him as if he wanted to read their minds. But their expressions were all fixed and pinched. With feigned calm, he concluded: "The named men will be leaving the boat in an hour. The duffle bags are always ready to hand anyway. That's all for now. Thank you!" He flicked his index finger over his cap peak, made a hard turn and stalked out of the mess. There was silence for about half a minute. The man from Hamburg was the first to take a deep breath and wanted to start. But by then Eyken had already

grabbed by the arm.

"Easy, man," said the major calmly, "it's not all evening yet. You have your own orders, which are undoubtedly still valid. But none of us can know when we'll be deployed. So why the fuss ="

Krall was still grumbling, but then said: "That's all right, land frog! The only thing that annoys me is sitting around in this boat while you get to the big ice fortress. Why don't you let the Düwel take care of this lull? "

"No time for consolation, son of a hero," cut off the major. "I'll get my clothes now and say goodbye. Bye, for the time being! "

The two officers looked at each other. The Viennese smiled slightly. "The major's right, my boy! And the big end for us is probably yet to come..."

Soon after, the time had come. The Major came dancing in like a bear with his duffel bag. He was dressed in his thick parka, the top of which was still hanging down his back. He stopped in front of the two naval officers and held out his hand to them. "Too bad we're separated again. We got on well together. Well, hm, at least wish me nice weather for the ice world. Maybe I'll write you pretty ones a nice postcard. With an Antarctic imperial stamp, haha! "

"Take care," said Krall.

Hellfeldt also mumbled a few words. Farewells made him uncomfortable. The I. WO, who had just come into the mess. Everyone was at a loss for words now.

When Eyken turned round and climbed out through the tower with the bag on his back, the others followed him. The major climbed down on deck and joined the passengers ready to be picked up, most of whom were technical specialists. The second in command of the supply boat now appeared behind the naval officers remaining on the tower and was the last to step onto the deck. This was immediately followed by the transfer to a nearby combat boat

The large battleship convoy had departed. Two more supply boats had remained behind with U 5XX. There was also no more flying disc, and the boats now on standby had to secure themselves

Formutt gave his crew a day's rest. But the very next day, he ordered a general overhaul of the vehicle, placing particular emphasis on ensuring that the engines and technical equipment were in perfect condition.

The two captain's lieutenants spent most of the next few days in the mess and only went up to the tower or on deck several times a day to draw air. The other officers, who were under the command of the commander, were always busy or slept through their free time. Only the ensign occasionally sought to socialise

A few days passed. The commanders of the boats that had stayed behind kept a service going to save the crews from useless sines. At the moment, nobody was thinking of setting foot on Bouvet Island. This applied equally to the officers and the crews.

"We're lucky," explained Formutt during a chat in the mess hall after dinner, "that there are no pack ice zones in front of the German part of Antarctica. A little further west we would have found the Wedell Sea as a barrier in front of us. Here we find relatively favourable conditions, as we only have ice shelves. As you all know, this is glacial ice with a layer of snow." Mattheus was the most uncertain about his knowledge. Somewhat haltingly, he asked the commander about the size of the Antarctic.

The captain smiled warmly. "Just ask, boy, you can never know enough." He briefly stroked his chin with his hand, then continued:

"Well, Antarctica as a landmass is one and a half times the size of Europe. Some scholars have claimed that the Antarctic shield in the east is a remnant of the legendary Gondwanaland. Fossilised corals, plants and coal seams have already been found. This leads to the conclusion that there used to be a warm climate with a presumed desert character. West Antarctica, on the other hand, is a folded mountain system."

The ensign nodded gratefully. "And what's special about New Swabia?" The commander swayed his head. "What's special at the moment is the state we've put the area, or at least part of it, in. It has now become an unassailable fortress on the inside! We had already claimed it as our area of interest on an international level before the outbreak of war. It is possible that the so-called victorious powers will soon lay claim to German property. But regardless of the legal situation, the country is effectively in our hands. And our last bastion, I assume, will be in the mountainous parts of the interior of New Swabia."

"And do you know anything about the German territory in general?"

"The world public has only superficial knowledge. The names of the regions and mountains have been adopted for inclusion in the world map material, but little more is known than we have revealed in expedition reports. And now nobody can come here anymore. You would be amazed!"

The ensign's boyish face showed a reverent expression. His

Faith in German miracles was unlimited.

The commander put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I want to tell you about the German research in Antarctica that led to the seizure of New Swabia. We had already explored this part of the Antarctic in 1938 and 1939 on behalf of Reich Marshal Göring. The Kriegsmarine was of course duly involved in this. We also owe it to the ice pilot of the then expedition ship "Schwabenland", Captain Kraul, that he found out the approach routes to the ice shelf edge coast, which now also benefit our boats. The inner land centre was named 'Ritscher Land' after the expedition leader. This is where the large mountain massifs are located, forming a natural fortress. Behind them, the Wegener Plateau extends to the Antarctic centre."

"And how big is New Swabia?" Mattheus asked inquisitively.

"I can tell you exactly," continued the commander. "At around 600,000 square kilometres, it's as big as the whole of Germany."

"Thank you!" the ensign said quietly.

Now Krall took the boy in front of him. "And another thing: we Germans have also played a major part in Antarctic exploration as a whole. Shortly after the founding of the Second Reich, around 1873, the German Captain Dallmann travelled to Palmer Land in his ship 'Greenland', which he discovered to be an island. Travelling through the Bismarck Strait, he came to the area now known as the Kaiser Wilhelm Archipelago, the largest parts of which he called Booth Krogmann and Petermann Island. Another thirty years later, from 1901 to 1903, there was a German South Pole expedition under Drygalski, who set foot on the Antarctic mainland and after whom a mountain range in Ritscher Land was named. The area that Drygalski had entered was named Kaiser Wilhelm Land and a mountain range there was named Gaussberg after the name of his ship. Eight years later, Wilhelm Filchner followed the call from the cold south. He found and explored the Prinzregent Luitpold Land. At the beginning of the twenties, the 'Meteor' expedition under Alfred Merz travelled to the sixth continent. And in 1938, we set about doing a great deal of work in New Swabia!"

"And we're still in the middle of it," said Mattheus, impressed.

"That's right!"

"Will we be able to see everything in the south before we get new driving orders?"

"It's a tough country," said the man from Hamburg seriously. "If you get caught in a storm outside, the universe will join in. You have to realise that the strongest winds on our planet blow in the Antarctic. They'll blow you

with a single howl! "

"So how come all the other people unsettling this continent haven't been blown out of their socks?" the ensign asked pointedly.

"My God, the boy is asking questions," rumbled L. I., who had been dozing in a corner at the back of the mess hall. "Listen, the men could fly with the wind. But you can't do it with chick wings."

Matthew's ears turned red

Krall waved him off. "Dear L. I., the boy is the right fit for us."

The engineer laughed. "I didn't mean anything to the contrary. But if you have to lounge around in a deep freeze, there should at least be some fun in it. Shouldn't there? ="

"I am not squeamish," the ensign affirmed. "I assure you, gentlemen, that I will soon have wings like an albatross."

That was all he could say. The mass roared with the laughter of the men

After another week of monotonous waiting and after enquiring at the base command, we were finally given a short shore leave to Bouvet Island

Laughing and cursing at the same time, the land holidaymakers climbed the short cliff and then found a completely inhospitable land. Nevertheless, everything was full of life, with large flocks of birds soaring high and flocks of penguins screeching in other places.

"Antarctica is not always so peaceful," said Formutt, who had taken the two lieutenant captains with him so that they could also walk around on land for an hour or two. "Antarctica is home to the bloodthirsty Seeleo- pard, which can also be dangerous to humans. It is extremely fast and agile and has already taken human prey."

"Then it's a good thing that these beasts aren't swarming all over the place," Krall joked.

"They don't come this far. The large penguin species are also only at home on the mainland. This island is still an apron."

The short shore excursions again helped to improve the crews' slowly depressed mood. The men were able to get plenty of exercise ashore again and breathe clean air. They enjoyed the fauna, and the monotony of the white landscape made little difference. The boat commanders had a keen sense of how to strike a healthy balance between leisure and duty, and the crews showed their gratitude for the good leadership by regaining their good humour.

When the officers of the boats were alone among themselves, they made no secret of their displeasure. Inactivity did not suit them. In addition, there were occasional briefings from the base command about conditions at home, which were not exactly encouraging.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, a landing announcement was made for a flying disc on the island. Along with the landing announcement came the brief message that three men were being dropped off and that the V 7 would fly back immediately

Shortly afterwards, the gyroplane appeared, already flying at low altitude, set course for the island and touched down on a snowfield. As soon as it landed, three masked men hopped out into the open and immediately headed for the pick-up party on the coast. When they were a little more than a hundred metres away from the aircraft, the disc fields roared, the gyroscope rose vertically and then, turning horizontally, moved away again southwards at an uncanny speed

Together with Captain Formutt, the two naval officers had watched the manoeuvres from the tower with glasses. The commander of the neighbouring boat was on the island as the leader of the pick-up party and exchanged a few words with the three arrivals. Two of the men were then taken to the neighbouring boat and the third was transferred to U 5XX.

"Who are we going to get now?" Formutt asked curiously, sticking his head out to look

Hellfeldt laughed softly. "The guy is waving happily." He also looked more forwards. "He seems to be quite a funny one!"

A little later, the man in the parka was the first to set foot on deck and walked towards the tower

"But that's =' Krall looked in amazement at the new arrival.

"Ha! That's Eyken," howled the Viennese, while the commander smirked next to him. "Kruzitürken, they say here in Vienna."

The SS Major climbed up the tower rungs and reported to the commander of the boat on duty. Then he shook hands with both sea officers. "So, now I'm back with the saltwater sardines! Want to bet that I'll be a good uncle and bring a lot of variety? ='

"We can wait and see," Formutt said somewhat sarcastically. "We want to see the joys in writing! "

Eyken thumped his chest. "Haha, gentlemen, here's the big order! Safe and sound for you. There's more sugar in it than in all the Bible verses." The men climbed into the tower and made their way to the mess hall. First the major took off his parka, then he reached into the inside pocket of his tunic and pulled out two envelopes. He handed one to the commander.

He said: "Here is the order from the base command for you, Captain, with the verbal message that you will be accompanied by all the good wishes of the base comrades. The adjutant of the commander has solemnly crossed his fingers! " "Something's changed," muttered the captain as he accepted the envelope and nodded to the major. He then passed the second envelope to Krall, who was standing next to him, with the words: "This deployment order changes all previous instructions and includes me. I am therefore responsible for any further verbal explanations."

Silence. Only paper rustled as the captain opened his order. Then he read it. His face showed no emotion apart from a slight raise of the eyebrows.

When he had finished reading, he folded the document lengthways and walked to the door, where he stopped a passing mate. "Call the officers to mess 1 immediately"

"Yes, Captain, all officers to the mess!" replied the mate. Meanwhile, Krall had opened the order handed to him by Eyken and was holding it so that Hellfeldt could easily read it. Formutt, who came back from the door, stood waiting.

After a few minutes, the men looked at each other in surprise. Then they turned their gazes to Eyken, who was standing there, looking indifferent.

"So the three of us?" said the man from Hamburg, still in a questioning tone.

"The three of us," repeated the Major.

Nothing more could be said, for now the boat officers stumbled into the mess one by one. The cramped space forced them to stand somewhat pressed against each other and wait for the commander to open the door

The I. WO wanted to report, but the captain waved him off. No one could read the thoughts behind his brow as he surveyed the men in turn. The war had turned the young people into precocious men who knew how to control themselves

Formutt didn't bother with formula stuff. In a few sentences, he explained that an order to sail had now arrived. The boat would head for Argentinian waters and take on cargo and fuel from a ship at a certain point. On this occasion, three men were to be dropped off on the coast. U 5XX would leave the following morning. From now on, the boat would have to be carefully inspected in order to be ready for departure as planned

As the men all looked at each other questioningly, the man from Hamburg spoke up: "The three men who are to be dropped off are Hellfeldt, Eyken and me! "

"Ahhh =' The officers showed genuine astonishment.

"That's right," Eyken also admitted. "But we don't know much more than that. When we enter the South American subcontinent, we'll have to wait for a Father Christmas to take our hands and give us sweets. So everything is still written in the stars."

"We'll probably have to go pretty far in Argentina," Hellfeldt added dryly.

The captain interrupted any further questions. "So, that's it. Get to work, gentlemen!"

While the boat officers left the room, Formutt turned to those who remained behind: "I would ask everyone to be back here in the mess in two hours. I would then like to discuss everything else concerning the base and the orders. Major Eyken, you will probably be hungry after the air journey. Have the Smutje bring you something. See you later! ='

Now the lieutenant captains sat down while Eyken put one leg over the corner of the mess table. Hellfeldt looked at the major: "Your return surprised us. But even more so that we will now make a team together. I'm sure we'll be a great match. We have already grown together very well through our previous shipboard comradeship. Even if we don't yet know what tasks will be assigned to us, we can't have too much difficulty in guessing at some of them."

"That's what I mean," confirmed the major. "I still have a ciphered letter for the contact address I was given in Buenos Aires, but it has to be destroyed in case of danger despite the difficult code. I was also ordered to join you as a third officer because I am better able to deal with difficulties out in the world with special connections."

"The people from the Black Sun," said Hellfeldt.

"That's right," the Major confirmed curtly.

"And how are things at the base?" asked the Viennese.

"Tsss tsss =' , said Eyken. "That's more amazing than people think. Outwardly, of course, it's a secret imperial matter! If the Allies wanted to have a go at us now, they'd have the same fate as they did a few weeks ago in the North Atlantic. But I don't want to tell you twice. When the captain turns up in two hours' time, I'll let loose a yarn that will make your eyes water. Formutt will probably want to know just as much as you two."

"That's understandable," said the man from Hamburg. "So let's wait until then. You spend most of your life in the military, Landsersprüchen

According to him, with waiting anyway."

"A Chinese sage once said . ." Eyken began to lecture seriously.

"Stop, stop!" Krall begged, raising his arm. "Stay away from me with the bird's nest eaters! "

Two hours later, with almost military punctuality, the commander reappeared in the mess hall, where only the Major and the two Caleus sat waiting

"Keep your seats, mates," he said informally and pushed his cap down his neck. "Now it's just us amongst ourselves." With a small sigh, he continued: "Lying around for so long isn't exactly refreshing for us sailors. And having to twiddle our thumbs away from any variety was worse than a punitive exercise."

"But now you will hear an astonishing truth! " Eyken's eyes sparkled.

"I haven't given my two comrades a description of the base yet because I didn't want to tell them twice."

The man from Hamburg grumbled a little indistinctly.

The major ignored Krall's grumbling. Standing up stiffly, he continued: "I don't want to dwell on trivial details. What we need to know is the fact that we're sitting in an extremely large area that's full of oddities. From the immediate ice shelf coast lies the Ritscher Land with a depth of around three hundred kilometres to two huge mountain groups, which have a distinctly fortress-like character and are therefore by their very nature an ideal base. To the left, towards the pole, lies a mighty group known as the Wohlfahrt Massif with a width of around 180 kilometres. After a short interruption, the Drygalski Mountains follow on the right, which are just as long as the aforementioned massif. This group has a particularly bizarre high alpine wealth of forms, which in its entirety resembles a wild primeval world covered with enormous masses of ice. Steep pointed cones resemble needles from a giant world. The Mühlig Hofmann Mountains follow to the far right, with a length of approximately 150 kilometres, rising just as mightily and threateningly into the Antarctic sky. Whoever nests here and has new weapons is the unrivalled master and unassailable with previous means! "

Eyken took an art break. The small room at the fair was filled with a palpable tension. The audience had rigid faces and mimed restraint

"Towards the pole, these mountain ranges drop steeply down to the Wegener plateau," the major continued. "These slopes bear the name 'Neu-

mayer Steilwand'. The peaks of the mountains, which reach up to a height of four thousand metres, allow the aforementioned Wegener plateau to be seen as far as two hundred kilometres inland. I would like to mention a special curiosity: To the north of the Wohlfahrt massif lies a group of lakes named after Schirmmacher, whose waters never freeze over despite the extreme cold that prevails everywhere. This massif also contains the Conrad Mountains with the highest peaks, which as yet have no names. Here, narrow valleys drop to depths of up to two thousand metres in places. In the north, there are high cornerstones in this group, such as the Mentzel Berg and the somewhat semi-circular Zimmermann Berg. Via a needle-shaped basalt peak, the so-called Zuckerhut, the mountain formation then merges into the high Zackenreihe of the Ritschergipfel. Anyone who has seen all this knows that nature is our best ally here. The great dragon from the north lives here now and will breathe fire from the south if you get too close! "

"So this would be a base for which there are no comparisons so far," said Formutt in a somewhat raspy voice. "I consider this description to be sufficient."

"That's right," Eyken confirmed. "I think that details about weapons and positions are immaterial. It is expected that sooner or later the Allies will find out something and that an attack will be attempted. We will then learn more, as will the world. Until then, we do not want to anticipate any surprises. And since we also have to return with special orders to a world that is now at least controlled by the Allies everywhere, it is advisable not to know too many details for security reasons alone!

"It's as clear as glacial ice," said Hellfeldt. "It's almost too much what we know now."

"In any case, we have a new edition of the arctic point 103 here to reassure us!" said the man from Hamburg.

The Major made an indeterminate gesture and swayed his head slightly. "Point 103 was actually intended as a harbour point. The Antarctic base, on the other hand, is not only a harbour point with deep and unassailable caverns, but, as already clearly mentioned, a huge fortress and by no means as vulnerable as the Arctic point was, despite its manifold defences. There is also a strong selected garrison here, which calls itself the last German battalion, although it is numerically even stronger than such a strong unit. With the hoarded armament and thanks to the aerial

discs, the V 7s, there is a fighting force lying in wait here that cannot be measured by the usual standards. Added to this is our submarine flotilla with its new guided missiles."

"Only now am I beginning to realise why we could afford to build unarmoured supply boats," Formutt admitted after a moment's thought. "It's understandable that such a huge undertaking also requires sufficient transport space. That I, of all people, have to command a barge instead of being given a battle boat is a twist of fate! "

"You always have to feel part of a larger whole," Eyken comforted the captain. "Here, everyone has to stand up for each other. Here we are no longer fighting in the second, already concluded military world war, but we are already fighting the first battles of the coming German freedom! We do not know to what extent our homeland will support us in the coming years. As far as we can tell so far from the not comforting news, it will probably be a very long time before the elites rally in favour of German independence and freedom. The enemy's propaganda is rolling everything down with thick lies, and the German Michel is becoming a sheep! "

Formutt supported his head with his right hand. His voice was heavy and dark when he said after a while: "Who would ever have thought that people, and especially the Germans, could change so quickly? And on top of that, the absurd fact that the last piece of the empire is in Antarctica?" Eyken stared at the captain with narrowed eyes. "This Antarctic base as a remnant of the empire has a great underlying significance. Development has created positions whose meanings and effects will only become recognisable later."

"I don't really understand," Formutt mumbled somewhat helplessly.

The Major relaxed again. Earlier it had seemed as if a spell had come over him, influencing an inner vision from afar. Choosing his words carefully, he said: "To make my previous allusion clear, I must begin by pointing out that we have to deal with the meaning of the poles. Knowledgeable circles refer to the North Pole as the theonium of the earth with the simultaneous meaning of a place of highest spiritualisation. Lucifer, the light bearer of the north, and Prometheus are also linked to this pole. Here lies the Midnight Mountain, the legendary Mountain of Assembly. One interpretation says that this refers to the Earth's axis, which stretches from the pole to the Pole Star. Many folk traditions see this star as the seat of the highest wisdom. This mystical point is also regarded as the starting point of the Aryan missionary tradition and as the original source of Aryan powers."

The speaker paused for a moment, then continued: "The South Pole, the ant-Arctic counterpart of the North, is to be regarded as a demonium. It is described as the place of greatest materialisation, and all the evil demons of this earth are said to have been banished to its ice world. If we now imagine our planet as a disc according to the Ptolemaic world view and divide it into two equal halves, one white and the other black, in the manner of the Chinese Ying Yang symbol, then we only need to imagine a black dot in the white field and a white dot in the black field in order to be able to compare a political reality."

Eyken pulled a pencil from his coat pocket and drew the previously described disc on the tabletop with as much precision as possible. Then he went on to explain: "According to the current situation, the United States of America, led by high finance and its logistical troops in the background, is the power with the greatest real materialisation. It is this power that is pushing its military forces further towards the North Pole via the protective shield against the Arctic that is currently still being maintained. According to the news we have now received, the United States intends to move into and expand bases in Greenland in the near future. We have also been informed by an authorised source that the intention is to usurp the name 'Thule' for the main base to be established. There is a deep meaning behind this endeavour. The Soviets are also trying to expand their islands in the North Sea. Mali' will certainly learn more about this in the near future. In symbolic terms, the materialistic forces are placing themselves as a black dot in the white field of great spirituality. The knowing forces of the Aryan tradition, which are still predominantly present in Germany, are regarded as the last guardians and custodians of the white field. In this field we need not fear the black dot as long as we know how to utilise the power of the North as a shield or sword! "The major now hatched one half of the previously drawn disc into a dark grid area after drawing a partial S-shaped line, then he placed the tip of the pencil in the black area indicated. "Here, in the dark area, is the white dot! This means that after the external occupation of our own white field by black forces, we have moved out into the dark demonium with our potential to the south. Since we have come as knowers, we must now, figuratively speaking, attempt to tap into the sources of power of materialistic concentration and make them useful to our own white point without any inner self-abandonment. Only the white, the coming white sun, sol invictus, the invincible, must remain supreme from the theonic principle.

This white sun. This white sun will be the later symbol that will follow the black sun, the sign of our military potency, which is still valid today. There are traditions according to which the primordial light comes from the north, whereas HE comes from the south. This 'HE' is the personified dark power. There is an interesting passage from the Edda that says: "From the south comes Surtur with a scorching blaze, the god of battle's steel shines brightly. Surtur, the fire giant of Muspelheim, is translated as 'the black one'."

Now it was Krall who interrupted: "I know a curious story about this explanation from China's recent past. During my education, I was studying history in connection with the navy. I came across a report from the Boxer War in China. As I can still remember, it mentioned that the boxers who went into battle swallowed strips of paper that were supposed to make them invulnerable. These strips bore the text: I am the Buddha of the cold cloud; in front of me is the black deity of fire and behind me is Lao Tzu, my other self." Eyken smiled subtly. "This and other things are known to me. But in addition to the Chinese spells I mentioned, you should know that the Chinese warriors were subjected to a ritual before swallowing the paper strips. The Mayans used them to invoke Si Nen ti, the spirit of the North Pole! "

The man from Hamburg raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "I didn't know that. But isn't it strange how the same or similar mythical elements permeate mysticism all over the world?"

"To those who have knowledge, many things will seem more understandable," the major said calmly. "You just have to keep looking for the starting points I "

As the naval officers nodded in agreement but remained silent, Eyken picked up the thread again. "The demonium of the south is becoming virulent with the current political development, and it is truly strange that the power of evil coming from the dark is aggressively trying to establish itself in the north, while goodness and spirituality as the core of the Nordic mission must seek asylum in the south, in order to carry the light into the world from there like Lucifer, the light bearer. In order to maintain the bipolar balance, the Demonium must help the white forces to save the Theonium. This is how things now lie outside the profane plane for those who know."

"Seen in this light, the power of the base is significantly different than previously assumed. There are important laws at play here," Hellfeldt murmured

"Here in Antarctica, there are also some things outside of New Swabia that are only partially known," the Major continued. "For example, far away from here, roughly on the opposite coastal edge of the Ross Sea, there is a high chain of volcanoes whose highest peak is called Erebus. Not far from it, somewhat lower, the volcano Terror towers high. Erebus is known to be the dark underworld, the darkness itself. In Hesiod's Theogony, Erebus is also a son of Chaos. The naming of this stretch of Antarctic coastline when it was discovered was hardly given with full knowledge of its primordial meanings, but undoubtedly arose from a subliminal awareness of the looming crags of the mountains that seemed to cast an eerie spell. Since then, the Erebus territory has been regarded as the real centre of the dark forces."

The speaker cleared his throat briefly. "Then there's another interpretation for the coal sack, actually two, taken from the Edda. Anyone who has ever looked through a deep black maw into space instead of a sky colour from the earth will hardly be able to forget this frightening sight. It is a dark hole or a deep black channel - the black! that leads into the night of the world. Into a dark region in the southern Milky Way, where dark clouds of interstellar matter absorb the starlight. This coal-black hole is in the sign of Canopus. The aforementioned passage in the Edda states that there is the Gnipa Cave, in front of which lies the guarding and watchful dog. Literally, it says in Völuspá, 'The seer's face': . . . Howling, Garm howls in front of Gnipahellir, the shackle snaps, the wolf runs...' So Sirius, the hound star. There may have been an exchange of knowledge with ancient Egypt in the post-Atlantean period, whereby reports were adopted according to which the Egyptian priests always performed their great initiation ceremonies at the dawn of Sirius with the dog, whereby the Canopus Cave was also mentioned."

Staring thoughtfully at the ceiling, he continued: "In the Vishnupurâna of ancient Indian literature, the Kanopus is known as Agastya. The descent of the sons of heaven, the Pitris, took place via Agastya. According to the ancient myth, these Pitris came to earth as sons of bulls. At this time, Venus, the morning star, was in the sign of Taurus and the sun was in the sign of Leo. According to ancient traditions, this time also signifies the birth of the Nordic soul from the starlight. Lucifer, the bearer of light, was later cast out by the zealous church and condemned to hell. In reality, hell is the cave, the great mother cave, the Ur. The church thus separated itself from the

Creation and the message of nature. It displaced the light bearer and replaced him with the petty, clamouring, vengeful tribal god of desert tribes, the human-shaped Yahweh."

There was a brief silence in the measuring room. The Major's explanations left a deep impression. Now the Antarctic sky had also revealed itself as part of a cosmic legend.

Formutt was just about to ask a question when the I. WO came into the mess and took up his position. He snarled in a strictly official manner: "Report from L.1, Captain! Boat is now ready to sail! "

Formutt stood up, the conversation died away.

"Everything reliably checked? "

"Yes, Mr Captain! "

"Thank you! "

The I. WO saluted and hurriedly disappeared

In the meantime, the other people present in the mess hall had also stood up

"Hm, snappy, snappy," muttered Eyken after the officer on duty left

"Yes, I know," Formutt defended, "people always say that the U Boot people are a loose bunch. Of course, that's also due to the special nature of our armoury. But when things get serious, we also play sharp." He looked at the men in front of him in turn, then said slowly and emphasised: "And now it's getting serious. The time has come. Our tasks begin! "

No one answered. The commander now turned towards the exit, but stopped again in the doorway: "I hope we have a few quiet hours during the journey to continue our discussions. We'll be leaving in a few hours now. We are leaving the territory of the last free Germany with the base of the last German battalion! "

"No, Captain," Hellfeldt's voice penetrated the room. "Ulrich von Hutten once said: 'Germany is everywhere where there are strong hearts! '" Formutt

pressed his lips together, then said quietly: "I'll go through hell with you three times if I have to. There and back!"

III

A LIGHT GOES OUT

"I endure it as I endure it
and how I will always bear it!"

Walter von der Vogelweide

Boat 5XX had set sail. For the time being, it kept a northerly course to make a wide arc around the notorious Wedell Sea.

It no longer had any connection with the Antarctic base, nor with the flotilla's FdU. There was no longer any escort from the air, and in the event of detection, the weakly armed supply boat was almost defenceless.

Under these circumstances, it was understandable that the officers and crew carried out their duties in a serious and taciturn manner. They knew that it depended on each individual to bring the boat safely to its destination at the appointed time. Despite the commander's taciturnity, there was no hiding the fact that the order was to rendezvous with a supply ship somewhere north of the Falkland Islands. But nobody knew anything about the nationality of the ship. The order only specified a particular flag as a means of identification.

Later, the boat swivelled to the west.

The commander now had no time to talk to his guest officers. The responsibility that weighed on him for driving safety and the timely fulfilment of the order prevented him from resting. He slept little and only ate his meals hastily.

As a result, the two lieutenant captains and Eyken usually sat alone in the small mess, as the boatswains, who had been reduced to a full crew before the voyage, were on duty or had slept through the free watch. The commander had declined any assistance from the two guests.

The three officers used the free time they now had to practise their Spanish. Eyken was reasonably fluent in this language

The Atlantic was calm in July, and it was already getting warmer in the latitudes we reached. The boat travelled submerged during the day, but at night, under the sparkling carpet of stars in the southern sky, there was only an empty silver-glittering sea

During a short meal together, Eyken asked the commander,

whether he and his companions would be dropped off on the coast before the meeting with the announced ship or only afterwards.

Formutt looked at the Major a little sullenly. He had dark circles under his eyes and seemed tired. "Right, I should drop you off before the meeting. However, after some consideration, I don't want to run the risk of being delayed due to any unexpected circumstances. I bear full and sole responsibility for the fulfilment of the task assigned to me! Perhaps there is the unforeseen possibility that, regardless of the planning, it will be possible to change to the ship and you will be able to go ashore somewhere inconspicuously. But that will only become clear when we know more about the reported ship. I'll risk less with my boat than."

Eyken nodded in agreement. "That sounds logical and good. It also seems to me to be a better solution than the one originally planned."

The captain breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad we're on the same page. I'll be sorry when you're no longer on my boat. We got on splendidly and I will miss you."

Now Krall made a gesture of regret. "We may have been off-duty guests, but your boat almost became a home to us, too. I already have a funny feeling in my stomach when I think that we'll soon be coughed up again by world history, without knowing what will happen next."

"Sometimes less knowledge is better than too much," Formutt smiled, somewhat relaxed. "Wilhelm Busch once wisely said: Firstly, things turn out differently, secondly, than you think! "

"I don't know that saying," the Hamburg native replied. "When I think of Busch, all I can think of is pious Helene."

The previously calm Viennese sighed and rolled his eyes. "Holy cow! Now this Alster boy is thinking about a Helene, while we're all getting our arsees near the ground."

"But ice will melt soon," Krall said insinuatingly.

"But not from Argentina," Hellfeldt defended. "After all, despite having many friends, it's still a warring country where enemy agents swarm like fleas in a dog's fur. You can really get into hot water there."

"It will be up to us not to attract attention," the major tried to dampen the Viennese's concerns. "You have to realise that despite Argentina's declaration of war on Germany, which President Farrell and his young Minister of War, the young Colonel Juan Dominge Perón, signed under pressure from the Allies in March of this year, many officers are still

to Argentinian neutrality. We will find some things turned upside down in this country. For example, the influence of the Freemasons is so great that no officer can reach a higher rank unless he is a member of a lodge. The Argentine national coat of arms shows the Jacobin cap in a triangle in front of the Masonic sun. There is a separate officers' lodge called GOU. This abbreviation stands for 'Grupo de Oficiales Unidos'. As we have learned, this lodge drew up a secret document in Buenos Aires on 1 July 1942 in which the members pledged to maintain the country's neutrality. The strange thing is that the Argentinian Masonic brothers are largely in favour of Germany. This puts them in sharp contrast to all other lodge brothers in world Freemasonry."

"That's more than strange," Hellfeldt remarked in surprise. "These people must know that the Axis powers have stopped all lodge activities."

Eyken ignored the reference and continued: "As far as we know, none of the key officers in the country are on the side of the Allies. There was a pro-Allied government under President Ortiz, but it was replaced in July 1942. Ortiz died three weeks later. Afterwards, the Chief of the Admiral's Staff Teiseire, a high-grade Freemason, attempted to drive Argentina into the war against Germany. But the people of the GOU were against it. Nevertheless, the later president, General Ramirez, changed the situation by forcing a break in relations with the Axis powers. As I recall, that was on 26 January 1944, the previous year. But in February, a month later, Ramirez resigned from the presidency and was replaced by his former vice-president Farrel. The latter was building up Colonel Perón, who was standing in the background and our intelligence service reported that he was to be reckoned with as one of the coming men of Argentina. Well, I have studied the developments in this country in detail and had the base provide me with the latest information so that we don't enter the country unprepared," the Major concluded.

"One thing is decisive for me," Formutt explained briefly. "Argentina is a belligerent country, and I have to conduct my business accordingly. I will do this strictly and without sentimentality. And I tell you frankly, when I think about your tasks, I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. It's only a small consolation that, as I can see, you're not walking into the lion's den completely unprepared and at least know the situation to some extent."

"Yes, walking into the lion's den," Eyken repeated. An almost

A mischievous smile flitted across his otherwise stern features. "We even want to pull out some of the leu's tail hair! "

The man from Hamburg laughed broadly. "A landlubber can only do that when there are sea dogs around!"

Boat 5XX had been cruising at the specified position for days. The announced ship had been overdue for three days. Captain Formutt was irritable and ill-tempered, and the officers were also getting nervous.

On the fourth day of the delay, the commander ordered them to remain on standby at the precisely calculated rendezvous point.

Another day later, he started swearing violently. "Damn boat! Either the people on the boat can't navigate or something's happened. If no tail comes afloat, we're screwed!" At that moment, the L.I. came rushing up. He had heard the commander's last words. "Yes, we're already screwed, Captain! Our fuel tank is leaking in the outer section of the boat and we're losing fuel!"

Formutt turned white as a sheet. "My God, that too --"

Behind the L. I., the other officers and technicians had now appeared. They all stared at the commander in shock

He ran his hand over his face with a nervous movement. "Now the whole naval club is standing in front of me, waiting for me to raise a magic wand. Yes, for crying out loud, I'm not a miracle man either! Have you only just realised that?"

"The tank could only have leaked very recently," said the L.

I. calmly. "We have to examine the boat in its surfaced state with a diver and find out what's going on! "

Formutt composed himself. His voice had the familiar command tone. "Locate the area, see if it's free of enemies, then surface! Have the diver get ready to disembark immediately! "

"Yes, Captain!" The I. WO repeated the order and immediately passed the instructions on through the boat. The men all hurried to their stations. Eyken turned to Krall. "What's the situation for us now?"

"Bad," the man from Hamburg replied. "If we can't plug the leak, then the boat can't go back. When fuel is lost, oil comes to the surface and leaves a trail that allows us to locate it visually. This would give away the direction to the base. It is just as dangerous as vapour trails in the air, which indicate aircraft."

"How could this have happened?" The Major's voice sounded perplexed.

"Nobody knows at the moment. Just wait and see! " the Ham-

burger briefly.

Two hours later, the situation was clear. A proper repair proved to be impossible under the given circumstances because the boat was in too much danger. A provisional sealing of the tank from the outside only gave the boat the opportunity to move away from the base in the opposite direction to a mainland. The commander had to decide what to do afterwards

Formutt paced around like an irritated tiger. "If the Oberwasserheini had swum in, we would have received help with some visual cover and fuel supplies. That's all in the bin now! "

"Will you have to blow it up?" the major asked gloomily.

"Haha, blow it up? That the manatee bites me! We don't have a single eel on board as a supply boat. The stargazers from the staffs always believe that everything happens like a sandbox game. When they plan for a ship to come, they always expect it, even if the sky falls beforehand. Shit and a thousand cockroaches, the dogs are biting us now! "

To make matters worse, there was now an alarm. The II WO spotted a drifting plume of smoke on the northern horizon. The boat was forced to dive before any repairs could be started. The brief observation had revealed a freighter running a steady course and heading for Rivadavia or another smaller harbour. There was nothing to suggest that it was the expected vessel. After some time it had disappeared

The boat surfaced again. This time, the men were able to carry out makeshift repairs with the help of a diver.

"How are you?" Formutt asked the L. I. urgently.

"Not particularly! It's also difficult for me to explain how this came about. We can't do all the work now. If something appears in the air, we won't be able to get our men back into the boat quickly enough."

"So what now?"

"If we're lucky, we'll get as far as the Argentinian mainland." The L. I.'s face looked stony

The commander's eyes darkened, his voice hoarse as he made his decision.

"Then make sure we have the necessary luck to reach the coast! "

"Yes, Mr Captain! " The L. I. left.

Formutt stood there pensively, his head buzzing with thoughts.

"Captain," asked the I. WO, who had been waiting in silence with the Major for a few minutes, "where is the course heading?"

"Well... that's the question," said the commander hesitantly. "To be on the safe side

we have to reach the nearest coastal strip."

"That would be the area from San Mattias Gulf to around Bahia Blanca," said the

I. WO

Now Formutt looked at the major. "In consideration of your duties, I would prefer to head for the large protruding part of the coast around Mar del Plata. From our current location, the radial line to both points is not very different in terms of distance. According to this decision, I can bring you and our two caeuls closer to Baires."

"And what's the situation for the boat then?" asked Eyken.

"I reserve the right to make final decisions," came the terse reply.

"Let's see how things are after your disembarkation." He walked away somewhat stiffly.

Now there was an awkward silence on board the boat. The entire crew had suddenly realised that the goddess of disaster had struck. Nobody could now say what the next few days would bring. The commander's decisions were limited and in any case fateful.

On the evening of the day of the accident, the smutje came to Krall. "Lieutenant, what do you want me to do? I brought the commander his supper earlier and he pushed it away. He growled at me while he was doing it. Afterwards I went to the I. WO, and he just shrugged his shoulders. Our thin thread of fate depends entirely on the captain's decisions. Even at lunchtime he only choked down a few bites and then left the food behind with no enthusiasm. Mr Lieutenant-Captain..."

The man from Hamburg grimaced. "Jeez, mate, what am I supposed to do about it? By the way, if you had the captain's worries, you'd forget about cooking and let us starve."

"I just thought =", stuttered the cook unhappily. "Our captain ="

"Give it a rest," Krall comforted him. "You're right, boy! Just stay concerned about his and our physical well-being and show understanding. Every sorrow will pass."

"Yes," said the Smutje a little hoarsely. "Thank you, Mr Lieutenant! =" He made a tired little face and slunk away

The man from Hamburg went to see Hellfeldt and told him about the chef's touching concern.

"Hm, yes, the grief has hit the whole crew on the stomach," said the Viennese.

"Without a doubt," Krall admitted. "Like the captain, the crew don't seem to care whether you get eel soup with plums or watery herring broth from the galley. Oh dear . . ."

The mood on board the following day was even more depressed than before.

The men of the crew only whispered, and the silence inside the boat was like the silence in a church. Only the tight service distracted people from too much brooding

On Formutt's orders, the damaged boat now set a new north-westerly course. During the day they had to sail under water, as they had already reached more heavily travelled areas

In the afternoon, the commander trudged into the mess hall where, as always, he knew the three gas officers were. He looked aged now, and his features reflected worry.

After a while, standing in front of the men who were waiting for him, he said: "My order does not specify where I am to land you. It simply says that I am to land you in a favourable place where you will have no difficulty in reaching the capital. Where there are few people, strangers always attract attention. I have therefore decided to attempt a coup de grace."

Eyken jerked up. "And that would be? "

"I will try to enter the Rio de la Plata and drop you off near the capital, if the condition of the boat and the amount of fuel remaining allow it."

"And if we don't make it there?" The Major's question sounded impersonal and matter-of-fact.

"Then we have to make sudden decisions that are adapted to the situation that arises! "

"Your risk, Commander, is great! Of course we agree with your proposals. You have our complete trust! "

Formutt made a dismissive gesture with his hand. "Thank you! In war, everything is a risk. I can also go on missions with a supply boat."

"Nobody doubts that," said Hellfeldt. "In any case, we're in good hands with you!"

"I hope so," said the captain somewhat wearily. "Now let's see to it that we soon find a box that runs into Baires and behind which we can attach ourselves under water. That might camouflage any traces of oil."

"And if the emergency seal doesn't hold? ="

"We'll do our best," replied Formutt, pressed. "Your task is now my last. There's nothing else I can do. Oh, damn it..." He clenched his fists and walked away.

The hours passed without anything happening. Checks revealed that the boat was only losing a small amount of fuel and the worst had been averted. With a bit of luck, the commander was able to guide the boat to its final destination

Not too far from Buenos Aires, the I. WO used the periscope to spot a larger ship heading for the capital of Argentina. It was a slow-moving refrigerated ship with the Argentinian flag at the stern.

Captain Formutt gave the order to get behind the ship immediately after receiving the report and making his own observation assessment. With the help of the new active detection system, the boat was able to keep its distance and depth.

While the course correction was being made, Eyken approached the commander. "Couldn't the boat be helped if we boarded the box and supplied ourselves with fuel?"

Formutt looked at the major. "Of course, those are the obvious thoughts that have already crossed my mind. But there are many reasons against it at the moment."

"And what would they be?..."

"We'll immediately put the whole world in turmoil, and the coast, which is already nearby, poses a danger that should not be underestimated. Whatever the outcome, we must remain as passive as possible so as not to jeopardise the whole thing. If the world were to declare an act of piracy, it would cause allied operations throughout the South Atlantic. And I can't justify that! "

"You're right, Captain," Eyken admitted frankly. "The tasks of the navy are sometimes more difficult than those on land."

Formutt nodded. Then suddenly a slightly mischievous expression flashed across his otherwise hardened face. "Of course, it would have been a lot of fun for all of us to see the faces of the men on the corned beef truck if we had come out of nowhere with our giant cigar in front of their bow."

"I used to indulge in such fantasies before," said Eyken with a slight smile

"Well, spinning costs nothing..." The captain laid a companionable hand on the major's shoulder, then, after a brief nod, he went to the locating station.

It was fortunate that the Argentinian ship reached Buenos Aires at sunset and headed for the harbour. U 5XX had held on and remained in the foreign vessel's lane without any difficulties.

The boat commander ordered the ship to turn off in the open sea and stand by. The entry into the Rio de la Plata was not to be attempted until it was completely dark.

The short wait passed quickly. Only with the help of the technical equipment did the boat carefully sail past the capital and into the wide river at the mouth, keeping as close to the centre of the current as possible. Around midnight, the periscope was deployed after the localisation had not detected any ships in the immediate vicinity.

An observation of the sky showed a series of small dots of light on both sides of the shore.

"Drive even further! " Formutt ordered.

A little later, the commander stepped into the mess hall to the three men, who had been ready to leave for hours. "It's almost time," he said. "Is everything clear?"

"All right!" replied the major. "We're ready to get out at any time. Civilian clothes, identity papers, Argentinian money, everything at hand! "

"It would probably be easiest if you put on your civilian clothes on board now and save yourself from sinking into the river. I see you've already cleared your duffle bags and have your suitcases with you."

"Wanted to dock civilian anyway," Eyken said curtly. "But I thought our stuff on board might make you uncomfortable."

"Oh, rubbish," said Formutt. "It's my job to deal with all the other stuff we've got heaps of on board."

"When do you want us gone?"

"Want to? Not at all. But I have to! " Formutt's eyes took on a warm glint. "In an hour, I think I'll drop you off. So you have plenty of time to become civilian bunnies! "

The captain returned exactly one hour later. When he saw three civilians in front of him, he pursed his lips and let out a low whistle. "Dunnerlüttchen, this is a new world! Zickezacke, nobly fine! "

"Phew," said Krall, looking unhappy. "When you've worn navy uniforms for years, you feel more than a little funny in these things."

"Come on, mates, pick up the suitcases. Let's not keep the blue boys waiting!"

" cut the major short. "By the time the roosters crow, we must already be off the shore! "

"Sure! " The commander nodded and went ahead.

The three men picked up the suitcases and made their way up the tower. Then they waited for the ascent manoeuvre

The commander was the first to climb up, followed by the chief officer, a chief petty officer and two other members of the crew.

Before the major and the two lieutenant captains followed, they said a brief but cordial farewell to the crew members who had stayed behind, with whom they had long formed a community regardless of rank.

When they arrived on deck, the mates had already pumped up a small inflatable boat and lowered it into the water ready to float. The preparations had been precise and swift.

The commander had stayed with the I. WO on the platform of the tower. Both of them firmly shook hands with their now landing comrades

"Break a leg," said Formutt in a gruff voice. "Take good care on your civilian journey to heaven!"

The two departing lieutenant captains thanked him. Eyken, who was the last to climb down from the tower, asked: "What will happen to you and the boat now?"

The commander looked past him into the darkness of the night. "The lights are going out!"

The major saluted tightly. This salute was all he could say silently as a soldier and comrade. Then he followed his companions, who were already standing on the boat deck

"Let's get over!" Krall jumped into the swaying dinghy, followed by Hellfeldt and Eyken. The mates handed over the suitcases, then took up their positions and greeted them with an emphasised dash. They held on until the two sea officers had taken hold of the prepared paddle oars, pushed off and began to row. Then they were called back by an order from the tower.

When the three men, who had become civilians, were about a hundred metres away from the boat, they saw the large underwater craft stand out against the lighter velvet blue of the night like a dark, seemingly dangerous beast. They recognised the outline of a man who waved and then disappeared

After another hundred metres of rowing towards the southern bank, the men saw U 5XX approaching and the start of the diving manoeuvre. The river water rushed and the spreading wave dunes caused the dinghy to rock slightly. After a short time, the large boat had disappeared.

The rowers remained silent. Despite paying attention on all sides, they could not prevent their thoughts from following the submerged boat. They were now alone in a strange world.

They were heading for a spot on the shore that had already shown no points of light when they first observed Formutts. At the moment, there were no more lights at all near the shore

It took a while before the shore was within reach. Long before it flowed into the Atlantic, the Rio de la Plata had already become a wide river, resembling a deep sea far into the interior of the country.

A suitable landing site was soon identified. Under the cover of the moonlit night, they set foot on Argentinian soil with a strange feeling. It was currently enemy territory

"The first thing we have to do now is make the boat disappear," said the Major half aloud

"That's clear! " Krall replied curtly. "Hellfeldt and I will take care of that." Without waiting for another reply, he beckoned the Viennese to follow him and stepped into the darkness of the neighbourhood.

"Where to =" asked Eyken.

"Looking for stones," came the barely intelligible reply.

It only took a short time before the men had collected some larger stones. The search in the darkness was arduous, but favoured by a bit of luck.

Hellfeldt quietly grumbled: "According to a modified proverb, where there are few stones, there should be plenty of bread..."

Krall now got rid of his clothes while the Viennese put the stones in the rubber dinghy. Meanwhile, the major secured the boat inland.

Now the man from Hamburg let himself slide into the water with a bare knife in his hand and pushed the boat in front of him. After a short distance from the shore, he opened the valve and stabbed the hull several times. The air escaped with a soft hiss. Shortly afterwards, the sagging boat and its stone ballast sank into the depths

When Krall climbed back onto the shore, he was shivering. Hellfeldt rubbed him dry with a cloth while the man from Hamburg gradually got into his clothes.

"Ready?" asked the major after a while.

"Done!" returned Krall. "The trace of our arrival has been erased. We can now march into the soon-to-be dawn."

"Good," said Eyken. "But before we set off, I'll hand out the papers. You never know..." He reached into the inside pocket of his skirt and pulled out an envelope from which he took out passports one by one. Turning towards the already low moon to get a better view, he began to sort them out.

"Here!" He looked at Krall and handed him a passport. "You're Danish now. They know you know some Danish, so now you're still Krall, but with a Danish cap."

"Jesus," the man from Hamburg grumbled. "I speak better English."

"English papers are hotter for that," the major replied. "Hellfeldt and I are Swiss now. I have to be damn careful with my pronunciation anyway, so that I don't bump into a real Schwyzer. He'll hardly believe my attempted Cantonal German. I might have done better as a Fleming, but I would also have been more suspect. Besides, I'm also

I'm not quite fluent in the Dutch dialects. You never know what's coming..."
Now Hellfeldt also accepted his passport. "No problems with me. Everything is fine. And if a real Swiss crosses our path, I'll be able to cope with the West Austrian Vorarlberg dialect. I'll take care of that."

"That makes me feel better," said Eyken.

"Not me," grumbled the man from Hamburg again. "As much as I can make out in the dim moonlight, the haircut in my photo looks embarrassing for a Dane. Here I'm still shaved straight down as if from the edge of a casserole."

"So what?" Eyken smiled slightly. "A Dane just fell into a haircut shop in Hamburg! "

"Fine by me," Krall resigned. "We'll have to spoon up this coffee together anyway..."

Now the men picked up their suitcases and walked inland, securing themselves on all sides. The twinkling of the stars accompanied them.

The land was flat. As the morning slowly approached, a light wind picked up. The brightening sky showed delicate pastel colours and the sun, still behind the horizon, sent its first arrows of light ahead. The Argentinian firmament was pale and not as glowing as in the north of the Latin American semi-continent

Not a soul anywhere. Only the wind rustled in the low, sparse neneo, the grass of these steppes, and in the calafati bushes, which are immune to any droughts that occur in the country. Birds warbling were the only sounds in the ever-increasing brightness. Soon the sky was a pale blue, the colour of the country's flag.

The men walked through the increasingly undulating terrain with spiky grass growing everywhere. Few trees and so far no house.

After a while they crossed a rutted track. They crossed it and continued inland, further and further away from the riverbank. After crossing another flat hill, they suddenly came to a wider road where they stopped.

At first, nothing was visible. After about ten minutes, Hellfeldt spotted a small plume of dust at the apex of the westbound road, which was slowly approaching

"A car!"

"Now we have to be careful," warned Eyken. "Our first encounter with the people in this country could already be our fate. We can't afford to make any mistakes now!"

Slowly the vehicle came closer, although it was undoubtedly in a hurry. As it approached, it turned out to be an old car. A typical cachirulo with only a few people in it. The car stopped.

The driver opened the rickety car boot. "Servores viajeros, entrad!

" He asked no questions and took it for granted that the new passengers had been waiting for him and knew where he was going.

Before the three men had even taken their seats, he rattled off again, leaving a long waft of dust behind him.

There were still four empty seats at the back. Eyken and Hellfeldt were seated next to each other, while Krall had a man next to him who examined him briefly but closely with sharp grey-blue eyes.

Nobody spoke. They visibly avoided showing any curiosity, and the few occupants stared at the monotony of the landscape with bored expressions

Krall bent his head backwards and said half aloud to Eyken through the rumble of the car: "The driver is Father Christmas himself. Just gives us a piggyback ride without asking for a destination or money! "

Eyken raised his hands in horror and indicated silence. Hellfeldt also rolled his eyes.

Krall's harmless expression now turned to guilt. He slumped a little and stared ahead again. He had found nothing wrong with talking to Eyken.

Krall's neighbour, however, had overheard the words. He looked at the man from Hamburg and said: "You haven't been in the country long, have you?"

He had spoken German flawlessly.

Now Krall was surprised. "Just arrived," he said defensively. "Are here on business! " It sounded curt.

His neighbour smiled slightly. "You're free to tell me anything you like. But if I were in your place, I wouldn't hesitate to call on the help of a German compatriot. My name is Glaser, Enrico Glaser, and I'm a wool salesman. I came here from Celle long before the war and I travelled around the country a lot in my job."

Krall was still hesitant. The pronunciation was flawless, and as a native of Hamburg he knew the related dialect of the heathen. He now had to decide for his companions to bet on the right card.

Without seeking the approval of his comrades, he replied cautiously: 'Suppose we were Germans; how can you help us? =' His neighbour blinked his eyes and took another good look at him. He then said slowly: 'Here in this country, you don't get asked if you don't want to talk. Nobody is interested in things you don't want to talk about yourself.

tells. People also pay little attention to what is going on in the capital and what the world situation is like there. In the countryside, the Germans are not disliked and the fresh air of humanity and helpfulness is everywhere. If you are decent, you soon have your amigos everywhere. It's only different in the capital. Argentina entered the war under pressure from the Allies, but ultimately not unwillingly, because it immediately confiscated the German possessions. Paraguay and Bolivia, for example, did not do that. And it will interest you to know that at Christmas the Bishop of Patagones declared from the pulpit that the devil will now win. I am telling you all this because my feeling tells me that you are still a complete stranger here. I'm not asking you, but your appearance on the road, far from a village or estancia, is certainly strange. But as you saw for yourself, they let you on and nobody asked."

"That's right," Krall confirmed. "But to come back to my question. In what way could you be of assistance?"

"That probably depends on what help you need," Glaser replied.

"If you want to go to the capital, for example, the ground can get slippery for you and your friends. But if you want to go somewhere in the countryside, then I can help you just as much as I can protect you in Baires. Here, far from home, we Germans have to stick together everywhere! "

"That sounds comforting," Krall admitted. "Why don't you wait a moment, I want to talk to my companions! "

The man from Hamburg turned back to speak to Eyken. He leaned forward to listen and let Krall repeat the passenger's offer. He then looked thoughtfully at the German expatriate, who again looked out of the window of the cachirulo as if unconcerned during the conversation.

"I think your behaviour was right," muttered Eyken. "Sometimes you just have to take the risk of a decision. So the man really does seem to be German."

"That's definitely him! The pronunciation is flawless."

"Hm," Eyken said, again briefly giving room for doubt. "Germans and Germans are not always the same thing. There have been enough people in our empire in recent years who have made pacts with the enemy and betrayed us soldiers." He stared in front of him for a few moments, somewhat tense. Then he gave himself a jolt and, leaning forward, placed his hand on the shoulder of Krall's neighbour. When his neighbour turned towards him, he shook his hand and introduced himself. Hellfeldt immediately did the same without being asked.

"Then everything is clear," said Glaser. "Don't tell me anything now, just tell me what I can do for you first?"

"We have to go to Buenos Aires," Eyken added after another brief

Hesitation. "We hope to meet some friends there! "

"So just where you shouldn't go," Glaser said dryly. "Well, if it's absolutely necessary, then I'll take you there. I'm independent in my job and a day or two doesn't matter to me. Is that what you want? I don't want to impose on you.

"In the situation we're in, we're grateful for any help," Eyken admitted openly.

"Decide when we get out and then we'll discuss the rest! "

"Bueno," nodded the Argentinian German.

When they later got out of the car in a village, the three men did not know where they were. Their new guide had unceremoniously forced them out of the vehicle and dealt with everything else with the driver of the car. He had also been right with his previous clues, as the driver had shown no curiosity whatsoever as to why three men with suitcases were suddenly standing on a lonely stretch of country road.

"Come on, compadres, come on! " Glaser, who had a small suitcase with him, beckoned the men to follow him.

They walked past houses in an inconspicuous, relaxed order, without paying much attention to the facades and individual shops, which at first glance seemed strange. Their first real contact with life on another continent was so sober and showed no idyll. Only occasionally did gauchos appear among the people they encountered, their customary dress giving them a bold appearance. The women also occasionally wore traditional rural dress, which suited them well. So the first image of the country was simple and unexciting.

After a few hundred paces, Glaser stopped in front of a simple house with a portal gate. "A German from Passau lives here," he said. "He's always happy when fellow countrymen turn up!"

The gate was unlocked and the men entered a patio, where they were greeted by two barking dogs. Glaser ordered them to be quiet and they retreated, growling slightly

"Holá, quién es?" came from the darkness of a doorway. Immediately afterwards, a portly man appeared who could not deny that he was Bavarian. He had a white beard, but his face looked youthful and light grey eyes sparkled under bushy brows.

"I'm inviting myself with guests, Don Arturo," Glaser shouted and laughed.

"How is it? Shall we go in or out? "

The landlord eyed his visitors suspiciously. Stroking his beard slowly, he said: "Damned and sewn up, no-one has ever been turned away from the threshold of my house if they don't have the wrong books.

reads! "

"I think we all have the same prayer book," Glaser joked. "Take us in and grant us your help, dear Pampasgermane! "

"Come in! "

He trudged back into the house without waiting for an introduction first. The men entered a large, bright and spacious parlour. The furnishings were rustic in character, with old pictures and furs hanging on the walls. It was tidy and everything looked clean and cosy.

Glaser now took over the show.

When Arturo Weißfeldner heard the names of the guests, his mouth twisted into a broad laugh. "Where did the pampas wind blow you from?" he asked, ignoring all etiquette.

"Ask later," Glaser interjected. "We're hungry, and then we want to talk to you so that you can take us to Baires in the car! "

"What about your car?" the landlord asked back.

"Under repair."

"Again? I guess we're due for another one soon, huh?"

"I want to wait and see," said Glaser thoughtfully. "I don't really like the current situation yet."

"Me neither," grumbled the landlord. "Now we'll talk later. You're hungry, and I don't want to offend your hospitality." While the men had taken their seats, he stood erect in front of them and suddenly roared like a rustic stag: "Hey Rosalia! ="

A fat house ghost appeared. "Si, mi patrón? "

'Traiganos comida! pronto! '

The person called nodded and disappeared again. Now the landlord picked up the interrupted thread of the conversation again. "Hm, the situation, hm . . . According to the latest reports, things are going haywire in Germany. All forces loyal to the Reich are being registered and the concentration camps set up in the country by the Allies are filling up en masse. They are now coyly called internments. The deposition and arrest of the rightful head of the Reich, Grand Admiral Dönitz, in violation of international law, now transforms the zone-divided Reich into Allied colonies. Let the devil take the world!

"He already has," said Eyken dryly. "From the 9th of May! "

"And we don't have it easy here at the moment either," said the Bavarian. "The German assets, schools, clubhouses and I don't know what else have been bagged, Baires is swarming with American and British agents, and the newspapers are constantly publishing atrocious news supplied by Allied propaganda."

"Well, the reports of the last naval battle in the Atlantic were not favourable to the Allies," Glaser interrupted. "Some neutral sources sometimes present things differently."

Now the two naval officers jerked up. Hellfeldt asked: "We're not aware of the reports here. We've only heard about it in passing..."

"Then you must come from the heart of the jungle?" said the Bavarian.

"Here in the country, people talked about it for days! "

"Well?" urged the Viennese.

The Bavarian stroked his white beard. "Not only our newspapers in the country, but also the other Latin American papers, especially the Chilean "El Mercurio", carried long reports about the naval battle that took place in the North Atlantic at the beginning of May between a mysterious German submarine flotilla and a strong Allied naval force! According to these reports, new torpedo weapons were deployed by the Germans. The entire Allied force was completely destroyed and the German flotilla disappeared from the scene without any losses of its own. Ha, that was another day for us Germans in Argentina!"

Eyken and the naval officers looked at each other. Their eyes shone.

"That's not all," said Glaser. "There's another authentic statement from a single survivor. The newspapers carried the statement of a rescued British captain who said to the press people who questioned him: 'God forbid I should come into conflict with this force again!' And that," he emphasised again, "is a verbatim reproduction of what the Latin American press said about the questioning of the British destroyer commander!"

"So only one survived?" Krall asked in a heavy voice, "only one..."

"That must have been a sacred affair," rumbled the Bavarian. "We could never have lost if there hadn't been so many maleficent cleaners committing betrayal after betrayal. Is it true that the traitors have found their way to the very top?"

"It's true!" confirmed Eyken. "Everything we did was already known to the Allies beforehand."

"Some of us Argentinian Germans are still in the army in Germany. If they survive and come back, they will only find their confiscated estancias, their lost businesses and houses." Weissfeldner stroked his beard again. "It's all for nothing!"

"Maybe not after all," Eyken said quietly. "History would have lost its meaning if things didn't change again!"

"You give me a lot with that sentence! " said the Bavarian seriously. "But that brings us to a counter-question: what can I do for you?"

"Take us, as your friend Glaser said, to Buenos Aires!"

"Not good ground for business at the moment," Weißfeldner replied. "Or do you want to leave the country? Then they'll certainly be more interested in you than necessary. Because this much I can see: you're not Argentinian citizens."

"No," Eyken admitted. "We'll probably be travelling on, but not by sea. We won't know any more details until we've spoken to friends in Buenos Aires."

"That sounds better. I'll drive you to your friends! "

"Just to the capital. That's enough. We have to find our friends first! "

"Olá! How do you envisage that? Turn up at the police station and ask?"

"Well, we kind of have an appointment," said Eyken hesitantly. "If it doesn't work out, though, we're like a fish out of water."

The Bavarian's eyes were serious. "I'll be damned if you're not one of those refugees who want to slip out of the devil's clutches. People are gradually arriving here and elsewhere, mostly via Spain. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Eyken.

"Then Glaser and I will help you! Tomorrow I'll take you to Baires, and your two friends will stay behind in the house for the time being. Or better still, Glaser will take you there in my car and ensure your safety. It's better this way than everyone running around the capital like a pack."

"Thank you," said Eyken simply. He stood up and held out his hand to the Bavarian, who squeezed it firmly.

The Bavarian snorted. "Teifi, Teifi, that was a matter of course! And now comes the food! That was pronto from my good Rosalia," said the Bavarian with satisfaction. "She always prepares something to eat, because the Germans from the neighbourhood who come by always like to come to me for a rest and a little chat. Can you hear the clatter of the crockery when she's on her way here? You can hear it through the whole house like an earthquake

It was a sunny day over Buenos Aires. There were only a few feathery clouds in the sky. A breeze blew over the big city from the sea, mixing with the smells of the harbour. The lively street life was completely normal and bustling, with nothing to suggest that the great war in Europe, which had come to an end, had touched this country in any way. Argentina's entry into this war had only brought the country the incorporation of German property and the goodwill of the Allies. For the most part, this hardly reflected the opinion of the country's population. In Buenos Aires, everything lived as it should.

had always lived.

Weißfeldner's old Ford car, driven by Glaser, drove along Avenida Rivadavia towards the harbour. It then turned right in front of the National Congress and continued along Avenida Hipólito Yrigoyen past the Barolo skyscraper to just in front of the City Hotel and from there turned right into Avenida Bolívar

Here Glaser pointed to an old baroque church and said to Eyken, who was sitting next to him: "Here's your destination! It's the Iglesia de San Ignacio. But we'll turn left and leave the car in Avenida Moreno! "

Eyken, who had been looking around with interest, nodded. "A small but pretty church! Almost too old for this up-and-coming town."

Glaser laughed. "It's the oldest church in the city. It was built by the German master builder Johannes Kraus, and the altar inside is the work of the Bavarian Josef Schmidt."

Turning the corner, Glaser stopped the car. Both men got out and walked back to the church

The old baroque building stood on a street corner and therefore stood out better as a whole. The very pretty and graceful façade was flanked on both sides by towers, which added weight to the portal front.

"Now we'll soon know whether your hopes are coming true," said Glaser with a slightly sceptical undertone.

Eyken looked at his wristwatch. "We're stopping at the right time. Every day at this hour, a man will walk slowly past the church and stop at the corner to read the newspaper. There are agreed phrases which then establish contact. However, I have to be prepared for one or two contact days to be cancelled."

"That might be the case today," Glaser added. "In any case, we're more than punctual and your partner is missing."

"We'll only be able to find out within the next twenty minutes," Eyken replied.

"In the meantime, let's take a look at the church."

"Why not," said Glaser calmly. "It's a listed building. Culturally, it's worth seeing."

When the men stepped out onto the street again after a short quarter of an hour, no one was to be seen apart from a few passers-by walking at a faster pace. They walked slowly past the neighbouring house, the front of which, adorned with a row of columns on the first floor, presented a distinguished sight. They then crossed to the opposite side of the street and watched all the passers-by. Nobody lived up to expectations.

After half an hour, Eyken shrugged his shoulders. "No chance for today! Let's get out of here! "

"So again tomorrow?" asked Glaser.

"If you don't mind my asking," said Eyken. He couldn't hide his disappointment.

"That's a deal."

The men went back to the parked car. Glaser drove round the nearby Plaza de Mayo to give his companion a picture of the capital. From there he crossed the Paseo Colón to turn into Avenida Rosales. He continued along Avenida Eduardo Madero to Avenida Maipú, along which he headed towards Avenida Santa Fe, past the Torre de los Ingleses and the monument to José de San Martín, the Argentinian freedom fighter. We headed out of the city along the Avenida Santa Fe.

Glaser chatted incessantly, but Eyken remained silent. He had to cope with the feelings of disappointment and the extremely weak hold in a foreign country. The uncertainty from one day to the next and the expected connections gnawed at him.

"Don't mope," consoled the Argentinian-German. "Maybe it will work out tomorrow. If not, then I'm still here to help. We don't leave any of our compatriots in the l!"

"It's like front-line comradeship," said Eyken cautiously. "Only you always have to get the right mates abroad."

"That's true for me too," nodded Glaser. "People from Germany used to come here too. But they weren't mates. Today they sit around everywhere, have assets and drool. And the synagogue in the Libertad is now too small." He made a pinched face. "They immediately made friends everywhere and wanted to play us old Argentinian Germans everywhere."

"We haven't yet discussed where we want to go for the time being," said Eyken.

"It's a simple matter," laughed Glaser. "After the rendezvous didn't work out today, we have to go again tomorrow. And so that we don't have to travel the world, we're staying with a German on the outskirts of the city tonight. It's that simple here with us! "

"It all seems simple to you," Eyken replied. "If you're sure of your friends, that's fine by me. I have to be able to rely on you, because a lot depends on the safety of my friends and myself."

Glaser stared slightly. "So you're not flotsam and jetsam from the lost war?"

"No! "

Glaser drove a little slower. "So if I understand correctly, you're one of the men who haven't given up. Then our

Hopes for you and your friends! I will support you in any way I can. I'll take you anywhere, you can have money . . ."

"Stop it, man," said Eyken. "We do need help, but we don't want to overburden anyone. Why don't we wait for the next two days? Either I'll find all the help I need by then anyway, and if not, I can always ask you for advice."

"It's a deal!" The car took a leap and drove on again. The men were silent now. It was twenty-four hours later. After an extremely warm welcome by an Argentinian-German couple just outside the city, it had become apparent that the Germans abroad largely formed a large community despite all the naturalisations and kept their distance from the late immigrants.

The car stopped again in Avenida Moreno. This time Glaser stayed in the car and let Eyken go to the church alone.

The Major crossed the road and stopped in front of the centre gate of Ignacio Church. Vehicle traffic was sparse, and a man ran past him to make up for some omission. Then came two women who barely seemed to notice him. Eyken now walked slowly to the corner, pretending to be bored. He almost bumped into a man coming from Asina Street, slowly strolling along with a large newspaper in his hand. "Dis- pênseme . . ." muttered the man as Eyken flinched.

"That must be him!" the Major thought. He stood rooted to the spot and waited for the reaction of the man who brushed against him as he passed.

"Qué hay? ' A placid face, but sharp eyes looked at the Major. Eyken quietly said the password. He was first questioned again in detail, then he received the agreed reply. The game was repeated with two more slogans. The meeting had been arranged.

"Are you alone?" The man stuck to the German language.

"No. I left two comrades behind in the neighbouring countryside and was brought here to the capital in a car by a German from Argentina."

"Are you sure about this man?"

"After everything so far, yes!"

"Where is the companion now?"

Now the major became uncomfortable with the question. But he said truthfully:

"At the car round the corner here in Avenida Moreno! "

"I'm not going there with you. Let him wait a little longer. Walk with me the few steps to the Julio Roca monument."

Eyken nodded and immediately followed as the man strode back in the direction he had come from. "I was already here yesterday ="

"I only come every other day," the man replied. He had omitted to give his name or any name at all. "I've been coming here in vain for some time now."

"Not my fault," muttered Eyken.

"Of course not. Por nada . ."

"My name is Eyken," said the major politely, making up for an omission.

"One name is as good as another," said the man briefly. "If you want, you can call me Meier. I still like it better than Rosenblüh or whatever. . ."

"Sorry," muttered Eyken, slightly offended.

"Never mind! I know you're an officer. News people behave differently. Even at meetings! Escorts are taken off in good time. Well, por nada . . ." Again he concluded with a Spanish expression.

Eyken said nothing more and waited for the man to continue speaking. He walked very slowly and ignored passers-by. At least that's how it seemed to the major.

"You didn't notice another target?" the man asked.

"No.

"Then that's what you'll get from me. I will now give you an envelope. Do not open it on the street or in any public place. You will find a note inside with a contact address in La Paz. You will also find Argentinian pesos and American dollars in cash. Everything else in Bolivia. You have lost nothing here in Buenos Aires. Get out as soon as possible! "

"Is this an appointment or a danger thing?" The man was spot on, but Eyken still couldn't help asking.

Instead of an answer, the man gave him the newspaper he was holding in his hand. It was an Argentinian lunchtime edition. Then he reached into a coat pocket and pulled out another issue of the Chilean "Mercurio" from the previous day. "There you are! "

"What's wrong?"

"Have you not listened to the radio news? Haven't had a newspaper in your hand?"

"No." Eyken looked at his counterpart intently.

"Yesterday a German submarine with the number U 5XX entered La Plata and surrendered to the Argentine authorities. Before that, all important instruments and equipment had been destroyed and some of them sunk. The boat only had a large load of cigarette packets left on board.

On board. Since then, the officers and crew have been interrogated in detail by the Argentinian authorities without interruption and, as has become known so far, the crew members all give the same stereotypical answers. Nothing can be learnt from the crew. It was immediately suspected that they had taken part in the convoy battle at the beginning of May, in which an entire enemy battle group was destroyed, but no weapons were found. The reports here at the time stated that the U-boat group used torpedoes called arañas spider torpedoes, as they were called by the American Secretary of the Navy Forrestal. They would have loved to have found this new secret weapon." Eyken had turned pale, and the speaker stopped pacing. "You didn't know that? Then you must have known about the boat beforehand? I wouldn't be surprised if you were abandoned by this vehicle beforehand! "

Now the Major paid with the usual coin: "No answer is also an answer. One is as good as another! "

"That's right," the man replied with a subtle smile.

"This is how the first steps in the second oldest trade in the world begin..."

"And what will they do with the crew?" Eyken continued.

"That is not yet certain. In any case, I've already got wind that the American ambassador has contacted the Argentinian authorities. The Yanquis, as they are called here, are very interested in this matter."

"I can guess," said Eyken somewhat lamely. The news had hit him hard. Now he knew why Formutt was so secretive.

He had already foreseen such an end.

"According to the available reports," his companion continued, "it had been established that none of the crew were smokers. There were 540 zinc packets of smoking materials on board. It is correctly assumed that it was a supply boat, which also had sufficient food on board. Only fuel was missing."

"That was also the cause," muttered Eyken. But the man had understood him well

"So that's how it was? "

"It didn't work out with a meeting . . . "

"Damn!"

They both stopped now. The man shook the major's hand. "You have everything you need from me. You're not a baby, you have papers, money, a marching target, so everything is muy bien. If you get to La Paz all right, you'll be useful for everything else. If you don't make it, you won't be able to cope with what comes next. Or to put it another way: what's not good,

just stays there . . . No offence and adiós! =

"Hail! " cursed Eyken. He turned round quickly and hurried back to the car. He had tucked the envelope he had received into the inside pocket of his coat. As he stood in front of the car, Glaser looked at him questioningly. "Did it work?"

"It worked," Eyken repeated. "We now know what we have to do. And I'm going to need your help! "

"And anything else?"

The major showed him the newspapers. Glaser skimmed the headlines and narrowed his eyes. Then he grumbled: "And in the last twenty-four hours I've neglected to listen to the radio news, not to mention read the newspapers. Just this time..."

"We haven't exactly missed anything pleasant..."

"Are we going back to your mates?" asked Glaser.

"Yes, I was advised to leave the capital again as soon as possible."

"I can imagine. With this U boat thing, I'm sure everything here has gone crazy now. Especially the enemy intelligence people."

Glaser drove off immediately and chose the shortest exit into town. He only stopped once and bought a pack of newspapers, which he threw into the car behind him. "Back home at Weißfeldner's we'll read..."

"This day is an unlucky day. I'll remember it for the rest of my life," said the major gloomily.

"Yesterday," Glaser improved. "Yesterday, on 10 July, U 5XX fell into the hands of the Argentinian authorities."

"Then it's two unlucky days. Yesterday it happened, and today I heard about it =

The driver spoke no more. They drove along hour after hour. They had long since left the centre of the city behind them, and even the long stretching soft landscape had shrunk.

In the evening, the men arrived at their comrades' house. When they returned to the Bavarian's large parlour, those who had stayed at home greeted them seriously.

"We know everything," Krall said quietly. Hellfeldt made only a vague movement of his head

"Then I don't need to say anything more," Eyken replied. "A light has gone out! . . ."

IV NO WAY BACK

Hearts that no longer beat today, beat
sparks in the night.
Men must dare everything,
comrades, at night!

Hans Venatier

Three days after Eyken's return from Buenos Aires from his meeting with the contact, the three officers were still sitting in the dining room of their Bavarian host with a bowl of coffee after dinner. Although Glaser had taken it upon himself to help them with their onward journey, they were still pondering uselessly over the possibilities. An inner restlessness held the men in its grip, which was intensified by the ongoing press and radio reports. Their thoughts rushed without fixed forms to the limits of the realm of fantasy, and their visions outstripped all reality. Their momentary sense of security set their minds at play.

Her musings were abruptly interrupted by the arrival of Glaser. He had a thick bundle of newspapers in his hand. He had obviously hurried, because his face was slightly flushed and a few drops of sweat were glistening on his forehead. "Carámba! " he cursed and threw the newspapers on the table. Then he dropped into an armchair and reached for the nearest bowl of coffee.

Hellfeldt immediately reached for the top page, which he then passed on to Eyken after a cursory skim. Then he stared at the second magazine, which had now become visible and showed the German U-boat on the front page. He also pushed this sheet to Eyken, who was already busy reading the headlines and the bold print.

"Ha!" exclaimed Eyken, "now the resourceful reporters are even bringing up all the names of the temporarily interned U-boat crew. Then more information about the interrogation of the crew members by the Argentinian naval authorities, which, however, yields no useful clues. Haha, surely the questioners didn't seriously believe that our boys would just chatter away, fresh and cheerful? All the instruments and equipment on the boat have been rendered completely useless or destroyed. No dog can handle the vehicle anymore." "So far it's been nice and green," Glaser interjected somewhat harshly, "but what's coming now is more than unpleasant. Read on! " "Oh, damn it! " Eyken clenched his fingers

Fists. "It is now admitted that the crew and the unusable hull will be handed over to Uncle Sam. The American ambassador, acting on behalf of his government, has now been successful in getting the demands met. The hull is to be handed over to the popcorn swallowers in the next few days. For God's sake, our dear Formutt will not have taken that into account! "

"Whatever may have determined Formutt's actions," Krall said thoughtfully, "the result now is the same as if he had sunk the boat before landing. And we can be sure that the Yankees won't get any more out of our people than the Argentinians did."

"Nobody doubts that," Eyken admitted immediately. "Although they will certainly be hit hard."

The newspapers were full of speculation, but all of them were far from the truth. Only one report stood out, which Glaser pointed out. "It says that this boat could have come from the battle group that completely destroyed a large allied group of warships between Iceland and Greenland shortly before the surrender and sank all the vessels. There is also some speculation that Hitler did not perish in Berlin, but could have been taken away by the German boat flotilla."

"But they have a lot of newspaper ducks here," Hellfeldt said sarcastically. "The press pack will probably be chasing dead ghosts in deserts and primeval forests for decades to come and trying to keep them alive artificially. And blind hatred will also lead to a world snooping to hunt down even every little one who has not yet been caught by the big net."

Eyken's face darkened. "Yes, this hatred will never end as long as the Sinai is strengthened as the mythical centre for the battle against the Midnight Mountain of the north and all of Germany's enemies gather around it. There are no bridges behind us now. There is no way back. We are shattered, but not defeated. What we have left is the last umbrella for the North." He threw the newspaper he had been holding onto the table. "Oh, why am I saying something we all know here anyway? Let's stick to the obvious: we have to move on! "

"I'll see to that," Glaser interjected. "They'll still trust me with organisation, won't they? After all, I was also an officer in a front-line troop during the First World War. I only emigrated to Argentina after the collapse. That's why I can usually tell who or what is in front of me. Like a short time ago, when three certain men were doing this on a country road..."

"Aha, now the spotlight is clear! " Krall exclaimed.

"That took a while," came from the door. The Bavarian stood there, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "The game's right now, isn't it?"

"Becoming serious again, he approached and sat down. He looked at the bumper newspaper and continued: "The thing with the German boat is a cattle call. I don't know what motivated the Argentinian government to give in to American pressure and carry out this extradition, which is against international law. This time the Argentinians have dropped their traditional pride in independence. If the blue boys had stayed in the country, we Argentinian Germans and many of our friends would have provided them with plenty of food. Now there is nothing we can do. The boat crew has been severely cut up and will be leaving the country in a few days to head north to the Yanquis Sakra, dö Ami san doch Sauschädeln! . . ."

After a few minutes of silence, Eyken turned to Glaser: "What happens now? " "Don't worry," the person addressed said reassuringly. "There are ways round. You're not the first and you won't be the last..." He leant forward and poured himself some coffee. He took a sip and whined something about being cold. Then, with a sweeping gesture, he brushed aside the scattered papers and continued: "Let's leave everything that's behind us out of further consideration. Let's throw off the ballast of our thoughts. It's best if we get out of here tomorrow! "

"That's nice," Hellfeldt whispered. "Twiddling our thumbs near the Argentinian capital doesn't suit us anyway."

"Then it's a deal!" Glaser nodded. "So first we'll go to an estancia in the southern outskirts of Córdoba. From there, the rest will be arranged."

"And how do we get there?" asked Eyken.

"With my car," grumbled Weißfeldner. "Glaser is driving! "

'Good road? '

"A route that goes via Rosario. A quick and easy journey! "

"Excellent! " Hellfeldt showed a satisfied expression. "When do we start? "

"I suggest breakfast at seven and we leave at eight," said Glaser

Now the Bavarian raised his hand. "But not the way you are now! We're going shopping in a clothes shop at my expense. You'll need practical overland clothing, like they wear here in South America. That will be less conspicuous."

"I thought about that too," Glaser admitted. "However, I didn't want to suggest a change of clothes until Córdoba. There's no doubt that it's better to have such

a

right here."

"We are happy to agree," explained Eyken. "But we want to pay for it ourselves. You've done enough for us anyway! "

"Nothing there! " rumbled Weißfeldner. "I have enough money to be able to contribute such trifles. We'll start right away! You don't have to open your mouth, just choose and try on. All right? "

"Si, si, señor," Eyken laughed with a theatrical hand gesture and bowed low. A mischievous expression flew across his otherwise hard face

In the afternoon of the following day, Glaser drove into a side road leading south outside Córdoba and a little later, after turning off again, stopped in front of a stately estancia. He stopped right in front of the gate of the large main building. A pack of barking dogs immediately surrounded the car and greeted him.

"They don't bite," said Glaser reassuringly. "But wait in the car. I'll check us in first." He got out, followed by leaping dogs, and disappeared inside the house

"So this is the real face of this country," said Krall, looking round. "Typically Latin American in style and layout. The landscape looks different too, even though we're still far from the tropical zone! "

"There can't be farms with horse-head gables everywhere," Hellfeldt said pointedly. "It's just different elsewhere."

"Oh, how clever," Krall shot back. "If it suits you, you can go for a walk with your eyes closed..."

Now Eyken raged: "Well, what's the matter with you? Must have taken an advance on tropical fever, eh? "

"We haven't," the Viennese man defended himself. "We only sing peaceful navy songs."

"Rubbish," grumbled Eyken. "Look, someone's coming!" He pointed to an outbuilding, from which a man in typical gaucho clothing emerged, but disappeared in the opposite direction to the main house. Some of the dogs still roaming around rushed after the man, the others retreated back into the shadows.

A few more minutes passed, then Glaser came out of the house accompanied by a tall man. The two of them walked towards the car and Glaser beckoned them to get out. Once in front of the vehicle, he introduced himself: "Nuestro amigo, Señor Ravero nuestros amigos alemanes . . ." He called the names of the Germans

The officers bowed politely as the patrón shook their hands. "Hola, señores! Cómo le va?-"

"Gracias," murmured those who had arrived and left it to Glaser to do the talking. They were led inside the house and entered a guest room that betrayed wealth and culture.

Glaser told his friends in German that they were welcome here as guests of the estanciero and could stay for a few days until their onward journey was assured. The landlord was proud to have Germans in his house and he would help again, as he had done several times before.

"It's all muy bien! " he concluded.

When Eyken started to speak again and searched for suitable Spanish words, the estanciero waved him off with a smile. "Me pongo á su disposición . . ." He said a few more sentences to Glaser, then bowed with an almost inimitable grandeur and left the room.

"He can be excused for leaving us alone now," Glaser repeated,

"But now he wanted to see to the further welfare of his guests and send a messenger to Córdoba with a few lines. There are things that should not be done by telephone. Tomorrow, an important man from the city would come and take care of everything that still needs to be done."

"Your words in God's ear," sighed the Viennese. "So far, everything has gone so smoothly that you could almost get suspicious again."

"Don't be unwise," warned Krall. "You shouldn't call the Klabautermann or other spirits! "

"That's right," Glaser agreed with a laugh. "And another thing: we're now waiting for a servant to show us to our rooms, and after we've been cleaned, we're expected for dinner."

While the men were still looking at the pictures hanging on the walls of the room, which showed landscapes of the country and a life-size portrait of an Argentinian officer, the house servant who had been announced arrived. He asked the guests to follow him, led them up the stairs to the first floor and opened two adjoining rooms, each with two beds. They were large, bright rooms with high windows, clean and tidy. The servant made inviting hand gestures and said, bowing: "Si necesita otra cosa . . ."

The men thanked him. Eyken stayed in the first room with Glaser, while the two naval officers took the next room.

Later again, when evening had fallen, the men sat at a long table with the landlord and savoured the asado that had been served. The roast ox on a spit was a speciality of the country, without which a

Argentines could not manage.

After the sumptuous meal, the estanciero was told about the war in Europe with the help of Glaser's translations. He asked about the German miracle weapons that were being talked about all over Latin America and simply could not understand why they were no longer being used or why some of them were being held back by sabotage. For him, as an Argentinean, there was nothing more shameful than treason, especially in wartime. He also openly admitted that he disapproved of the Argentine government's behaviour towards the German U-boat occupation and emphasised that this was the opinion of almost all Argentines.

By the time the men said goodnight late in the evening, they had formed a good friendship that transcended language and borders

The next day brought big surprises. In the early afternoon, two men from Córdoba suddenly appeared. One of them was an Argentinean colonel in uniform, the second, as it turned out when we greeted him, was a bank director. The latter was carrying a large suitcase.

After the arrivals had spoken a few words with Ravero and obviously asked for some more information, the men went into the estanciero's study to be undisturbed. The landlord fetched some chairs from the next room and invited them to sit down.

"Quéle pasa? So what's up?" The bank manager, who wore a fat, innocent-looking child's face, asked in a jovial tone, looking at the three Germans in turn with scrutiny

As the names of the Germans had only been mumbled indistinctly during the first introduction, Glaser now repeated them and also mentioned their rank. Then he added that these men would have to travel to Bolivia

Now the colonel looked closely at the officers sitting in front of him. They, surprised by Glaser's all too quick candour, were now deeply worried, but tried not to let their unease show. They were all thinking the same thing: if the colonel should decide to declare them under arrest, the situation would become extremely precarious.

It turned out differently. The Argentinean officer gave the bank manager a little wave and nodded his head in the affirmative. He then picked up the suitcase from the floor, lifted it over the table and, after opening the lid, let the contents fall out. A mountain of genuine or forged papers lay in front of the men.

While the colonel leaned back in his chair with a slight grin on his face, the

the fat banker laughed with a ripple of laughter at the Germans' astonishment. Then he said in a tantalisingly meaningless tone of voice, as if it were all the most natural thing in the world, that in principle this problem would now be solved in no time at all.

Eyken made a gesture of thanks. Then he said, without taking Glaser's help: "I confess that my comrades and I are not only astonished, but also touched by such a generous willingness to help. We have passports as neutrals, which identify us as one Dane and two Swiss. However . . ." He raised his hands in a questioning gesture.

"Dónde los tienen vos?" asked the fat man.

Eyken slowly reached into his coat pocket, brought out his passport and handed it to the bank manager

"As you can see here, I am being expelled as Swiss! "

The two naval officers followed their comrade's example, but refrained from giving any explanations when passing on their papers and remained silent

The fat man examined the passports carefully and then let out a low whistle. With a slight smile, he then passed them on to the colonel.

Turning to the Germans, he said: "Perfectly good passports! Only stamps are missing..."

The Argentinian colonel now also looked at the three documents with a patience bordering on devotion, then he said slowly so that the Germans could understand him: "You will receive the missing stamps. That's no problem for us here. I'll keep your papers and you'll have everything in about a week. After that, you'll have entered our country legally and can leave again legally without any further problems. The entry visa for Bolivia will also be included." He blinked his eyes a little.

"Señor Glaser indicated to our host Ravero that you wanted to go there, is that right? "

"Si, señor," Eyken admitted. "If it's possible? . . ."

"It's possible! I told you, we'll do anything..." The colonel leaned back and put the passports in his pocket

"Satisfied? =" asked the director. With a grin, he said: " Now we can put all the beautiful little papers we brought back in our suitcases and take them with us. We'll need them all anyway. We've already helped many men and there will probably be many more after you." Now he laughed with a chuckle. "You are now experiencing two faces of Argentina. Whatever happens in politics, the Alemanes will always have many friends in our country! " Still smiling, he bent over the table and gathered up the papers he had brought with him more tightly

and then put them back into the open suitcase in bundles. Once he had carefully closed it again, he placed it between his feet on the floor

"What we're going through now is bitter," Eyken said, trying to find a bridge for dialogue. "Now that we have the whole world against us, it seems like a fairy tale that there are any friends left at all."

"And many dogs are the death of the hare," Glaser quoted the German proverb "Protest!" shouted the fat man. "The Alemanes were by no means rabbits! After all, they showed the world their teeth for five years."

"What prevented the German victory?" asked the colonel. "Was it primarily the betrayal or Ma's late arrival of the announced miracle weapons?"

"Both," Eyken admitted. "And sabotage also played a major role in the production of new weapons."

The colonel swayed his head thoughtfully. "The German submarine that recently arrived in Buenos Aires was also a marvellous thing. However, the Yanquis only found a hull. The most important equipment was broken or missing. How did it happen that the German U-boat weapon failed in the last years of the war despite enormous initial successes?"

"I can clear that up," Hellfeldt interjected. "Sabotage was also involved here. It was in April 1943 when the majority of the U-boats sent out on an enemy voyage suddenly failed to return. In June of the same year, almost all the boats that had left were missing. Out of 400 boats at the time, only 17 returned. Any rumours about the possible causes of this catastrophe were immediately suppressed from above with the reference to defeatism and threatened with prosecution by the courts martial. The real reason, however, was that they wanted to cover up the traces that had led to these defeats."

"And what was that?" The Argentinian officer leant forward with interest.

"The secret is called 'Metox'," Hellfeldt said firmly and clearly. "Metox was a captured device from the French campaign that was used for joint radio communication between France and England. It had a superhet circuit. In other words, it used a small transmitter whose invariable construction base frequency was mixed with that of the respective radio reception, so that the reception of the difference between these two frequencies enabled excellent selectivity. And it was this booty device that was assigned to the German U Boot Waffe in the spring of 1943. The radiation characteristics of these receivers alone caused the sudden enormous losses of boats. This use of equipment was an almost incomprehensible sabotage and a terrible betrayal. Thousands of men from our U-boat crews were ice-bound.

were coldly sent to a watery grave in their vehicles and perished miserably. Human life did not touch the traitors. A courageous corvette captain named Jäckel discovered what was going on and reported it directly to Dönitz. During the investigations that began, an indictment was brought against eight superiors in the Admiral's rank, with Rear Admiral Stummel proving to be the main figure in the betrayal. It was he who, without the knowledge of the other departments in the High Command of the Navy, had the Metox device replicated and assigned to the boats. During an interrogation the rear admiral had to admit that there were no non-radiating transmitters and that this would inevitably be switched on when the device in question was switched on."

Hellfeldt took a deep breath and continued: "The interrogation officer was horrified and said that the boats could just as well have been driven with open headlights that lit up in all directions. He also asked the admiral whether he had known that the Metox devices had been radiating into the British radio equipment, including that of the British air force. The admiral answered this question in the affirmative! There was icy horror in the courtroom when the admiral exposed himself. He had quietly admitted that an unprecedented murder of comrades had been committed. Afterwards he tried to make out that the commanders of the boats had handled the equipment carelessly, although there was simply no protection in their use. And strangely enough, the Admiral was allowed to leave the witness stand unscathed instead of being put up against the wall for sabotage! " Hellfeldt clenched his fists in agitation, so that the knuckles on the back of his hands stood out like white mounds. "And that's just one sad example of an incomprehensible series of betrayals."

"Nevertheless, we continued to develop the U Boot Waffe," continued the Viennese. "We invented new types and improvements, and if we had had a few more months, we would have become masters of the seas again. We were able to set sail safely again and built new types. One of these boats is now in Buenos Aires, if it hasn't been taken away by the Americans in the meantime. On 15 April of this year, a boat with General Kessler and his staff and technicians from Christiansund sailed to Tokyo to help build up the Japanese air defence at the request of the Tenno. Japan had received defence weapons developed in Germany. Messerschmidt designers and other specialists were also on the staff. Microfilms containing the latest German missile technology and its defence and decisive contributions in the field of nuclear research had been handed over. South-east of the Newfoundland Banks, the boat received the surrender message from

Grand Admiral Dönitz. On Dönitz's express orders, the boat was to surrender to the Allies without being destroyed and with its valuable cargo." Hellfeldt became agitated again. "I still can't understand it today when I think of the example of Scapa Flow, where the German fleet sank itself before handing over to the British after the end of the First World War. While two Japanese officers on board U 234 committed hara-kiri, the boat under Lieutenant Commander Fehler was brought in as a prize by an American destroyer and taken to the naval harbour of Portland with all the secret documents."

"I've heard about this," said the colonel. "And you won't know it yet, because it only recently became known from Washington that this material is being examined by a commission of enquiry. So far, however, we already know that, on the basis of these records and the statements of the technicians, the Germans were a hundred years ahead of the Allies in decisive technical facilities and developments. It may sound exaggerated, but at any rate this statement comes from indiscreet messages from the American capital. As an Argentinian, I cannot understand why Dönitz allowed these things to be handed over."

"There are two interpretations," Eyken said slowly. "Either Dönitz wanted to strengthen the Western Allies against Bolshevism after our collapse, or he wanted to correctly fulfil the clear surrender orders in this direction." Eyken looked at the colonel openly. "I still wouldn't have done it!"

The Argentinian officer nodded. "That's my opinion too. This commander from U 234 could have taken an example from the boat that has now arrived here."

Eyken shrugged his shoulders. "Unfortunately, there's nothing we can do about it."

"And what was it like on the front during the war?" the colonel continued. "How were you able to hold out for so long despite sabotage in the rear and betrayal from above?"

"That seems like a miracle to me," Eyken admitted. "I can give you examples that I know myself. As early as 1943, the film reports known as 'Deutsche Wochenschau' (German Newsreel) gave indications of an 'Eastern Wall' under construction, which was to run roughly along the Dnieper. Armoured domes, concrete bunkers and other fortifications were shown, against which the Red divisions were to run their heads in. The Soviets would have bled to death on this line of defence. During a conversation with a commander of the SS division 'Das Reich', he told me that shortly after our troops had retreated across the Dnieper, Hitler

visited this section and realised that instead of the work reported to him, there was no east wall at all and only signs indicating where and what was to be built. The much-vaunted east wall was only there on paper."

"That's not possible," the Argentinian officer exclaimed excitedly. "What happened then? "

"Nothing," Eyken replied. "Hitler had tears in his eyes and said, according to the commander I knew well, that he hadn't realised he had been cheated like that."

"And what happened to the false reporters and saboteurs? "

Eyken shrugged his shoulders again. "Sometimes very little, sometimes nothing. In any case, no heads rolled. That's the strange thing. I already knew then that Hitler had no more ground under his feet. He had already backed the wrong horses before the war. As the year 1944 drew to a close, I was on a special assignment on the Western Front and spoke to SS Lieutenant Mund of the 'Götz von Berlichingen' division, who kept the division's war diary. He gave me an authentic account of the situation on the invasion front. It had long been known to our military leadership that numerous ships were being assembled in the harbours of southern England. And it was precisely at this point in the Allied preparations that all active Mot units of the Waffen SS and the Wehrmacht were ordered to march to southern and central France to fight partisans. Then, suddenly, a Wehrmacht general drove along the Atlantic coast and ordered all fortifications to hand over their artillery ammunition for exchange. General Field Marshal Rommel, who knew nothing about this, followed behind. When the invasion took place a short time later, it turned out that the attacking Allied units were able to storm over the minefields and not a single mine went off. They were able to walk over the rocks because all the mines had been laid without detonators. During the heavy fighting on the Channel coast, the Mot units that had been withdrawn from the interior of France had to be marched back to the coast. Almost all the tanks along the roads were left with broken bolts, and only a few combat vehicles reached the defence front. It must now be added that the three Atlantic fortresses of Brest,

St Nazaire and La Rochelle had refused to comply with the general's request to surrender ammunition and that these bases were able to hold out against all Allied attacks. They were surrounded, but only surrendered months later when they ran out of ammunition and supplies.

had. The last fortress to surrender was Brest on 20 September 1944 under the command of paratrooper General Ramcke. By holding out, the three fortresses had tied up enemy forces for a long time. Such was the situation when no treachery was involved! "

Silence. The faces of the Argentinians reflected dismay and shock. Glaser was also horrified by what he had heard. It was as if an icy cold breath had suddenly passed through the room.

After a while, the colonel stirred. "You Germans are strange people. The world admires your spirit, your great and versatile skills and your military achievements, and on the other hand, betrayal runs like a thread through German history. I don't understand it. . "

"There are several reasons for this," Eyken endeavoured to explain. "First of all, there were already tribal disputes among the Germanic tribes. After the creation of the first empire, conflicts arose among the princes, and in modern times it is the damned democracy that spoils the German character. It is the well-known German thoroughness which, after the establishment of parties, becomes so party-loyal that people and country are forgotten. When a German becomes a Marxist or Communist, he is more zealous and intolerant than Marx and Lenin themselves because of his thoroughness. The same applies to other influences of foreign ideas. And if a party supporter gets into conflict with the people or the country, then he's going to break his own head!

"And the stubbornness in opposing views testifies to the betrayal," Krall interjected in conclusion. "This and a caste spirit that has not yet died out in certain circles could not bear the change to something new."

"Qué raro how strange," muttered the colonel. "Now I can see clouds trailing behind a sun."

"Yes, black clouds in the shape of monsters, from which drool flies away and which show torn open maws, sometimes entangled in swirls of air and then ready to devour themselves! " growled Krall.

"The pack you left behind will have to pay for their mistakes," said the Argentinian seriously. "In Europe now

Chaos. It will only change until you have enough strength to change it! "

"It will take a long time," Eyken said dully. "But we'll find the strength again!"

"

The colonel stood up. "We have to go now! Thank you for the informative conversation. I understand some things better now, even if many things will remain incomprehensible to me. You will hear from us shortly. We will then return the completed papers to you. Until then, you are in good hands with our friend Ravero. You don't need to worry

have! "

"We are very grateful to you," Eyken replied warmly.

"You're welcome," the Argentinian waved him off. He and his companion said goodbye with exquisite politeness, mixed with respect and cordiality. "Muy buenas noches! "

Ravero accompanied his compatriots out and left his guests with a brief apology.

Glaser now laughed mischievously. "That was a bull's eye, gentlemen! "

"If everything really works out with the papers, then the man of honour has arrived." Krall's slightly tense expression relaxed a little.

"Why still have doubts? You'll always find friends here in Argentina, as long as you don't sail blindly into the wrong harbour. And you'll get to Bolivia as surely as a dog to a bone! "

"But that's a nice comparison," Hellfeldt said mockingly.

"Do you want to play squeamish?" Glaser said indignantly.

"Oh no," fended off the Viennese. "Just more romantic..."

A week passed. Ravero clearly did everything he could to offer his guests the best possible service, and he also provided newspapers every day.

The Allied propaganda supplied the South American press with plenty of atrocity news. Since the arrest of the legal German head of state, Grand Admiral Dönitz, on 23 May, the Allies had prevented a German government from carrying out further official duties in violation of international law and had set up military governments. Large-scale waves of persecution continued unabated across the country. But so-called collaborators with Germany were also persecuted in France, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. In France, the number of people liquidated by the mob ran into tens of thousands, and many were subsequently sentenced to death and executed. The situation was similar in Belgium. Not a single report dealt with the atrocities committed by the Red Army, which was still carrying out numerous deportations. Only occasionally did smaller papers from the Latin American subcontinent report on German refugees, but these were always covered up by the world press.

So it was understandable that the men spent the days of waiting studying the newspapers and discussing the situation of the day. After all, they had relatives and friends at home and were worried. Nor did they like the fact that they were still far away from the tasks awaiting them. They were constantly restless

Nine days had passed and a week was up. But on the tenth day

The bank manager from Córdoba suddenly appeared and brought the papers. When the three men took their passports and leafed through them, they found the Argentinian stamps and visas for Bolivia. Everything was neat and tidy and even genuine. The passports issued by the base in Antarctica had passed their acid test.

The Argentinian beamed when he saw the delighted yet somewhat puzzled expressions on the Germans' faces. "Have we promised too much? ="
"We never doubted your promises," Eyken replied. "Your help has made many things easier for us! "

"Con mucho gusto," said the bank manager, using a local phrase.

"By the way, send my best wishes! "

"Now it's thirteen!" Eyken exclaimed in astonishment. "From whom, may I ask?"

"You may," laughed the Argentinian. "From your friend you met at a certain church in Baires! "

"How did you come to meet this man?"

"Oh," said the interviewee lightly, "that's actually a kind of coincidence. If at all possible, we'll also make enquiries. There are still Germans everywhere who are the eyes and ears of your empire. But not too many refugees receive recommendations from here, because in many cases they are unknown. We have to rely on our knowledge of human nature. When we spoke to your friend, he laughed and said that you had got on the right bus of your own accord. He was going to call our bluff! "

"But these are risky games that friends try to play." Eyken showed slight annoyance. "If we had somehow run aground..."

"Only small fish run up," said the director, now becoming serious. "Those with brains have nothing to fear."

"But there are dangerous coincidences that no-one is immune to," Eyken said stubbornly.

"These are risks that you have to deal with," replied the Argentinian. "Why are you even talking about it? The goddess Fortuna is on your side, what more could you want? We didn't ask you any questions here, we didn't ask you why you wanted to go to Bolivia of all places, even though you could have stayed in the country, and our willingness to help is our own business. The less we know about each other in such situations, the better. The main thing is that we read the same newspaper, figuratively speaking!

"That's enough! " Glaser concluded briefly. "We were given the best that was possible. We are very grateful to our local friends for that. We're still a long way from being out of the woods, but we've made a good start.

Step further. Next, I'll see when you can catch a train to Bolivia. We have a direct connection from Córdoba via Tucumán."

"Si," nodded the director and stood up from his seat. When Ravero grabbed him by the arm, he immediately waved him off. "No offence, but I'm in a hurry. My job is done and I wish our German friends all the best! You can come back to Argentina at any time and you will receive help. Do you still need money?"

"Thanks, no," said Eyken. "We have pesos and dollars, and we can exchange them in Bolivia."

"Then that's good," replied the director with satisfaction. "Que le vaya bien all the best!" After a hearty handshake, he left.

After he left, Krall said: "Strange. When the man first turned up here, he looked like the archetype of a harmless bourgeois. At first he didn't really fit in with the colonel, who had a strong personal aura. But now I'm willing to bet that this banker is also playing a role in the background."

"South America is a continent on the move," explained Glaser. "Rapid developments always have political side effects.

In some countries, Indian primitive communism has repeatedly led to a strong left-wing tendency among the broad, impoverished sections of the population, which at the same time has been countered by the patriotism that has been strongly rooted everywhere since Bolivar's time. But whichever forces gain the upper hand in these countries, the all-powerful Freemasonry is always in the background. It is almost traditional in the Latin American countries. Do you know that almost all the flags of these countries, their coats of arms and many stamps have Masonic symbols and even constitutional texts have such influences? You have to be very careful everywhere in society and even in the military! "

"That's not a surprise to me at all," Eyken replied. "We've heard a lot about this in the political education programme and we talked about it before we set foot on Argentinian soil. Of course, we would be interested to learn more about the lodges here in Argentina and possibly Bolivia too."

"I can give you some brief information about that," nodded Glaser. "I've been interested in these things myself for a long time, and as a businessman you learn all sorts of things. I know that the first Argentinian lodge in Buenos Aires was founded by a Portuguese named de Silva Cordeiro and was called San Juan de Jerusalém de la felicidad de esta parte de America'. This was in 1807, but it later closed again under Spanish pressure. About

At the same time, the British undertook an expedition to La Plata after the Battle of Trafalgar, occupied Buenos Aires and founded two lodges, 'La Estrella del Sur' and 'Hijos de Hiram'. In German this means 'Star of the South' and 'Children of Hiram'. They ceased to exist after the departure of the English. In 1812, however, José de San Martín arrived in the Argentinian capital with a number of officers. San Martín is the country's great freedom hero, and he also became known as the 'Washington of South America'. Together with his officers, he founded the lodge 'Lautaro' based on the teachings received from the second great freedom hero Miranda. This gave rise to the higher division of the 'Gran Logia de Buenos Aires' with the degrees of Rosicrucian and 'Knight Kadosch'. These are known to be the degrees of the Avengers. This is where all the leading Argentine patriots gathered. According to another version, however, the first lodge was called 'Independencia'. As the 'Sociedad de los Siete', the Society of the Seven, its members were involved in the preparations for the fight for freedom. As you can see, regardless of patriotic or other deviations, the Freemasons were active in subversion. The most important statesmen of the country, such as Alvea, Mitre, Rivadavia, López, Urquiza, Sarmiento and others, were all brothers of the lodge. In the middle of the last century, after a series of lodge foundations, the 'Supreme Council and Grand Orient' was formed, which made agreements with the English Grand Lodge. In addition, there were also two lodges of the Grand Orient of Spain and the Grand Orient of France, and finally two German lodges, namely 'Teutonia' in the capital and 'Libertas' in Rosario, which are subordinate to the Grand Lodge of Hamburg."

"The business circles have probably also taken up residence here," Krall grumbled when he heard the reference to his home city of Hamburg.

"Of course," Glaser confirmed dryly. "Interestingly, a two-volume work on the history of Freemasonry in Argentina was published about twenty years ago. It is entitled 'Las Sociedades Secretas, Políticas y Masónicas en Buenos Aires'. In other words, secret societies, as it is called here, which disguise themselves with humanitarian aims. For example, the local Grand Orient maintains a boys' home in Baires for Freemason orphans. A sizeable library is supported by the state."

Eyken looked thoughtfully in front of him. "So South America without Freemasonry is unthinkable."

"That's right," said Glaser.

"And Bolivia?" Eyken looked questioningly at the speaker.

"There is less to say. Until around 1930 there were seven lodges that were dependent on Chile. It was only at the time now mentioned, just fifteen years ago, that the Chilean Grand Lodge issued a letter of endowment for the

Foundation of an independent Bolivian grand lodge. In contrast to the other Latin American countries, Freemasonry did not make an appearance in Bolivia. Nevertheless, it had an equally significant influence.

"And what is the political situation in Bolivia now?" asked Eyken.

"Generally speaking, not unfavourable. The German element is still respected there, regardless of the state of war that has broken out. The presidency of German Busch from 1937 to 1939 is still remembered today. Busch was the son of a German doctor and a Bolivian woman. He himself called his regime militarily socialist, and he also enjoyed the support of Paz Estensoro, an extremely capable Bolivian politician. The president introduced a 'productive labour army', which was a middle ground between the Wehrmacht and the German-style labour service. One day, however, he shouted to the people: 'Stop the backstage politics of the demo-plutocracy', he became inconvenient for the international masterminds. What's more, one day he had a certain Moritz Hochschild brought to court for a currency offence. This resulted in a howl of rage from the democratic world. One morning soon afterwards, Busch was found shot dead in his bedroom. The supranational forces had thus struck, after a press campaign had already gone around the world with the headlines: 'The Nazis rule in La Paz! '"

"You're not picky with the means," Krall said mockingly.

"Exactly," Glaser admitted impassively. "Busch was followed by Carlos Quintanilla. He was a friend of Standard Oil. One of his first acts in government was to reinstate the aforementioned currency pusher Hochschild and other mining kings to their former rights. But this meant that international big capitalism was back in power, which also prompted the Bolivian declaration of war on the Axis powers."

"That really shook us up," joked Hellfeldt. "That was probably the end of the war for us..."

The men laughed. Glaser continued: "In 1943, the Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario, or MNR for short, came to power in a coup d'état under the leadership of Busch's old friend Paz Estensoro. Villaroel became president. Since then, Washington has been constantly agitating against the new regime in La Paz and supporting the PIR, the left-wing revolutionary party, or Partido Izquierdo Revolucionario in the local language. But how long Villaroel and Estensoro will be able to hold out against the international powers is anyone's guess. I wouldn't be surprised if the Americans organised a coup from the left. It's been in the air for a long time! "

"If only we don't end up in a witches' cauldron," said Eyken, a little worried.

"As so-called neutrals, you can get round all corners more easily," explained Glaser.

"If you don't stand out, you're pretty much left unscathed."

"Let's hope so. In any case, we won't be wearing noisy boots!"

The day after next, after the bank director had left, Glaser returned from a short visit to Córdoba. He went to see the German camaraderie, who were waiting for him impatiently.

"What about the onward journey?" asked Eyken.

"Ay de mí," Glaser replied in a plaintive tone. "You've had your fill of Argentina pretty quickly "

"Haha, full," laughed Hellfeldt loudly in between. If we stay a few more days, we'll die of obesity and gluttony! And then there's the idleness..."

The estanciero laughed broadly when Glaser translated the words the Viennese had interjected. "Con mucho gusto! " he said with a slight bow. He sputtered out a few more sentences, which Glaser translated back into German and announced that Ravero hoped to be remembered fondly. He was particularly pleased to know that his guests were full and satisfied.

"Si, si," the men said one after the other, showing the whiteness of their teeth

"Now for the next thing," Glaser continued, becoming serious again. "After careful consideration, I have now made the plan not to simply entrust you to a railway train to Bolivia, but to take you onwards by car myself. I also know the route to La Paz, and my being there until you connect with your new friends can only be useful."

"We can't expect you to do that," Eyken defended.

"Yes, you can," he replied dryly. "Despite my Argentinian papers, I'm still German and we all have to stick together in these difficult times. You said yourself that the war is far from over. So! "

Eyken shook Glaser's hand and squeezed it. That was the short and wordless response among soldiers

"When do you want to start?" Glaser asked curtly.

"Right away! " Eyken flashed a mischievous grin.

"Oops, nanu! " The German-Argentine raised his hands. As he lowered them again, he added: "So tomorrow!"

The hours of a long night wandered with the slowly moving moon.

As the silver disc sank, pale violet veils rose from the horizon and overshadowed the night star.

After a while, a fiery red glow followed, which gradually became a large, glowing ball. The hazy shadows vanished and gave way to glittering arrows that shot through the bright blue sky and cast their glistening light over the vastness of the great land. They promised a new and beautiful day.

When five men stepped out of the main building of the estancia a little later, shivering slightly, they stared up at the fascinating play of nature in the sky. Their inner hearing received the spherical melody of the country's Himno nacional coming from the heights of space: ". . . Oíd, mortales, el grito sagrado: libertad, libertad! . . ."

The brief spell was broken. Four men boarded the carriage, while the fifth said goodbye with sincere cordiality. It was Ravero, who had generously offered his guests a short stay. He was still waving when the carriage was already barely visible behind a plume of swirling dust.

ar

The car drove on. It travelled on towards a new destination to the north and into a future that had not yet lifted its veil. Behind them in the firmament still hung the heartfelt words of the Argentine fatherland and its freedom

The men's feelings were subject to the same thinking. So it was not surprising that Krall briefly interrupted the silence and asked: "What about our homeland now? The victors will probably celebrate a new Purim festival! . . ."

The men in the car stared fixedly straight ahead. Nobody answered.

V
IN THE SHADOW OF THE ANDES

Homeless - and yet a singing in the blood
brighter than all light
The need is great nevertheless Germany - you dear -
we will not leave you

Ursel Peter

On your first day in La Paz, you shouldn't lug a suitcase around and get excited. The highest capital in the world is far too high up for that. That's the first recommendation you can get from experienced Europeans.

The three Germans arriving in La Paz with Glaser were spared both. He had taken them to the Bolivian capital by car, and their luggage was also modest.

In Cochabamba, which they had visited for a few days at Glaser's insistence, it was completely different to the capital. This city to the south-east of La Paz was the actual cultural centre and was nestled in a beautiful, tropical and warm setting. Here, foreigners were still noticed when they walked through the city, where lazy animals hung from the trees in the plaza - how beautiful was this name for this strange natural feature, where tall and shady palm trees grew in the gardens; its citizens had become rich through mining and cattle breeding. Even in the hotel

"Bolivar" in the Plaza San Martin, foreigners were not exactly common at the time. One exception were Jews who had fled Europe and still hadn't really found their feet in a home of their own, as they led an unsettled existence in the ongoing search for better employment opportunities and preferred hotel life thanks to their wallets, which were full of dollar bills

Here in La Paz, passing strangers were far less conspicuous. On Glaser's advice, the new arrivals had thrown ponchos over their clothes, and so they resembled a steward from one of the many estancias in the Beni Valley; the lowlands so far away in the north-east, where you could only get there on horseback on journeys lasting days, not without having to cross several rivers and, in some cases, travelling for days by boat

And it is precisely this almost forgotten valley that is home to the large German-run farms that supply the capital with the food it needs.

Once again, it was the experienced glazier who initially organised a dismount in a small

pension before taking up the specified connections.

There was the elegant Crillon here on the plaza with the beautiful name "Isabela la Catolica", and there was also the sinfully expensive "Sucre Palace" hotel favoured by American gangsters and business hyenas. Understandably, these hotels were immediately ruled out of the selection. As Glaser explained, the secret police could only be found in the neighbourhood of these super-rich people, for whom the country had to slave away.

But in the narrow side streets, there were always little signs with the words "Pension" on them. The choice was not difficult here. There were no bugs or lice at this altitude, so the men found accommodation in an inconspicuous yet tidy house just a few steps from the famous Casa de Murillo with its beautiful balconies and iron lanterns. The alley was so narrow that no carts could get through and the sun could only shine in for a few hours. The pavement curved gently down into the centre of the town, and the bare slopes of the surrounding mountainsides could be seen over the rust-brown roof tiles of the lower houses. What could not be seen from here, however, was the "White Cordillera", "la Cordillera Blanca", the group of five thousand metre peaks whose snow-covered peaks lend the mountain panorama of La Paz a majestic grandeur.

"Everyone here remembers," explained Glaser, "how during the First World War the four Germans, Schulze, Bengel, Overlack and Dienst, made the first ascent of the Illimani and hoisted the black, white and red flag at the top, much to the annoyance of the Americans and English, who were strongly represented in La Paz. When the rumour was spread that the Germans had not even reached the summit, a priest set up a telescope through which the German colours could be seen waving on the mountain peak for weeks. If it was a windless day, the Allies were happy, because then the bunting hung limply on the mast and nothing could be seen. When the wind picked up again, the colours rose in

In La Paz that year, 1915, they placed bets in favour of the Germans and campaigned for them."

"That was thirty years ago," said Krall. "Today you don't even bet a ragged shirt in favour of Germany! "

"Not so," Hellfeldt disagreed, "only the stupid ones no longer bet for us. The smart ones are waiting! "

"Well, as far as waiting is concerned," Eyken interjected, "I'm thinking of certain contact people. We shouldn't be too tardy! "

"Not for another two days," Glaser replied. "For now, we have to acclimatise inconspicuously. Today and tomorrow are rest or stroll days, the day after tomorrow we'll see

we will then continue! "

"That's sensible," agreed Eyken.

"We could hoist a flag again in the meantime," Krall teased. "If only to make the Bolivians happy! "

"Sure we could," said Glaser. "And when we come down from the mountain, an escort of Yanqui agents will already be waiting for us! They're still lurking around everywhere, scouting for escaped bloody Germans. What's more, they still believe that the blessed Adolf haunts all continents in quintuplicate."

"Then we shouldn't even go for a walk," Krall grumbled. Glaser shook his head. "If we move around inconspicuously, people are more likely to accept our role as neutral merchants than if we hide away. Besides, it's not written anywhere that we have to sing the German country song in every plaza."

"I have another idea," Eyken interjected. "What if our glazier went to see the contact man alone and brought him to us? Then we won't have to spend the first few days trying to get round and we'll know where we stand."

"Señalado excellent! " Glaser slapped Eyken on the shoulder with a laugh.

"The easiest thing always comes last! " He looked at his watch and added:

"We still have plenty of time. When it gets dark, I'll make the journey to the address I've given you."

"Fine." Eyken nodded with satisfaction. "Until then, we should get some rest and relax and get used to the thin air here."

"Very true," Glaser admitted. "It's the best we can do at the moment! "

Late in the evening, after staying away for two hours, Glaser turned up with a tall man who immediately looked German. He made a respectable overall impression, had a sharp-cut face and smoky grey eyes.

When he entered the room behind Glaser, where the three people who had stayed behind were sitting, they immediately realised that they were being closely scrutinised. You could see from the man's face that he was very careful.

Eyken clarified the situation immediately by asking Glaser point-blank whether he was sure he had brought the right man.

"Absolutely sure!" replied Glaser.

Now the contact worked as instructed. Without further ado, the conversation turned to the matter in hand. The five men were now sitting around a small table as if they were old acquaintances.

Now Eyken asked abruptly: "Do you have any orders for us?" The contact shook his head in the negative. Then he added: "There were already two groups with me, which I had to send on my own initiative to keep them safe for the time being. That's my only task at the moment. When orders arrive, I will of course make sure that they are passed on to those waiting immediately."

"I wish moths on Poseidon's beard! " Krall grumbled grumpily.

"So the old sea grey man just can't think of anything for us and lets his Waterkant children down."

"Shh," said Eyken. "Wait and see and keep listening! "

"Hm ."

"So what happens to us?" Eyken continued to ask.

"You have to get out of La Paz again. There's no point in sitting around here or trying to do business in the air for camouflage purposes."

"And where to go with us?"

"For the time being, I'll put you up with a German estanciero in the somewhat distant Beni Valley. You can go into hiding there together until I send word."

A brief silence followed, while the contact looked on indifferently. For him, everything was purely routine and apparently nothing more. When he was suddenly asked by Eyken whether there were many Germans in La Paz, he answered in the negative. "Not very many."

"Have you been here long yourself?" Eyken's tone was devoid of curiosity and more of a formal question.

"I came here shortly after the First World War."

"Did you also know Edmund Kiß? "

Now the man raised his head in surprise. "Of course I knew him. Very well, in fact! How did you come up with that name? "I'm friends with him. We also wore the same uniform."

"Ah! I haven't heard from him for a very long time. He left Bolivia before the war broke out. Is he still alive?"

Eyken lifted his shoulders. "I don't know. Kiß was a captain in the Waffen SS and most recently commander of the SS guard at Hitler's command post, Wolf's Lair. I saw him there briefly. But I was unable to find out what happened to him during the last days of the collapse. As he was not assigned to a group that disappeared from the scene with secret missions, I have a bad feeling. Both the Russians and the Americans simply killed many people from our units in the last days of the war and afterwards. He was often lucky and ended up in a prison camp as a survivor."

The contact's mouth narrowed. "I feel sorry for him. He was an excellent man and very popular and respected as the director of the museum in La Paz."

"We also held him in high regard in Germany," confirmed Eyken. "Although he was actually a geologist and specifically a beach line researcher, he also made a name for himself as an archaeologist and writer."

"We also know his books here in Bolivia. Especially his work on Tiahuanaco and his Atlanti trilogy in novel form."

"That's right," said Eyken. "Before he went to South America, he had already investigated the Tibesti uplift in the Sahara as a beach explorer. He was a supporter of the world ice theory of the Viennese Hans Hörbiger. His later research in the Andes confirmed Hörbiger's theory. And then came his research in the archaeological field and especially in Tiahuanaco. It was here that he found his intuitive view of the Atlantis problem."

"That's right," nodded the contact. "I can still see him today. He was almost two metres tall. A Germanic giant with a sharply protruding eagle's nose and hazel eyes that could occasionally twinkle with amusement. He did this when he told jokes, for example how he once stole a little Arab dancer from a high Italian dignitary in Tripoli. Then he could suddenly become serious again when he talked about his excursions to the ruined cities on the large island of Marajö in the Amazon estuary, the remains of the city of Tiahuanaco on Lake Titicaca, the Puma Punku mausoleum and the Kalasasaya observatory, which he reconstructed with painstaking accuracy using the remains he found, thus making a significant contribution to research into the mysterious ruins. Understandably, he was also friends with the German scholar Posnansky, who had also been commissioned by the Bolivian government to investigate the ancient ruins. Posnansky also spent many years in the country. Then Kiß suddenly found a large head carved out of rock with purely Nordic features in the mountains and then similar heads in the ruins of Puma Punku."

"This stone head played a major role in his intuitive literary gaze through the mists of prehistory into the Atlantean myth. It was like pulling a cloth away from the hidden and brought the probable to life." Eyken's eyes took on a bright lustre. "Our friend Kiß gave the head he found the name 'Godda Apacheta'. In his Atlanti trilogy, he brought this figure to life and had this Godda tell his story. He then also called him the Star Sage of Aztlan, who reported on the downfall of the Atlantean colony on the Tiahusinju highlands. Here Kiß is following in the footsteps of the historian Montesino, who came up with the myth that

a people under four leaders took land in northern South America. According to tradition, these leaders are called Ayar mancotopa, Ayar chaki, Ayar aucca and Ayar uyssu. Aayr', however, is the Sanskrit 'Ajar' or 'Aje' and means leader or chieftain. The epithets are also of Sanskrit origin and mean 'believer', 'wanderer', 'warrior' and 'farmer'. However, these four names also reflect the tradition of ancient castes, as they similarly appear in Athenian tribal names. After this land conquest, a supreme leader was chosen with the name Pirhua manco. This name means 'opener of light'. This again confirms the old Aryan mission, according to which the Aryans were to bring light into the world. In other words, the old light bearer tradition. According to the laws of language transformation, the word 'Meru' of Theopompus, the name for Atlantis, was transformed by the colonists of South America into 'Peru' or 'Peru'. It should also be said that Theopompus called the inhabitants of Atlantis Meropes, which fits in with Lenormant's claim that the leading human race came from Upa Merou. And this again fits with the esotericists' mythical Mount Meru, a name also derived from Sanskrit. This mythical high seat in the north is the Aryan midnight mountain, the high seat of Asgard, which stands opposite Sinai. In the book of Isaiah, the Hebrews call it Har moed, the mountain of assembly, which they cannot partake of as long as it is guarded by those who know. This mountain is present in all folk myths. The Japanese call it Sxi meru, the Sumerian Akkadians in ancient times Kharsak Kurra, the New Persians Hara berezaiti. The Hebrews would like to change the name of their mountain of assembly to Mount Sion or Zion, which is, however, only an artificial centre of the magicians. Mount Zion also bears the older name Gabbatha. Sinai is the superficial camouflage to which the Christian auxiliary groups are to be led. It is therefore not at all surprising that Kiß, on the basis of his finds with Nordic-Atlantean markers, mentally ventured into a prehistorically vast space and began to surmise connections that had already largely fallen into oblivion. In a third volume, 'The Whooper Swans of Thule', he described the odyssey of the last surviving Atlanteans, who could no longer find their homeland after their Andean colony fell victim to the same catastrophe as the motherland Atlantis. Hörbiger's theory of world ice, Plato's report and other scientific findings as well as traditions have been summarised into a unified whole. When the main character of his book, Godda Apacheta, later lost an eye, Kiß gave him the features of Odin! " Nobody interrupted Eyken when he paused for a moment. Leaning back, with half-closed eyes, he then continued: "In his scientific work 'The Sun Gate of Tiahuanaco', Kiß then undertook the bold attempt

He tried to interpret the large stone gate decorated with strange epigrams and the surrounding fragments. He recognised in the existing signs an ancient calendar, which was older and different in style, but nevertheless showed a similarity to the Mayan calendar. However, it turned out that the Tiahuanaco signs were a solar calendar. This means that the calendar was written according to pre-mundane time, in which time was not determined by moons, i.e. months. The early Egyptian culture also reckoned by solar years, which also shows that the Atlanteans once brought the first building elements for a civilisation in the Nile Valley. For the inhabitants of the Nile region, 1460 years formed a zodiacal or solar circle. The Assyrians, on the other hand, used the lunar calendar system, i.e. only after the beginning of the moon, 22,325 lunar circles, equal to 1805 years, a great rhythm. If we now know that the Egyptian counting circle ended in the year 139 after the beginning of the current calendar, it must have begun in 1322 before the turn of time. An Assyrian circle ended in the year 712 after the turn of time. If you calculate backwards, comparing both circles, then the final calculation shows that both circles met in the year 11,542 before our current calendar. Calculated back from our century, the result is the figure of 13,500 years, the time estimated or calculated by scientists for the capture of the moon by the earth. A calculation that Kiß and Posnansky also firmly support. Comparatively interesting is also an astronomical calculation by the well-known Mars researcher Schiaparelli, who took biblical data and found out that the young Jew Jesus was presented in the temple on a February at the same time as the prophetess Anna was also present. Now you need to know that Anna is the feminine form of Annus. This means year and the daughter of the brightly shining sun for the Egyptians. If we calculate when Anna was in the constellation of Virgo in February, we surprisingly arrive at the years around 13,500, which is a more than curious coincidence. The epigrams or calendar signs of Tiahuanaco from the pre-moon period therefore explain the almost mystical age of the surviving pictorial witnesses. It is therefore easy to guess where cultural elements were brought from on both sides of the Atlantic. The epigraphic calendar signs on the shores of Lake Titicaca, which were examined in detail by Kiß and Posnansky, clearly indicate a pre-selenistic period. If the question is now put to me as to why we are taking a closer look at these ancient time calculations, then this is by no means a purely archaeological interest, but above all a recording of time and a reach into the most distant past to a people and a culture with which we, as late descendants, have no connection.

are undoubtedly connected. Today's smarty-pants may smile with sympathy. In truth, these are the unconnected, those who have fallen from a great bridge, if they belong to our people at all. Similarly, the timing of the sinking of Atlantis and the sinking of the Dogger Bank can be equated with Plato's data, which again allow comparisons with the calendars of ancient cultures. Thus the calendar calculation begins from this point in time with Zoroaster and also the calendars of the Brahmans and the Maya from the Atlantis catastrophe. And as we know, building forms, materials and sculptures from earlier pre-Columbian periods resemble those of ancient European remains, and the Mayan language contains numerous Greek elements. Ancient Greek, in turn, is a daughter language of Sanskrit. Again, it is not difficult to guess from where cultural elements were brought to both sides of the Atlantic. The pictorial inscriptions on the large stone gate of Tiahuanaco and the surrounding fragments of polished andesite, with their highly individual motifs of immense expressive power, do not correspond in any way to the subcontinental Indian conception of art, insofar as they were created independently in their own way. All this gives rise to the beginnings of Atlantean speculation with a high degree of probability, provided that scientific caution is exercised. The so to speak mysterious remains of Tiahuanaco testify to a high level of culture, as can be seen from one example, a thin, translucent slab of alabaster, which after detailed examination was recognised as a window that fits into the openings of the existing wall sections. This slab is now in the museum in La Paz. Such window slabs, about a metre square, were found during the Spanish conquests, and one of them adorns the church of the small village of Tiahuanaco as the window closure of the dome substructure. The temple-like solar observatory Kalasasaya, which was then surveyed by Kiß and whose still standing parts are mostly carved out of undivided lava blocks, has survived the weathering of time. Kiß has reconstructed this complex and claims to have discovered an earlier three-coloured construction in black, white and red. According to ancient sources, it was precisely these building colours that adorned the main temple of the Atlanteans. This combination of colours appears again and again in the Atlantean period, and it is this that still means something to the Germans today. This large temple complex on Lake Titicaca shows far-reaching astronomical foundations of as yet unmeasurable significance. Kiß estimates that the construction of the solar observatory took place just before the end of the moonless era, but considers a later construction in the following lunar period to be possible. This magnificent building can in no way be attributed to an Indian

indigenous people. The andesite lava windows alone bear witness to a high level of architectural maturity and mastery of materials that bears no comparison with the spirit of the indigenous cultures. In addition, the solar observatory of this prehistoric city revealed a stone image buried in the grey clay of the lake, showing a half-finished large stone head that in no way even remotely resembles Indian features. This showed that the head of Godda Apacheta first found by Kiß was by no means a unique piece. And here we come to the mystical starting point, which tells of bearded and bright giants of prehistoric times."

Eyken became more animated now and leaned forward again: "The myths of giants have meanwhile travelled the entire globe and ultimately one even wants to derive relationships from them, according to which Noah was an Atlantide who, on the occasion of the moon collapse catastrophe more than nine thousand years ago, sought rescue with a large ship full of living creatures, as many others most likely did. Not only in Central America, but also elsewhere, white, bearded giants still haunt folk myths. Hence the expectation of a return of the white gods instead of the belief in the Messiah, which was introduced into the world much later for very transparent purposes. It is undoubtedly interesting in this context that the word 'Inca' means 'god' in the indigenous language of northern New Zealand, and among the Incas themselves the adorned chieftain and, in a broader sense, the god-like royal family. And here again we recognise the white man, the Goth, the god of early times. It is the old German Gouht, the Gohd, from which the Guoten, the Goths or Good Ones originate. Archaeology has since shown that a number of finds, such as oversized tools and bone finds, confirm the existence of giants. According to scientific calculations, there were several species, with the Plesianthropus measuring between 2.50 and 3.60 metres in height. Strangely enough, the third book of the Bible, Baruch, also refers to an early period before Baal and Jesbi Benob, in which there was a large-scale culture of giants. And it also says in the biblical history book of the Hebrews, ". . . there were giants of old, great and famous men and good warriors, to whom the Lord, meaning Yahweh, did not mention, nor reveal to them the way of knowledge. And because they had not wisdom, they perished in their folly. And then again:

'Where are the princes of the Gentiles and those who rule over the wild things of the earth? And finally: 'They have been destroyed and gone to hell and others have taken their place! Now it should be noted that the Atlantis researcher Besmertny spoke of a mythical tradition according to which a lower race raced against the Atlanteans. And it seems that a

The great white gods from the Hyperborean north ultimately had to reap not only gratitude and worship but also ingratitude and envy. The great white gods from the Hyperborean north ultimately had to reap not only thanks and worship but also ingratitude and envy. And the Book of Baruch shows Yahweh's enmity towards the north from time immemorial. So there have always been two opposites, which were not sought by people, but existed by nature. Here too, in addition to his scientific work, Kiß has investigated these things in the great leaps in time. The historical past after the moon's inception and the subsequent fall of the tertiary moon shows the dominance and the high cultural image of the Atlantids. It is a story in the grey mist of early times that concerns us very much! And back to the Bible again; in the first book of Samuel it still says: 'There came out of the camp of the Philistines a giant named Goliath of Gath, six cubits and a handbreadth high. Then there is the reference that the weight of his armour was 5,000 lots of brass. These tall Philistines were more properly called Pulsata people from the north, as were the Amorites, properly called Amuri people. We know that the Pulsata people and the Amuri wore feathered helmets and also bull helmets. In other words, perfect attributes of the North and also of the Atlanteans. The bull age was an Atlantean age, and its traditional symbols were preserved in the Apis bull, the cow Athor, the Cretan Minotaur, the Irish bull of Cualngé, the Gallic Tarnos, as well as in the winged bulls of Babylon. If symbols and tradition have survived long after a great catastrophe, this clearly proves that true foundations existed. The invented could never have survived. Kiß was not a fantasist, but he realised that the essence of things is not material in the sense of common thought and that every scientific kernel must be extracted from the fruit of the tree of tradition. His geological strandline research was such a scientific kernel, at the same time confirming the Hörbiger theory, which provided him with the starting points for further investigations. The highly acclaimed results of his work earned him great respect among experts. As a result, the German government was prepared to provide Kiß with a special aeroplane for further expeditions and to give him every other possible support. Kiß planned far-reaching research in South America. Unfortunately, the war put a stop to these grand plans. But during the war he was commissioned to lead a new expedition to Tibet and to fulfil special missions for the empire. The end of the war also thwarted this plan."

"That's a great pity," the contact from La Paz interjected regretfully. He

folded his hands on the table. "Kiß was at home practically everywhere, and his Tibetan findings would also have been politically interesting. We already recognised him here in Bolivia during his research as a clever and extremely agile mind, gifted with a wide range of knowledge! "

Krall, who, like the rest of the audience, could not deny his keen interest, grabbed Eyken's arm. "Let's stay with the Atlantis problem for a moment, which particularly fascinates me as a sailor. So far, I have heard a whole series of Atlantis theories or speculations, which not only differ from one another in many ways, but are also based on a variety of different ideas. However, the majority of them at least agree that the large island lay to the west of the Pillars of Heracles. Otherwise, attempts are often made to interpret Plato arbitrarily. They abandon the mythical foundation and simply want to be cleverer than everyone else for the sake of an invented theory. Now I see that Kiß has just opened up traces that provide essential approaches to a definition of the Atlantis question, taking into account racial contexts. In any case, we are now convinced that the Aryans have an Atlantean influence or are to be regarded as Atlantean descendants."

"Absolutely right," Eyken admitted immediately. "Atlantis research to date has always based its existence on Solon's and Plato's reports, but opinions differ greatly when it comes to the location of the main island of Atlantis. However, the main focus of opinion is still on a land submerged in the Atlantic to the west of the Azores."

"This would provide a bridge between Europe and Old America," Krall concluded

"I also share this assumption," Eyken replied. "But before the factual aspects, I would like to point out that the intuitive phenomenon still plays a major role in our Nordic-Atlantic race and allows ancient things to murmur from a primordial ground. Just as the migratory instinct of birds and lemmings persists, there is also a singing in our blood when Atlantis is mentioned. It is the feeling of a dream of truth about space and time that always strikes us when we indulge in searching through ancient myths. Every now and then we seem to see something behind the mists of the past, but these images are unclear and not sufficiently tangible. Prehistoric research is only just beginning."

"That reminds me of a fitting sentence by Mommsen," Hellfeldt interjected. "According to this, imagination, like all poetry, is also the mother of all history!"

"That fits perfectly to round things off," nodded Eyken. "But now to the facts: As I was able to find out, a young pastor named Spanuth is starting

to take a serious look at Atlantis research. In a few years we will certainly have a lot of interesting things to expect from him. There can hardly be any doubt that Atlantis was not only a mythical, but also a real original home of Nordic-Aryan peoples, whose presence in the continental European area can be recognised by widespread ideogram traces. The later stone images in Egypt from Hieranopolis and Medinet Habu also show depictions of landed Nordic sea peoples, whose bull-horn helmets are still traditional symbols of strength and procreation from the Atlantean bull age. And these horns and decorative feather helmets have also been handed down in the Americas. This is by no means a coincidence! "

The man from La Paz raised his hand. "I would like to add that the Quechua living here in Bolivia used to be lighter in colour than they are today. It is still said that they even had blue eyes and were blond. Today they still differ in their skin colour from the other Indians living around them. Mummies with blond plaits and Nordic features have also been found. Further research will have the last word. In a few years' time, scientists will present us with evidence that Nordic people lived in the northern half of South America and left their traces behind. Then a new page will be turned in the history of the subcontinent. And all the research results still to be expected will confirm Kiß, who was the first to point out that a high non-Indian culture of Nordic character once existed in this vast area. Thus the Taiti Inty, the song of the sun maiden, and the song of selected young women, similar to the Vestal Virgins, the Ackla Taqui, can still be found in the later Inca epoch."

"So this is also a small contribution that fits into the overall picture," Eyken agreed seriously. "Even in the oldest traditions and myths, the sun was the Atlantean symbol of the Great Light and the ruler of the year was the solar wheel. The solar Nordic principle was always opposed to the lunar one of the dark races. At the beginning of the Selenistic period, Near Eastern and African cults paid homage to Baal or the Bealim and especially to the moon goddess. In Europe, in the new beginning of a culture and civilisation, the sign of the sun asserted itself victoriously as the visible force of creation and existence. And with the sun wheel, the young sons of the sun once again carried the light into the world! "

Eyken's eyes flew over those present into the distance, pondering. His voice softening, he continued slowly: "As I have already pointed out, Kiß had the phenomenal ability to see images of the distant past when he found a torso medium. He had previously

He had the feeling described above for dreams of truth, stored in the distant past, flowing from a vast space. However, he also understood perfectly how to move on two levels at the same time so as not to attract the ridicule of science, which is always averse to all intellectual speculation. When he brought the concept of Atlantis closer to the primordial homeland again and went beyond Lokomanya Tilak's book on the Arctic homeland of the Vedas, he was only continuing a continuity of the oldest traditions that had remained dormant in the primordial ground in an awakened state, bringing the truthful dreams that haunted him to expression. These by no means relate only to the reports of Plato, Solon and the ancient priests of Sais; the consonance of ancient myths and traces, spread across continents, clearly indicates the great importance of the Atlantis question in prehistory. The researcher Francois Lenormant has already shown that these ancient traditions are common to all two races of mankind, with the exception of the Negro race. The accuracy and consistency of the traditions about a great earth catastrophe and great white giants have a universal character and stand above all cosmogonic and religious myths. According to Herodotus' reports, which were also preserved by Egyptian priests, the Egyptians' historical writings date back to almost fourteen thousand years before our era. And Herodotus describes that he was led into a temple in which the statues of 341 high priests had been erected, who had followed one another over a long period of time. In this oldest period of Egyptian tradition, a single god was worshipped who corresponded to the Supreme Being of the Megalithic Age. After a period of decline, Pharaoh Akhenaten once again attempted to establish a new beginning of the ancient with the solar disc of Ammon Ra. It was left to the great researcher Herman Wirth to open a window into the past again after deciphering the ideograms still found and to rediscover the original Nordic-Atlantean religion of ancient Europe. This showed a perfect understanding of God, the like of which could not have been felt or reproduced in later times by any of the great world religions that came after it. Christianity still contains traces of elements that were incorporated by a priestly hierarchy for reasons of expediency. But to stay with Egypt: everything that Ancient Egypt passed on in terms of mature culture in the ancient world had no archaic age, no early period. So what could be more obvious than that a culture and civilisation must go back to Atlantean influence even before Pharaoh Menes. And the example of Egypt proves the importance and influence of the Atlantean sen- sion, which was continued in the subsequent tribal-related northern peoples."

Eyken took a deep breath before continuing: "Only our modern age will be able to find out again that on both sides of the Atlantic, cultural developments and myths were passed on that have a common origin. Even now, there is a wealth of evidence and facts that round off the picture only briefly outlined here. However, this would go beyond the scope of the present, unintended discussion. There are still further references to the mythical realm. The Flood legends and the still obscure Sintbrand traditions are the same everywhere. Their juxtaposition results in the hardly surprising picture that Atlantis must indeed have been the original home of the Aryans and that after its demise the Atlantean tradition of the motherland was preserved in the seafaring northern peoples. When the Norwegians landed in Iceland in 875, they found records originating from Ireland which spoke of Vestmen, i.e. Westerners, who had previously lived on this island in the north. And in the history of the Goths, Jordanis reported that far to the west was an island called Thyle, whose name is synonymous with Thule. Not far from there was a large island called Skandza. In the oldest traditions it is said that the Goths or Guoths, the Good Ones, sailed out from there as if from a workshop or from a mother of nations under a King Berig. This legend of origin about the Goths refers to an emigration from Atlantis, which is meant by Skandza. The Goths reached a coast in the east with three ships, landed and gave this land the name Gothiskandza. This was the area that is now southern Sweden. They therefore travelled west from Ireland and Britain and thus undoubtedly came from the Atlantic region before the catastrophe occurred. As far as other traditions from the Ice Age and the Stone Age are concerned, Kiß has also hooked in with his key novel 'The Sea of Glass'. And that brings us back to Thule: palaeolinguistics, which traces prehistoric language forms, explains the word 'Thule' in primitive language word tables as 'island'. What was understood by the Norse as the 'last island' or 'last refuge' was a secret kept by those in the know. When the Northmen of Scandinavia later fled violent Christianity in the ninth century, they probably found Iceland again, but no longer the old Thule. Thule, the old Greenland, now Greenland, was now frozen over. So they travelled past this large island with their dray ships to Markland, where they established the first refugee settlements on the North American continent. In their search for the 'Ultima Thule', the change in climate also played a nasty trick on them; they arrived in a land where they were gradually wiped out in clashes with the native Skrälingers. They later spoke of

The white Mandan Indians, who mainly died of smallpox brought in by the immigrants, were still the centre of attention for a long time. But in addition to the Thule vision, an Atlantean influence could already be recognised on the old American continent. The ancient traditions of the Aztecs and Maya drew on the knowledge of the preceding Toltecs and also referred to white gods from the East. According to this, it was the Atlanteans, the forerunners of the Northmen, who brought culture from ancient Atlantis in both directions, east and west. After the terrible downfall of the Great Homeland, the mystical and mythical concept of Thule, the Last Island, was inevitably formed for the few survivors, and this has endured with the descendant Northmen. It has an everlasting significance as a last refuge and rallying point with a constant readiness for fierce resistance to the last and at the same time for a new storm for freedom and the fulfilment of the ancient missionary commandments."

Eyken's eyes took on a bright lustre as he continued: "And so we, as bearers and guardians of the oldest tradition of mankind, the white race, listen with alert senses to the secret traditions that have so persistently maintained themselves a c r o s s all seas and times, and we think of our distant paradise, situated around the Midnight Mountain, the Eschoteric Thule instead of the lost land of the sun, in which a race of exemplary purity and closeness to God once dwelt for thousands of years. In his profound writings, the great philosopher Julius Evola referred to the traditional order around the sacred mountain in the far north, whose mythical existence is not bound to any time-bound, scientific methodology. Only from the Atlantean Thule and from the centre of the Arctic Midnight Mountain could the images of the sun wheel and the sun chariot be perceived and the Atlantean tradition be preserved in its originality. Only in the far north does the sun, like a wheel or chariot, actually revolve around the horizon for days on end. And the men from the former point 103 in the Arctic know about the majestic experience of a polar night, which is so different from the nights that other peoples only experience under a lunar glow or as bedtime. The Nordic night is filled with an improbable, unearthly glow of the great northern lights, whose shining, radiant ribbons, colourful plumes and folding shapes adorn the vast Arctic sky, enhanced by the silver glitter of the stars. Everything seems like an almost unimaginable revelation of the cosmic wonders of a Supreme Being, with whom you feel more connected than anywhere else in the world under the splendour of the Great Bear and the Pole Star. Up there in the north you can see the throne of God and the pure mantle of nature, in whose realms, gifted with special qualities and a

mission, the first primal race developed. It was there, around the stationary pole star, the 'North Nail' or 'World Nail', that the original concept of the 'Irminsul', the tree of life, originated. It is the land where one is closest to heaven, the legendary region of the Hyperboreans, our ancient ancestors, where one senses and feels the Supreme Being in the circle of being. There is Gimle's summit, as the Völuspá says, Asgard with Odin's castle according to later Germanic tradition and the starting point of a new Golden Age. From there, according to Lactantius, a mighty prince is to be expected again to restore justice. From where, according to Virgil's ideas, the Hyperborean Apollo is to be revived. Even Gustav Adolf, the great king of the Swedes, still carried with him the glory of a hero from the middle of the night."

Eyken was silent for a few breaths. He ran his right hand uneasily over his forehead. When he felt the tension in the room stop, he continued: "Now Thule is no longer a purely geographical concept. In land terms, only Antarctica remains for our fighting and knowing generation. Spiritually, however, our refuge will always remain at Midnight Mountain in the north. If we had to move to the black demonium of Antarctica, it is ultimately also a sun demonium according to the secret teachings. Old secrets dance a round dance and come to life again. Experienced sailors whisper about the mysteries of the southern ice continent and about the names of the mountains, such as Erebus and Terror, situated on the Ross Sea coast. These stand in the room like a dark warning and threat, springing from a wide-awake feeling. The starless zones that only occur in this realm of demons, as sensitive and congenial people call the South Pole, with a depressing view into the cosmic abysses of the dark mists and their infinite dark depths, intensify the feeling of a seemingly absolute nothingness, which then suddenly forms a deep inner horror through spellbinding rays. Only the strong and the strong-willed are able to resist this dark spell once they have fathomed its secret. Only the strong are able, with even greater strength, out of their militant resistance and following their inner law, to repel this pandemonium if necessary without submitting to it. With their knowledge of Thule and their connection to the North, they are able to resist the forces of darkness. For us, as with the earlier Goths, legends and traditions are one: Thule is the light and the power, the bridge of a high race, with a once popular and natural high religion to a Supreme Being and with a cultural mission and a sense of mission of a bloodstream that has not yet dried up. In this blood, which still flows in the veins of our living northern people, there is still the secret singing about Thule,

for the law of the midnight mountain, for the rallying point in the north, where the last are to be found in order to be the first again tomorrow or the day after tomorrow! It is no different today than it was in the past; again and again, the divided peoples, driven by hatred and envy, run against their benefactors. The battle of symbols is becoming more and more evident, among which, on the opposite side, the Star of David, formed by derivation from the Hagal rune, has become a symbol of the dark forces. Under this blue six-pointed star, all races and peoples are led around Mount Sinai in order to be deployed for the last great final battle for world domination, with the Temple of Solomon as the centre. For this reason, the power of the North, which alone opposes this endeavour, is to be broken by all means. As we know, this was also the real underlying aim of the two world wars that were unleashed. These enemy forces, whose top leaders are believers in the occult, are also the ones who know about the tradition of a retrospective occultism, in which a trial of strength is said to have taken place between the black magical forces of the original Hebrews and dark races on the one side and the white magicians of Atlantis on the other, even before the fall of Atlantis. With the sign around Mount Sinai and Mount Zion, this past process, still dormant in secret knowledge, is to be attempted once again. Our enemies know only too well that the North represents the continuity of the spirit of Atlantis, and that is why science, among other things, is being used against this tradition in order to take away the soul and vocation of the North with all their might! "

There was another brief pause. A cold draught entered the room from outside and made the men shiver slightly

"But that's not all I wanted to say," Eyken continued.

"I would like to add about Kiß that I was able to speak to him briefly alone during his service as commander of the Führer's headquarters guard in the Wolf's Lair. Despite his official responsibilities, he was still thinking about a new religion that would be based on old knowledge. I was amazed at his great knowledge and thorough thinking. Anyone who knew him properly must admit that there was something fascinating about every encounter with him. I count him among the most important men for a new tomorrow! "

Krall swayed his head doubtfully. "That's assuming he survives the last days of the war or he makes it through the second round."

"But we can't know that at the moment, far away from home," Eyken admitted. "After all, we're all walking a very fine line now, and the song of the old peasant rebels applies to us all the time: 'Life is a game of dice, we roll the dice every day! "

Now it was Hellfeldt who interjected: "All well and good! But what we

don't know, doesn't help us. Our luggage is full of little hopes, many of which we have to bury again and again on the way. So many that our eyes are dry and we can no longer find tears for the losses. What we have lost in great things, we have to gather again in small things. The undying hope in our hearts, however, is nourished by our knowledge, our deep faith and the strength of our souls. Many of us have fallen, many will still fall, but in this battle for the last, there will always be the last who will defend the light of the north with all their strength. We will include all the stragglers from the inferno or from the new generation in the last battalions, but we must not wait for anyone!"

Eyken looked at the Viennese, somewhat surprised. "That's tough, but it's true! That's the only way we can go on. Kurt Eggers is dead. We don't know whether Kiß is still coming. But what these two men alone have given us is our armoury for tomorrow."

The men nodded gravely at the speaker. When Eyken remained silent, Krall continued the conversation: "After all that has been said, it is confirmed that history, following its own laws, repeats itself. Just as the Northmen from Scandinavia once sought a way back to Thule when the murderous sword of Christianity extended the quest for world domination under the sign of the cross for Sinai and raged among the believers of the species, so it is we today who are once again the last to flee our homeland for the sake of our loyalty. We now have the whole world against us, and in the northern part of the continent on which we now stand, the Golden Serpent sits on the largest gold mountain on earth and lets all dogs loose! "

"Haha, the golden snake," laughed the man from La Paz with a biting undertone. "This beast that crawls with its golden weapons wherever a white culture has been established. This beast, gifted with occult knowledge, lurking for the day when a certain Columbus would reestablish the connection that had been broken since the Old European period and the now so-called New World."

"What do you mean, found?" Hellfeldt interjected. "Even that's a manipulation of history. They erected monuments to an impostor! But that could happen because it is almost unknown, even to this day, that the Vatican has an old map in its secret library that was drawn before Columbus. I also happen to know that in 1112 Pope Paschal II appointed a certain Erik Upsi as Bishop of Iceland, Greenland and, get this, Vinland. So there is documentary evidence that the Vatican knew about a new world in the West even before Columbus' voyage. In 1888, the American

Minister Rasmus B. Anderson, after detailed studies of the material, discovered that Columbus had been given the opportunity to examine an old map in the Vatican before his alleged voyage of discovery and had even been able to make notes. Rome sponsored this endeavour, as it was expected that it would enable them to extend the boundaries of their conversion area and thus also their power. But that's not all: Columbus, in a sense the Vatican's agent, took in a castaway who had come from the west while he was still working as a cartographer. It was a certain Alonzo Sánchez from Huelva who, according to a chronicle, had travelled far west across the Atlantic on a ship and sighted land. On the return journey, his ship foundered off the Azores, but Sánchez and four other men were rescued. Back in Spain, Sánchez, on a recommendation, went to Columbus, who had been described to him as a cartographer, and told him about his discovery. He expected Columbus to find the land he had sighted on one of the existing maps. And now comes something that all contemporary historians have failed to mention to this day: Columbus immediately took the sailor into his home, but he died just a few days later under mysterious circumstances. But that was not all; immediately afterwards, the other four survivors and companions of Sánchez also died for no apparent reason. The future Grand Admiral, however, had a clear path for the predetermined discovery of the New World and for the erection of the sign of the cross for his patrons and sponsors. And Rome covered for Columbus in every way. He was its executor with secret knowledge, and he was only too happy to be celebrated as a great sailor and discoverer of a new continent after his successful voyage. It didn't cost the Vatican much, but it brought in even more. The black spider in its large web could smile indulgently."

Now the faces of Hellfeldt's listeners reflected surprise and amazement. Krall's temper flared and, louder than intended, he rumbled: "I always knew that this half-Jew Columbus was a fraud! Only I didn't know the murder story. He wasn't from Genoa either, but from Pontevedra in the Spanish province of Galicia and was the son of a Domingo Colon. Colon, by the way, is a Spanish form of Cohn. Among other references, the Handbook of Jewish Knowledge also contains the report that the head of the nautical academy of Palma, the cartographer Juhuda Cresques, together with his friends Isaac Abranel, Abraham Zecuto and others, also promoted the plans of Colon Columbus. The name Colon also appears in the episcopal records of Pontevedra. There is also an Italian astronomer named Toscanelli, who in 1474 informed the canon Fernon Martinez of

a country in the west of the Atlantic. This Martinez then also gave the colonel Columbus a map, which further encouraged him in his intention to carry out Rome's commission. Understandably, Columbus also received the support of the Spanish court as a result of Rome's strong recommendation."

Now it was the man from La Paz who gave up his role as listener and spoke up: "Now, to further clarify the Columbus hoax, I can add the fact that the Portuguese also knew of a country in the west, as they had already recognised it even before the hype of discovery. They had maps of the American foreland. And we already know that long before that, northerners had repeatedly reached the western continent. Twenty years before Columbus' voyage, the Germans Pining and Pothorst had also reached the American mainland coast of Labrador on behalf of the Danish King Christian I, without making much of a fuss about it. The historians continue to leave Columbus on the pedestal of fame. With all the documentation we have now, and despite a wealth of knowledge, I wonder what else is being twisted and hidden in history?..."

"If you want to know everything that is being withheld from us," Hellfeldt interjected, "then a single brain is no longer able to pile it all up. The supranationals mould today's view of history according to their interests and thus influence further developments through manipulated foundations. And what is now befalling the currently shattered empire in this respect will put the most fantastic fairy tales of the English Reuter aunt, known from the First World War with the horror story of the chopped-off children's hands in Belgium by us Germans and many others like it, far in the shade. The manipulation of history that is now beginning in Germany and the rest of the world will be a game of Black Peter with the highest stakes! "

"That is as certain as every night is followed by a day," Eyken continues. "The beginnings of historical falsification go back centuries, as can be seen from the Columbus legend just mentioned. And the foreign influences used to falsify history have never been petty or scrupulous. The ever-increasing lack of historical knowledge of the truth allows us to see the past from a false and inverted perspective in numerous retrospectives, constantly promoting and expanding a false historical consciousness. Let us remember, for example, that the murder of six thousand unarmed Saxon noblemen near Verden an der Aller by the vile breach of word and murder order of Emperor Charles, still called the Great instead of the Saxon Butcher,

was a disastrous biological bloodletting that had a lasting effect on us Germans. If we take a sober historical view, it is easy to calculate what the population density of Germany was at the time of Charlemagne on the basis of later known population figures and growth rates. So if six thousand Saxons, according to other sources four thousand five hundred, a national and biological elite, were massacred *ad majorem dei gloriam* under the sign of the cross, then this resulted in a significant weakening of the Saxon tribe. However, if this genocide had not taken place, the national substance in Lower Saxony would have benefited the expansion of the people, and this would have been considerably strengthened in the centuries to come. This would have had a decisive influence on the further development of the empire in a far more favourable sense. Even more lasting in its effect was another historical process against the interests of the people and the empire: the Thirty Years' War for the power of the cross. Again and again the people's substance of the empire was exploited for interests alien to power and alien to religion, until finally, in the given example, only eight or even six of the population at the time of this religious war, which totalled around thirty million people in Germany, survived the thirty years of genocide by foreign religious madness, according to the chronicles. If one now considers that three centuries later the German people numbered almost one hundred million, then it is easy to calculate how much the German national substance would have increased if thirty million people had been preserved in the Reich. This, however, meant a decisive change in all subsequent historical processes. An empire with several hundred million people in Europe, militarily unbeatable, would not only have guaranteed a lasting order, but would also have prevented the world wars that were forced upon us. It can therefore be said calmly and with conviction that almost unimaginable developments would have taken place, which already defy realistic speculation. Behind the perpetual sacrifices of the German people, behind its many divisions and repeatedly induced weakenings, there have long been, historically speaking, the slaughterers of Sinai. This slaughter in the north is the attempted repetition of the biblical story of Cain's murder of Abel. The murder of Abel is the parable and in truth is to be seen as the elimination of Apollyon, the northern Apollo, who was in the way of the human brother Cain from the desert. The present, however, shows a slight change; although the shearing knives are already on our necks, we are not yet dead. We will also survive the current attempt to murder the North like others before us."

Silence. The men stared thoughtfully in front of them. Without words, they were all thinking the same thing

"There is more to this north than we can even imagine," Krall said thoughtfully after a while. "Who or what else can survive a millennia-long race against the Midnight Mountain? It is like a fateful curse that the sons of the desert still want to fight against the sons of the sun according to the old law of their temple, because Yahweh has given them all nations to serve. And they live in a hatred..."

"It's not hatred," Eyken improved. "It's actually an artificially kindled fire that a certain Moses and a priestly caste that followed him have kept burning ever since. The fire for an intolerant, personified God, the vengeful Yahweh, who is trying to assert an idea of chosenness for the Jewish people, skilfully steered by the priests, in order to assume dominion over all the peoples of the world from the Temple of Solomon. And the Jews themselves are the victims of a small, knowing, megalomaniac caste. If you look at things in this way, they have actually become an unhappy people who have lost peace with all mankind and are driven by a false doctrine that forces them to the opposite side of a great artificial field of tension. I would like to claim that there are also recognising forces in this people scattered all over the world, such as the Kna'anim sect, which draws on the ancient Israelite religion, with valuable insights from the Megalithic Age, which rejects the arrogance doctrine of the later resurrected Yahweh and seeks peace for its people and thus for all people on the natural basis of all peoples. The misfortune of the Jews is their own zealots with their insane striving for world domination. In other words, the part that wants to force the North and the rest of the world to bow their heads before Yahweh and worship him and the Golden Calf, now the Golden Serpent! "

"Then the Jews as a people should finally recognise the truth about the law of humanity and adopt the old guiding principle of living side by side: to each his own! " Krall said with a slight resentment in his voice. "I know the truth is a merciless goddess when you look her in the face in search of it. She is merciless for the sake of truth, but her simultaneous mercy is knowledge! When a people find the courage to face the truth, they also have the law of life!"

Silence reigned again. The men's thoughts processed what had been said. Above all, they had been shaken by the historical assumptions presented earlier. They had not yet realised such trains of thought themselves.

sought. German history had taken on a completely different face with the previously overlooked presentation in the spirit of the Christian Piscean age under the foreign influences that had come to the fore. The man from La Paz glanced at his watch. "What I've heard here today in your circle corresponds in everything to the conversations I once had with Kiß. But back to reality: it's getting pretty late! I don't regret the late hour, the evening has rounded off many a picture for me. When I leave now, I would like to think about some things in more detail. And if I can give you some good advice, then go to rest now. You have another difficult day ahead of you. Don't forget that La Paz already has very thin air. Adjust your behaviour accordingly! "

Eyken stood up and asked: "So when should we go on?"

The contact rubbed his chin. "It would be best if you took a rest day tomorrow and left early the day after tomorrow. I've already mentioned that the air in La Paz is not only thin, but also very thick with agents at the moment! "

"All right then," Eyken replied. "We're not travelling as tourists anyway, and museum visits were never on the agenda. Of course, we would have liked to have hit the jackpot and visited Lake Titicaca on the side. But unfortunately, things like that aren't in the pot."

"That's right," said the La Paz man, completely unmoved. "I'll be back tomorrow evening. By then I'll have everything ready for your departure and I'll bring you all the information and instructions you need for your journey. Do you still have enough money for the next few days? "

"We have," said Glaser in place of the others. "I'll add something to it anyway! "

The contact man looked at the Argentinian German. "I'll do that to a modest extent, in any case. And what will happen to you? =" Glaser shrugged his shoulders. "That's the end of the day for me. If you can guarantee that my friends get to the Beni Valley safely, then I can return to Argentina with peace of mind."

The three fugitives, who felt bound by their orders, now looked at the Argentinian-German in embarrassment. Eyken took the floor again: "That's a pity! We got very used to each other, we were a marvellous team together! "

"You could say that," Glaser replied with a thin smile

"Sentimental?" asked the man from La Paz. "You have to take things as they come! Of course I'll bring everyone with me

men who turn up, as long as they are in order. And always provided that my instructions are heeded and followed!" He stood up and shook hands with the other men in turn. "Adiós, and good rest! "

When the man had gone, those left behind knew nothing more to say. They were in their own world, to which they were more connected than to the one that already seemed to resemble another dimension and whose hostile reality was a challenge to be or not to be. The fatigue they felt caused them to go to rest.

Sleep would not come straight away. So the men lay in their beds for a while longer with their eyes open, staring out through the windows into the Andean night, from which the moon shone in huge and with rare clarity. The silvery disc with its clearly visible geographic markings at this altitude slowly moved over the even higher ridges and firm slopes of the huge mountain massif and bathed the capital of Bolivia, which lay in the valley basin, in a pale, ghostly light.

The spell of the earth's satellite flowed earthwards on the silver fingers of the rays and brought the men visions from the past of the Andean region, its mysteries and secrets, before the expected sleep.

To those now resting, it seemed as if delicate sounds were coming from afar from a leg flute playing a strange tune. Perhaps at this late hour there was a native somewhere on a quiet hill who, not fearing the evil spirits of the night, was playing an old tune while staring into the blackness of the sky. He was probably communing with his old gods, who gave him more than the will-less man on the wood under the fish sign of the zealous padres

Here, in the great heights around La Paz, one was closer to heaven and the majesty of creation than anywhere else . . .

VI

CHIMES OF TIME

"Of truth I will never lan, There
shall no man bring me from.
No defence will silence me, no ban, no
eight. No matter how much they think
they can frighten me..."

Ulrich von Hutten

Once again, the sun hung like a flame-spitting ball in the blue Bolivian sky. Like glowing hot fingers, its rays swept across the vast expanses of the north-east Bolivian lowlands, from the Yungas to the Beni Valley. In the grazing areas, the cattle sought the shade of broad-crowned trees, while in the forest areas the monkeys snoozed in the leafy shadows.

In this sweltering heat, four riders plodded along on tired horses, mouths lazy, one behind the other.

When the whitewashed buildings of an estancia appeared hours later, the first rider stopped his animal and pointed ahead with an outstretched arm: "We've reached our destination, Sefiores! That's where my patrón is! "

Those following nodded silently. The horses, however, seemed to sense the heathily beckoning stable and fell into a gentle trot without being prompted. A rider emerging from the side looked curiously at the new arrivals, then suddenly let out a shrill cry and galloped towards the approaching main house, raising a wafting plume of dust. A short time later, he was seen emerging from the house with a tall man, awaiting the approaching visitor.

A little later, the riders stopped in front of the wooden steps of a projecting veranda. The estanciero took two steps forward and offered his greeting to the riders. His eyes were sharp and showed a questioning expression.

Before the guide had a chance to speak, Eyken came down from the saddle. He spoke German and gave his name first. Then he reached into his coat pocket, pulled out an envelope and, prancing closer with his horse, handed it to the landlord.

Now the man suddenly became friendlier. With a sweeping gesture, he asked the riders to dismount and come into the house. At the same time, he ordered the man waiting next to him to take care of the mounts and look after them. Then he stepped aside to allow the guests to enter.

While the guide quickly jumped off his horse and stood by the animal,

the other riders slipped out of their saddles, groaning slightly. Krall couldn't help muttering to Hellfeldt: "Always the same! Turn up somewhere, welcome, enter, and once your feet are really warm, off through the centre again. It's like a game of wrestling!" Hellfeldt gave the man from Hamburg a gentle peck: "Keep your mouth shut, dear Labs-kausjunge! If the new landlord already gets our loose snouts, we can sleep under trees..."

"That won't be difficult for you," Krall grinned broadly. "I've been told that the Viennese all sleep under trees in the Prater, with sausages in their hands and mustard on their noses..." Babbling, he followed Eyken, who was just exchanging the first handshake with the Estanciero. The Viennese followed him, somewhat stiff-legged

"So you already got my name from La Paz," said Estanciero Hollmann after the mutual introductions. "I can also guess what's in the letter you brought me here. You are not my first guests. Other men were here before you, but have since moved on again when it was time! "

"We also hope to be introduced to our tasks as soon as possible," Eyken added. "We have not come here for pleasure and are reluctant to accept hospitality. We are also not refugees who arrived in the country by a circuitous route, but a group that is expected."

"Tatata," Hollmann said. "You shouldn't worry about the hospitality! But before we go any further, let's go into the house!"

A little later, the men were sitting around a table in a cool, shady room with large glasses of fruit juice in front of them. Eyken had given the estanciero a brief account of their arrival in La Paz, carefully pointing out that they were actually still soldiers and that their first Bolivian contact had instructed them to await further orders in the Beni Valley

Hollmann nodded, then took the letter that Eyken had given him on arrival and read it carefully. Then he said: "It's just as you said. So, to cut a long story short: I'm not privy to the details, but many of us Old Germans stick together here and help when we're called upon to do so by the few in the country who belong to the consecrated. That's why I'm not asking for details. You can stay as long as you need to. And if you run out of time, you can make yourself useful in many ways in the meantime! "

"Well, we don't intend to lead a retired life," Eyken replied.

Hollmann laughed. "We Germans in Latin America value hospitality very highly everywhere. However, we also have our own experiences. Not all the men who came over from Europe were genuine. Those who were channelled via the Italian-Spanish monastery route were all fine, and the useful ones among them have since been taken off on special assignments somewhere in the rugged Andes and disappeared. These things are probably also connected to you. In between, however, there were other people who were worth nothing and now wanted to live out their days with a big mouth. We Germans living abroad found that out very quickly. None of us were given anything when we came to the country and built something up. We all had to work hard, without exception. But that's how you can make it in South America."

"We've seen that everywhere so far," Hellfeldt confirmed.

"I hope you've survived the journey from La Paz to here reasonably well," Hollmann said.

"It came on," muttered Krall. "I'd rather have ridden a fish than a horse, though." He smiled a little sweetly

"Aha, a navy man," laughed Hollmann.

"Exactly!" The man from Hamburg squirmed slightly in his chair and couldn't quite suppress a grin. "And our Hellfeldt here, he's from the same club! "

"Well, you're a long way from any water and on dry land in the heart of the continent! "

"Nothing lasts forever," laughed Eyken in between.

Hollmann nodded. "By the way, a beautiful tributary flows into the Rio Beni in the immediate vicinity, which is rich in fish. You can provide fish for your meals from time to time!" He leant back in his chair. "But what's most important is that there were no difficulties on the journey here? "

"Not at all," Eyken replied. "Our man in La Paz gave us detailed instructions, a German farmer called Hansen helped us a little further away, and finally we met one of your people who was the guide."

"Yes, I know Hansen," Hollmann confirmed. "We rarely see each other, because his estancia is a long way from here, but he's all right."

"We think so too," said Krall. "We spent the night at his place and had to gorge ourselves beforehand. He stuffed us with meat

full! "

"Well, we have enough meat almost everywhere in South America," laughed the German estanciero

"Then there was another big eater in front of the Lord," continued the man from Hamburg.

"He was shapelessly fat, wore a black robe and constantly wiped his bald head with a huge cloth. But he could still eat. I've never seen eating acrobatics like that before! "

Hollmann laughed out loud. "Oh yes, that must be the good Padre Bernardo! He eats almost half an ox in one seat."

"You could see that," Krall nodded. "The fat flowed onto his beautiful frock! I asked him if he wouldn't be sorry for his beautiful uniform if it collected stains. He said with dignity that this was the dress of the Army of Heaven and they weren't so strict. I then told him that he probably had a very long way to his barracks. He gasped at first, but then he gobbled like a turkey."

Hollmann slapped his thighs. "Haha, I can just imagine the padre's face! But now comes the most obvious thing: first the food and then your accommodation! "

Weeks went by. The men on the Estancia Hollmann worked hard during the day. There was always something to do, to mend, to cultivate, just like a large farm. In the evenings, they would sit around the round table and listen to the radio news. Everyday life had already become so settled that the estancia had become a new home and Hollmann had become so accustomed to his guests that he would have liked to keep them there forever

The initial restlessness of the three soldiers had subsided in this idyllic landscape and given way to a kind of resignation. No one expected that an order to continue their journey would suddenly come. The crusaders of the West were raging their victory frenzy in Europe, and the Japanese were fighting their last battle.

It was the evening of 7 August when the radio report came through that the American air force had dropped an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima the day before. The destruction of the Japanese city signalled the surrender of Japan.

This news hit the men in the Beni Valley like a blow. The hopelessness of the Japanese battle had already been clear. But the drama of the end shocked them. The first reports spoke of a quarter to half a million casualties.

"I've already explained it before," said Eyken after a while with a sigh.

r voice, "that the Japanese had to become the victims of their strategic short-sightedness. If they had launched a relief offensive on our eastern front in Siberia at the time, Stalin would have collapsed and Japan's supremacy in the east would have remained unbroken. In return, Japan bought a Soviet declaration of war in exchange for Stalin's defeat! But why spin these things out any further? It leads to nothing. Only facts count!

"It's an irony of history that the Americans created the atomic bomb," Hollmann muttered dully. Surely they were working on nuclear physics much earlier in the Reich?"

"The bomb the Yanks dropped on Hiroshima was a German bomb!" Eyken said, hard and metallic. "It was a booty bomb! Of course, we had been working on atomic research for a long time. Professor Hasenöhrl from Vienna was the first to experiment successfully, then the physicist Hahn and others joined in. Hahn also sabotaged a production-ready template for the manufacture of a hydrogen bomb, which came from the Viennese physicist and engineer Karl Nowak. And Hahn also allowed the Jewish employee Ilse Meitner to emigrate from Vienna to America and take calculation documents with her, which were then given to Einstein, who then began working again with the physicist Teller on the creation of atomic bombs."

"So why couldn't it have been an American bomb after all?"

be," asked Hollmann, "if the Americans themselves have also worked on it?"

"Because we were far ahead of the Americans and they couldn't have caught up with the German lead yet," said Eyken with certainty. "After all, they had German booty bombs that could be used to end the war more quickly."

"And why didn't we drop the bombs on the enemy earlier, and why did we never learn anything about the German work?" Hollmann probed further

"That's several questions at once," Eyken replied. "Well, things are like this: The enemy's propaganda had no interest in informing the world public and possibly encouraging a fear psychology. But you only have to ask the American physicist Erwin Oppenheimer and he will confirm that a German research team led by Professors Armin Dadiou and Thyssen was working on research into the atomic forces released by nuclear fission. They were joined by the Göttingen working group under Professor Hahn, who in turn sabotaged Nowak's advanced and completed work. Nowak then tried to bring his plans to Hitler via Bormann, but here it was

again Hitler's grey eminence, who was behind the undertaking. We will have to talk about Bormann separately! In any case, Hahn now boasts of the resistance by delaying the work. The fact that we were also far ahead of the Allies in this field can be seen from a press release in the 'Völkischer Beobachter' in the spring of 1939 that the research group under Max Planck had succeeded in technically utilising the atomic forces released by nuclear fission. Various projects were therefore being worked on. After the occupation of Norway, which put us only a few hours ahead of the British intentions, we produced heavy water in a plant in that country, which was vital for our work in this field. The IG Werke sent specialists to Norway, which was secured by the strictest security measures taken by the SD chief Felix Fahl, who came from Vienna. At the end of the war, as I learned, Fahl fell into Allied hands, having previously voluntarily given up his aeroplane site and handed it over to a leading technician."

"As the person responsible for a secret weapons operation, he must have been of great interest to the Allies," said Hellfeldt.

"That's easy to imagine," Hollmann added. "Incidentally, even before the end of the war, there were rumours in some newspapers that the German secret weapons armament was not only producing jet fighters, jet bombers and V weapons up to the number designation 9, but also long-range guns for nuclear missiles, and that they were probably also working on radiation weapons."

"That's all true," Eyken admitted. "But we did get some things to safety. Many things, such as our Volksjäger, the world's first jet aeroplanes, fell into the hands of the Allies ready for use. Their deployment was also sabotaged. For example, just before the end of the war, there were 17 Volksjäger aircraft ready for take-off at Vienna's Aspern airfield, but they were never used and were grounded despite the Allied air force's persistent bombing campaign over Vienna. These aircraft, nicely lined up one after the other, all fell into the hands of the attacking Soviets. The Reich Governor of Vienna, Baldur von Schirach, had not only failed, but had also cut a strange figure. I happen to know that the Vienna SD section delivered a thick file to the Reichsheinrich about Schirach's questionable behaviour in many matters, but that Hitler threw Himmler out with this dossier. Hitler was simply not open to many truths! " Hollmann shook his head. "When you hear that now, you think you're living in a crazy world. I'm only now beginning to realise that many things actually happened in a very strange way. So the thing with the German atomic bombs also makes sense to me."

Eyken nodded slowly. "I would like to point out that at the beginning of 1944 an article by the journalist Schwarz van Berg, who was the press officer at the Führer's headquarters, appeared in the weekly newspaper 'Das Reich'. This article explained that it was now possible to blow up part of the earth. And in the same year, a test explosion took place in the North Sea in the presence of selected observers, which completely wiped out an island in the sea. It was a small atomic bomb 1 "

"And where was the war effort?" Hollmann asked, agitated.

"Hitler had planned a mission for April 1945," Eyken replied. "It was very difficult for him to come to this decision, because he was suffering from the 'English disease'. He wanted to spare his English cousin to the last. Churchill, on the other hand, heard about these preparations through one of our leaks in the Reich and therefore pushed ahead with the invasion in order to get ahead of the required preparation time. Incidentally, we have also supplied the Japanese with all the manufacturing documents so that they can defend themselves against the Americans in the Pacific. Now the Americans will also find these Japanese production tests in Japan when they occupy the islands. We ourselves had five bombs ready. The only thing missing in April were the detonators, the so-called 'critical mass', which consisted partly of a new type of insulating material. During the supply transport, these detonators suddenly disappeared due to an act of sabotage. The replacement again required a production time of six weeks, and so we were too late with a planned deployment! "

"Damned and sewn up!" Hollmann cursed and clenched his fists. "We keep hearing about betrayal and sabotage here, but we didn't want to believe it. Things sounded too unbelievable to our ears! Betrayal runs like a red thread through German history. Ever since Roman times .

."

"Unfortunately," Eyken replied. Then he continued: "But that's not the whole story. On 18 March 1945, the commander of a fighter unit in the Münster area received an order to take over three railway wagons intended for him, which had been sealed by the Luftwaffenzeugamt and put on the march, and to have them unloaded. The order sent to him contained instructions and drawings according to which they were suspension devices and installation material that were to allow the Me 109 aircraft type to carry and release a new type of bomb through conversion. The commander noticed that it was a 250 kg class bomb, but that the spacer bolts were unusually long. The fixed bombs had a ground clearance of only 16 cm, so that the Me 109s equipped with them could only take off on smooth concrete runways. In a report that followed a few days later

The secret order then stated that a new weapon would be used, which had a total destruction radius of 16 km, but also meant the loss of the aircraft. Therefore, the mission could only be flown by unmarried volunteers. However, when a registration enquiry was made, almost all of the flying personnel volunteered, including the married ones. Immediately afterwards, a new order was issued, instructing the commander by telephone to march two heavy train engines, travelling via Linz, to Amstetten and take over bombs lying at the goods station there. On this occasion, the commander was also informed that these new bombs were not to be released, as had been customary up to then, but were to be lowered to the ground by parachute in order to give the pilots the opportunity to be rescued after all. The intended drop height was 3000 metres."

"And what happened next?" Hollmann pressed.

"What a load of r u b b i s h ! " Eyken tightened his fingers and let them crack. "The transport officer, an air force captain, found thirty closed lorries at the Amstetten goods station with a sign in white paint: Caution! Novel explosives! The lorries were secured by a Waffen SS guard unit under the command of a Hauptsturmführer, who refused to hand them over, citing a Führer order. Now the Luftwaffe captain had no written special orders with him with which he could have insisted on the bombs being handed over. And the SS officer risked nothing. So the whole thing was left in Amstetten, where the advancing Americans found them. When they then retreated back across the Enns after reaching an agreement with the Russians, they naturally took this booty with them. And in July we heard in Argentina that the Americans had detonated a bomb in New Mexico whose destructive power was so immense that it destroyed all measuring instruments and exceeded all expectations. And according to the latest radio reports, the atomic bomb over Hiroshima was also dropped by parachute. One booty bomb was detonated for the time being, a second one has already been used! "

The German estanciero looked completely distraught. "Who would ever have thought that our people would squander such opportunities through treachery and negligence? . . ."

"Unfortunately! The details I mentioned are all correct! Now Japan is also in ruins. Roosevelt did not live to see this final triumph. But the high grade brothers and accomplices of the American president have continued his plans, and the new president Solomon Truman is also part of the network of knowing lodge brothers. Everything continues to lead to the ultimate goal, the establishment of world government! "

"We have no chance against such a superior force," Hollmann whispered dejectedly.

"Only those who give up have no chance! " Eyken's voice was sharp. "We have escaped the surrender of our forces

and still serve the empire. And the Reich has not capitulated. Under international law, it continues to exist despite Allied obstructions!"

The following days brought details of the Japanese surrender on the radio. The first atomic bomb dropped on a major civilian city had written a radical short chapter in recent history

Weeks passed again. The men from the Estancia Hollmann had no news from outside. No mail from La Paz or anywhere else. Despite the good country life, they felt forgotten and unnecessary in the world and slowly began to get nervous and irritable.

During the long evenings, the men had told their host many details about the course of the almost five-year war, so that he gained a deeper insight into the events and contexts. The more neutral reports of the South American newspapers and radio stations were never informative enough and were all too often influenced or overshadowed by Allied reporting and propaganda.

While exchanging political memories one day, Hollmann also asked how a '0 July 1944' could have come about. He pointed to the fact that Hitler had finally given and done everything for the Wehrmacht and that it was precisely under his government that the status of the German officer corps had been fully upgraded.

Eyken waved it off. "Things are different than they appear from abroad. The actual officer corps was fiercely conservative and opposed to the National Socialist idea. For them, Hitler was just a cheap corporal from the First World War, and the old arrogance of rank could not stand this. The old officers were firmly in charge and the young junior officers could do no harm with their enthusiasm. In a way, they were the screen of the Junkers."

"Hitler must have figured it out over time," said Hollmann.

"Why didn't he do anything about a gradually recognisable development?"

"With what?" replied Eyken. "The SS alone was too weak to replace the Wehrmacht. But this question remained when Hitler disempowered himself on 30 June 1934 and lost his support. To be precise, this date was the day the Third Reich died!"

"I don't understand that," Hollmann confessed.

"It's very simple. Until recently, it was never supposed to be talked about. But today you have to admit that there would never have been a Wehrmacht conspiracy if Röhm had remained alive."

The men looked at Eyken, puzzled. Hollmann leant forward. "Röhm had a good name here in Bolivia! He came here after the First World War and reorganised the Bolivian army into a modern and powerful force. When he returned to Germany and became the supreme SA leader, the Bolivians were very sorry to see him go. As we know, he had outstanding organisational skills."

Eyken nodded again. Suddenly he turned to Hellfeldt, who was the only one looking fairly relaxed. "If I'm not mistaken, you also know a lot about the Röhm affair"

"That's right," the Viennese admitted calmly. "The SA leader in Vienna during the so-called Kampfzeit, Franz Thür, was an old acquaintance of mine. I learnt many things from him that hardly ever appear in reports. Thür knew Röhm. And it is my opinion that the National Socialist Reich practically ended with Röhm's demise. The Viennese SA leader told me that Röhm had said that the national revolution was now complete, but that the socialist revolution was still to come. And that was, in a real sense, his own death sentence!"

The audience sat in silence. Krall and Hollmann knew nothing about the whole thing, Eyken left the Viennese to tell the rest.

"Röhm planned two things: the continuation of the revolution to fulfil the social demands in order to secure the foundations of a real national community in the spirit of the propagated community. In particular, the realisation of Gottfried Feder's party programme point, the breaking of the bondage to interest, was close to his heart. However, this meant breaking free from the international currency ceiling and a complete liberation from the direct and indirect influence of high finance. With this endeavour, Röhm understandably had the still powerful capitalist economic circles at home against him, among whom were still secretly old, high Masonic degrees, whose exponent in Hitler's government was the High Degree Freemason Schacht. Thanks to his influence, Schacht had achieved the diplomatic feat of having a Reichsmark internationally recognised for Hitler on the one hand and for Wall Street on the other, which had broken away from the gold standard and was based on the value of German labour. In return, however, he had wrested the renunciation of Feders' programme point from the party, which in turn satisfied high finance. In any case, Hitler could not get out of the noose that had been laid for him by the financial crises during the war. Samuel Untermeyer had already

in 1933, the American broadcaster WABC announced that high finance had financed the Hitler enterprise with 128 million Reichsmarks. The Wall Street speculations were a complete success and became one of the most profitable ventures in history. Sidney Warburg had recorded his negotiations with Hitler and the subsequent financial transactions in minutes and subsequently published them through a Dutch publisher in 1933. Schacht thus found an inevitable atmosphere of compromise that tied Hitler more to the economy than to Röhm. Göring, who fully and completely represented a bourgeois conservatism, also moved along the same lines. He was a bourgeois power politician, friends with many millionaires at home and abroad and could not get away from this milieu. Göring also knew full well that the gold standard issue and the interest rate system were the lifeblood of high finance, and for his part he had no intention of allowing Röhm's ambitions to disrupt the Schacht Frieden. He therefore also harboured great mistrust of Gregor Strasser, who he knew was very much inclined towards Röhm. For Strasser and his friends, the Supreme SA Leader embodied the fulfilment of anti-capitalist aspirations and the idea of a planned economy. As the old fighters of the SA were mainly recruited from working-class circles, the social idea was understandably a decisive factor in their political drive. Even before the seizure of power, a large part of the Berlin SA under its leader Stennes revolted during the hard years of fighting with the communist shock troops, and then Otto Straßer jumped ship. He and his supporters founded the 'Black Front' of the revolutionary National Socialists, but these splinter groups were ultimately unable to rise up against Hitler. The impregnable bastion before the Führer was Röhm. But this could not prevent tensions within the party either. The inhibited line of the original National Socialist ideas prevented socio-political upheavals and a breakout from the capitalist system of world economic ties. The party's seizure of power took place in a democratic, bourgeois manner and secured the party's sole power to govern with enabling laws. Political opponents, initially only communists and also asocials, were taken into security custody and placed in camps. We know all this. But what is so quickly forgotten was the situation in Germany at the time. Weimar had gone bankrupt as a system of government, democracy had failed completely and unemployment had reached record levels. The party dispute was no longer able to deal with any problem. So Germany was faced with only one alternative: either Hitler and his party came to power or it became a communist council state under Thälmann.

What the latter would have meant, however, was still fairly well remembered when one thought of the soviet government under Kurt Eisner in Munich with its hostage shootings or Bela Kun's blood regime in Hungary. The further political consequences were just as recognisable: a communist Germany with a liquidated intelligentsia would have been the prelude to a communist takeover in Europe and would have fulfilled Lenin's thesis that a communist Germany would help the world revolution to victory. These are historically hard facts! There was no longer a third possibility in Germany. From the point of view of the struggle to decide Germany's fate between the two historically inevitable alternatives, the security of the Red Front forces drilled for a violent overthrow becomes understandable, and it is very doubtful whether in the other case, i.e. a communist seizure of power, Thälmann would have been content merely to bring the National Socialists and the entire bourgeoisie into camps. The previous historical examples show shocking pictures. Even at the time of the French Jacobin Revolution, an unleashed mob dragged bourgeois and aristocrats to the guillotines in droves. Status and origin were sufficient grounds for execution. Similarly, the Bolshevik October Revolution waded in a sea of blood. Here too, the aristocratic or bourgeois class of origin and the intelligence quotient sufficed for an informal death sentence. None of this applied after the National Socialist takeover. Those who behaved quietly and loyally outside the party had nothing to fear. It was only a year and a half later that the regime of the Reich ate some of the old fathers from its own ranks. And Röhm's death could only come in handy for the regime's opponents. These opponents, a large proportion of whom enjoyed constant freedom, were better off than the victims of past revolutions or former soviet governments; afterwards they pretended to be sufferers and clamoured for revenge. After all, they were better off than the victims of the Jacobins, the Bolsheviks and the soviets. Those liquidated by the red systems could at best float around in the old walls of the execution cellars or over collapsed mass graves in the witching hour after midnight with clattering ghosts, shrouded in shadowy veils, moaning and haunting."

"That is all too true," Hollmann had to admit thoughtfully. "I now see the Röhm case in such a way that after the actual background had been clarified, the revolutionary wing of the actual National Socialists was dissolved by a conservative bourgeois section of the party by liquidating its leadership, whereby the Black Order of the SS, under instructions from its then politically blind boss, played a role that was not convenient for him."

had to play."

"I have been correctly understood," Hellfeldt confirmed.

"And what about the millions of Jews killed according to enemy propaganda?" asked Hollmann after a moment's thought.

"There weren't millions of them," Eyken defended with certainty. "We heard afterwards that Jews had died in Poland towards the end of the war. And that was undoubtedly the stupidest thing that could have happened. We'll have to talk about the actual number later, until we get hold of documents again, which is not yet possible immediately after the end of the war. From the regime's point of view, the Jewish question in Germany could have been solved according to humane criteria. Now it is important to realise that the old National Socialists demanded a solution to the Jewish question. However, it was predominantly late National Socialists who, after the Old Fighters had been disempowered, climbed to most of the leading positions, created the mostly unappreciated status of the tinsel-hungry golden pheasants and wanted to make up for their late political birth with radical implementation measures. They overplayed old, still remaining and prudent forces. It is equally clear, however, that leading functionaries of the Reich cannot escape responsibility for tolerating abuses. When international Jewry officially declared war on us in 1933 and showed no interest whatsoever in getting the Jews living in Germany out of the Reich's territory, it became obvious that they wanted to provoke the Germans with brutal speculation and then pass the buck to them. And the stupid Michel once again fell into the snare. But back to Röhm: with a party that was not internally united, there had to be a clarifying debate one day. These resulted in several fronts: Firstly, a front between Hitler and Röhm. This meant the implementation of the entire party programme and thus of national socialism. Röhm was also the only one who was on familiar terms with Hitler and was often able to express his opinion to him in a drastic manner. And Hitler appreciated Röhm's openness and abilities throughout the years of struggle. It was not for nothing that he had summoned him from Bolivia. Then there was also the possibility of Röhm without Hitler. This would have led to a civil war with a very uncertain outcome, as in such a case the Reichswehr would have opposed a putsching SA. Röhm, however, was not a daredevil and knew this. One can accuse him of nothing other than wanting to induce Hitler to fulfil the programme, albeit emphatically. And then there was a third option, which Hitler ultimately decided in favour of. Namely to let Röhm fall."

"And why did Hitler decide against Röhm? "

"Under the influence of his environment," Hellfeldt replied again. "He had many false counsellors around him. But it must also be mentioned that Captain Patzig, head of the Defence Office, provided Hindenburg and Hitler with evidence that Röhm was not only in secret contact with General Schleicher, but was also secretly in contact with foreign embassies. Furthermore, a confidential order from Röhm was found, according to which weapons and equipment for the SA were to be purchased illegally, for which funds were available. It was also on record and confirmed in court that the executed SA leaders were suspected of wanting to arrest the Reich Chancellor, the Reich Defence Minister v. Blomberg and other members of the government and to exercise their constitutional powers themselves."

"Suspicion and proof are not the same thing," Hollmann said thoughtfully.

"Quite right," Eyken recognised. "But however things actually turned out, the forces regarded as reactionary had the greatest interest in eliminating the SA, which was becoming an ever greater danger, by any means necessary. It is also important to realise that Röhm's far-sighted plans included transforming the SA into a regular, armed militia, an army of the people. Following the Swiss model, the members of the People's Army were also to have their weapons and equipment at home to enable rapid mobilisation if necessary. He also planned to send all SA leaders on officer training courses, who were to receive shorter or longer training depending on their SA rank and be appointed as regular officers. Senior SA leaders were to undergo general staff training for several years. During this training period, those called up were to continue to receive their salaries; in cases of hardship, Reich allowances were provided. The cleverly foresighted Röhm saw this as the only way to secure the National Socialist revolution. In the event of a war, which Röhm himself wanted to avoid at all costs, the Third Reich would have had a National Socialist officer corps, which would have provided a guarantee that no decadent aristocratic Junkers and a scheming bourgeoisie would have had the opportunity to conspire. The unity of an SA leadership and an officer corps was a revolutionary idea in itself and would have secured the existence of a people's empire through a genuine people's army. When Röhm's plan leaked out of his inner circle, Göring also learnt about it. He knew that Goebbels was on his side, and it was not difficult for the two shrewd tacticians to get the ambitious Himmler on their side. In addition, it had been observed with unease for some time that a dissatisfied mood was taking over in the SA and that there was talk of marching to Munich if necessary.

This alarmed the conservative bourgeois wing of the party, which could rely on the Reichswehr, which in turn was in no way interested in a national socialist people's army. In this growing unrest, Hitler decided in favour of the path recommended by the High Grade Freemason Schacht and succinctly declared that he would not tolerate any currency experiments within the party. This meant that Gottfried Feder had also been completely dropped and the solution was there: Hitler without Röhm. Now the conservative and not the anti-capitalist wing had prevailed. Göring's regime had won. The next step was to pull the teeth out of the tiger Röhm. With the involvement of Himmler, who had never seen through things, the safest way was decided upon, namely the liquidation of the entire SA leadership.

Under the pretext that danger was imminent, Himmler was alarmed and ordered to deploy the Secret State Police and SS alarm units as mobile commandos to arrest and liquidate the mostly unsuspecting and surprised leaders of the SA. This is how the Bartholomew Night of 30 June 1934 came about and the stab in the back against the SA's own revolution. The majority of senior SA leaders were arrested and sent to camps. Hundreds of the leading old fighters were shot, and in a few cases loaded pistols were laid at their feet for vigilante justice. Among them were well-known Freikorps leaders who had successfully fought against the Bolsheviks in the Baltic states, against Polish insurgents in Upper Silesia, against communist Spartacists and insurgents in the Ruhr region and in Munich. Names such as Heydebreck, Heines and many others had already become legendary through their deeds. Now they were dead and with them the revolutionary idea. The seeds of downfall had been sown, and the Stauffenberg assassination ten years later became proof of Röhm's clairvoyance. So the B. May 1945 was not so much a victory for Germany's enemies, but also a result of the Bartholomew Night of 1934."

"And Hitler -" Hollmann's voice sounded hoarse.

Now it was Eyken's turn to answer: "After the decision in favour of Schacht, Hitler had also shown himself to be open to the arguments of Göring and Goebbels. He relied on the reports presented to him, some of which contained false information, and when Röhm's treasonous intentions were dramatically presented to him, he allowed himself to be driven into hysteria. And with the role of avenging angel foisted on him, he robbed himself of his most reliable guard. What was subsequently played up in propaganda about Röhm and his SA leaders was certainly tasteless and at least largely exaggerated. If one knew that Röhm had a deviant disposition

then he should have been replaced earlier so that no public offence could be caused. Or a previously tolerated matter was used as an opportunity for sudden persecution in order to cover up the truth. Well, the second was the case, and a dubious morality emerged. However, in order to prevent the SA's rank and file, which already numbered in the millions, from revolting again, a big show was put on in the Reichstag, during which Hitler gave a justification of the events. The Reich's newspapers printed the Chancellor's entire speech, in which he declared, among other things, that Röhm had broken his loyalty and that he alone had to hold him responsible. In the end, Hitler truly believed that the betrayal was directed against himself, and the public believed all his words spoken with conviction. Göring's direction had worked perfectly, bourgeois conservatism now steered an unhindered path of compromise. The new power factor was now provided by the party, whose functionaries were for the most part late party members and from whose ranks those men were recruited who, through incompetence or megalomania, caused plenty of mischief. Hitler himself had become a prisoner of a clique that fed him non-stop with messages of purpose until the day of his death. He realised far too late that he had always been lied to and misinformed, but he was no longer able to turn back the clock. He had brilliant ideas and many good intentions, but he failed to recognise people. When he lost his loyal paladin Hess, Bormann took on the major role of Hitler's closest confidant and played his fateful role successfully to the end."

"Bormann -" The German-Bolivian's face showed horror.

"Yes!" Eyken said with restrained anger. "We had already collected sufficient material to prove Bormann's dubiousness, but it was completely impossible to get through to Hitler with it. Bormann kept important announcements and reports away from Hitler, demonstrably undermined the Führer's instructions and orders and negatively influenced many of his decisions. The great revolutionary poet and martial philosopher Kurt Eggers was Bormann's secretary. And Eggers had gained a shuddering insight into the activities of the grey eminence. When Eggers was briefly in Vienna in the spring of 1944, he told a friend in that city over a glass of wine in the old Kaiserstöckl that he had come across an extremely serious matter, the consequences of which were not yet foreseeable. He was still examining the details before making a decision. But that never happened. Having barely returned to Berlin, Bormann had his secretary transferred overnight, so to speak, to the Eastern front, where Eggers was killed in the great armoured battle of Kharkov that summer. And Himmler, who had collected the material on Bormann

again failed to convince Hitler and present the facts that he had a traitor with him. Bormann, Schirach and some others were taboo with Hitler."

"And where did Bormann come from?" asked Hollmann.

"If you take the period after the First World War as a basis, then a trail leads to the Freikorps fighters in the Baltic states. He was captured by the Red Army during the fighting there, but later returned from Russian captivity. Since then, the first rumour has persisted that he was turned by the Soviets, as they say in agent jargon. So this can be taken as hard fact. A barely verifiable source claims that he was also a Jesuit, but had been placed in political life by his order, bound by instructions. He would therefore have obtained a marriage licence for better camouflage and then fought for the leading party position. If the Dominicans, as *canes domini*, the dogs of the Lord, were faithful guardians of their church, the Jesuits of the *ecclesia militans* were the tigers of the Vatican. And if we now know that the Pope had sided with Moscow during the war and that the Morgan Bank in Wall Street paid for the equipment for two divisions on the instructions of the Vatican and had it delivered to Stalin, then Bormann's role as an informant for Moscow fits the picture. A special ambassador of the Reich government to the Vatican was able to find out about the Vatican's aid deliveries to Moscow through a confidant close to the Pope. The special ambassador belonged to an old noble family in South Tyrol, and the informant was also Tyrolean." A fine smile played around Eyken's mouth before he continued: "We also know about General Ohlendorf that he was completely convinced as early as 1943 that Bormann was working as a spy for the Soviets and that he was secretly advising Hitler's war plans in this regard. Bormann could also be convicted of having established radio contacts with the Soviet troops outside Berlin, but he was covered up by the Führer and it was not possible to bring the traitor to justice. The Czech Prime Minister Benesch also mentioned a statement by Stalin, according to which Bormann had been committed to the Soviets since 1920. Further incriminating material against Bormann was also in the possession of Reich Protector Heydrich, who had been murdered in Prague. In addition, our radio decoding specialist in the OKW, Flicke, was able to intercept and collect important intelligence material, which was deciphered by the experts as the Bormann party chancellery under the source PAKBO. It was also Bormann who smuggled the later unmasked agent Dr Leibbrandt into the party until he was uncovered by the SD's checks. Heydrich ordered Leibbrandt's arrest, then he himself was arrested by the SD.

British secret service before he could realise his plan to also take action against Bormann. So Bormann played his role unhindered until the end, with a very significant share of the blame for our downfall. Under a Röhm, Bormann would have had no chance to play his game."

Hollmann sat there pale. The other men's expressions were pleading. "And what happened to Bormann then?" asked the estanciero.

'Bormann is in Russia!' Eyken's words stood in the room like a whiplash. "The propaganda tells us the Soviet-led fairy tale that Bormann took the 'monastery route' to South America. And according to the other version, which is corroborated by the only witness Axmann, Bormann fell while fleeing the centre of Berlin. Both accounts distract from the fact that Bormann went to the Russians and was taken to Moscow by them. We will know more about the final fate of Hitler's grey eminence and his previous activities at a later date. My personal opinion, however, is that the master spy, who sat in the highest position and was up to mischief in the files under the code name 'Werther', can be equated with Bormann. This cannot be proven, but everything speaks in favour of it. So far, even the leading heads of the 'Red Orchestra' have been unmasked, and the so-called Werther is the only one whose existence and activities in the top leadership have been proven and confirmed by the Russians, but who this top traitor was has yet to be discovered. You may doubt my own assumption, but you can't disprove it either! "

A cool breeze came in from the open window. It was getting a little late, and winds from the eastern slopes of the distant Andes swept across the llanos and forests. From the nearby riverbank came a short screech of monkeys

The men were silent now. Hollmann looked out into the velvety blue night with a forlorn expression on his face, the corners of his mouth showing notches. After a while, he said in a heavy voice: "It's all very different from what we wanted to admit. The realities and truths that we Germans living abroad now have to cope with are like the booming chimes of time. Blow by blow, we are learning things that we had no idea about before! "

Eyken and his comrades now stood up. "We're sorry, but truths are often painful. You can only win the future if you know how things really are. We're going to bed now! -"

Weeks passed and time continued to hurry. Since the capitulation of the Japanese

After the collapse of the German Empire and the previous disempowerment of the legitimate imperial government under Grand Admiral Dönitz by the Allied intervention in violation of international law, the daily news on the radio and in the occasional outdated newspaper was filled only with propaganda about German war crimes and fabricated atrocities.

There was now little discussion in the evenings. Since even the neutral news media were largely dependent on the press agencies in Allied hands and did not have enough reports of their own, the political picture was coloured and distorted. Not much could be said about it

There was plenty of hard work during the day. If you wanted to lend a hand on an estancia, there was plenty of necessary work. There was little time to think. Just on a day when you least thought anything would happen, a rickety little car suddenly appeared, driven by a single man. The vehicle trailed a long plume of dust behind it, and the car's sheet metal parts made the same noise as if it were dragging the tail of a dozen tins.

Hollmann was just outside the house at the time and looked up at the approaching vehicle. Eyken was fixing a door lock on the nearest outbuilding and was also startled by the rattling noise. He came over to Hollmann.

After a few minutes, the car stopped noisily in front of the estancia's veranda. A lean, tanned man jumped out and stalked long-legged towards the men waiting curiously. During the few steps he took his hat off his head and knocked it against his thigh, causing a grey-brown cloud to swirl away.

"Hello!" he shouted loudly. "If this isn't the Estancia Hollmann, then I'll eat my petrol grinder! "

"Food for free! " Hollmann replied curtly. As the new arrival spoke German, he continued in the same

Language continued: "And what brings us honour here in the lost world? ="

"I'm Father Christmas," the man laughed broadly. "I'm supposed to pick up three men from a jungle hotel who have bought themselves a holiday here!

"Sounds very nice," said the estanciero. "But anyone can come along and start a slave trade! "

"Höhöhö," laughed the stranger. "Firstly, I go by the rare name of Fischer, and that's also my real name! Next up: I haven't tried slave trading yet, but I have

I have a degree in engineering behind me. And thirdly, a certain gentleman in La Paz whispered to me that three splendid boys could be found at a Mr Hollmann's house, where they must have been staring holes in the air. Well, then I got a little letter in La Paz as identification. And I'm currently collecting a few people who are also waiting for Father Christmas here and there."

"Give me the letter first! " Hollmann demanded.

"Here! " The stranger pulled an envelope out of his coat pocket.

The estanciero took the letter, opened it and held it so that Eyken could read it. There were only a few lines with an impeccable signature, confirming what had been said verbally.

Now Hollmann introduced himself and then Eyken, who was standing next to him. "The other two mates are fishing near the river. They'll be back soon. Let's go into the house for now! "

After a brief refreshment, Fischer unpacked. "We are now, with great difficulty, collecting the good people who have reported to us and who are squatting here in the various corners of the Latin American continent. In the meantime we have realised that this part of the world is under heavy surveillance from all the ports and that the assumption is correct that most of the deported people or refugees come here. We have now succeeded in setting up collection centres where we can safely accommodate our important people and protect ourselves from detection. Which of you knew Kiß? "

Me!" said Eyken after a moment's hesitation.

Our friend in La Paz drew my attention to the fact that one of you knew Kiß. Kiß also played a part in giving us the opportunity to disappear from the public eye for a long time. That's all I can say at the moment."

"It's not necessary," Eyken defended. "Curiosity is not part of our programme."

"Excellent! Then we can get going! "

Eyken and Hollmann looked at the speaker in astonishment. "Do you mean to run away again? ="

"Nope," grinned Fischer. "I'd like to sleep in a good estancia bed for one night. The journey from La Paz to here wasn't exactly a relaxing one. And as for my beautiful carriage -"

"Yes, she moans and groans like an animal," said Eyken with a smile. "They came out like an American wedding! "

"And that's why I don't stand out! These are the vehicles that the hillbillies use to turn up in towns from case to case."

"That may be. But then four men in a car like that? -"

"Let me worry about that. I'll get you to your destination in one piece!"

Later, when the two marines came dancing up from the river, three men were already smiling at them in a grumpy mood. After the initial greeting, Eyken immediately told his comrades that they were leaving the next day.

"Holy whale," Krall groaned. "We'll have to get back on horses!"

"No horses," laughed Hollmann. "Our new guest has a nice vehicle. You can drive it halfway round the world! "

"For God's sake! " Hellfeldt exclaimed. "Is that the sardine tin on wheels in front of the house? "

Fischer showed an indignant face. "You don't need to sit in my car. You can act as a pusher! "

"Which will probably be necessary anyway," frogged the Viennese.

"Sure! " Fischer grinned maliciously. "But there's another option. You just stay there! "

The two sailors jumped up. "Well, I didn't mean any harm! We've already had so many risks in our lives that your vehicle can't do us much harm either

"Who dares, wins! " countered Fischer.

Everything went quickly the next morning. The luggage of Hollmann's three guests was quickly packed and Hollmann's farewell was manfully short. The estanciero didn't even bother to hide his feelings. He had become attached to the three

men through the past weeks, and now he would be on his own again for a while

Standing in front of the porch of the estancia, Hollmann waved after the departing car with the men until it had disappeared from view and only a cloud of dust hung in the air.

Now it turned out that, despite the rattling, the strange car had an excellent engine and effortlessly ate up many a difficult kilometre of road

"We'll be on the road for a while now," Fischer explained to his travelling men. "Once more over the Andes and onto the Pacific side."

"All the way to China for all I care," said Krall. "If only I didn't have to ride . . ."

They travelled southwards through the Llano de Mejos towards the Yungas and later swung into the eastern Andes.

"We avoid La Paz and drive around the centre of the country," Fischer explained during the trip. And now I'll tell you why I mentioned the name Kiß at Hollmann's estancia. Here in Bolivia and in neighbouring

He travelled through the Andes during his beach line research in Peru and Chile and found more than he announced. On the western side of the huge mountain range there is a widely ramified and extensive cave system with hidden entrances that have not yet been discovered. Only Kiß found several entrances and kept quiet. That was a good thing. These are mysterious cave systems whose origin is unknown. Kiß was of the opinion that a strange, mysterious people had expanded natural caves thousands of years ago with unimaginable technical means and built them into an extensive labyrinth. Archaeological finds showed no resemblance to other Andean cultures, and Kiß kept this secret too. The cave system stretches from the Atacama Desert all the way up to Ecuador. At that time, however, Kiß could not have realised what a great service he was doing us all by remaining silent about his discoveries. These caves have a marvellous communication system and underground halls in various places where ideal workshops can be set up. I don't need to say any more. We now have a world hideout here where we can set up hoards and work undisturbed under good camouflage conditions. The supply issue has also been solved perfectly. But leave it to me to tell you more about it."

"You're doing the right thing! " Eyken nodded at this. "Soldiers understand that."

"Exactly! By the way, I was an airman with the Stukas during the war."

"Magnificent birds," Eyken confirmed. "The British did not enjoy them."

"I know all too well! I've been over London, too." Fischer showed his white teeth broadly. "Well, now we'll be working on flying machines in the Andes too."

"Like the V7?" asked Eyken.

"You know the discs? " Fischer showed astonishment.

"Of course! Once we're in your caves, you'll soon find out where we actually come from and that we belong to an inner core."

"I already know the latter," Fischer admitted. "That's why you're being fetched now." After driving for a while, he continued: "We also have cave systems available to the east of the Beni Valley in the Brazilian Selvas. We use one particular spot, but otherwise we're stuck in the western Andes. The Brazilian site is also safe, but it is much more difficult to resupply, and this location is unsuitable for larger plans. By European standards, the areas here are so vast that it would take much more than chance to find our hoards. And then there's the fact that we have certain safeguards! "

"So now it's clear where we're going and what's waiting for us," concluded Eyken

Fischer's explanations. "This information is completely sufficient for us."

The journey continued day after day. The journey gradually became a road trip, and the overnight stays were usually only up to the most primitive requirements. The distances had to be viewed from a different perspective, but the car held up amazingly well and gave the lie to its appearance.

But one day the time had come. At a seemingly inaccessible spot on a western slope of the Andes, the four men and their vehicle disappeared. They were suddenly gone . . .

SECOND BOOK

VII MIMES SCHMIEDE

"He forges the sword and
Fafner falls;
I can clearly see that coming!..."
Wagner: "The Ring of the Nibelungs"

The Andes guard their secrets.

Time and again, reports from old writings by rangers and adventurers, unbelievable statements and often somewhat confused unborn clues about mysterious cities in the jungle and large, subterranean cave systems in the Brazilian Selva or Andes have leaked out to the world public. The unsolved mysteries of ancient cultures whose origins cannot yet be determined are still a major headache for modern science. Prehistoric stone monuments in the Andes region, huge ideograms on flat mountain slopes and other curiosities, such as the glowing rock of Ylo in the northernmost part of the Chilean Andes, are keeping researchers busy and preventing them from reaching a consensus.

At the beginning of 1946, there were rumours in the Andean countries that people had disappeared in the huge mountain massif. Simple people whispered of evil spirits in the mountains, others just shrugged their shoulders and forgot the rumours the next day.

Political events kept the world on tenterhooks, and isolated new partial results from the research of some American archaeologists in the Andes region were not sensational and were lost in the events of the day.

A few months had passed and the clock was ticking towards summer. News of tensions between West and East was constantly coming from Europe, and in Germany itself the camps and prisons were overcrowded with persecuted people. The first war convicts, most of whom had been found guilty on the basis of false testimony, were already hanging from gallows erected by the Americans.

At the same time, Eyken and the two naval officers were sitting opposite an older, tall man in a small rock chamber in the interior of the Andes. They had been introduced to him by a companion and learnt that their counterpart was the head of the Andean base. The three men only got to see the boss after a month-long stay. Until now, they had been accommodated in a part of the mountain cave hideout and had been

They had been engaged in various small auxiliary jobs. As they learnt, the base manager had been a colonel in the Luftwaffe and, as a graduate engineer, an inspector of the Reich's secret armaments.

"You were ordered here from Point 211 in Antarctica for special tasks," the colonel began the conversation. "I know about all the entrances to our assembly point here, but the great distances of our secret cave system and the need for special work mean that I can only look at the entrances on a case-by-case basis."

The three men indicated a bow.

"Larifari," said the colonel. "We don't attach any importance to superfluous forms here. But for the sake of the show: I don't want any of my men - and you're with me now! - to feel that they're buried alive here. By now you have familiarised yourself with a small part of the underground corridors and halls, and you have certainly seen fragments of a mysterious culture on the walls. If you are also interested in archaeology, I must confess that I know nothing about it myself and therefore cannot give you any clues. I am a weapons technician and have been assigned important tasks that keep me fully occupied. I work together with a small protection squadron that was responsible for recovering secret armaments documents. I know that you, Major Eyken, also come from this community." Eyken nodded slightly. "There are actually two circles, if we want to be precise! They both work together. And the Reichsheinrich had no say in either of them."

"Now he couldn't either, because he's dead! "

"We already learnt that in Argentina," Eyken replied. "But there are many other things we didn't know before."

The colonel scrutinised the men in front of him. Suddenly he turned to the two naval officers. "Do you know that some time after the surrender of one of our submarines in Buenos Aires, which the Americans later took to the USA, another submarine, U 937 under Captain Schäffer, surrendered to the Argentinian authorities on 17 August last year? "

"No," said Krall in surprise, while Hellfeldt's eyes widened. "So there are now two boats reducing the rescued stock! "

"Three," the colonel corrected. "On 4 June, before the Argentine sensations, 47 men from a submarine crew surrendered to the Portuguese after they had sunk their badly damaged boat off Leixões! "

"Shit and damnation," Krall burst out. "The lease with the goddess Fortuna isn't working out very well! "

"Where there's planing, there are always chips flying," the colonel replied. "We have

There are even more important things that no tail has seen or caught yet. And this is where we are expanding, even though we are struggling with supply problems. This is not so much due to procurement, which is regulated from outside, but to the supply. And so far we have had to make do with using diesel generators to keep the diesel engines for power generation running in order to get over the initial difficulties. Now we are working on the construction of thermal power plants. Step by step, our technical possibilities will increase. And who knows what will come next? Has anyone here told you that the Americans are planning a military expedition to Antarctica? "

"No!" Eyken had to stop himself from jumping up. The naval officers also looked on in astonishment. But after the initial surprise, Eyken added: "The Americans are in for a surprise! From what I know and have seen, this is not going to be a Sunday stroll for Uncle Sam! "

"I think so too," the colonel admitted immediately. "The Mississippi boys have already had no luck with the Arctic. It was only when they realised that we had disappeared from up there that they withdrew their air and fleet defences from the Arctic apron last autumn."

"We didn't know that either," Eyken confessed. "And when do the Americans want to move south? "

"We don't know that yet. But thanks to our external connections, we'll find out in time! " The colonel snapped his fingers lightly.

"You now understand my endeavours to expand the extensive mountain base here in line with the task and in terms of security. We owe it to Kiß, who lived in Bolivia for a long time, that some of the entrances to the caves, most of which are still completely unknown, were found and, thanks to his intuitive abilities, were not wasted as archaeological sensations. Because our interests are higher at the moment! In any case, as I was told, Kiß had already known beforehand that these caves existed, only they had not yet been found by others. Some reports from the past were forgotten. I was also told that a book entitled "Travelling to Chile" was published in Vienna around the middle of the last century, which also contained allusions to the caves. Old tales tell of the tunnels of the Incas, but this is wrong. Kiß recognised these huge cave systems as being ancient and of unknown origin. Not too far from the Beni Valley, there are also references to extensive complexes and ancient city remains in the Brazilian jungle, in the Selvas. We also have a small base there. But it's of little use to us. Maybe we'll give up there. An old legend that never dies,

also reports of an Inca treasure in the area of Los tres picos and also of treasures at Pez Chico. Adventurers are said to have found entrances to this cave system, but they then disappeared and were never heard of again."

"Do we know how big this system actually is in reality? =" asked Hellfeldt

"No! Kiß said that it already began in the northern part of the Chilean Andes and stretched all the way to Ecuador. These are enormous distances and almost incomprehensible concepts for us. We had to make do with the information we received from Kiß and, once we had defined the required area, we made no effort to investigate further. This is beyond our capabilities and we must not allow ourselves any distractions. We are securing the caverns that have been seized, and that is task enough! "

"I can imagine," Eyken admitted. "I knew Kiß personally," he continued, "but strangely enough, he never said anything to me about this discovery. We had talked about many things, especially about early history, about his research in Tiahuanaco, about the Kalasasaya sun temple he had reconstructed, about various theories and his own views, his findings of stone heads and all sorts of other things, but he never spoke to me about the corridors."

"I can't give any explanation for that," said the colonel. "I myself only received my induction after arriving in South America, and that too in La Paz. It took place under special precautions! In any case, this cave system proved to be ideal for secret planning. What we are now building here is not just another hoarding site, but an attempt to surpass the old mythologies with a reality: Mime's forge or that of Hephaestus could not find a better workshop. We have lighting and power, we've managed to provide good ventilation, and we're gradually getting machine parts and raw materials too, so we'll see! -"

"And us?" Now it was Krall again who couldn't refrain from asking the question

"I know that you haven't been assigned an actual task yet," the base commander said sympathetically. "You are scheduled for larger tasks at a later date. Until then, however, all three of you will be assigned to supplies and thus also to field service, thanks to your language skills and good papers. This is a particularly responsible task, because you will be aware that every flight in the execution of your orders jeopardises the security of our entire

base system is jeopardised."

"Absolutely clear!" said Eyken in a military tone.

"Very good," nodded the colonel with satisfaction. "You've settled into our community very well by now. As you've already seen, comradeship and togetherness take centre stage, and ranks count for little here. Civilians make up the majority. It is fortunate for us that technical specialists were still able to escape and get to safety, because those who stayed behind were collected and taken away by the Allies one after the other in a mutual race. Unfortunately, the Americans and Soviets also captured key missile specialists and nuclear physicists. I have to criticise the fact that the Reich government failed to do a lot in this respect."

"We all know that," Eyken admitted. "But even our groups entrusted with special tasks were simply not able to cover everything and be everywhere at the same time. We were too weak in numbers for that. We had to be happy to be able to get at least some of the most important things and the absolutely necessary personnel to safety. On closer inspection, the Antarctic venture and the Andean base are achievements that can only be appreciated in their size and scope at a much later date."

"Right!" The colonel leaned back in his primitively made chair. "But there's one more thing that worries me. In the early autumn of last year, one of our flying disc designers, engineer Schriever, disappeared from Bremen along with his family. He is not with us, and we have no idea who he ended up with."

"According to our reports, Ivan in Breslau also captured some documents from V i Konstruktion," Eyken added. "Somehow there was another damn sloppy job!"

"For the time being, we still have no competition for our V i," said the colonel. "Incidentally, some of our supplies are also provided by a flying disc. All in all, however, the supply issue remains our most sensitive and vulnerable point. That is the additional problem to our delicate Andean existence."

"Despite our superhuman efforts, we haven't had much luck in recent years," Krall interjected quietly. "There must be a little bit of it left for us somewhere!"

"We have to take our chances," said the base manager seriously.

"And now the end of the conversation, gentlemen! I still have a lot to do today..." He said goodbye to the three men with a handshake

"The boss is all right," Hellfeldt realised as they returned to their accommodation.

were heading for. "Anyway, we know why we're here. And now let's get back to our girls for all the work! -"

Work at the base continued without a hitch. The transmission of news about world events via radio and incoming press packets on a case-by-case basis functioned without complaint.

The community of several hundred men in Mime's smithy, who were divided into groups, had plenty to talk about in their free time.

As September approached, the course of the Nuremberg trial before the Allied tribunal took up a large part of the news programmes. The news that the Soviet prosecutor of the tribunal, General Rudenko, had been accused by Hermann Göring as the author of the mass murder in the Katyn case, where twelve thousand Polish officers had been found shot in the neck in mass graves, had a bombshell effect. As the tribunal proceeded from the accusation that the Germans were guilty of this war crime, Göring proved in a defence speech that the Soviet prosecutor was the military commander responsible for this district at the time of the mass liquidation and that an international Red Cross commission, on the occasion of the opening and examination of the graves, had established beyond doubt that the mass murder was the work of the Russians. The reports, which were largely suppressed in Europe, also reported that Rudenko jumped up in anger after Göring's statement, drew a pistol and fired two shots at the German Reich Marshal. The first shot hit the wooden wall behind Göring, and the second injured an American military policeman standing behind the marshal. Throughout the ensuing tumult, Göring sat there calmly and remarked ironically afterwards:

"A German officer would have shot better! A review of newspapers from several countries revealed that the Rudenko affair appeared only sparsely, that the first reports on it came from Switzerland and were largely suppressed by the international press agencies.

The men at the Andean base thus felt the global interplay and the far-reaching power of the forces that had a hand in the great game everywhere and could now triumph over Germany, their most dangerous opponent.

The course of the Nuremberg trial remained the predominant topic of the day. Most of the men were already able to follow the radio reports broadcast in Spanish with ease and discussed them together at length in the evenings.

Then came the big day with the bang of the judgement. It was 30 September and then the following day, 1 October. At the same time as

the death sentences, 16 October was set as the day of execution. As a result, the base was thrown into turmoil. The air force colonel had to rush from group to group and use all his authority to prevent some of the men from being reckless. No work was done in the days that followed. The men were agitated, talked themselves hoarse, and the only outlet for their anger and indignation at the revenge proceedings, which violated all international law, was to curse without restraint.

They sat in rock shelters far away from the action and had no opportunity to do anything at all. Whatever thoughts were born of a blossoming imagination turned out to be soap bubbles. Reality showed that a lost war came at a high price.

When the executions of the members of the Reich government and the field marshals took place two weeks later, the waves of excitement ran high once again. The heads of the men heated up again. Some of them were of the opinion that V i attacks should now be launched on Moscow and Washington, while others were of the opinion that commando operations should be carried out against top Allied politicians. Wild indignation gave birth to unreal pipe dreams.

The colonel had no choice but to call a group meeting and explain the situation objectively and soberly. He concluded them by pointing out that any ill-considered step would jeopardise the major plans for the future and that the very last decision had yet to be made.

As a result, the men were once again clear-headed and enthusiastic about the work ahead. And after a long time, the song of the angels rang out again in the stony depths of the Andes . . .

At the beginning of November, the colonel met Eyken and his companions again. After a comradely greeting, he said: "Did you, gentlemen, read the newly arrived pack of newspapers a few days ago? -"

"We have," Eyken confirmed in his terse manner. Then he continued with a serious expression: "After studying the 'Basler Nachrichten' of 16 October 1946 and the 'Tat' of the 19th of the same month, I had to make a decisive observation that confirmed an indication I had already found earlier."

"And that is? -"

"A horror story! First I realised that the Nuremberg sentencing took place between the Jewish New Year and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Then, shortly after midnight, i.e. in

The executions were carried out in the early hours of 16 October, the day of Hoshanna Rabbah! Now one must know that Hoshanna Rabbah is the heavenly day of judgement for the Jews. With the setting of these dates, their unmistakable significance for Judaism is revealed to the whole world." A slight groan came from the colonel's chest. His eyes flickered. Eyken continued: "For the non-Jewish world, these dates are meaningless. But according to the Jewish faith, the time between the Day of Atonement and the Day of Judgement is for Yahweh God to review his judgement on all human beings. During this period, he still has the opportunity to pardon sinners. He only announces his judgement on the final day of judgement. The executions took place in Nuremberg on 16 October 1946. The Jewish Kabbalistic method of calculation is as follows: 16 and 10 is 26, the cross sum of the year 1946 is 20. In the case of dates, a cross sum is only formed from the year. The value for the consonants of Yahweh: 'Jot1 .He.Vau2 .He' that is ten, five, six, five, add up to 26. The number of the judgement is 20. It is therefore a judgement that Yahweh held. Only a few non-Jews know that the word Yahweh has two spellings. Yahweh, written without an 'h' at the end, means the Lord in heaven. Yahweh, with the letter 'h' at the end, is the ruler of the earth. According to Jewish tradition, which was also adopted by the Freemasonry, the Jewish view of history aims to create an image of the heavenly kingdom on earth. This is also where the phrase in the Christian Lord's Prayer comes from: 'Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven'. Rathenau also spoke of creating a kingdom of God and meant Yahweh's kingdom with the vicarious rule of the three hundred wise men he mentioned. Putting the whole thing into a short formula means that Yahweh will then become a Yahweh. The way there leads via the explanation that the word Yahweh consists of the consonants Jot, He, Vau and He, which can change in their order. Each sequence has its own meaning. Thus Jot1 .He Vau2 .He, the becoming of a kingdom and I.He Vau 2 .He Jot, the existence of a kingdom. Then comes Vau 2.He Jot 1.He, signalling upheavals, wars and revolutions. Then there is the 2nd He with Jot He Vau. This Vau with the numerical value 6 magically and kabbalistically causes destruction with the numbers 16 and the chaos number 18. The Vau is followed by the 2nd He, which can be compared to a seed that harbours the Jot He Vau. If chaos is followed by judgement with the number 20, then the 2nd He becomes the Jot He Vau kingdom, or the Yahweh Empire. In the event that the judgement is suspended and the final annihilation is postponed, then the dance would begin anew. Thereby

it doesn't matter how long such interim periods last, because the bearers of power can manipulate them in terms of time."

The audience sat there speechless. "How do you know all this?" the colonel asked tensely.

"You know that the Schutzstaffel gathered men who were involved in esotericism and also studied the Jewish Kabbalah. If you know the practices of Sinai, you can foresee a lot. But I'm far from finished; in this study of numbers I came to the surprising realisation that there were twelve defendants who were convicted by the Nuremberg Tribunal, without Bormann there were eleven. Hitler was already dead, Göring had taken his own life, and Bormann had finally disappeared from the scene. Now the strange picture emerges that, when looking through the Book of Esther, one finds the description of the execution of Hamann and his ten sons. Thus, according to the knowledge of the Jewish, esoteric background, only ten of Hitler's sons were allowed to be executed. It is fitting that Hamann and Hitler have the same initials. So the very legitimate question remains open as to how Göring got his poison and how his suicide was made possible so that the Kabbalistic number of ten remained."

The colonel and both lieutenant colonels did not move. Only a slight chill ran through them

Eyken continued: "Now I repeat the previously mentioned reputable newspapers from Switzerland, which we must keep in the archives. It is clear from their publications that the hanging of the condemned did not lead to a so-called pure death. The 'Tat' also reports that the faces of the executed were covered with blood, except for three men. The three exceptions were Seyß Inquart, Sauckel and Jodl, who are said to have died a quick and short death. Dark blood poured from the eyes, ears and mouths of the others. A source from the United Press reported that Frick and Keitel were the most covered in blood. Frick had also hit his face on the edge of the trapdoor when he fell. It looked terrible. It goes on to say that Keitel's eyes were more bloodied than those of the others. Streicher's eyes were particularly bulging, and one had the impression that he fell through the trapdoor still screaming and was strangled to death without a broken neck. Then the reporter of the 'deed', Friedrich Wahr, continues his account. With the publication of the 'Basler Nachrichten', I now add the further accounts, according to which the gallows stood on a high platform, the inside of which could not be seen. Ribbentrop was the first to be condemned, out of four

surrounded by guards, with a pale face, to the place of execution. Half supported by his guards, he climbed the twelve steps leading to the gallows with his eyes closed. The same was reported in the 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung' of 16 October. In contrast, the evening edition of the same paper wrote that Ribben- trop entered the scaffold with a firm step. This time it said that thirteen steps were counted." Eyken looked at the colonel. "Didn't you read that yourself when the papers arrived? "

The colonel replied in the negative. "I had my hands full. When the newspapers arrived, I just made sure that they were passed on immediately to the men, who were waiting for any reports from the outside world. I contented myself with the radio reports." His voice sounded a little hoarse.

"So let's continue: The condemned fell through the trapdoor into the inside of the gallows box so that they could no longer be seen. If you calculate that a step is about 20 cm high, then the box to the gallows was either two metres forty or two metres sixty high. And if you quote the 'Tat' report again, Frick smashed his face on the edge of the trapdoor when he fell. So the bodies were hanging below the trapdoor, no longer visible from the outside. And then the 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung', evening edition, goes on to say that the trapdoor began to move with a muffled sound and the falling of the body could be heard. The only thing the senses could perceive was the eerie creaking of the rope on which the corpse then swayed back and forth for a long time. The 'National Zeitung' of Switzerland of 17 October commented that it was too much for the nerves of many of those present to hear the trapdoor open and then see the bodies of the hanged disappear. I now refer again to the 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung', midday edition of 16 October, which states that three gallows were available, of which only two were used. The paper itself writes that this was concealed by most newspapers. The 'Tat' was of the opinion that only one gallows was used. But now comes the crucial point! As I mentioned at the beginning, only three men died a clean death. The first question that arises here is what this means, and the second is that two types of killing were used. The three Catholics who were executed by the so-called pure method were Seyß Inquart, Sauckel and Jodl. They were therefore hanged openly. But what happened to the other seven convicts? They did not die a clean death! Were they executed on the second gallows? I didn't ask these questions, they were written in the Swiss newspaper! What else happened when the bodies fell through the trapdoor and became invisible to the witnesses? What is the special significance of the report in the evening edition of the 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung' of 16 October, which writes that the Furcht-

The barest sound was the hissing noise of the rope closing around the necks of the condemned after their faces had been covered by black bonnets." The speaker looked at the eagerly watching audience.

"Strange," muttered Hellfeldt.

"Yes, that's very strange! =" Eyken now raised his voice: "The Swiss newspaper 'National Zeitung', after referring to the black bonnets, went on to write that the hissing noise was only heard after a pause of about twenty seconds after touchdown and that this seemed all the more uncanny. The paper itself goes on to ask what the hissing meant. Was it the flow of blood? Were the necks of those who did not die a clean death cut immediately after the bonnet was put on? -"

Now Hellfeldt jumped up. "Oh my God! I think I know what that means! --"

"That's my guess too," Eyken replied. "I once saw a terrible picture: it showed an animal being slaughtered. The living creature's neck was cut open and it was then left to bleed out. I never forget the agonising look on the dying animal's face. But who can provide conclusive proof that the same thing happened here? In order to be able to bring charges, we must have certain proof! What we have from the statements of a journalist from Switzerland are only indications of such an assumption. Why were the condemned men given a black bonnet? And what was the meaning of the hissing underneath that seemed so uncanny to the pressman? What's more, there have never been any dead people on the gallows who were taken down from the rope with their clothes stained with blood. The journalists aroused a horrible suspicion, but avoided reporting the last episode.

to reveal her conclusion from the events. And we still have to wait for them to reveal their conclusion! -"

Eyken's listeners could not hide their shock. What had been said had shaken them to the core.

After a while, the colonel said quietly: "Now I really understand what Julius Streicher meant when, standing in front of the gallows, he exclaimed, among other things: Purimfest 1946! He knew the Book of Esther, the murder of Hamann and his sons and, last but not least, the significance of the feast of the murder of forty thousand Arab Persians. A festival of murder that is still celebrated every year by Jews all over the world! "

Hellfeldt nodded and said seriously: "It's a feast of the Jewish god of vengeance. The Bible says in Luke chapter 19, verse 27: 'But those enemies of mine who do not want me to rule over them, bring them here and slay them before me! This is Sinai's total claim to power, which is the rule over the

North and demands his submission. And in chapter 13 of Isaiah, verses 4 to 9, there is also the sentence , . . . Yahweh will come with fury and wrath to make the earth desolate and will destroy its sinners from it..! Well, in Nuremberg there was not only choking . . ." The Viennese broke off, pressed his lips together and fell silent.

"But that's still not all," Eyken said dully. "The reports go on to say that the bodies of the hanged were not released for burial, but were cremated by order of the tribunal and the ashes scattered to the four winds. And I know that in the 26th chapter of the Book of Moses it says: 'Your corpse will be food for all the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth, and no one will scare them away. This commandment of Yahweh was also fulfilled to the letter! "

The colonel looked thoughtfully in front of him, and two steep wrinkles formed above the bridge of his nose. Suddenly he said harshly: "Major Eyken, I am giving you official orders to fully reconnoitre group after group of our base in this direction. The men here must know that we are facing an enemy who knows no other choice than unconditional submission or death! "

"Yes, yes! =" shouted Eyken. His eyes flashed.

The base commander now stood up. For a brief moment, it seemed as if his shoulders slumped slightly and his hands were about to become unsteady. But after a single second, he regained full control of himself. He stood up straight and shook hands with the officers standing in front of him. "I have to go now, comrades, I still have a lot to do! ="

After his departure, Eyken looked at his companions. "It is strange that we find splendid and also knowledgeable comrades in all branches of arms. This colonel would have fit into the Order of the Black Sun just like you."

"Are we navy men a second set just because we wear an anchor instead of a black roundel?" Krall asked pointedly.

Eyken immediately raised his hand. "On the contrary, friends, I have just realised that the Black Sun unites more people of the same kind than it has at its core! "

"I think so too," said Hellfeldt, mediating. The seriousness of the day prevented him from smiling. Pondering, he looked ahead of him, then added: "I suddenly come to an inner vision and see very strange things in comparable images. When I now have the old world view of the Edda before my eyes in addition to all that has been said before, I am overcome by the question of whether this black magic Yahveh is not nesting deep in the maw of the Fenris wolf, where the deepest blackness of chaos also lies.

is."

"This reference to the old world view still doesn't tell me enough," Krall said somewhat wearily. "I don't have much imagination today. I have a rage in my stomach! "

"I feel the same way," the Viennese admitted. "But some of the old lore has its meaning at certain times. It is undoubtedly interesting to know that the world view of the Edda, according to traditional representations, is also a mirror image of the hollow world theory that emerged in our century. This is all the more strange as the supporters of this theory also rely on strange phenomena in the area of the polar axes, which have generally been puzzling. In addition, there are alleged discoveries in the northern polar neighbourhood, which are supposed to confirm this new theory of a hollow body of our planet. We do not take these things seriously. However, this theory coincides in many ways with the old Nordic ideas in an almost astonishing way. According to this theory, our mythical world, Midgard, lies in the jaws of the Fenris wolf, which is known to embody chaos and the primordial darkness. At the same time, the great Midgard serpent, biting its own tail, wraps itself around the globe. The sword of order, forged by the gods and standing inside it, is also the axis of Midgard and, with its upward-pointing tip, is intended to prevent the wolf's mouth from snapping shut. At the lower base of this hollow world depiction rises the mighty Yggdrasil, the world's shadow-giving cave, which pierces the roof of Valhalla at its zenith. It is the archetype of the earthly forests and sacred groves. In the centre of the tree's trunk is the court of the gods, around which the Irmin chariot circles. And in the broad branches, the sun soars as an eagle and the moon as a hawk. In the high centre of Valhalla is a huge hall from where the all-god, Irmingot, rules as the ruler of all things. This all-god is still the supreme being of the megalithic period, who always remained above the subsequent heaven of gods of the late Germanic army-king period. At the foot of the All-God lies the immortality field Odainsakr, and behind it rises the mountain of the gods, the Midnight Mountain, whose summit leads to the Irminsweg far out into the Milky Way. Even if the early, fully realised God's vision of the Supreme Being later underwent changes, the old Nordic conception of the spherical shape of the earth remained unchanged. While the ancient Mediterranean countries regarded the earth as a disc in their ideas and this opinion was then adopted by subsequent Christian thought as a sacred taboo, the Nordic view of the world was already superior to the rest of the world from earlier times. The spherical shape of the earth was beyond doubt. And if we now visualise the hollow sphere with the sword of the gods of

If we imagine the sword of the 6th order as the world axis of Midgard, cold shivers run down our spines when we think of what would happen if this sword were missing. Then the wolf's mouth snaps shut and darkness descends upon the earth. The only light would then be a burning bush on Mount Sinai, at the feet of Yahweh . . ."

"And this Nordic sword is already missing," Krall cried shrilly. "All nations have fallen upon us and, at Yahweh's command, have snatched the sword of order from us! "

Hellfeldt played it cool. "We know all the better now why we're here! The great chaos is coming, and then a new German sword will have to bring salvation. Whoever emerges from the chaos unscathed will then be called upon to make the final decision. Until then, the Andean depths are an Aggartha of the North. At the appropriate time, the northerners will come back to the light on the white path and set up the new axis. Then each of us will be Lucifer, a light bearer. The old lie of the world, to demonise the light bearer of old, will be displaced by the truth and fall back on the demonisers. For those who know, it is all clear!"

Krall's face took on a profound expression, while Eyken nodded to the Viennese. More to himself than to his companions, the man from Hamburg said: "I understand it all very well! Certainly, Mime's forge is more than just a refuge. It is at the same time a primeval symbol of a preserved sense of mission, which, chased through all ups and downs, stands by its duty! ="

"And here is also a world that is different from outside! =" Eyken's voice now had a bright ring to it. "The last few years have already shown that our growing elite has not only gained a new world view by finding the old roots of our being, but that it also differs from the entire environment of the present like the contrasting colours white and black. We have grown out of an ossifying party. We are no longer a party. We no longer guard it and no longer inherit it. Our new world is a new community in the last refuge around Thule. We live our own ego in a closed we. The world around us will never understand us and will never be able to comprehend us. Our rediscovered inner vision and the language of our soul are completely different. And our eternal question to 'the God', going across the wide milky ways into the infinite depths of the universe, comes back after long listening into the soul that has become conscious again with a bright singing to a new melody. We now feel the great sense of the primordial meaning of our folk existence, the power coming from above, from the highest, and realise again that our life, placed in the community of our blood, is called to everlasting tasks. We see the world ash tree on the ground

The trees are rooted in the Nordic world and extend their wide branches towards the silvery light of the Great Bear behind the radiant Northern Lights. Their index fingers receive the cosmic power from above to strengthen their trunk and growth. Our great world mountain is the Midnight Mountain, the meeting place of the ever-returning bringers of light. From its stony body we take the blazing fire of our calling to light our faculae when we set out on the great march, as many have done before us. We will then be pretty much alone in a great hour, because we will seem to come from another world. We won't even be seen properly for the time being until the great drumbeat comes, because the other peoples of this world are now all living as if in a deep sleep under the black spell of the thorn bush spell from Sinai. They have become slaves and mercenaries of Yahweh. They have all broken the sword of order under this compulsion. Disaster is around us! And it will remain night until the north comes..."

A few days later, the colonel sent for Eyken. He received him in his small workroom and offered him one of the simple seats.

"Major Eyken, are you aware that a large SS unit was taken to Brazil during the war? -"

"I'm aware of that, Colonel! "

"Do you want to tell me what you know about it? "

"Of course, Colonel."

"Rubbish," said the commander, throwing his hand away. "Leave out the 'Herr' for once. We no longer have an imperial organisation here. So "Yes, Colonel," Eyken replied. "Before I give you the required answer, however, I would be very interested to know whether there is any particular reason for this question at the moment."

"Certainly," replied the commander. "I received a report earlier from the Brazilian side that two members of the Waffen SS had been picked up who had come from a base in the headwaters of the Rio Purus and fortunately came across our small jungle base. They were completely exhausted, sick and ragged. According to the report, they wanted to try to get in touch with the outside world somehow and receive news about the situation. The base is only insufficiently informed about the radio, and they are sceptical about the messages they receive. The news of the Nuremberg trial has made people furious. At the time of the judgement and the subsequent execution, the two men were no longer listening in at the base as they were already on their way. Now they are visibly distraught and ill at our base."

own jungle people."

Eyken swayed his head. "So that would be the first contact after a long interrupted connection." He looked thoughtfully in front of him.

"That would mean that these people have been in Brazil for a long time?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, we marched several groups, all in all about two thousand men. They were embarked in Marseilles without any knowledge of their destination and put ashore in the centre of the Brazilian coast by U-boats. The commanders of the individual groups had fixed marching orders. It was a new edition of the famous Welserzug under Philipp von Hutten, which landed in Venezuela centuries ago. Three hundred Landsknechts under the Landsknecht leader Nikolaus Federmann then travelled across northern South America to Bogotá."

"That was in the sixteenth century," the colonel interjected.

"That's right! The individual squads of the Waffen SS were landed and, just like their historical role models, marched away from Brazilian settlements into the western part of the Amazon jungle. Of course, they were all well equipped and had rubber dinghies with them to cross the rivers. Their destination was the territory of a particular Indian tribe, which was said to have a special history and with which they had already established a connection in the past. These troops were to receive further influxes and corresponding supplies. U boats were then to travel up the Amazon beyond Manaus and bring in the necessary goods."

"So an occupation of Brazil from within?" said the colonel with some scepticism in his voice.

"This was the opinion of the Brazilians and Americans when they heard vague rumours of our landings much later. Our intelligence service soon found out. The South American public was not told about it so as not to cause any unrest. This operation was hushed up completely. After Brazil's declaration of war, which took place with the intervention of the USA, we gave the Allies a pretty good hiding by sinking a whole series of Brazilian transport ships in the northern coastal area with our submarines and causing the country to mobilise. The USA even sent several bomber squadrons to Brazil for support. With this alone, we have already nailed several units of the US air fleet."

"Something too," said the commander dryly.

"Well," Eyken continued, "the Allies' assumptions were very poor. It wasn't that we didn't think we could succeed in Brazil itself."

No, we had more important plans. After replenishing our troops accordingly, we were to make a surprise advance to the Panama Canal! " The colonel jerked up. "By golly! There would have been faces."

"You bet," laughed Eyken. "Unfortunately, the war situation threw a spanner in the works. After the elimination of Rommel in North Africa, which the British only succeeded in doing thanks to the constant betrayal of the Italians, we had to call off the Brazilian adventure. As painful as it was, we could no longer deliver supplies or bring the people back. So sooner or later the world will have another sensation to report: white Indians in the western Amazon and then perhaps even the truth."

"And what should we do now?" asked the commander.

"The command centre at point 211 in the Antarctic would be primarily responsible for this," said Eyken after a moment's consideration. "But since it might be difficult for our ice men to make decisions from there, your judgement and knowledge should probably be in the foreground. And since you're asking my opinion, I think it would be best to leave things as they are at the moment. Because if we collect the people and bring them here, it will be like a carpenter's workshop, and we will have even more supply problems, which cannot be solved even with increased V 7 deployment. What's more, the marching columns could be discovered here, and that would put the entire continent on a high trot."

The colonel nodded in agreement. "I'm of the same opinion."

"I also think that our people, who have already been stuck for around six years, have already achieved an inner reorganisation that will make it possible for them to persevere until they can be recalled. God willing . . ."

"God willing," the colonel repeated quietly. "We all don't know how long we've been on the waiting list. And what should we do with the two people who have come to us?"

"They're men from my troop," said Eyken. "Have these people marched here to me. They can't go back. I'll take them under my wing! "

"Agreed! By the way, you mentioned something about a special Indian tribe. What kind of organisation is that?"

"I don't know much about that," Eyken confessed. "I didn't remember the strange name. Nor the name of their neighbourhood. Others were responsible for that. I only heard about it in passing. In any case, they are said to be culturally superior to the neighbouring Indian tribes and have an ancient history.

tradition that stretches back to the great flood that destroyed Atlantis. That is very remarkable and unusual for an Amazonian tribe. But when my mates from the jungle are here, they will be able to tell us more. Until then, we'll have to curb our curiosity."

The commander stood up. "Thank you very much, dear Major, I will arrange the rest as we discussed. You'll get the two men! See you later "

Eyken also stood up, casually g e s t u r e d a gesture of honour, took the commander's outstretched hand and left the room. On the way to his accommodation room, he encountered an orderly hurrying with long strides towards the commander. He refrained from stopping the man, although he had become curious. Only special messages were delivered so abruptly from the intelligence centre to the command room.

He met Krall at the accommodation

"Something new?" asked the man from Hamburg.

"Not at the moment," Eyken replied. He reported briefly on the Colonel's questioning about the SS troops that had landed in Brazil during the war, and that two men would be coming to the Andean base shortly.

"That's news enough," Krall exclaimed. "These boys can tell us all about it!"

"I won't deny that," Eyken admitted. "Nevertheless, I believe that we will soon learn of something more urgent. On my return, I came across an orderly who was in a great hurry. Hopefully not a danger to our base."

The man from Hamburg showed dismay. "Actually, I always thought that our mine forge was too well secured for us to have any fears in the near future. We also have all sorts of nice things here that guarantee us sufficient security."

"We did," Eyken agreed immediately. "It was just an assumption that it could affect us. Let's wait and see. =

Krall lay diagonally across his lounge and let his legs dangle. Staring at the rocky ceiling, he said: "I know the magic word 'wait and see' well enough. It goes on day after day, accumulates into months, and nobody knows how many years

out of it. When you've been in front of the enemy for years like that and then find yourself on the treadmill of almost sedentary work, this opposition becomes a severe test of nerves."

"That's heckmeck," Eyken defended himself. "I think we've had plenty of adventures all the way to Antarctica and then here. And we won't be sitting here forever. Who knows what is still waiting for us in the bosom of the

lies in the future."

"Hm," Krall said regretfully. "We don't even have a fortune teller on hand in this wilderness."

"Oh dear," groaned the major. "Now this madman wants another fairy-tale aunt here! Holy cow!"

On the same day that Major Eyken had confirmed the Waffen SS's Brazilian adventure to the commander, the colonel had the individual group leaders summoned to him.

"I already had that in my nose," Eyken said to his comrades as he hurriedly left the room. Stepping into the small command room, he found that some of those who had been called had already arrived. While the colonel spoke in a low voice to the group leader of the flight technicians, those waiting and those who had been added exchanged their speculations about the purpose of the summons. It was a while before the last of the more distant columns arrived

"Is everything there now? -" asked the commander. He scrutinised the men in turn and nodded. "Listen up! I recently received a report that the USA has sent a large naval unit under the command of Admiral Byrd to Antarctica. We have learnt from confidential sources that several thousand men, who are now part of the fleet's crew, underwent special training in an Arctic zone months earlier. When this undertaking became known to the public through a number of press indiscretions, the American admiral reportedly stated succinctly that fortifications were being built in the Arctic. Asked by the press about their purpose, Byrd claimed that the North Pole was between the US and the enemy. When further questioned as to who this enemy was, he failed to answer. Now, on the occasion of the departure of the convoy to the south, it is claimed that on the one hand it is a scientific expedition, and on the other that they are searching for uranium deposits. However, it is absurd for the public to use such claims to justify a military fleet operation. The ships have sailed from Norfolk and are supplied with provisions for eight months. So much for the first reports! We will know how things develop in the foreseeable future. Thank you, gentlemen!"

The men stared at the commander. It was only when one of the technicians laughed quietly that the spell was broken. One of the bystanders smacked him. "What's there to laugh about? "

The man chuckled. "Why shouldn't I laugh? Now we can give the Americans

show them what's waiting for them at the South Pole..."

"I agree," the colonel admitted calmly. "Keep working hard, because we have to stay on the ball. If new reports come in, I'll announce them immediately. He dismissed the men with a hand gesture. "Goodbye, gentlemen!"

Three weeks later, an extremely modest Yule celebration was held in Mime's smithy. The colonel gave a speech that touched the men's hearts without being sentimental. Eyken had taken it upon himself to speak afterwards about the deeper meaning of this annual celebration and thus contributed significantly to the organisation of the Yule evening. The kitchen did its best to offer the men in the lonely base something good. That evening, for the first time in the Andes, the song "High Night of the Clear Stars" was also sung

On 27 December, the news suddenly came through that the previous day it had been officially announced from England that some British and Norwegian units were already standing by in the southern polar waters of Bahia Marguerite to reinforce the American unit. The report to the base also contained the information that the US naval force consisted of three to ten units. Byrd's admiral's ship was the "Mount Olympus". The icebreaker "Northwind" secured the unit in difficult waters. It was followed by the flying mother ship "Philippines Sea" and the seaplane carrier

"Pine Island" and another called "Currituck". Then there is the icebreaker "Buton Island", the two destroyers "Brownson" and "Henderson", the escort vessels "Yankee" and "Merrick" as well as the petroleum ships "Canister" and "Merrick".

"Capacan". The submarine "Sennet" was also named. Finally, it was added that the Soviets were also planning a similar venture.

"The Allies have their hair on fire," said the colonel at the end of his report, "if they are using such massive forces against the Antarctic."

"They'll come running to their Ascension comedian for prayer books," added one of the technicians. "Much enemy, much honour, as the old knights used to say."

"Is that all?" joked his neighbour.

"That's enough," said the colonel dryly. "If it's not enough yet, then more next time! =" Exactly one month later, on 27 January 1947, a new report arrived, which the commander passed on to his group leaders.

Again the men stood in front of the colonel, who held a piece of paper with short notes in his hand. "The latest news, gentlemen! Just arrived

that the allied fleet under Byrd's command arrived off the coast of Little America yesterday. American reconnaissance planes from the mother ship 'Pine Island' explored the ice-free area of Tierra de Ells worth in the south of the Roosevelt Sea as well as a mountain range and took cartographic pictures. According to Allied reports, around 2400 square kilometres were explored. The Japanese, Argentinians and Chileans also joined the endeavour, citing the need to secure any territorial claims. The Americans will certainly have little fun with so many observers." Now the colonel looked at his men seriously. "The way things are going now, we must expect a military clash any day now! _"

And this message came shortly afterwards. The commander reported again: "The American Admiral Byrd claims to have discovered our point 211 in the Antarctic. Reconnaissance aircraft are said to have flown over this area and dropped an American flag over the mountain base. When a group of four aeroplanes followed, they suddenly disappeared without being able to give any radio signals. They were simply gone! It is then said that Byrd, after much deliberation, cancelled further operations. The Allied fleet is now beginning its return march."

The men looked at each other, puzzled. Suddenly everything was very different from what they had expected. A far more dramatic event had been anticipated, and some of the men had even secretly feared for the Antarctic base. Now, after the commander's almost laconic report, all members of the Andean group were convinced that another victory had been achieved after the brief use of a new weapon.

The tension eased and now the men shouted hurrah. They slapped each other roughly on the shoulders, some jumped enthusiastically like children, others fell around each other's necks laughing. At the end, they sang the German country song together.

A few days later, Eyken ran into the commander.

"What are my jungle men doing, Colonel!"

"They still have to recover from the exertions they've been through! It will probably be a while before they can be marched from the jungle base to here."

"So curiosity still has to be tamed," sighed the major. "Frankly, Commander, despite the abundance and importance of all the work in this seclusion, we're starting to get a little sour."

"I can understand that," nodded the colonel. "It's the same for all men. But you

and your comrades will soon be dispatched to the outside world for supplies. Satisfied -"

Eyken mimicked a snappy little man. "Thank you very much, Colonel Breathing different air again will do us good."

"What are our technicians supposed to say, of whom only two men can be sent out every now and then for small items when the technical supply forgets screws or sheet metal?" The commander made a troubled face. "Life in Mime's forge demands a lot from us."

"Unfortunately, that's true," Eyken admitted openly. "But so far, no-one has ever lost their temper, and I believe that will continue to be the case."

"I'm sure of that," said the colonel with audible conviction in his voice. "Anything else, Major?"

"Thank you, no. =" The men parted.

This time, one and a half months passed without anything of significance happening. In the meantime, communications with the Antarctic had been reduced to a minimum. The ship formations were long gone from the Arctic Ocean area, and the south was at peace for the moment. The incredibly fast defence reaction of Point 211 had dismayed the Allies

Eyken and his comrades had still not received an external command. Every now and then the Mime people came

out into the open in groups. The area was well secured and not even any natives were seen. So the time passed monotonously despite the hard work

It was mid-March when the commander called the group leaders to him again. This time he had a newspaper in his hand. He held the paper so that everyone present could see the head. It was "El Mercurio" from 5 March of that year, published in Santiago de Chile.

"Gentlemen," the colonel began, "I have just received a parcel of newspapers from our field liaison, including a Chilean daily. In this instalment, a reporter named Lee Van Atta reports under the headline 'On board Mount Olympus on the high seas':

Admiral Richard E. Byrd told me today that it was necessary for the United States to take protective measures against enemy planes coming from the polar regions. The Admiral went on to say that he had no intention of frightening anyone, but that the bitter reality was that in the event of a new war the United States would be attacked by planes flying from one pole to the other in fantastic flights.

can fly at high speed. Admiral Byrd personally made this statement several times as a result of his polar exploration, at a meeting with the International News Service. After his recently completed expedition, Admiral Byrd said: The most important result of my observations is that only power guarantees the safety of the United States. The fantastic rapidity of the development by which the world is becoming smaller and smaller is one of the objective lessons we have learnt from our just completed exploration of Antarctica. I cannot fail to warn my compatriots in the strongest terms that the days when our isolated geographical position was a guarantee of safety for us because of the distances between the seas and the poles are over. Furthermore, the Admiral emphasised anew the necessity of keeping the entire front of the ice belt around the sixth continent under strict surveillance, because this was the last defence against invasion. No one else can give a better account of this than I, because I have learnt the importance of applying scientific knowledge on this expedition. I can make comparisons!"

The colonel looked up, then folded up the newspaper and continued: "I would also like to mention a statement by General Eisenhower, according to which the Second World War is not yet over. With regard to the operations directed against the Antarctic, I would like to point out that they are twofold provocations designed to entice us into a counterattack. Well, the Allies know very well that they have by no means won a final victory over Germany and that they will still be in for many surprises. We ourselves here in Mime's forge also have our part to play in helping to strengthen the secret potential. Many things may be hard here, but we take them on for the sake of a good cause. Where we are, there is Germany! -"

This time the men remained calm. The commander's message had made a deep impression on them. Everything was clear before them . . .

VIII

THE WISE MEN OF NEW YORK

Yahweh: "I will make you the forefather of nations, I will make you the chosen one among the nations, I will make you the beloved among the nations, I will make you the best among the nations."

Shabbat 105a

July 1948 was hot. A shimmering haze lay over New York, and the people of the cosmopolitan city longed for the cooler evenings, when the breeze coming from the sea became more noticeable. Anyone who had enough money and could take a holiday at this time of year could now be found in Florida, California or the Bahamas

On a weekday in this month that was coming to an end, people suddenly came back to the big metropolis from the southern recreation areas. Others flew from Chicago, Washington and other centres of the States to the American Babel and landed at Jamaica Bay International Airport or La Guardia Airport on Long Island, depending on the airline they used. They boarded waiting luxury cars and then drove car after car through Queens to the Queensboro Bridge over the East River to Manhattan. People who had already arrived in New York a day earlier because they would otherwise have missed the appointment were also on their way to a common destination on the Hudson Riverside.

Most of the cars came through 59th Street to the east side of Central Park, which they followed to Columbus Circle, then continued from Broad Way to Riverside Drive.

The occupants of the fast-moving cars took no notice of the busy Hudson River, on which numerous yachts and boats travelled alongside the lively shipping traffic

They passed Grant's majestically towering mausoleum, drove a little way along the noble villa district and then, turning car after car, disappeared into the green depths of a large villa park, the gateway to which stood open

It all seemed completely normal and unremarkable. Here were the pompous villas of high society, all in beautiful and large green areas, often hidden behind hedges and tall old trees. Whenever there was a party here, you could always see the big Che-

vrolets, Cadillacs and others came from the Riverside, often driven by drivers wearing discreet-looking semi-uniforms. Anyone who was anyone in New York society or had money was usually based in this neighbourhood, unless they had a residence further out, outside the big city.

The villa park, which gradually swallowed up an entire motorcade that day and hid it from the eyes of passers-by, was of a special kind. Unnoticeable from the outside, it concealed an automatic camera behind the gate pillars, which recorded every visitor and every car with its licence plate number. At the side of the driveway, trip wires were stretched across the lawn which, when touched, activated a contact that triggered an alarm in a control centre. This was located in a room in the basement of the large villa, which had no windows and only a steel door with a peephole made of armoured glass that could be opened from the inside

There was an extensive electronic system here, including numerous eavesdropping microphones, which were concealed throughout the house and were able to monitor guard patrols. Alarm-triggering door and window contacts as well as kick mats protected the house from unwanted visitors. A barbed wire surrounding the garden enclosure could also be energised from here.

In a side wing of the villa were living quarters for guards, whose members secured the large gardens with weapons and sheepdogs at irregular intervals. The dogs had been brought from Germany and were well trained.

All these quite unusual measures spoke in favour of the special significance of the house, of which the uninitiated had no idea. It was inhabited by a banker and his family, so that from the outside nothing special was recognisable. The villa's guards all looked like ordinary domestic servants. The neighbours didn't know what the owner's role was, nor did they know about the presence of the many security devices. Not even a Chicago gangster boss had ever set up such an apparatus at his disposal.

The visitors who arrived on this summer's day included

They were obviously among the richest people in the country. If you had any knowledge of human nature, you could easily tell that they were among the top Wall Street bosses. Some of the guests were also from the academic world. At the entrance to the villa ramp, all arrivals were unobtrusively but thoroughly checked by guards disguised as servants and politely asked for identification by showing an invitation.

One by one, those invited gathered in a small room on the first floor of the two-storey building. The plug-in telephones had been removed from all the rooms; the switchboard had special instructions for urgent outside calls. In the hall there was a raised area with a lectern, and on the wall behind it hung a reel of film screen for use if necessary. On either side of the elevation stood pillars known to the consecrated as Jakin and Boaz, sacred symbols of the Temple of Solomon

Lower down on the mezzanine floor was an equally large hall, which was used as a dining room. Smaller rooms to the side were ideal for informal conversations

It was 2 p.m. on the dot when the host stepped up to the lectern in the lecture theatre. He paused and surveyed the room. The murmur of voices died away at length and those still standing around in loose groups took their seats next to those already seated in the rows of chairs

When silence fell, Sal Perlman looked from row to row at those seated in front of him. With a slight nod, which was supposed to be a bow, he said a few formal words of greeting and continued:

"Dear brothers! The purpose of our meeting today is well known to you. In our endeavour to bring the world to our Sinai, we have once again made considerable progress in recent months. Following the successful activities of the underground organisation Irgun Zwai Leumi, which we support, as well as other groups, and the expiry of the British Palestine Mandate, we were able to proclaim Medinat Israel for our people on 15 May of this year, with our brother Chaim Weizmann as President. This means that our brother Nahum Goldmann was right in his political demand when he rejected the Nazi Madagascar Plan and insisted that only Palestine could be considered as a homeland for the Jews. The geopolitical location of our young state with the politically neuralgic point of Jerusalem, capital of the historical land and holy ground with the remains of the Temple of Solomon, and at the same time a hub between three continents, is, according to Yahweh's revelation handed down to us, Book 12, verses 13 to 17, the coming capital of the world! We are now on the verge of achieving our great goal, which is to bring the chosen ones power over the nations."

A low murmur arose. Perlman took a deep breath, then continued:

"For almost two thousand years, our people have been fighting to fulfil the promise made to Abraham. Step by step, Israel is now rising from its suffering, and its power has now been revealed over the nations and their rulers. Jerusalem is once again the starting point

for the promised gold, for the coming dominion over all the uncircumcised, and ours is the retribution for all that has been endured so far. Ours is also the secret of the Kabbalah, the teaching of the spirit that governs the world. For seven hundred years the Sanhedrin has been proclaiming progressive victories of our silent labour. Let us remember that almost two hundred years ago, in 1387 to be precise, thirteen wise men met secretly one night in the Judenfriedhof of Prague, in the Beth Chajim, for the building of the Temple of Solomon. They came as Rosh Bathe Aboth, as our tribal chiefs, for the twelve Shebatim of Israel. At that time the Levite, as the leader of the midnight assembly, already said that our fathers made the covenant that draws the initiates of the Shebatim again and again to the tomb of the Great Master of the Kabbalah, who is to give the chosen ones power on earth; dominion over all generations from the seed of Ishmael. In all the time in which we had to live scattered over all countries for many centuries, we, the seed of Abraham, always remained in the ways of Yahweh in order to faithfully follow his promise. Where we found light, there was always shadow along the way. As his chosen people, Adonai has given us the tenacity of the serpent, the cunning of the fox, the eyes of the hawk, the memory of the dog, the diligence of the ant and the faithful companionship of the beaver. We were prisoners in Babylon and yet we have become mighty. Our temple was destroyed and we have built thousands of new ones all over the world. And in a little while, Solomon's house will also rise greater and more glorious than any temple before."

Perlman's voice rose and his eyes flickered. "At that time, the Levite already said that it was time to live by the statutes of the founder. In accordance with the commandment of the ancient wise men, we are now given the task of becoming leaders over all the masses who are blind. We are the master builders who assemble the dead stones of the tower until it points anew to heaven. This tower will then stand because of the promise that Abraham gave us on behalf of Yahweh. Has not David now once again overcome the Nordic Goliath? Did not our US Sergeant Wood, a member of our people, judge the new sons of Haman in Nuremberg on our behalf to fulfil Yahweh's commandment of vengeance? -"

The room was slightly restless. Perlman raised his hand and waved it away. "In future, the nations will live in their dressing gowns instead of their shirjous, their warrior's armour. As you all know, with the League of Nations we have practically already created a forecourt to the coming world government and taken control of the existing institution. Is it not a triumph for our people that of the 320 directors of the United Nations in our city, 280 are of the seed of Abraham? Gold is the first power in

of the world, the press the second. We have both! The sovereignty of the people is crumbling like dry clay. With the democratic system, we manipulate the peoples through their parties, which are dependent on our money. With the communist system and its blind servant, liberalism, we are breaking the influence of the white elites, who are the only ones who can pose a threat to us. Without our help, communism would have collapsed long ago. But we need it and the socialist system in the West. We already have it in our hands to determine where there should be peace and where there should be war. We only need to ask ourselves when we should put on the ataroch, the crown, and ascend the chisse, the throne, and destroy the last enemies before us with the chereb, the sword. At the moment we are standing on the last steps that lead to the chisse of the new King David. But we also know that the resistance to the plan of our God is not yet completely broken. The Teutons have retreated to their last hiding places and are still a danger to us. We have probably brought everything Germanic into disrepute with the catchword 'Nazism' and must continue to ensure that everything that does not obey our commandment and our goals is condemned as Nazism, even if in truth it should not be Nazism at all. With this catchword we paralyse all resistance to the coming world government, because we have made the nations and their courts allergic to the word Nazism. And what Nazism is, we decide as we see fit! Our only task now is to secure the near future. To this end, we have already drawn up the plan for a world police force and finalised a map on which we have defined the world police districts. According to this division, the different peoples will form police units in opposite regions of the earth, so that racial differences and differences of mentality will not create ties to the controlled masses. We will revive outdated prejudices, having previously run equality propaganda as a means of lethargy. One way and then another; we play as we are given, for Yahweh has given us the nations. Prepare yourselves, my friends, for the hour of judgement is drawing near. In the near future we will have secured our power for all time. Science is also at our service. We will manipulate infertility and homunculids and ultimately, with the help of many experiments, we will have a single servant race of a levelled mass around us that will be easy to control. Even the police forces will have programmed brains and obey us unconditionally. Then the temple of Salomo will stand forever! "

Perlman had finished. His pathetic ecstasy subsided and his eyelids drooped.

The water was running lazily over his previously sparkling eyes. His slightly reddened forehead was glistening with sweat. Finally, his gaze lingered demandingly on an obese, balding man sitting in the front row of seats. Amidst the beginning shuffling of feet, he said: "Brother Cohen will give us the next report! "

The person called stood up. He paused briefly until the previous speaker stepped down from the raised platform and took a seat in an empty chair next to him. He shook Perlman's hand to the applause of those seated nearby, then made his way to the lectern with short, tripping steps. He cleaned his thick glasses somewhat awkwardly. He waited until the earlier babble of voices had died down again, then he began:

"Dear brothers! Recently, citizens in the United States have again been trying to fight the Federal Reserve Act. Small resistance centres are now trying to inform the population that the American people are not involved in government securities. As we know, the people, represented by their government that we sponsor, pay \$12.25 billion annually to our banking system for national debt. I recall that the Federal Reserve Act became law on 24 December 1913 under President Woodrow Wilson, after we overcame the previous opposition of Congress by moving the vote on the Federal Reserve banking system to Christmas, when the uninaugurated senators had already gone on holiday. It may have been argued afterwards that this bill was secret, hasty, and therefore illegal, but the legality of the act then in progress was practically recognised and confirmed by its observance. Since then, every citizen of the United States has been paying 4 per cent interest on every dollar of private money in circulation in our banks. Of course, we are now reproached for not paying taxes, and voices are raised to criticise the fact that for 35 years there has been no public inspection of the books in our private financial society. But all these attempts to disempower or even overthrow the Federal Reserve banking system are doomed to failure. Our financial power is too entrenched for us to worry. We must hold on to our advantages and our financial sovereignty, because this is the only way we can use uncontrolled funds for our political goals. We must support communism and also the Western democracies, because these are ultimately milestones on our path. Just as we maintain our influence in American domestic politics with the help of presidential elections, in that there will never again be a president who does not agree with our material sovereignty.

elected with our help. Since every president can only become the first man in the States with our help, he is obliged to us and dependent on us. We make the presidents, and we overthrow them! " Smug applause interrupted the speaker. Cohen used the brief interruption to take out a handkerchief and wipe a drop from his nose. Then he continued:

"Things will remain as they are. We will know how to prevent our monetary system, the dollar notes we issue, from falling back into the hands of the American federal government. After all, we succeeded in having our currency placed under the control of the International Monetary Fund in 1944, so that the entire American tax system is under international control. This international control is us again! According to the latest figures, this system has brought us around 300 billion dollars so far. At the beginning of our entry into the Second World War, the national debt to us had risen to 5 billion dollars. In 1946, two years ago, we already owed 40 billion dollars. As early as 1933, under our High Brother Roosevelt, we were able to collect 36 billion. We deliver our private banknotes to the US Treasury and receive interest on the money in circulation from the state, which is so far in arrears that it can no longer repay it. This gives us control and power over this state. But that's not all: the dollar is already an international world currency and leads the world. And our one-dollar bill shows on the back the pyramid of the Great Tree of All Worlds with the eye of Yahweh above it. In this way, we have imprinted our mark on the world. With the Federal Reserve Bank system, we have achieved the right to create our own money and thus to rule over the currency. With the help of the power of the American currency from our own system, we also have the power to manipulate and influence foreign currencies that are currently still sovereign. It is actually superfluous to mention that with the currencies we also have the states in our hands! When our brother Warburg's Federal Reserve System was introduced, we knew that we had taken a decisive step towards the coming one-world government that we had been planning for so long. For with it the legislative part of our government had lost its sovereignty. When our people met secretly on Jekyll Island in the State of Georgia in November 1910 and developed the plan of our money power, they were firmly convinced as realists that it must be feasible, although it was nothing but a tremendous coup and bluff. Our brothers Warburg, Strong, Vanderlip, Davison, and the rest, who were with Senator Aldrich in the hunting club of the island

The people who had come together clearly foresaw where our grand plan would lead if successful. Only the time until the final phase remained open. That time is now! -"

Again there was applause

"However, I would like to take this opportunity to point out a statement by Professor Seligmann that the real father of this plan was our brother Paul Warburg. We owe the success of the coup and our current position of power primarily to him."

Another murmur of agreement

"Let us visualise the historical development according to which, after the Federal Reserve Act was passed, the foundation was laid and since then we have only had to be concerned with securing profits. Before that, power was in the hands of large trusts. In 1904, Theodore Roosevelt received half a million dollars from our brothers Morgan and Rockefeller as election aid for his presidential candidacy. Outwardly, he travelled around the States shouting vigorously against the power of the trusts and promising the blue sky if he was elected. Well, we all know: Roosevelt was elected, but the trusts outlived him. The subsequent trick of the reserves made it possible for the Federal Reserve Bank to multiply its issuance of private cash and loans many times over. When credit became the basis for issuing money, there was a huge increase in book credit, and it was possible to set in motion almost fantastic speculation, which, however, occasionally led to collapses, as was particularly evident in 1929. At that time, we only intervened where it seemed expedient or necessary. In the meantime, the national debt of our own state has grown enormously with long-term loans granted by our central banking system. It can hardly ever be repaid and we are already struggling to at least collect the interest. The public interest burden on us currently amounts to an increasing number of billions of dollars from year to year. This is a sum far greater than Germany's post-war debt after the First World War. Of course, the interest on our private spending is more important to us than the astronomical capital. The German Nazi Gottfried Feder almost became dangerous to us when he demanded the breaking of interest bondage, as stated in Hitler's party programme. He was one of the few people who recognised the basis of our power. But we succeeded very quickly in getting Hitler and using intermediaries to ensure that Feder disappeared into oblivion. Ha! Did anyone ever hear the name Feder afterwards? "

Cohen tried a hoarse laugh. "Feder was dead before he physically died. He disappeared into a void, so we don't even know what happened to him after his fall in Hitler's party. But further: In 1944 we had a crisis caused by the astronomical national debt of the United States to us. We protected ourselves by internationalising the system of public debt and operating with the bankruptcy of the European states. This was also done by creating the International Monetary Fund in Bretton Woods in 1944. The creator of this fund was Harry Dexter White, who came from a Jewish family in Lithuania. Unfortunately, due to a lack of caution, he exposed connections to the Soviets, so that the FBI accused him, Coe, Currie, Ullmann and Nathan Silvermaster of being communist agents. As long as Roosevelt was still alive, they enjoyed the protection of immunity. That was an embarrassing thing..."

The speaker ran his left hand over his forehead, somewhat embarrassed. "Well, then there was our brother Dr Goldenweiser, who supervised the instructions and undertakings of the Federal Reserve Bank and unfortunately resigned from his post three years ago. I would like to thank Dr Goldenweiser, who is here with us today, for everything he has done for our goals as a High Brother of the B'nai B'rith and as a man of knowledge! "

Hands clapping followed. A man in the second row stood up and bowed to all sides. It was Goldenweiser, who looked almost embarrassed by the ovation.

Cohen now raised his hand to continue. "I may state that for a long period of time, Brother Goldenweiser was more involved in important policy decisions in the United States federal government than any other civilian employee."

New applause. Goldenweiser stood up again and thanked the audience

Leaning on the lectern, Cohen continued: "With the help of the monetary system under our control, which led to the dependence of the peoples and their economies on us, we have used the new move of the Marshall Plan to distribute the so-called ERP funds to European states and thus achieved a stronger link to our World Bank. We have learnt from history that defeated and then squeezed peoples develop a dynamic revolutionary core, which in due course creates a corresponding outlet. This was clearly demonstrated in Germany's post-war history after the First World War. By helping Moscow, we also supported the German communists via this diversions. And we also invested millions of dollars in Hitler's movement, which were paid out in Amsterdam. What came afterwards was the germination of our seed, the

all our investments by unrivalled

multiplied! With the business of the Marshall Plan we have achieved in the present phase that instead of revolutionary movements among the Teutons an economic upswing has taken place, the expansion of which is part of our world economic planning. We were faced with the choice of letting Morgenthau fulfil his plans; in this case we would have beaten Goliath for good, but who knows what we would have had to face afterwards. With the Teutons it's always the case that they come up from the bottom again if you don't kill them all together and without exception ten times in a row. By rejecting Morgenthau's plan, however, we shall in the near future ensure that the Teutons' interests are focussed solely on prosperity and that the possession of material goods appears more important to them than any national interests. By putting our capital into their industry, we are coldly denationalising it and thus obtaining full rights of disposal over German production. Needless to say, we will also get a better grip on the masses. We will certainly not be making a mistake if we express the conviction that the interests of the Central Europeans will be directed primarily towards the purchase of ice-cream boxes, soon-to-be-released television sets, cars and even homes in any form. People won't be able to get enough to eat and will only ever think about getting rich. And our money power will reach sums that will soon look unreal. On this occasion, I remember a few sentences from Dostoyevsky, which he uttered prophetically in 1880. He said that with our banking power we will be the rulers of Europe. We will hold education, civilisation and socialism in our hands. When anarchy rages everywhere, we will still be on top. And when the wealth of Europe is gone, our banking power will stand unshaken. But we no longer have any Dostoevskis in Russia who could repeat these sentences, because the communism we support has made provisions for us. In Moscow there are the Khasars, who in their own way are different Jews from us. Sometimes they are even rebellious towards us. But when it comes down to it, we know who we can play along with. And they know very well that we will help them with large deliveries of food and other things if they can't cope with their planned economy and their collective farms."

A murmur went through the hall. There was also a light laugh in between.

"If we draw a conclusion from recent developments, then we can be satisfied. Two major wars and their consequences were in part disorganisation as well as tangible debt and tax obligations. The stability

of the economic system is determined by us. And we have now been able to extend our domination of the United States to a large part of Europe. If, as Brother Perlman said earlier, Jerusalem becomes the coming capital of the world, then with the creation of the State of Israel, which is still in progress, all the prerequisites for our great goal are in place! -"

Movement could be felt in the hall.

Cohen raised his hands somewhat pathetically. "I know that everything I have just said is nothing new to you knowledgeable people. I have merely repeated, in a brief summary of the essentials, the prehistory of our present triumph. The prospects for the near future are already mapped out, and our Wall Street community has consistently fulfilled the tasks assigned to it. The now unshakeable power of our money is our contribution to the promise of Yahweh! "

Cohen remained silent. The guests sitting in front of him mimed agreement. There was no enthusiasm, but the otherwise withdrawn and arrogant expressions now showed a satisfied detachment that loosened the snobbery displayed by a moneyed aristocracy

Perlman returned to the podium, while Cohen came down the few steps and took his seat

"Dear brothers! What you have heard from us so far has been a brief introduction and statement of our situation. Much more important for our present meeting is the work of our scientists, on whose results our future depends. Today we will discuss our most secret plans and define the obligations we owe to our scientists for their ground-breaking work. And now I would also like to return to a sentence by the previous speaker, Mr Cohen, who referred to the Khasars in Moscow. In his eagerness to explain, Brother Cohen overlooked the fact that there are also Khasars in our midst who come from Russia and are now our pillars in our country's press system. We now have Rybikoff here, as well as Sarnoff. And our Khasar brothers here are loyal to us and to our goals, because they know, that we support the power of their brothers in the Soviet Union. I had to insert this in order to avoid any discord caused by misunderstandings. And now I ask our brother Copperstain, who is one of our most authoritative scholars, to begin with his explanations! "

" Just a moment!" Cohen rose from his seat and raised his right hand halfway up. "You all know how our business with Moscow is going, don't you? If Brother Perlman is talking about misunderstandings, then I don't believe they can arise when the facts are clear! "

There was movement in the hall. Half-loud voices sounded in between. Cohen turned round and looked at those present behind him in turn until the murmuring died down again. Calmly, almost impersonally, he added: "We don't need to talk much and we don't need to look for excuses that go against our better judgement. When I say something, I mean it and stick to it. Brother Perlman needn't find this embarrassing, because we all know how we are with the Khasars, and they know how they are with us. Let's not kid ourselves! In this game, the cards have already been dealt and all partners are playing along. There's no passing, nobody can back out. Our Khasar friends here in America know very well that we have made a covenant that the Sanhedrin has approved. If the Muscovite khasars keep giving us trouble, it's because of their rebellious behaviour towards us..." Cohen spread his arms. "But in the end, haven't our carts always travelled on the right track?" Turning round and facing Perlman again, he concluded: "There's no misunderstanding, dear Perlman, is there -"

The person addressed had gone red in the face. "Hm hä the way things have been said now is the way to put it. Well, I think we can save further words and get back to Brother Copperstain." He made a slight bow to the front. "If you please ="

A gaunt man with a hawkish face and a tangle of white hair slowly pushed his way out of the second row. With emphasised dignity, he made his way along the front row to the podium, where he was greeted effusively by Perlman. With a curt thank you and a reserve shown, he stood behind the podium. He then waited patiently until Perlman had taken his place in the front row again. In the meantime, he once again surveyed those present in the hall. He could see tense attention and expectation everywhere.

He began to speak slowly. "Before I give a more detailed presentation on the status of our scientific work, I would like to say in advance that we now need significant funding for our study centres and laboratories in order to continue the successes we have achieved. We have focussed our research work on the requirements that were presented to my colleagues and myself. We have left the field of general development and specialised in the tasks we have received, the solution of which should help a future world government to maintain and expand its power. To do this, we need far more money than before! "

His eyes wandered around the room, finding silent approval everywhere

"I'm not alone here as a representative of science," he continued. "My colleagues in the other peripheral sectors all have the same problems. We have been given enormous tasks, but not enough resources. So I'm not just speaking for myself, but for everyone involved in our research projects! "

There was applause from individual seats

"I would like to continue: You have all heard a lot about the progress of the biological and genetic experiments so far. We have already skipped the general developments and are in a phase where we need new experimental material for our laboratories and even living creatures for the final experiments."

Copperstain waited until a slight movement in the hall had ceased.

"I would now like to make a few suggestions: By winning the war and eliminating Germany as a power factor, we can calmly develop our secret project 'cell formation 2000' on a large scale. As agreed with twelve representatives of the money power - the gentlemen are here with us again today! We scientists were instructed to submit a report by the end of this year. I am therefore only in a position today to touch in general terms on the issues that present us with major problems, but which we can and will solve."

The tension in the room grew.

"Already at the beginning of this century, writers and scholars were concerned with the question of homunculus and humanoids.

Well, we already know the successful results of fertilisation experiments in vitro from our past research. Biologists have already carried out parthenogenesis, the production of young, in laboratories, and it has been found that the egg can also double the number of its chromosomes in this way in the laboratory and thus form a complete chromosome set. And this is achieved by a mother alone, without the contribution of a father. In certain small organisms, such as rotifers and others, parthenogenesis is a common and often even normal phenomenon. Through stimulation or the effects of favourable climatic influences, it was also possible to achieve parthenogenetic chromosome doubling in developed small animals. Here, then, there are attempts to use biochemistry to make certain regulations, the results of which are to be regarded as partial results of a manipulated biology. Mr Haldane, who lives in India, is concerned with problems of biochemistry and affirms the possibility of being able to create a living organism in the foreseeable future. We must not now lose ourselves in speculation, which undoubtedly has its own meaning.

have. Instead, we need to start working with realistic assumptions. Above all, chemistry has a large part to play in our experimental work. We have to start from a periodic table in order to search for those elements that can provide the required number of compounds to produce a life cycle. This method has long been successfully applied by the Dane Bohr, who correctly established that all atoms, whether on the left or right in his periodic system, can be combined with atoms of other elements, with atoms of an intermediate system forming additional possibilities. Bohr's periodic table finally helped to find missing elements after their composition could be determined in advance. The leading role in our very own research endeavour must be attributed to carbon, which like no other element can come together to form large, ordered and even enormously long molecules. Macromolecular chemistry is based on this property of carbon atoms. And we have already discovered that the chemistry of living organisms is a special world. No other element offers as many bonding possibilities as carbon in order to create living organisms. Here silicon is inferior to carbon. It is interesting to note that petroleum, for example, is a decomposition product of ancient organisms, and it is always carbon whose traces can be detected in fossilised remains of small animals and plant fossils. In biochemistry, the physicist is superior to the chemist because the latter knows the carbon, but the physicist is able to differentiate the isotopes and to proceed better analytically on the basis of the quantity ratios of the carbon isotopes.

Cooperstain cleared his throat briefly. "Another building block for biochemistry is the amino acid obtained from a mixture of methane, water vapour, ammonia and hydrogen, driven by an electric spark gap, as a building block of plant and animal protein. In other words: the supply of energy to a primordial atmosphere forms the precursors of life. Amino acid experiments have already made it possible to form cells. Carbonaceous meteorites also contain traces of amino acids and other substances, so that we are gradually arriving at combination results. In any case, we now know that nature did not struggle for hundreds of millions of years to create life, but that the reaction of simple chemical substances with each other with charge and electron distribution produced the result 'life' and that these were by no means selective tendencies of an evolving primordial process. After this general starting position of the life process, we can now jump to a special factor of our research tasks. I am now speaking of the human

Brain! "

There was complete silence in the hall.

"The human brain is a three-dimensional matter. It comprises ten to twelve billion nerve cells. Thinking, however, is immaterial and dimensionless. Thinking and memory storage are functions. It follows that there must be a three-dimensional matter that makes thinking possible and stores knowledge. The increase in intelligence and the corresponding brain mass is related to the growth of the skull. It is, however, the case that the brain has increased fourfold in the long development of man from ancient times to the present day, while intelligence has increased a good thousandfold and that this must be accommodated in a brain that is only four times larger. Here, however, the growth of the skull can no longer keep pace, and the brain, hindered in its growth in the narrow protective space, makes do with the increasing convolutions in order not to be crippled. The consequence of this, however, is that there are sufficient memory centres, but on the other hand some things have been lost, including the formerly strong capacity for extrasensory perception, as is still present in animals. Now there is something else: Indian philosophy refers to an immaterial, cosmic energy, which is located in infinite space and consists of various elements, without the influence of which no human being or any other living being can live. The Indians call this energy from outer space 'prana'. Our western science does not recognise this explanation. This prana is neither matter nor spirit, but a semi-mind. According to Indian science, prana is inhaled and distributed throughout the body, with a large proportion of the element being channelled to the brain in particular. When it comes into contact with prana, the brain acts like an energy transformer that brings the prana to a certain frequency or wavelength. The prana then radiates from the brain, similar to the energy rays from the antenna of a radio station. These prana rays are still devoid of content and contain no thoughts. The will of the spirit must now be added to the prana rays in order to achieve mental understanding. It is possible that we could end up here with the first beginnings of telepathy if we can investigate these rays in more detail and then manipulate them with the power of the mind. The attempts already being made by science to bring about genetic changes by intervening in the brain are also a valuable building block for our plans. We could shed light on the unknown by improving our measuring devices for EEG measurement. The first step would be to multiply the measuring points, but beyond that, not only the brain currents, but also the brain waves.

also pay attention to the other emitted energies and their wavelengths. Who can tell us whether frequencies are being emitted that we do not yet know exist? It seems even more important to analyse the radiation detected on known or unknown frequencies for possible modulation. This modulation could be the actual message transmitter, while the emitted frequencies only have a carrier function. In some cases, we will also need new measuring instruments, instruments that we are not even aware of today. Who knew about the broad spectrum of radio waves three hundred years ago? "

The speaker's voice, which had dropped almost to a whisper, rose again: "Well, the convolutions of the brain can be compared to an electrical switching centre, or a computer, which forms a series of vital centres with ten to twelve billion nerve cells and which works with a certain number of watts of power through hidden electrical and chemical processes. The producers of this power are the nerve cells themselves. With the help of oxygen and glucose, they generate electrical potential differences and charge and discharge themselves. The respective nerve excitations are control factors. Science is working with the most modern methods to unravel the mysteries of the brain. Experiments are carried out with fine electrodes that are lowered into different parts of the brain to stimulate tiny areas of white and grey matter. Electronic calculators have also been used to analyse brain wave curves, and electron microscopes have been used to carry out detailed observational analyses and detect a number of chemical substances in biochemical experiments. Then a cell area called the reticular formation was also found in the brain stem. This is a kind of information centre that has monitoring functions and is similar to a warning system. If it were possible not only to bring this area under control, but also to steer it towards certain reactions, we would already have gained an influencing factor in the first phase towards the final goal. Another way to influence human behaviour and make it dependent is to change the 'patterns' in the brain cells: the molecules in the brain cells are restructured, for example by changing the chemical or electrical activity of some of the atoms that make them up by removing or adding components

One practical result of such experiments is that a human whose brain is subjected to dissection soon after birth can be developed into a cheap robot. You can then get to the point where you no longer need police robots, because you can ultimately bring the whole of humanity to the point where they become stoic, phlegmatic and non-rebellious.

subjects of a world government and no longer pose a threat. The manipulation of human behaviour, which falls within the remit of biophysicists, will soon be ready for the future. This is an extremely simple way and easier than direct control of the brain, luring it to work from parts of the body. Small capsules containing certain chemicals can be

capsules, which are combined with a miniature receiver, into the human body. Radio impulses from remote transmitters then release certain dosed quantities from the capsules into the body, and this process can be used to achieve behavioural control and operational control, combined with high-performance exciters. Animal experiments with monkeys have already produced the first useful results. We have now reached the stage where a human being can be 'electrodised', as a layman would say. In this way he becomes a compliant robot. These are transitional results until we reach the goal of being able to create the total robot human. Research on the chemical path has already progressed so far that rebellions can be largely eliminated if, for example, humans are administered aggression-inhibiting agents such as methylatropine injections. In theory this is no longer a problem, but in practice it is complicated in terms of quantity and duration. Conversely, it is also possible to use acetylcholine to turn people into killing machines before a military operation or major police action. This acetylcholine must of course be administered in a precisely balanced dose, as this agent can cause a variety of effects. For example, an overdose would produce a muscle tremor and thus have the opposite effect to that desired."

Shouts of great surprise crashed like a wave against the speaker. The faces of the audience showed excitement and agitation.

Copperstain continued unimpressed: "We are also looking at the brain's thought pattern. The conversion of the brains to automatic thinking patterns like a computer and thus an introduction to the depersonalisation of previous individual thinking. The danger that a series of thought patterns could lead to a programmed mass thought psychosis would even be a desirable process in terms of manipulation. A controlled programme flow via the nerve matrices will also complement the manipulation process. Research groups have already established that children in rural community groups are also endowed with a corresponding sense of community and a national consciousness of attachment, while the social structure in the big cities, with its educational direction towards proletarian and thus materialistic thinking, is consistently overemphasised egoistic.

and subliminally increasingly asocially influenced in their thought patterns. However, it must be prevented that the coexistence of a sense of community and egoistically influenced ambition results in a mixture that leads to an excess of intelligence and performance, as otherwise the manipulation programme for a controlled herd can be destroyed. An essential factor in brain manipulation is also the control of human emotions, which influence the thought process. The herd peoples must therefore be subjected to emotional manipulation as early as the upbringing of the children in order to underpin the thought process influenced by this. It is also certain that the human brain, once it has been subjected to certain intentions, develops a tenacity to carry them out despite many obstacles. Maturity of personality must be prevented so as not to allow the beginnings of rebellion to develop. The breeding of minus variants must therefore be maintained and further developed under all circumstances. If desires are kept to a minimum by creating a narrow and controlled horizon, all activity is also prevented. A seemingly desireless happiness for lack of better knowledge within a controlled environmental structure protects our rule from aggressive attacks. Competitive events that correspond to the minimum level of human ambition in the areas of sport and professions and keep us away from anything else, especially dangerous feelings for national freedom or a people's state, are sufficient to vent excessive feelings of achievement. The will to power thus gives way to a manipulated will to honour in the masses. Haven't we already succeeded, through the power of the press and other mass media alone, in making people so fascinated by a highly publicised sport that they read the sports news first and only then the political events of the day? ='

Again Copperstain had to ask for silence. "We now come to another side of the manipulation attempts. I am referring to genetic research! By way of introduction, I refer to the German researcher Butenandt, who extracted the effective hormone testosterone from male gonads, which has a strong influence on the sexual sphere, but also shapes personality and behaviour. It has already been discovered that three six-membered and one five-membered ring of carbon atoms form the basic structure of the human sex hormones, the slight variations in the basic form of which are decisive for the course of our lives. By organising external characteristics with the help of chemical classifications on living objects, we have found the starting point for determining the possibilities of influencing

to develop in this direction as well." Cries of astonishment were heard again

"Another line of necessary further research is in the area of the genetic code, which indicates racial differences. This code is the hereditary mass passport, which represents a long branched atomic chain, i.e. a huge molecule. So far, every person has their own genetic code, which is as different as their fingerprints. Chemical research will also enable us to influence human characteristics in this way, far beyond the principles of good or evil. In other words, we can practically programme character. There is still a long way to go, but we will work tirelessly on it!" Copperstain's forehead wrinkled deeply. "Research is underway to obtain a full synthesis from the semi-synthetic formation of the Phi x 174 virus. It has already been proven that four organic bases are sufficient to form complex molecules, and this experiment confirms the genetic code once again and indicates the possibility of creating creatures according to our ideas and wishes. We now know that genetic manipulations alter the genetic make-up of humans, such as experimentally produced mutations and artificially created genes. Ionising radiation alters or inactivates individual genes or breaks down entire chromosomes into fragments that can grow together incorrectly or disappear. Chemical substances can attack genes or multiply chromosome sets. New genes can be introduced into a gene set by viruses, laser beams can delete genes. It is already possible to produce genes artificially. Before a homunculus solution can be found, mutations of living organisms must be used. We know enough about the effects of radiation and chemical substances to cause mutations in human genes in the same way as in other species. Above all, the number of mutagenic chemicals is already extremely high. We are already familiar with the old experiments that began with X-rays and resulted in major changes. However, we live in the atomic age with its incomparably greater possibilities. A scientific group has succeeded in isolating a gene from a living organism. This represents a significant opportunity for further research into genetic manipulation. Humans have between one million and a maximum of three and a half million genes in their body cells. Now, as another research centre has shown, it is possible to produce the smallest parts of the gene, i.e. customised gene parts, which can be used to protect and heal patients if necessary, but it is just as possible to make personality changes in this way. A well-known geneticist

has already produced one of nature's simplest genes, a yeast RNA, i.e. a ribonucleic acid gene, in duplicate with a team of researchers. Furthermore, gene manipulation also offers the possibility of influencing the development of the brain. At the moment we are not yet able to say anything about the position of the individual genes in the chromosomes in order to be able to exert a targeted influence. We would also need to know more about the circuitry and functional relationships of the brain. In so-called Petri dishes on the laboratory bench, it has already been possible to remove parts of tissue from the spinal cord of animal embryos, which have been broken down into individual nerve cells. After chemical treatment of the extracted individual cells, they were given nutrients, whereupon nerve fibres sprouted from the individual cells and sought contact with other nerve cells. This resulted in synapses, via which electrical potentials were also transmitted and thus an exchange of ideas took place in a language that could only be understood by the nerve cells. The British scientific journal

"New Scientist. With the emerging possibilities of brain research in glass dishes, further possibilities for future brain manipulation are also emerging."

Copperstain took a deep breath. "For the time being, we must not show any particular interest in building robots, but must concentrate on creating what the Jesuits call 'living corpses' that are precisely programmed to represent a secure world police force that nothing can oppose. Robots would, as the Russian Oparin says, be able to outlive all humans in the event of catastrophes and, under certain circumstances, even overpower existing human races. But we must not create any possibility that could threaten our chosenness. We must do everything we can to preserve and protect Yahweh's people as the highest authority in this world against any threat! "

For a brief moment, Copperstain stood still as if in a trance. His eyes wandered over those sitting in front of him as if visions were standing in the room. There was an almost unreal silence around him, the audience all held their breath

Then the spell was broken. Copperstain left the lectern and went back to his seat, followed by a slowly rising applause

Perlman took over from him. In a few words, he thanked the previous speaker for his outlook on his scientific work, emphasising once again the great importance of large-scale manipulation of humans.

"There will be money," he called into the room, turning to Copperstain. "We bankers will see to it that the scientific working groups

can withdraw necessary amounts from topped-up accounts at any time! " Again, approval and applause.

"And now," said Perlman, "we'll take a two-hour break. The audience is invited to a snack one floor below! "

In the big city of New York, everyday life was as hectic as ever. Winds from the sea blew plumes of smog away from the city, drifting along the coast with clouds.

So on this day, the sea of houses on the Hudson was also bathed in a little blue sky, making the many working people feel friendlier. And nobody suspected that this day was the beginning of a new planning phase for major decisions in the near future.

Only the wise men of New York ticked this day in their diaries.

IX THE SECOND DAY

"All peoples,
that Yahweh will give
you, you shall destroy
them without pitying
them.
to look at them."

Book of Moses 5, 7,
16

The next morning, the sun rose over the surging sea, burning golden-red in the pale sky and throwing back countless reflections from the window eyes of the towering house fronts of the American metropolis with a harsh glare. The leaden grey of the sea turned into a surface of water glowing like fiery lava under a constant monotonous roar, on which shadows of night still lay receding. With the early start of the working day in the harbour area, numerous seagulls took to the sky, screeching as they did so

Little by little, the streets of the huge city filled up. From the harbour, ship sirens began to blare, resembling the sounds of the primeval world. From the land side came the first answers of factory whistles. A new working day began for the inhabitants of the metropolis, no different from previous ones. For the wise men of New York, however, it was the second day . . .

Luxury limousines once again emerged from the morning queues of Riverside traffic and turned into the residential neighbourhood, where they disappeared into the green depths of the park around the Perlman estate, just as they had the day before. As they entered through the gate, the cars were once again scrutinised to prevent any uninvited guests from entering.

As the morning wore on, the guests who had come to the Perlman Villa the day before were once again in full attendance. Most of the visitors were already sitting or standing around in loose groups, chatting animatedly. At ten o'clock on the stroke of ten, Perlman climbed back up onto the platform, asked for silence and announced the first speaker of the day. This time it was chemist Nathan's turn

Nathan was a short and scrawny man with thick-rimmed glasses on his nose. At first he seemed rather awkward, but when he began to speak, the audience immediately sensed the fanaticism and conviction of a scientist who emphasised the value of his explanations with a clearly displayed self-confidence:

"Dear brothers! If we take ourselves back just a few decades,

then we will remember that chemical warfare agents were produced and used for the first time in the First World War. At that time, mustard gas was a feared weapon, which was subsequently withdrawn from use by mutual agreement between the fighting parties, but was kept ready for use in large quantities as a result of persistent mistrust. These were the Yellow Cross and Green Cross warfare agents, which were capable of severely damaging the blood, lungs and skin. Then there was the white cross group, which consisted of the somewhat more harmless tear gas and throat irritants. Over time, we developed new weapons, particularly in our country, which were intended to provide us with a deterrent to the rest of the world. These include modern agents such as the nerve gas group. These are typical enzyme blockers that destroy vital enzymes and above all attack the function of the nerves by acting on acetylcholinesterase. Furthermore, work is also being carried out with corresponding success on direct military nerve agents, most of which are based on the phosphine oxide group. Some recipes are extremely simple, but their lethal effect is not inferior to more complicated experiments. This is a brief general introduction to a development that will probably continue in our laboratories, but is already being replaced in practice by far more effective agents. The chemistry of the military science field is now reaching into the large-scale effect and will soon be able to achieve a combat effect over entire countries and peoples from the atmosphere. Beginning with the possible destruction of crops, carcinogenic contamination and even the killing of people and livestock, a nation can be virtually wiped out in the new age of total war. In other words, this means that the power which possesses such means with priority can impose its will on any opponent.

We must not wait and watch as other powers develop such means or gain a head start. We must

always remember that our friends in the Soviet Union will also go it alone when they feel largely superior. For if the Eastern Jewish khasars can establish a communist world empire under their sole leadership, then they will do so, regardless of their loose kinship with us Sephardim and Ashkenazim. They will only stand behind us if we unite power in the West around the Temple of Solomon. That is why we must work in all scientific directions. The ever-increasing rape of the atmosphere and its effects indicate that there is room for experimentation here too. If we know that the existence of humans, animals and plants also depends on the

atmosphere, then you don't need any imagination to visualise what an influenced atmosphere or weather manipulation can entail. Until now, the natural balance of our earth has ensured a balanced atmosphere. But the ever-increasing traffic on the roads alone is already pumping around one hundred million tonnes of carbon monoxide into the atmosphere every year and soon more, some of which is emitted by the mammoth industries, as well as at least thirty million tonnes of sulphur oxides and millions of tonnes of other chemicals. A cloud seeding programme using silver oxides is now being carried out in order to influence further formation. The world is eagerly awaiting the first useful results and hopes that dry areas could then also be made fertile. But the truth will be concealed that iodine has a corrosive effect on the stomach and intestines, irritates the mucous membranes in the body and can easily lead to death by asphyxiation. Even in the smallest quantities it attacks the brain, nerves, kidneys and liver. Throat and lung cancer are further consequences. If the weather in the various earth zones goes crazy in the next few years, then it is a warning sign for those in the know that cloud insemination experiments are being carried out. It is quite possible that instead of all-round expectations, periods of drought will occur in fertile areas and the earth may be threatened by famine."

"Why all this when we already have the atom bomb?" A man had risen from a row of seats at the back and interrupted the speaker in a shrill voice.

Nathan looked into the hall, a little concerned. He suddenly seemed helpless. The babble of voices that was now breaking out irritated him even more.

Perlman rushed to him and asked for silence with his arms raised

"We have the atomic bomb!" other listeners now repeated loudly.

Another shout came from the window: "We were already presented with so many possibilities yesterday that, if used in a targeted manner, would not endanger the whole of humanity. It is enough that the atomic bomb is a means of endangering humanity. Why then cloud seeding and atmospheric contamination, which endanger us all?"

"I have nothing to do with the atomic bomb," Nathan stuttered now, waving his hand away. "My area of expertise.

." He got stuck in his sentence and didn't know what to do next.

"We're taking a break!" shouted Perlman, who had stopped next to Nathan. He took the bewildered chemist by the arm and pulled him away from the desk.

"I still have a lot to say," Nathan whispered to Perlman. "But I'm completely out of it now..."

"That's understandable," Perlman reassured him and led him to his seat. "We'll see about that in the afternoon."

The guests stood up, remained standing in groups, others went partly into the anteroom or into a neighbouring salon. Some of the guards, also trained as accomplished servants, offered drinks.

While Nathan had disappeared somewhere in a huff, some people gathered around Copperstain and pulled him into an alcove of the parlour, where there was a comfortable settee with a small table. One of the guests immediately expressed his regret that Copperstain's lecture the day before had not been more detailed.

The person addressed laughed. "I can believe that," he admitted. "You can talk about these things for a whole day! Actually, it's a pity that our friend Nathan was interrupted. There are also things that touch on his field. For example, new theories have emerged that promise interesting results. Our American scientist Urey is currently working on an assumption according to which the primeval atmosphere must have been free of oxygen. According to this theory, it contained only simple gases such as hydrogen, water gas, ammonia and methane, to which carbon monoxide and nitrogen were later added. It has now been known for decades that proteins play a leading role in the development of life and are involved in the formation of amino acids. As these amino acids are formed from molecules of ammonia, it is currently being investigated whether the amino acids can suddenly appear in a primordial atmosphere. Laboratory experiments to date have shown that gases irradiated with ultraviolet light form such amino acids. Furthermore, it has already been discovered that nucleotide parts are also formed during such experiments, which further form nucleic acids, as well as substance A, which supplies the cells with energy. After a long period of experimentation, we are now on the right track. It is already certain that Professor Urey will receive the Nobel Prize in the next few years."

"What is this substance A?" asked one member of the audience, who was visibly following the presentation with interest.

"Adenosine triphosphate," Copperstain answered readily. Undisturbed by the interrogation, he continued: "We are now following in the footsteps of the Russian Oparin, who tried to find the origin of life at an early stage of research and worked on organic molecules with which he hoped to achieve further results. He also discovered coacervates, small organic molecules which, when stored in drop capsules and enriched with nucleides and amino acids, can form living cells and eventually achieve cell division. We are thus at the beginning of the discovery of life with the help of artificial cells. The molecules have now

cular biologists have further major tasks ahead of them."

Copperstain paused for a moment. When he saw tense expressions around him, he sighed and shrugged his shoulders slightly. "There are many other things. If you know, for example, that small children don't break down the amino acid phenylalanine, which is found in many protein-containing foods, and that without timely treatment they become idiots, so that they can't even eat and keep themselves clean on their own, all you have to do is create allergies and idiotise rebellious peoples with oral preparations instead of genocide, and they will perish and die out of their own accord. So that's one thing. Another leads back to the area of genes. Here the example of Huntington's St Vitus' Dance shows that this disease spread increasingly due to a defective gene according to Mendel's theory of heredity. Accordingly, genes are also elements that can be manipulated in two directions. This finally brings us to a new phase of political eugenics! And further: In order to manipulate depersonalisation and depopulation, in the near future we would have to switch to controlling reproduction biochemically, whereby two changes will occur simultaneously

Firstly, the isolation of the individual from the communities that existed until then, as described above, and secondly, the breakdown of emotional relationships between the sexes and thus the cessation of family groups. The new social obligations to be regulated are then entirely the responsibility of the world state of tomorrow. In addition, it will ultimately also be much easier to regulate births, as the state will determine the number of lives to be artificially generated each year from retorts. This means that the future servants for Solomon's Temple will then only be produced according to the number of licences issued."

"Since yesterday, you have been listing an extremely long chain of possibilities, so that it is difficult to choose their application," interjected one of the listeners. "If one disregards the objection to Brother Nathan about the power of the atomic bomb, then your list of possibilities is already sufficient for all variants to consolidate a position of supremacy! "

Copperstain took this as an acknowledgement, but remained calm and composed. "I know that our science holds all the trump cards. I also think our methods are more subtle and more sustainable. Of course, you can also operate several degrees harder. For example, the mass breeding of a virus is a very dangerous weapon that can make entire populations extremely sensitive to certain chemical substances after a targeted infection. The mere threat of using a preparation could be enough to make rebels compliant. You only have to

We must ensure that no virus emerges that could wipe out the entire human race, including us. It would then be worthwhile making a further attempt to use animals for simple tasks by means of intelligent biochemical preparations and to utilise them as safe assistants alongside a humanity decimated by birth control."

"And so on, and so on..." quipped the man from earlier. "You have an almost inexhaustible repertoire, Brother Copperstain! "

"Not me," the scientist defended himself. "My science group branches off in many directions."

Now another man from the group leant forward. His askew face and deep-set eyes made him look like a fanatic

"One topic, my brothers, is not on our programme. That is the power of a Kabbalah that we have been practising successfully for a long time. In addition, there are other parapsychological elements that have proven their suitability on another level of battle for centuries."

"Just a moment," Copperstain interrupted. "These things are not scientific disciplines and therefore outside my field of observation. I would therefore prefer to leave you alone..."

The man with the dark eyes held the scientist back with a forceful gesture. "Why won't you tolerate my opinions?" He looked at the listeners around him with a penetrating gaze.

"Aren't we all building the temple? Each in his own way? "

"Fine by me..." Copperstain nodded devotedly.

"Have you forgotten that there were flying tables in the time of Solomon? =" Without paying attention to the astonished faces, he continued: "The Teutons call them Manisolas; they have adopted these names from the Cathars in the Pyrenees. The Maure Beidhawi mentioned our sacred instrument from the temple in the fifth sura of the Koran..."

"What are you doing? =" growled Copperstain, slightly irritated.

"Slow down, brother, slow down! =" The gently rebuked man raised his hands as if imploringly. "I'm only saying this because it should protect me from suspicion of ridiculousness. All of you here mime superiority and objectivity, but secretly we are all Kabbalists without exception! You all know that much of our secret knowledge has been guarded since time immemorial in the alchemists' quarter of Prague's Old Town, at the foot of Hradčany. In these ancient vaults, alchemical experiments and research are still secretly carried out according to traditional old recipes and records. The people of Prague have always jokingly referred to our people there as gold makers, as they had no insight into the secret arts

of the masters. Many of them were knowledgeable Jews who combined alchemy and Kabbalah. Today we no longer need gold-making, because our banking power has enough of it. It may be that some goyim are still labouring with old recipes. Others are probably now trying to explore higher consciousness and spiritual internalisation. Our people, however, are experimenting with secret powers to bring us even more power. This ancient part of Prague is also the birthplace of the Golem, the Unfinished, the creation of Rabbi Jehuda Löw, the great master of the Kabbalah and the black magic arts. This golem was once modelled out of clay to resemble a human being. That was about four hundred years ago. Through the magic power of the magical syllable 'Shem', the rabbi brought him to life and developed him into a servant robot. These and other legends surround the old alchemists' quarter, which still harbours many secrets worthy of serious research. Prague's old municipal library is still full of old writings, which Czech and Russian scientists have been rummaging through since the end of the war, trying to uncover secrets and clues. Only recently, the Soviet researcher and space expert Tsiolkovsky pointed out that he had found significant inspiration in these writings. Old writings from the 18th century contained rocket studies and other material with valuable suggestions and documents for spaceship designs."

"What?" Copperstain's indulgent expression suddenly showed interest.

Designs for spaceships," the speaker repeated, stretching and looking around triumphantly. "The men of magic also have a lot to contribute! But what's more: records have even been found on topics such as wave mechanics, jet propulsion, quantum theory, atomic physics and much more. The ancient alchemists and magicians knew a lot and were long ahead of modern physics."

"And why were they sitting on these golden eggs in their vaults instead of making these things accessible to science? =" Copperstain's voice showed a mixture of mild mockery and curiosity.

"Aih, by Ben Akiba's yarmulke, by his beautiful cap, what kind of question is that? Hehe! Should we have revealed the secrets we had collected all those years ago without any benefit to our temple? ="

"What else do you know?" Copperstain asked with interest.

"What I said and much more," smiled the interviewee.

"I'm smarter now," said the scientist ironically.

"I've never seen you in our circle before. Who are you actually? "

"I am Rabbi Shmuel," came the reply after a brief hesitation. "But I am only a servant of a great master!"

"In the end, you also come from Prague?"

"Not me, but the master! And through his connections we know that the Soviets are particularly eager to find German missile specialists and at the same time are constantly sitting around in the Prague libraries. According to their own statements, they have found many valuable things. But our brothers were able to hide and secure much of it in the vaults. The Eastern Bloc gave ancient alchemy a bridge function to modern research when the men of science worked through the material they had found. Another branch of research was the field of paranormal painting, which branched off from the alchemical root."

"And why are you telling us all this now?" Copperstain asked again.

"I've been waiting for this question," the rabbi said gently. He continued urgently: "We are now building the Beite Midrashim near Tel Aviv, magic houses for paranormal and parapsychological laboratory experiments, in order to establish an esoterically operating centre, the 'tent' of the Levite armies, with the means of ancient knowledge, with the Kabbalah and with magical powers. We are now sending out our messengers everywhere to gather the ancient knowers again and to bring important people out of Prague. We must also put these forces at the service of our young state."

"How do you actually imagine that?" Again, it was Copperstain who asked the question on behalf of everyone in the audience.

"I'll tell you an example," Rabbi Shmuel replied. "Years ago, there was a fellow believer in Poland called Wolf Messing. He had a reputation as a particularly skilled telepath, which is why he was wanted by the Gestapo of the German occupying forces. Hitler himself had heard about this and wanted to see this man. Messing also had a clairvoyant gift and did not hesitate to publicise his knowledge that he foresaw Hitler's failure in a clairvoyant hour. The master of the Third Reich learnt this too. All the more reason to get hold of Messing, who was caught after a tiring hunt. In the Gestapo office in Warsaw, he used his paranormal abilities by suggesting to the chief of police that the entire office, men and clerks alike, should gather in a large room, as well as the guard in front of his cell, on whom he forced an unlocking order and also sent it to the chief. During the commotion, he fled and, after a few hardships, made it to Russia. There, NKVD people seized him in Gomel and reported the capture to their headquarters. Beriya reported to Stalin, and the latter gave the order to bring Messing in. When the telepath appeared before the

Kremlin ruler, he offered him the fulfilment of all his wishes if he offered his services to the Kremlin. Messing agreed. Stalin then asked for a sample of his skills. Messing also agreed to this. Stalin suggested that he use his skills to extract 100,000 roubles from a bank in Moscow. Messing turned round, went into the designated bank, presented the cashier with a white slip of paper and cold-bloodedly collected the requested amount, which the cashier at the counter thought he could read on the slip. Now Stalin, driven by curiosity, asked for a further introduction and gave Messing the order to come to his study unannounced despite the strict security barriers. Messing again agreed. Stalin now gave the special security groups strict orders to prevent Messing from reaching his study at all costs. The telepath still managed to stand in front of Stalin without any difficulty. In response to the dictator's astonished question as to how he had managed this, Messing replied that he had suggestively left the guards with the impression that he had seen the head of the secret service Berija pass. He, Messing, had known that Berija had special authorisation to be the only man who could appear before Stalin unannounced at any time of day or night. So, despite his anti-Jewish sentiments, the dictator took the man into his service. To thank him, Messing then predicted that the Soviet tanks would roll through Berlin and also the date of the end of the war."

"Is that true?" an audience member said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"That's authentic!" the rabbi replied laconically. "And I also predict that in a few decades paranormal mediums or actors will play an increasingly large role in the intelligence services. The English were already working with astrology during this war, without even considering the paranormal forces with which the Teutons were already experimenting. The English took the half-Jewish Saar German Louis de Wohl in favour as an emigrant, and as he had a European reputation as an astrologer, they assigned him to the Royal Navy. The emigrant thus became a court astrologer with the British Admiralty. As can be seen from the available records, the navy's series of successes coincided with Louis de Wohl's recommendations."

"Not uninteresting," said Copperstain. "I have no idea about these things, but I admit that they are interesting."

But what does all this have to do with the planned Beite Midrashim? "

"A lot," said the rabbi deadly serious. "We also need money from the big Wall Street bowl! You must all help us to make the 'tent' strong. Oskar Goldberg wrote as early as 1925 that the tent of the Levites would create a meta-physical resilience and a home for magical experiments."

and evocations. The Kabbalah must also play its part in the great victory. Isidor Loeb's life's work in summarising the great secret knowledge, the theories of Bereshit, Sepher Jesira, Marcaba and Zohar, must be made accessible to the students again so that the metaphysical speculations can be revived. It also contains the traditions of the patriarchs, the truth about the hidden nature of Yahweh, the secret of Genesis and the story of the heavenly chariot!"

"Stop!" One of the listeners suddenly jumped up. "Is this heavenly chariot the flying table of Solomon?" He hesitated briefly, then added: "There are rumours going around that the Teutons built and hid flying discs?"

"The Heavenly Chariot belongs to the 'tent', and those in the know are not allowed to say anything. It is still too early! And the flying discs of the Teutons are flying! =" exclamations of astonishment interrupted the rabbi. Even Copperstain moved up

"They're flying," Schmuël repeated. "No allied force could get hold of the discs. They were seen sporadically according to secret reports, but they were gone in a flash at excessive speeds when an aeroplane appeared in the sky. According to reports, they no longer have a swastika as their emblem, but a black sun!" The faces of the audience were uncomprehending.

"It is the sol niger, in the true sense a dark purple, which was added as a colour to the sun sign of the Aryans to indicate that they are wise men. They know the secrets of alchemy and archetypes. Behind them are Thule people who cannot be equated with the Nazi masses. These two directions have grown apart. The infiltration of the Nazis has led their party, in our sense, away from its origins and led to measures that were bound to incur the hatred of the world. We encircled Hitler and made him blind, disempowered the good forces of the Teutons and separated their wise men from the people. And precisely this knowledge

have slipped away, and with them these flying discs and many others have disappeared. Some of them are hoarding in the Antarctic and drove Admiral Byrd away some time ago when he tried to attack their base. Others of them seeped away somewhere in South America, we don't know anything more about them yet."

Shmuël looked seriously at those sitting around him. "We need science for the final construction of the temple, but we also need our own news organisation in Israel. And this news apparatus needs the help of the Beite Midrashim again. We must use our paranormal means to create a

superiority before other countries make use of it. About two hundred years ago, the then famous alchemist Jean Baptiste van Helmont said that there is a latent magical power in man that can be awakened through the art of Kabbalah. Let the world laugh today, tomorrow it will be taught better."

"I believe in the secret arts of our masters," said a guest from the group. "I am sure that the plans for the construction of the Beite Midrashim will also be supported with sufficient funds. No one will have any objections. On the other hand, I am dismayed by the matter of the Teutonic flying discs! We haven't read anything in the newspapers about new types of missiles. What is being done about it?"

Schmuel swayed his head. "I already told you that we don't have any more detailed information about the discs. Supposedly the Soviets captured fragments of discs or plans. But if that's true, then we won't learn anything about them from the Khasars. At the moment we can do nothing but wait for the Teutons to make mistakes. They are sitting in the black centre. If they are not careful, they will be destroyed by the demons from the darkness."

"I don't want to rely on that," Copperstain interjected doubtfully. "I'm more in favour of solid evidence. And what about the Nazis in South America?" The rabbi shrugged his shoulders. "They're watching everywhere, but it doesn't look like anything dangerous. A number of them have managed to evade our revenge, but they'll be caught sooner or later. There are, of course, some potential people among them. It is also possible that Thule people who are interesting for the future have come to South America. We don't know anything for sure yet. In any case, these are two different things. They cannot do any harm at present if we ensure that evil is spoken of them in this part of the world, so that the world turns away from them in hatred and contempt. For then they will become lonely, see the fruitlessness of further resistance and perish into nothingness."

"Why do you separate the Nazis and the Thule people?" asked an audience member.

"Because it's not the same thing," Schmuel replied. "The infiltrated forces and stupid goats drove Hitler's party towards its downfall and steered a course that was bound to lead to self-destruction. The Thule people have insulated themselves, written off the present and are counting on tomorrow. They are not democrats and therefore cannot be pressed into the mould of the form of government we control. They are not a party. They dream of an empire under the Midnight Mountain, the ancient centre of the Polarians. Their Thule is wherever their last refuges are. And we can

We can only destroy them if we demonise them with sinister superstitions, by holding black masses, by claiming blood rites in their community, as evil black magicians and as a society of murderers. We must label them as the rejects of the world. The Nazis destroyed themselves through their many mistakes, most of which we provoked. Their party died with Hitler. As long as we succeed in equating the völkisch idea and the dream of the Thule Reich of the Teutons with the line of Hitler's party, we need have no worries on our way to power. We now even have the advantage of being able to dismiss all national movements in the world as Nazism, because their main principles have inevitably been adopted by the Nazis in their programme. Is it not the case that the simple word

'Nazism' today is already enough to prevent any national movement in the peoples?"

Rabbi Shmuel looked around triumphantly. "We have beaten the Nazis and will also settle accounts with the remaining Thule people when they come out of their loopholes. Our current world police are the lodges and our own organisations. Through relentless punishments, we have nipped any opposition to our orders in the bud within the lodges in the countries and keep our trusted men in strict obedience. Thus we have the instrument that secures us. And now you, my brothers, will realise why our group around the old master from Prague also needs money. We can make a significant contribution to the construction of the new temple!"

Copperstain's face became thoughtful. "I'll support your endeavours with Brother Perlman," he said slowly. "You're going different ways than I am and have set yourself different tasks. Your ground is Kabbalah and mine is science. But I have nothing against your path and wish you success too! "

The circle around the scientist and the rabbi applauded cautiously. At the same time, the ringing of a bell came from somewhere.

"Let's go into the hall," Copperstain urged those standing around him. "We're being summoned! -"

On the day of the secret meeting at Perlman's villa, two Irish policemen from the security staff were on house security duty at the front. They slowly made lap after lap with short breaks in front of the cars that had arrived. The hot July day drove the sweat from their pores, but they still preferred outdoor duty to indoor duty.

O'Shannahan, who hailed from the southern Irish city of Cork, was a little nervous that day. Every time he and his companion went to the front of the house under

As he passed halfway round the hall, he stood in front of the opening of a fume cupboard and motioned to his companion O'Conaill to be quiet. Then he shook his head in annoyance and hurried after the guard, who was walking slowly ahead.

O'Conaill had watched his partner's strange behaviour for several rounds without asking any questions. Then, when O'Shannahan paused a little longer in front of the trigger opening, he asked: "Hey old Chap, you looking for snake people? "

The interviewee shook his head. Looking around cautiously, he said half aloud: "There's nothing to take out today. Too many voices in a jumble. Yesterday was different "

"Ouuuh! " O'Conaill's face suddenly showed curiosity. "What's so interesting to hear, hey? "

"Shh! " O'Shannahan made another gesture of silence. Then he added quietly: "This is a strange exhaust duct. From here, under normal circumstances, you can hear every word that is spoken during lectures in the hall. Yesterday I learnt some very interesting things, even if I could only catch them in fragments as I passed by. We sons of the Emerald Isle haven't exactly fallen on our heads. The fragments of what I heard made me shiver."

"You were eavesdropping?"

"Not entirely voluntarily at first. When I happened to be standing in front of this fume cupboard, I heard voices. And you have to pay attention to everything during an inspection. But then..."

The Irishman grabbed his companion by the arm. "Then I couldn't hear enough. If you knew what was said here yesterday, you'd fall over on the spot! "

"You probably want to get rid of your job here," said O'Conaill.

"Hey! " O'Shannahan furrowed his eyebrows and took a step back. "You gonna report me to the boss? "

"I didn't say that," the interviewee defended himself. "But you know very well how strict the contractual provisions of our employment are in this company. And what business is it of ours what the big bosses up there say?"

"Come!" O'Shannahan tugged his companion along, holding him by the arm. He stopped at the quiet rear of the building and looked round him, making sure. Then he began again: "I heard so much yesterday, after all, that I'm still quite sultry around the collar today. The Eggheads talked about all sorts of things in their lectures. High science is supposed to be used to manipulate people, the bank and stock market bosses want to establish a one-world government, and whoever licks the spike will be met with God's wrath."

It went on like this all day. Of course, I couldn't stand in front of the audio channel all day, and I couldn't understand all the words and scientific terms used. But I soon realised what it was all about: "What they are planning to do with our world is beyond belief! -"

"Shut up," warned O'Conaill, "don't get involved in such big things. Your shoe number is far too small for that. If you just start bleeping something, the most you'll buy yourself is a minor industrial accident. And depending on your previous life on earth, you'll very quickly become a harp-playing angel on pink clouds or a hot dog on a devil's sandwich. I can only advise you to stick to the old saying: "What I don't know won't hurt me!"

"Yes, yes, I know. Whose bread you eat, whose servant you are! " The Irishman was angry. "You crawl on your belly in front of the Golden Calf! " His eyes sparkled, then he spat out contemptuously.

Now the other showed displeasure. "When we came here, you were happy to have got this job," he said. "As a cop in the City, you really fell flat on your face back then. Anyway, I've got out of the habit of wanting to be a world improver. Just as there is day and night, there will also be fat people and hungry people. Some are at the top and others at the bottom. I should care little who wants to be the master of the world. We always have to crawl on our bellies in front of someone. That's the way it is and you can't change it. Is your Irish skull too thick to understand that? -"

"No," O'Shannahan replied fiercely. "I don't understand such a view! I will at least choose this gentleman before whom I am to grovel. With you, I suppose it's enough that someone just comes along, puts on airs and wants to be called a gentleman."

"Spit against the wind if you can," O'Conaill grumbled glumly.

"You've already forgotten why we Irish came to the States from our homeland," O'Shannahan replied angrily. "Your parents and you didn't like British rule in Ireland. That's why you all up and left like we did. And now? Now you think differently!"

"You talk too much," said the reprimanded man irritably. And, becoming a little more conciliatory, he added: "We're getting old, Shanny. Why go looking for adventures in politics? At least wait for your retirement money, then you can stand in a corner and play a gobbling turkey."

"You've got a big head, but not much in it," O'Shannahan rumbled.

"Otherwise you would have to know: if you don't want to deal with politics, then

politics will definitely deal with you! "

"Let her..." said O'Conaill phlegmatically. "I've got a good place to stay here, and that's all I want. And when I get my pension, I'll go fishing somewhere. Let's get g o i n g !"

The two Irishmen continued their rounds of the house without a word. O'Shannahan had now lost all desire to continue listening as they passed by. There was a slight disgruntlement between them.

The night after the last guests had left Perlman's villa, O'Shannahan ran away. His Irish thick skull and the old rebel blood of the people of the Emerald Isle had not been able to suppress his feelings of rebellion. It was the Irish wildness that had cost him the New York police uniform that now made him forget to think again. What he had overheard the day before would not let him rest.

He had no particular trouble getting onto the street. He had what cash he had with him, and that wasn't even a little. Since he had been in Perlman's service, he had hardly any expenses, as he was entitled to free board and lodging. He thought fleetingly that O'Conaill was not entirely wrong in praising his lodgings. But his defiance prevailed

He wasn't quite sure what he wanted to do next. When he got to the Riverside, he decided to trot on and do without a taxi. Nobody would notice his disappearance from the Perlman house before morning, and if O'Conaill didn't squeal, he could turn up unmolested in another town and look for a new job

He was tormented by what he had heard. He had run away because of it and at the same time found no reason to justify this sudden imprudence. Caught up in this dilemma and doubt, he decided for the time being to spend the rest of the night in a small plane where he would not be noticed.

The cool night air refreshed him. After various considerations, he came to the conclusion that it would be better not to rely too much on O'Conaill's decency. For then Perlman would undoubtedly do his utmost to prevent any of what he had heard from becoming public knowledge. And O'Shannahan knew only too well that his boss, despite his high and respected position, would not shy away from setting up a gangster boss who would then hunt him down with his mob.

As a former cop, he knew only too well how to move around the crime-ridden city at night. He had his pistol with him, but wanted to avoid any incidents at all costs.

Unchallenged, he reached a small dismounting house after a long trot.

A grumpy porter gave him a room key after he had entered his name in the guest book. He did not hesitate to enter a false name.

The rest of the night was short. The Irishman was already awake when the brightening morning stole through the room's curtained window. He had only slept for a few hours and had slept fitfully. His feelings were ambivalent and he wrestled with himself. He thought of O'Conaill, who at the same hour was sleeping carefree towards his imminent provisioning and passing his days without any problems

If he pulled himself together now and returned to his employer with a cheap excuse, he had a chance of getting away with a serious reprimand. But then he thought back to the snippets of conversation he had overheard and his thick head got the better of him.

When he left the hotel later, he was clear about his future plans. He knew the pubs where many American-Germans frequented and had met some nice blokes there before. His bright mind had realised for years that the war against the damned, bloody Germans or Krauts, as they were also called, was being waged primarily for the benefit of high finance. Nothing was more obvious than to get rid of his knowledge there

There was little to do during the day. So he lounged around in small pubs until late afternoon. When the time seemed right, he entered a pub that served good beer and where German was even spoken from time to time

He found a free corner seat, ordered a beer and waited. Outside the windows, the traffic flowed by and distracted him from his musings. People came and went, nobody paid him any attention.

Half an hour must have passed when he pulled up. A man he knew entered the pub. If he wasn't mistaken, it was Johnny Pahl. An immigrant German who had evaded the draft against his old homeland during the war and had travelled around the Midwest during this time.

The new guest took a quick look around after entering, saw O'Shannahan sitting in the corner and headed towards him

"Hello, Johnny! ' O'Shannahan laughed broadly.

"O damned I'll drink heating oil instead of beer if you're not the Irish thick skull who was once with the cops and called Shanny! It's been ages since I've seen you. Where have you been for so long?"

"Sit down!" the Irishman asked him. "Beer? "

"That's why I came here," replied Pahl. "What are you doing now?"

"I'm on my way," O'Shannahan evaded. "Wanted to see old faces again today, that's why I came by here."

"Do you have a job?" asked the German.

"Done," came the reply. "I'm getting out of here and going somewhere else - somewhere where the air is cleaner."

"Eaten something?" Pahl asked briefly.

The Irishman turned red. "Even if I'm no longer a cop, I'm still a decent person! "

"Just slowly," Pahl reassured him. "Nobody has hit your car. It was just a question."

"That's all right," nodded the Irishman. "Do you have a tolerable job?"

"Odd jobs," Pahl replied. "I've had enough of this place. Was married briefly and soon divorced again. The usual American scam. Then the pressure from the trade unions when it comes to jobs. It's all corrupt! It's all bad! =" He grimaced in disgust. "I've been thinking about going to South America for a long time."

"That's too far for me," said the Irishman. "There are no compatriots from the Emerald Isle there. It's better with you Germans. You can be found everywhere and usually get help."

"That's true," Pahl admitted. "And as far as South America is concerned, we Germans have little choice. We also know that German support is still appreciated there. We have also contributed a lot to development there."

"You Krauts still have your own view of the world," said O'Shannahan thoughtfully. "And you fight not only for yourselves and your freedom, but also for others. It's not a grateful business, but it's not my grief. You have also helped us Irish, but you have not benefited from it."

Pahl made a defensive movement. "Forget it. After all, we were instrumental in the birth of American freedom, and this American nation fought decisively against us in two world wars. When it came to our own freedom, we always stood alone." The German's face showed bitterness. "You're right in that sense, Irish-boy. You won't be able to understand it, but we Germans have acted too idealistically in worldly matters. But what does the world know about idealism? For the others, it's foolishness..."

O'Shannahan stared into his half-empty beer glass. After a few minutes of silence, he asked abruptly: "Do you still have your nose in politics?"

The German looked at him suspiciously. "What's with that question? In America Poli-

tics is nonsense for the little man. Everything here is manipulated from above and the people are taken for fools. You know that yourself. But if you think that I still have my old views, then you can rest assured that they haven't changed. They have been confirmed in all things. I see things even more clearly than before. The Uncle Sam Babies have no idea what crap they're sitting on. And as for myself, I'd rather eat from a straw before I dance round the golden calf of Wall Street. Savvy?"

The Irishman nodded with satisfaction. "That's just what I wanted to hear! I'm glad to have met you." He looked at his counterpart insistently. "Can you use things of political value?"

"How am I supposed to understand that?" asked Pahl cautiously.

The Irishman ignored the question. He looked round in all directions, but saw nothing suspicious. Then he leant forward slightly and began to talk in a half-loud voice about his position with Perlman. And when he realised that Pahl was listening with interest, he continued his account of what he had heard over the last two days. Although he was unable to repeat any technical details from the scientific lecture topics, he still managed to convey the sense of what he had heard and to make the rhyme to it. Finally, he confessed that he had run away from his job out of indignation in order to bring his knowledge to a real man who would take action against this monstrous conspiracy from an authoritative position. When he had finished, he looked questioningly at the German.

Pahl made a worried face. He said seriously: "What you've heard and now told me is dynamite, Shanny! But it won't do you much good. Because if these one-world regime people are up to something, there's currently nothing that could stop them from their plans. America is completely in their hands, and since the end of this world war, there is no power able or willing to get in their way. So which power should I pass on what I've told you, hey? Now the Irishman was concerned. He clutched his beer glass with his right hand and his mouth became as thin as a line. Another few minutes passed, then it burst out of him: "Johnny, you bloody Dutchman, you used to say that you Germans can hear the grass grow in world politics when the others are still asleep. And that the only reason you can't succeed is because you always have too many opposing forces. And you've always told us that there are powers behind the scenes that lead us around by the nose like stupid dancing bears. And that we're all idiots because nobody wants to listen to your warnings and enlightenment. Hey, didn't you say that? Doesn't my knowledge fit in there? Can't you do anything with it?"

The German remained calm. "That's certainly what I said. I stand by that. But you and everyone else are overlooking the fact that we Germans have now been taken for a ride by the whole world. We no longer have any power. We have an occupied and divided homeland. At the moment we are completely erased as a people in world politics. Who should I go to with your knowledge? _"

"Damned why did I run away then," O'Shannahan cursed wildly. "But I can't believe that all Germans are as lazy as you! I'll find the right man, German or American, who'll fall around my neck when I tell him the same thing I told you."

"You won't find anyone else," Pahl replied harshly. Leaning forward as well, he continued, "Well, Shannyl, I'm just a little man like you, but I'll try to connect with people who are intermediaries with forces outside the United States who might be interested in such information. I can't estimate the counter forces that exist throughout the world, but I can imagine that there would be interest in such communications. I can promise nothing other than to endeavour to get these connections! "

The Irishman sighed with relief. With a wink, he added: "You're a clever dog, Johnny boy! First you act like you can't even count with your ten fingers, and now you give in. I knew I was in the right harbour with you! "

"Think what you think," said Pahl. He took his glass and drank it slowly. "I can't do anything until I'm in South America. I want to see more there. Let's have another glass, Shanny!"

O'Shannahan laughed. "You're all right, Kraut! Another beer, then! =" They both drank the cool barley juice that the waiter diligently brought. The glasses were tinged with the coolness of the drink and the foam billowed like a small dome.

"The first man God created was an Irishman," O'Shannahan now blissfully trumpeted. And he continued

adds: "And just behind them are the Krauts! Satisfied? =" A polarising laugh came from his throat

"The Bible says otherwise," smiled Pahl.

"Oh, " The Irishman ran his hand through the air. "It says a lot of things..."

"If I can give you one piece of advice," said the German, becoming serious, "then get out of New York! As a former cop, you know best how hot the pavement can get here."

"I know that," nodded the Irishman. "I'll make sure nothing happens to me."

"Many people have said that before you! When they were dead, they had

no longer have the opportunity to admit they were wrong."

"What do you advise me to do?" asked O'Shannahan.

"If you want to stay in the States, then go to New Mexico or Arizona. If it gets hot, you'll be right in Mexico. You can have my car for cheap. Then nobody will know how you got out of New York when the little henchmen of the gangster syndicates canvass the railway stations and used car dealers and ask questions."

"I have a better idea," said the Irishman. "I'll buy your car from you, but you drive with me to the south and we'll switch while driving. We'll get further away quicker, and you can still go on to South America via Mexico. How about that? =

Pahl thought for a moment, then agreed. "Whatever. Whether I simply don't come to work tomorrow or a week later is the same thing. I'll have my suitcase packed in fifteen minutes. You can sleep with me tonight and we'll leave tomorrow morning. Agreed?"

"Oh yes, old chap!" The Irishman reached his hand across the table to the German.

"One more round!"

"Stop 1," Pahl interjected sharply. "If the deal goes through, then we'll leave at dawn tomorrow morning. We both need to be fresh and rested! Then we can celebrate in the south."

"All right, commander!" O'Shannahan stood up. "Let us go . . ."

The following morning, an old Ford drove through Canal Street in Manhattan to the Holland Tunnel and, after passing through, on to New Jersey and the motorway south. The route went via Bayonne to the far south-west. On the same day, two-legged rats from the big gangster bosses were scouring the city of millions, looking for an Irishman who had given them a description. Although O'Conaill had kept quiet about O'Shannahan's intentions for his own safety, Perlman was cautious. Immediately after the report of the guard's disappearance, a programme that had long been prepared for such cases ran. The paid gangs had their connections to all the big cities in the East and as far away as Chicago, but the search began hours too late. Two foxes escaped the net . .

X THE BLACK MAGICIANS

"We see the effects and attribute them to other, external causes; but these are in reality nothing other than the first effects of those dark forces whose existence the crowd denies because they are the
does not recognise those who set it in motion."

Eliphaz Levi

Days had passed since the meeting of the insiders in New York. The hot month of July was coming to an end, and nothing remarkable had happened for the inhabitants of the huge city. Not even a small newspaper notice indicated that a meeting of influential men had taken place. Stock-market movements were weak, and business life showed little bustle

The only exceptions were a few Wall Street banks, from which large sums were paid out to a number of recipients or transferred to accounts. Some of the considerable sums of money were transferred abroad. But that was nothing exciting in the banking business.

Rabbi Shmuel was one of the satisfied recipients of a transfer. He now had a considerable sum in his account, which secured all his benefits. In addition, he had been promised that his intercession in favour of promoting the Beite Midrashim in Israel would be taken into account as far as possible and that large sums would be transferred for this planning.

Shmuel lived strictly according to his religious rules. He had no worries about his existence and no particular problems for his own life. The only thing that bothered him was the summer heat. He had a somewhat weak heart, which is why he avoided major exertion and excitement during the summer months.

This time, the joyful excitement over his successful interventions with the bankers had also slightly affected him. So the day after the bank notification about his new account balance was reason enough for Shmuel to sit quietly in his library room after lunch and browse through old writings

Sshmuel's library had wall-high shelves, all of which were filled with old and new books, including numerous rare editions of great value. A striking feature was the large number of titles on alchemy

and other secret sciences. Old, stained pigskin bindings displayed editions from the previous century or even older. On the large desk in the centre of the room, other volumes were piled up untidily, with numerous paper flags peeking out of their folded pages, indicating frequent use.

An oversized volume lay open. Schmuel's hand had lifted a page to turn it, but he was still hesitating. He sat pondering in front of a passage of text, brooding. His throbbing temple veins betrayed his strained thinking

The street noise of his neighbourhood, the Bronx, disturbed him. He got up and closed the windows. Turning round again, he saw a newspaper on a small table that he had not yet skimmed. He skimmed through it, again finding brief reports about Germany. One of the reports also contained judgements about Germans by the court of appeal

"Too mild, far too mild," he gritted angrily and threw the crumpled sheet on the floor. Returning to his desk, he stopped in front of it, then slammed the large book shut and, following a sudden decision, walked towards a small panelled door that led to a secret sunroom

When he entered the room, he carefully locked the door behind him. Then he switched on a high-hanging traffic light, which bathed the room in a red light that gave the small room a sultry feel. With quick steps, he hurried to the only window, the curtains of which he drew to keep out the outside light. A dark, wrinkled fabric extended far beyond the width of the window on both sides. On the side opposite this curtain, which faced east, stood a table with a black decorative tablecloth with embroidered gold ornaments on the edge in the centre of the side. On the table stood a large seven-branched candlestick, its metal arms bearing colourfully twisted candles.

Small pillars bordered both sides of the table, recognisable as Jachin and Boaz, cultural symbols of the ancient Temple of Solomon. A large golden Star of David hung on the black curtained wall behind the candlestick, with a small disc of dark purple in the centre.

The most striking feature, however, was a large golden circle in the centre of the floor with a purple pentagram inside. On the outside around the circle were various symbols in an ornamental arrangement. There were also incense bowls on the floor in front of the two pillars

The rabbi now walked slowly towards his altar table and solemnly lit the

lit seven candles and then the incense bowls. A pungent odour immediately permeated the room. Fine threads of smoke curled upwards towards the ceiling. After this action, he walked measuredly to a small cupboard at the side and took out a dark red silk cloak, which he immediately put on. This completely enclosed him from his neck to his feet. Then he took a yarmulke, a small cap, out of an inner pocket. It was black and also had an embroidered golden Star of David on the front. When he put it on, he made sure that the star of the cap was exactly in the centre of his forehead. Finally, he took a half-metre-long cedar stick out of the cupboard

After taking another look at the smouldering incense bowls from his seat, he returned to the centre of the room and stood in the inner pentagon formed by the pentagram in the middle of the circle

For a short while, he stood there completely motionless. He had his eyes closed and presented the image of a man completely absorbed in himself. Then his lips moved and he slowly began to mumble sentences to himself in a soft singsong. His slightly cramped hands twitched. The sultry smoky air now filled the room and the red light flickered. The climate of the genii was here

Time passed. Suddenly, the rabbi raised both arms and the cedar stick in his right hand thrust into the air like a sword

He shouted loudly: "Jerathel Jerathel Jerathel! ="

This was the name of the twenty-seventh genius of the Kabbalah, whose invocation was supposed to destroy evildoers and deliver them from evil enemies. Shmuel's voice sounded shrill, and after invoking the spirit, he shouted the words in Hebrew: "Save us, Yahweh, from evil men and enemies, protect us from violent men!"

"Eripe nos, Yahweh, ab hominibus malis; a viris iniquis eripe nos!" he repeated in Latin

His gaze was fixed on the altar wall. There was a kneeling tension in the room and the red lamp seemed to glow brighter. The clouds of smoke rising from the incense bowls indicated a stronger air movement

"You have come, Jerathel! Get the surviving enemies off our backs and bring them before Yahweh's throne, so that he may slay them, as it says in our Old Testament! =" His voice almost broke. "Reach out to the Thule people, that it may be to them as it was to the Nazis. Banish the mountain of midnight and let the fire from Sinai shine. Call the intelligences of all spheres as helpers for the glory of Yahweh and extinguish all the fires of the north!

Let the light of the Great Bear pale in the sky and let his worshippers tremble with fear before they come before Yahweh's throne. Hear me, Jerathel, hear me! -"

The red traffic light flickered. The air in the room was now as humid as the tropical vapours of the jungle. Large drops of sweat glistened on the rabbi's forehead and his face showed an enraptured expression. His large eyes were still wide and demanding.

He remained in a frozen posture until the clouds of smoke from the two bowls drifted away more calmly. His lips moved slightly: "You left, Jerathel. You didn't answer, but you heard me." And again he shouted, "Jerathel! "

His previously toned figure now collapsed slightly. Then he sat down on the ground inside the magical protective circle, groaning. It looked as if he was asleep. His shoulders slumped forwards and his head rested relaxed on his chest. In this posture, he resembled a meditating yogi.

Time passed again.

Then he rose to his feet, his joints cracking slightly. He groaned almost inaudibly. Looking around, he began to scent like an animal. He nodded contentedly to himself as he felt a release of tension in the room.

With an abrupt jerk, he pulled himself upright again. The cedar stick rose steeply into the air again

"Imamiah!" He rattled slightly. Nevertheless, he continued to call out twice: "Imamiah, Imamiah! You exalted above all things!"

For a moment, it seemed as if the light wanted to go out. The rabbi's eyes looked as if they were wandering and seemed to have come out of their sockets from exertion. He swayed slightly

The clouds of smoke were now drifting sideways along the ground. Schmuël began to murmur again and was careful not to change his position. He sang louder and louder

a new Hebrew formula in front of him. He then repeated it in Latin: "Confitebor, Jahve, secundum justitiam eius et psallam nomini Jahve altissimi! I will praise Yahweh according to his righteousness and sing the name of Yahweh Most High! ='

He paused for a moment, then continued: "Imamiah, you are the fifty-second genius from the Mercury zone, you deity exalted above all things, I also call you to destroy the power of the enemies! Direct your wrath towards midnight! That was all he could say. His lips, turning blue, began to tremble. A low groan came from his chest. The ecstasy of his actions had overwhelmed him and he grabbed his heart with his left hand.

"Aaah!" He swayed. The cedar stick fell from his right hand.

The heart attacked him. He fell to his knees and shrieked: "Go, Imamah, go . . .! Leave me, go! ="

He crawled around his own axis within the ritual circle. The smoky air was thick and made him gasp. He wanted to speak, but could no longer do so. Then he tugged at his robe and tore the yarmulke from his head. Disregarding all the rules, he crawled out of the circle and on all fours to the door. He collapsed unconscious right in front of it

Two months had passed since the meeting with Perlman in New York. The giant city was buzzing again and it was autumn.

At the same time, the fog lightened in the northern half of the Andes. The condors were circling higher, and the trade winds from the Pacific, coming from the south-east, swept gently over the coastal areas.

In Mime's smithy, business continued as usual. Many things had turned out differently than planned, and slowly the monotony of seclusion began to become a nightmare. Even larger forays had to be avoided, as any contact with locals immediately aroused suspicion and attracted attention. The appearance of strangers in almost deserted areas flew through the country at lightning speed despite the mostly primitive means of communication.

Because of the knowledge of these land conditions, it was also necessary to largely dispense with own procurements. The V7 flying discs had to provide the technical supplies. For safety reasons, the help of natives had to be dispensed with. So it was understandable that discontent arose and lethargy set in.

The men on the staff were expecting a small change with the announced arrival of the two jungle soldiers from Brazil. But unexpectedly, a message arrived from Mexico via several contact points, which simultaneously travelled on to Antarctica. After their arrival, the base commander had the staff members called to him, including Eyken.

When the officers stood before the commander shortly afterwards, he told them the content of the recorded message: "Comrades! Through the network of our trusted confidants on this continent, word has been passed on that two men coming from the United States ran into one of our contacts in the Mexican capital. One of them reported that he was on the staff of a Wall Street banker and that he had been deployed as a private guard to protect a secret meeting. On this occasion, he was an involuntary witness to conversations and lectures, the content of which seemed to him to be of great and far-reaching importance, so that he then tried, if possible, to

to find out even more. The collection of fragments of what we have heard, like islands of jigsaw pieces, resulted in a clear picture of the planning of a world government with Wall Street at its centre. Details will follow. This much is certain, that this planning is being prepared very thoroughly and that science is also being put at the service of the organisation. In addition, the eavesdropper also heard snippets of conversation according to which so-called magic houses with a scientific veneer are being built in the now established state of Israel. I don't really know what that means myself."

"But I am," Eyken spoke up.

"Ah! " The colonel nodded with satisfaction. "Do you want to give a talk about it afterwards?"

"Yes!" said Eyken tautly.

"Very nice! And coming back to the topic: with this news we have a new confirmation that the development of the United Nations corresponds to the same planning of the supranational forces. Surely Israel will be made more and more the centre of the world, and the two giants of the East and the West will then also be directed from there, if communism does not later collide with the Kha

saren breaks out. We will have to wait and see. When records arrive from Mexico, I will announce them. And now, dear Eyken, let's hear it! "

'I used to point out,' Eyken began, 'that the Hebrew tradition has been associated with the occult since mythical times. The Hebrews of today are still strongly connected with the magical, and their Kabbalah is a catechism of the occult. They practise magical evocations according to strict instructions and also employ Masonic occultists as auxiliaries in this field. The increased abundance of spirit invocations and demon invocations is intended to ensure the success of all requested wishes. In practical terms, this currently means that the entire field of parapsychology is being controlled and worked on from the Hebrew side. The third temple of Salomo is now to be erected over the Sinai as the temple of the world. The black magic function of the Ark of the Covenant, a replica of which is located in Chicago, is an astral accumulator that is supposed to generate metaphysical tension forces from the current "tent" and is regarded as the centre of the Levite armies. The state of Israel will reappear as the initial ground. The offer of the overthrown empire to give the Jews a new home in Madagascar was brusquely rejected by their representatives in London. However, not for religious or historical reasons, but solely because the previous land of Palestine, with Jerusalem

as the centre, a geopolitical intersection of three continents. And it is precisely from this point that the coming Third Temple will be able to radiate its power equally in all directions. And we can be sure that the new Beite Midrashim will also be built as occult laboratories in order to provide the Levite armies with magical support. It is important to realise that magical practices pose an unusual danger in many respects, especially for the practitioners themselves. An egotistical or hateful desire invariably leads to black magic. This is considered satanic as it awakens powers that can have a devastating effect. Partly unconsciously, partly consciously recognising this, the Hebrews were called Satanids by the Roman Church throughout the Middle Ages."

Eyken looked at the men sitting in front of him in turn, then continued:

"There is no doubt that the Hebrews practising the black arts must employ all the arts in order to escape self-destruction through carelessness or violation of rules. If, on the other hand, it has ever been said that the Atlanteans were white magicians, then this is probably consistent with the fact that the Aryan mission is a white path and therefore a divine one, since white magic in its basic direction represents a bound energetic valence. And here, moreover, the peculiarity appears that the white and the black principle, the Luciferian and the satanic, behave towards each other like two poles. In this field of tension between the great opposites lies the demonic nature of the Terrestrial, in both good and evil. It is a cosmic law that reveals itself, which in its final dramatic confrontation brings with it the victory of the good, i.e. the white, Aryan forces, or the destruction by black magic and its practitioners. Like everything in the universe, the organisms of creation are harmonised in the wholeness of nature, and so man with his physical body is inseparably connected to the visible physical world surrounding him through life itself. Through the consciousness of existence he also attains an astral consciousness, and the power of perception arising from this allows him to recognise things of whose existence he previously had no idea. By penetrating into the spiritual world of the higher, he gains a higher level of existence. Darkness is also needed to recognise the light. If there were no white next to the black, there would be no differentiation and no bipolarity of life itself. In this duality also lies the tragedy of the opposition of paths, which is subject to a higher law. The Aryan school of thought emerges from the words of the Bhagawadgita, in which it is said that the universe has emerged from itself through the magic of the creative power. This sentence coincides completely with the new

world doctrine and with the recognition of the divine. In contrast, the Bible's statement in Genesis is completely different, pointing out that everything was made through the Word and that without it, nothing was made. So here the miracle of creation and the simple magic of the Word are like two worlds facing each other. And the occult tradition of the Hebrews is recorded in all its depth and interpretation in the Kabbalistic system and in the oral tradition. The arch-fathers of Hebrew occultism, which developed aggressively and black-magically following the religious dogmas of promise, were Simon Ben Jochai with the Sohar and Sépher Jézirah and then on to the interpretations of Maimonides. The emergence of the Kabbalah forms the basis of the magical concepts of Hebrewism and the principle of all mystical incantations. It is also used in many texts for double-meaning words, and the Bible is full of such words in its original Hebrew texts. A simple example of Kabbalistic word transpositions is the name of Yahweh's angel Malachi in the second book of Moses, who becomes Michael, the guardian angel of the Jewish people, by transposition. It is the same Michael that the German Romans have chosen as their patron saint, who kills the dragon with the Holy Spear - which I will come back to later - and threatens Lucifer. You only have to guess once to find out what the dead dragon means. The practising Kabbalists call these word changes Themura. This method has a subdivision consisting of the interchanging of the different letters of a word and is known as gilgul. Of particular importance is also numerical cabbalism, which is described in the book Tarot for various types of application. Cross-sum calculations and number analyses are used for authoritative interpretations. This is referred to as the mathematics of human thought and the algebra of faith. Infallibility is attributed to it. With the help of this Kabbalistic method, one also learns which angels to call upon for protection and how to protect oneself against evil spirits. The first teacher of these methods was the aforementioned Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai. The magical ritual of ancient Hebrew tradition also found its expression in the religious sphere of the founder of the faith, Moses, as can be seen in the tying of the tefilim box around the forehead during prayer exercises and the prolonged swaying of the upper body in front of the inner synagogue walls when invoking Yahweh. Before the Israelites' exodus from Egypt, Moses was an initiate of the mysteries of the Osiris. He had the gift of forming a religion of his own kind from the highest principles of the initiation formulae for his own people, whereby he appropriately remodelled adopted foreign elements. With a clear foresight of future developments, he shared the inner core of the new dogma only with those who understood it.

The people of Sinai were the ones who were in the centre of the world, while the new faith was forced upon the common people through fear. This is the fervent fire of Sinai that scorches the world. Moses was then called Hosarsiph. He was introduced by the high priest Jetro to a temple in Madian dedicated to Osiris, which was outside the Egyptian priesthood. This temple harboured many treasures of the knowledge of the time. Madian was located on the other side of the Red Sea and the Sinai Peninsula and developed a special life of its own. Moses became a consecrated scribe there. In this capacity, he was once sent by his superiors to inspect the delta area of the Nile, where the tributary Hebrews from the Great Valley had to perform hard labour. At that time, Ramses II connected the cities of Heliopolis and Pelusium with a chain of fortifications that required an enormous amount of labour. During one such inspection, Hosarsiph had an argument with an overseer, in the course of which he killed the official. After this act, he fled the country for some time, back to Madian, where he remained for a long time. His teacher Jetro was a man of great knowledge, and he had a decisive influence on Hosarsiph's endeavours. Now he also took off his name and called himself Moses, which means "the saved one". After many trials at a strict school, Moses married Sephora, a daughter of Jetro. He was then overcome with the idea of creating a new, national religion for the Hebrews. He studied the models of Krishna, Hermes, Zoroaster and Fo Hi, then wrote the book of principles, the Sepher Bereshit, a summarised synthesis of the various teachings as well as a new mystery key for initiates as a rallying point for a coming nationalisation. In accordance with the state of mind of the common people, he worked out strict legislation to show the primitive and dissolute nomads a bound path. Here he also incorporated the promises of an all-powerful and jealous God, which would later become a global political instrument in favour of a select group of people with the help of a worldwide auxiliary religion for other peoples. He, who knew the practices of the initiated priesthoods only too well, also utilised the simple thinking of the believing masses in his considerations by including the demanding and threatening power of the magical. It is now also understood that the creation story of Genesis conceals a key in its original texts that can be traced back to the ancient Egyptian way of writing. According to Greek tradition, the Egyptian priests had a threefold way of expressing their thoughts. The first way of writing was simple and easy to understand, the second was figurative and symbolic, and the third was sacred and hieroglyphic. Each word written down was given a direct, figurative or transcendental meaning, depending on the choice.

sense. In theogonic and cosmogonic science, the priests only wrote in the third mode. This made it impossible for the uninitiated to penetrate the secrets of the knowledgeable. And it was in this threefold sense that Genesis was first written down, so that it could only be understood with the help of key words passed on orally. At the time of Solomon, Genesis was translated into Phoenician, having been written and edited by Ezra in Aramaic Chaldean characters after the Babylonian captivity of the Hebrews. The Jewish priests were already using an incomplete key. The five books of Moses include the Zohar, a Kabbalistic commentary in which the story of the heavenly chariot is also recorded, which the Hebrews also call the flying table of Solomon. They believe they recognise a type of manisola in it, while other interpretations point to an extraterrestrial vehicle. The origin of the Zohar can be traced back to various influences and parts of it are the Book of Secrets, called Siphra di zniutha in Hebrew, the Great and the Small Assembly, Idra rabba and Idra suta. The Zohar calls Yahweh the Creator of the world. This Yahweh descended from Baal Moloch, to whom human sacrifices were still offered. In the second book of Moses and in the fourth book it says, among other things: For mine is all the firstborn. On the day I struck all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, I consecrated all the firstborn in Israel, from man to beast. They are mine, O Yahweh. And again: Consecrate to me all the firstborn! What breaks through the womb in Israel is mine, man and beast! The transition from Baal Moloch to the actual Yahweh is not clearly defined. Only Abel's sacrifice was replaced by a mutton, and on the first pages of the Bible it is still telling that Abraham was commanded to sacrifice his firstborn Isaac. In the first book of Kings of the Old Testament, Solomon is said to have built a cave for Kamos, Moab's abomination, as well as for the Ammonite abomination Moloch. Finally, in the second book of Samuel, chapter twelve, it says that David had all the people from the conquered city of Rabbah laid on iron saws and tines and burned in fiery furnaces for the greater honour of Moloch-Yahweh. The one hundred and sixth psalm accuses the Israelites of sacrificing their sons and daughters to demons. They shed the blood of their own sons and daughters, whom they sacrificed to the idols of Canaan. Another Molochism is also described in the Megillah of the Talmud: two rabbis, Rabba and Zava, celebrated Purim together. Since one is supposed to slaughter a non-Jew as a substitute for Haman on a Purim feast day, Rabba got up and slaughtered Zava. He was so drunk that he could no longer distinguish between Jews and non-Jews. From the models of the Greek and Egyptian mystery world

Moses' endeavours increasingly took on the form of occult belief. The borrowings that Moses took from the Egyptian sciences have been completely lost in their actual deep meaning. In connection with this, nobody knows the ancient mysteries according to which Eve was not only Adam's wife, who was supposed to correspond to Isis in thought, but Jeve, at God's side. From Jeve, the name Yahweh or Jehovah arose through a corruption of the name. The serpent in paradise, Nahash, signified universal life and transcendental power. The Greek Eros has its roots in Nahash. Moses also modelled the Ark of the Covenant on Egyptian images. In the temples, this cult device was used as an arcanum for the theurgic books, but Moses remodelled the Ark according to his own ideas. This Ark of the Covenant of Israel has four golden, sphinx-like cherubim on the sides, similar to the four symbolic animals according to a vision of Ezekiel. One of them has a lion's head, another a bull's head, the third an eagle's head and the fourth a human face. All four creatures symbolise the four universal elements, earth, water, air and fire. In a deeper sense, this ark is an accumulator of power for binding cosmic forces and a tool for electrical light phenomena, making it an effective cult device for simple believers. Here Moses followed the example of the Osiris priests and their magical ritual acts. He then called the Ark of the Covenant the throne of Elohim, the Lord, and a vessel with the thoughts of Jeves. With its help, he was able to subdue the disobedient Hebrews with physical magic tricks and consolidate the new national religion through apparent miracles, which was also symbolised by Mount Sinai, from which the supposed sorcerer Aaron also made water flow with a divining rod. Sinai thus grew in importance to become the terrible counterpart of the Midnight Mountain in the north. The barren desert mountain was elevated to a new world centre and displaced the orientation to the north that had even existed in Egypt, as is demonstrated by the sloping passageway near the sarcophagus in the Great Pyramid, which points directly from the centre to the North Star. In this contrast, Sinai and Midnight Mountain, also lies the bipolarity of a religious principle, according to which the Jewish genius descends from the personified God to man, while the Aryan genius advances from man to God. Two worlds, two concepts! This symbolic and at the same time real Sinai is the reversal of the ancient religions with Aryan roots, which, beginning with the ancient Indian Rama, have a common primordial mother via the Iranian Zend Avesta, the Osiris cult and the ancient Greek mysteries. For the realisers of the ancient mystery traditions, the Sphinx, before they advance to Oedipus, is the revelation of man's riddle and at the same time the microcosm, the divine messenger, which unites all the elements and

unites all the forces of nature within itself. The lunar principle of the occult semantics is contrasted with the solar principle of higher cognition, which is characteristic of the Nordic sun people. In the older mystery traditions of the eastern Mediterranean, starting from ancient Egypt, Hermes stands as the first great initiate and guardian of the mysteries. He was nicknamed Trismegistus, the thrice-great, as he was simultaneously honoured as king, lawgiver and priest. His name was also regarded as a talisman. He is the archetype of an era in which the clergy, the magistracy and kingship were depicted as a single entity. As a god, he was also considered to be the planet Mercury, whose sphere is taken up by divine initiates with a category of spirits from other planets. The Greek writings handed down under the name Hermes Trismegistus have only survived in part and in a mutilated form. However, from the fragments of the ancient Theogony, the phrase fiat lux has survived like a shining meteor and with it the vision of Hermes, the doctrine of the fire principle and the word of light, which acted as the climax and centre of the ancient Egyptian consecrations. "None of our thoughts," said Hermes to his pupil Asclepius, "can comprehend God, and no language can describe him. What is physically invisible and without form cannot be measured by the short law of time; God is incomprehensible. He can give some chosen ones the ability to rise above natural things to behold some rays of his supreme perfection. But these chosen ones will find no words in vulgar language to explain such an immaterial vision. They can explain to their fellow men the secondary causes of the creations that pass before their eyes as the images of universal life, but the first cause remains under a dense veil that only lifts a corner when the threshold of death is crossed." And here some of the mysterious individual images only become understandable if one seeks the great connection that links the religions and the secret knowledge of the Atlantean Nordic and ancient Indo-Aryan human groups. This connection leads back to the oldest high religion in recorded human history, to the worship of the Supreme Being in the Megalithic Age, which contains spiritual Atlantean elements. Thus the statement of Hermes is also Nordic in its way of thinking and feeling. This view is completely opposite to the demonised and human-shaped vengeful gods of the Semitic world. The ancient Egyptian Apis Taurus is also a variety of the Nordic Atlantean bull myth, from the cosmic bull field of the great Yuga, which characterised the bull age in the Atlantis period and whose cult in the horned one, Lucifer, was also carried over into the following zodiacal age. Everything horned

was regarded as a symbol of fertility. It was not until the Age of Pisces that the fish-headed man from Nazareth condemned Lucifer as an angel who had supposedly fallen from the light to become a diabolical adversary in order to cast the ancient light into darkness. But this light was carried on by Hermes. Hermes is the Egyptian Toth, and this testifies to the influence of Nordic elements on the religion of the Nilleute. Sinai brought the break. Those who increasingly served the occult religion also became prisoners of the demonic. They are slaves of a small illusory world in a dark dimension. Their cloak is the night and their light is the moon."

Eyken looked at his listeners seriously. "In this prison of the occult, a people, despite its many talents, will dawn towards a self-destructive end if it does not escape from the grip of the political Yahweh priests in time and listen to the warning voice of the Kna'anim Jews, who have already renounced the demonic Yahweh. The future will show whether, with the magic houses near Tel Aviv, occultism will determine the future of Israel or whether the recognising forces of this people will gain the upper hand."

The major remained silent.

"The future will tell," the colonel repeated dully. We now know what the Beite Midrashim are all about, and we can only hope that a people that has become arrogant will still find its way back into a community of nations, as the Kna'animists and that the magic of Sinai will be banished. At the moment everything looks completely different. Whatever comes from New York, it's not good!"

"Jackdaw is here," an orderly reported to the colonel.

"Who is Dohle?" he asked, puzzled. His face grew long.

"The jungle man, er, the soldier from the Selvas 1 " The reporter bit his lips.

"Ah him? So bring him in! " The commander turned to the two command technicians and Eyken who were with him: "Stay there! You can then tell the others what the forest man tells us."

The orderly left and returned a few minutes later with a hollow-skinned and skinny man. His face was full of small bite scars and his yellow eyes flickered. This time the dispatcher said correctly: "Jackdaw is here, Colonel! "

The named man took a stance and repeated: "Oberscharführer Dohle from Sonderkommando Brazil at your service, Colonel! "

The commander approached the man and shook his hand in a friendly manner.

"At ease, jackdaw! Welcome to Mime's forge! Be

you didn't come in pairs? -"

"Unfortunately not, Colonel! Unterscharführer Berger succumbed to exertion and fever after arriving at the Selva base. I was brought here by a courier."

"Where is the courier? -"

"He's outside somewhere. Wasn't ordered in."

"Himmelkreuzdonnerwetter, what's this mess? A courier comes dancing in here and goes to bed with the news. Have I got a stupid orderly, damn it! Bring him in at once! And hurry up, if you please 1 "

The orderly jumped away like a hare and with a bright red face. Then

the same game again: "Chief Petty Officer Hansen is here, Colonel! "

And like an echo, the message from the man who had entered followed:

"Chief Petty Officer Hansen reporting for duty, Colonel! "

"Chief Petty Officer , you're not from the jungle navy, are you?"

"No, Colonel! I'm from the crew of an auxiliary cruiser. I escaped from the moderately vigilant internment with a few of us. And a lucky coincidence brought us into contact with friends who got us room and board in the jungle with our landlubber mates. And since I'm already quite used to the lovely forest, I was given the task of making my way here and bringing the jackdaw with me."

"Nothing else? " The commander's voice sounded like a low growl

"Yes, Colonel! -" The naval man reached into his pocket and pulled out a letter. "It's a formal request from our base captain 1 "

"What's all this foolishness again? Request? Has everyone already got jungle fever? =" The commander's eyes narrowed. "Do you know what this request is supposed to be?"

"Yes, Colonel! Request to disband the base in the Selvas, as the Brazilians are moving closer and closer to our neighbourhood. We won't remain undiscovered there for too long! "

"I can't decide that either. I'll pass it on if the reasons are valid. I'll read the letter later. For now, I want to hear more from our jungle runner." The colonel turned back to Dohle:

"Must have been a gruelling tour, huh? ="

"Very well, Colonel!" He grimaced. "My mate went for it!"

The commander turned to Hansen: "Couldn't you have waited for a flying disc for this second tour?"

"How so, Colonel! We're badly supplied and the V7s are coming now

less often. We can't plan a fly-out if we don't know when another flying disc will arrive. The time intervals are getting longer and longer, and that's also the reason why our base chief - sorry! I mean our captain wants to give up the base. We're lying around there uselessly. And if the supply from the V i decreases, we'll be in big trouble!"

"Bloody hell! " The commander furrowed his brows. "We realise that here too. The whole world seems to have become rebellious, and today's two major powers in particular are constantly on the lookout. As far as I know, the discs are not allowed to use their defensive weapons by order of Point 211, so the only option is to evade. The Russians are keeping quiet about our flying discs, and the Americans are bringing their own.

To mislead the public, long reports with comments on sightings and observations of supposedly extra-terrestrial flying objects. Sometimes it really does look as if we have got even better competition. Because these also appear in places that are certainly not flown by us. There..." The colonel cleared his throat, lost in thought. Then he looked at Dohle again: "What's the situation with your troops?"

"Bad, Colonel! We've been without any connection or supplies for years. Our diet is jungle-like, like that of the strange Mogulala Indians, among whom we live like tribesmen. Our weapons suffer from the humid climate, many devices have broken down or are broken, and most of us are more or less ill. Medicines have long since run out and we have to rely on the Indians' medicine men, who, thank God, have a wealth of successful prescriptions. Nevertheless, we have already suffered great losses. The last thing we learnt in this lost corner of the world was the sad end of the war. Then we felt written off. Nevertheless, we have kept our double sets, tropical uniforms and camouflage suits, in reasonably good condition and go about our daily routine just like the Indians. The mood is partly lethargy, partly hope."

"Oh yes, the believers in miracles!" the colonel interjected half bitterly, half ironically.

"We have them at home too. Ever since the rumour went around that small groups of us escaped or broke out of the Allied encirclement and were able to bring equipment and secret material to safety, people everywhere have believed the same thing. They believe that all you have to do is twiddle your thumbs and one day, in bright sunshine, a super flying disc, preferably a V7 by 7 by 7, will land and the Holy Spirit of the nation will emerge from it. Then the whole world instantly falls to its knees and everything is back to normal, nobody needs anything beforehand.

to do so. O holy simplicity! ..."

The men looked at the commander, embarrassed

"Well, isn't that true? " The colonel grumbled. "Well, Jackdaw, how does the story continue? What was the cause of your breakthrough to our Sehas post?"

"Our complete isolation, Colonel. Not all the men have come to terms with it yet, especially not our commander. Since we no longer have a power supply, we no longer have any functioning communications equipment. There's no more fuel for gensets, the dry batteries have long since become unusable, and even the jungle tam-tam doesn't work. This is because our Indians hermetically seal themselves off from the outside world. So one day, after a long palaver, Berger and I set off without an Indian escort. We had an approximate direction, after one of the Indians had asserted with conviction that there was a place further east, slightly to the south, where a group of whites were hiding. How this news reached us is a mystery to us all. We couldn't find out anything about it. So we only had the choice between believing or disbelieving. We put all our eggs in one basket: faith.

"Alone in pairs = ' The colonel made an astonished face. "How long have you been travelling there?"

"We no longer had a proper concept of time, Colonel! If you have to think about survival all the time, you lose all concept of time. If we hadn't learnt long enough from the Indians to get food from the jungle, we would have starved to death or become prey to wild animals. We roasted maggots, ate snakes, speared fish and all sorts of other creepy-crawlies. We had to watch out for alligators and piranhas in the waterways, panthers, ocelots and dangerous snakes in the forest. Large spiders and jumping spiders are not exactly pleasant either, nor are the scorpions, the black ones of which are deadly. And sometimes we couldn't see the forest for all the insects around us. In the jungle there is only the law of eat or be eaten. You can't fight nature with a Holy Scripture. Our chance was that we had to adopt the eating habits of the Mogulala years earlier. Many a creature and kibble was caught and roasted, but we had no other choice..."

"Meal," muttered one of the technicians present. Dohle grinned faintly. "May I invite -"

The technician showed his palms defensively. "I only eat dried vegetables."

"And where is the whole lot of them?" the colonel continued.

"We are no longer a cohesive force and live in scattered groups. Individual small groups have moved further north after the whole endeavour proved to be a failure. But the whole area is in the forests east of the Andean slopes, which are crossed by two rivers that flow to the Rio Yaku. On the maps, the large land district is called Madre de Dios. It is still unknown territory for the Brazilians themselves. The Mogulala Indians living there are completely different from the other wild indigenous tribes living in the neighbouring areas. They have ancient laws and are far above the otherwise primitive Indians. They told us a fabulous story that they had white ancestors. Supposedly there is also an underground city, but we saw nothing of it. It was thanks to their incredible origin story that we were welcomed in a friendly manner and not with poisoned arrows. They took us in like relatives, but much has remained hidden from us until now. We then familiarised a large number of their warriors with our weapons and they were prepared to go to war with us in the north. We also taught them our German language. The training language is also German. If things had developed differently in Europe, one day we would have emerged from the jungles with a respectable force and stood in front of the Panama Canal. The fact that nothing came of it is heartbreaking for our commander. On the other hand, the Mogulala Indians again dreamed of being able to subjugate the neighbouring tribes with our help and re-establish their past dream empire. Their elders have told our commander many things about their past, but I myself know nothing more. I believe that there will be surprises for the world if we get out of this green hell in one piece." Dohle's face showed resignation.

"Interesting, very interesting," muttered the colonel. "But in the name of three devils, why didn't the commander mobilise the whole bunch to reconnect with civilisation?" he continued forcefully

"There was always talk of this anyway," Dohle replied. "We always weighed up the pros and cons. But the last Ather messages we were able to receive with our then failing devices were full of latrine news, according to which all members of the Waffen SS would be condemned to the mines for at least life or spent the rest of their lives on barren islands. So we preferred to stay among the Indians in a small illusory realm of freedom. It kept even the most daring of us from attempting an escape."

"And now you've set off anyway," the colonel realised. "So it goes

now about the sausage?"

"That's right, Colonel!" Dohle looked depressed. "I have a sketch of our camp with me. But this only concerns the area itself and no longer the unknown surroundings. If you look up the Rio Yaku, you'll still have to be lucky to find us. None of us has any idea what will happen to us. The men at Seha's base are hardly better off than we are. Our fate is now in your hands, Colonel!"

The commander looked at the speaker in amazement. "I'm not the good Lord. I and my people are hanging by a thread just like you!

= ' His initial excitement subsided and he said reassuringly: "Of course we won't abandon our comrades. But I don't yet know how we can help. I'll use the next opportunity to liaise with our main point 211 to bring up this jungle matter. Until then, you will remain in our care, Dohle. Since Major Eyken is from your troop, he will see to your welfare. Go with him and take Hansen with you! "

"Yes, Colonel! " Dohle looked questioningly at those present.

"Come along, my boy! " Eyken stepped forward and prepared to leave.

"So I'm your wet nurse for the time being. Is that clear? And you, Hansen, are attached to me too! "

Dohle's eyes became moist. The comradely manner of the major of his troop touched him deeply. It made a troop the home of men who stood together like a close-knit family. Here it showed itself again. Here, rank was not a caste, not a remnant from the time of a divisive system, but simply a necessity in a leadership structure.

Eyken left and the two followed him. He had been assigned a man from his troop, as the colonel had promised him. As a surprise, he had taken on a chief mate for his two fellow marines. He smiled as he walked, thinking about what their faces would look like

The two newcomers had been accommodated by Eyken in the best possible way. On the first evening, they crawled under their blankets and slept until late the next morning.

The following evening, however, they sat together with Eyken and the two Kaleus. Hansen had been immediately accepted by the two naval officers as their fosterling without any form of hierarchy.

Dohle was the first to recount his experiences in Brazil. He began his account with the embarkation in Marseille and the U-boat landing off the Brazilian coast. The Brazilian troops of the Waffen SS were accompanied by local experts.

and managed the feat of actually disappearing unnoticed into the primeval forests and crossing the vast country from east to west through Selvas and Sertão, despite many adversities and small, unavoidable losses. It was a march through hell

After this description, Dohle went into more detail about the troops' entrenchment in the territory of the previously unknown Mogulala Indians and the sudden end to the planned mission on the Latin American continent. The spirit of the expeditionary force was good beyond all measure, and despite all the hardships and dangers, the men, reinforced by a small Indian army, would have stormed inexorably northwards to the isthmus, as Cortez once did in Mexico, if they had had supplies and support at home. No blow could have been more painful than the sudden end of all dreams of a triumph of German soldierly spirit. The audience was deeply shocked to hear the report of this bold and adventurous endeavour. The dispassion and at times monotony of the narrator, caused by the hardship of the experiences, had been disturbing. It was quite understandable that the officers refrained from asking questions. There would hardly have been anything to add to what had been said anyway. Hansen then confirmed the dangers and pitfalls of the Selvas. However, he also admitted that reaching the base was far less difficult than the expeditionary march of an entire troop across the vast Brazil. Nevertheless, the march to the base alone would be like crossing the forecourt of hell for any newcomer.

"Antarctica seems like a paradise in comparison," Krall said thoughtfully. Then he grinned. "We once had a mate on a box who didn't like spiders. If he saw one, he caught it carefully by letting it run into his hand or into a bag and then taking it somewhere. What would this man have done in these woods?"

"He wouldn't have needed to catch these little animals," said Dohle with a tired smile. "These beasts would have jumped into his face all by themselves, the size of his fist, or run across his path in such numbers that he wouldn't have been able to keep up with his attempts to catch them. He would have given up very quickly!"

"I should think so too," Hansen confirmed. "I almost wish I'd come with you from Antarctica, gentlemen major and lieutenant captain. In Rio, before my jungle excursion, I met another mate who was part of the crew of the submarine U 1001. He had fallen ill with some strange thing and was therefore taken off before reaching Patagonia.

The shipwrecked man was secretly set ashore on the southern Argentinian coast in the waters of the Strait of Magellan. As the man spoke very good English, he was told to pretend to the Argentinians that he was an English or Scandinavian shipwrecked man in order to be hospitalised. This man should never have joined the navy because he was terrified of icebergs. The crew therefore had cheap amusement with him. There is such a thing," said Hansen, shaking his head. "When I imagine how he would have got to Antarctica, he would have shrivelled up in horror like the bellows of an accordion. But he was lucky and came to Rio later. But his luck was short-lived, because he died suddenly."

The two naval officers pricked up their ears. Hellfeldt immediately asked: "Do you know, Hansen, what this U 1001 was all about? "

"Yes, Mr Kaleu! " replied the chief mate promptly. "The mate told me in confidence. The boat was under the command of Captain Neusser and had diamonds worth several billion Reichsmarks on board. On the orders of SS General Gutzkell, this treasure was taken out of Berlin in an armoured transporter and transferred to a seaplane. This flew over the North Sea to the port of departure of U 1001 in Norway. This treasure was to be handed over to German intelligence officers in Argentina to help build up a post-war movement financially. After the surrender became known, the U-boat commander strictly adhered to his instructions and therefore did not call at a port of delivery. After the boat had secretly disembarked the aforementioned man on the Argentinian coast, it headed for southern Patagonia. It was also this man who picked up a short message a little later, according to which U 1001 encountered two warships of the British Royal Navy operating from Port Stanley at the beginning of June 1945, despite taking the utmost precautions. The boat was unable to dive away completely, and the British placed two shells in front of the bow. They did not think that the German boat would put up a fight after the German forces had surrendered. Captain Neusser, however, attacked. His first torpedo hit the enemy ship to his left, which immediately sank. The second British ship then turned away, but was pursued by the submarine. And now, according to the report received, something almost unbelievable happened. The second torpedo fired did not hit the calculated target, but returned to the boat in a wide arc, hit it unfortunately, and it sank with the entire crew and the diamond treasure. When I think of what our people here in Latin America could have done if we had had these almost immeasurable resources at our disposal, it's hard to imagine.

ken." The chief mate sighed: "What happened to our blue boys is more than bad luck!"

Hellfeldt nodded. "Bad luck is not an expression. It's a hell of a thing. It almost never happens that a downed eel comes back. Once in a thousand cases. And the fact that this one in a thousand had to hit U 1001 is a disaster!"

"That's more than a disaster," Eyken added gloomily. "The price for a British ship sunk and driven away was too high. A wicked thing!" He bit his lower lip angrily.

"Yes, really bewitched!" repeated the chief mate. "It almost looks as if the English had ordered a Macumba spell in Rio, which was the boat's undoing."

"Oh yes, you were in Rio," said Hellfeldt. "Is it really the case that voodoo and macumba are on the increase there?"

"And how," explained Hansen. "The Macum cult is pure black magic, as is voodoo magic, which comes from Haiti. Haiti got it from West Africa with the slave shipments. In Rio, the Macum cult takes precedence and is also associated with religious beliefs. The black Mamaloi, a real Negro witch, is at the centre of the voodoo ceremonies. Among the Macumbarites, the Macumbeiro is regarded as the authoritative medicine man who deals with spirits and conjures up illnesses with their help. He falls into a trance as required or has black roosters or billy goats sacrificed and their necks cut open. The Macumbeiro sells amulets against all kinds of evil spirits and evils, brews medicines according to ancient recipes and has an extremely respected but also feared position. However, the two varieties, the Umbanda cult, which is emphatically religious, and Candomblé, which is also based on connections with saints, have not been able to replace the Macum cult. The black magic arts of the Macumbeiro, which is not only supposed to conjure up love madness, but above all enemies to death, are by all accounts extremely effective and form a large source of income. The magical rites and arrangements have an ancient African tradition. The zombies in Haiti, which serve their masters as living corpses like soulless robots, represent the pinnacle of African black arts. So far, no one has been able to get to the bottom of this dreadful haunting."

"I know some of it," Eyken interjected. "I've studied the history of magic with some interest. It started back in prehistoric times with hunting magic and demon summoning. This gave the practising medicine men and shamans a pre-eminent position in their hordes or tribes. The utilisation of their supposed

Over time, the increasing power of black magic forced them to find and develop black magic practices. In particular, centres were developed among the black, primitive peoples of western and central Africa, but also among the mystically gifted and extremely sensitive Hebrews. Hebrew black magic is even influenced by religion. With Kabbalism and the alchemy of archetypal magic, the Hebrews have built up a highly developed system that is almost scientific in character in several areas. However, this development is also the tragedy of the unfortunate people who have to endure the curse of the black magic arts. The use of a knowledge to set in motion the spiritual powers contained in human nature, but only accessible to some people, and to utilise and develop them for certain purposes, is either white or black in the way it is applied. It is an ancient teaching that a truth of life can be recognised by anyone who possesses the necessary insight and prerequisites. Magic is the art of moving the will through the creative power of a strong spirit. For the Northmen, this strong spirit is the inner law that shows them the white path of a divine mission. When they were unable to help their law achieve a breakthrough because, as sons of the sun, they always stood alone, uncertainty came over the world. Their religion of fulfilment is always opposed by the religion of redemption. The white, Nordic path is the awakening and exercise of spiritual willpower for the good and for higher things, for entering into divine existence. Black magic, on the other hand, is the opposite pole of the bipolar law of existence, which leads away from the divine to the demons through the acquired attraction and control of certain forces and phenomena. The striving of a people for an alleged promise of chosenness to power over all peoples of the earth is afflicted with the curse of the black magic demonic, because it sets dark forces in motion to achieve this goal. The ethical law of white-magical consciousness compels the cognisant human being to wish the creatures under the black-magical spell freedom from evil and the power to escape this curse. That's what I wanted to say," Eyken concluded.

XI
FAREWELL TO THE
HOARD

"If you search your
neighbour's face to see
if he is of your kind,
to work faithfully on our future,
believing and full of friendship:
hold on to him
But those who are rotten with
gold, those who are dead
while still alive, servants like
servants - leave them to the
idol
and the cramp of the hour!

Hans Heyck

The rising glowing ball of the sun swept over the eastern slopes of the Andes, slowly groping its way across the stony giants into the darkness and causing the mighty ice-capped peaks of the seemingly endless mountain range to glow fiery. The heavy masses of mist in the valleys and crevices began to move, forming billowing spirits, showing threat and dissolution. The twilight violet fled westwards behind the velvety blackness of the night. This slow escape was followed by the brilliant play of colours of the tropical sky, which refracted in glittering diamond sparks on the mountain peaks.

The vast space beneath the celestial tapestry of colour was empty. Only the rays of the day's star poured through the expanse, gilding the tops of the selvas and bringing light to the deep valleys of the Andes

Into this emptiness suddenly came a tiny dot from a south-easterly direction, which grew visibly larger and headed for an Andean destination at an improbable speed. Some mountain Indians who came out of their huts in the early morning saw a strange disc flying through the air, which then disappeared into a distant depression, descending more slowly. They gazed uncomprehendingly after this strange flying object . . .

There was excitement outside Mime's forge. "A V7 is back! "

A signaller ran to the commander. The message travelled in a flash with him through the underground corridors, from man to man and from room to room. By the time the colonel stepped outside after receiving the message, the flying disc had come down smoothly on the small, makeshift landing pad.

men. Two men had climbed out and were already coming towards him. They took up their positions in front of the commander. "Captain Spohr and Lieutenant Brendt, Colonel! Both from the troop Vogel on your arm."

"Aha, Waffen SS," confirmed the commander. "Where are the previous airmen?"

"One sick, one in action," came the terse military reply. "But we've also found our way here, Colonel! "

"I can see that," laughed the commander. "Was it difficult?"

"Not too much, Colonel. We were given an excellent description of the situation."

"That should go without saying! And what else have you brought with you?"

"A thick envelope, Colonel," replied Spohr. "No replenishment, because we're also having difficulties at point 211."

The commander pinched his lips together. "Come with me into the mountain!"

" He turned round and walked back, followed by the men. He ordered a man passing by to send Eyken to the command room.

When he arrived at the control centre, the first thing he did was accept a letter handed to him by Captain Spohr. Before he opened the envelope, he said: "Let us give you some coffee first. That's the only thing we have enough of. The Adju will take you to the dining room. Then come back again, and then you can rest! " Looking at the Adju, he added: "I've sent for Eyken because our airmen here are comrades in his troop. Please inform the chief engineers and my staff! "

The commander sat down while the adjutant left the room. He opened the envelope brought to him and took out a number of papers. The sheets on top contained a situation report labelled "Geheime Kommandosache" followed by explanatory notes. After looking through the other papers, they turned out to be various technical instructions, plan drawings and copies of messages.

After reading the main report, the colonel made a very thoughtful face. Things were not going as smoothly as the plans had envisaged. It had not been easy to foresee that unpredictable factors would make many things more difficult

The commander did not have much time to think about the news. One by one, the men ordered to join him arrived at short intervals. The V '7 pilots were also back on the scene, strengthened.

The colonel ordered the men to take their seats at the long work table in the centre of the room. He himself took his seat at the top of the table and placed the

The papers he had previously held in his hand.

An expectant silence had set in. He introduced the arrival of the couriers from Point 211 with a few words and then continued: "We had all noticed for a long time that the connections between our bases outside the homeland were becoming increasingly distant. We also realised that an increasing UFO hysteria has broken out all over the world, but especially in the USA, and that there must undoubtedly be alien objects whose origins are still unclear. This is the first point that requires increased caution when using the V 7 for communication purposes and for supplies. Further reports indicate that the supply problems have become more difficult than initially assumed. To a lesser extent this is probably also due to point one, but to a greater extent to the tightly woven network of our opponents throughout the world. The submarines that have escaped the enemy are also being used as little as possible. In other words, this means that the individual bases are more dependent on themselves than before. We will therefore have to come up with a number of new ideas to organise supplies of food and material. If we take into account that the appearance of strangers in these sparsely populated areas is a sensation and cannot be kept secret, then it is immediately clear where the first difficulties begin. The third problem is that, according to the information in point 211, money must also be used sparingly, as the course of events means that the waiting time will be much longer than originally assumed. The overestimated tension between the Western Allies and the Soviets that arose immediately after the end of hostilities in May 1945 has long since given way to a renewed harmony. The notions of an undulating cold war are a cheap deceptive manoeuvre. The division of the world between the deceased Roosevelt and the still living Stalin in favour of the latter is not only a hard fact, but the basis for securing half a world each for both parts. This is nothing new, but already cold coffee! "

The colonel attempted a pained smile. "Next, I have been instructed to assign some people to the field service and to limit the personnel of the hoard to the technical forces and the necessary protective personnel. Any additional staff should move to a new position where it will be easier to supply and maintain them. This secondment will be discussed in more detail later. Before such a redeployment takes place, all available forces should be deployed to expand the landing site for the V 7. Notwithstanding the above-mentioned restrictions, it will be

We will endeavour to bring more machines and spare parts here when the situation improves, in order to give us the opportunity to work better not only in terms of production but also experimentally. Our Andean point will become more independent, point 211 will close itself off even more hermetically. All bases must remain on alert for the time being. The reason given is that the intelligence services of the Allies and those of the new state of Israel are living under a trauma of German fear and that there are authoritative people who are feverishly searching for a Hitler who they believe is still alive. Yet they know full well that Hitler was systematically poisoned by his personal physician Morell, who, as has been established, was a Freemason."

"My comrades and I have known that for a long time! " Eyken interjected

"Yes, yes, certainly," the colonel replied, "we can talk about it later. Anyway, to stay on topic, dangerous and crazy people are chasing around the world like a sack of bumblebees around a dandelion. The way the Israelis work can be seen from the example that before the internment camps in the West German occupation zones were dissolved and the Waffen SS teams were released and made available to the German judiciary, several thousand soldiers died in the Langwasser camp near Nuremberg from poisoned bread prepared by Israelis. A fact that has so far been concealed in our homeland. As you can see, the situation as a whole is unpleasant. That's just the way it is. But that doesn't mean we're on the back foot! We are certainly forced to behave more cautiously than before and to overcome increasing difficulties, but we must not overlook the fact that the great world hype surrounding us stems from an inner insecurity of the enemy. All we have to do with this realisation is to wait until we can react to the enemy's vulnerabilities. What hits us all hard, however, is the realisation that there are practically no forces at home with which we could already cooperate. The forces still loyal to the people have lost all sense of reality. An exaggerated cult of personality has placed the empire too much in the background, and now a herd bleats so helplessly because a leader is missing. I know these are harsh words, but that's the way it is! We have to see things as they really are and there is no point in deluding ourselves. And now back to the news I've received: tomorrow morning at eight o'clock I'm expecting the base staff at my place! We will then have to consider together what measures need to be taken following this description of the situation. I'll come back to you with further details. Over and out! -"

Those present looked at each other. The commander's speech had been short in military terms, but the statement was enough. The men rose in turn and prepared to leave. Their faces were serious and controlled. They had no illusions, but their faith was unshakeable.

"Just a moment, Eyken!" The commander stopped the major with a curt movement. "I have something special for you!"

"Yes, Colonel!"

After the summoned men had left the commander's room, the colonel invited Eyken to sit down. Then he leafed through the papers again.

"As you yourself know, unfortunately, nothing has come of the promised field service," the colonel began the conversation. "I've already pointed out how difficult the conditions in this country are. I've had to change some of my own ideas about here."

"It's probably the same for everyone who arrives in a completely foreign environment," Eyken agreed.

"Of course! But to the point: a special instruction has been issued that contains a delicate mandate. You belong to a special group that has always gone its own way, away from the general policy of the past. There are hints here that you are privy to old secret connections with Asian forces. Your people at Point 211 are now thinking of re-establishing broken links. After the end of the war, some people are said to have returned home from Tibet. The most important, a Major Gutmann, is reported to have died in an accident."

Eyken pulled up. "Gutmann? O verd . . ." He swallowed.

"Did you know him? -"

"Very good indeed! He belonged to the inner circle of those in the know."

"I'm sorry," the colonel said quietly. He continued hesitantly: "Two air force officers and a Frenchman came with him to the rest of the empire. There is no contact with these people in sight. Another man who is counted among your group and who was seconded to the SS Luftwaffe just before the end of the war was a Major Juncker. Juncker died in a British internment camp in India! He had also previously been in Tibet.

"Juncker too? =" Eyken's face was now pale.

"I thought you knew this man too." The commander's usually harsh voice took on a warm, fatherly tone. "We all have to mourn losses from our closest circle." And very quietly he said: "I myself lost my son. He was an aviator like me and crashed in a dogfight."

"Bitter, bitter," muttered Eyken.

"He fell still believing he would win. But let's not go there... The before

The last contacts with Tibet were with the people mentioned above. But after all they had experienced so far, their encounters were fruitless and sometimes even unpleasant. In Lhasa it was already forgotten at this time that three hundred Tibetan lamas were holding out in Berlin as ordered, some of whom fell in the final battle for the imperial capital and some of whom committed suicide. In the Potala in Lhasa, this group had already been written off in Germany. According to the announcements of the two airmen, the Mongols are now increasingly emerging from the background."

Eyken's face regained its colour. "That's interesting! . . ."

"Very much so," confirmed the colonel. "And especially because you've been sent out to reconnoitre in Asia!"

"Me? " Eyken was taken aback. "That's a joke..."

"No. We should think about the best way to get to the Far East and establish new connections. For example, with the Japanese Black Dragon and the anti-communist Mongols."

"It seems," said Eyken, "that my comrades at the South Pole are already sitting on ice with the very best of them and have plenty of cold radiating into their thinking apparatus. They think it's too easy from there: get on the next tram, ask the conductor for a ticket with two changes to Inner Asia and shake hands with a reception committee when you get off. And then the Mongolian girls come running with refreshments and a sweet smile! " He had a fit of laughter.

The commander waited until the major had calmed down again. Unmoved, he continued: "Let's leave the tram out of it. There are other possibilities that are compatible with reality. We can talk about that later. In any case, you have a job to do, and there's certainly a good reason for it. Our people at point 211 will not launch such ideas into the world out of sheer arrogance. It now looks all over the world as if the West is backing away from the communist advance. Roosevelt's betrayal of Europe is spreading around the globe in the aftermath. I can therefore well imagine that we are now attempting to warn the nations of the communist danger."

"No offence," Eyken conceded. "These hints are quite understandable, and I'm almost certain that this is also the background to my assignment. But so far I've only received general information. Is there a specific order?"

"Of course! -" The commander took an envelope out of the pile of paper. "This is a GKdos letter! To read through later. Tomorrow we can discuss the matter in more detail. The order was issued by

I have already taken note of this."

"Absolutely clear," said Eyken.

"I want to think about the extent to which we can utilise V 7. I actually want to have a V i transferred here for permanent disposal. I'll give the two airmen a corresponding application with reasons when they fly back. Then we should talk to Dohle tomorrow to see if he wants to return to his comrades with the V i . We could give him medicine, gun oil and agent radios with rhombus antennas. Plus a code book from a duplicate edition. And a few other dispensable little things..."

"That would be good!" Eyken said emphatically. "Under such circumstances, Dohle will certainly want to return and report the successful connection."

"Whether the jungle people will benefit too much from this connection is written in the stars," said the colonel cautiously. "After all, we are not in an enviable position ourselves."

"It's already a lot if these people don't feel abandoned and forgotten," added Eyken.

"That's right," agreed the commander. "In any case, I'll speak to the two pilots and give them the flight order for this little diversions. There will hardly be any difficulties landing. A small clearing or a sandbank on the bank of a river will suffice for the vertical take-off."

"I hope Dohle's sense of direction works?"

"We'll have to take our chances." The colonel raised his shoulders doubtfully. "You sit together every evening and currently have Jackdaw with you. Ask him if he's confident of his aerial orientation. Hopefully he'll be able to recognise certain land or river marks. And then afterwards you can think about how to tackle the Asian problem."

"It's going to be tricky," sighed Eyken.

"But good for boredom," smiled the colonel. He stood up and shook the major's hand. "See you tomorrow, dear Eyken! "

After saying goodbye, he hurried to his comrades. To his surprise, he found the two V7 pilots sitting with the Kaleus. He was immediately greeted with a hello.

"What was it like with the old man?" Krall asked curiously.

"Just a small matter," Eyken replied casually. "We're supposed to go shopping for dromedary milk for the base in Mongolia."

Krall acted offended. "If I had given my parents an answer like that, I would have been standing in the corner of the room for three hours afterwards."

"I was always a naughty boy," Eyken joked. "That's why I would never have stood still for three hours. That's how it always starts with me . . ."

". . . and never been fit for the navy," Krall finished. "So, what's the deal with the dromedary milk?"

"Difficult," the major now admitted seriously. "I'm supposed to take on a completely unusual task. Since almost all connections to Asia have been severed since the end of the war, I'm supposed to try and reestablish the threads. Of course I know about the old connections, but what I lack is experience of the country and knowledge of Eastern languages. And I also have to rack my brains as to how to get there. In the past, t h e r e w e r e always experts and preparation aids for such things. Now I'm on my own. I know exactly what they want from me. But how I'm supposed to manage it is completely unclear to me."

"A one-man expedition?" asked Spohr.

"No. Although the commander didn't say anything about an escort, one is absolutely necessary. I'll have to think about finding one or two people who want to join us now!"

Now the man from Hamburg played with a deadly serious face: "I would recommend an all-night study and ask all the saints for help! And then it would also have to be clarified whether the chosen ones would even be prepared to follow a camel's milk buyer gone mad."

"I hardly think I'll find any followers here in Mime's smithy," Eyken said thoughtfully. "I'll have to ask my comrades Spohr and Brandt to take mail for the command at Point 211 with a request for an escort."

"Now I'm bursting at the seams!" Krall shouted angrily. "What's serious or funny about this whole story? If it really is a commando operation, then you don't need to have Antarctic people defrosting your arse to get some people here, do you? "

"Take it easy," Hellfeldt reassured him. "If I know our Eyken, he's completely serious about such an Asian commando." He blinked mischievously now:

"Sometimes he is also very economical in his thinking. So for the sake of simplicity, he certainly made his choice straight away! "

"I wouldn't necessarily swear oaths to that," laughed the major. "But at least I hoped from the start to find two Kaleus and get them released by the colonel."

Krall's face was flushed, but he didn't say anything.

"If we were given permission to fly, this would not be a problem," said Spohr.

"However, aeronautical charts of these areas will hardly be available..."

"We can't just fly anywhere," Eyken objected. "The whole of Mongolia is red territory, and there's no mention of Tibet. We would first have to find out whether there are any Mongolian exile groups. In my opinion, non-communist forces that have travelled outside their country could be found mainly in Japan or southern Korea. Hardly in troubled Indochina."

"We won't get there easily," Hellfeldt said thoughtfully. "The Americans are everywhere now, and they control every tail."

"They have every reason to do so," said Spohr. "Infiltration by communist agents is constantly underway."

"That's why we can't fly in," Eyken said, thinking quickly.

"The airspace is monitored too closely!"

"Flying in doesn't give me much of a headache," said Spohr. "But even if we get you to the ground safely, people everywhere will be wondering why an unknown flying object broke through the surveillance. This could possibly lead to an inconvenient inspection. In any case, the radar systems will pick us up!"

"I agree with that," confessed Eyken.

"I haven't been invited to join in," Krall said somewhat caustically, "but I could imagine us travelling to Hong Kong using our papers and applying for entry permits to Japan or South Korea from there. That way we avoid the underground."

"Lightning has struck," exclaimed the major with a cheerful expression. "I don't think we can think of anything better. Hong Kong is a universal meeting point and well suited for any onward journey."

"And for merchants in general!" Hellfeldt said mischievously.

"Which means that the outward journey should now be pretty clear," added Spohr.

"That's right," Eyken confirmed. "We just need to finalise the details."

Brandt, who had previously remained silent and listened, now also intervened: "At the moment we have the fastest and best aircraft. But we have to operate secretly and as unseen as possible, and where we could be best utilised, we have to remain inactive. With the V7 we would be in Inner Asia in no time!" His face showed disenchantment

"We hoard and improve," Spohr rebuked his comrade. "But I could wish that our comrade Eyken would come across more traces of old flying techniques in Asia! -"

The major looked at Spohr in surprise. "Do you know anything about the Vimanas?"

"What does some mean? " Spohr replied. "I spent a lot of time studying the history of aviation when I flew in with the V i . There's still a lot there."

"And that would be? =" Eyken asked curiously.

"Well, if it is desired, I will unpack it! The ancient Indian text Samsaptakabadha, for example, already reports on aircraft that resemble the Vimanas of the Vedas. Interestingly, an atomic bomb is also mentioned in connection with this and described as a projectile that carries the power of the universe with it and emits a flash of ten thousand suns of light when it explodes. This bomb is also mentioned in the Sanskrit text Mausola Purva as a powerful, lightning-throwing messenger of death. But back to flight: The scripture Samsaptakabadha mentioned earlier also describes the flight of the god Pushan through the ocean of heaven. In another passage it is said that the bird of the gods Garuda carries the god Wishnu through the universe. You have to read this carefully! The oldest known Sanskrit text, the work Siddhanta on astronomy, writes of the flight of the sages, the Vidhyahara, around the earth, below the moon and above the clouds. And still further: in the Gilgamesh epic it is said that at the occurrence of the great world catastrophe, the Flood, celestials ascended to the firmament. Then in the Samaranagana Sutrahara that people travelled through the skies in spaceships. This would also be an explanation for the later map of Piri Reis from the Middle Ages, which is the first halfway correct map that must have been taken or sketched from a great height. Where the flying ship came from, however, remains one of the great mysteries of our history. Then there is the Mahabharata from ancient Indian literature, in which an account from prehistoric times is recorded, according to which aircraft once dropped terrible bombs on cities. Then there is the Ramayana with its detailed description of Vimanas. This aircraft was two storeys high, was powered by a yellowish-white liquid fuel and was even able to remain stationary in space. There are also reports from China that more than four thousand years ago, an emperor named Chu constructed a flying chariot. Somewhat later, a Chinese designer built an aerial vehicle on behalf of Emperor Cheng Tang, but it was later destroyed in order to preserve the secret. Finally, a certain Chu Yüan described an aerial journey at a later date, shortly before the turn of time. The Chinese called these flying vehicles fei chi, meaning flying carts. However, the origin of such development techniques remains a mystery, as the Chinese in these historical periods, despite their high level of civilisation, did not possess the technical skills that would have enabled them to fly.

would have been worth mentioning. Records from outside must have been kept here. A very old record also mentions a celestial bird in which a named pilot flew away. This was in the era of Emperor Yao."

Spohr laughed with a chuckle when he saw the stunned faces of his listeners. "Well, and then there's a reference in old Buddhist books to iron snakes that flew into the sky with fire and smoke. But that's still not all! After all, I'm not a book, I have to rely on my memory, in which you can't store an entire library. But it should be enough for now! ="

"For the moment, yes," Eyken groaned. "Someone knows more about the whole thing than I do..."

"I believe we are drawing from the same source," said Spohr reassuringly.

"There's another man from our order in Antarctica who kills boredom with lectures like this."

Now Eyken laughed out loud. "Well, tsk, tsk, that's our flight instructor of the Black Sun aeroplanes. A dazzling flyer and an original at the same time. Came straight from the air force to the Black Sun squad and immediately mastered the new V i with playful virtuosity. I would almost have learnt to fly with him if I hadn't been overwhelmed by other tasks. He also studied the history of Fjugwe sens with particular zeal, and when he came into contact with our circle, he threw himself into the lore with additional fervour. He soon knew more than any professor."

"That's true," Spohr admitted. "And as we were stuck on the southern base of the world, we had plenty of time to listen to our flying wizard. If you have more time to learn, you know more," he added jokingly.

"Since you won't get a flight request to Asia through to your old man, I have to go back to point 211 anyway." Now his face showed slight displeasure

"Not right away," the major comforted him. "First Dohle has to be brought back to his jungle mates with some supplies. The colonel has already decided that! "

"All right," said Spohr, rolling his eyes. "From the white hell to the green hell What we're left with are constant hellish rides. There's not a dry eye in the house."

"Exactly," said Eyken, playing sarcasm. "Tomorrow our colonel will give the orders, and we'll be off again soon. First comes your flight, then we leave. We've incubated a dragon's egg long enough today. It's time to crawl under the blankets! "

The next morning, Dohle stood before the commander. Expectantly, in a taut posture, he awaited the orders, while the colonel paced up and down thoughtfully.

"How do you feel now, Jackdaw," asked the commander. He had stopped abruptly and looked almost fatherly at the man standing in front of him.

"I'm getting there, Colonel, I can't pull up any trees yet, but otherwise I can get by halfway! "

"Hmmm ,," the commander rubbed his chin. "I would like to send some things to your comrades in the jungle that are certainly urgently needed. Can you help our flight gyro find the location? Of course, we'll take you back with us and possibly two or three more people who need to be flown out due to illness." Dohle's eyes widened. "You want me to fly with the V7?"

"Why not? =" The colonel looked amused.

"I'll give it a try, Colonel! As far as I know, the world looks quite different from above, but in conjunction with a map I hope I can be useful. And as for me =" Dohle looked uncertain The commander approached the man. "Where does the shoe pinch?"

"When it goes back into the jungle and a connection is made, I've fulfilled my mission. Then I'll stay with my camera again. I don't want to have an extra sausage for myself. It's different when there are seriously ill people who can't be helped by our jungle doctor or the Indian medicine men. Where there is a lack of medication or something else . . ."

"You really are splendid fellows," said the commander appreciatively. "No-one is flinching."

"That's the way it is in our squad," Dohle replied simply. "One for all, all for one! "

The commander put his hand on Dohle's shoulder. Almost on the wing He said sternly: "Stay like that, boys, stay like that! " Then he stepped back again and picked up a sheet of paper from the table. "Now go on! I've put together a list of various things. Anything that can be dispensed with here and is also transportable will be given to V 3 in an appropriate selection. Captain Spohr is leaving tomorrow. Of course, Brendt will be with you, and I'm taking another man with me. I will probably let Major Eyken fly with us, because he is from your troop."

"I'm sure my mates will be delighted," exclaimed Dohle. "And they'll make eyes, eyes! . . ."

"I can imagine," laughed the commander. "And now get lost, jackdaw!"

Jackdaw made little men. "I'm not here any more, Colonel!"

With its engines roaring, the V7 soared steeply into the sky. The sun shone back from the centre dome of the flying disc, dazzling the rapidly shrinking spectators on the ground with bright flashes. Within seconds, the wailing sound diminished and the V7 shot through cloud banks into space, leaving the mighty Andes mountain range below it like tiny wrinkles. A wild, bizarre, stony world became a folded carpet whose entire expanse had never before been travelled by man. Dreamlike and strange cloud formations sailed deep below the flying disc, forming strange forts, tower fingers or ghostly shapes on their surfaces facing the sky

While the two flight officers held their course and watched the instruments, Eyken and Dohle stared wide-eyed at the image of the low-lying surface of the earth, which had become a miniature. In the east there was haze and fog. Vast expanses of the large, inaccessible areas melted into small relief landscapes, and the primeval Andes gave way to a deep green sea of forest. The realm of the condor was left behind.

"It's time to compare the maps," Spohr called to Eyken. We have the calculated direction, but now we have to try to identify the courses of the rivers as the V 7 goes deeper. In any case, only the larger rivers are marked and even these are not always accurate."

"Already on it," the major replied, waving to Dohle. It turned out that the map he had received from Mime's smithy was hardly a makeshift. There were no aeronautical maps. Dohle's sketch seemed to be the closest, but it could only be used for a narrow area.

"I can barely cope," Eyken admits openly.

"We're all like that," Spohr comforted him. "But even if we had aeronautical charts, they would only be green sheets with dashed river courses. All a monotonous long metre of green-printed paper. We're already slowing down, but the silvery meandering ribbons below us bear no name plates and pose insoluble riddles."

Eyken was worried. Dohle stood meekly by.

"We'll see what we can do," said Spohr somewhat reassuringly.

"After all, we made an estimate of the direction and distance before we took off and will stick to it for the time being. If we head for the narrower area, however, only Dohle can help us."

Dohle made an unhappy face. "From above, the whole jungle looks like a giant bowl of spinach. As soon as you have an approximate point

in the eye, he is already far behind again. A pig is supposed to know its way around. I'd rather go after a tank with a flail! "

"Give it a try," Spohr said graciously. "We're going even lower now and flying slowly. We can't be far from our destination anyway. Our V 7 is a real kilometre eater in full flight. If we keep talking and don't pay close attention, we'll be over the Panama Canal and have the Yankees on our tail!"

"They can't reach us," said Dohle somewhat naively.

"Certainly not," Spohr laughed, "but we're not interested in being discovered."

"They've had stiff necks because of us for a long time anyway," Brendt interjected. "If they discover us somewhere, the sky will be full of bumblebees again for a long time. And then they have a keen eye on what we do. Is that clear?"

"Sure," Dohle admitted and swallowed.

The green carpet stretched endlessly beneath the V7, interrupted only now and again by lighter patches of savannah-like vegetation. The courses of the rivers reflected the colours of the sky. The flying disc cast its earth shadow over the landscape, pulling along like a satellite.

Suddenly the V i made a loop. "We seem to have already passed the search area. Hey, Jackdaw, the river ribbon

According to our navigation, the Rio Juruä should be behind us. Do the bends mean anything to you? "

"Not really," replied Dohle meekly. "But if it really is the Rio Juruä, which is now in our field of vision, then we have to head for the Rio Purús, which is more to the south. Then south into the Madre de Dios province towards the headwaters of the Rio de las Piedras."

"That's not enough," shouted Spohr. "These are huge areas with no points of reference!"

"We have to watch out for deforestation," Dohle defended himself. "If we don't fly too high, I'll find the larger settlements of our Indian friends."

"Haha," said Brendt from the controls. "If we go any lower, the horizon gets smaller. What's more, the prominent points disappear more quickly. Let's try a compromise."

"The province of Madre de Dios is Peruvian territory," Eyken said as he looked at the map according to Dohle's instructions. "I hadn't even noticed that before when we were studying the approach area. But it doesn't really matter."

Dohle was now visibly nervous. He strained to scrutinise the passing

He flew around the forest areas and smaller watercourses and circled some of the smaller Indian settlements. At the same time, he thought back with a shudder to how he and his companion had undertaken the terrible march through the green hell, and only now did he really realise the distances they had covered. What looked velvety and peaceful from the air was an ever-lurking death in manifold forms under the green blanket of the tree wilderness. "I think that we are still going most reliably according to the calculations made before departure. According to that, we should already be heading for the area we're looking for after the previous small course correction. Everything is now in Dohle's hands!"

"I'll do my best," Dohle assured him. "There! This settlement here! It tells me something. We marched past here! Seen from above, we must be there soon! " "Hurray! " shouted Brendt. "If we have one corner now, we'll manage the rest."

Jackdaw eyed. Suddenly he called out: "Fly half-left to the small river below. There's the little sandbank on the bank! Can we land there?"

"Boy, boy," nodded Spohr. "Let's do it! -"

Brandt waved a hand. The V7 descended in a circle and headed for the indicated target. On approach, the designated sandbank proved to be quite wide and elongated. Not far from the shore, the men had taken out some Indian huts on a small clearing.

n

"What are the natives like here?" asked Spohr as Brendt prepared to land

"Don't worry," Dohle defended, sensing the concern of his comrades.

"They do not belong to the people of our hosts. However, the surrounding tribes are peaceful towards us, because they know that we have miracle weapons and that our host people were their subjugators. The Chonta-quiri live to the west, the Amahuaca further north and the Canamari to the east. Parts of the Amahuaca are immediate neighbours of the Mongulala, with whom our people now live. They are a community of chosen tribes, as they call themselves. The other groups will be careful not to antagonise the actual masters of this large district. By the way, we also have the Maniteneri in the south-east. All these neighbouring groups are otherwise xenophobic and warlike."

"But how will they know that we are your friends?" Eyken asked Dohle. His expression showed slight doubt.

"When the people from below come to us, I will help them with some

We must shout out to Mongulala that we belong to them. The neighbouring tribes all understand that!"

"You must know that!" said Eyken to his troop mate.

Now the V 7 was over the tops of the trees on the bank. It slowly descended to the sandbank and then touched down with a gentle jerk. The men had landed according to Dohle's instructions.

Now Spohr turned to Dohle again: "I don't really understand why we're going down here and not right next to your friends? Surely our people are not in this nearby town? According to all accounts, the Mongulala settlements are bigger!"

"I stand by my statements," said Dohle. "But I'm pretty sure we're not too far from our destination. I'll make enquiries here about our route so that we don't use up fuel unnecessarily. I told you earlier, they won't hurt me."

"Your word in God's ear," said Eyken. "Are we getting out?" The major looked at Spohr.

"Let me out alone first," Dohle called out. "I'm more familiar with everything here than you are. If the Indians come here, they will be frightened by this flying object. It is likely that some of them have seen us fly. If I come to them alone, without weapons, I can easily talk to them."

"I've never flown such strange missions before," grumbled Spohr. Brendt also nodded. "I'm not talking about civilised regions. Even Antarctica is a gimmick in terms of flying compared to this search for needles in the jungle haystack! " The men scrutinised the edge of the forest in front of them from the viewing dome. Nothing was to be seen

"So get out!" nodded the captain to Dohle. He went to the hatch leading to the floor and opened it.

Dohle lowered himself down and jumped into the open. Eyken was standing behind him on the steps and now had an MPi in his hand. Turning to the two airmen, he said: "Better safe than sorry! "

Those addressed nodded. Eyken went to the hatch opening with his weapon in the crook of his arm so that he could provide cover if necessary if anything hostile appeared. The airmen continued to watch from the cupola. Dohle walked slowly along the sandbank and approached the bank undergrowth. He was looking for a suitable spot to penetrate the matted forest. He had barely taken thirty steps when he suddenly stopped and flinched. Eyken, standing half in the open, heard a faint cry

The major immediately had his weapon ready to fire. But he saw no one, and the forest was silent. Suddenly Dohle swayed. Looking more closely, he noticed small white balls clinging to Jackdaw. At the same time, more little white things came out of the forest, looking like butterflies on a homing flight. Dohle tried to make a warning gesture with his hand. It was only half successful, then he collapsed. His hands and legs still twitched, then he lay there motionless.

Only now did they see movement in the bushes. Eyken paid no attention to the warning cries coming from inside the flying disc. He stepped fully into the open and sent a long burst of fire from the MPi into the edge of the forest in front of him. He heard a faint scream. He fired again.

All of a sudden, both planes were at the hatch exit. They also had MPis in their hands and were also firing. Under the fire of their sheaves, the major ran up to Dohle. In a flash, he grabbed Dohle's arms and pulled him back to the aircraft as fast as he could. In between, the two rapid-fire weapons of the airmen rattled and held down the invisible enemies. Eyken reached the entrance unchallenged.

Spohr fired again, while Brendt now helped the major to get Dohle inside the flying disc. Behind them, Spohr slammed the hatch door shut. Dohle was slowly laid on the floor in the cupola. He no longer gave any sign of life. While Spohr watched through the viewing windows, Eyken and Brendt looked at the white fluff balls that had spiked Dohle. The major carefully pulled a small ball of fluff out of the body.

"Small blowgun darts," he said and showed the piece of Brendt he had pulled out. Despite the blood coating, the tip was still recognisable as greenish-black.

"A fast-acting poison!" Brendt confirmed gloomily.

"That's what I thought," came from Spohr, who had overheard but was staring blankly outwards. "The poor jackdaw made a big mistake and paid dearly. What do we do now?"

"Do what?" Eyken repeated with bitterness in his tone. He carefully put the treacherous little arrow aside. He looked at both comrades, Spohr had half turned his face towards him. "We only have two options: either we adventure around in the air and search at random for our comrades buried in the jungle, or we return to Mime's forge after an unfulfilled mission."

"This is a difficult decision," said Spohr. "Comradeship is always the top priority in our squad. So we have to do everything we can to find our comrades. The example of Dohle, who got out of this hell but couldn't find his way back, shows what that means. Undoubtedly

he misjudged his assumptions. So how are we supposed to have a chance of finding our people?"

"The chance is one in a thousand! " said Brendt. "Even the much-vaunted coincidence won't help us."

"It's about our comrades, Brendt! " Eyken's face showed discord.

"I know," Brendt admitted. "The only compromise would be that we could spend two hours or so in this area of the room.

and surrender to the whim of luck. If we don't find any tracks, then back to the Andes. After all, we also have to think about our fuel. That's my objective opinion, which has to take precedence over emotions."

"Soldierly correct," the major had to admit.

Spohr just nodded. Then he looked down at Dohle. "What are we going to do with him?"

"Take him with us," Eyken decided briefly. "If we bury him here, we're sure to be attacked. And besides, he deserves a proper soldier's grave, which we can only give him at our Andean base."

"Unless," Spohr interjected hesitantly, "we find his troop in the forest, then he belongs in the ground there."

"That's clear," said Eyken quietly.

Brendt approached and brought a blanket. "For our jackdaw!"

The major bent down and slowly pulled arrow after arrow out of the dead man's body. Then he squeezed the eyes, which were still staring open, shut. In the meantime, Brendt had spread out the blanket and helped the major to lay Dohle on it and then slam it over him. They stood silently before him, who had been a splendid soldier only a short time ago and had stood by his oath of allegiance.

"We're flying," said Spohr hoarsely.

Eyken just nodded. He picked up the small murder darts and placed them with extreme care in a box that Brendt handed him. Then the first lieutenant walked slowly to the instruments, where Spohr was already standing by. The rotor blades of the flying disc howled. The V i lifted off the beach. Now Spohr took the controls. He pulled the disc up slowly while the jet recoil whipped the branches of the nearby trees.

His face showed a grim expression. He flew towards the forest, throttled back, and a few seconds later saw the clearing they had seen on their approach.

Eyken and Brendt also looked at the scene that presented itself to them on the cleared ground. Indians were running around like startled animals, seemingly aimlessly. Some stopped and raised their arms in the air.

Spohr now descended almost vertically and flew low over the few large huts. He did a few laps. The natives had become

He was thrown to the ground, startled by the roar of the flying disc engines. Then he let the V 7 rise abruptly and remained motionless at a moderate height.

"The gyroscope is a little miracle!" exclaimed Eyken. "It can do something..." "Not everything," Spohr replied grimly. "He should be able to drop a bomb now!"

"That would be a Viking fire for our jackdaw!" shouted Brendt. The V 3 now resumed its search course. The men again peered into the green depths, which rose slightly towards the Andes.

Again and again watercourses, occasional clearings with small settlements of wild Indians, but nowhere signs of larger settlements as described by Dohle. After two hours of flight, during which the flying disc also penetrated the western hills, there were still no traces of the location we were looking for. There were also a few larger settlements, which proved to be rivets as the disc descended.

"Halali Jagd aus 1" said Spohr sorrowfully.

"And order not fulfilled," Brendt added. His expression also showed dejection. "Bloody hell! . . ."

"There is only one option: to fly back a second time and systematically search the large headwaters of all eastward-flowing streams. Then, in my opinion, we have to find our people. We'll never make it with our current fuel supply. So the colonel must give us another opportunity to solve this task. There's no doubt that the advance calculation based on Dohle's information was misleading. We have already realised that. This part of the Madre de Dios province, one of the wildest and as yet untravelled areas, covers a search square of about twenty thousand square kilometres." Spohr sighed deeply.

"The Madre de Dios region is known to be dangerous. It's not for nothing that adventurers from all countries and the Peruvians themselves have avoided this territory until now." Eyken swayed his head. "All the more astonishing is the feat of our SS commando, marching through the huge stretches of Amazon forest and embedding themselves in such a wild area, where everyone in the neighbourhood is already saying good night. It's a pity that I can't be there for a second approach, as another mission is already waiting for me."

"You can rest assured," Brendt interjected, turning to Eyken, "we'll manage to get in touch with our mates on our own. We won't let our mates down! "

"Sure," Spohr confirmed Brendt's words. "But now turn towards the Andes! "

The V7 described a sweeping arc and took a north-westerly course. Later, they swung northwards along the Andes. The men were silent. They were carrying a dead comrade . . .

After the V7 landed, there was excitement again in Mime's forge. The news of Dohle's death had shaken the base crew. The commander had ordered a funeral with military honours, as far as this was possible under the circumstances.

Immediately after their return, the men reported to the commander.

As an aviator, Spohr described the difficult situation of searching huge and unsurveyed areas. Nevertheless, he requested a new permit to fly, with the support of Eyken and Brendt.

"Basically, yes!" replied the colonel. "It goes without saying that we have to do everything for our people in the Selvas! We just have to postpone the schedule. Spohr and Brendt, you have to go back to Point 211 and hand in your papers. There's also a request for a v i to here anyway. If you're lucky, you'll be back with us soon. You can tell your commander that you have already gained initial experience for this search task. That would give you a plus point for a delegation."

"When should it leave?" asked Spohr.

"I think the day after tomorrow! "

"Jawoll l " Spohr briefly took a stance.

Now the commander turned to Eyken: "The Eyken task force is leaving in three days! Has the choice of escort been finalised?"

"Yes, Colonel! I've arrived with the two Kaleus and would also like to leave with my two naval mates. They are also a great help to me linguistically, and our papers are also harmonised."

"That's all true," the colonel admitted. "I have nothing against the election, I'm just sorry that I have to lose all three of you at once again. The only thing I have left from the last additions is the Marinemaat from the Selvas. I'll keep it in a velvet box until the V7 comes back from point 211, so I can give the two fliers an experienced ranger. I assume that Spohr and Brendt will be back."

"I think so too," said Eyken. "My two comrades from our 'bird on the arm' troop will be able to point out their indispensability for a second search operation in view of this jungle story and get them transferred."

"I hope so." The colonel walked up and down a few steps. "But back to the Asian venture: Have you thought about the details of the journey?"

"We have," Eyken replied promptly. "That's where my naval colleagues with their experience are valuable to me."

"Excellent." The commander approached Eyken and placed his right hand on his shoulder. "You have a strange organisation, you bird on the arm people. You ran your own German foreign office and now you've got threads all over the world. Here General Haushofer has introduced new ways of politics with an almost visionary talent. Let us hope that the threads in Asia are still strong and will bring success to your enterprise." His face was very serious. "Where do you want to start from? ="

"The official starting point is La Paz, as we last descended there in front of the public."

"Very well thought out. And how do you want to get from here to La Paz? ="

"I was already going to suggest that Spohr fly us out and drop us off in the neighbourhood of the Bolivian capital on his return flight. After all, if we suddenly appear somewhere out of the Andean wilderness after a long journey, we'd attract a lot of attention. Disappearing here was easier, getting out is more difficult."

"That fits in with my thoughts. I've already thought about this option. It will save a lot of time. I'll let Spohr know that he won't be leaving for another three days."

Eyken sought out his two comrades, who had already been waiting for him. In a few words, he reported on his conversation with the commander

"So we're leaving in three days," said the man from Hamburg. "Our mate is going to cry when he loses his naval nurses."

"You can stay there and keep playing mum!" Eyken forced himself to keep a deadly serious face

"Are you starting again?" said Krall angrily.

"Peace! " Hellfeldt shouted energetically. "Let's start planning! " _

Four days later, the three men were in La Paz. Saying goodbye to Mime's forge had been a little difficult for them. The good camaraderie and the common bond was almost homely. Not only the colonel, but also the other men at the Andean base were moved when they said goodbye.

Then came the landing in the moonlit night in the Cala Marca area, from where the men were able to take the railway to La Paz. Only a few Indians had seen a strange flying disc descend and a little later

surrounded by a fiery aura and disappearing southwards. It had been hard to say goodbye to my comrades.

In La Paz, they had been given their previous accommodation again. On the first evening, the contact man sat with them again without showing any particular surprise! He was already used to the most unusual things. He didn't even ask and simply acknowledged the presence of the three men. Everything had a reason, and this knowledge was enough for him. His only question had been: "What can I do? "

"Not much," Eyken had replied. "The most important thing now is a higher dollar amount and a connection from La Paz to a Pacific port or, even better, a flight connection to Hong Kong."

The contact from La Paz had the skin and nature of a jungle alligator. He showed no surprise and just nodded. "Let's see what I can do. I'll be back tomorrow evening! "

When he returned, everything was perfectly organised. Although there was no direct flight to Hong Kong, the man from La Paz had organised everything via another airline with a connection. He had also organised a considerable amount of dollars. "There's still some money in the bag now," he had said lightly, "but at some point, and soon, the blessing will run out. There will hardly be any more supplies." For security reasons, the men avoided the centre of the Bolivian capital. They spent most of their time in their rooms.

A few days later, a silver bird rose and abducted dis. Men towards a new destination.

XII THE COLONEL OF HONG KONG

"This creates all images:
The Figures of Being
And the Signs of the
Times, The Working of
the Gods
And the hiddenness of the spirits,
The secret of how the dim and the
light conquer each other; Shining
clearly it stands there,
The highest: the idea."

Yin Fu Ching

The sky was slightly overcast. Like little balls of fluff, individual cloud formations sailed along the Chinese coast and, recognisable from above, cast patches of shadow over water and land. A caravel flew over them and slowly descended towards the British crown colony of Hong Kong. It passed over the tangle of small islands that lay in front of the land, showing rocks and greenery. Ships also ploughed through the waterways, leaving long wakes behind them.

Three men sat in the front of the aircraft, which was slowly losing altitude. The islands grew towards the passengers looking out of the hatches, revealing a semi-wild scenery in places, framing small bays in which ships were anchored from time to time as if in hiding places

On the right-hand side of the entrance, the men coming from Latin America had a good view, which was free of wings. Krall, who had already travelled to Asia during his time in the Navy before the war, briefly explained the historical part to his comrades. He spoke English, as had been agreed for the duration of the journey.

"This island world used to be the centre of Chinese piracy," he said with a sweeping gesture. "Hong Kong used to be called Lanshan, to the west of which is the larger island of Lantau, which was also one of the pirates' main hideouts. The current fishermen there are all direct descendants of the infamous clans that were a terror at sea..."

Krall was interrupted by an announcement: "Fasten the belt! " The request to fasten the seatbelt was displayed in neon letters.

repeated at the partition wall. Shortly afterwards, the aircraft was already between hills over an arm of water, then foreshore appeared and then houses

on a narrow coastal strip

"The suburb of Cha Kwo Ling," Krall called out.

Now the aircraft touched down softly on the runway and taxied along the narrow concrete arm of Kai Tak Airport. At the side of the hatches, modern-style houses could now be seen that already belonged to Kowloon, the mainland part of Hong Kong. Then there was a slight turn and the aircraft came to a standstill

The three men calmly let hurried travellers pass before leaving the plane. In the check-in hall in front of the barriers, they showed their passports. Young Englishwomen in dark police uniforms gave the identity documents a cursory glance, but paid attention to the vaccination details on the special documents, which had only recently been introduced as health passports by the World Health Organisation. Thanks to the excellent organisation in La Paz, everything was in perfect order.

Next, the men made their way to the currency exchange office in the airport's large vestibule, where there was a long line of foreign airlines' booths. Eyken exchanged dollars for Hong Kong dollars. He watched in amazement as the bank clerk converted the amount in a flash on a counting board on which he moved brown, chestnut-sized balls back and forth. He then wrote the amount on a small receipt and stuck a tax stamp of the Crown Colony on it, showing the value of the exchange tax

"Where to now?" asked Hellfeldt, looking at Krall.

"Let's go outside," said the man from Hamburg. They had already picked up their luggage at the counter and now the question of where to stay next was at the forefront of their minds.

In front of the airport building, the roads led into Kowloon. Krall pointed to the left: "To the west are the districts of Hung Hom, Tsimshatsui and Kingspark. There are numerous hotels next to each other. They are all good hotels. But I remember that an old, experienced captain advised me to stay at the Repulse Bay Hotel, which is on the seaward side of the island. So we have to take the ferry over to Hong Kong and then take a bus to the other side of the island."

"Is that advantageous for us?" asked Eyken.

"Absolutely," nodded Krall. "As far as I know, the hotel is out of the way and is favoured by old colonial officials who want to find peace and quiet here on their trips to Hong Kong and don't want to be surrounded by extravagant people. Then you have a beautiful view of Repulse Bay from the sea."

"So further than the other houses," said Eyken.

"Further, but safer," confirmed Krall.

"What do you mean, safe?" mocked Hellfeldt. "Mao Tse tung is now marching behind the mountains in front of us, and if he's badly wound up, all he has to do is scrape over as a red dragon with his paw and wipe the British away."

"But he won't be doing that at the moment," said Eyken. "For Mao, this international square is an important centre for all kinds of business and his news activities. For the moment, the British can still bask in the sun here."

"No more chatting," said Krall energetically. "We'll make s u r e w e get to the ferry and get our luggage to the hotel. Then it's cabin conference time! "

The men took a taxi and travelled the short distance to the ferry. In less than half an hour, they had crossed over to the island and, after a brief enquiry, were able to board a bus that took them to Repulse Bay.

The men had no trouble getting to the hotel they were looking for, which turned out to be a decent establishment and undoubtedly promised more peace and quiet than the numerous places to stay in the bustling neighbourhoods of Kowloon or at the island's harbour. They had now got rid of their luggage and had become more mobile again

Eyken suggested they go into town for a meal and decide on their onward journey in the evening. The two Kaleus agreed. After changing the laundry and having a quick bath, they went outside refreshed

Before their eyes, the sea broke in gentle waves against the partly shallow beach, where boulders, as if thrown by Titans, created small bays. Here, the face of China was carefree and inviting.

"We don't want to grow here," said Krall dryly. "Off to the bus and back to town! "

An hour later, after wandering around for a while, they were sitting in one of the many restaurants. Eyken and Hellfeldt left the choice of food to the expert from Hamburg.

Apart from a few sailors, the guests were all Chinese. The proverbially good Chinese cuisine also offered enough choice for the European palate and did not disappoint the three men.

"This time we have it tougher," said Hellfeldt. "So far we always had a liaison who helped us. Here we have to rely solely on our luck. There are people from all over the world hanging around in Hong Kong, undoubtedly people who could help us or even act as intermediaries for our task."

"Certainly," agreed Eyken. "We have a problem now. We've been let loose as hunting dogs, but our noses haven't found a trail yet."

what happens next. We can't go through China, the country is shaken by turmoil and Mao is about to take power. But I still have the certain feeling that fate is now pulling the strings, as has been the case so far!"

"Hm, fate? " Hellfeldt murmured cryptically.

"If you are in a task, you are also in destiny," Eyken said emphatically. "In proving yourself, you are driven by higher forces. If you fail, you become a small creature. Paul de Lagarde once said that behind the individual digits of a sum there is a mass of zeros. This proves the nonsense of the power of the masses in democratic systems and at the same time the necessity of formative forces that stand in destiny and are interwoven with it."

The conversation was interrupted when a passing waiter interrupted their meal with a question: "Ni si wan se mö? Ser jeo? "

The three men looked at the questioner, puzzled. Krall tried pidgin English: "No Chinese you savvy, I savvy?"

A Chinese man sitting nearby, alone at a table, had overheard and added to Krall's question, taking the answer from the waiter. "He asks if you want the speciality snake wine! " When he saw the horrified faces of the white guests, he waved the waiter off: "Pu jao no! "

Eyken thanked him politely, and the two Kaleus nodded amiably.

The Chinese man smiled and called over from his table: "Snake wine is a Chinese delicacy. But also expensive, of course." After a few minutes, he rose and passed the table of the three whites. With an elegant and smooth movement, he fished a card out of his skirt pocket and placed it on the table with a deep bow. Bowing again, he said goodbye and left the restaurant with a measured stride.

Krall took the card in his hand. It was printed in Chinese and English.

"Chinese Handicraft" was written on it, with the name and an address in the Wanchai district underneath. He carelessly pushed the card aside, but Eyken reached for it

"Slow down, friend," he said. "This might give us a first thread to get into a conversation with Chinese people in a simple way and learn a few things." He looked at it again thoughtfully before putting it in his pocket. Then he waved to the waiter to pay.

The man called nodded and sent a second man, who discreetly handed over the bill lying upside down on a plate. He gratefully accepted the rounded amount on the plate, bowed and muttered as he walked away: "Thank you shia, shia! .
."

When the three men stepped back onto the road, there was heavy traffic.

"What now?" asked Hellfeldt. "Should we go and see the Handicraft Chinaman right now?"

"I wouldn't advise that," said Eyken thoughtfully. "I'd rather suggest postponing this visit until tomorrow so we don't open the door. Let's stroll around the city instead! "

They passed a corner of a house where a poorly dressed Chinese man was begging for alms: "Kumtscha! ="

A tree-length white man walking in front of them, elegantly dressed, shouted roughly: "Fettih, fettih pack tight"

Eyken stopped and gave the beggar a small coin. He said to his companions: "Here we see the arrogant behaviour of those whites who try to compensate for their lost prestige with arrogance. Everyone knows that this city is being ravaged by a refugee invasion. Now everyone is coming from the interior to save themselves from Mao's red tide. It will get worse in the next few years when Mao has consolidated his rule. Over on the mainland, in Kowloon and the hinterland, are the slums of which we saw a small copy, to the right of the airport, inland."

"And where there is misery, there is vice," said Hellfeldt. "Opium will sell like hot cakes there."

"Not only that," Krall continued, "here more than ever the poor will try to sell their children, especially the girls, for a few bowls of rice. And here you can also hire a murderer for a measly ten American dollars to get rid of an inconvenient rival. With a

Knives are a quick matter here. People rarely shoot. The Hong Kong Police also keep a close eye on firearms. They are particularly strict here."

"So a cosy island," Hellfeldt replied. "My favourite thing of all would be the beach in Repulse Bay!"

"Right in favour!" Krall supported this suggestion. He looked at Eyken, who also nodded in agreement

"So back through the Happy Valley to the Bay! "

Some time later, the three men were lying on the beach, enjoying the warming rays of the sun. They had previously picked up swimming trunks from the hotel and were lolling comfortably on the sand of the moderately populated beach.

High-legged Chinese and Eurasian beauties passed by and attracted the attention of the men. Other women and girls lay in provocative poses on the light-coloured sand or frolicked in the shallow water.

as she tripped past in a national dress slit up to her knees, Krall grumbled, showing displeasure: "It's very nice to see what's here, but we have to deal with other things than enjoying the pleasures of life! "

"We can chat about Chinese wisdom as a distraction," Eyken teased him.

"Why not?" asked the man from Hamburg. "The old Chinese sages also wrote sayings about women. For example, the yellow white beards used to say maliciously when they were startled by bewitching cheong sam dresses that women's clothing was a compromise between their admitted desire to dress and their secret desire to undress! "

Eyken laughed out loud. "It's always the same: When water rats go ashore, they always go after women first. And that's where their philosophy begins."

"Funny," countered Krall, "that the landlubbers have fish blood in their veins."

Eyken looked, seemingly unmoved, at two Eurasian women crossing in front of him, who cast a fleeting glance at the three men. Their eyes glittered like black pearls. Then he suddenly said: "The whole world can see me..."

He looked at his mates and his eyes now flashed with mischief. "You're chattering away your longings while I suffer in silence! " Hellfeldt let out a cry. "Hip, hip, hooray, our boss is healthy after all! "

"I want to have asked for that too. But we can't afford any jokes now. It's too dangerous here. In this paradise for shrewd businessmen, thieves and agents, we have to see that we get round all the corners in one piece. If we learn a few words of pidgin English, we'll have enough distraction."

"Ha," said Krall. "Let's learn Chinese right away. It's not difficult." Eyken jerked up. "You must have sunstroke, Kumpell. The Chinese language system is different to that of our European languages, not to mention the writing."

"Pah," grinned Krall. "That's simple. Thief means Lang fing in Chinese. The word for policeman is Lang fing fang, which then catches the Ha lun ken. That's how it is!"

Eyken rolled his eyes. "Ha, the blessed Karl May was an orphan compared to you. In his China book 'Der blaurote Methusalem', he had an old sea dog chatting in Chinese by simply adding Chinese-sounding suffixes to the words. Haha, such linguistic artists. I'm amused by the monkey!"

"Can you do better?" the hamburger teased.

"A bit," Eyken admitted, becoming serious again. "In the special school about Asia, especially Tibet and Mongolia, China was also touched on. And this much I know about the fact that it is a tricky business for Europeans to learn the language of the Middle Kingdom, which is not really a standardised language. It is divided into very different dialects, Mandarin Chinese in the north, the dialects of Kiangsi and the Central Coast group and the southern dialects, such as Cantonese and others. Efforts are being made to create a standardised national language based on the Beijing dialect. On the other hand, efforts to develop an alphabetic script from the simple colloquial language, Pei Hua, are still controversial. The peculiarity of this language is its monosyllabic system, which is also sparse in its expressiveness. Nevertheless, the literature is very developed and there is an old legislation."

"A lot of Chinese philosophy has also come over to the West," Hellfeldt remembers. "Unfortunately, I never had enough time to rummage around in this knowledge. Have you looked into it? "

"Only with the basic schools of thought," Eyken confessed. "I, too, would have liked to have familiarised myself with the literature of the great people, but other things necessarily took centre stage. So I didn't get beyond a general knowledge."

Now Krall spoke up again: "General knowledge isn't much, but it's better than nothing. As far as I'm concerned, I realise now that I haven't really got beyond water rat philosophy. And as far as religion is concerned, I don't realise much about Buddhism. Is belief in God or Buddha already being swept away by the communist wave?" Eyken swayed his head. "I hardly think that the new Mao wave can destroy faith so quickly. But you also have to realise that you can't judge religion by European standards. There is no actual heavenly ruler in our sense. Philosophy is too strongly in the foreground of thought for that. That is why the two main denominations are called Confucianism and Taoism. The religious role models are only saints and sages. And thus Chinese mythology also becomes a glorification of the heroes. The great ones of the old traditions had human features and were not deities in a state of rapture. This is why Chinese thought does not show any spiritual beings, and only in ancient folk beliefs are there still traces of unsystematic animism. Among the common people, the belief in spirits of the dead, ghosts and goblins remained, which could be fought off after overcoming the horror. However, there are no transcendent deities as in the West. Ethics and wisdom have

no connection to heaven. The oldest myths only saw the sky as a cave vault in which trees rose upwards as pillars. In other words, a view very similar to our view of the world ash tree and the Nordic world sphere, albeit with significantly different interpretations. A systematic cosmogony was never developed by the Chinese. Only their astronomers created the basis for ancient traditions, and as a result, their own astrology with its own signs and interpretations developed from the depiction of the heavens, which was practised centuries before the European revolution. According to the old Hun t'ien school, the earth was described as an egg-shaped body, almost spherical, covered by the celestial bowl. The mythical endpoints are the north, where the yellow springs originate and where the world of the dead is located, while the sky, as another endpoint, is the abode of the upper ruler Shang ti, where he holds court. Only god-like qualities are ascribed to him. It was only with the subsequent advent of Buddhism that a sense of deity began to penetrate further. Fo, as the Chinese call him, smiles in the Buddhist temples, but Taoism and Confucianism hold their ground. The Tao is still decisive for Chinese thinking and being. The Tao, the Way, also signifies power, virtue and authority and will hardly be completely insurmountable for Chinese communism. The almost mathematical thinking of the Chinese sees in the Tao a changing and cyclical wholeness, and all opposites are visualised in the image of light and shadow. Furthermore, the Tao is intrinsic to everything, a rhythm of the space-time structure. If you have the Tao, you can also organise time and space. You can recognise and rule. If you have also been initiated into the art of oracle, the use of which was one of the prerogatives of emperors, princes and nobles, then you have all the trump cards of skill at your disposal. Oracles have always played a major role and have scientific foundations. The oracle book handed down to us, the I ching, provides sufficient insight. The objects of the art of oracle are the observation of transformations through changes and the exchange of any characters representing Yin or Yang. Calendar sayings are also understood as signals. These small clues show how the Tao, the Yin and the Yang, are linked to ancient oracular knowledge. And finally, esotericism also has an old tradition. Among other things, the magic of the old Yin Yang school and the Mo Di practice were also studied. Then the dangerous black magic drew on the three branches of the Hung Gün school and formed another branch of the secret sciences. We whites know little about it. But the basic attitude towards magic is not significantly different among ancient peoples. If the primitives understood the phenomena of the world from the one-

If we know magic from our own experience of life, our experience is only emotional and instinctive, by no means speculative or rational. It is only in the further development that the powers of magical sensations emerge, and after the archaic beginning of hunting magic, magic splits into a white and a black path. There is no doubt that the Chinese also began with primal magic and then developed a variant of the path that basically followed the same models everywhere. For China, Tibet was the bridge to system equality."

"I find that very interesting," said Hellfeldt. "For us Europeans, especially in Asia, the field of magic is usually a book with seven seals."

"But there are other, more mundane relationships between us Germans and China," Eyken remarked. "Let's just go back to the recent past and remember that Sun Yat Sen had already urged close co-operation with Germany. At that time, he was prepared to offer German help from the industrial and intellectual sectors in return for assistance in shaking off the Versailles Treaty. A situation that could perhaps occur again under different circumstances. However, it would then depend very much on who governs in Germany and who governs in China. In any case, the Republic of Weimar did not know how to react to the Chinese hint at the time. That was the weakness of any democratic system that is incapable of real political solutions. In 1928, German officers arrived in China as military advisors, but that was all. In 1934, General v. Seeckt followed as chief advisor. By this time there were already sixty Germans working there. Unfortunately, the Chinese communists also had German advisors, one of whom was Otto Wagner, later also known as Otto Braun. He was imprisoned as a high traitor in Berlin's Moabit prison and was forcibly liberated. He fled to Moscow, then joined the Chinese Red Peasant Army, where he became an opponent of Mao, who was starting his career at the time. Heinz Neumann and Richard Sorge also had a hand in Chinese communism. Neumann was liquidated in Russia in the 1930s. Then there is the case of Zaisser, who worked as an agent for communism in the East and later became known as General Gomez during the Spanish Civil War."

"The old song," Krall remarked. "If Germans are building somewhere in the world, Germans are working elsewhere as traitors against their country."

The men were silent. The good humour had evaporated and seriousness overshadowed their thoughts again. After pondering for a while, they returned to the hotel

As they walked through the hotel lobby, an old man with grey hair and a military-style moustache was sitting in a corner. He had a whisky glass in his hand. He raised the drink with a somewhat embarrassed gesture and toasted the passers-by with a polite nod.

The three men thanked him in an emphatically friendly manner, whereupon the foreign guest showed a horse's teeth and invited him to sit down. "A few minutes time for a drink, gentlemen? -"

"Why not," Eyken replied. The two Kaleus looked at their comrade in surprise. "You've been here longer than us?"

The stranger nodded. "A week already. Been there several times before. You too? -"

"No, sir," said Eyken. "We're just passing through here for the first time. By the way, our names..."

"I already know," the old man defended himself. "It's in the hotel directory. I'm Ken- neth. Retired colonel." He waved to a boy at the entrance: "Hey boy, whisky for the gentlemen chop, chop quick! savvy? "

"Pleased to meet you, Colonel," said Eyken, shaking the man's hand. The two Kaleus followed his example, then the men took their seats. "Are you here alone?"

"Yes. That's why I'm happy when I can find company for a short time. Especially because you can't make friends with everyone in Hong Kong. Heaven, earth and hell are all together here."

"How do you know we have a virtue passport?" Krall asked, amused. "We could have come from hell..."

"Possibly," the colonel replied. "But you don't look it. Take it from an old colonial officer, gentlemen, you get a good eye for people over time."

"Thanks for the flowers," Eyken fended off the indirect compliment. "But there's no guarantee for the eye! "

"Pah," said Kenneth. "I can manage like this. Old colonial officials from the Empire always stay here at the Repulse Bay Hotel when they take a break in Hong Kong. That's why it's so quiet here. None of my many acquaintances are here at the moment. That's why I'm sitting here alone. I hope I'm not taking up any of your time with my invitation? "

"Not at all," Eyken reassured him. "We've got plenty of time."

The boy came with a tray and the whisky.

Kenneth urged them to take a bite. "To good business in Hong Kong, gentlemen! " he added casually:

"Despite the close affinity, you look more like German merchants. Danes and Dutch are often more reserved, aren't they

?

The three men looked concerned

"It's possible," said Eyken, trying to show impartiality.

The old man looked sharply at the three men in front of him, then smiled subtly.

"Perhaps you have German parents or family lines, don't you? But that's no reason to get angry. Quite the opposite!"

"What do you mean?" Eyken asked frankly.

The colonel got a sphinx face. "The snake must shed its skin..."

The three men looked at each other and then back at the colonel. Eyken took a chance:

"You have a good feeling, Mr Kenneth, we really are descended from Germans!"

The colonel laughed. "That's quite enough. And if you expect trouble because of that, I'll help you any time! I'm happy to do my bit to at least help after my countryman Churchill slaughtered the wrong pig, gambled away our Empire and let the Communists get too big. I just hope you never forgot your heritage and didn't turn against your country like some others did." He raised his glass for a toast.

Krall was the first to put his glass down again. "That sounds very nice, Mr Kenneth, but how does the game continue? If one party plays this wrong, the sky is falling!"

The colonel leant forward and grabbed Krall's arm. "What you're saying is absolutely right. If you really are Germans, you'd better keep your mouth shut! The Germans in the Reich have been put on their muzzles, and they're being hunted abroad. But I didn't ask you to come out of your shell. My questions were careful enough, weren't they? No, no," he said, as the hamburger made a violent movement, "I am not a hunter! If my merry old England were not drifting towards political suicide, it would make sense to keep my eyes and ears open everywhere for my country. But as it is, my people are drifting towards ruin because they forgot their origins and submitted to the throne of David."

"Hey, what's that I hear?" Eyken gasped. He looked at the colonel in amazement.

"Don't you know the story of the lost tribe of Israel and David's throne? The old legend that the British follow a destiny of Israel?" The old colonel had a different face now. It showed the hard lines of long tropical sojourns.

"We've heard some of it," Eyken replied very cautiously. "But damn it, we know too much, we're suspicious, we know nothing, then..."

"Stop!" shouted Kenneth. "Let's stop dancing on the ice. I want to get rid of my knowledge before I head off to Australia or New Zealand for my last days.

People don't know anything there

and are constantly in the shadows. The Germans were absolutely right about many things and knew why they stood alone against the whole world. If only they hadn't made a policy with terrible mistakes. That didn't fit in at all with their realisations. They must have known about the throne of David in the leadership of the empire? Or not?"

"I suppose so," said Eyken. "But probably not enough. But whatever the case, we'd be very interested to hear your story if you're not short of time."

"I've got plenty of time," replied the colonel. He took another sip of whisky. "You see, that's how it is in life sometimes. Strangers meet in a corner of the world and suddenly they're like old acquaintances. These are the experiences of an old man who has seen a lot of the world. You know each other like people from a village, and you know where you can and can't trust each other. And that's why I want to tell you this damned old legend, savvy? "

Hellfeldt now made his voice heard: "We're happy to listen to you, Colonel! I've also heard hints, but I'm sure I haven't heard everything."

The colonel showed a satisfied face. "If you've been at all concerned with such things, then my watch is right. I see a time coming soon when the whole white race will pay for great sins, and the Germans will be called upon when all hell breaks loose everywhere. Don't be so surprised, even among my countrymen there are still those who think I am not entirely alone in my opinion."

"We are surprised," said Eyken calmly. "For us, you are the first person to openly express such an opinion as a member of an Allied power since the end of the war."

"But you haven't spoken to many British expatriates," said Kenneth troc- ken. "Our island Britons are for the most part blind and subject to mass thinking. They don't realise that this last world war was not our war, but was controlled by foreign forces. And that brings us back to my theme of the Throne of David. This is a very moving story. It begins with the first book of Kings in the Old Testament, in which Yahweh confirmed the throne of the kingdom of Israel forever, as he had promised David. In the 89th Psalm he went on to say that he had made a covenant with his chosen ones and that he would give Israel his seed forever and a throne as long as the heavens last. And then there is talk of a Promised Land, an island in the west called Brithain. After the fall of Jerusalem, according to the ancient discourse, the throne of David was moved to this island."

"Brith ain, Britain," Eyken repeated the name in surprise.

The old Brit just nodded, then continued: "But there's an older story that goes with it. It begins with the first Egyptian dynasty, which was of Aryan origin. According to ancient tradition, these pharaohs sat on a throne of God, which was theirs until the arrival of a saviour. As the Israelites always spoke of their land of promise and were also waiting for a Messiah, Ramses II decided that the Egyptians should be regarded as the bearers of the messianic idea and transferred the role of Messiah to Osiris. The Aryan, pre-Christian sign of the cross, which was already found on the Hittite Sumerian sun discs on the chest of the phoenix bird, then also appeared on Egyptian depictions and was combined with the idea of the redeemer. Most of the early historical kings were Aryans, and accordingly they also held their divine thrones ready for the Son's earthly journey. Thus, at the time of Solomon and David, the legend suddenly arose among the Israelites that David's throne was a divine one, in this case belonging to Yahweh, who granted it to Israel's kings. And imitating the Aryan traditions, this throne was to be eternal until the return of the Messiah, as it was for the Aryan kings."

"In other words, the incorporation of an Aryan tradition into the Israelite tradition," Hellfeldt repeated briefly

"That's right," said Kenneth. "Now there's something else: When Zedekiah was taken captive by Nebuchadnezzar, his sons were slain by the Babylonians, but the royal diadem and the sceptre of the Israelites were brought to safety in time by his daughters. Later, Jeremiah, accompanied by Baruch the scribe, brought the regalia to Tahpanhez in Egypt. And a little later still, Ezekiel reported that the seed of Israel had been brought from the land of Egypt and Lebanon across a great river where there were fertile fields and pastures. These references to the migration of the Israelites refer to Ireland, where the diadem of David also landed. Ulster is mentioned as the landing area. Jeremiah then wrote in an ancient scripture that he had taken the Israelite king's daughter to Egypt, where she then suddenly disappeared. Later it is said that the royal line was taken to Ulster. And in the oldest Irish chronicles it is recorded that in the year 580 before the turn of time a foreign patriarch appeared, accompanied by an oriental princess. This patriarch was called Simon Barech. He brought David's harp with him to Ireland, which later became the Irish coat of arms. He also brought a miracle stone with magical powers, the Stone of Destiny, which entered the legends of Ireland as Lia Phail. Jeremiah, on the other hand, brought the other princesses of Zedekiah's seed to Spain, where one of them married the prince of the

zen of Saragossa. With the remaining girls, Jeremiah followed Barech to Ulster, where he then married the princess Tamar Tephi to the heremon, the lord of Ireland, Eochaidh. He then taught the Irish the true faith of Yahweh. In the legends that followed, he became a major figure in the early history of the Emerald Isle. As the patriarch of the land, he surpassed Heremon and thus became the real St Patrick, who later returned again and again in the Roman Christian era. And Simon Barech was identical to the scribe Baruch, who came to Egypt with Jeremiah. Tamar Tephi, the Israeli princess, was then sung about in the old songs and ballads for two and a half millennia. Jeremiah became Ollam Fodhla in the ancient Irish tales. Ollam means secret knowledge in ancient Hebrew. Jeremiah, now Ollam Fodhla, demanded of Heremon that the old serpent cult and the worship of Lucibel, the bringer of light, be discontinued and that complete submission to the laws of Moses take place. He then founded a school of wisdom, Mur Ollamain, in the royal residence of Cathair Crofin. Then the legend draws another thread from the princess Tamar, also called Tara, derived from Torah, which in turn means the law, to the royal house of Brith ain, i.e. Britain, with the tribe of the names Judah Zarah and Judah Pharez, from which numerous collateral lines are derived. When Tamar died, she was buried in a large burial mound near the great Mergesh. This large mound is still considered a national shrine to this day. Jeremiah was buried after his death on the island of Devenish in Lower Lough Erne, in the district of Fer- managh, near the ruins of Devenish Abbey. And a medallion portrait of Jeremiah still hangs in the historic Four Courts in Dublin, together with an image of Moses."

The speaker looked at his listeners. "Am I tiring you, or should I go on "

"We ask you to tell us whatever else you have to say," said Eyken, whose features betrayed tension. The two Kaleus also nodded eagerly.

"Well," Kenneth continued, "then there's the landing in Ireland of the Milesian prince Gallam, whose name comes from the Hebrew Phoenician Gadil, via the middle word Gadelos, and is translated as 'The Happy One'. He inherited the Davidic diadem. The sons of Gadelos then formed the clan of the Red Knights. Some clans in Ireland and Scotland still use red feathers on crests and red hand signs on shields as proof of descent from the sons of Gadelos. These descendants also called themselves Craunnogs, the crowned ones with David's diadem. The Gaelic craun translates as

actually tree, or rather the crown of a tree, but this explains the descent from David's trunk. This common thread in the story of the Celtic Craunnogs subsequently stretched all the way to Britain. This connection can be seen in various aspects of everyday life in England right up to the present day. For example, in the British naval tradition, where all ropes have a red thread running through them."

"I didn't know that," Krall mumbled.

Kenneth continued: "Now back to Tamar's union with Eochaidh, from whom sprang the long line of Irish Ardaghs or Overlords, who for a thousand years were always crowned on the sacred stone of Israel and received the sceptre of Judah, which confirmed their rule over Ireland. The last of the Ardaghs was Murtough, who left a daughter named Earca, who married King Muirdhach of Abilene, now Dublin. Here it happened again that a female line passed on the tradition of Jeremiah and involved the tribes of western and northern Ireland, as well as the Scots in Scotland, in the Law of Moses. Earca's son, Fergus MacEarca, then travelled with a force to Caledonia against the quarrelling Picts and founded the kingdom of Argyle. This country's name originated from the Hebrew 'Ard', the word for leader, and from 'Giloh', translated as takeover. Fergus MacEarca had brought the sacred stone with him and had himself crowned on it. In the further line of succession from Argyle, the fifteenth king, MacAlpin, married the heiress to the Pictish throne of Scotland and thus became king of the whole country. As king of the Scots, he now possessed the sacred stone and the sceptre of Judah. Thus the Scots, like the British, now refer to the rightful possession of the throne of David, the sacred stone and the sceptre. With the rise of England under King James 1, the rulers of England, Scotland and Wales ruled with the Jewish insignia of the legend and united the ethnic groups of the Celts, Saxons and Angles into one nation."

The speaker paused again for a moment, took a sip of whisky soda, then, clearing his throat, continued: "Some time ago the Reverend J. H. Allen wrote a now very rare book on the sceptre of Judah and Joseph's birthright, in which he endeavoured to prove that the family tree of British rulers went back to Adam. He enumerates the individual stages of genealogical development, according to which there were thirty generations from Adam to Obed, the father of Jesse. After Jesse, with whom the royal line of the tribes of Israel began, eighteen generations of kings followed in Palestine. In the fiftieth jubilee number, Tea Tephi reigned, her

were followed by fifty-three kings of Ireland, beginning with Eochaidh to Earca, followed by the thirteen kings of Argyleshire. They were followed by twenty-five rulers of Scotland, beginning with Kenneth II and ending with Mary, and then a further ten kings of England, beginning with James I and ending with Edward VII, who as Grand Master of English Freemasonry played a major role in strengthening the world politics of the lodges. He was followed by Kings George V and VI, then Queen Elizabeth II. They were all crowned on the King's Chair in Westminster Abbey on the sacred King's Stone. This stone has been lying on the Gothic-style coronation chair since 1298. It is made of reddish sandstone, the like of which is found nowhere else in England, and is sixty-six centimetres long, about forty wide and twenty-two high. Scottish nationalists have repeatedly attempted to abduct this sacred stone from the abbey so that, after secession from England, a Scottish king could be crowned on it according to traditional custom.

Such aspirations for independence have long existed among the Scots and Welsh. They all know about the legendary background of the line of David and the insignia of Judah and their influence on their national consciousness." The old Brit paused again. His eyes looked out through an open window onto the wide sea. He was now sitting there, somewhat slumped, and seemed tired "You know a lot! " Eyken said quietly. "It is very instructive for us to learn these details. They confirm that Britain, the Brith ain, took up the sword on behalf of David's seed to prevent the Norse awakening in this century. And we are also very surprised that you tell us these things so openly, because the Dutch and Danes have often denied their species consciousness from their leadership and have hardly practised Germanic family politics."

The Brit looked at the three men for a long time. This time he just twirled his whisky glass with his fingers without drinking. His reply came quietly: "According to your entries in the hotel register, you are of Danish and Swiss nationality. But you can't deny a typically German flavour. Believe me, I have a great knowledge of human nature and experience in national characteristics. You can't deny a soldierly type, I can't either. I can't imagine that you fought in David's crusading army. So that leaves the other side. And that's why I speak to you so openly. I myself quarrel with my people, who betray their blood under a foreign sceptre. For it was not the Irish, Scots and British who came from Palestine, but only, as the legend goes, the rulers. But it is not enough that the shield of the North is now being smashed in order to destroy the mythical power centres of the Germans. They will be

know that the Royal Air Force has used the island of Heligoland, the ancient sanctuary of the Ingväonen, as a bombing range and evacuated the population. Until now, the island has withstood the many approaches and bombing raids. But if nothing is done to stop it, all that will remain is a pile of rubble." The colonel saw the shock on the faces of his listeners, who could not quite hide their inner movement.

"We don't deny sympathy," Eyken said calmly.

"What is sympathy?" asked the old Briton. "It's the voice of the blood you can't deny!" He leaned back in his chair. "The blood of the old Saxons and Angles also rebels in me against what has been done to our people. I'm not a Freemason either and I see things clearly. That's why I also know about the diabolical background to the bombing of Helgoland, which has special symbolic significance."

"Then you also know," Hellfeldt interjected, "that this island is the bridge Bifröst, the rainbow bridge between Asgard and Mitgard. It connects the humans with the gods and the mediator Heimdall. This island of Heiligland is the remnant of the old Ingväonenland, which long ago sank into the North Sea as the Dogger Bank area and turned Britain into an island. Next to the Externsteine in the Teutoburg Forest, Heiligland is the largest remaining sanctuary of the Atlantean Aryans. It is the forerock to the mythical mountain in the north, the last refuge of the sons of the sun."

"And the knowing Germans call this high mountain the Midnight Mountain!"

"Eyken added.

The Brit looked at him in surprise. "I haven't heard that name before, but it tells me a lot. Surely the Germans know more than I and some of my compatriots. But as far as Heligoland is concerned, David's bombing is intended to strike and destroy this Aryan centre with a vengeance. So far, the air force has not succeeded. The Kabbalists believe that whoever destroys the mythical centre will strike at the life of the soul!"

"It is the battle of the Sinai against the Midnight Mountain that is being fought here in the run-up," said Eyken hoarsely. "This symbolic action has a deep meaning!"

"That's right," Kenneth said sternly. "The Germanic adversary was cast down at David's behest. Now the holy land is offered as a sacrifice. And Cain strikes Abel..."

"That's enough!" Krall said with a huff. His jaw dropped.

"Not yet," contradicted the colonel. "I have kept the latest news as particularly revealing to my previous descriptions. You do know that the next heir to the throne, Prince Charles, was born recently. And hell and heaven he was baptised according to the Jewish

Ritual circumcised! Despite his Anglican creed, the ritual of the throne of David had to be complied with. Another confirmation of the spiritual Semitisation of the Windsors, as well as the previous generations." Kenneth leant back and closed his eyes briefly. "The extent to which this mythical tradition corresponds to historical reality is not so important as the fact that the spiritual overlay not only of the Regency but also of the Irish Celtic area across Scotland to Britain under the Davidic diadem and the sceptre of Judah created the great historical condition according to which the people of both islands could be brought to believe that they were the lost tribe of Israel. Thus, under the British leading power in the two world wars, England became the mother ship of the aeroplane under the Star of David flag against the Germanic north."

"Yes, damned," Krall rumbled.

"Yes, damned!" the colonel repeated. "But it is not we British, but the throne of David, the lodges and the Rothschilds who have declared war on the Germans. We, the people of England, must foot the bill. An old Chinese man in this city told me that England will not only lose its world power, but will also become impoverished. One day we will go under..."

The listeners nodded silently. Only after a while did Eyken say: "I'm afraid that's how it is. As you have correctly recognised, a foreign impregnation has disembodied the British. Churchill was a tool in this period of history that ushered in the downfall. And Churchill was a Freemason."

"Yes," nodded the colonel gloomily. "One day, the last of the island will know what forces drove us into the abyss. But then it will be too late." He reached for the whisky glass and drank it empty. He blinked a little with his eyes, which showed a moist gleam. He stood up with a gesture of resignation. "I am tired, gentlemen, I am tired! . . ." He shook hands with the three men and added: "See you tomorrow good night!"

When the old colonial officer had gone, the three companions sat thoughtfully in their seats. Again it was Eyken who interrupted the silence: "That was a dangerous conversation with a stranger, but extremely informative." Both Kaleus remained silent.

"A day that brought us a big surprise," Eyken continued quietly.

"I'm sure this Brit was real. But if there are such dangerous encounters every day in Hong Kong, then we need to call on the local Chinese guardian spirits. This city is hot!"

"Very hot," Krall said laconically. "But the spirits are already with us..." The next morning, the three men travelled to the Wan- district.

chai. With the help of a city map, they soon found the address of the Chinese man from the previous day.

The display, which consisted of just one window, was filled with all sorts of artefacts that not only tourists but also connoisseurs are looking for. A young Chinese man stood at the open shop door and greeted the onlookers in a friendly manner: "Ni hao!" He smiled expectantly.

As Eyken made preparations to enter, the salesman immediately stepped aside and bowed. With an inviting gesture, he said: 'Gin lei!'

Eyken showed him the business card. The Chinese man glanced at it and nodded immediately. "She, she yes yes, Mistel Lao Cheng, jaul =" At the word "jaul" he pointed into the shop

The men entered. The shop was spacious and a large Chinese traffic light shone dimly in the background. The side walls were lined with high shelves filled with all kinds of goods. The young Chinese man gently pushed past the visitors and tripped backwards, disappearing silently behind a door

However, he immediately returned accompanied by the shopkeeper. It was the man who had given them the menu in the restaurant the day before.

"Ni hao!" Lao Cheng also greeted and bowed. He recognised his visitors and greeted them warmly in English. Then he asked what they wanted, making a sweeping gesture towards his goods. He shoed the young salesman away.

"This is our first time in Hong Kong," Eyken began the conversation cautiously.

"That's why we want to have a look around first . . ."

"Hsie, hsie please!" replied Lao Cheng patiently. "Are you looking for something specific? -"

"Not really," said Eyken, rubbing his chin. "In any case, we can't buy any large items as we're travelling and don't have much space in our luggage."

"Oh, I see," replied the Chinese man sympathetically. "How about little Buddhas? Or jade jewellery for women!'

"Haha," Krall barked in between, "haha, women!..."

The Chinese man misunderstood the Hamburg man's remark. "Oh, you like very nice women? Beautiful women?" He grinned mischievously. "I can help you with that too. "

Eyken waved him off. "A misunderstanding, Mr Cheng. My be gleiter just said that we don't have any women at home to bring souvenirs to."

"Maski doesn't do anything!" said Lao Cheng impassively. "But I have some lucky amulets. All kinds of lucky charms and dragon jewellery. Beautiful

Stuff!"

Eyken looked firmly at the merchant and asked abruptly: "Since you were just talking about Dra- chen, dear friend, do you know anyone in Hong Kong who knows about the covenant 'The Green Dragon'? -"

Lao Cheng's face became a cold mask. He stood there, rigid and unmoving, and remained silent.

Eyken pretended not to notice this change. He looked at the shelves and then said levelly: "The question earlier wasn't that important. But show us some lucky amulets! We can always use luck."

"Hsie, hsie," Lao Cheng said again hurriedly. He brought a few shops with numerous pieces in them, some of them of considerable beauty.

"It's hard to choose," Eyken admits openly. "Very nice things!"

"Come with me to my office room," invited the Chinese man. "We can drink tea or velvety shu and make a selection in peace and quiet."

"With pleasure," thanked Eyken.

Lao Cheng went ahead and the three companions followed him. At the door, he let the guests enter first. The men stopped in surprise after a few steps. What they saw here took their breath away. The medium-sized room was filled with valuable furniture and artefacts. The scent of incense hung in the air and settled on the respiratory system.

The landlord now placed the shop on the table, then asked: "Would you like tea or velvety shoo?"

"Tea, please," Eyken replied. He wanted to keep a clear head and avoid the unfamiliar velvet shoo.

The Chinese man called out into the shop and ordered the salesman to bring tea. Then he offered seats

"May I help you with some advice?" The Chinese man presented some particularly beautiful amulets. "Beautiful things, bring good, good luck! "

"I like to think so," laughed Eyken, "but all that luck also costs a lot of money!"

Lao Cheng also laughed and, after some searching, presented three particularly beautiful jade amulets. "I would highly recommend these if you like them?"

The three men let the pretty pieces pass from hand to hand. "How much do they cost?" asked Hellfeldt.

The Chinese man quoted a price that seemed acceptable. Nevertheless, Eyken made a sign of regret.

"I can also offer you cheaper things. But if you like the pieces you choose, I'll give you a discount on the purchase price. I love

Customers who understand good things I "

"If you drop a third, we'll buy!" said Eyken, as was customary everywhere in the East.

Lao Cheng smiled delicately. "I gave you a fair price at first because you are a stranger here and have a different way of doing things than the many tourists here. It is customary to bargain everywhere here. But if my customers are also guests, then I quote real prices."

Now the young man came along with four tea bowls on a tray, a pot in the centre

"Shao Sing be careful! " the landlord warned as the employee approached the table. He now left business to one side and chatted about everyday life in the city. In between, he poured the tea and topped it up later.

He suddenly asked: "Why did you ask about the Green Dragon? -"

His guests looked at him, puzzled. Eyken took it upon himself to keep hold of the thread he had started. "We know that the Green Dragon had connections to Europe. And we would be very interested in talking to a member of this covenant!"

Lao Cheng swayed his head. "That's a very dangerous thing! As far as I know, these connections went to Germany. And since the end of the Great War, the victorious powers have shown great interest in tracing this connection. Why do you want such a connection? Who are you working for? ='

Eyken thought for a moment. So Lao Cheng knew about the existence of this powerful alliance. After some hesitation, he said: "We are not members of a secret service. But we have old friends in Germany who had such a connection, which has been interrupted or even severed since the occupation and censorship of this country. And since we are in Hong Kong,

let's take the opportunity to do our friends a favour." The Chinese man had not overlooked Eyken's consideration. He replied just as carefully: "I don't believe that a n y member of a secret service ever a d m i t s to working for one. Your reference to not belonging to any s e r v i c e therefore seems to me useless and superfluous. But what I know is not much anyway. I can only tell you that Lü Lon, the Green Dragon, is extremely powerful. The head of the Chinese branch of Lü Lon is a certain Wang. He rebelled against Chiang Kai-shek some time ago when he ceded a base to the USA. That's all I know."

"So no way to get a connection." Eyken showed his disappointment openly. "So it's all too secret here too."

"Ni chung na li lei? ' Cheng immediately improved and repeated in English: "Where are you from? I know it's very rude of me to ask, so you don't need to answer. You're not English or American, are you?"

"We are two Swiss and one Dane."

"Shia, shia," Lao Cheng thanked him and bowed again. "I understand now that you have friends in Germany. I can ask around among my friends to see if anyone has a thread to Lü Lon. But it's very dangerous. We also have the Hon Lon, the Red Dragon, here in Hong Kong. The Hon Lon people play with Mao Tse tung and are mortal enemies of Lü Lon. But the Lü Lon people have a protective connection with the Green Dragon in Japan, which is above the Black Dragon. That's why you have to be very careful in this game of forces. Very careful! " he repeated.

Eyken nodded in understanding. "And do you know anything about the Sage of the Fifth House who lives here in Hong Kong?"

Now Lao Cheng was visibly startled. He looked suspiciously at the questioner.

"You know more than is good here! "

"My German friends once spoke of him," explained Eyken.

"They must be important people," said the Chinese man. "I've heard of the sage, but I don't know him." Again, his face was somewhat distracted. "What are your interests?"

"Only on friendly terms," Eyken replied calmly. "We have followed with interest the little-known goals of the Green Dragon without ever having a connection ourselves. Then we are interested in the Hung Covenant, which summons the spirit of the North Pole, Si Nen Ti, who dwells in the realm of the Great Bear. The Great Bear in the northern sky is also our celestial animal. And so we also know about Tien Tze Shan, the Mountain of Paradise, and about the Tao taught by Mount Tai Shan, as well as about Yü Huang, the Lord of Heaven, who watches over the World Mountain, Kwen Lun, the secret high seat of the good! "

The Chinese man's eyes widened. "You are walking on paths that are only known to a few knowledgeable people. That's why you'll find the bridge you're looking for now when the time is right. But watch out for dangers! We Chinese say: Kien pangjau hai ho lok ke see. It is pleasant to see friends! But when friends bring danger, the sun gets hot! "

"We are heartbroken," Eyken affirmed, imitating Eastern customs. "We saw no danger to your house in our questions! "

"Nih kan uk hai ni kee," Cheng murmured and repeated in English: "This house is yours! But anyone who talks about the great dragons and the tongs is always in danger and brings danger into the houses. It's all too easy to get caught

in the secret conflicts between the hostile political forces. Hon Lon also works together with Mao's new secret service, Te Wu. Both are the mortal enemies of Lü Lon. And the Tongs have to choose between the major power alliances as well as their own interests."

"I understand," Eyken replied. "Of course we can't know details from the background of Hong Kong. And we also realise now how easy it is to get on the wrong ship."

"If you hadn't asked about Lü Lon, I would have remained silent. I am a merchant and care little about the politics of the League. But I admit that Mao's red star is dangerous. That's why I don't love him. But I must not dare to interfere with the ways of Hon Lon and Te Wu." He cringed a little

Suddenly he asked: "Are your friends in Germany Tu leh people?"

Now the three men were surprised. Eyken kept the thread: 'If you call it the Thule Society, what about it? ='

"You must know about it yourself, because only the Tu leh people are at the other end of the bridge to the knowledge,

that you alluded to earlier. Since Germany lost the Second World War, this brotherhood has fallen into disrepute in the eyes of the whole world. Word has also spread that they were friends of Lü Lon. Now they are being blamed for everything bad and for the war."

"The losers always pay," Hellfeldt interjected.

Lao Cheng nodded. "We're all sitting here around a hot soup. You see, what I know and what I've said comes from many small communications that pass through the many leagues. As a businessman, I must also belong to a Tong, but I'm not allowed to mention its name. And through the tongs you learn some things that are not in the newspapers. You are warned when the big alliances are planning something. Then this city is a nexus for many secret services that are busy at work in Hong Kong. This is also where the communist and non-communist forces meet with their propaganda and their endeavours. Mao's wind blows fiercely from the countryside and brings unrest to the city. And then many refugees constantly arrive, seeking protection from Mao. And there are always agents among them. That's why I'm warning you, because the city is a hot spot! "

"They urge us to be careful and are very open with us themselves," said Eyken.

"You have no way of knowing whether we are not also agents of the Communists or come from an intelligence service and want to gain your trust."

Now Cheng smiled again. "This city has a thousand eyes! Some of them are always at Kai Tak Airport, watching people come and go. They watch out for people they know and people they don't know. And people with a question mark after their name always have to be on their guard. It was a coincidence that you came here and didn't end up at the wrong address. Don't ask me why I was open with you. Your advice also convinced me. But don't say anything more about your friends and about the Tu leh people. Sometimes a bird shouldn't sing, but put its head under a wing."

"Thank you, Lao Cheng! So let's not talk any further. Please have the amulets wrapped up, we want to pay now. And thank you for your hospitality! "

"Hsie, hsie!" Cheng clapped his hands and his assistant was there immediately. The merchant scolded the young man, who had obviously been listening. "Take the amulets and pack them up properly. Fettih, chop, chop! "

The men stood up. Cheng went back into the shop with them. Eyken put some notes on the counter.

The shopkeeper gratefully took the money and immediately put it in his till. Then he followed his visitors to the shop door, leaning over and over again. "The amulets will protect you! If you have any wishes, please come back. You have made my house happy Ching leao Goodbye! "

By the time the three men returned to the hotel, evening had fallen. They had had lunch in the town, then visited the Tiger Balm Garden and enjoyed a marvellous panoramic view from the hill.

The seating area where the old colonel had sat the day before was empty. The men regretted this very much. They would have liked to talk to this wise old man for another hour. They bathed and went to bed early.

The next morning was cloudy. There was a cool breeze from the seaward side and the sea had a bright gleam.

The two naval officers showed little desire to go into town in the uncertain weather. So Eyken decided to set off alone. He had slept badly and was overcome by restlessness.

Those who stayed at home spent the morning reading the "Hong Kong Daily Mail" and other newspapers that were available at the hotel. Later, the weather cleared up and tempted them to go swimming

In the evening, they waited for their comrade. It was getting late, but Eyken didn't turn up. Now the people waiting were restless. They reproached themselves for letting Eyken go alone.

Eyken didn't turn up at night either. No call to the hotel, no other message, nothing. Had Hong Kong claimed another victim? The men didn't know. Only the bright moon in the velvet sky reflected the secrets of the great city on its silvery body. The night remained silent . . .

THIRD BOOK

XIII

THE CLAWS OF HON LON

"Observe what used to be,
then you know what's coming!"

Chinese proverb

When Eyken had left the hotel alone, he travelled to Wanchai without visiting Lao Cheng. After a moment's consideration, he made his way to the Star Ferry and crossed over to Kowloon. For a moment, he thought he saw the face of Cheng's employee on board. When he looked more closely, it had disappeared. It annoyed him to let himself be led by restlessness instead of savouring the beauty of the panorama

After stepping onto the mainland shore, he strolled slowly along Canton Road to the Mong kok district to take a look at Typhoon Harbour. On the way, he enjoyed the colourful hustle and bustle of everyday life in China.

When he worked up an appetite, he entered a small restaurant. He was followed by three Chinese men who sat down near him and furtively scrutinised him. Discouraged, he ordered duck with rice and steamed vegetables.

After the meal, he paid immediately and left the restaurant. But after just a few steps he realised that the three Chinese had also come out of the restaurant and were following him. So he turned into the next cross street and stopped behind the corner

In fact, the three yellows approached almost immediately after him, stumbled when they saw him and then continued in the old direction. Eyken couldn't make any sense of it. He walked slowly past the shop windows and tried to see through the glass panes whether the three men who were worrying him were coming back. But he saw nothing suspicious.

He bought the "Hongkong Standard", stopped and leafed through it, but found no exciting news. Then he asked a policeman where the junks and sampans were moored so that he could watch the activity on the waterfront. It took him a while before he got there.

His expectations were not disappointed. The chattering of the locals filled the air, and again and again he was asked for kumcha by begging people. He was displeased to see the poverty of the common people coming to light again and again and secretly wondered how long it would take for Mao's slogans to shake these masses out of their lethargy. He looked for a quieter spot on the bank and leant against a

Stacks of empty crates. From here, he had a good panoramic view and he looked at the sampan packs, which were also the poor people's boats.

A boat pushed along the shore and came to a halt right in front of him. Two men with large bowl-shaped straw hats were sitting in it, one of them shouted something up to him

Eyken waved reluctantly and shouted back: "I don't understand Chinese!" Nevertheless, the man waved vigorously. Now two shadows appeared at his sides. Before he could react, he received a violent push that caused him to stumble forwards and fall down into the boat. Although he fell onto soft bales, he suddenly felt a hard blow on his head. He saw colourful stars flicker, then darkness followed, and he lost consciousness . . .

When Eyken regained consciousness, he was lying in semi-darkness. His head was buzzing and aching. Groaning, he tried to sit up, but he could not. Astonished, he realised that he was tied up. He had a gag in his mouth that tasted of dirt and oil. His limbs ached from the fall. He felt bruises on his body and his nose told him that he was lying on a pile of rags.

A slight swaying of the floor and a creaking noise from outside were also clear signs that he was inside a ship. He let his eyes wander. He couldn't make out any details of the surroundings, but there was a source of light diagonally in front of him. On closer inspection, he realised that the bright glow came from a gap in a hatch cover that was not completely closed. A wooden ladder led from there into the room

Now he also heard the sound of the water. The vehicle rocked evenly and indicated speed.

A long time passed, or so it seemed to Eyken, before a man opened the hatch and came down. He was wearing the customary Hong Kong straw hat, was dressed in sailor's clothes and stopped in front of Eyken. In fairly good English, he asked: "Awake yet, hey? "

Eyken couldn't answer and could only move his head.

"Oh yes," grumbled the Chinese man, "you can't talk to a gag. It won't be long, mister. We'll be docking soon and then the boss will make sure we're more comfortable." The man grumbled quietly, then turned round and climbed back up the stairs.

There was a rustling somewhere. Eyken wasn't a sailor, but he knew immediately that there were rats here. After everything he had seen so far off the main streets in Hong Kong, he was not surprised. He accepted it with equanimity.

Every now and then noise came down from the deck. Then you could hear the

The sound of ships approaching the harbour. After a while, the ship docked. If Eyken had expected to be fetched, he was disappointed. Hour after hour passed, then it slowly became dark. Thirst began to torment him.

By his reckoning, it must have been midnight when he was taken. Two men dragged him out of the room without undoing his shackles. On deck, they put him unceremoniously in a large basket, which they then lowered from the junk anchored in the water into a boat and brought ashore. Eyken couldn't see anything because the basket had a lid. With the disgusting gag in his mouth, he couldn't even swear.

When the boat stopped, he heard nagging voices, but he could not understand the Chinese words. He only sensed that the basket was being lifted up and stowed on a loading area. The surface belonged to the floor of a vehicle, which could be felt as a two-wheeled cart after starting off, and which rumbled along accordingly, as the pavement or ground was extremely bumpy.

Then darkness came through the wickerwork again. The cart stopped, the basket was lifted down, opened and Eyken was taken out. Several men stood around him and one of them took off his shackles and removed the gag.

He found himself in a corridor that was only dimly lit. Now another man asked him to follow him. This one also spoke pretty good English.

Eyken staggered a little at first. His limbs had gone numb from the restraints. He gritted his teeth and followed the guide ahead to three floors of the house.

A few more men climbed up behind him to prevent him from escaping.

They took him into a small room where there was an old camp bed and a chair. There was nothing else inside.

"Go to sleep!" The leader pointed to the bed. "The boss will be here in the morning! If you want to be comfortable, don't make any noise. There are guards outside your door so that you don't run away from our invitation."

"Invitation?" Eyken asked, stretching. "You're funny, aren't you?"

The yellow man did not answer. He just made a meaningless gesture and left the room, followed by his men.

The dimly lit light source on the ceiling remained. It was operated by a switch from the corridor, and when Eyken tried to open the door, he found it locked. He must have missed the lock. Instead, a voice barked in from outside.

At first he cursed, then he put on a good face. "Good night," he said to himself, talking to himself. Then he went to the not exactly inviting-looking bed. As a soldier, he was not squeamish. He threw himself onto it without covering himself with the stained blanket. He even managed to fall asleep.

Eyken woke up when the door opened and a man came in with breakfast. He immediately sat up in bed wide awake. He looked at his watch, but it had stopped. Fresh air came in from a wide gap under the door. He was served tea on a tray, along with white bread with salted butter and some jam

You have to take things as they come, he thought. So he ate and waited for more. An hour later he was fetched.

He was led into a well-appointed room where a bespectacled Chinese man sat at a wide table. Behind him stood a man who resembled a wrestler.

"Take a seat," Eyken was asked in good English.

"Do you know why you're here? -" Eyken answered in the negative.

The Chinese man adjusted his glasses and showed a narrow smile.

"You want to go to Lü Lon, don't you?"

"Who said that? =" Eyken asked in reply.

"Some words follow the drifting clouds," said the Chinese man sphinx-like.

Eyken showed a poker face. "The fantasy shapes of the clouds are a fascination in the wide sky. They drift silently and deafly..."

"You understand the language of the East," laughed the Chinese man. "So let's stay on the ground: we know you're looking for the Green Dragon! "

"That's not quite right," Eyken defended. "It wasn't me who was looking for Lü Lon, it was friends of mine who asked me. I didn't ask why."

"And I'm supposed to believe that so easily? =" The speaker's eyes narrowed to slits

"Are you from the police?" asked Eyken ironically.

The yellow man waved him off. "We brought you here for a reason, and anyone who asks for big tongs here in the East must always expect to get into trouble. Didn't you know that? "

"This is my first time in the East," Eyken confessed calmly. "I'm not interfering in the rivalry of the Tongs and I'm only interested in information! "

"Why?" the Chinese man asked again.

"I can't say anything different than before," Eyken replied.

Now the yellow one showed anger. His eyes stung like viper's teeth. "Don't underestimate your situation! You are in the power of a very powerful company and at the moment you are nothing! Listen: a nothing 1 " His right hand clenched into a fist on the table. "People are disappearing in Hong Kong and nobody notices. Day after day, deep waters remain silent..."

"I don't respond to that kind of tone," said Eyken, openly showing his anger.

"We prefer the other one too," smiled the Chinese man smoothly. "So let's leave Lü Lon for the moment. Why aren't you interested in the Red Dragon? -"

"What am I supposed to do with these people?" asked Eyken, somewhat perplexed.

"Business!" came back like the crack of a whip.

"Business? =" Eyken leant forward.

The Chinese man looked at his counterpart enquiringly. "You come from Europe and are a businessman. You are asking for a Lü Lon with which there is hardly any business to be done. Don't you want to change fronts if it's very profitable?"

"That's a very strange offer. And I don't even know what kind of business it is!"

"I'll tell you that later." The Chinese man glared at Eyken through his glasses.

"You can only come into contact with the Green Dragon through politics. With the Hon Lon, however, you can get into big business and have nothing to do with politics yourself. The Red Dragon knows that you and your friends are merchants. So it is indeed likely that you have no political interests. And that's your luck!" The speaker laughed with a chuckle.

Eyken looked at the yellow man. "If you're making a business offer, why this very strange form of invitation? I still have a bump on my head that hurts. Couldn't it have been easier? ="

"You will be amply compensated," the Chinese man replied, leaning back with self-satisfaction. "Do you want to work with us?"

Eyken was thoughtful. "If it's really worth it, we can talk about it. What goods do you have? -"

"Wait with this question. Let's start differently for now! You come from Europe, which has been badly hit by the war. And you even have friends in Germany, as you said to the merchant Lao Cheng. This country is now divided and occupied. You must now study Mao Tse tung's principles in order to

to find salvation. The decadent West will not listen to Mao and will therefore perish. Only Germany has a chance! "

"The Kremlin expresses it in a similar way," Eyken disagreed. "Why should Mao be right? ="

"Pah, Stalin is a Russian imperialist," the Chinese man defended himself. "The Kremlin betrayed Lenin. Only Mao brings the pure doctrine into the world! Anyone who studies Mao will realise that you have to completely rethink and negate all valid values in order to conquer the future."

"You spoke of an opportunity for Germany. But what should the Germans do with Mao? These people fought fiercely against communism for five years and then suffered a lot of hardship under the Red Bear!" The Chinese man waved him off. "Moscow is not Mao's way. If Mao had followed the Kremlin's advice, he would never have held out on the Long March and the Chinese Red Banner Revolution would have killed itself. Mao's wisdom speaks of a permanent revolution that never comes to a standstill, but renews itself again and again and yet remains on the general line. Such a revolution therefore survives every defeat in wars, and the Germans should take this to heart. So if they listen to Mao..."

"They won't listen to Mao," Eyken cut off the speaker's words.

"The Germans will first have to rediscover their own nature and then create their own revolutionary empire that does justice to their uniqueness. The new German way is not the way of Mao. Red China propagates the uniformly blue-clad ant-man in a mass state that is to become a number in a soulless polity. A new Germany, however, needs elites in order to form an upscale community that reflects its heritage."

The Chinese man showed undisguised anger. "Let's wait and see what the Germans will say when Mao has conquered the whole of Asia. The West is no friend of the Germans. They agreed on the planned destruction of Germany."

"You said before that a businessman is not a politician, and you even gave me credit for that. So let's stick to business." Eyken's tone became cool and matter-of-fact

"Very good," nodded the Chinese man approvingly. "However, I must make one more statement beforehand: before the red banners of the People's Army leave the borders of the Chinese People's Republic and bring Mao's teachings to the people, a revolutionary strategy must paralyse and disintegrate the decadent peoples so that they reach maturity for Mao's way. Therefore, we will supply the whole world with drugs, especially to liberate the youth from the slavery of capitalism."

talism into the slavery of addictive intoxication. We give her beautiful dreams and free her from the constraints of capitalist armies. It no longer bleeds, but dreams! "

Eyken endeavoured to suppress his horror. He overcame a second of shock, then said: "In short: drugs! Opium, heroin and hashish for the youth to spare them the battlefield. In return, decay into an illusion! "

"Let's put it in more flowery terms," said the Chinese man. "A slow death in a dreamland full of beautiful colours, in which consciousness is extinguished and sensations die, as if accompanied by a gentle caress."

"There's another way of looking at it." Eyken's expression narrowed. "The agony of addiction between dream states! "

Now the Chinese man laughed. "You just have to make sure there's always enough stuff! You are, as you emphasise yourself, a merchant. Let's not kid ourselves: Business in the West has not been squeamish for decades. What is morality? In the West, self-interest and greed take precedence. And here in the East, morality is a sign of decadence because it embodies the old order. Mao replaces it with discipline. We must change the world view and therefore it is necessary that we destroy the bad and decadent class in the capitalist countries. Once it is realised that we have proved our ability to wage revolutionary war, all resistance will die down. When Mao's Long March could be completed a year ago, he proved to the world his indispensable toughness to the power of his words. All counter-revolutionary wars must be unsuccessful. We have defeated the reactionary forces of the anti-communist armies in our country, and their remnants have fled to Taiwan, which we will also liberate soon

Eyken raised his eyebrows. "Probably with the help of the weapons and material Roosevelt supplied."

The yellow man laughed. "Do you know what Lenin said? The West provides us with the rope on which we will hang him! "

"I've heard," Eyken replied dryly. "But let's get back to business. Give me a day or two to consider your offer."

"Of course," his counterpart agreed. "We'll also have to talk about security. You are our guest, but we would ask you not to leave our house. We will ask you tomorrow whether you have already made your decision or would like to think about it for another day."

"Which politely declares me a prisoner," Eyken stated ironically

The yellow one raised his hands with spread fingers: "You put it that way, not me! Consider yourself under the protection of the Red Dragon!" His face was now as rigid as a mask. His narrow eyes glared at Eyken, then he stood up.

"One more question," Eyken held him back. "You mentioned the name Lao Cheng earlier. How did you come up with that? "

The questioned man's thin lips grew long before he replied: "The Red Dragon has a thousand eyes and ears! How else would we know that you were asking about the Lü Lon? My good advice: Never ask about the Green Dragon again if you value your life!"

After a restless and sleepless night, Krall and Hellfeldt harboured serious concerns. Eyken's absence could hardly be attributed to an accident. Both men felt with certainty that something had happened that was contrary to their plans and duties. After all, they were soldiers in a darkness full of danger. When they asked at the hotel reception for the colonel's room, they were told that he had left early in the morning. This meant that good advice from an experienced expert on Asia was cancelled for the moment.

A check in Eyken's room reassuringly revealed the presence of her working capital and the few papers. So her companion only had a small sum of money with him

After a brief war council over breakfast, they decided to look up Lao Cheng and go straight to Wanchai

Shortly after nine o'clock in the morning, the usual shop opening time in Hong Kong, they stood in front of the retailer's shop. Just like the day before, the weasel-like young salesman stood in front of the entrance and grinned.

"Mistletoe Cheng not in shop! " His mouth grew even wider.

The two officers looked at each other, perplexed. But immediately afterwards, a teasing voice came from inside the shop. A torrent of Chinese words made the shop assistant duck his head and Lao Cheng came out. He immediately invited his visitors in and offered them a seat in the back room

"What gives my house the honour? " Cheng asked with a bow.

The two men looked at him seriously. "Our friend has been missing since yesterday!"

The Chinese man's eyes widened.

"What should we do?" asked Hellfeldt. "Should we call the police? = The interviewee looked fixedly in front of him for a while. Then he half-lisped:

"Have you spoken to anyone else about what happened yesterday?"

Both men denied

Cheng now narrowed his eyes and thought hard.

Suddenly, he clapped his hands and shouted loudly, "Wang! fettih, lai leh come here quickly! "

He had barely finished when Wang was already standing in the room. Now Cheng flashed a wicked smile. "You've been eavesdropping again, Wang! You also made big ears yesterday, even though I've already warned you several times!"

The scolded man stood pale in front of his master. He stammered embarrassed words and squirmed

Now Cheng's eyes turned as cold as the lights of a snake: "You always say that you have difficulty understanding English. And yet you always listen when I have visitors. I've already had enough trouble with you. And then yesterday you ran off again with stupid excuses in the afternoon! " He grabbed Wang by the chest, his Chinese lost the sound modulation peculiar to this language and became a vicious hiss: "Who pays you to listen? -"

Wang ducked down and tried to get away from the grip. He clearly showed fear.

"Nih kau you dog 1 Speak! -" Cheng shook him.

Wang trembled, but he remained silent. His eyes wandered around like those of a weasel

His brother pulled him to a desk. Then he took a sharp dagger from his drawer and put it to Wang's throat. He became even paler and squealed like a piglet. He sputtered out words shrilly.

The lieutenant captains jumped up from their seats. They had not understood the words spoken in Chinese, but the meaning had not been lost on them.

The Chinese merchant waved him off. "No need to get excited, gentlemen. I'm sorry that this looks dramatic to you, but I'm doing this because of you! "

Wang was still squirming under the hard grip. Cheng gave him a push and the boy staggered back. He said icily, 'Nih huh hoh, you can go! Get out and never come back to this street again! =' The boy didn't answer. He was out of the room in one leap, and then he ran out of the shop

"I apologise," said Cheng, showing his kindness again. Flowery words followed. Then he repeated his question: "Have you really not spoken to anyone about Lü Lon after your visit to me? -"

"Certainly not!" Hellfeldt said emphatically.

"If you want to take advice to heart, don't do anything at the moment. Leave this matter to me. I will try to find out something with the help of connections. Sometimes you learn a lot about things that go on underground in this city. Leave the police out of it for now."

"We wouldn't dislike that," Hellfeldt replied. "We wouldn't know what reason to give for endangering our friend."

"We're sorry to have to trouble you like this," Krall added politely.

"Maski doesn't do anything." Cheng remained incredibly polite. "If I find out anything, I'll call you at your hotel. If I don't hear from you, you can come back to me tomorrow at the same time."

The men thanked him and stood up. "See you tomorrow then!"

"See you tomorrow or sooner," Cheng said. "Ching leao!"

Another anxious night. The great night star painted silver edges on the drifting clouds. On the gently moving water of Repulse Bay, thousands of sparks glittered like the scales of a giant fish, and the monotonous roar of the surf was the only nocturne to this velvety night

The officers stayed up late, trying to master their restlessness. To their regret, they had not met the colonel, whom they would now have wished to see. More and more they came to realise that their companion was in some kind of bad fix. Their great hope now was Lao Cheng and, in the end, perhaps the colonel, who was rich in local experience.

In the morning, they felt overworked and exhausted. After no call from Cheng, they found themselves back at the Chinese shop at the agreed time. This time, a beautiful Chinese woman met them at the shop entrance instead of Wang. Cheng, who had just come out, introduced her as his daughter Ying Ning after the usual greeting. He then invited his guests back into his room

"You have a beautiful daughter," Krall said politely by way of introduction.

Cheng bared his teeth with a barking laugh. "With pretty daughters, you always have worries. There's a saying in our country: A young girl must be kept like a tiger in the house!"

Now the visitors were laughing too, hiding their impatience. Krall said: "A pretty girl in a shop is more attractive to customers than blokes like Wang."

"That's true," Cheng admitted. "We have another saying that can be applied to a business here: Even a big elephant loses

wraps itself in a woman's hair!"

Hellfeldt shifted uneasily in his chair. "Mr Cheng, I'm afraid I don't have as thick a skin as the big trunked animal. Do you know anything about our friend yet?"

The Chinese man folded his hands over his stomach and looked up at the ceiling. Almost singing, he said: "Hong Kong has two faces: one open and one secret. This city is a thing you call a sphinx. The secret part is not as calm as the open face suggests. This is where the currents of world politics intersect in the background. The Tongs and Triads are all caught up in the maelstrom of rival forces, regardless of the criminal gangs. You often don't know who your neighbour is. You saw the example of Wang yesterday. Despite all the caution, I fed a snake."

He could see that his visitors were getting restless at the long introduction to his answer, but he continued unperturbed: "I spoke to my friends last night and made enquiries. So far we know that a white man was pushed into a boat by a sampan crowd of men, which then travelled with him and the other men to a nearby junk." The officers looked at the Chinese man in surprise. Krall asked: "How did they find out so quickly?"

Lao Cheng hesitated briefly, then said: "There are always people among the fishermen and houseboat dwellers who are only too happy to serve as informants for the tongs for a small tip. The intelligence services also have their strings everywhere to the simple and poor people. The city has so many open eyes that it sees a lot but tells little. It is only the threads that whisper some things..."

He looked up at the ceiling again to indicate that he didn't want to continue.

"And what happens next?" asked Krall.

"We have to wait a little longer. Soon we'll know where the junk went and then we can think about what to do."

"We are very grateful to you," said the man from Hamburg. "We don't know how we can show our appreciation for your help."

The Chinese man fought back again. "Your friend was involuntary bait for a fish that has been hunted for a long time. We are fighting the activities of the Mao people who are trying to infiltrate Hong Kong. My friends and I are on the side of the Taiwanese Chinese. I can say this calmly because I know that you are not communists. Your German friends have fought bravely against the Communists for a long time.

Hellfeldt showed surprise. "I am very surprised to hear such words. The Western world talks about the preservation and defence of freedom, and yet it has promoted and supported communism everywhere,

while it was united in the defeat of anti-communist Germany. The West will have to pay heavily for that! "

Now Cheng was astonished. "The German Hit leh said the same thing. We Chinese in Hong Kong can't judge what Hit leh did well or badly. But in his attitude towards communism and foresight, he was right."

The two Europeans nodded. The Viennese asked the question: "Who is Mao really? We heard about his Long March and see the rise of Chinese communism."

"Ah," replied the merchant, "Mao is a man like any other in our great empire. After all, a man in a rocket is no faster than a pedestrian. It's only the engine and the speed that give him a head start. And Mao's engine is communism, which the Russians supplied. And the Americans gave him weapons, just like the Kremlin people. By the way, there were eight people in China who were all called Mao Tse tung. One was a pickpocket, another was the owner of a brothel, two others were beggars, and the remaining four were small merchants and traders. And one of these last four was a minor Communist Party leader in a small district outside the Tshien men Gate of Peiping, which you call Beijing. He was liquidated because he disobeyed. Another one of these four wanted to become a Buddhist monk in Szetsuan after he received remorse for his atrocities as a communist. The lord and master of the Long March, however, is the son of a poor peasant who was eager to swallow Lenin's honey early on. And now he is swallowing China too! "

"And the intellectuals are following him? " Hellfeldt looked at his counterpart. "What is the phenomenon here? -"

Cheng laughed softly. "The majority of intellectuals don't believe in communism. But because they think they're clever, they don't stand up to the wave of violence that they can't cope with. When our Chinese return to the mainland from Taiwan, these intellectuals will immediately do an about-turn and side with the Taiwanese."

"And the masses? =" Krall asked in between.

"The masses are now going with the flow. But it is the same here as everywhere else in the world: the masses do not follow communism because they are poor, but because they have no critical judgement. This is the only reason why they are so easily seduced by demagogues. But that is also the case in backward democratic countries."

The conversation was now interrupted. Ying Ning came trundling in. She

brought tea. With graceful movements, she filled the thin tea bowls, then scurried back into the shop

"We're having a hard time waiting," Krall confessed, resuming the conversation. "Can we go and come back? "

"I'll wait until nightfall today," Cheng nodded.

"Then when you come, I'll know more!"

No longer able to cope with their impatience, the two officers strolled through Wanchai in the early afternoon, always in the vicinity of Cheng's shop. From the Wanchai Ferry Pier, they had a beautiful view across to Kowloon, and the busy traffic of ships, junks and boats on the waterway was somewhat distracting

"Ships are a floating fascination," Krall said to Hellfeldt, pointing to the lively traffic. "Even in my youth, I spent most of my free time in Hamburg's harbour area."

"As a Viennese, I was supposed to be in the mountain navy," Hellfeldt added.

"As a boy, I was first drawn to the Danube and then to the sea."

Late in the afternoon, they entered Cheng's shop. The merchant was not there and Ying Ning asked for a little patience.

An hour passed before Cheng arrived. When he found the visitors already waiting in the room, he grinned. "We're very lucky!" he began reassuringly.

"We have a saying that you can do without people, but you need a good friend! I am your friend and I will help."

"That means that Eyken is alive?" Hellfeldt groaned.

"He's alive," Cheng said. "My Tong brothers have found out, through some convoluted channels, that your friend has been taken to the neighbouring island of Lantau. We've known for a long time that

Silver Mine Bay is a house that belongs to Hon Lon. People from Mao's intelligence service Me Tu also come there. We assume that there is also a smugglers' branch there. The authorities haven't bothered about it yet. But Chiang Kai shek's intelligence service has been keeping a close eye on the house for a long time. That's why I was able to find out that the junk with a white man on board landed there and men brought a large basket ashore. It is very likely that your friend was in it. A cart brought the basket to the Hon Lon's house."

"Then Eyken is being held captive there for reasons still unknown?" Krall looked at the Chinese man questioningly.

"That's right," Cheng nodded. "My friends will do something to get him

to get free. But you'll have to be patient."

"If we can get pistols, we'll get our friend out of the Reds' house!" shouted the man from Hamburg impulsively.

"Keep your hands off this," warned the Chinese man. "You don't know the rules of the game in Hong Kong. If you try something like that, you'll definitely lose out! You shouldn't underestimate Hon Lon and Me Tu. Aih, merchants and pistols..." Cheng chuckled.

"And when are you going to do something?" urged the Viennese.

"Tomorrow night," the Chinese man replied quietly. "But keep quiet! There's not enough time to prepare today. You can trust me and my friends. If you talk to anyone about it before then, the game is lost." His voice was beseeching and insistent. "If the Red Dragon gets a whiff before then, your friend will disappear into the waters of the Bay. That'll go huchhuchhei and chop chop!"

"So keep quiet and wait," Hellfeldt said devotedly. "Until when? ="

"Until your friend is brought back to the hotel by us!"

"Sounds very simple," said Krall. "But we have no other choice."

After thanking Cheng, the men left the shop a little calmer but still full of worry.

They only returned to their hotel late. Slowly they began to worry about how long they would be able to pay for the not exactly cheap rooms with their own money. They were not yet short of money, but they didn't know how long they could budget.

To their surprise, the old colonel was now sitting in the hall again. He had an open newspaper in front of him, but seemed to have been dozing.

As the two arrivals crossed the hall, he blinked and then immediately woke up. He waved invitingly

"Not really in the mood now," Krall said half aloud. "Should we wave goodbye? ="

"Impossible," Hellfeldt replied. "You shouldn't antagonise a good man by being rude."

Standing in front of the Brit, they were asked to take a seat as a matter of course

"Where is your friend?" Kenneth asked.

The men looked at each other, and Hellfeldt said slowly and briefly: "Disappear! -"

"Ouh --" The colonel's face became a long question mark.

"What's the matter? When and where did he disappear? Have you been to the police? -"

Krall gave himself a jolt. "We should keep quiet, Colonel, but we want to

speak to you in confidence. A Chinese trader promised to help us if we gave him two days. We just had to promise him not to talk to anyone about the matter. The situation was very simple: our friend Eyken went away and never came back."

"I'm not curious," Kenneth said, "but I think there's something else you're not telling me. A person doesn't just disappear in Hong Kong for no reason. Your friend must have stuck his nose where it doesn't belong." He paused for a moment, then continued:

"Of course there are enough robberies, and the victims are untraceable. But you don't look like you couldn't defend yourself..." He ran a hand through his ice-grey hair. "Why didn't you go to the police despite the Chinese? -"

"What can the Hong Kong police do?" asked Krall. "You get tired of asking questions before you start looking for a needle in a haystack."

"It's not like that," the Brit fought back. "I have good friends in the authorities and can do a lot for you. What are you afraid of? =

"Sir," said Krall stiffly, "we shy away from nothing! If there's one thing, it's our admitted relationship with Germany, and a lot of English people won't like that."

"That may be," Kenneth admitted calmly. "But I've already told you that I look at the Germans with different eyes, and I would help any German if I could.

That would be my concern, how to deal with the authorities, and besides, they won't ask you about your relatives. I know Hong Kong and the situation here like the back of my hand."

"Good," Hellfeldt said, looking at the colonel openly. Leaning forward, he acknowledged the demand for the Green Dragon and the experience with Wang at Cheng's. "The Chinese will help us, and we have confidence in him," concluded r

"I suspected right away that there was something going on here," Kenneth nodded. "The question of a tong is always a dangerous one. The police know almost all the Tongs and Triads, big and small, but there's little they can do about it. The Green Dragon is currently on the side of Chiang Kai shek. But you have to be very careful. The political interests of the Tongs are slowly flattening out, and many secret societies are now criminal gangster gangs. Only the Green Dragon and the Red Dragon rival politically. The other Tong gangs now control business life in demarcated inter- est areas and collect secret protection taxes. From time to time there are flashes of competition on the streets. Then

the police only find a few dead bodies, but no other traces. That's part of everyday life."

"That's good to know," said Hellfeldt thoughtfully. "We won't show any more curiosity in this direction."

'I'd recommend that too,' the colonel said sternly. "Remember that old connections between Tongs and Germany have very probably already lost their significance due to a change of leadership in the next generation. The two great dragon societies are engaged in a fierce underground struggle, and the question remains whether the non-Red expect anything at all from Germany or Europe. What is the situation in the West now?..."

"When I think of Germany, I have to admit that it has little to offer at the moment," Krall confirmed.

"That's right." The colonel made a regretful gesture. "What would you say if I offered to go with you to Cheng? Maybe we can do something together! "

"The Chinese could interpret that as a breach of trust," said Hellfeldt. Krall, on the other hand, had no reservations.

"First thing in the morning then," said Kenneth. "Agreed? "

The men went to their rooms.

The new day brought an overcast sky. The air was humid and oppressive, and there were few bathers on the beach at Repulse Bay. A pungent odour wafted ashore from the sea

The Germans and the colonel arrived outside Cheng's shop just before nine o'clock in the morning. The shop was closed.

"Shall we wait?" Krall asked as they stopped in front of the front door.

A Chinese man stood in front of a neighbouring shop and made a sign of regret. "Gentlemen, shop is closed! Closed! "

"It's not yet nine o'clock," Krall said, looking at his watch. "Mr Cheng will be here soon, I think."

"Cheng won't be coming back," said the Chinese man. "Mistletoe Cheng is dead! "

"That's not possible," said Krall. "We spoke to him yesterday evening!"

"Where is his daughter?" asked Hellfeldt.

"Miss Ying Ning will be late. Ni yau shémma what do you want? Father dead, Miss has many ways! "

"Lao Cheng was still healthy yesterday," said Hellfeldt. "What did he die of? - "

"Miss Ying Ning says a knife..." The Chinese man looked at the questioner meaningfully.

"Well," said Kenneth. "There's nothing we can do at the moment. Let's go! " He pulled the two officers along by the arm and said, out of earshot of Cheng's neighbour, "You can see for yourself now that this thing is hot. Cheng's death means that his involvement in your friend's case has not gone unnoticed. Perhaps the fellow you mentioned, Wang, was chatting. Cheng became uncomfortable, and in Hong Kong they say, "Cold lips don't talk..."

The Germans made concerned faces

"You've woken sleeping dogs! " The colonel's tone was very serious. "Who knows if there aren't already many eyes behind us. I advise you to take a taxi to your hotel and stay there at all costs! Whatever happens, wait until I come! "

"Just a moment," Hellfeldt held the colonel back. "Shouldn't we be looking for Wang? -"

The colonel made a discarding motion. "Wang? That's a grain of sand from a desert full of wangs! But we can ask Cheng's daughter later. She'll know which Wang was employed by her father."

On the taxi journey back, Krall said to Hellfeldt in German: "This old colonial Brit is a rare specimen of his homeland. I bet he has good connections to the secret service. That seems as clear as spring water."

"That's certainly the case," the Viennese confirmed Krall's opinion. "And I also assume that the Secret Service has connections to the underworld. After Cheng dropped out, we only have the colonel left anyway. Let's hope that ='

"We're always hoping and already have a whole bunch of children behind us," muttered the man from Hamburg in between. "We roam around like street dogs, living from one day to the next. And we have instructions and goals that leave us in a fog so thick that you can hardly see any light buoys in it. For fuck's sake!"

As soon as they arrived at the hotel, the two Germans received a phone call. Krall rushed to the telephone and picked up the receiver. There was a strange voice on the line: "I have your name from Miss Ying Ning. I am a friend of Lao Cheng! "

"What do you want?" asked the man from Hamburg.

"It's about your missing friend! Cheng has promised to help you, and we have an interest in helping you. If you want us to get him back, come over to Kowloon in the afternoon." The speaker gave the address of a tea room near the airport. He also urged us to keep quiet. "Are there two of you coming?" he asked.

"Three of them! " Krall replied. "Reliable friends! "

There was a hesitant pause. Then it came back slowly: "Agreed.

Ching leao! " The voice was gone and the phone clicked.

The man from Hamburg pulled Hellfeldt into a quiet corner. He briefly repeated the stranger's invitation and the promise that the three of them would come to the meeting.

"Hopefully the colonel will be back by midday." The Viennese let doubts creep through.

"We can do nothing but wait. Always according to the old Landser saying: "The soldier spends half his life waiting." Krall showed displeasure.

"Let's go to the terrace," he grumbled and pulled his mate away with him

Just before he left, the Colonel appeared. First Krall reported on the phone call and the promise of the meeting.

Kenneth thought for a moment, then nodded. "Good, I'll go with you. You were right to count me in. I see we have to leave soon."

"Have you learnt anything?" asked Hellfeldt.

"Not yet," the colonel replied. "I've put out my feelers and have to wait and see." He looked at his watch again. "If you want, we can leave now! -"

The three men arrived at the specified address a little early in a taxi. The tea room turned out to be a mediocre and unremarkable pub. Kenneth ordered some green tea and looked around. There were only a few Chinese guests and they didn't pay any attention to the strangers

Twenty minutes passed. In the meantime, the tea room owner had provided hot water to refill the teapot, as the green tea can be steeped several times, when two Chinese men entered the restaurant. They were wearing simple European clothes like most Chinese people in the city and briefly scrutinised those present. Their eyes swept over the three white people. They then nodded to the tea host and, stepping through a wooden bead curtain, made their way inside.

A little later, the landlord disappeared back the same way with a teapot. When he returned, he brought his three white guests hot water again. He bent down and whispered: "Take another sip of tea and then go through the curtain! "

Those addressed followed his words and then stood up. The landlord immediately pointed to the wooden bead curtain: "For gentlemen! backwards 1 "

He eagerly pushed the curtain aside and was the first to step into the dark corridor, which was only lit by a faint light at the back. He pointed to a narrow door at the side in the semi-darkness.

The three men walked on alone and Krall opened the labelled door. In front of

There was a small room with hatch-like windows overlooking a backyard and it was quite dark. The room was lit by a lantern that emitted a dim light. The two Chinese men who had just passed through the restaurant were sitting behind a table set with tea bowls. Their faces reflected the pattern of the lantern.

"Ching dswo! " one of them asked, pointing to empty chairs.

"We don't speak Chinese," said Krall.

"We can speak English," the second man replied authoritatively. "Who did I speak to on the phone?" he then asked.

"With me," Krall admitted without hesitation. "I registered three men.

"Liang hao te it's good," the man said to the second Chinese man. Then he looked up somewhat reluctantly as the landlord entered and brought fresh tea.

"Cheng is dead! " the Chinese man said laconically.

"We already know. And we're dismayed." Krall looked at the speaker.

"Is this related to us? "

"We assume so," the Chinese man said cautiously. "In any case, Cheng was not suspicious enough of his employee Wang."

"Can anything be done about Wang?" Krall's question slipped past the yellow man

"Wang is no longer alive! "

"Ah!"

"He had an accident a few hours ago." Both Chinese took their teas and drank slowly. "It's not worth mentioning. . ."

There was a brief silence. One of the two Chinese men spoke again: "We know where your friend is! "

"Us too!" Krall was just as calm. "Cheng told us that last night. Our friend is in Lantau. And he said that his friends would get him out of there."

The Chinese made a sign of acknowledgement. "We are doing this for Cheng's sake, who was a victim of Hon Lon. His death means war between the Tongs."

"Can we help?" Hellfeldt remembered.

Both Chinese immediately refused. One said: "We have to do it our way. You would only jeopardise us."

Now the colonel spoke for the first time. "I could arrange a co-operation with the police!"

"Bu yay no, no! " The defence was fierce.

"Cheng told us it happened tonight!" Krall's question made the Chinese flinch

"Cheng spoke too much," replied one of the yellows. "But it will be like this..."

"How can we show our appreciation for your help?" asked Hellfeldt.

The faces of the Chinese showed no emotion. "They owe us nothing. As the saying goes: turn big difficulties into small ones and small ones into none at all! -"

"Will we be hearing from you?" the colonel asked.

"You'll get a message. We'll be in touch by noon tomorrow at the latest. We'll call the hotel. Make sure someone is always there. And stay at home in the evening, because that's the time of the queues! "

"We'll take that to heart!" Krall and his companions stood up. They shook hands with the Chinese

They bowed their heads. "Go away without us now. Ching leao! -"

At the same time in the afternoon, Eyken was again sitting opposite the two Chinese with whom he had already spoken the day before. He had received good food in the meantime, and his guard was sharp but polite.

"Have you made your decision?" asked the bespectacled Chinese man.

"Basically, yes!" Eyken answered slowly. "There were a lot of things that had to be carefully considered."

His counterpart nodded in understanding. "We value thoroughness in all things. We act in the same way. That's why we're also going to talk about the security of the deal. Shall I now inform our Ling hsiu, our boss, of your commitment? -"

Eyken forced himself to remain cool and calm. "I have a better proposal than passing on my interest in the business right now. Give me another day to think about it, then you can also make suggestions to your boss that I still need to think about. There are organisational issues in my areas that need to be clarified, questions about setting up connections and other things. I'm sure your boss will appreciate that."

The Chinese man showed a slight mistrust, but Eyken's calm composure seemed to win him over. Satisfied, he clapped his hands together. "Your services will be greatly appreciated! What we have to do is to prepare the ground for a statement by our great party leader Mao, in which he says: "The central task and highest form of revolution is to conquer power with arms, i.e. to solve problems through war. This revolutionary principle of Marxism Leninism is generally correct; it applies to China and to all other countries."

"Does that mean that only war can solve all problems?" said

Eyken, showing interest. "How does that fit in with the propaganda for international peace?"

"Pah! Every communist must realise the truth: From the rifle

is political power, says Mao. He goes on to say: "We are in favour of the abolition of war, we do not want war; but war can only be abolished through war; those who do not want the gun must resort to the gun."

Eyken was careful not to contradict the Chinese. It was pointless to start an argument with a communist cadre.

"Mao says something else," the yellow man continued, assuming that his words had fallen on fertile ground with the silent Eyken, "he says that the working class and the labouring masses can only defeat the armed bourgeoisie and the landlords with the power of the gun; in this sense we can say that the whole world can only be transformed with the power of the gun."

"This means that a high price has to be paid with many sacrifices," Eyken could not refrain from objecting.

Again the spokesman quoted his party leader: "Mao says: Death is for everyone, but not every death has the same significance. Death for the interests of the people is more important than the Tai shan Mountains, the death of a fascist mercenary, death for the interests of the oppressors and exploiters of the people has less weight than swan fluff." Lights now danced in the Chinese man's eyes. "This is why we are trying to destroy the youth of the West and save many lives of the revolutionary soldiers of Mao's liberation armies."

Eyken looked at Mao's henchman: "Does this drug offensive also apply to Germany?"

"Certainly," the Chinese man admitted. "You see, the Germans have no Mao to make them realise the crime of defeatism. So in the western part they have become servile slaves of the imperialists, and the eastern part is in the process of completing its internal liberation from fascism. If both parts are on the right path of Mao, then we will help the Germans."

"I also heard it differently," said Eyken. "It was said that the Chinese People's Republic wanted to stand up for Germany's reunification and support this country."

The Chinese man appeared somewhat embarrassed. He hesitantly admitted: "It may be that this intention was also voiced. But if we help the Germans, then we also bring them Mao's words!"

"It won't be that easy," Eyken said, tempted to contradict him.

"The Germans are a people who fought against communism for many years. Even though it has now lost its face, it still harbours a source of strength that is inexhaustible."

"What source of power?" The Chinese man narrowed his eyes. "You don't mean reaction, do you? Fascism? -"

"The Germans were never fascists," Eyken reassured him. "They're just being given a political propaganda phrase. The Germans have a word for their innermost feelings that cannot be translated into any language, the word 'völkisch'. Every attempt at translation has failed. It cannot be expressed in English any more than in French or other languages. It can only be paraphrased with a reference to a species-specific sense of wholeness."

The Chinese man, drilled on Mao phrases, looked somewhat helpless. He thought, then said: "Perhaps it's similar to Mao's phrases: 'Our course is based on our own strength. That means rebirth from our own strength. If we can rely on self-organised forces, we will defeat all external and internal reactionaries!'"

"This sentence is correct," Eyken admitted. "But it's not new, its meaning is ancient. It was true long before Marx and Lenin were born. It's just a quote about the source of power of a people, which I've spoken about before."

"We'll have to have a long chat later," said the spokesman eagerly.

"If you follow Mao's path with us, it will only be to your benefit. All thinking can be regulated, says our doctrine. I will report the conversation to our Ling hsiu and point out your political education." His coolness softened a little. "I will look forward to hearing your ideas for our business tomorrow. Perhaps my boss will invite you to dinner then. Until then, bear with my poor house.... ."

Eyken spent the third night almost sleepless again. He considered all the possibilities for another stalling tactic. He couldn't escape. He had looked around as thoroughly as possible. He couldn't get hold of a weapon either. In his mind, he saw little chance of being freed by a police force mobilised by his comrades. He had to bet everything on one lucky chance.

He had a small, well-secured attic room in which a demented sultriness prevailed. The bed was reasonably good, but a small, sloping window was barred and covered with boards from the outside. There was no ventilation. Air only came from a wide gap in the door, which was almost a hand's width high.

It was unpleasant that he couldn't change his washing. Little sleep from restlessness and much brooding caused a headache. So he dozed off towards the coming day, through a broken-out knothole in the window panelling.

watching the stars grow paler.

He began to doze off as the blackness of the night faded. Tiredness had overtaken him.

He was lying in a dreamless sleep when he was suddenly woken by a thump. Wide awake, he sat up immediately

There was a brief rumble from the corridor. Something fell over with a rumble, followed by a heavy fall. Then a glow of light reached the crack at his door, accompanied by quiet footsteps. Then there was a knocking at a neighbouring door, then at his own.

"What's going on? -" he shouted in English.

"Mr Eyken? -"

Yes! here is Eyken!" Could that be the police, he wondered?

It creaked and squeaked. The bolt in front of his door was pushed back and two dark figures stood in front of the opening, beckoning to him. "Quick, quick quick!"

A man with a large hand lamp dragged Eyken down the stairs with him, shining over the steps. The second man stayed hard behind them. On the lower floor, they came across more men, one of whom sputtered out rapid words. They hurriedly joined Eyken and his two companions.

They passed several figures lying contorted on the ground. A low moan came from a corner in the dark. Eyken was pulled further away and couldn't look round. They went down another flight of stairs with the same game; two men lying on the ground and a group of people waiting. They all ran together towards the bright spot of the wide-open front door. A dark bundle lay at the side, unnoticed by anyone

Now Eyken saw how close his prison was to the sea. Some of the houses in the immediate vicinity were dark.

About a dozen men ran with him to the shore, where two boats were moored.

Immediately after boarding, they cast off and the occupants rowed hurriedly to a nearby junk. Eyken was the first to be lifted on deck, the other men followed. The boats were taken in tow with a rope. A shrill cry now came from the shore. At the same time, the junk picked up speed and headed towards the twinkling lights of Hong Kong Island in the east. An auxiliary engine chugged and accelerated the ship's journey

In the background in the direction of travel, the black silhouettes of the mountains behind Kowloon in the New Territory stood out against the sky. Behind the darker ridges, a pastel violet-pink colour slowly crept up and pushed the

Back to the night sky. A few pale spears of light twinkled, heralding the approach of morning.

"Mr Eyken? -" A Chinese man stood next to him and bowed.

"Yes!" replied Eyken, also bowing. "Who are you? What's going on here? -"

"We are friends of Lao Cheng," it came back. "We have freed you from the clutches of Hon Lon. We're taking you back to your friends."

"So I have to thank you and Mr Cheng that I'm free again?"

"You are under no obligation to me," the Chinese man politely refused. "As for Lao Cheng, Cheng is dead!"

"No, that's not possible," said Eyken.

"It's like this. That's why we've just done our maths with the Red Dragon. We hit him hard tonight.

"Was Cheng killed?" Eyken's voice sounded hoarse.

The Chinese man replied in the affirmative. "He had a spy in his shop. Your case was just the trigger for a long-planned attack against Cheng. His busy work as an anti-communist was a thorn in the side of the Mao agents. When he threw Wang out, they struck. Ming yün fate! " The Chinese man got a sad look on his face and turned away.

The sails of the junk creaked. Like huge bat wings, they stood out from the vessel, which left a long strip of spray behind it. The light-funneling rows of pearls of Hong Kong

approached rapidly, and only the individual houses on the slopes of Victoria Peak remained dark, while in the opposite direction Lantau Island faded in the rising morning mist.

"Do you want to get some more sleep in a cabin?" asked the Chinese man from earlier, who had rejoined Eyken. "We're taking a diversion and coming in from the east to the jetties. In a few hours, Hong Kong and Kowloon will resemble a startled wasps' nest. By the time we arrive, it will be mid-morning and we'll be unloading the fish we have on board." The Chinese man laughed mischievously

"I smelled the fish," Eyken grinned. He smiled for the first time in days and was pleased that the junk master found his words amusing. "Still, I prefer to stay on deck."

"Stay here quietly. Just go below deck before entering the harbour so that you can't be seen from the shore. We'll take you off the ship inconspicuously later."

"I'm in good hands with you," thanked Eyken. "When the time comes, I'll get off the deck."

After a few minutes came the question: "Did the Hon Lon want something from you?"

"

Eyken looked at the questioner openly: "Of course! I should get into a drug dealing business."

"Mao is raking in foreign currency. The Red People's Republic is poor." After a pause, the Chinese man added: "You are now free and owe us nothing. But if I can give you some good advice, don't stay in Hong Kong a day longer than absolutely necessary. It's best if you leave today or tomorrow. The Hon Lon is powerful! "

"I'll take your advice," Eyken promised. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The Chinese man looked at him for a long time, then he said slowly: "You wanted something from the Green Dragon. If this is about you seeking political co-operation against the plague-like spread of communism, then help Taiwan if you have the opportunity! "

"I can't say today what I will be able to do. But I never intended anything other than to come to an offer like this."

"Hsieh, hsieh thank you!" The yellow man bowed. "When you get ashore, I'll give you an escort. When you have consulted with your friends, he will arrange the desired passages for you and we will screen your departure."

"How can I stay in touch with you later?"

The Chinese man was a little evasive. "If you can do something for Taiwan or would like a connection, then all you need to do is go to an accredited centre in the country."

The junk made good time. After passing Lamma Island south of Hong Kong, she continued on an easterly course as the sky brightened. As Eyken realised, they had no pursuers.

A little later, the ship came to a halt far off Clearwater Bay in front of one of the small and tiny islands.

Around mid-morning, when the red fireball of the sun was already bathing the land and sea in a hot light, the junk picked up speed again and travelled north past the small Tung Lung Island into the waterway leading to Hong Kong

When the ship docked in the harbour area, there were only a few men on deck. Half an hour later, when it was clear that nobody was looking after the vehicle, Eyken left the ship accompanied by a Chinese man. They got into a taxi that had been called and drove straight to Repulse Bay.

"I'll stay with you," the attendant said to Eyken after getting out of the car in front of the hotel. "I'll wait in the hotel's tea room until you tell me what you want to do. And if you have any other wishes "

Eyken thanked him politely. "I will endeavour to make a quick decision. See you later in the tearoom! -"

"Eyken!"

His comrades were standing in the hotel lobby

"Nice day today, isn't it?" Despite his rumpled clothes and stubbly beard, the man called showed his indestructible sense of humour.

The captain's lieutenants looked at each other in bewilderment. "Oh man," Krall whispered reverently to Hellfeldt, "someone is falling from the sky and has no nerve with-

"Shut up for that," said the Viennese with a shake of his head.

"What..."

Eyken immediately interrupted Krall's line of questioning. He put a finger to his lips.

"Let's go upstairs, there are no eavesdroppers!" With

with his old self-assurance, he went ahead to the rooms, followed by his bewildered comrades

It was only in his room that the men gave free rein to their joyful reunion. Eyken recounted his experiences in detail, pointing to the bump on his head, which had not yet fully receded and was painful. According to the old saying that every thing has two sides, the price for the unpleasant encounter with the red dragon was not too high, as they had gained a recommendation for Taiwan in return.

Eyken concluded by saying that a Chinese man was waiting in the hotel tea room for orders to get passages.

"Not so fast," Hellfeldt put the brakes on. He now described their endeavours since Eyken's disappearance, mentioned the helpfulness of Cheng and the colonel, the visit to Kowloon and suggested that measures should only be taken after the British man had turned up

"Agreed," Eyken replied. "When is the colonel coming?" Hellfeldt

looked at his watch. "I reckon in an hour at the latest!"

"Good," agreed Eyken. "Let's wait for him on the hotel terrace. The men got up and went downstairs.

Almost exactly an hour later, according to Hellfeldt's estimate, the greeting scene was repeated. Eyken had been in the tea room earlier and had asked the Chinese man to wait.

"Have you been here long?" Kenneth began his questions.

"First came," laughed Eyken. He repeated his experiences again. The colonel had listened calmly. With almost tantalising composure, he said: "Because this is Hong Kong. Tourists can stay here for a month and not realise what's going on behind the deceptive calm.

delt. Only occasionally do people get caught up in the underground power struggle or fall victim to the high level of crime. I also advise you to leave soon. Is there anything keeping you in this city? "

Eyken replied in the negative.

"I've made enquiries about Cheng in the meantime," he continued.

"The police have nothing against him. After questioning his daughter Ying Ning, his death was registered as a robbery-murder. Cheng was stabbed to death. I have left it at the police report. The suspected perpetrator is Wang, who is on the wanted list. I didn't say anything about your disappearance," the spokesman said to Eyken.

"That's fine by me," Eyken thanked him. "Now we just have to prepare our departure, then the Hong Kong chapter is over."

"Where do you want to go now?" asked Kenneth.

"As already planned: to South Korea! "

"You'll have a hard time in South Korea. The Americans want to do business there on their own!"

"At least we can try," Eyken stubbornly persisted.

"Why don't you go to Taiwan first," the colonel suggested. "From there you have just as good a connection to Korea, and you can still gather information there." He winked his eyes. "I'd like to come along myself! Would you take me with you? =

"Why not?" replied Eyken. Both naval officers agreed. "Ship or aeroplane?" he asked.

"Ask your Chinese if a ship is going to Taiwan soon. It's easier and cheaper."

Eyken stood up. "We're used to tackling everything straight away. I'll let the Chi-namann know and be right back."

"Yes, yes, the German relatives," said Kenneth, slightly amused. "We'll wait."

When he returned, he stopped in front of the table of the three seated people.

"Our good spirit has scurried off immediately to bring news as quickly as possible. I have made a request for four people."

"All right! " The colonel showed satisfaction. "I've wanted to go to Taiwan for a long time. But it's boring travelling alone and I don't have any friends there.

= After two hours, the Chinese man was back. After a request to sit down, he took a seat and said: "A Taiwanese freighter is leaving for Taipei tomorrow morning. There are two cabins with a double bed available. Should I make a booking? -"

"Go for it," the colonel warned. "You have a guardian angel first

He said to the Chinese man: "Wait here, we're just getting money for the passage. How much does it cost?"

The Chinese man quoted the price, which seemed cheap.

"That's very good for us," thanked Eyken.

XIV

KNOWLEDGE ON THE WAY

The master spoke:
"Those who stand above the average,
You can say the highest things to him.
Those who are below average,
You can't say the highest things to him."

Lun Yü

The four men were travelling on a good ship. The captain and crew were Taiwanese. At the stern fluttered the red flag of the Republic of China with the blue gulf and the white sun in it

The weather was consistently fine. The travellers lay in comfortable deckchairs on deck, politely respected by the crew. When the men had come on board, the captain had informed them that authoritative friends in Hong Kong had made a recommendation to facilitate the obtaining of a visa, which would be given on landing.

It was only natural that the men talked about the events in Hong Kong during the first few hours of their journey. The colonel also had some interesting stories to tell

Later, Kenneth did not conceal his concern about the currently unstoppable advance of communism after the defeat of Germany. Lenin's call for a red world revolution met with little resistance.

Kenneth then reported on the foresight of the American General George Patton, who, as commander-in-chief of the American occupying forces in Germany, foresaw an expansion of Red imperialism immediately after the end of the war. In the summer of 1945, he wanted to obtain the consent of the American government to take action against the Red Army. He had tried to prove that at the critical time after the cessation of hostilities in Europe, the Soviets could only hold out for a week due to supply difficulties before collapsing under American pressure. He had even left army and Waffen SS units intact in village shelters and camps for a time. When he also declared that he had no time to hunt down Nazis, as he had to prioritise the security of the West and the preservation of the free world, the American press howled with rage. Patton had also warned of the growing strength of the Soviets and promised a day when the Kremlin would have achieved great superiority over the West.

This would be the great hour of unscrupulous communism everywhere. When Patton, after the failure of his efforts and because of the attacks against his person, bitterly pointed out how hate-blind the backers of the mass media were and when he accused them of having un-American aims, he was shouted down completely. The backers of the mass media and politics caused the general to be dismissed from his post in Germany through vociferous protest and their decisive influence. But that was not enough. Patton's attitude had become dangerous. On 23 December 1945, a heavy military lorry hit the general's vehicle with full force, killing him in a faked traffic accident.

"We've heard a lot about it," Eyken confirmed the report from the Colonel Kenneth sighed: "Since then we have had to recognise that all over the world the bloody red of the Jacobins and Lenins is becoming the basic colour of new national flags, and the red five-pointed star as well. In the West, liberalism is radicalising with an increasing swing to the left. If Disraeli declared earlier that the liberals would turn a kingdom of the first rank into a republic of the second rank, this is even more true today. These liberals are everywhere becoming the stirrup-holders of the red systems."

"That's right!" Eyken affirmed emphatically. "And under the five-pointed star you mentioned, the white and the red, the forces of world governance have come together."

"Why the white one? -" Kenneth was astonished now.

"The red five-pointed star is profane and clear in its meaning," Eyken replied.

"The white one, on the other hand, is little known in its inner meaning. If one assumes that since the dominant power of the Federal Reserve Bank and Wall Street in the United States of America, politics has been controlled by these forces, then one also understands that the five-pointed star of Moses plays a dominant symbolic role alongside the six-pointed star of David. The American wars rolling against Germany

kan tanks bore the white five-pointed star and the Soviet T 34s the red one. The red star is an old symbol of Judah's revenge and was renewed by David as a sign of Yahweh. That was the battle of the biblical Moses against the runes of Thule!"

Kenneth's head turned red. He whistled quietly through his teeth. "I've never seen it like this before," he admitted.

Eyken continued: "Just think of the American Department of Defence! This arsenal of the democracies is built in a pentagon shape, i.e. it shows the five corners or points of the white-coloured weapon markings. It is

It is also five storeys high, staggered five times and is permeated by the number 'five' in terms of space. The German architect Sproemberg stated that this building accommodates one hundred and forty-five thousand people, which in the Kabbalistic transverse number results in the number ten. This is the number of the commandments from Sinai. The number five of the star stands for the five scrolls of the law of Moses. White stood for the West and red for the East. The star expresses that, with the help of numbers and geometric figures, the five-pointed star in the circle can be regarded as a constant divider in the golden ratio, so that a division is also announced to the supposedly liberated peoples in accordance with the symbolic interpretation. This applies to territorial divisions as well as those of ownership. It is the prelude to a slave world of tomorrow under a single government. The internal rivalry between the two five-pointed stars is revealed at a geographical point, however. At the entrance to the Bering Strait, the volcanoes Moses and Elias stand on either side. They block the passage from or to the north, where the Midnight Mountain, the World Mountain and the Blue Island are located. The two five-pointed stars in red and white are therefore opposite each other on the narrow strait of the sea. The distance is only seventy-five kilometres. In the bellies of the mountains and in the bosom of the earth lie the arsenals of death in the arms race between the two rivals. But speaking of symbols, what is the fiery cough of the volcanoes Moses and Elias when the majesty of the sparkling northern lights outshines the Arctic Ur! "

The colonel had straightened up stiffly as he listened. He looked at Eyken with wide eyes. Very thoughtfully, he considered what had been said. After a while he said: "Now I understand more than before. From the pentagram to the pentagon, to Mosesburg. Then the symbolic geography. Now I also understand the meaning of the divided countries. It started with Tyrol, then came the great division of Germany, the division of Berlin, then Korea, and the division of China into ideological parts, and more will come. Then a large obelisk was erected next to the Mosesburg, this arsenal of democracy, which in its dimensions was treated like a temple of Solomon. It is made of white marble and rises a hundred metres into the sky in honour of Yahweh. And it is also known that above the American eagle on the official letters is a small rosette formed of thirteen spheres; twelve lie on the David-star-shaped connecting lines, and the thirteenth lies in the centre. It is clearly the coat of arms of Yahweh."

"That's right, Colonel," Eyken said. "I'm just surprised that a Brit knows these things."

"There are only a few of us," Kenneth admitted immediately. "But what sign do you place opposite the star symbols -"

Eyken hesitated, then discarded his reservations and replied: "It's a sign that's hardly known: the Black Sun!"

"Never heard of it," Kenneth confessed.

"A circle of knowledgeable members of the protective squadrons wield the Black Sun as a secret symbol for Thule. It is also the sol nigra of alchemy and is not actually black, but a deep purple colour. The Greek mysteries already knew of a secret sun next to the golden disc of Atlantis. It was the star Antares in the sign of Scorpio. In the Edda it was called And war or Andwari. It was the guardian of thought, the Arimasp, the Aries sphinx, which waits together with the guardian of strength, the lion sphinx Waraeg, at the gate of the perfecting Aryan race. The sage Fabricius says, united to a self-responsible I-power Garuda, her essence will come to earth as the gold of the north, as the northern lights, when Aquarius is here. In the Taurus Age of the Atlanteans, Antares was regarded as the seat of all opposing forces against the gods, who ruled according to the instructions of Moira. Antares is that which eludes the sense of Ares. Ares means helper and decider. With the beginning of the Age of Aquarius, Arimasp and the griffin Waraeg are about to unite in thought and will. They call upon Aryan people who possess the will and the ability to share responsibility in a will that is true to the plan and corresponds to the realm of the unnamed. While the sun of light gives brightness and warmth to the earth and is the bearer of life, ultra-red and ultra-violet stand next to it as invisible light. This invisible light embodies the cosmic light

It is the light source of wisdom and the ray of the one Great One whose will guides everything, the source of what we do not see but hear as our inner voice. The deep dark purple, the actual colour of the Black Sun, is therefore not lightless, but the light that permeates the world and shines for those who know. According to an ancient Germanic tradition, God is omnipotent, invisible. Here the invisible omnipotence is clearly expressed. The light that can be perceived by the human eye is

material. At the same time, however, it is the shadow of the invisible spiritual light and fire, a small spark of which still glows around Thule in the wolf age and awaits a new ignition. According to the teachings of the ancients, the day sun was a symbol of the invisible counter-sun, the purple of spirit and knowledge. There is no darkness of evil here. The Black Sun is the sign of the invisible deity, which reigns over the material world.

The golden sun of the Atlanteans was usurped by the servants of Mammon and Freemasonry. The deep dark purple disc stands for the execution of a divine will

and the law against the arrogant power of gold and its masters and servants. Since the colour white is the sum of all other colours of material origin, one inevitably comes to the non-colour, to antimatter and thus to the divine. Since the megalithic age, the circle has symbolised the high religion of a Supreme Being.

incomprehensible, unrevealed deity, as the stone carvings of Bohuslän and others already show. Filled with the dark

Purple of secret knowledge, it became the black *ronde* that was still seen on fighter planes of the *Schutzstaffeln* shortly before the end of the Second World War. And the deepest meaning of the Black Sun: it shines in the truest sense of the word for a realm in which this sun can never set!"

"This is the first time I've heard anything about the great secret knowledge of the Germans! " The colonel's voice sounded hoarse. "My people have neglected to take care of the heritage of their origins. We know nothing of a Black Sun and serve the stars of Moses and David. We live blindly in the glow of gold and will not come out of a night. But I believe and feel that the Black Sun high above the Midnight Mountain will always shine for the German Empire." The coolness he had shown so far had given way to a deep shock at his words.

"The ignorant will be overrun by an apocalypse," he said almost tonelessly. Eyken felt sorry for the old man. Nevertheless, he continued with an answer to his last words: "The Apocalypse has the number six hundred and sixty-six! And in the biblical revelation it says: 'No one shall be able to buy or sell who does not bear the mark, the name of the beast or the number of his name. Wisdom is required here. Let him who has understanding calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred and sixty-six. So in the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, verses seventeen and eighteen. In the second book of the biblical book of Chronicles, chapter 9, verses nine and thirteen, it also says: "The weight of the gold that came in for Solomon in one year was six hundred and sixty-six talents of gold. This figure symbolises the absolute power of money and, by extension, the credit system. The symbolic seal, which became the Star of David, has six corners, six triangles and six angles, i.e. three sixes in a row, which is the number of the Beast of Revelation. This is the apocalypse, the scourge of humanity. The four apocalyptic horsemen are nothing other than the monsters of the beast with the human number who have been let off the leash. Just like the *canes domini*, the dogs of the Lord of the Dominican Order, who are on the Pope's leash.

lie, the monsters of calamity bring the four terrors upon the earth, as depicted by Albrecht Dürer's master hand. They are to establish the kingdom of Sinai on the battlefield of anarchy and destruction for the greater honour of Yahweh and the calf of Mammon."

The men had listened in silence. Eyken continued: "Since the Pope also feels himself to be Solomon's successor in the royal and priestly dignity, it is no coincidence that the two inscriptions on the tiara each conceal the number six hundred and sixty-six. The first inscription reads: *latinus rex sacerdos*, the Latin priest-king. The three words also contain the Roman numerals L and I and V and X and C and D, the sum of which equals six hundred and sixty-six. The second inscription is called *vicarius filli dei*, representative of the Son of God, which contains the Roman numerals V and I and C and I and V and I and L and 1 and 1 and D and I, which add up to the same sum."

Eyken looked at the three men in turn. "As quoted earlier, Revelation says that no one can buy or sell unless he bears the mark. This means nothing other than the entire world's dominion of the monetary system through the chosen ones with the number of the beast for the chests in Solomon's temple. The two pillars Jakin and Boaz are representative of the main temple in all Masonic temples on earth. And in the planned centre of the world, at the intersection of three continents, the new Temple of Solomon will be built in Jerusalem even larger than before. In addition to the priests of the Ark of the Covenant and the Golden Calf, the Pope has declared himself Solomon's successor in Rome, and the leading figures of the tiara are his confirmation. They are reaching for power with the help of the Golden Calf, and those who have escaped the Apocalypse will be their slaves. The wise men of Wall Street and the silver fish of Rome with the number of the beast, who grew up in the Piscean age, are drawing level with the biblical revelation and Chronicles. They gather all the gold and silver in their temples for the power of Yahweh, as King David did. Before the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, the now departing sign of the zodiac colours itself in the bloody red of the banners of unleashed mobs, and the Pisces of Rome also take on the redness of time. According to the plan of the initiates around Sinai, the impure white of the western five-pointed star is also to redden in order to find the unity of materialism in East and West in the marriage with the red star."

"That's all true," Kenneth admitted thoughtfully. "We have that clearly visible in England, too. In London, the Lord of Money, Rothschild, sits next to the levers of business and politics, and an archbishop with a red tongue preaches in Canterbury Cathedral!"

"It's the same everywhere in the West," Eyken continued. "Generally understandable

It begins with the fact that even before the Second World War, politicians in various countries were firmly convinced that a group of international bankers was responsible for deposing kings and installing and removing presidents. This group also makes all the main decisions in the economic field behind the scenes! "

But that goes back a long time," Kenneth said sarcastically.

"Of course. The American President James Garfield said back in 1881: "He who controls the currency of a nation controls the nation. And after the obscure Federal Reserve Act authorised the Federal Reserve Bank to issue the United States dollar as private money even before the outbreak of the First World War, the American Vice President John Garner said logically in 1933: "You see, gentlemen, who owns the United States! So what is being done today in the United States of America is to lead to control over all the countries of the world via the World Bank, to world control. The American Congressman Charles Lindbergh from Minnesota openly declared that there is a scientifically created financial panic and that a republic is ruined when wealth is in the hands of a select few or their institutions. Shortly afterwards, Lindbergh was murdered after a visit to the theatre. Meyer Amschel Rothschild expressed himself differently, but in the same spirit: 'If we can issue and control a nation's currency, we don't care who makes its laws.' And that is exactly what is already happening in the United States. And it will come to the point that the biblical revelation of John will be literally fulfilled: . . . was given power over all peoples and languages and nations . . . And it shall come to pass, that they all, small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, shall receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads, that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark . . . or the number!"

The colonel's face was stony. After some time, following the silence of the men, he said: "Nobody in England would have explained that to me. This knowledge comes only from the Germans. And now I suddenly realise what it means that, according to a statement made in a small circle by an official of the American Northwest National Bank, their laboratory is engaged in the development of an invisible, non-toxic ink for tattooing human skin."

"It's already that far?" Eyken murmured, emphasising the first word.

"You brought it to my attention after I previously knew little about the Northwest National Bank," the Colonel confessed. "But there's a new power in the background, an instrument of Rockefeller's

and Wall Street. It is called the Council on Foreign Relations, or CFR for short. This CFR, Council on Foreign Relations, was founded in 1921 after the merger of the former American Institute of International Affairs with an older discussion organisation in New York City. This CFR organisation is privately financed by three guesses who

with the Rockefeller family at the helm. Officially, this council is an association of private citizens, non-partisan and not-for-profit according to its statutes. At present, the council probably has around one thousand five hundred members. In reality, it is a kind of high lodge of select and influential people who increasingly control American politics. The Council shows strong left-wing tendencies, at least it supports, as the Americans say, un-American activities of left-wing groups. For the near future, I predict that the Council will exert a strong influence in world politics. Its endeavour is to bring authoritative members to all important positions in the American government, and in ten to twenty years from now we will experience great surprises thanks to its influence."

Now the Germans were astonished. Even Eyken had to admit: "Apart from the mere existence of the Council, I knew nothing about it."

"Then our conversation was fruitful after two pages," Kenneth said seriously. "I won't ask you where you got your great knowledge of these things. We are united by recognition. There is little we can do at present, because the false prophets are shouting at the top of their voices. They are even creating strange laws in many places to suppress the truth. This is especially the case in countries that are already invisibly controlled. And my home island has become completely deaf." A bitter line around his pinched mouth emphasised the last sentence

"We get on well, Colonel," Eyken replied. "I also knew that I would be able to speak openly. Regardless of our ethnic origins and past fronts, we are now becoming a brotherhood of knowledgeable people! "

"I agree," Kenneth said curtly, exchanging a deep look of agreement with his travelling companions.

Ilha formosa Formosa, the glorious one, was the name given by the Portuguese when they first sighted the island of Taiwan during their voyages of discovery in the sixteenth century and went ashore.

About four hundred kilometres long, this emerald green jewel lies like a watchdog off the Chinese mainland in the vastness of the Pacific Ocean. Large fertile plains in the west of the island yield an abundance of agricultural produce, while in the east the mighty

high Chungyang Shan mountain ranges and the Hsueshan Shan mountain ranges to the north-south. The subtropical mountain forests are still home to indigenous people.

At the turn of the century, immigration from the mainland increased. Rice cultivation was the most popular, and agriculture expanded into the bamboo forests of the foothills.

The political history of the island is closely linked to the history of the mainland

When Sun Yatsen returned to China in 1912 after studying in Europe, bringing Western ideas with him, no one could have imagined the importance Taiwan would gain in later years. Sun Yatsen had become a freemason, preached democracy and then overthrew the last empress of the great empire. After the establishment of the republic, the Masonic lodges spread throughout the major cities and displaced the influence of the previously powerful Tongs. After the death of Sun Yatsen, General Chiang Kai shek became his successor. He too was a freemason. In the great civil war that followed, it was Mao Tse tung who seized power after his legendary Long March and established communist rule. Chiang Kai-shek had to give way and fled with his remaining troops to Taiwan, which was suddenly torn from its slumber. The city of Taipei, located in the north-west corner of the island, became the capital of the new Republic of China. The backbone of this democratic model was the Social Democratic Party, which designated the government of the island republic as the legitimate one of the entire empire.

After Roosevelt's death, the Americans slowly had to realise that they could no longer play the game with Mao. Washington swung to a Taiwan course after the island increasingly developed into a strategic base of importance. Masonic cross-connections played a major role in fostering these new relations. As a result, the nationally orientated secret society of the Green Dragon, which had established a headquarters in Taiwan, went underground.

This was the changing picture when the men arriving from Hong Kong on the Taiwanese freighter docked in the north-eastern harbour city of Kee lung

The entry formalities were completed quickly thanks to the recommendations they had received. A train took the men to the capital, around sixty kilometres away, in a short time.

Pleasant and by no means expensive hotel rooms left Eyken on breathe. Taipei showed itself to be a modern, up-and-coming city that still retains the

face of Asia. Wide streets showed far-sighted planning. The police and military personnel showed an exceptionally good attitude. The population was courteous and friendly and the overall appearance of the city was clean everywhere

On the very first evening of their arrival, the men attended a performance of the famous Peking Opera, which had joined the Chiang Kai shek Chinese separatist movement. The city also offered everything else that could make a foreigner's stay worthwhile

Kenneth promised himself two pleasant weeks. However, Eyken's sense of duty did not allow him to take a break from his plans. So the very next morning, despite the colonel's repeated reservations, he took a taxi to the South Korean mission to enquire about the entry options. When he returned, he was satisfied.

"Are we about to play train swallows again?" asked Krall.

"I hope so," Eyken replied cautiously. "I met a very friendly Korean who spoke excellent English. Nevertheless, I noticed a certain reticence and diplomatic manoeuvrability. He asked a number of questions that were by no means based on curiosity alone. I left the passports behind and was ordered to leave tomorrow."

"Enquire about purchase options for ginseng," Kenneth advised.

"The country is endeavouring to expand ginseng production. This will become one of the country's main exports, because this root and its extract are in demand everywhere!"

"I know ginseng by name," replied Eyken. "Old Koreans look for this wild-growing root in human form in the forests and dig it up at midnight during the full moon to extract an auspicious talisman. Since ancient times, ginseng root has been regarded as a miracle cure in Asian pharmacy and was accordingly traded at a high price. Only recently has Korea begun to cultivate the ginseng plant in order to meet the great demand. The Korean diplomat told me this in passing during a conversation. Strangely enough, this shrub only grows on the Korean peninsula and in its immediate neighbourhood in the Siberian taiga. The roots of the perennials are the real mandrakes."

"I know that," Kenneth confirmed. "Thanks to the expansion of ginseng plantations, not only will the traditional consumers of this root be supplied, but also previously untapped markets. Not only on the Chinese mainland, but also in the Thai countries and here in Taiwan, ginseng root will be available for sale everywhere. However, only North Korea will have an insufficient supply to meet the needs of Mao's empire

can. But guns are more important to communism than ginseng." In the evening, the men drank local beer in a quiet pub, which was served cool and tasted good. Afterwards, the three German officers had to serve the colonel the whisky and soda he had ordered, which was unavoidable.

Again, it was Eyken who began the conversation that evening with a topic that also touched Kenneth: "When we first met, Colonel, you spoke of the Jeremiah tradition and the legend of the origin of the throne of David in London. Now there are also the Gaelic annals, which paint a different picture. Do you know them? "

"Very good," Kenneth replied. "But these annals are not recognised in Britain, or only to a limited extent. Wherever possible, they are supplanted by the legend of Jeremiah." He turned to Krall and Hellfeldt. "Do you know the annals, Pbenfalls?"

The respondents replied in the negative.

"I know they exist, but I don't know the details," Eyken confessed.

"You should know the most important things about it," Kenneth said. "If the Jeremiah story is so emphatically passed on in Britain, including Ireland, the Gaelic annals, which are regarded as controversial, should not be overlooked either. One must place legend next to legend. Since the annals contain folk traditions, they certainly rank higher than the stories from the East. It should also not be overlooked that the legend of Jeremiah could only become established in the Nordic region via the bridge of the annals. Many things are based on old traditions and deny them at the same time." Kenneth made a meaningful movement.

"That's nothing new," Hellfeldt interjected. "The world has always been led around by the nose when it comes to things like this."

"Whatever the annals say," Kenneth continued, "we learn from them that Ireland was taken over by the Foghmorians, who are said to have come from the Basque country,

as well as the Tuatha Teutons and the Danaan North Danes, followed by the Cathac Gaels from southern Iberia, who were nicknamed Knife Bearers. They were all sea travellers and are probably also branches of the Atlanteans. The Knife Bearers only settled in what is now the province of Ulster. The annals go on to say that about one thousand five hundred years before the turn of time, Nemedes who had come from the Egyptian region under the leadership of Neamaids subjugated the Cathac Gaels. But these too were then driven out by the Foghmorians, the Sea Hawks, with Art, Neamaid's son, being defeated in

fell in a great battle. His death is still sung about in Ireland today in the famous Partholan Song. Again later, the Fir Bolgh, the Belgian people, established a powerful empire on the Emerald Isle, which extended over parts of England, Friesland, the Upper Rhine and Brittany. After some time, the Thuata de Danaan came under King Nuntha and broke the power of the Fir Bolgh."

"These are the battles of our ancestors," said Eyken. "The Thuata de Danaan were tall in stature, blond and blue-eyed. They are considered the sons of giants according to their origins. This brings us to the chapter myth of the giants, which is no longer doubted by archaeological anthropology. They brought the first civilisations in the dawn of our history. But go on, Colonel!"

Kenneth continued: "Along with the Thuata people came the Cumberland Cimb- bers, who were also seafarers. They are counted among the Danaan people. After ruling for a few generations, the Thuata King Mac Graine, meaning, significantly, Child of the Sun, was defeated by the Gaels from Iberia and pushed to the west coast of Ireland. The Cathac people also made the leap to Scotland to join the Cathanachs and Caledonians, the Mac Donald clansmen, who were already settled there. According to the oldest traditions of the Gaels, who are said to have come from the Scythian people, the annals of Eri followed, beginning with the last millennium before the turn of the century. According to these, Marcad, the son of Ith, landed in Ireland with his Gaels and Danaan people, who defeated the clods of the Mac Leod clans, which had risen in the meantime, and divided the land between Gaels and Danaan people. Then Eri's books recount the still very chequered history of Ireland, Britain and Scotland, including parts of north-west Europe. However, this is not the time to enumerate and explain the entire annals. There is not enough time for that. The excerpts presented here are only intended to show how rich these ancient traditions are, and that exact historical research has so far paid little attention to these traces. People do not take the trouble to check the old information and then include confirmed traces in the existing historical picture. We laymen can't say much about it, and academia doesn't want to." Kenneth shrugged his shoulders regretfully

Eyken pondered. Then he raised his head and said: "It is the same with the Ura Linda Chronicle, which preserves the oldest Germanic traditions. Despite all the malicious doubts, I know from a personal relationship that it is genuine. The German professor Herman Wirth made this old chronicle of the Dutch, Over de Linde, which came from the family estate, accessible to us and was infamously attacked as a result. On the other hand

I would like to say that if you place the Gaelic annals alongside the legend of Jeremiah, as you have also pointed out, then it is probably not difficult to find the connection that the infiltration with the mission of Jeremiah and the kingdom of David was conducted over the bridge of the Sea Peoples' movement. The legend of Jeremiah clearly speaks of an Iberian stopover and a subsequent leap to Ireland. This is the interface between the two legends, the value of which must be scrutinised, but is in any case different. It will probably have been like this, with partial recognition of details: While the Northmen fought and built empires with their blood, the whisperers of foreign teachings with the commandments of Sinai followed them in the shadow of pacification!"

"That's my opinion too," Kenneth agreed. "In the language of the Bible and in a variation of its verses, this infiltration into our space could also be put like this: 'And the messenger of David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and put on other garments, and went into the king's house. And when he came out, he had the king's crown on his head. He also took the people's treasures and left them a tithe. He praised poverty and promised the people the kingdom of heaven in return. Go in humility, he said, so that after the vale of tears you may have eternal bliss.'" The colonel sighed: "The throne of David has given us Britons the vale of tears, but there is no eternal bliss..."

"We're leaving!" shouted Eyken when he returned from the South Korean mission the next day with the passports. He hadn't been sure beforehand whether entry would be authorised without further ado at a time when tensions were running high everywhere, so he happily showed his satisfaction.

"I wish you good luck," said the colonel, with a slight tinge of regret. "I have felt very much at home during the short time of our acquaintance, and I regret very much that we are going our separate ways again. You will be coming to a troubled country. Communist partisans are constantly carrying out raids, and only the larger cities are safe at the moment. The Soviets are expanding the North Korean Communist Party and the North Korean People's Army and supplying heavy weapons. They also train the agents who are smuggled into the South from North Korea and support the communist gangs. Be careful! "

"We're still going there," Eyken said stubbornly. "We only change our plans under duress."

"I am sorry! " Kenneth showed open disappointment. "Have you been able to organise your onward journey yet?"

"I'll do that tomorrow," Eyken replied. "Of course, we'll pull a cheaper

I prefer travelling by ship to flying. Tomorrow I'll enquire with the shipping agencies."

"I'm very familiar with all these things here in the Far East," Kenneth grumbled. "Damned, even if you want to leave me here alone, I'll still help you if you want me to."

"We will be grateful," said Eyken happily.

"Ouh nonsense." Kenneth waved him off. The men spent the evening with harmless amusements in the city, unencumbered by the problems that otherwise moved them. The sea of lights in the streets and shops as well as the glittering neon signs in the fascinating colourfulness and strangeness of the decorative characters made the stroll through the city a small experience. The long avenues with tall royal palms on both sides of the carriageways in Chung shan and Jenai Road and the greenery in Chung hua Road lent Taipei an exquisite beauty and exotic charm. The next morning, Eyken set off with the colonel. It had rained lightly at first, but now it was clearing up. With the sun displacing the clouds, luck also came to their aid

In front of the main post office on the corner of Chung hsiao Road, both men met a British freighter captain whom Kenneth had known for a long time. The colonel immediately took the opportunity to introduce Eyken and ask for help with passage options without further ado.

The captain let out a roar like a sea lion. "That's my way You don't have to walk around for long, because I'm leaving here tomorrow for the South Korean harbour of Pusan and then on to Japan."

"And can three men come with us? =" Eyken hastened to ask.

"With Colonel Kenneth's recommendation, I always have room on my chest. If you want to leave tomorrow morning, it'll cost you a large beer in the evening as an advance payment! "

"Agreed," Eyken decided immediately. "And the fare?"

"Small fry," said the captain. "Only have basic cabins available and no band on board. If you're happy with that? "Perfectly," Eyken reassured him. On the way back to the hotel to meet his waiting companions, Eyken had become conflicted. Travelling on a British ship, of all things, made him feel inhibited.

The colonel looked at him from the side. As if he had guessed his companion's thoughts, he said abruptly: "With my recommendation, you're as safe with Capt'n Books as in Abraham's bosom. He doesn't ask for German relatives either." A soft laugh followed the last sentence.

"That's good," said Eyken with a grin. "But what should I do with Abraham? You can have him for a penny, no need for that! "

"Me? = ' The colonel laughed uproariously now. "You already know me, don't you? " He put his hand on Eyken's shoulder. "No need either, dear friend. Just a figure of speech..."

Hellfeldt and Krall were already waiting outside the hotel. They were surprised when they heard that they would be travelling on the next morning. After the restless days in Hong Kong, they felt comfortable and safe in Taipei. But that was over in the blink of an eye

It was not at all surprising that it was quite late in the evening when they returned to the hotel for a few more hours. Together with the grumpy yet sociable Books, they spent a few hours enjoying themselves in a way that the three Germans had not done for a long time. Following an old sailor's custom, they caroused from pub to pub, but without doing too much of a good thing.

When Captain Books pulled up outside the hotel in a taxi early in the morning, his passengers had already had breakfast and their luggage was ready. The farewell to Kenneth was short

"If you should come round these parts again, think of me. I will always be available through the Repulse Bay Hotel as they will forward mail to me at any time. I always offer myself for advice and help!" He gave a military salute, as if he had an officer's cap on his head.

"Black sun Black sun! " he mumbled meaningfully.

"Come on! " urged the captain. The taxi took the men to the main railway station and a little later a train left for Kee-lung.

The route from Kee lung to Pusan was four hundred kilometres longer than the crossing from Hong Kong to Taiwan. Eyken and his expert companions were pleasantly surprised to have found passage on a modern cargo ship. In the Asian harbours, they had already seen many a soul-seller that was barely getting by on its last breath.

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Captain Books was very obliging and alluded to the colonel's recommendation at every opportunity. Eyken and his comrades ignored this.

The catering was excellent and Books always kept his passengers company. His experiences in the Far East and numerous anecdotes were extremely entertaining

In the afternoon of the first day of the voyage, a man from the lower deck crew came on deck and politely greeted the passengers dozing in the deckchairs. The men thanked

A little later, Books appeared and wanted to rush past, but Krall stopped him.

"You've got a nice crew, Capt'n! "

"What makes you think that? " The captain stopped in astonishment.

"Your people greet you like gentlemen," said the man from Hamburg. He pointed to the man standing at the bow, who was looking lost in thought at the vast sea reflecting the blueness of the sky.

"Oh him ? that's a Belgian. He's been driving my box as a heater for a year now. A strong guy who can cope with the climate. The other stokers are mostly Indochinese and Malays." After shrugging his shoulders, he added: "Must have seen better days in the past. But what should I care? He's a strange fellow sometimes.... ." He waved his hand and walked on.

"Funny," Krall muttered. "A man with an intelligent face, a noticeable trace of education, and a stoker..."

"What are you doing?" asked Eyken. "Do you want to be a flute player in the Salvation Army? -"

Krall remained stubborn. "There's something about that man. He can do more than just heat..."

"Which is all well and good for the Capt'n," Hellfeldt interjected.

"Exactly," continued the man from Hamburg. "Some fate has brought the man here and he can't seem to get back up! "

"The number of people stranded overseas is legion," Eyken pontificated a piece of cheap wisdom

"And there's a lot of political flotsam and jetsam among them," Krall insisted. Now Eyken and Hellfeldt pricked up their ears. The Viennese got up from his cot. "Ha! Already in Mime's smithy it was generally said that Europe's best sons were expelled everywhere. That may be just as true."

"See to it that you get something out!" Eyken said, turning his head forwards to where the stoker was still standing and seemed to be dreaming.

A while passed before the man came back and wanted to go amidships. Krall called him.

The stoker stopped and looked casually at the caller. He was a slim yet strong man. He had handsome but somewhat hardened features, grey-blue eyes that betrayed good-naturedness, and blond hair that was tousled by the wind. The shirt he was now wearing in the free watch was tattered but clean.

"Capt'n Books said earlier that you were Belgian," the man from Hamburg began the conversation.

"Why do you ask? -" came back in veiled defence.

"Because we're surprised that you're a stoker."

"Why not? -" The man raised his eyebrows. "It's a job like any other!" He made a move to leave, but stopped again. "If

it satisfies your curiosity, I am Flame! Belgium is the passport country." Krall introduced himself and his comrades. "None of us come from your passport country, but we know that the Flemish are among the Germanic descendants and that they still have many people-conscious powers." He tried very hard to say all this as well as possible in English. The Fleming's eyes widened. Involuntarily, he made a curt bow and said: "My name is Claes!" His face immediately closed again. "Is there anything else you want to know?"

"We're not afflicted by curiosity," Krall continued. "Why are you surprised when passengers are looking for a bit of entertainment? We like the Flemings! Besides, we're not snobs, we're just ordinary cargo ship passengers."

"I can offer little in the way of entertainment," said the Fleming almost unwillingly. "The captain told us that you've been travelling with him for a long time. So you'll have more Far East experience than we do. That alone is reason enough for us to talk to people to get good advice. We will be busy in these areas for a while yet. Why shouldn't we be able to talk to stokers as well? ='

Now the Flame leaned against the railing and showed more accessibility.

"Where are you going? "

"To Korea," replied the man from Hamburg.

"I only know Pusan. Otherwise, I don't know much about the country myself. I know the areas west of Taiwan or Japan better. I've been travelling around Asia since the end of the Second World War."

"Are you having difficulties at home?"

At first the Fleming showed open mistrust. But then he said harshly: "Whether you like it or not, I fought on the German side against Bolshevism during the war! And my family is dead. Communist partisans treacherously killed my relatives while I was at the front. And today these murderers are acting like masters in Belgium! " Anger and defiance were written all over the Fleming's face

Krall looked at Eyken. He said: "It's like that almost everywhere in Europe today. Not just in your home country. The anti-communist forces have been hunted all over the German-speaking world, in France, in the Balkans, in Holland and elsewhere ever since the Kremlin's propaganda overtook the entire West with its antifa slogans. This propaganda could not be naive and cheap enough not to be heard and accepted everywhere."

"I've hardly ever heard a speech like that in Asia," said the Fleming in amazement. "Then you will also know or at least have heard about the effect of the propaganda after the end of the war."

was. Here in Flanders, the Resistance carried out assassination attempts on the families of the Eastern Front volunteers in many places and also mercilessly killed children. The Flemish security service that remained at home was only able to catch some of the murderers. Understandably, they were executed after a short trial in front of the graves of the murdered. Instead, after the end of the war, all members of the Flemish Self-Defence were targeted by a revenge justice system, horribly tortured and then liquidated. The anti-communist Eastern Front volunteers were disenfranchised, robbed and accused of collaborating with the enemy. They were also sentenced to long prison terms or, in many cases, executed! " The Fleming let out a bitter laugh. "Who else should we Germanic Flemings have worked with but our German relatives? -" "It's all known," Eyken admitted. "But a large part of the Western world still has straw in its ears and acts as if these things never happened. It was the same in France!"

The Fleming was still leaning against the railing, but had straightened up a little. He hadn't expected consent.

"Which unit did you fight with on the Eastern Front?" asked Eyken.

"In a Flemish SS unit," the Fleming replied. "Promoted to lieutenant for bravery in the face of the enemy!"

"Golly!" came out of Eyken's mouth. He had involuntarily spoken German.

"I can also speak German," he immediately corrected his mistake.

"Me too, of course," the Fleming hastened to say. "I suppose you have German friends? -"

"A lot of them!" Eyken admitted and looked at the Fleming.

"What are you doing here in the Far East?" he asked. His attitude had become more relaxed, but he couldn't quite hide a trace of uncertainty.

"We are merchants," Krall said, trying to stay in the conversation. "But also with an interest in culture and archaeology! "

"Ah " The Fleming had nothing to say in response.

"You said earlier that you know Pusan. Would you be available to help us for a few hours after we arrive? We don't speak a word of Korean."

"If I can get off the ship, why not? By the way, don't worry: since the Americans have been in South Korea, you can get by pretty well in English."

"Is there anything we can do for you?" Krall's voice sounded warm.

"I wouldn't know what you could do. You're merchants and I'm a ship's stoker. There's a big hole in between..."

"Tatata," said the hamburger. "That's tin you're talking about! We respect the uniform you were wearing. If we were in a position to do something for you

then we'll do it too! "

"Don't let Books know that," said the Fleming quietly. "Books was a British naval officer during the war and doesn't like the Germans. Your sympathies for them would then be felt! "

"Thank you very much for that warning," Eyken also replied quietly.

The Fleming pushed away from the railing. "I'm leaving now. Thank you for your kind offer. I don't know what to do with it at the moment. And we'll talk about Pusan." He made preparations to leave.

Eyken quickly stood up and shook his hand. Krall and Hellfeldt followed his example.

The stoker showed slight confusion. Nevertheless, he vigorously returned the handshake. It seemed to the three men that the Fleming's eyes had taken on a brighter lustre. After a sustained period of good weather, Books' freighter reached Korean coastal waters. As the number of fishing boats on the water increased, the coastal landscape behind the rear sight also grew into the field of vision

The three passengers were satisfied in every respect. They had got on well with the captain and had been able to speak to the Flemish stoker several times.

Now they stood at the railing and stared through the shimmering air towards the harbour city, which was getting ever closer and whose facilities showed the importance of Pusan

"We've now made it to Korea," said Eyken to his comrades.

"But we still need luck to get in touch with the Mongolians. It won't be easy."

"That's what I mean," said Krall thoughtfully. "We are entering a country that is already in the shadow of two red giants. When I think back to Hong Kong..."

"Don't be unhappy! " warned Hellfeldt. "Fortuna was on holiday in Hong Kong."

"But nothing was for nothing," Eyken reassured Krall's gloomy thoughts. "As well as a bump, I've also bought myself some Chinese friendships." Suddenly the Fleming came by. He was wearing his stoker's overalls, and his face showed a mask of coal dust and sweat. Turning to Krall, he said: "I'm coming ashore. Wait near the ship until I'm free. And don't tell Books about this!" He closed one eye and hurried on

"What did our man want?" asked Eyken, who had not understood the Fleming
Krall looked around for a moment, then replied quietly: "Claes is coming ashore. But we're not supposed to tell Capt'n! "

"Good!" Eyken nodded with satisfaction. "The Flemings have always been splendid people, and Claes is certainly a good man to steal horses with, as the old saying goes. Besides, I don't give a damn whether he goes on shore leave with or without Books' blessing."

A rock tower with a lighthouse on top slowly rose out of the water to the left of the ship, and to the right a protruding peninsula peeled into the field of vision of those entering the harbour. Towards the bow, piers jutted out into the harbour water, partially obscured by a few ships moored in the roadstead. Pusan turned out to be a beautiful and busy harbour, nestling like a jewel in a semicircle of mountains surrounding it.

As Book's box slid past the lighthouse rock, the journey became a little slower. The ship passed an anchored tanker and headed for the piers, passing other freighters that were also moored in the roadstead. Now we could also see the dense sea of houses that had pushed up very close to the harbour quay. It was a mixture of high-rise buildings and older houses competing for every inch of ground.

"Entering a harbour is particularly exciting for any sailor," Krall explained to Eyken. "Now we can see a harbour authority boat ahead of us, heading for the designated landing stage."

"I see," said Eyken briefly. "I certainly wasn't under the false impression that the boat would catch fish for us."

Krall grimaced. "You shouldn't explain things to a landlubber because she knows everything better anyway." The man from Hamburg coughed in an artificial manner.

Hellfeldt intervened: "It's time for us to get our luggage! Or do you want to hold hands with Books until Tokyo? "

"A good suggestion at the right time," Eyken deflected. "Hurry up to the cabins! "

At the same time, Books' ship slowed down even more, and the crew on deck were already standing by the hawsers to moor at the pier. The landing manoeuvre began.

The three men were back on deck with their hand luggage before the boat docked. They saw a jeep with Koreans pull up and wait. When the box was still and the pounding of the engines had stopped, the jetty was extended after mooring. Now the Koreans jumped out of the car and approached the gangplank.

Books welcomed them and spoke to them. Two Koreans came up to the Germans, and one asked in good English: "The captain told us that you were going ashore. Do you have your passports with you?"

"Here!" said Eyken and took out his passport. His companions did the same.

The papers were checked in detail, but no questions were asked. Once the visas had been issued, there was probably no need for further questioning.

"All right and welcome to Korea! " said the stern-looking examiner. He returned the men's passports with thanks

The men now wanted to turn to Books, but he met them halfway. "I hope you were happy on my barge?" he said, showing a horse's teeth. "Colonel Kenneth's friends are my friends too." He shook hands with his passengers and wished them a safe journey. With a quick "Bye, bye" he departed.

"I don't know if we'd really be his friends," Hellfeldt muttered. "So get your luggage up and ashore!"

XV
THE SINGING WIND

Dong hae mul gwa Baeg du san i
Ma reu go dal to rog
Ha neu nim i bo u ha sa
u ri na ra man se
Mu gung hwa sam cheon li
hwa ryeo gang san hwa ryeogangsan
dae han sa ram Dae Kane u ro
gi ri bo jeon ha se.

"Until the waters of the Baltic
Sea, the Baek-du Mountain
would be
exhausted and
crushed,
God save our country,
long live the beautiful
fatherland!
Whole country covered with Sharon roses,
beautiful country, beautiful country!
Koreans! Let's all protect this
beautiful country! "

South Korean hymn

As in all harbour cities around the world, Pusan was a hive of activity. Seen from the partly hilly city, both sides of the harbour, which were divided by Yeongdo Island, were full of anchored and moving ships. An American destroyer was also moored in the left part of the harbour, displaying its camouflage-painted hull and fluttering star-spangled banner. The tooting of steamers, the screeching and squealing of ships' winches and cranes, a barely ceaseless honking of lorries struggling through the harbour area and, from time to time, an intermittent howling and whistling from the railway station combined to form an atonal harbour symphony. The pushing and shoving of people rushing along intensified the unrest of the harbour operations. In the midst of this hustle and bustle, the three Germans stood on the quay of the part of the harbour that adjoined Songdo Beach to the harbour core. From here, they were able to watch Book's ship out of the crowd and await the arrival of Claes.

"Didn't Claes mention a meeting point?" Hellfeldt asked as the wait continued. Krall replied in the negative. "When he came by my place, he was in a hurry."

"Then we'll just wait and form a thinking group with the luggage for a while," Hellfeldt grumbled.

"Don't talk so much," Eyken cut off the beginning banter. "Better watch your eyes so the Flame doesn't get away from us. Six eyes see more than two!"

The men stared, but Claes didn't come yet. Eyken now turned to Krall: "You stay here and wait! In the meantime, Hellfeldt and I will go to the nearest exchange office and change some dollars into the local currency. We'll still meet here if Claes arrives in the meantime. Is that clear? "

"Sure," the man from Hamburg replied. He added pointedly: "You don't even give a job like that to cadets! "

"Very true," Eyken replied with a deadly serious face, but then made to get away with Hellfeldt.

Behind him, however, the man from Hamburg grinned and then continued to look at Book's ship. The gangway to the quay was still extended. Occasionally, people rushing past or lorries with heavy loads obscured his view and he had to change places.

After a while he saw Book's figure coming on deck, then the captain, after a quick look round, went ashore via the gangway. That was a sign that the Flame would soon follow.

But for now, Eyken and Hellfeldt returned. The three of them continued to watch. Only after half an hour did a man come running across the gangway, dragging a duffle bag with him. It was Claes.

Krall asked his companions to look after his luggage, then he hurried towards the Fleming.

Hellfeldt looked at Eyken. "There's no point standing around here. I think it's better to follow him right away! "

Instead of replying, Eyken immediately picked up his and Krall's luggage and, together with Hellfeldt, took long strides after his companion who had hurried ahead. The moment Krall reached the Fleming, his comrades were already standing next to him

Claes had also noticed the people waiting for him without shouting and fought his way through the crowd to the three Germans. He took a duffel bag from an Indonesian sailor accompanying him and greeted the men. He laughed a little mischievously and pointed towards the ship with one thumb

"Now the captain's got rid of me! I still had to pack up my belongings and stow them in my kitbag. Luckily Book hadn't locked the cabin, so I could still get to my papers. He is also

I still owe you a month's wages, but I haven't touched any money. But what's the difference, I'm free, and if you need me, I'm available for as long as you want. Later, when Bock has run out again, I'll find something again.

"No fixed destination?" Eyken's question came curtly.

"No, mister! "

"Hm. We'll see..." Eyken looked thoughtfully in front of him. "First we'll have to see where we can find accommodation, and then we'll try to make some connections."

"Are you looking for a first-class hotel?" The Fleming looked at Eyken. "I can't compete with that."

The interviewee immediately raised his hands. "By no means an ostentatious luxury stay! As simple as possible, but clean! "

"As far as cleanliness is concerned, you have to give the Koreans good marks. The people here are an ancient civilisation and extremely clean. You can rest assured. I suggest a simple but good house in the eastern suburb of Haeundae. Although it's the beach neighbourhood, it's cheaper and we'll also have some distance and more security from a prowling book. He'll be pretty wild when he realises that I've moved out."

"We want to continue straight away tomorrow anyway," said Eyken. "I think we'll go straight to the capital, Seoul. There's no way you'll suspect Book there if he stays at anchor for a few days!

"Certainly not there!" The Fleming chortled like a hen. "When I imagine Book's face when he's canvassing the sailors' hostels for nothing, there's not a dry eye in the house, haha! "

"I can well imagine that too," laughed Krall in between. He's going to have the tails wagging! "

The men travelled to Haeundae in a taxi. On the way, the Fleming asked:

"How long am I engaged as a butler for?" He tapped lightly on the breast pocket. "I have a passport, although it lacks a Korean visa, but as a seafarer I have a shore pass with me." He paused and then continued a little more quietly: "However, I still have a confession to make: I didn't give my real name out of caution. My real name is Vanhoven. No offence, but with my post-war experiences..."

"No need to apologise," said Eyken seriously. "You acted correctly and wisely. But candour against candour: I am a German officer of the same troop Vogel am Arm, and my comrades are naval officers. Savvy, man?"

Vanhoven opened his mouth and his eyes grew round and wide. After the

In the first few seconds of surprise, he turned to Eyken, almost whispering: 'So you're from my troop too? '

"Yes," Eyken confessed again. "So we're mates! And you can come with us for as long as you like. We can't pay wages, but if we live frugally, we have enough money for four men for the time being."

Vanhoven let out a whistle. "It's been a nice day for a long time! What unit were you with, mate? "

"Z. b. V.! For special use! "

"Hm, I see. The best thing to do here is to ask little and know little." Then he looked at the other companions. "And you? ="

"U Boot Waffe," Krall replied freely. "And now the maths are right: two sea dogs and two landlubbers. If you stay with us..."

"Funny question," laughed Vanhoven. "Together with you, I'll step on the devil's tail three times if I have to." Becoming serious, he said after a little while: "What can I do if I stay with you? " Eyken rubbed his chin a little sheepishly. "Hm, that's a bit hard to answer at first. But you can put yourself under my command as a picked-up scavenger. I'm a major. After a short time, you'll realise how things work."

"So also z. b. V.," nodded Vanhoven. "I'm also an old frontline hand and have long ears."

"Then everything is clear," said Eyken cheerfully. "What does your passport say as your job title?"

"Journalist." The Fleming shrugged his shoulders. "Apart from the fact that I left my homeland at night and in the fog, I would not only have been persecuted, but also banned from my profession afterwards. A ship's hirer was the only escape route. It has remained so to this day."

"Journalist? That's not so bad. It suits us too," Eyken explained. You can easily get away with it anywhere if you stick to certain forms. And just so you know, we're merchants. Krall is Danish, and the other two of us are Swiss. Got that? "

"Got it!"

Now they arrived at the centre of the beach in Haeundae. They got out of the hire car and Eyken paid the driver. Then, under Vanhoven's guidance, the men headed for a small hotel nearby, where they took two rooms for the night. After a brief refreshment, they sat down in an empty tea room and had ginseng tea brought to them.

"What are you looking for in Seoul? -" Vanhoven continued to ask.

"Hm," said Eyken. "We have reports that in the

ex-Mongolians live in the South Korean capital. And we are very keen to get in touch with them. I assume that Mongolian lamas and folk leaders will be found in Buddhist circles." Vanhoven swayed his head. "I'm not so sure about that. As far as I know, there are no Buddhist temples in Seoul. The South Korean north has mostly been missionised by Catholics and has lost its religious uniqueness. The majority of Buddhists live in the south. And to connect with ex-Mongolians, you have to talk to the Chungs who live in the monasteries and temples."

"Who are the Chungs?" asked Krall.

"The Koreans call the Buddhist priests or lamas Chungs in their language. Some red-capped lamas who have managed to escape from Mongolia have joined them."

"That would change our plans," Eyken said thoughtfully. "So where should we go? -"

"Wait a moment," said the Fleming. "I want to ask the hotel reception where the nearest temples are. They'll direct us to the right place." He rose and left the room.

After a few minutes, he was back. "If we go to Jinju, we'll find the Sudosá Temple a little north of this place. The chungs there will be able to help us."

"Then we'll go to Jinju tomorrow," Eyken decided. "How do we get there?"

"A railway line that runs westwards to Suncheon goes via Jinju. I'll ask when a train leaves."

"Very good," praised Eyken. "That's the right way to handle things." Pointing to a South Korean flag visible through the window, which was hanging in front of a house opposite, he asked: "To my astonishment, I can see the yin and yang signs in red and blue on the national flags. But I don't know the corner drawings. Do you know about them, Vanhoven?"

"Certainly," replied the Fleming. "This flag is called Tae Geug Gi in the local language. The blue-red Tao symbol in the white cloth shows red for Yang and blue for Um. According to Korean belief, this is an ancient symbol of the universe that does not deny its origins in China. Here in Asia, duality also characterises all things. In each of the four corners of the flag, there are three diagonal black bars with different interruptions, symbolising balance and opposition. The unbroken lines in one corner symbolise the sky and the three broken lines in the opposite corner symbolise the earth. The other two corner patterns with different broken lines symbolise fire and water. How to

a very natural and well thought-out flag symbolism."

"A very popular flag with a real relationship to nature," said Eyken pensively. "Here's a country to love! "

"It's different in North Korea," Vanhoven continued. "The North Koreans are already flying the red flag with a red star in a white circle, the horizontal edges bordered by narrow white and blue stripes. It is a manifestation of foreign signals that are destroying what is close to the people and robbing the country of its soul."

"Communism no longer recognises the concepts of heart and soul," Hellfeldt interjected. "So here in the north of the country it's like everywhere else where the red star leads a despiritualisation and tries to kill off any germ of an attempt at resistance in advance by desecrating it."

"And the West is watching as the red beast devours people after people and becomes more and more bloated," Vanhoven said bitterly. "The Anglo-Saxon powers also take care of the Star of David's business and benevolently tolerate the red star's khasar policy."

"Do you know the legend of the throne of David from England?" asked the Viennese.

"Oho!" cried Vanhoven. "You bet I know them! So you know them too?"

"Of course," Eyken hurried to reply. He told the Fleming in detail about the exchange of knowledge with the colonel from Hong Kong and the agreement they had reached. "How much of this do you know, mate Vanhoven?"

"Everything and then some," came the reply.

"Hey! -" Eyken's eyes widened. The others were also amazed.

An amused smile played around the Fleming's mouth. He crossed one leg over the other and began to explain: "From Flanders, it's only a short hop over to the British Isles. As nearest neighbours, we know the islanders all too well. I can therefore confirm that the vast majority of English people are indeed under the delusion that they are Israelites. I know that in October 1898 a writer in 'Pester Lloyd', when asked whether the English were Jews, answered: of course they are Jews. In this publication there is also the assertion that even before the confession of the Jewish people there had long been a longing on the island to be recognised as Jews. In the last century, this conviction gained the upper hand on the British Isles. In 1795, a book was published in London by the British naval lieutenant Richard Brothers under the title 'The History of our saxon origin, connecting us with the lost ten tribes'. This was followed by a book by Lady Caithness, 'Les vrais israélites' in 1889, followed by further

Similar printed works, including Martin Chagny's 'La Sémitique Albion', appeared in 1898. An association called the 'British Israelite Association' busied itself with the scientific substantiation of these theses, and in several journals, such as 'The Banner of Israel', ever new attempts were made to provide evidence. Robert Banks in London's Fleet Street then published 'Forty-seven Identifications of the British Nation with the Lost House of Israel' by Edward Hines and then 'Fifty Reasons why the Anglo-Saxons are Israelites' by Poole. Then there was a reference to the Bible, where it says, among other things, in Isaiah 41, paragraph 1: '. . . the isles will wait for his law' and there again: '. . . let them give glory to the Lord and proclaim his fame in the islands'. And further still:

'Hear the word of the Lord, O people, and proclaim it in the isles afar off,' Jeremiah proclaims, then adds by way of explanation: 'Go and preach toward the north, and say, Return, O rebellious Israel. Chapter 23, verse 8 of Jeremiah also states: 'As the Lord lives, who brought forth the seed of the house of Israel and brought them out of the land of the north...' Vanhoven's face reddened. "Is that enough? -"

"Now we know for sure that you belong to us," said Eyken with a deep seriousness in his voice. "You already know the terms 'midnight' and 'Sinai' by your choice of words. You know what we know and what the Colonel of Hong Kong said about England. The British Isles are a mother ship of David's aeroplane in the North Sea."

"You can rely on me," replied the Fleming, looking openly at his companions. "The great knowledge binds!" He drank the last of the tea from his bowl and then continued: "Look, the Irish still have a song that says: I am Paddy, the Canaanite! Further proof of the extent to which spiritual re-education is bearing fruit. Then there are the examples of foreign influences on many place names, as can be seen from the Hebrew word insertion 'Beth'. Beth' means house and is found in the names Bethnal, Lambeth and numerous other place names. And the ancestral line of David's throne originated as early as 513 AD, when the wise men of Ireland formed the legend according to which the Jewish princess Tea Tephi came to Ireland with Brug, that is Baruch. She was declared to be the daughter of Zedekiah, the last king of Israel. In Ireland, she then became the wife of King Eochaidh Heremon. Thus the Irish kings first took over the inheritance of David, from them the Scottish kings received it, and finally the British rulers received the right of tradition, which Queen Victoria in particular also invoked."

"Colonel Kenneth also knew and cited all these last clues," Eyken confirmed. "You can see clearly from the whole thing,

why British policy was always directed against Germania. It was never a battle between rivals, as it always seemed, but the Levite armies attacked the heartland of the Midnight Circle via the aeroplane mother ship 'Albion'. There is another reference from 1906 to help us better understand what was said earlier, when the former Minister of the Foreign Office in Paris, Emile Flourens, wrote in his memorable book

La France conquise'. Conquered France wrote: ". . . in London is the residence of the kings of Israel." Eyken slapped the table with the flat of his hand. "Here, too, is one of Hitler's errors, who knew too little or nothing of these traditional legends and therefore paid homage to the tragic assumption that the British were Germanic brothers. He did not realise that they had long since ceased to understand the language of blood and had become a spiritually poisoned ethnic group. The great opportunity of the Battle of Dunkirk was not given to a Germanic relative, but Hitler stopped the armoured annihilation strike against a Levite army! "

"Many of us already suspected that at the time," Vanhoven confessed sadly. "But still, our sacrifices cannot have been in vain. History has its own laws, and what allows it to survive must have a deep meaning."

"Certainly," agreed Eyken. That's why we have to get through the time we've been given together in camaraderie. The kind of comradeship that was born in the firestorm of the front lines and that binds people together forever. The young revolutionary Kurt Eggers, who fell in the tank battle of Kharkov, called comradeship a group of soldiers who are committed to a dangerous life and a dangerous deed. The uniform is not the binding agent, but the heart. The uniform is the symbol and conscience, but the heart leads the brave to the freedom of the lonely in an environment of betrayal and cowardice. With comradeship, the lonely become true warriors and shapers of a common destiny that demands the highest of them. Our hearts will always be restless. The strength of what we have in common helps us in all ways to fulfil the duty in which we are bound. All this is the great secret of the inner compellingness of the Nordic warriors, of German soldiering!"

"This is the same language that we Flemings understand," said Vanhoven, moved. "We all have the same blood and feel the same burning in our hearts as sons of Germania!"

The next day, the men travelled to Pusan station and bought tickets to Jinju. They had cleverly enquired about the departure time of the train at their hotel, so they left after a short wait.

The strongly curved railway line and the intermediate stops extended the journey time of the approximately one hundred kilometres. In Jinju they had to change to a bus to Euryeong, which already had a typical rural character. Low houses with the curved East Asian roofs, small shops and no more white people. The children playing in the streets looked curiously at the strangers with their big googly eyes and ran alongside them

Luckily, there was a hire car in the village that wanted to drive back to Jinju.

The driver even understood some English and

was immediately ready to drive the strangers to the Sudosá temple, which was located at the foot of a mountain.

It was already mid-afternoon and the men had not yet eaten. Nevertheless, they agreed to go to the temple without delay. Krall stayed behind with the wagon to secure the return journey to Euryeong. At the last moment, Hellfeldt offered to wait with Krall as well

So Eyken entered the temple district alone with Vanhoven. Both men directed their steps towards the main building, which lay there quietly. For the time being, no one was to be seen. The buildings had beautifully curved roofs that rested on colourfully painted ridges. Brown-red pillars supported the roofs and ceilings and also displayed beautiful painted patterns at the upper ends. Parts of the side walls consisted of coloured wooden lattices.

As the two men climbed the stone steps to the main building, they heard a choppy drumming sound. Standing in front of the open entrance, they then saw a single chung sitting on the floor in front of a buddha statue, beating a small hand drum. The smell of incense emanated from the large room. Candles flickered in the passing breeze and conjured up flashing reflections on the gilded body of the Buddha. The inner side walls were decorated with fabric paintings whose motifs were strongly reminiscent of Tibetan Lamaism.

Eyken pulled the Fleming slightly to one side. At that moment, another Chung in a grey monk's robe with a brown topcoat came around the corner of the house and looked up at the visitors in astonishment. He stopped in front of the staircase with a questioning look.

Before Eyken could ask a question, Chung put a finger to his mouth in warning and beckoned him to come down.

The men took his hint and descended the steps again. Eyken quietly asked Chung if he spoke English.

The monk replied in the negative and made a sign of waiting. Then he shuffled off and returned a few minutes later. With him came a young

Novice, who scrutinised the visitors curiously.

"Do you speak English?" Eyken asked him. The novice nodded, but said nothing.

"Do you have any Mongolian llamas here?" Eyken looked at him intently.

Speaking Korean, the novice turned to Chung, who was standing next to him. He said a few words, whereupon the novice turned to Eyken again: "My teacher asks why you are looking for such a lama?" His English was good.

"Tell your teacher that we need to speak to a Mongolian. We believe that we are most likely to find one in a temple, now that there are no more monasteries in Mongolia and the lamas have had to flee."

The novice translated into Korean. Chung looked at the visitors scrutinisingly for a long time, then spoke to the boy again.

"My teacher says we have a red-capped llama here. But we have to ask him first if he wants to talk to strangers."

"Then go and ask him!" Eyken pulled a banknote out of his pocket and put it in Chung's hand, whereupon he nodded in agreement after the boy's translation. The novice hurried off

Meanwhile, Chung sat down on the stone steps and waited. From the building, still in a pausing rhythm, came a hollow clang coming from a hand drum. The boy disappeared into an outbuilding, which was surrounded by a wall and contained the Chungs' living quarters.

About ten minutes passed before the novice reappeared, followed by a gaunt man who also wore the customary brown habit over his grey suit. Both monks approached the visitors with measured steps and then stopped in front of them.

The boy asked again:

"My teacher Tochon Temur is ready to hear your wishes. What should I tell him? "

Eyken first bowed in greeting, then, looking at the lama, he said: "I come from Europe and am trying to make contact with Mongolians who know the secrets of the Gobi!"

When the boy had translated, the lama made an angry face. He spoke fiercely to Chung, who was standing next to him, but Chung defended himself with a few sentences. Then he spoke to the boy again.

"My teacher says that the lama doesn't want to talk. He thinks you are spies or bad people."

"We are neither, tell that to the lama! We are enemies of the communists and have already fought against them. Our task is to find an authoritative man from Mongolia who can escape from his country.

home country."

Words were exchanged again. Then the boy said:

"If that's the case, why are you asking about the secrets of the Gobi? "

"That's quite simple," Eyken said reassuringly. "We want to hear a message from Chakravarti, the Lord of the World! Who else can give us such a message but someone who knows! "

Now the lama's eyes widened when he heard these words translated. He replied via the novice: "When the Lord of the world has a message, he knows to whom he is addressing it."

Eyken remained patient and gentle. He took a banknote out of his wallet and handed it to the lama, saying: "We are not rich people, but I would like to make a small donation for the lamas who have fled and are certainly in need and who have currently found a second home in Korea."

After hearing the words in Korean, the lama became friendly and made a sign of thanks. After a moment's consideration, he said: "I will give you a paper. Take it to Taegu, which is not far from here. There you will find a man of our nobility who knows a lot. I will speak to our chief, perhaps he will give you the interpreter if you give him another gift for our temple! " He made a sign of waiting and walked away.

In the meantime, Eyken and Vanhoven looked around a little. The chung and the novice stood there like statues, and the monotonous chanting of the worship ritual came incessantly from inside the temple at varying intervals. The temple courtyard was empty and there was no Chung to be seen.

Some time passed in silence and agony until the Mongolian lama returned. He exchanged a few words with the chung and the novice, then the boy said with a humble bow: "I have the task of accompanying the visitors to our temple to Taegu."

Eyken thanked the lama and presented him with another donation for the headman. He and the Korean chung bowed and then turned to leave, leaving the visitors standing there. The boy also went with them and promised to be back in a few minutes.

When he returned, he was carrying a begging bag. He stood hesitantly until Eyken asked him to follow him.

Now the journey went back to Jinju. The driver of the hire car didn't dare say anything when the young novice from the temple squeezed himself into the front seat. The onward journey to Taegu had to be by train from Jinju.

Back i n Jinju, the returning travellers noticed that the

street entrances were checked by police armed with rifles. There were also armed police everywhere in the city. In response to Eyken's question, the novice explained that security measures were currently being taken everywhere in the country to protect the larger towns from sudden attacks by communist partisans

The men spent the night in Jinju. The next morning they got a train to Taegu. There were also well-armed police at the railway station, who carried out strict checks.

They then travelled a large part of the route from the previous day back to Samrang-jin and from there northwards to Taegu. The city lay in a wide basin and had plenty of room to expand. It was the third largest town in the country. Here, too, the railway station was well secured and American military policemen could also be seen.

Having the novice with us proved to be advantageous in every respect. Not only was there no difficulty in communicating, but the Buddhist student priest's costume made things much easier. According to his instructions, they travelled from the station through half the town, which consisted almost entirely of low houses, and then stopped at the foot of a low hill.

They walked through a narrow alleyway with houses enclosed by walls on both sides and interrupted only by gates covered with pitched roofs. The novice had to ask twice before he stopped in front of a nondescript house

"I will ask if Lama Tochon Temur's friend is at home and is ready to receive you. Excuse me, gentlemen!" Without waiting for consent, he entered the house and left the four men behind, who were surrounded by a crowd of children and scrutinised curiously. Two old women nearby were chattering excitedly, but there were no other adults to be seen

The boy immediately came out of the house and stopped at the small gate in the wall. "Gusdä is here, and you can come in! "

"What does Gusdä mean?" asked Eyken, still standing up.

"This is a Mongol military rank and means 'master of a banner'. Come now! "

The men stepped through the gate into the tiny forecourt of the ground-floor house and then through a small door into the house inside. Small windows left the room in a semi-darkness that the eyes had to get used to.

"Iri onora is coming in! " came from the darkness of a corner. The man had spoken in Korean. Gradually, the speaker took visible form. He was sitting on a stool in front of a low table, looking out of narrow slits.

eyes looked at his visitors. He had a bald head, and his wrinkled face was the colour of old parchment. Broad cheekbones tightened the askew features without making the creases disappear. The eyes radiated hardness, and a thin-lipped mouth completed the picture of energy and willpower. His posture was immobile and dignified.

Eyken and his companions saluted with a small bow.

The Mongolian nodded briefly, then pointed to the scattered stools and several cushions near the table. He asked: 'Gohyang i o di imnigga?'

The boy translated: "He wants to know where you're from?"

"Tell him that we come from Europe. We fought in the war against the Bolsheviks! "

The Mongolian's face remained unmoved. Suddenly he said: "I speak English!"

Eyken immediately replied in the same language, giving his and his companions' names

The GUSDÄ thanked him. "My name is Menen Tudun. The chela of Lama Tochon Temur recommended you, otherwise I would not have received you.

What brings you to me? =

"Before I go into the purpose of my visit, I would like to say that I understand the need for caution and restraint," Eyken replied. "But I also say openly that the recommendation of Lama Tochon Temur was a coincidence."

"These words make my heart open," the banner lord replied. "We Mongols have an old saying: A foreign soul is as impenetrable as a dark forest! That's why I always check for a long time before I speak. If someone has nothing to hide and speaks the truth, then you can see to the bottom of their soul. So speak up! "

"We heard briefly that you live here in exile and are not a follower of the red doctrine. That is also the reason why we have confidence in you. And it's easier for us to talk to you because you speak English."

"In addition to my mother tongue, I also speak Korean, English, some Russian and Chinese," Menen Tudun said almost cheerfully when he saw the surprise on the faces of the guests. "And I am a GUSDÄ of the Mongolian army. I had to flee with many officers when the Russians established a communist puppet regime in my homeland. As a GUSDÄ, I am the commander of a banner that is roughly equivalent to a regiment."

Now Eyken headed straight for his destination. "I'm looking for a reliable man who could take us to the Gobi. But I'm not sure if that's possible with the strict border security."

"What do you want in the Gobi? -" Menen Tundun's voice sounded a little hoarse now

Eyken remained calm. "We are looking for men who are not friends of the red government and who know about the secrets surrounding Shambala."

Menen Tudun let out a sharp cry and stretched out his right arm, curling the fingers of his hand and stabbing at the guests with his index finger and little finger in defence. His face became closed again, almost hostile.

"You show the sign of defence against evil demons, Menen Tudun! But you are mistaken! We are friends of your endeavours for freedom and know that the Lamaist missionary legend will awaken again at the behest and with the support of the King of Shambala. We know that we cannot come to the great king, but we want to speak with a Gelong, a lama who serves him! "

The Mongolian hesitated with an answer. But then he said: "I am not a Gelong, but a GUSDÄ. I advise you not to attempt to enter the Gobi. You won't get through! What's more, it is completely unnecessary to expose yourself to dangers that will ultimately lead to your inevitable capture. Nobody comes back from Ulan Bator! But if you want to talk about things that concern the Lord of the World, you can do that here in Korea."

"And where do we find such a man? -"

The GUSDÄ raised his head. "You can talk to me! "

The visitors were once again surprised. Above all, it was the naturalness and self-confidence that the GUSDÄ radiated. A hidden smile played around the Mongolian's thin lips. "I also know the text of the Lamaist world programme, which says, among other things: 'The scriptures tell of a time, that will come to end the trials we are all undergoing now. When this time is fulfilled, the King of Shambala will appear from the palace under the Gobi and will deliver the good and steadfast from the sufferings of this world. But those who resist the king from the depths will be destroyed in terrible agony. This will be the last great battle on this earth, and it will spread fire over three worlds. In the end, however, Tsong Khapa's teachings will rule over all people, and then the time of blessings and peace will come! "

"I've heard something like that before," muttered Eyken. "And that's why I'm looking to join the community of knowing good men who serve the great king, so that I can test how to form a chain. See, GUSDÄ, in Germany, which fought against Bolshevism, there is a tradition that says that a great emperor waits inside a mountain until the time of his revival has come. Then he and his followers will

fight the last great battle. This will be at a time when the hordes of the apocalypse will burst into the run-up to midnight on their way to conquering the world. These multitudes are the demons of the collective, the storm of the socialist masses in hysteria, blinded and carrying disaster into the world to the point of self-destruction." Eyken looked at the master of the banner. "Those are two promises that have the same roots! Wouldn't it make sense to look for a bridge? "

Menen Tudun's eyes sparkled, but he was still silent. He thought long and hard about what he had heard. There was an undeniable similarity between the legends.

His guests were waiting. Eyken in particular did not want to push, but after a few minutes he decided not to let the thread of the conversation slip. "We know," he continued, "that there is a secret teaching that is rumoured to have originated in Tibet ten thousand years ago. It is said that it was not taught intellectually, but only became accessible in the centres of the astral body of the novices in monastic seclusion. Here the introduction to the secret Cosmic Chronicle and its revelations took place. It is then said that the third eye was opened in order to understand what was written in the ether, which reveals the entire development of humanity and the nature of the world. According to the secret teachings of the Tibetan initiates, man did not come from lower animal species, but from the process of an elementary, organic physical development. These Tibetan traditions also point to an Atlantean myth which lists seven sub-races, including the Aryans, Akkadians, Toltecs, Turanians and Mongols. Are you aware of this, Menen Tudun?"

The Mongolian looked fixedly at the speaker and nodded slowly.

"It goes on to say," Eyken continued, "that three races had magical abilities. These would have been the Toltecs, the Rmoahalians and the Tlavatians. Then, in an inner Atlantean process of development, the Aryan racial group emerged as the leading group. The thinking process became more intensive, but this change was paid for with the loss of the most sensitive part, the third eye, and with a decrease in the content of the etheric body. By this time the swastika or sun wheel had already become the symbol of initiation. The core of the knowing Aryanism, to which the Aryan peoples were led out of Atlantis by Manu, was formed at that time on the roof of the world, from where their migrations began. The secret longings for their original homeland in the far north, the Hyperborean land with Mount Meru in the midnight region, slumbered in their souls. This is why the Brahmin Loko- manya Tilak still speaks of the original Arctic homeland, as recorded in the Vedas

is. Do you understand now, Menen Tudun, why I told you the ancient lore? I'll show you a mythical bridge, at both ends of which we face each other! "

"You know the secret teaching," replied the GUSDÄ and gave his guest a meagre smile. "It is only known to a few knowledgeable people. We can talk about all the things that are close to your heart. But believe me, I may know a lot more of the old teachings than you think. But I have no connection with the people from the depths, the realm of Chakravartis."

"People from the depths?" Krall exclaimed. The Hamburg man's face was puzzled.

"You don't seem to know as much as your friend," the Mongol said gently to Krall. "But know that in East Turkestan and in the Gobi, the nomads whisper that from time to time strange people emerge from the bowels of the earth, with a light skin colour and tall stature. You can only communicate with them by gestures, and sometimes there are awkward little exchanges for everyday things.

Now and again they also pay with strange old coins. Your researchers from the West have also reported on this. Among them were the German Professor Roerich and the well-known Asia expert David Neel. They also saw the old coins, but the nomads steadfastly refuse to let them out of their hands because a deeply rooted superstition forbids them to do so. But they are visible proof," emphasised Menen Tudun seriously,

"and they come from the abode of the gods, the deep passages in the wild region of Tshin hai and from the Gobi. The bright people from the depths also indicated by signs that they were sons of the sun. You see, it is just as your friend says; Mount Meru, your Midnight Mountain, your Asgard, our Agartha and Shambala, stand at the ends of the bridge over which the sons of the sun walk."

"This is the Aryan tradition, which contains ancient myths," Eyken confirmed the words of the Mongolian GUSDÄ. "These legends lie beside science and are therefore passed over with irony by bastardised doubters whose blood no longer murmurs. They don't even bother trying to find credible evidence, because this would disrupt the historical narrative in Europe and would also cause politics to slide. In the West, this knowledge is only available to those who know about Thule! "

"It's similar to us Mongols," said the GUSDÄ slowly. "For thousands of years, the wind of the Gobi has been singing its secrets into the ears of our wandering tribes. Day and night it blows its promises from the Lord of the World from the subterranean Shambala through the yurts of our warriors, and sometimes the singing rides with the sandstorms across the borders of the desert

far into the countries of our neighbours. The new masters of the Red Star in Ulan Bator, however, only have the sand in their ears and believe in foreign fairy tales from the great city with the onion domes. And so it is with us as it is with you in the West: those in the know have become silent, and the secrets of our traditions are kept hidden from the world until the signal to leave comes. Until then, we must wait. Think no more of going to the Gobi. I myself am a mouth of the Gobi. When the wind sings a message, you will hear one from me if it is meant for you. And beware of the men with the red star!"

"You're warning about the communists in Ulan Bator, the city of the Red Riders," Eyken said.

"Yes," said Menen Tudun. "In Ulan Bator, the Urussians are now sitting alongside the traitors to our people. Bogdo Hutuchtu, the Living Buddha of the Red Cap Lamas, has been deposed and deprived of his power. Now the lamas are silent about the kingdom of Agarthi with the secret king of the world who rules over the wise panditas and gurus. No one speaks openly about the king, the lord of the world, who awaits his hour when he can give orders to the princes, khans and great men of the world through the power of his thoughts. Until then, he monitors their thoughts and actions. But when he comes, he will ride on a white elephant, dressed in jewellery and magnificent clothes. The ancient scriptures say that he came from the bowels of the earth a long time ago. Once many centuries ago in Erdeni Dzu, later once in Sakkia Monastery and then in Narabanji Kure. A Tashi Lama received telepathic commands from the Lord of the World, understood them and prayed to be able to carry them out. It is also said that people have also been to Agarthi and Shambala, but they have persistently remained silent. It was only learnt that there were vast cave systems and that much knowledge was recorded on stone slabs. Once a lama brought a message for the Dalai Lama in Lhasa and for Bogdo Hutuchtu in Ulan Bator, which was recorded on a slab. The text read: "The king of the world will appear before all the people when the time has come for him to lead the good of the world against the bad. But that time has not yet come."

"When do you expect this time?" Krall asked quietly.

The Mongol blinked a little. "Nobody knows that. But the red lords in Ulan Bator have pushed Hutukhtu off his throne so that he can no longer proclaim what is to come in Buddha's name. Only the word of the Tuslakchi, General Chorlogijn Tshoj Bolsan, is still valid. He has closed all the lamaseries and there is only one monastery left

in the capital, where a hundred red-capped llamas are tolerated to serve as a tourist attraction. Only a few lamas escaped the persecution. Many members of our nobility and officers of our small army fled with them. Some of those who fled are now living in southern Korea, just like me. But it's hot ground for us."

"There are Americans here," said Krall. "And a Korean police force too!"

Gusdä shook his head. "That's right," he admitted,

"But the red agents are very active and hunt the exile people. Bolsan in Ulan Bator fears us foreign Mongols. Both parts are like rabbits and tigers at the same time! "

"Have the Mongolian communists completely forgotten the Lord of the World?" asked Eyken. "Are they not still secretly afraid of the coming of the great king?"

"The Tuskachi Bolsan only believes in the teachings of the Russians. I already said that he had the lamas eliminated, as well as members of the nobility. The old knowledge is suppressed. The bearers and knowers of the old teachings are hiding everywhere." He now looked at Eyken almost piercingly:

"Do you believe in the secret teaching whose content you know? ="

"The secret teachings of your knowledge belong only to the people of the Gobi," Eyken replied calmly. "I believe in the lore of my people, whose secret knowledge comes from the space around Midnight Mountain, which you call Mount Meru. But I said before that we have some things in common here. Somewhere the rata, the root of our knowledge, grows in a common earth! "

"It's good," murmured Menen Tudun. "You are clever and open." His head sank down now and his chin touched his chest. He spoke softly in Mongolian words that no one understood. It seemed as if he had suddenly forgotten his surroundings

"You're tired, Lord of the Banner," said Eyken after a while. "We will go now. May we come back? "

The Mongol raised his head. "Forgive me for lapsing into reflection. Your visit took me by surprise, and I neglected to offer tea. I'm getting old and forgetful."

Eyken defended himself. "You have no reason to ask for forgiveness. That's because we disturbed you. But this visit seemed very important to us. I have the task of searching for and tying threads!"

"We once protected men from the country in a Tibetan monastery with an eagle bearing the inverted swastika sign in its fangs. But they then escaped."

"I've heard about it," Eyken admitted cautiously. "Were they men from Ulan Bator? "

Menen Tudun hesitated before answering. He blinked again before continuing. "They weren't communists! It was a group of free Mongolians hoarding weapons and waiting for the call of Chakravarti. We have free warriors all over the Himalayan region. Some groups have formed bases outside their homeland. They are close to the invisible ruler there. The men who had to fight under the Urussi and liberated soldiers of the Eagle Country in the west and brought them to Tibet did so because the Gobi told a new story. The wind sang that the leader Hitler in the West came from the blood of a great warrior around Genghis Khan. Therefore, the Mongols are closer to the Eagle Land than the other countries of the West. This new story also says that from the rocky valleys of Georgia will come an adversary of Hitler who will take the name of Stalin. This Stalin, whose real name is Dugashvili, is a half-breed from the yellow-eyed tribe and a Japhetite priestly family. And he has the black magicians behind him. Do you understand these things now? The black magicians have currently triumphed and have the power! "

"I don't want to argue with you about Hitler's origins, GUSDÄ. Stalin's origins are obscure; it could be as you say."

"Believe what you want," replied Menen Tudun. "Look, there's another story about a man called Mussolini. A knowledgeable person from the Gobi said that the Roman Duce came from the seed of Asia Minor worshippers of the goddess Asheroth, who had been transported from their homeland to the Roman metropolis in the heyday of ancient Rome. The death of the new Roman with his beloved resembled the old bloody ritual of Astarte."

"We hear your words, GUSDÄ, and are surprised. You look at the world like an eagle, and you know the events in the West as well as its history!"

Menen Tudun stood up proudly. "We are the descendants of the people of Genghis Khan! Not only do we have our own old books, but we are also learning the history of the whole world so that we have enough knowledge for what is to come. We are the heirs of Genghis Khan, the offspring of the Grey Wolf and the White Deer Cow. At the moment, our General Dai Kum Nung is gathering our hordes in the Gobi and in the refuge lands to attack the red stars in Ulan Bator. Then our ancient banners will wave over a free Mongolia, and we will then await the message of the invisible ruler! "

"Will you still be friends of Eagleland then?" asked Eyken.

"That is not solely in the hands of the Mongols," replied Menen Tudun.

"That depends on the message we expect and the situation at the time. But I hope so."

Eyken now stood up and his companions followed his example. "We will heed your good advice and not go into the Gobi. The bridge to you is enough for us. May we come back?"

"You'll always find my house open," came the reply.

"Then I say goodbye, Gusdä, may all good spirits be with you!" Eyken and his companions bowed and left the room. The novice was the last to follow, greeting them in Korean: "An nyong hi gasipsiyo! . ." When the men emerged from the narrow alley, the hire car was gone. The driver had preferred to drive off again after receiving the fare. So the men and the novice behind them walked towards the town centre

"You're becoming a stranger to us," Krall said to Eyken on the way. "Now you're revealing yourself as someone who knows the secrets of Asia. In Hong Kong, we could still understand your knowledge, because many things are part of the higher general education. But the singing winds from the Gobi..." The man from Hamburg shook his head.

"You are unduly surprised," Eyken defended. "If we haven't talked about these things so far, it's only because there was no reason to touch on the mysteries of the Gobi. I had already been thoroughly briefed on these matters at home after it became clear that our threads running to Lhasa were increasingly touching the whole of inner Asia."

"And what is the truth about these things?" asked Krall.

Eyken slowed his steps and said: "It is extremely difficult to give simple answers. A lot of things are mystical and some are implausible. I prefer not to express an opinion myself, but I can't avoid looking into everything. You heard the conversation with the Mongolian banner lord. If the Hebrews make politics with legends, why not learn from them? = ' He paused for a moment as they crossed a road, then continued: 'On the other hand, there are also various reports of people who believe some or all of the rumours from the Gobi and the roof of the world. When I think of Mime's forge, for example, we know that rumours are circulating in the Andes region, but no one but ourselves knows anything about it. As early as 1862, the well-known explorer von Tschudi wrote about inaccessible and unexplored labyrinths, catacombs and extensive caves in the Andes in his work 'Travels to Chile, Peru and so on'. He claimed, as he put it, to have found four entrances to this hellish underground railway. These are located in an impenetrable area that he could only reach with great effort and hardship.

could overcome. The archaeologist Wilkins later confirmed Tschudi's claims. He referred to a monument that he called the tomb of the Inca. The carved stone bore a plaque with an ancient inscription which, after painstaking deciphering, revealed that behind three specific mountain peaks a secret gateway led into the interior of the Andes. This would be south of Arequipa. This fits in perfectly with the old legend known throughout western South America, according to which a secret treasure is hidden at Los Picos, the three peaks. Further details refer to the area around Carahaya. In 1932, a long time later, the reporter Edward Lanser suddenly wrote in 'The Los Angeles Times' that there was a similar cave system in California's Shasta Mountain, which even harboured a hidden city. There are strange inhabitants who make contact with the outside world on a case-by-case basis and pay for commodities with gold nuggets. However, Lanser was unable to provide an answer as to how communication took place. But it is a not uninteresting clue that is on a par with the Andean information and the rumours from the Gobi."

"I also heard some things about this topic," Hellfeldt interjected. "I just never had enough time to look into it more."

"But now to Mongolia," Eyken continued. "As Menen Tudun has already admitted, people in the Gobi region and from the roof of the world have been telling strange stories since time immemorial. One of the oldest stories is the disappearance of groups of people in underground shelters. Such reports come from the most diverse regions of the earth, and it is also mentioned that sons of the sun originating from Atlantis are said to live in the most remote valleys and in underground catacombs. These legends are thousands of years old. Again and again it is said that these mysterious remnants of the people strictly avoid any connection with the outside world. In the twenties of our century, Ferdinand Ossendowski wrote in the then sensational books about his travels through Mongolia that he was able to hold talks with the Mongolian prince Chultun Beyli and a Grand Lama. They told him that in ancient times two continents had been swallowed up by mighty masses of water and that a small part of the inhabitants at that time had saved themselves in high caves. Since then, a hidden tribe of people has lived in a cave system called Agarthi. Later, after Ossendowski's report, the German explorer Niklas Roerich found long and deep corridors in Sinkiang, which led far into the earth's interior, so that he could not explore them completely. These passages were lost in a seemingly endless system. The inhabitants of the surrounding areas claimed with certainty that strange people occasionally appeared, but immediately disappeared again when they were approached."

seeking closer contact. The report was also repeated here that they pay for small objects with old coins or gold when they make fleeting contact. In 1935, Roerich wrote from Tsagan Kure in the Kalgan region that he had heard other similar stories in this area. People coming from the Gobi were also mentioned. Roerich later met the explorer Andrew Thomas in Shanghai, and the latter then reproduced a report by Roerich, according to which the caravan guide had pointed out to the German during a crossing of the Karakoram that from time to time large white people emerge from the interior of the mountains, carrying lights in the darkness. In another series of reports, the explanations about Shambala and Agartha overlap. Roerich, for example, believes that Shambala is also the abode of the underworld people, but he is mistaken here. The Mongolian references explicitly call Shambala an underground city, while Agartha is an extensive underworld area. Another report comes from the Chinese physician Dr Lao Tsin, who claims to have met people from Shambala in the early 1930s. According to his description, they were extraordinarily clever, noble and telepathically gifted. The same is mentioned again and again by knowledgeable lamas. The Asian explorer Colonel Prjewalski also came across these persistent rumours. It is particularly interesting to note that the Vatican, which is known to withhold many things from the world, also keeps records of missionaries from the nineteenth century, which contain reports that in earlier times of crisis the emperors of the Middle Kingdom sent emissaries to the spirits of the mountains."

The men had now reached a busier crossroads. The novice looked at Eyken questioningly.

"We're staying in Taegu today," Eyken decided. "Can you stay with us until tomorrow, servant of Buddha?"

The boy nodded. "My leader told me to help you for as long as you need me."

"Then ask for accommodation for us." He said to his companions:

"We'll stay at least until tomorrow. We need to think over the conversation with GUSDÄ. Perhaps we'll go and see him again tomorrow. We'll hold a council of war in the evening."

In the meantime, the novice had stopped some Koreans and asked them about a hotel. He came back to Eyken and said: "There's a hotel near the railway station where Americans and Japanese also stay. I know the way. Would you like me to take you there?"

"Ask again, Son of Buddha, we don't want to sleep in the hustle and bustle near the railway station. Find something for us on the outskirts of the city!"

The novice bowed obediently and stopped people again. Then he translated the information: "There are some small hotels on the western edge of the city. But it's a long way to walk."

"Call a hire car! "

Half an hour later they had two double rooms and a room for the boy. They could also eat in the house.

At the table, Eyken suddenly said: "I almost forgot to mention that the researcher I mentioned earlier, Roerich, made another interesting statement. He and his companions saw a flying disc in the Karakoram region in 1926. At that time, no-one in Germany had yet investigated such a construction. Here we are faced with a riddle."

After the meal, the novice asked to go out for a moment. Left alone, the men thought together about what to do next. They had succeeded in making contact with the Mongols, but it had remained superficial. Apart from a conversation between those in the know, nothing more had come of it. The Mongols had their own political concerns, and their nature and attitude showed no sign of attempting to pursue a large-scale policy. The only success of the dialogue was the knowledge that Germany's reputation still carried weight. The currently scattered banners of the descendants of Genghis Khan and the lamas of the disempowered Bogdo Hutukhtu quarrelled with their traitor brothers and listened to the singing wind to hear the call of Chakravarti, the subterranean king of the world, at the right time

XVI FIRE IN THE EAST

"Dong i tu nun se biok gum e gohiang ul bonhu
oetu ibgo tugu sumion mami serouo
otun i tchon ul mego nasonun a tchim
nun duro nun ul duro ap ul bomion so
muldo malgo sando go un i gang san ue
so guang ul bi tchigo zo heng gun i ra ne"

After I saw home early in a dream,
I am completely refreshed when I pick up my coat and helmet. In
the morning, when the rifle is on my shoulder,
and we only ever look straight ahead, we march for this
honourable fatherland,
to defend these beautiful mountains and beautiful rivers."

South Korean soldier song

The men stayed in Taegu for two days. They strolled through the city and looked at the shops and the hustle and bustle on the streets. They ate the delicious Kam fruit for the first time, which looked like an orange-coloured tomato and was refreshing. The Koreans were friendly everywhere and their diligence and hard work was exemplary.

Just like in Jinju, there was also a lot of armed police here, as well as jeeps with Korean soldiers driving through the streets. The soldiers made a very good impression. They wore American uniforms and helmets with national insignia

Eyken had refrained from another visit to the Mongolian banner commander. The men had agreed that the conversation with Menen Tudun had already shown clear fronts and that nothing more was to be expected apart from what had already been said. The Mongols were very cautious and reserved in their behaviour, and the GUSDÄ did not deviate from the rule either. To all appearances, they did not want to be shown their cards. The task set by the Andean base Mimes Schmiede was thus completed without any notable success, and nothing stood in the way of a return to the base.

Eyken himself did not feel entirely comfortable in his own skin. He had been given what must have been a very difficult task, and now things had been resolved in a more than simple way by a brief conversation with a representative of the forces he was looking for.

When he thought about the detours and means that led to this goal, not counting the incidents, there was no getting round the question of whether the effort was justified in relation to the result. On the other hand, he had to admit to himself that even many inconspicuous events often had far-reaching consequences.

When he shared these thoughts with his companions, they tended to agree that the encounter with the GUSDÄ could still be very valuable.

"Where are we going now?" Hellfeldt asked excitedly.

Eyken thought for a moment. "I think we'll first go to Jinju and back to the monastery, then from there to Pusan and take a ship to Japan. From there, we'll see how we can get to South America."

"And me?" asked Vanhoven.

"Strange question," Eyken replied. "You're part of our command, and that's that!"

"Is there enough money? -"

"If it's not enough," Eyken added, "then all four of us will go and shovel coal. But don't worry, there'll be enough!"

"Why should we go to Jinju again instead of travelling straight to Pusan?" said Hellfeldt

"We'll take the boy back to the temple, and maybe it's good to see the lama again," Eyken replied.

On the third day, they travelled to Jinju on a morning train. Once again, they noticed the heavily armed police. When they tried to hire a car to Sudosa Temple, the driver refused.

"Danger from Kongbi," the novice explained.

"What does Kongbi mean?" asked Eyken.

"They are communist gangs that are terrorising the country," the novice replied, explaining. "There are such gangs in various parts of the country. The closest operating horde is in the Sobaek Mountains around the high mountains of Mont Chiri and Mont Banya. They have their hideouts there and are difficult to track down."

"Partisans, then! Eyken looked at his companions. "Petty warfare with the support of the communist north."

Hellfeldt looked at the novice. "Is the route to the Sudosa temple at risk?"

"So far, the gangs haven't advanced that far," said the young Buddhist. "The way to the temple is still considered safe."

"Then let's go," decided Eyken.

A second car also refused. They only had luck with the third. The driver had no reservations about driving, but still wanted to drive in daylight

be back in Jinju.

"We'll stay in the temple for an hour at most," Eyken reassured him. "Then we'll go straight back! "

"Cho un, good," said the driver and opened the car doors. He didn't say anything when the novice squeezed into the front seat as the third passenger.

The car was stopped at the city exit. Two policemen looked into the car. One asked: "Dang sin un o di rul ga sim nigga where are you going? The novice named the Sudosa temple as his destination.

The policemen gesticulated at the Buddha disciple. He turned to Eyken again and translated that the police did not want to authorise the exit."

"Tell the policemen that we want to come back right away and that we are travelling at our own risk. We are not afraid! "

Again there was a torrent of words, which the novice withstood with rebuttals. At last the policemen gave up and shrugged their shoulders. They stepped aside and saluted casually. "Jo sim ha sip si yo please be careful!

The wagon drove out of the city. Soon a farmer passed by the side of the road, driving a water buffalo towards the town. He was followed by a woman with a basket on her head. A little later, a few labourers appeared in a rice field, then nothing more. The country seemed to have died out. The few scattered villages looked deserted.

On the left-hand side of the road, the mountains drew closer. Some were shaped like old volcanoes and stood like green cones in the landscape. Behind them loomed the high peaks of the Sobaek Mountains, with the almost two thousand metre high Mont Chiri at the very back

Now the driver became visibly anxious and spoke to the novice in Korean. He looked uneasily at the nearby belt of bushes.

Vanhoven now also expressed reservations about driving on. Hellfeldt peeked out of the car with a long neck. He furrowed his brow and said: "I sense with the sixth sense of experienced soldiers that the air in this area is no longer clean! "

"Good," Eyken replied and put his hand on the novice's shoulder. "Tell the driver to stop! "

The boy hurriedly translated to the driver: "Chung ji!"

The car stopped. Vanhoven, who was also sitting in front with the Buddha disciple, now got out and looked round to make sure. The silence was almost eerie. Not even a bird fluttered past.

"Well?" asked Eyken urgently.

"Mau," the Fleming replied briefly.

"Get in!" shouted Eyken. "I'm not stubborn. We're going back immediately.

He added to the novice: "Turn back! "

"Tol agada! " the boy repeated to the driver. He let out a sigh of relief and before the flame had even taken his seat, he turned the car around.

After a few minutes, they came to a bridge over a stream. At first it had been completely clear, but now there were logs lying across the carriageway

"Out," shouted Vanhoven, "quickly get rid of the timbers!"

In a flash, the men jumped onto the road and grabbed hold. The two Koreans also tried to help. But they had not yet managed to move a single log when armed men appeared on both sides of the road and at both ends of the bridge. Some of them wore red armbands

"Kongbi! " the driver shouted and raised his hands. The novice began to tremble, but remained silent.

"Damned if we don't have weapons," Krall said grimly. "These Kongs are snapping us up like field chickens now..."

"Stay calm and wait and see," said Eyken half aloud. "The lads will talk to us in a minute! "

The Kongbi people approached from all sides and formed a ring. There were about twenty men. All of them were armed, some of them carried Russian submachine guns. They were wearing civilian clothes, some of which already resembled rags. The leader who approached the encircled men had a cap with a bent red metal star on the front of his forehead.

"Kohyang i ode ibnika! " barked the leader of the pack, aiming the MPi at Eyken's stomach.

The novice answered and explained to Eyken: "He's asking where we're from! "

"Mi guk ui ?"

"He asks if you're American?"

Eyken shook his head. "Tell the chief that we are Europeans from foreign lands! "

The novice translated again. Now the leader turned to a Kongbi man standing nearby. This man understood English and confirmed the answer given by the Buddha disciple.

"Gatchiga! "

"Come with me," said the English-speaking Kongbi man.

Eyken protested. Immediately, the Kongbi people raised their weapons and aimed with scowls on their faces

"All right," Eyken turned to his comrades. "Let's put on a good face and play nice for the time being. Somehow

we can get out of this mess again..."

"Can we take our luggage out of the car?" Krall asked the English-speaking partisan.

The man addressed asked the leader, who nodded in agreement. Then he gave a short order to some of his men.

Some men immediately pounced on those standing quietly and began to pat them down and search them for weapons. When they found nothing, the leader showed satisfaction. Then he had the passports that had been taken away translated with the country of origin and returned them. Then he waved his hand several times, indicating haste

The men quickly took the luggage out of the car. They had barely got it in their hands when they were urged to follow some of the partisans in front. The novice also joined them.

Now the driver began to fume. He had to get back into his car. Three partisans jumped in and, at the leader's command, he drove off with the new occupants. Raising a cloud of dust, he disappeared.

The novice made a face full of humility and renunciation, while the four men looked at each other seriously. Then they began to march with the horde. They didn't stay on the road for long. After a while, they took to the bushes on the left-hand side of the road and followed narrow valley paths into the rising mountains. Not a word was spoken. They walked silently hour after hour, interrupted only by short breaks, towards a destination that was undoubtedly a Kongbi hideout.

The surrounding mountain slopes were overgrown with scrub forest, with most of the sparse trees only reaching a low height. Most of the vegetation resembled European flora, with only a few varieties of conifers. Although there must have been many animals of all kinds here, there was no sign of animal life. The only birds to be seen were magpies, which often flew just over the heads of the marchers.

There was nothing to eat all day. Only towards evening did the troop with the prisoners stop in front of three scattered small farmhouses whose inhabitants had fled. Here a clear trickle of water flowed down the slope and the men quenched their thirst. Afterwards, each man was given a handful of rice. The ration seemed to be enough for the Koreans, but the prisoners still felt hungry afterwards, but kept quiet.

After the meal, the four men left under supervision, then they were driven into one of the houses. Four partisans squatted in front of the entrance. Among them was the English-speaking Kongbi man, who after a while pointed to the trampled floor: "Sleep! "

"This trip to the temple despite the police warning was a crazy idea," grumbled

Hellfeldt and leaned against the wall with his luggage as a backrest. Krall and Vanhoven did the same

"I admit the mistake," said Eyken contritely. "Everyone screws up at some point!" He turned to the Kongbi man: "Can you tell us why we are being treated as prisoners?"

The person addressed looked up from his seat. "You are strangers and probably enemies of the people. You will be taken to our main camp, and there the commander will decide what to do with you."

"Why doesn't your leader decide?"

"We'll take all the prisoners to the mountains," came the reply. "Sometimes we don't take prisoners, but shoot the fascists on the spot..."

"You're nice people," Krall said ironically. "But who says that everyone who doesn't live in the mountains is a fascist? ="

"Anyone who doesn't follow the great leader Kim Il Sung is a fascist," the man said stubbornly. "Kim Il Sung is the great father, the beloved of the people, the great commander of the People's Army, the new, the new..." he stuttered, not knowing what to say next

"Then the Russians are fascists too," Krall continued, "because they follow Stalin and not Kim Il Sung! "

The Kongbi man looked at the hamburger with his mouth open and stared.

"What's your name?" Krall asked, trying to distract him.

The Kongbi man's face, already contorted into a grimace, relaxed. "Young Chul," he replied, but immediately added reluctantly:

"Why do you want to know that? "

"Because you are a clever man who also speaks a foreign language.

prevails. So you will also know that we come from neutral countries and that there is no reason to detain us. We're just tourists, you know? "

"Tell that to the commandant in the camp when you're interrogated. Maybe he won't have you shot. I certainly don't know."

"Leave it alone," Eyken admonished the hamburger half aloud in German. "It's no use talking to a straw head. If we have to talk, then only to the chief of the gang. In the meantime, we'll keep our ears to the ground so that we can pile out when the opportunity arises!"

The night passed. In the morning there was thick fog in the valleys and the awakening men were shivering. For breakfast there was only hot tea and nothing to eat. Then they set off immediately and the march continued in a long line, one behind the other.

This time the men were chattering on the way. This was a sign that they had already entered the partisan region and that the Kongbi no longer feared a military patrol

Hellfeldt was the first of the prisoners to follow. He acted fairly indifferent and looked along the path at the plants that caught his interest. Now and again, turning round, he pointed out flowers and leaf shapes to his companions with the explanation: "Just like at home in the Vienna Woods! "

After a while, he pointed to a tree. "See here a type of oak. The leaves are a little smaller and more fringed. It's beautiful here." He took a deep breath of the spicy forest air. "Even the country roads reminded me of home, when we saw uninterrupted rows of cosmos in white, red and pink tones everywhere we travelled. It's like the Austrian Wachau. Only here the flowers are bigger and more vibrant in colour."

"Just take a good look at the green stuff," Krall mocked. "Later you can write a book about the flora of Korea..."

Hellfeldt said nothing more. His sense of humour had gone out.

At midday, the troop reached the Kongbi camp after an arduous march over bumpy paths. This consisted of a number of small huts and wooden frames, which were only covered with grass or occasionally with tarpaulins. All of these properties stood under the canopies of the not too tall trees. The Kong bi had therefore already received instruction in camouflage against aerial observation. There was also water in this large valley floor and rice fields on the nearby slopes. Some trees in the immediate vicinity had observation posts in their crowns.

When the partisan troop arrived with the prisoners, the people in the camp ran together curiously. There were also a few women among them. The looks given to the prisoners were mostly hostile and only in a few cases indifferent. The people's clothes were all very worn, their faces gaunt, but the condition of their weapons, some of which they also carried in the camp, was good. There were no uniforms to speak of, but they all wore red armbands.

The leader left his troop, which had come to a halt, waiting and disappeared into a larger hut to report to the camp commander. Then he came out again accompanied by a man who was the only one wearing a simple uniform and had a red star attached to the end of his collar as a badge of rank. An old peaked cap sat on his head. His face was a little wrinkled, and fanatical eyes glowed in deep-set sockets. Both men walked towards the prisoners, around whom a dense circle of onlookers had already formed.

"You are Americans?" asked the camp commander in reasonably good English.

"No," replied Eyken as spokesman, pointing to their passport countries. "We are travelling through and are using a few days to see the beauties of this country. We demand to be released immediately!"

The leader of the raiding party laughed, but was warned to be quiet by the camp commander. The reprimanded man shrugged his shoulders. "You're not communists and therefore fascists."

The commander scrutinised the prisoners, then said: "If I release you, the police or the military will learn everything you have seen so far. So I must consider whether you can still be of use, then you will remain here as prisoners until further notice. Otherwise..." He made a firing sign and snapped. Explaining, he added, "We can't have useless eaters! "

"If we can't return, they'll be looking for us," said Eyken. "The police in Jinju checked us as we were leaving the city!"

Now the guerrilla leader laughed. "No police or military will come here. You must stay until the great leader Kim 11 Sung has liberated the country from capitalists and fascists.

Perhaps he will be merciful and let you go. There are other prisoners here in the camp who also have to wait. Keep quiet and be glad I won't have you shot! We have enough ammunition, but not enough rice. Don't try to escape either! It's useless. The guards are firing, understand! " He made a grim face and then turned to his sub-leader, pointing at the young Buddhist and shouting a few words

Some men standing nearby immediately grabbed the boy and dragged him away despite his shouting

"What's happening to the boy?" Eyken asked the guerrilla leader, who was about to leave.

"He's going to be a soldier in the People's Army," said the interviewee briefly. "But away with you now! You're going to the hut with the other prisoners. Come on, let's go!"

Some partisans pushed the four men towards a hut, which was also under trees and in front of which two white men were lying in the open. When they realised that they were being approached, they stood up curiously.

"Bless my soul," shouted a lanky man with a crew cut that was already overlong. Stubble on his face made him look like a tramp, similar to the new arrivals. Leaning next to him was a pale, somewhat

The older man was standing against the wall of the house, which consisted of beams and earth plaster.

"Who are you?" the lanky man wanted to know.

"Switzerland, Denmark and Belgium," Eyken replied loudly so that Young Chul, who had also come along, could hear him clearly. "And you? " The tall man made a theatrical bow. "Howard Mills from the US Army, gentlemen! Just a few days ago a lieutenant, but now a speck of dust under the feet of the great Kim IlSung." He looked over at Young Chul and grinned. "You can just call me Howie here. And here next to me is Miroslav Vrana. He's from Prague. I always call him Miro.

The named man nodded. He was a stocky man with iron-grey hair and a narrow mouth

Eyken gave the names of the companions and his own. "So Vrana came here first? =" He looked at the American

"I've been here for almost a month," the man from Prague answered. I was taken out of a bus and taken hostage. The Koreans travelling with me were killed. And so I really jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

I left Prague because I smelled the communist takeover in my country just in time. The guerrillas caught me for it. "He cursed in German: Himmel Herrgott! ="

"What language do you speak?" Young Chul interjected, making a sour face because the man from Prague had spoken German.

"Drz hubu! Shut up," he was told in Czech. The guerrilla stared again.

"Where did you get caught?" Krall asked the American.

Mills wrinkled his nose. "I was outside Pusan in my spare time and the Kongbi came upon me when I tried to fight a little Korean girl in the bushes. But the little girl didn't want to . . . But they didn't kill me because I'm a good exchange object. Ouh, I got myself into a damn mess, ouuuuh =" He showed a bitter expression, which quickly disappeared again. "Then we have another sick person in the hut. A Japanese man!"

"No Koreans? "

"Not as prisoners. The Kongbi have abducted young men here and are forcing them to fight as partisans. Then they have women here for cooking and minor labour. Otherwise they kill the Koreans because they are labelled fascists."

Young Chul listened, but said nothing. He turned a deaf ear and strolled a few steps away. Two armed men were still crouching under a nearby tree to keep an eye on the newcomers. They did not understand any foreign language.

"So it doesn't look particularly good," Hellfeldt now said. "We won't get away from here too easily."

"Careful," warned the American. "If the boys here hear such thoughts, they'll have their fingers on the trigger of their weapons. They won't risk anyone getting out of here."

"Fine," grumbled the Viennese. Then we'll meditate all day like good yoga students until the good Kongbi here think we're thinking of nothing but nirvana."

"Well," said Mills dryly. "You'll be in a less good mood in a week than you are now. Here's a rough-and-tumble gang!"

"Not a trace of good humour," Hellfeldt objected. "But you're still allowed to sell prescriptions, aren't you? "

"What's wrong with the Japanese man?" asked Eyken in between.

"Jap's had a fever for two days," Mills said. "But no sign of any particular illness. Hello, there he is! In the narrow doorway now stood a small man whose skin colour looked pale yellow. His eyes had a slight feverish lustre. Astonished, he scrutinised the new arrivals. Then he bowed and placed his hands on the front of his thighs. "Írásshai- mase! " Then again in English: "Welcome!" An amused smile played around his thin-lipped mouth. "I greeted you first in the language of my homeland. I have heard everything that has been spoken so far. My name is Sato Kitagiri and I was a rikugún táii in the Japanese army. In other words, a captain. I was on business in Korea and was also caught in an ambush on a bus. There are now seven of us Kongbi prisoners in the Mont Chiri area. This is guerrilla country! "

"Despite the unfavourable circumstances of this encounter, we are very pleased to meet a brave officer of the Japanese army." Eyken endeavoured to smile. "However, I would have preferred such an encounter elsewhere."

The Japanese man bared his teeth in a friendly manner. "I too would prefer somewhere else. Maybe the Kongbi will soon let us go because they have little to eat or," he bared his teeth, "they'll massacre us."

"Probably with the Katyushka, the Russian MPi, tack, tack, tack," Eyken said with an accompanying gesture.

"We're footing the bill now," Mills interjected, "because that great fool Frankie Roosevelt threw half the world to good old Uncle Stalin. O damned fool Frankie, stay in hell where you belong! ="

"It's strange," Krall said, "that an American seems to regret beating the Krauts. Because not so long ago, the Johnnies and Teddies from Iowa, Alabama, Colorado, Missouri and Texas were

or from elsewhere all eager to help good old Uncle Joe and wipe out the damned huns. Aren't they? -"

Mills looked at the new arrivals in turn. "Haven't you heard of propaganda and brainwashing? Old Frankie got the whole of America sick with his brain disease until our people all believed that Stalin was Santa Claus and the Germans were child-eating Huns! "

"And how did you come to realise that your boys bled for Frankie's fist-thick lies and for the good uncle's hunger for land in the Kremlin?" Krall asked further.

"By satan's witch," cursed the lieutenant, "not many people have thought of that yet. But if you've got any brains left, you can see how things are going all over the world. Many of my comrades in gods own country are still crawling around like kittens on the first day after their birth. They still don't understand why our able General Patton was killed. The man was right in his opinion! "

"You've got a respectable head on your shoulders," said the man from Hamburg. "We also know the story about General Patton. He knew what it was all about!"

"Ouh," grinned Mills. "Then everything's okay! We'll soon be a good family. You'll get on with the Japs and the Prager too. How is it with you, Vrana and Kitagiri, hey? ='

The Japanese politely bowed again, the Prague man nodded. The American made a sweeping gesture with his hand: "Take a seat, gentlemen, there's room to sit anywhere! "

Suddenly the sub-leader came with Young Chul. Through the translator, he gruffly demanded that the luggage be emptied.

Eyken protested vehemently, but at a signal the guards got up from their seats and raised their weapons. With grim expressions, the four men complied with the request. Eyken also took off his skirt and threw it at the American's feet, then awkwardly opened his luggage. His companions did the same

While the subaltern rummaged through his things, Mills lay down on the floor with Eyken's skirt under him. He watched the goings-on with almost tantalising boredom

In a few minutes, the men were rid of their laundry. The horde leader picked out some of the best items for himself, threw the rest into Young Chul's arms and sent him away with them. He showed no interest in the washing kit and even left the towels behind. On the other hand, he kept a mirror and two pocket knives that he found when he patted down the skirts. He overlooked Eyken's skirt. He returned the passports he had pulled out of the inside pockets,

and the wallets after he had taken out the banknotes. Then he laughed derisively and walked off with his loot.

"He's not intelligent," grinned the American. "He's forgotten Mr Eyken's skirt, haha!"

"You're a clever boy, Howie! " thanked Eyken. "You realised in a flash and saved our travel funds! So we still have hope of getting somewhere again. What the scoundrel took from the camels is painful, but bearable in a pinch. Thanks again, Howie! "

"Not so many words," the lieutenant defended himself modestly. He glanced at the guards, who turned away again and returned to their old positions. "I'd recommend hiding the wallet in the hut. Better safe than sorry! "

"Will do immediately," said Eyken. Together with Mills, he disappeared into the hut and came out with him a few minutes later. He explained to his companions: "We've found a reasonably safe hiding place under the roof. We'll add our passports in the evening! "

Now the first few days began to pass. The hut for the prisoners was small, but there was enough room for all the men. The hunger that plagued them was unpleasant.

First, the men talked about the possibilities of escape. Mills warned them not to be too hasty. Kitagiri agreed with Howie, while Vrana remained silent. The Japanese then pointed out that the guards would keep a close watch, especially at first. They had to be patient and try to put down any suspicion of escape.

One evening, Hellfeldt asked the man from Prague why he was usually so taciturn.

"I think a lot about home," Vrana replied. "The democrat Fierlinger helped the communists to power with a people's democracy. Sooner or later, all democracies will probably follow this path. And the Russians will be entrenched for a long time. My compatriots have not bought themselves any happiness."

"The Czechs wanted to come to a great empire with the Russians," said the Viennese. "I remember a historical note according to which in 1912 the Czech deputy Kramar proclaimed in the Austrian Reichstag that the Czechs longed for the day when they would be united with their Slavic brothers to form a great empire with St Petersburg as its capital. He said something like that. Isn't that true?"

"I know those damned desires," Vrana replied. "If Kramar had known back then what was coming, he would have bitten off his tongue rather than express such wishes. It's a pity that the Germans

didn't always treat us right when we became a protectorate." He looked at Hellfeldt uncertainly, but then said: "I was a member of the Legion when I was very young. And when the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, the Legion fought together with the anti-Bolshevik forces of General Brussilov against the red hordes. At that time, the USA intervened and we had to call off the offensive. At that time the Tsar was still alive and could have been saved. But high finance on Wall Street had financed the Red Revolution with millions of dollars and would not tolerate any disruption to their plans. After the war, during Masaryk's government, there was a coup by right-wing forces, including the Legion as a patriotic organisation. The endeavour under the leadership of Gajda failed. Then came the tensions with the Germans, and Hacha had to agree to the formation of a protectorate. Afterwards the Germans came and arrested the national legionnaires, who were the real anti-communist core. They had misjudged the situation at the time. So they were also driven into the resistance."

"And what about the excesses that took place at the end of the fighting in 1945 and ended with countless murders and inhumane displacements?" Hellfeldt asked harshly.

Vrana clammed up. "It was the communists! After all, they stirred up the whole nation, and now the people have to pay the bill. We have the Germans against us and will have to live under Bolshevik oppression. We are in the pincers."

"A late realisation," said the Viennese. "With the dream of the Slavic empire, you have become the victims of a deliberate falsification of history! "

"What do you mean?" Vrana asked in the tone of a prison mate

"Because the Czechs are not Slavs if you look at them in terms of ethnicity. The population of the Bohemian region consisted of Germanic tribes, the Quads, Marcomanni and others. All Roman advances collapsed in their defence. Roman Christianisation also failed. So, with the consent of Rome, monks from Bulgaria came to Bohemia and, with infinite patience, gradually taught the predominantly Germanic inhabitants of the country the Glagolitic artificial language, as it was used by the Bulgarian Glagolitic monks of the Eastern Church. This linguistic egg laid in the Middle Ages was then elevated over the centuries to a so-called Slavic language, Czech. There is also the misinterpretation of the word Slav, which arose from a translation error. The church in Christianised Germania called the East Germanic people, who were still described as pagan, by the Latin word

Sclavi. Over time, the name Slavs developed from this. This created a political term that turned the fantasy product of a Slavic family of peoples into a historical fact. The Czechs and the majority of Poles were mentally de-Germanised through a deliberate lie and educated as anti-German buffer peoples. Here lies the great tragedy of the two peoples artificially alienated from the Germans! "

Vrana's eyes widened and he stared at the Viennese. "Nobody's ever told us that before," he said in surprise.

"I can believe that," Hellfeldt said calmly. "I have already explained that this is an artificial alteration of the people's consciousness. The perpetrators of this political outrage have every reason to suppress and conceal the truth."

"If that's true, then the politics of the near future will have a new face," the Prague native added.

"If we get out of this mess in one piece, I'll help you study the sources," Hellfeldt promised. "You will then find confirmation that you allowed yourselves to be incited to fratricide."

Vrana looked very thoughtful. Then, somewhat quietly, he said: "I will deal with history when I leave here. If we succeed in bringing the Bohemian region back into a unified Central European community, then the political tension caused by such far-reaching manipulations will also be released. After all that has happened, will the Germans be open to a reorientation? "

"Where there is a real will, there will always be a way," Hellfeldt said. "A revolutionary step into facts always has its own laws!"

Days had turned into weeks. Very detailed political discussions had run their course and boredom slowly took over. An attempt to learn Korean failed because Young Chul showed little desire to provide learning assistance.

And so the year 1949 approached. News from the outside world did not reach the prisoners. The Kongbi probably had a news receiver, but apart from the commander Yi Hyonsang and his subordinates, no one learnt anything about what was going on in the outside world. The alarm had been raised a few times, but nothing had come of it. It had also become cold, and the mountainous area was covered in snow.

Slowly the men became restless. Only the Japanese showed a little more equanimity. Every now and then, Young Chul provided a brief diversion when he came in for a short chat to brush up on his language skills. He had also become a little more sociable when there weren't any

Comrades in the neighbourhood were

In March, the cold had already subsided, but things became more turbulent in the wider area around the camp. A few times there were shootings somewhere in the distance, which soon stopped again

Young Chul became even more trusting and even secretly reported small clashes between the Kongbi and the South Korean military, who had tried to advance into the Mont Chiri area several times but had not got far. The terrain difficulties came to the Kongbi's aid. One day, two agents from the North turned up, having fled from their base of operations in the surrounding towns. They were, as Young Chul later explained, members of the North Korean intelligence service Minzokbowisung. On this occasion, the prisoners learnt that there were other guerrilla bases in the provinces of Cholla namdo, Kyongsang namdo and Cholla pukto. The Minzokbowisung people talked with Yi Hyon sang for two days and then left for the north.

April passed and then came the warm days of May. One evening, when Young Chul was in the neighbourhood, Hellfeldt waved him over and took him aside. He first asked him what had driven him to the Kongbi.

At first, Young Chul did not know the right answer. Somewhat confused, he told a story that strange men had come to his village and persuaded him and other young men to fight against evil enemies of the people who were plundering the land and wanted to turn the people into slaves. The strangers had talked to the young men for a long time until he and several others had decided to leave the village and head for the mountains. Then he looked around cautiously and said that he was not at all sure whether the foreign prophets Marx and Lehnin were right. Kim Il

Sung, who preached the communist doctrine, had all people killed who did not want to profess communism

"So why are you staying with Yi Hyong san and his gang?" the Viennese asked
"Where should I go?" whispered the Korean anxiously. "If I run away, I won't get far. No-one has come out of the mountains yet."

"Do you want to leave? "

Young Chul ducked his head and remained silent.

"If you could bring us weapons and lead us out of the area, we could get through. We can fight! "

The Korean waved his hand in horror. "No, no, that's not possible! We would never get through the ring of guards. You'll all be shot on the spot.

and I would be tortured terribly if I were only wounded. Don't ask me again if you value your life..." He shook his head violently and ran away.

"Patience brings roses," muttered the Viennese half aloud to himself. "The hare is still running away, but the thorn is already there ..."

Summer came little by little

Young Chul turned up late one evening and said that there had been heavy fighting in the country. The Kongbi had already deployed five guerrilla corps and over a thousand policemen and soldiers had already been killed in the ongoing battles. Yi Hyong san now wanted to attack from the mountains with a large part of his troops. Then he winked his eyes and left.

A few days later, Yi Hyong san actually left with the majority of his horde. Only a detachment of guards remained in the camp, watching over the prisoners more suspiciously than ever before. On the very first day after the Kongbi's departure, the new camp master arrived with Young Chul and scowled. He shouted harshly at the prisoners: "To mang ga da peng, peng! "Anyone who runs away will be shot," the interpreter translated and then looked up into the air as if unconcerned. Without another word, the two Koreans left again

"We've heard that ad nauseam," Krall huffed afterwards, followed by a litany of curses.

That evening, Young Chul came back and turned to Hellfeldt: "Yi Hyong san's camp commissar is a sharp dog! We'll have to wait a while longer..."

"What do you mean? =" Hellfeldt's question sounded stretched and his face showed astonishment. But the Korean just put his index finger to his lips and walked away again.

Afterwards, the Viennese told his companions about his ingratiating with the Dolmetsch and his strange statement that evening.

"That sounds good," said Kitagiri. "If the Korean is already unsafe for the Kongbi, then we've already won a lot. Let's wait and see." But Young Chul held back a little now. Months passed again. Wounded men returned to the camp from the combat zones, and healthy men left in their place as replacement troops.

In September, the interpreter reported that the Kongbi were said to number around one hundred thousand men and that decisions would soon be made. He was depressed and expressed the fear that he too would soon have to enter the combat zone. Although Yi Hyong san had expressly released him for the prisoners, the Daezang had already dropped hints that he would have to leave soon.

YoungChul was no longer needed in the camp. At the end he said:

"If I have to enter the combat zone, you'll be in danger. The Daezang is a partisan leader, he hates you and will probably kill you later. He'll then tell Yi Hyong san that you were shot while fleeing."

But the interpreter stayed. Daezang's fear of Yi Hyong san was probably even greater than his hatred of foreigners.

The prisoners had to keep to themselves to suppress their irritability. They carried out the camp work assigned to them listlessly and gloomily. They were also constantly plagued by hunger. Even the otherwise stoic Japanese often brooded grimly.

The hot summer was followed by a mild autumn. The fighting continued and more and more wounded filled the camp. This went on week after week, and then suddenly the year 1950 arrived. If someone had told the prisoners at the turn of the year that they would be in the camp for another six months, they would all have had fits of rage. But as it was, time went by in the constant expectation that the decisions would soon be made

On 25 June, however, the echoing gong of war resounded throughout South Korea.

At four o'clock in the morning, the soldiers of the communi

North Korea's People's Army surprisingly attacked the weakly manned border lines in the north of South Korea and broke through the South Korean front with their armoured wedges

There was now great excitement in the camp. The Daezang immediately declared a number of barely cured men ready for the front and marched them off with the small number of healthy men.

Later that day, as the day drew to a close, the prisoners saw about ten men lined up in a row amid much shouting. Among them was Young Chul. In front of the line were other men with their weapons at the ready.

Shortly afterwards, the Daezang came out of his hut, stood in front of the lined-up people and shouted at them in blind rage. In his hand he held an old Russian Nagan pistol, which he waved in the air.

At first the men in the line listened to the commissar's bluster, then a man stepped out of the front and pointed backwards.

The eyes of the inspector and the other men followed the direction indicated.

A deer lay on the ground in the shade of a tree. Then the speaker from the row continued to talk to the Daezang. Laughter broke out at the end. At a signal from the commissioner, the line broke up and two men carried away the killed deer.

Young Chul did not show up until the next day. Then he said that he had gone into the forest with some men the day before when they heard that all men capable of bearing arms were to march off within a few hours. So they simply went hunting and disappeared during the day. The Daezang was so angry about this that he wanted to have the men shot as deserters. Fortunately, they were able to kill a piece of game and appease the commissioner, who was ultimately happy to receive a food supplement himself

"And what is the war situation?" asked Eyken.

Young Chul became quieter, so that the men had to move closer together to understand him: "Yesterday, Kim Il Sung's People's Army overran a South Korean division that had put up desperate resistance over a width of fifty kilometres. The Communists took the city of Kaesong and the South Koreans had to retreat to the south bank of the Imjin River. In the Chunchon area, the Communists attacked the South Korean 6th Division and took the city of Chunchon despite fierce resistance. The Kongbi have now also begun raids everywhere in the south, operating against the South Korean military's supply routes and attacking smaller units." He motioned to the camp, where there was a great deal of commotion and activity. Hastily he said: "I'll be back tomorrow morning with more news!"

"Now we have to pay close attention," Eyken turned to his companions. "From one hour to the next, there may be opportunities for us to escape! "

"I hope it goes well then," complained Vrana. "I always go from the frying pan into the fire. Although I was a member of the rights organisation Vljaka, Vljaka means flag, I was arrested by the Germans after the invasion along with many other members. It would not have been difficult to win over the country's national forces to actively fight Bolshevism. We always had the words of our historian Patacky in our ears, who was of the opinion that the Germans would not eat us up, but the Russians would! Patacky was a clairvoyant. So I ran away when the communist takeover in Prague began. But now I've fallen into the hands of the Kongbi, and if our escape together goes wrong, then mercy on us before Kim Il Sung's Red Army soldiers! I can't find a hole anywhere to crawl into and have some peace and quiet..." Bitterly, he turned away. Nobody answered. The men sat thoughtfully in front of their hut. The furies of war were now racing through this beautiful country.

The less able-bodied remaining in the camp made a buzzing noise like in a beehive. Every now and then you could hear the Kyongchal scolding them,

who was constantly sitting at the news machine and listening to the messages. Young Chul arrived at noon and reported the latest news: "The communist troops have entered Seoul! Strong packs of Russian T 34 tanks have penetrated the South Korean forces, which have no tanks and no heavy weapons. But we have just received word that the American General MacArthur has received an order from his government to intervene. I'll keep you informed! " He ran round the house and ran away

The American lieutenant had turned pale. "By Jove, now I'm in for it! . . ."

Eyken tilted his head and made a worried face. "Partisans are always unpredictable. The worst are the

Commissioners. When the interpreter arrives, tell Hellfeldt to talk to him immediately to see if we can risk running away."

Young Chul was absent the next day. That was unusual. The day after next, he came hobbling up in the evening with a bandaged foot. When questioned, he explained that he had kicked a long thorn. But he winked his eyes mischievously.

"Self-mutilation means court martial! " Krall waved a warning finger. He then laughed afterwards when he noticed the Korean's sudden fear

Now Hellfeldt had to persuade the Korean to come forward with more news. The Viennese had been able to hold him back with difficulty

"The Daezang has ordered that no news may be passed on to you. I must therefore leave immediately so as not to arouse suspicion. But when it gets dark, I'll come to the back wall of the house and announce the most important things through the small window. See you later!

. . ."

He kept his word. The evening was already quite advanced when a rustling and scratching sound came through the window at the back of the prisoners' house. The men were immediately at the small opening in the wall and stared out. Now the Korean's head emerged, coming up from a crouching position.

"We have a real war in Korea now," he whispered. "Seoul has fallen! The Russian tanks have flattened all the barricades. The South Koreans have blown up the bridges over the Han River that connected the smaller southern part of the capital. The day before yesterday, the Seventh and Second South Korean Divisions defeated the Fourth People's Army Division in a surprise counterattack, briefly halting the advance on the city of Taejon. But the latest reports that have just come through say that the Communists have crossed the Han River

and were able to take the towns of Pyongtaek, Chungju, Chechon, Yongwol and others in addition to the Kimpo airfield. Only at Yongdungpo in the Mapo district did the T34 tanks fail to make headway against the fierce resistance on the south bank of the Han. So much for today."

"Wait a moment," Hellfeldt asked, hastily pointing out their fears about the American fellow prisoner and imploring him to consider the possibilities of a quick escape.

Despite the darkness, you could see the sheer fear on the Korean's face. It took all of the Viennese's oratory skills to calm the man down to some extent. "Don't do anything tonight," Young Chul asked. I'll listen to the situation in the neighbourhood. Otherwise we'll run into the hands of operating Kongbi people!"

"You say we might run into a horde. Does that mean you're coming with us? "

"You told me to come with you and lead you! I only have the choice of telling the Daezang your plan or walking with you. But I don't want to go to the Daezang, because you've always been good to me. And if I let you go and stay behind, the Daezang will immediately have me buried up to my head in an anthill because he'll think I'm complicit! "

"Then everything is clear," said Hellfeldt with satisfaction. "You come with us and see if you can bring some weapons! When will you be back?"

"I will try, if possible, to come here tomorrow during the day under some pretence for a few minutes. If you're not working, lie down in front of the hut and show indifference. You'll be safest that way. See you again! " Quiet as a jungle animal, he scurried away.

The next morning, the wounded were brought back. They had marched half the night to reach the camp as soon as possible. There were about twenty men who had helped each other during the march. They didn't have a single healer with them. They were unable to bring seriously injured people to the mountain camp.

Soon afterwards, the Daezang came to the prisoners who were having a break from work. He asked gruffly if any of them had any medical knowledge. He raised his eyebrows at the sight of the American. Young Chul, who was standing next to him as interpreter, was just about to translate Eyken's negative answer when Wills stepped forward and spoke up.

The Daezang's eyes widened. Then he nodded briefly and ordered the lieutenant to follow him.

As he left, Mills quickly gushed: "Now I'm safer for a short time, because the bandit driver needs me! Almost anyone can put on a bandage

and that's all that's needed. And when it comes to my head, I'm going to do the devil's work!"

So the next few hours brought more activity again

Young Chul strolled up inconspicuously and stopped in front of the house as the prisoners were eating their meagre lunch. "War will be a big fire! American troops are coming over to Korea from Japan. Troops from various United Nations countries are also coming. Then the North Koreans will also soon receive support from abroad. In the meantime, the South Koreans are clearing the south bank of the Han River. They are now retreating to the Suwon Line after having to give up Yongdungpo as well. Kim Il Sung's People's Army is pressing hard against the south, and the great preponderance of Russian armour is making itself felt everywhere. So much for the situation." "Not very pleasant," Kitagiri said briefly. "If we don't get away soon, the red wolves will eat us! "

Now Young Chul began to walk up and down a few steps in front of the men. At the same time, he hurriedly continued, "Friends of mine told the Daezang that the wounded should be housed in a longhouse, as it would be easier to care for them. This longhouse will therefore be built. Tomorrow you will go into the forest with a small party to cut down trees. I'll be there too, because none of the lumberjacks can speak English. I'll see if the American joins the troop. If it's fine, throw your luggage out the back window. I'll fetch it at night and carry it a little way ahead." He made a mischievous face. "Or do you want to come back from cutting wood? "

"We're not going to cut down many trees," Krall replied. "Once we're in the forest, we'll recommend ourselves wordlessly together with you, my boy! Let's get that straight! The Korean interpreter just raised his hand and left. The Daezang could be heard roaring from the camp . . .

XVII

BLOODING EARTH

You can't change your fate Nobody
can count their days,
you have to come to terms
What providence decrees will happen."

Mozart

A hazy morning had risen and clouds of mist hung on the slopes of Mont Chiri. The sky was grey and gave no indication of the coming day's weather. It was quiet in the forest, and no birdcalls penetrated the oppressive silence.

The prisoners were already awake and dressed when the guard squad for the labour detachment appeared in front of the hut. The leader of the group shouted into the doorway, behind him Young Chul translated: "Come out!"

The caller nodded with satisfaction when he saw the prisoners stumble out immediately. He pointed to some hatchets and two hacksaws and ordered them over the interpreter to pick up the tools. Behind him stood another eight men armed with Russian submachine guns and rifles. In the background stood two women carrying long baskets on their heads, which must have contained the meagre food rations.

Again the group leader spoke a few words to the interpreter, who also had an MPi on his shoulder.

"The great commander Bong Ok says," Young Chul twinkled his eyes in amusement, "that he'll have the gun fired immediately if anyone tries to escape. And if you don't work hard enough, you won't get anything to eat! "

"The threats of being shot are pretty boring," Krall remarked, yawning irreverently. "We're sick and tired of this stuff! " He picked up one of the rusty train saws and looked at it appraisingly.

At a new signal from Bong Ok, the group organised itself into a marching column, which was led by the group leader himself.

As the troop entered the forest, the sky began to roar. According to the roar, a large group of bombers was travelling northwards. The Kongbi people ducked their heads and peered shyly into the brightening grey sky, but couldn't make anything out. When the noise died down, they slowly moved on again.

"The little birds up there bring a big blessing to the North Korean

Communists," said Mills and grinned. "When the bombs fall, there won't be a dry eye in the finish area! "

"Ch'im muk! " the leader shouted back.

"Quiet! " Young Chul repeated patiently. He halted his steps until he was in the centre of the group next to the prisoners. Walking next to Hellfeldt, he quickly spoke out: "The latest reports say that American troops are coming over from Japan. Troops of the Eighth US Army are being airlifted from Itatsuke to Pusan. Furthermore, the fourth division of the North Korean People's Army has lost more than two thousand men in its attacks against the fiercely resisting South Koreans." Then he turned briefly to Mills: "Why didn't you Americans give the South Koreans tanks and heavy weapons, like Stalin did for Kim Il Sung?" He looked reproachfully at the lanky lieutenant, who turned his head away in embarrassment. All that came back in reply was an indistinct hum

The march went uphill. Just as the group stopped for a short rest, a new squadron of aeroplanes thundered northwards. Bong Ok threatened angrily with his fist against the sky.

After a further march of a few hundred metres, the guide stopped. When he pointed to a group of trees, the prisoners knew that they had reached their destination

There was a small clearing there, and for Bong Ok the location seemed to make it easier to keep an eye on things. From here, the defoliated trunks could be pulled downhill without any particular effort, despite a sideways ascent.

Bong Ok did not allow him to rest and used gestures to urge him to work immediately

"I'm annoyed by the monkey!" Krall half huffed. "I've set off for a long walk, but not to work for this gang." He saw the dolmetscher standing next to him and asked: "Hey, mate, when's the spell supposed to start? "

Young Chul rolled his eyes in horror. "Don't draw Bong Ok's attention. Start working now and you'll soon see how well I've taken care of everything. Come on, take the equipment and get started! "

Krall went to the nearest tree with his pull saw and beckoned Vanhoven to him. "Come on, leave the axe and help me saw!" He walked appraisingly around the medium-sized tree for the time being.

"It's too thick," said the Fleming. "Why don't we take the tree half-left behind us? "

While Krall immediately nodded in agreement, Hellfeldt and the man from Prague had also picked up a pull saw and placed it on a thin tree trunk. Eyken,

Mills and Kitagiri grabbed the axes to hammer notches into the logs. The prisoners waited in silence for another sign of impatience from Bong Ok. There was a slight tension in the air.

The squad leader had sat down on a large stone. The MPI lay on his knees, his eyes narrowed threateningly as he saw the indecision of the prisoners. At first he didn't even realise that one of his men was suddenly pointing a rifle at his back behind him. Only a shout made him turn round. He looked dumbfounded into the muzzle of a rifle and heard the order: "Sondulat! "

"Are you crazy?" He looked angrily at the man.

"Sondulat! " he repeated stubbornly and raised the barrel higher at head height. Bong Ok raised his hands. Looking around, he realised that two of his men were also being threatened by the rest of the group and held up their hands. "What are you doing, Tae Won? "

"Mu gi mol ri!" ordered Tae Won. His command was loud and was also heard by the other two threatened men. They immediately dropped their weapons. Only Bong Ok hesitated, but surrendered to the inevitable when he saw Tae Won crooked his finger on the trigger. Slowly and carefully, he let his submachine gun slide to the ground.

"You see," Young Chul said quietly to Eyken, "Tae Won shouted 'Drop the gun!' and Bong Ok has become well-behaved and obedient. Now he's no longer a big com- mandant, but just a very small, tiny red louse." He shouted louder to the previous prisoners: "Throw away the tools and pick up the weapons from the ground! "

Bong Ok began to shout angrily. Then Tae Won raised his rifle and hit him on the head with the butt. The leader fell down unconscious. When the other two disarmed men saw Bong Ok's fate, sheer fear flickered in their eyes.

Eyken was the first to hurry to pick up Bong Ok's submachine gun. He also pulled two more magazines out of the stunned man's pockets. Hellfeldt and Krall also took the submachine guns and magazines from the men who were still standing with their hands up.

"I'm good with the Katyushka, too," Vanhoven grumbled reasonably. "But there's no weapon left for me and the others! "

Young Chul beckoned the two women from the background. Slowly, they came closer with the baskets in their hands and stopped in front of the interpreter

"Here!" Young Chul exclaimed and reached into the baskets. Triumphantlly, he pulled out two more submachine guns from each basket in turn and handed them to Vanhoven, Mills, the man from Prague and the Japanese.

He then took magazines from the baskets and distributed them as well. "That must be enough for the breakthrough. That's all I could take."

Young Chul, Tae Won and the other five Koreans stood together with the two women in a semi-circle around their previous captives and looked at them. It seemed as if they expected to receive further instructions on behaviour after the small revolt of their community. No one from among them had taken the lead and Young Chul's role so far had been merely a mediator.

Eyken had immediately grasped the situation and turned to the interpreter: "Which of you will take the lead, friend?"

Young Chul looked at his companions indecisively. Eyken saw that he wasn't thinking of himself, so he said, "If you want, let Tae Won take command. He made the first move to revolt with determination! "

The interpreter passed on the suggestion. The men agreed and Tae Won nodded briefly. Eyken stepped up to him and shook his hand. "We trust you to lead us well and get us through the Ring of Kongbi! "

Tae Won thanked him. It turned out that he also understood a few words of English, but it was too little to be able to communicate.

"What should be done with the creatures of Daezang?" continued Eyken. "Should we drag them along? "

Young Chul turned to Tae Won and said a few words. The latter showed indecision. Then one of the men shouted and made a gesture of cutting his neck. The disarmed men turned pale and looked horrified.

"Taihén jozu Jesu! " Kitagiri barked in his native language.

"What do you say?" asked Young Chul.

"Very good, very good! The simplest solution," said the Japanese.

"Shut up," the interpreter said crossly. "You Japanese have been masters of Korea for thirty-five years. That's over now and we'll do what we think is good. Be glad you're coming home again!"

Kitagiri laughed. "Do you know anything better? ="

"Nam Soo and Sang do, bind Bong Ok's dogs and gag them! " ordered Tae Won

The men who had been called immediately jumped on the disarmed men, tore off their jackets, tore them into strips and obeyed Tae Won's orders. They tied the men's hands behind their backs and were not exactly gentle with them.

Bong Ok was still unconscious. Then one of the bystanders stepped up to him, pulled him up by the hair and wordlessly plunged a knife into his heart

The now gagged men let out inarticulate sounds. Their faces were distorted. The other Koreans showed no emotion whatsoever. The harshness of their lives had dulled them. It was just the hard school of the communists

"The fratricidal war is the most terrible of all wars!" Hellfeldt said half aloud to Eyken. "I remember something Napoleon once said:

'For a slogan given to people, they persecuted their compatriots with greater fervour than their real enemies'. We also experienced this in Germany."

Young Chul, who was still standing nearby, had overheard the words of the Viennese. Now that he no longer felt the pressure of the partisan camp, he had become more self-confident and freer. He added seriously: "I have come to realise that the Korean people must fight to preserve their freedom against the worst tyranny ever invented in the history of mankind. It is no longer a question of differences between systems, but of freedom or slavery. The Ssoryon Saram, the Russians, have brought evil to Asia with communism and poisoned the peoples of our part of the world. And the West helped them and supported the Ssoryon Saram. Isn't that true?"

"Unfortunately," Eyken admitted immediately. "But there are forces behind it that have not yet been clearly recognised by the Asian peoples. Beware of allowing lodges or other related international organisations to gain a foothold. Under the cloak of a sick democracy, they are destroying your freedom and independence. It was not the peoples of the West but their destroyers who helped the Ssoryon Saram to survive and grow stronger."

Tae Won now approached, gesticulating violently. He hurriedly urged them to leave. With Tae Won in the lead and the two women in the centre, the train set off downhill in a south-westerly direction. The Koreans had simply left Bong Ok behind. The hatchets were taken from the tools.

The prisoners often fell. Their limited freedom of movement hindered them as they ran downhill. They gradually fell into the last third of the train and after a while nothing more could be seen of them. Krall called for Young Chul and drew his attention to the sudden absence of the prisoners.

"Hey, Chang Kyu, where are Bong Ok's creatures?" shouted YoungChul to the man at the end of the train.

"Chuk un," it came back.

"What does that mean?" asked Eyken.

"Dead," replied Young Chul dryly.

Eyken and Krall refrained from asking further questions. It was the harshness of a partisan war that had its own laws and no more humanity.

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It was a long and arduous journey from the high location to the bottom of the valley. When the train reached the foot of the mountain, the refugees camped on the banks of a small stream. The two women handed out meagre food rations from their baskets

During the short meal, Tae Won and Young Chul sat down with Eyken and waved Kitagiri over. "We have to be careful now," the interpreter translated the beginning of Tae Won's speech. "If we come out of the lowlands, we could come across a Kongbi troop at any time. And if there is shooting in this area, more troops will come from all sides!"

"Where do we push through to?" asked Eyken.

"We have to cross the south-west road to Kurye and reach the Seomjin River. If we get through unchallenged, we will move southwards along the river bank until we are out of Kongbi-controlled territory."

"That's twice the distance as straight south," Kitagiri objected.

"It's a good forty kilometres to the Seomjin River, while we're already in the city of Hadong and therefore safe. But if we keep to the south-west now, we'll still be in the mountains, past Mont Banya, and have some difficult terrain ahead of us."

"But more security," said Tae Won. "If we set off without much delay, we'll be out of the mountains by evening while maintaining a march defence and will only have a partly hilly, partly open area in front of us. We can then reach the river by night march. If we move southwards, we will come up against stronger Kongbi forces!"

"To the river then! " Eyken decided. The Japanese also agreed immediately. Kitagiri, who understood some Korean himself, had Tae Won appoint a scout as the advance guard and another man as rearguard

After refilling their canteens at the stream, they set off immediately. As the fugitives were not expected back at the Daezang camp until late afternoon, they still had at least six hours to get out of the Kongbi zone unnoticed.

It turned out that the advance scout had also learnt a lot from the Kongbi. He avoided the narrow paths and led the train away from them, keeping it safe

On the way, Young Chul quietly turned to Hellfeldt: "We're lucky because the Kongbi groups are all in action now and have combat contact. Before the war broke out, there were safeguards lurking everywhere."

The sparse thicket made it easier for the train to move forward. Despite the overgrown terrain, the fugitives marched at a fast pace and the two women bravely kept up.

By late noon they had emerged from the actual mountainous area. Now they were heading south-west, remaining in the shelter of the forest fringe, towards the still distant ribbon of road between Kurye and Hadong. The massif of Jogye Mountain could now be seen far to the south.

The sky was blue and a pleasant, mild breeze was blowing. Twice the refugees saw aeroplanes flying at high altitude from the north. Long vapour trails were left behind them.

After about ten kilometres of walking, interrupted only by a single short break, they reached the southern tip of a forest

tongue. Now a plain two kilometres wide separated them from the ribbon of connecting road. Behind the road, rows of trees indicated the presence of the river

The scout had been expecting the following troop at this point. On both sides of the perimeter, a few huts could be seen some distance away. However, the usual sight of children playing and water buffaloes standing around was missing. Only two old women were busy working in the rice fields a little way off. Tae Won, Young Chul and a third Korean were whispering to each other. Then the interpreter approached Eyken and said, "Tae Won and Puk Nyong think we should take cover here until dusk. The land ahead of us can be seen from afar. When darkness falls, we can be at the river in less than an hour."

"And if we move on now in military marching order, to an observer we might as well be a Kongbit troop coming out of a forest camp," Mills interjected, showing impatience.

Young Chul defended himself. "No Kongbi horde would come out into the open at this point now. Besides, it could be that an observation post controlling this section of land happens to have binoculars. Then he'll realise that not all the men are Korean."

"Our clothes are no better than yours," Mills objected, giving the Korean a worried look. "Camp life has turned us all into scarecrows!"

"I don't want to take any risks," Tae Won insisted. "So far, we've had more luck than we could have expected!"

"All right, let's wait," Mills said devotedly.

The refugees settled down. The women were now distributing the rest of the food. It turned out that they were still young and pretty like most Korean women in the country. Despite the strenuous life of recent times

They were clean and well-groomed, their eyes shone out of their doll's faces like dark pearls, and their mouths resembled overripe cherries.

"They're lovely girls," Krall said to Mills as he distributed the food. He tilted his head appreciatively.

The American growled: "I was taken away because of such a pretty little doll. . ."

"Who abducted whom?" replied the man from Hamburg. "It's better to keep your hands off strange women or girls. Especially when, by admission, there was little love in return."

Mills gave Krall a somewhat angry look and fell silent.

Young Chul, who had involuntarily overheard, blinked. "Those who sing of love don't hear enemies coming," he said subtly. "Courting birds are easy prey for hawks! "

"Oh, how nice," Mills returned snappily.

"Isn't that right?" Young Chul was unabashedly pleased. "But proverbs are like butterflies. Some you catch, others fly away! "

The time of waiting passed. The countryside was completely silent. After a while, the two field labourers had also disappeared

As the red-golden ball of sunlight began to sink and paint the sky with red, Tae Won rose from his berth and sauntered over to Eyken. "It's about time to go! By this time, the Daezang will already know that something is wrong with the labour squad. He may have sent some men out earlier to check, and the squad found the dead Bong Ok. Maybe the other two men too. "

"Then why are we still lurking around here?" Kitagiri called out. "Let's get going! "

The fugitives immediately jumped up when Tae Won gave the signal. They left the sheltering bushes and marched out behind Tae Won in single file onto the side paths of the fields. The leader set a fast pace, skirted the muddy paddy fields and brought the troop to the road unchallenged

The light-coloured ribbon of road showed no traffic in either direction. The rows of tall cosmeas along the roadside swayed their white and pink flower heads thoughtfully in the gentle evening breeze.

They crossed the road at a run. Hastening on, they followed narrow field paths to the river, whose wide bed still had little water at this time. The narrow rivulets glistened like blood in the sunset.

A shout came back from Tae Won: "To ui Baem! "

"Careful," repeated Young Chul_A snake! ='

The guide now had a cutlass in his hand and was slashing at the ground. Immediately afterwards, he lifted up a long, twitching snake's body with his left hand, missing its head. At another call from him, Mae Lee rushed forwards and had the still-moving animal thrown into the basket.

"What's that for?" asked Mills in horror.

"It's a silk snake," explained Young Chul. "When it bites, it's unpleasant because it's poisonous! But when it's dead, we like to eat it."

"I don't eat fried worms," Mills fended off.

Young Chul grinned. "We eat the silk snakes raw! When the farmers catch and kill them in the fields, they often eat them on the spot. It gives you strength and is healthy! Here in Korea, the raw snake meat is also given to convalescents in hospitals as a strength food."

"Bon appétit! " Mills exclaimed, belching.

"Why not?" Vanhoven interjected. "In America, the Indians eat rattlesnakes! "

"I'm not an Indian! " Mills shouted angrily.

Eyken commanded calm. The fugitives had now stopped on the shore.

"Shall we cross the river?" Eyken now turned to the guide.

"We should do that! " Tae Won advised. "The water is shallow and we can wade barefoot to the other shore."

"And how much further is it to Hadong? "

"About twenty-five kilometres from here! " came the reply

"Are we going to make it with the girls that night?" Hellfeldt asked.

"Why not?" Young Chul beat the leader to the answer. "Hey! Mae Lee and Eung Hee, come here!"

The two Koreans came over in a hurry. Their expressive eyes were directed questioningly at Young Chul and Hellfeldt.

"Hel feldt asks if you can hold out for another night march?" the interpreter said to them

The young women looked shyly at the Viennese, but then nodded in the affirmative. Mae Lee even made a dismissive gesture and showed her white teeth.

"Brave girls!" praised Hellfeldt.

Although they had not understood his words, they understood their meaning. Now they both laughed, and Eung Hee stroked Hellfeldt's arm with her delicate hand

After wading through the Seomjin, the refugees immediately moved on to the other bank. Some huts near the shore were apparently also destroyed.

leave. Nobody showed up and no dog barked.

They travelled along the shore for a quarter of an hour, then Tae Won turned sharply to the south. He led the troop along narrow paths at the foot of hills.

The red sky had disappeared and a slowly rising moon covered the landscape with a silvery light that made it easier to move forward. All at once, the tension eased.

Forced to take a few small detours through the terrain, the fugitives reached a small village and a temple some distance away.

"That's Baegun Temple," explained Tae Won. "But it would be advisable to bypass the temple and the village, even though this area is no longer really Kongbi territory. And if we persevere, we can be in Hadong in three hours at the latest."

Vrana, who had remained silent throughout the march, now pushed himself to the fore. "I warn you not to think about a longer rest! Partisans are the same all over the world. As long as we are not in a military security zone, we must always be prepared to encounter guerrillas when we least expect them! "

"That's very true! " Eyken immediately confirmed the Prague native's opinion.

"Let's move on! Can the girls still keep up?"

"They have said before that they can hold out," Young Chul replied

There were no more words now. The final destination of the escape, and with it safety, was near. Weapons were still held in their hands, ready to fire, and the train wound on behind Tae Won, bypassing huts and villages

At a bend in the road around a protruding hill, the fugitives unexpectedly encountered three armed men, who were equally surprised.

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One of them shouted after the first moment of shock: "So yak! "

"Pihära! " shouted Young Chul and in English: "Cover! They are Kongbi, and they demand the slogan!"

When the three men heard the English words, they raised their weapons and fired. Two had rifles, one of them a submachine gun.

But Vanhoven and the two naval officers had drawn their weapons just as quickly. Their bursts of fire swept the three partisans off their feet. Kitagiri jumped with a shrill 'banzai'

but was unable to pull the trigger of his weapon. He collapsed with a shot in his chest. Mills and a Korean man had taken out the machine gun.

The Kongbi man's pistol had grazed his arms. The third partisan had missed with his first shot, then he himself had been hit

Tae Won, Puk Nyong and another Korean ran to the Kongbi lying on the ground with their weapons damaged, who tried to crawl away, screaming and moaning, but couldn't do it. Tae Won pulled up the head of the man who was still holding the MPi tensely in his right hand. He was foaming at the mouth with blood and could not answer the leader's brief question. Tae Won grabbed his hair and shook the man. He slumped down and lay there with his eyes screwed up.

The guide looked at the other two Kongbi, with whom his two companions were standing. They had picked up their weapons, kicked them to the side of the path and gestured that there was nothing left to save here

Tae Won came back and said, "That was surely just a reconnaissance party. The land in front of us will be enemy-free now!"

"I wouldn't count on it," Eyken replied. "We were already here under the assumption that we had escaped from the Kongbi area. Now we're in for a treat! What about Kitagiri? "

"He's got it! " shouted Mills, cursing and holding his bloody arm. The Korean Chang Joon and the two women were already kneeling by the Japanese man, taking off his bloody jacket and then his shirt.

When Eyken and the other men approached him, his face showed no emotion. Vrana bent down and looked at the wound. The Kongbi's shot was close to the heart in the chest and blood was pouring out of the bullet hole. The man from Prague shook his head, barely noticing.

Tae Won handed Vrana a bandage roll. "It's the only one we have. There's always been a shortage of medical supplies in the camp."

With the Korean's help, Vrana applied a makeshift bandage to the wound. "That's all you can do," he said quietly.

Three of the Koreans stood next to Tae Won, and one of them took off his jacket, which he folded and put under the Japanese man's head.

Eyken looked round. 'Where are the other men? '

"Swarmed out to secure," replied Young Chul.

"It's fine," Eyken murmured and sat down next to Kitagiri, who stared at him with narrow eyes. "We're soldiers," he said calmly. "We don't need to fool ourselves. Is there anything I can do for you? "

"You soldier, I soldier! " The Japanese man tried to smile, a thin thread of blood running from his mouth. "I proudly soldier for my Tenno! "

"You were a good officer for your emperor," Eyken said gently. "Brave to the last and true to your honour! "

Kitagiri's eyes shone. "Honour and loyalty! That's how the Germans speak. Are you a Döitsujin? a German? ="

Eyken evaded with his answer. "All good people uphold honour and loyalty! " The Japanese man felt for Eyken's hand. After a few minutes he spoke again: "I have always kept to the words of my tenno. He said in my country's most difficult hour: 'Be brave and faithful like the pine tree that does not change colour even when the snow presses the branches to the ground! "

Eyken took Kitagiri's hand in both of his. Both men exchanged a deep look of understanding.

A short time passed again. Mills and the Korean Sang Don now approached from the background. Mae Lee and EungHee had bandaged their arm wounds, which were only harmless grazes, with strips of cloth. The surroundings were silent, and the previous exchange of gunfire seemed to have faded into a dead land. Only in the distance had a dog howled.

"You must go on!" Kitagiri whispered wearily. "Leave me here..."

Eyken shook his head. "We're staying here now! "

"No, go! " Kitagiri demanded stubbornly. "I'm already on my way to Amithaba!

' Quiet and relaxed, he looked up at the sky dotted with twinkling stars

When Kitagiri's head tilted slightly to one side after a while, Eyken realised that it was over. Admirably calm, the Japanese had made his way to Amithaba.

Eyken squeezed his eyes shut. A silver ray of the moon conjured up a light of transfiguration on the dead man's face.

"The Korean earth is drinking a lot of blood now," Young Chul lamented.

"The spirit of evil has divided our country, leaving brother against brother.

Brother fight. And many other people will also have to die. The spirit of evil..." He broke off and fell silent.

Hellfeldt put his hand on the Korean's shoulder. "The spirit of evil is everywhere now! That's why the good guys have to fight to defeat evil. And there is no freedom that is not written in blood! ="

Kitagiri was buried on the spot. Vrana and Puk Nyong had made a shallow pit at the foot of the hill by the road with the axes they had taken with them, laid the body in it, covered his face with a cloth and then scraped the earth over it again.

At Eyken's request, a young tree was felled and part of the trunk turned into a

A stake was hewn, cut in half and Kitagiri's name and the date of death written on the white inner surface of the wood with a pen. The stake was then driven into the ground at the head of the grave.

Tae Won called off the fuses and the platoon formed up to march on. The dead Kongbi were left lying there.

At a distance of a hundred paces, Tae Won marched ahead of the troop into the dark night. All life in the surrounding countryside had hidden in the protective darkness to escape the evil that rode across the sky on red dragons. But the road to Hadong remained peaceful.

The town of Hadong was located on a railway line that ran along the entire southern coast and led two lines coming from Iri from the western side of the country to Pusan on the eastern corner. It was the southern intersection between the southwestern province of Jeon Ra Na Do and the southeastern province of Gyeong Sang Nam Do.

Hadong was secured by police forces. Upon arriving in the town, the refugees were immediately presented to the chief of police early in the morning after having been given a hearty breakfast.

The Sun Kyong, a police officer, was extremely polite and asked for all the details about the Kongbi and the camp from which the refugees had come. He believed the Koreans that they had been forced to join the Kongbi. He had no trouble making the men realise that they had best join the regular army. The Sun Kyong also frankly admitted that the Communist troops were pressing hard against the south and that every able-bodied man was needed for the defence of the country. He then called for a zungsa, a sergeant, to take the men away. It all happened so quickly that the two groups were only able to say goodbye to each other briefly.

In the short time they had been on the run together, a spirit of good camaraderie had formed that would remain a fond memory for those who were separated. The Koreans' patient and modest nature as well as their good soldierly qualities had made a deep impression on the other men. So the farewell was emotional and heartfelt.

Sun Kyong recommended that the young women who remained behind should serve with the Chok sip ja, the Red Cross. At the moment they could not return to their home town. With their consent, a second Zungsa took them immediately to the nearest relief centre, where they had a safe place to stay for the time being. Mae Lee and Eung Hee tripped out of the room, giggling happily. The Sun Kyong then established a telephone connection with an American office in Pusan. Mills was ordered to

to report immediately to the command staff in Pusan. He would be picked up by a jeep from the airfield near Sacheon.

Now the remaining five men were able to leave the police station after the Sun Kyong had promised them any further help they might need.

"Sorry," said Mills, "that we have to go our separate ways. By the time the jeep arrives, I'll have to come up with a believable story about how I fell into the hands of the Kongbi. Young Chul's wisdom about mating birds and hawks doesn't apply to the army. I'll have to invent a heroic story! "

"I'd like to have your worries," Vrana grumbled. "You'll soon have a hell of a time with the Communists and won't need to invent any more heroic stories. Maybe the whole army will be glad to get their bare backsides to safety if the Chinese manage to get across the Yalu River. . ."

Mills laughed broadly. "What General Patton could no longer achieve, MacArthur will make up for," he said confidently.

"I'm not so sure about that," the man from Prague replied seriously.

"There are too many communist friends in the government and in the highest echelons of your country. There are some strange strings being pulled..." He emphasised the last sentence with a meaningful movement.

"Isn't this assumption going too far?" Mills asked doubtfully.

Vrana gave the American a sour look. "I can sing a beautiful song about that. Friends of mine built up an anti-communist resistance movement in Prague and in the country and supplied your CIC with extremely valuable information. This went on for a while to the complete satisfaction of the American secret service. One day two Moses from your service came and asked our contact man for a list with the real names of our people working for the service, which we only handed over after much hesitation. Two weeks later, all the men on the list were arrested by the Communist state police, put on trial, some sentenced to death, executed and the rest of the betrayed put behind bars for life. What do you say to that, Howie? "

Mills had gone pale. "That's hard to believe . . ."

"Swallow the lump or remain naive," Vrana said with a stern face.

"Even if the Germans made the mistake at the time of not being able to distinguish between friend and foe after their invasion of our country, their propaganda was not wrong. This propaganda constantly warned us and the other peoples of the pernicious workings of the hidden hand in the background of world politics and of the warmongers as the enemy.

The beneficiaries warned. The Germans foresaw the suffering and oppression that Bolshevism would bring. But we all believed the mendacious counter-propaganda and must now pay a bitter price for it. And it will be the same for you Americans if you don't throw the new Americans out of the offices that rule your country in time. They are the secret protective power of communism!"

"Bless my soul," Mills replied hoarsely. "Now I understand even better what General Patton meant before he was killed."

"No offence, Howie! " The Prague man shook his hand. The other companions took their leave after him

As they left the room, Mills looked after them gloomily. A quiet bye-bye followed. Sun Kyong, who had understood some English, looked blankly ahead of him . .

In the search for accommodation, it turned out that all the quarters in the small town overcrowded with refugees were overcrowded. The hope of being able to lie in a real bed again after the hard camp time was futile

The reports on the war situation revealed alarming details. The North Koreans were about to land at Inchon and were simultaneously making landings all along the east coast at Kangnung, Samchok, Uljin and even at Yongdok, far to the south. This resulted in massive flank attacks on the desperately and fiercely resisting South Koreans. The support provided by the American forces in the country was not yet strong enough to help intercept the communist pressure coming from three sides. The fact that Washington had not given the South Koreans the same material support as Moscow had given Kim Il Sung was now taking its revenge. The outstanding, self-sacrificing defence of the South Koreans under attack could not make up for the Communist material superiority.

"What do we do now?" asked Krall, as the men stood in front of the crowd of people at the railway station, where trains carrying refugees and the wounded stopped. All the railway carriages were overcrowded, the roofs were occupied and people were clinging to the locomotives all around them

"There's nothing more we can do here," said Vanhoven. "Menen Tudun will no longer be in Taegu either. All we can do is try to find a way to leave quickly."

"Then we'll have to see how we can get to Pusan," Eyken decided. He turned to the man from Prague: "Where do you want to go now? "

"I'll stay with you until Pusan," Vrana replied. "Then I want to stay with the

American authorities for asylum in the United States or otherwise try to reach Canada, where I have friends everywhere."

As it proved impossible to get a carriage space at the station, the men went back to the police station and asked the Sun Kyong for help.

He immediately called the stationmaster and sent the people seeking help back to the station with two policemen, where the stationmaster was waiting for them. They probably had to wait a few hours, but were then crammed into a Red Cross transport. After a journey delayed by constant stops, they arrived in the harbour city late in the evening, where they had set foot on Korean soil for the first time

The city had become a seething cauldron. In the glow of the harbour lights and floodlights, there was lively loading activity, groups of refugees roamed the streets everywhere, children

and the South Korean and American military police struggled to pilot army lorries through.

As soon as they disembarked at Pusan railway station, all arrivals were carefully checked. Eyken and his companions were assigned to the Red Cross and accommodated in emergency quarters. At the same time, they were instructed to report to an American office the following morning, as they were foreigners.

When we visited the American centre the next day, the Americans were very polite. They listened with interest to the description of the captivity in the Mont Chiri area and asked for a few more details. Afterwards, the five men were asked about their wishes for their departure.

Eyken had once again taken on the task of speaking for the community. With the exception of Vrana, he asked for the opportunity to travel to Bangkok for himself and his comrades in order to avoid stricter controls in Japan.

The interrogator, an American captain, advised Eyken and his companions to enquire again the next day. In the meantime, he wanted to enquire about the desired options. Vrana was detained, as he asked for asylum in the United States.

"Very polite people, these Americans," Krall realised after leaving the office.

"You can get along with the soldiers in most cases."

"At least not like here in Germany," Hellfeldt objected. "The Pattons are in the minority there."

"That's understandable," said Vanhoven. "It's only uniformed emissaries who have the big word and make sure that unpopular officers are recalled."

will be." Turning to Eyken, he asked: "If we really are lucky enough to get to Bangkok and thus avoid immediate controls, how are we going to proceed? ='
"I've been thinking about it for a while," Eyken confessed. "There's only one thing I've been trying to avoid at all costs: writing to our man in La Paz. Finally, the money issue is also beginning to ebb. At some point the blessing slowly runs out. However, we can only write an uncensored letter from Bangkok."

. The men spent the rest of the day at Haeundae beach, which adjoined Pusan harbour to the east. There was a marvellous long sandbank here, which was ideal for swimming. In the late afternoon, they went to a nearby teahouse, where they struggled to find a seat next to an old Korean couple.

The table companions turned out to be educated people who both spoke English. In an emerging conversation, the Korean, who called himself Kim Nam yong, lamented the fate of his people, whose freedom had become a pawn in the hands of the superpowers. Both were deeply moved when Eyken and his companions expressed their sympathy. Asked about the history of his country, the Korean told the story:

"According to an ancient myth, around two and a half millennia before the Western calendar, the goddess Tangu came down from heaven and took over the leadership of the tribes living in Korea at that time. According to their racial origin, the original Koreans were Aryans. The peninsula gradually received migrants from Mongolia, especially during a later occupation of the country, and Malay splinters came to the southern coast from the south. In the fifth century BC, the Bronze Age developed, and outstanding metalwork was produced, the forms of which were partly influenced by China. Along with the emerging civilisation, three kingdoms emerged on the peninsula, which brought prosperity from the beginning of the period until the seventh century. These were the kingdom of Koguryo in the north with southern Manchuria, Paek che in the environmental area of the Han River and the Silla Empire in the south. Koguryo was strongly influenced in its development by China, with which it shared a common border. Buddhism also entered the country in this way. The southern Silla Empire, on the other hand, had relations with Japan. Despite these connections, an independent Korean culture emerged, which continued to develop in its own style even after the end of the three kingdoms. The end was brought about by warlike conflicts between the three kingdoms. From 918 to 1392, the Koryo dynasty ruled the peninsula with its seat in Song do, today's Kae Song near the 38th parallel. The then emerging

These borders have remained unchanged to this day. In 1213, however, the hordes of Kublai Khan also flooded Korea. It was not until half a century later that a peace treaty was signed between the Mongols and Koreans. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the Chinese rebelled against the Mongolian regime and established the Ming dynasty as a popular rule. They took advantage of this moment

The Koreans also joined in and overthrew the foreign rule through their general Yi Song gye. They also brought their own dynasty to the throne of the country and named the new kingdom Chosun, Land of the Morning Calm. In the following period, an exemplary, well-organised state was established with extensive legislation and a Buddhist library with more than eighty thousand printed wooden plates. Metal type was already being used for printing three hundred years before Gutenberg. The art of porcelain and painting flourished, and the surviving artefacts are among the most valuable in the world today. General Yi moved the country's capital from Kae song to Han yang, today's Seoul. Friendly relations with China deepened. Under the fourth emperor, Sejong the Great, the Korean language developed its own alphabet, Hangul, which was fundamentally different from Chinese and Japanese. Science, music, art and technology were promoted in every way. Between 1592 and 1598, the Japanese invaded China, travelling through Korea and occupying Seoul, Pyongyang and Ham gyeong Province. At sea, however, they suffered a defeat at the hands of the Korean admiral Yi Sun shin in defence of their attack. The admiral crushed the Japanese with his dragon ships, whose prows bore dragon heads like the Viking ships and whose upper decks were covered with spiked turtle humps. During the conflict between the Chinese and the Manchus, Manchu troops also invaded Korea in the seventeenth century. After their withdrawal, Korea closed itself off completely from the outside world and only opened its harbours to the Japanese in 1876. Six years later, the country concluded friendship treaties and trade agreements with America, Germany, England, Austria, France, Russia and Italy. Then, in 1910, Japan invaded Korea and annexed the country. Despite the greatest bravery, the Koreans were defeated by the invaders, to whom they were far inferior in armament. With the end of the Second World War and the surrender of Japan, the annexation of Korea came to an end and the country regained its freedom. But after thirty-five years of occupation, our country was divided into two parts. We got a free and a communist Korea, which are now facing each other in a fratricidal war." The

The final sentence sounded bitter, and the speaker looked sourly in front of him.

The audience remained silent. As Germans, they felt the tragedy of this country with great understanding. Just as their country in the heart of Europe was geopolitically caught between two strong powers in the west and the Russian colossus in the east, Korea was caught between China and the Mongols in the west and the Japanese in the east.

Eyken pointed the Korean to the European example and said: "History has shown that it is precisely the peoples living in areas of tension who are able to develop a special power of survival. Their naturally developed soldierly spirit strengthens their will to resist and allows them to soar again and again for freedom and a strong spirit. Thus even the division of countries and any fratricidal wars that arise must ultimately be brought to an end by a higher law than that of human power. With this knowledge, we can look forward to a new sun of freedom and unity in Korea," Eyken concluded.

Nam yong did not disagree. The misery of the days dampened his hopes. He was under the pressure of the great disappointment that had befallen all Koreans when the North Korean communists began their advance everywhere. Up to that moment, their American protector had not yet been able to stop the Red onslaught. A ring of encirclement was slowly emerging in the wide area around Pusan.

The Korean now stood up and his wife followed his example. With a few polite words and a bow, the couple left the table and departed

"You have to love the Koreans," Hellfeldt said thoughtfully. "They are splendid soldiers and a subtle people."

"We certainly agree on that," Krall agreed. "However, I have the impression that the Asian peoples, with the exception of the Red Chinese, do not know the actual background forces of world politics. The Asians east of the Indus are probably unaware of the earth-shaking contrast between the Midnight Mountain and the Sinai. They therefore also do not realise what role is intended for the international societies that are now gaining a foothold everywhere in Asia. Be it the Lodges, the Rotarians, the Pen Clubs or the Lions, they are all subject to the anonymous power with the Golden Calf. If the Asians do not recognise their role in time and do not fend off the internal softening, they will all one day become victims of a political process that deprives them of their sovereignty and freedom."

By now it had become dark. They left the teahouse and stepped out onto the street. They walked slowly in the direction of their shelter.

The flashes of light from the lighthouses to the right flashed across the sea, concealed by a nose of land between them. In the sky, descending aeroplanes roared, their position lights moving under the silhouettes of the stars.

The next morning, Eyken and Krall went to the American captain who had ordered them. Hellfeldt and Vanhoven waited in an alcove in the street, as there had been a brief rain shower earlier.

To the surprise of those waiting, their comrades soon returned. Eyken showed a satisfied expression. "That Captain Browers is a good bloke! He initially wanted to deport us to Hong Kong, but I managed to talk him out of it. He had a second choice ready anyway, which corresponded to the wish we had expressed. Now we have a passage to Bangkok. An American plane will take us there tomorrow at a reduced price! "

"And then we'll write to La Paz straight away," said Hellfeldt.

"Sure," Eyken replied.

Krall, on the other hand, rolled her eyes. "When I think of Bangkok, I see the numerous pagoda towers, the colourful mythical animal carvings, the graceful temple dancers, ah those dancers..."

The American plane landed safely at Don Muang Airport. Two Englishmen travelling with them had recommended the Yerevan Hotel to the four men and warned them not to pay taxi drivers before they had their luggage out of the car. As Eyken had refused a lift to the hotel, he and his companions travelled to Bangkok alone in a taxi.

At the airport information desk, they had decided in favour of the Princess Hotel. The driver took them to Charoen Krung Road, where the hotel was close to the Chao Phya River. To their satisfaction, they found the prices here to be considerably lower than in Hong Kong.

By the evening, Eyken had finished the letter to La Paz and took it to the post office. After dinner, the men had only one wish: to sleep long and well in a proper bed without having to worry about surprises

The next morning, the world already looked different. The release from a feeling of tension that had been weighing on the men for a long time gave them two weeks of unburdened recovery.

Bangkok showed itself in its multifaceted guise. The city flirted with its beauty like a mature woman who is fully aware of her charms. Richly adorned with its numerous temples and pagodas, whose gilding refracted brightly in the light of the sun, it made for an abundant spectacle

in all its splendour and abundance. But it could not hide its darker side either. The poverty behind the gilded façade, the dirt, the often foul-smelling klongs that criss-crossed the city as numerous canals with residential boats. Ultimately, it had remained an oversized jungle village in a swampy river delta. During the day, the temple dancers performed their ritual dances, dressed in silk and adorned with tinsel; at night, countless girls offered themselves up for the oldest trade in the world in order to escape the misery of existence

Eyken and his companions had quickly found out how to live cheaply. Two weeks flew by, then the letter arrived back in La Paz. The envelope was briefly and succinctly labelled: "Undeliverable"

A bomb would not have had the same effect as a simple note to return the letter. The thread was broken . . .

The men looked at each other helplessly in a corner of the hotel hallway Hellfeldt was the first to ask hesitantly: "Back to Argentina?" Eyken shook his head. "It would be pointless to start all over again. And dangerous, too. I rule out that possibility."

"We were lost for too long," Krall said sadly. "In the meantime we've been written off, and something has caused the man in La Paz to change his position. Can we get to the man in the Rio Beni valley? "

"As a farm labourer?" asked Eyken. "We don't even know if we'll be welcome for any length of time. And what should we do if the good man is no longer there? He could have sold up or died? The men talked for an hour without finding a way out. Finally, it was Vanhoven who made a sober, considered suggestion: "Let's go back to Europe! "

"We could only go home to Germany," said Krall. "What will happen to us there? -"

"You have friends and relatives," explained the Fleming. "And

When the coast is halfway clear, you can immediately regain your footing as a citizen and take up a profession until the broken connection is mended and you are recalled. Or whatever else arises at a moment's notice!"

"And what will happen to you?" the man from Hamburg asked the Fleming.

"I'll have to think about that. Maybe I can sign on as a sailor again somewhere without setting foot in Belgium..."

"Nonsense," Eyken cut off Vanhoven's thoughts. "You're one of us! We'll get you through somehow in our community. We are a group that must not be separated."

Vanhoven looked at Eyken for a long time, then his face brightened. "I don't want to be coy. For the sake of our comradeship, I accept! "

By the evening, the plan to return to Europe had taken shape. It was decided to try to get to Austria first, at Hellfeldt's suggestion, which was still occupied but had become an independent state at the behest of the Allies. If the remaining funds were used sparingly, the men could make it.

Home to Germany! -

XVIII SIGNS AND POWERS

"From foreboding, fright-filled mourning is
already forming
The new world

Well done to him,
Who did not faint in death
And defiantly made his sword stroke.

Well done to him,
Who did not complain at the sinking
And did not ask fate for miracles

Well done to him,
Which remained strong,
He will rise stronger

But those who fear,
Fall into deepest
night
Woe to him whose heart faltered in battle, It
will break in the final battle."

Kurt Eggers

A warm late summer's day lay over Vienna.

The sun's rays glided gently over the war scars of the city, within whose walls German emperors once resided. Now it lay lacklustre on both sides of the lazily flowing Danube, dirty grey, bombed and full of misery.

A train from Trieste arrived at Vienna South Station and brought Eyken and his three companions to their temporary destination after a long and exhausting journey. They had crossed the border at Arnoldstein without difficulty, and it was only at Semmering, when they entered the Russian occupation zone, that passports and identity cards were strictly checked. The identity cards of domestic travellers were carefully checked to see whether the prescribed thirteen stamps were present. Anyone with "no good paper" was taken off the train.

On leaving the partially destroyed southern railway station, the "four in the jeep" appeared. One military policeman from each of the four occupying
The two men sat together in the speedster and drove along the Gürtelstraße, no longer noticed by the civilians

Hellfeldt's face showed dejection. "The world suddenly looks depressing here," he said half aloud, looking around him. "It's a return home to a lack of freedom!"

His companions remained silent. Eyken changed dollars to Austrian Schilling and bought a newspaper. The reporting here was completely different from abroad. On the front page, a report about a so-called war crimes trial stood out, and only after turning the page was there a report about the rapid advance of UN troops towards North Korea, which were driving Kim Il Sung's communist units before them.

"Now you're in charge!" said Eyken after folding up the newspaper and looking at Hellfeldt.

"I know," the Viennese replied lamely. He had a sinking feeling in his stomach and didn't know why. "We'll take the tram. Line 18 stops outside the station. We'll take the suitcases right away! "

After changing trains twice, they reached the district of Währing, which was in the American occupation zone. As the men could see, this district had escaped the bombing during the war unscathed. On the way to Hellfeldt's house, the Viennese's steps became heavier and heavier. At the front door, a feeling of uncertainty overwhelmed him. He asked his comrades to wait a moment so as not to frighten his mother, who had not received any mail from him since the end of the war, as required by his mission

Hellfeldt slowly climbed the stairs to the first floor of the house. He stopped in front of the front door and turned pale. In place of the old nameplate was a new one with someone else's name on it.

He stared in front of him, stunned. The first thing that tormented him was the silent question about his mother. Suddenly the door opened and a woman looked out. "Who do you want to see? " she asked in a Viennese tone.

Hellfeldt looked over the woman into the anteroom and saw the family's own furniture. He pulled himself together and gave his name.

Now the woman put her arms on her hips and gave Hellfeldt an angry look.

"You have no business here, get on with it! "

"Listen," said Hellfeldt, upset by her tone, "there's still our furniture! And where is my mum? "

"If you're asking about the mum, I'm not a registration office. And the furniture, that's mine! The Red Army confiscated everything, and the flat and furniture were later given to me by the Vienna City Council. And get out before I call the police! They're keen on war criminals now! The door slammed shut with a bang.

Shaking his head, Hellfeldt turned round and slowly walked back up the stairs.

down. He had not expected such a reception. Suddenly, he found himself caught up in the maelstrom of the much-vaunted democracy with a class of beneficiaries and a caste of the deprived and disenfranchised. As he stepped out onto the street, he beckoned his comrades to follow him.

He stopped at the street corner. Eyken asked: "You look distraught! What's going on? "

Hellfeldt put the suitcase on the floor and leaned against a pillar in the forecourt. "There are strangers in my flat. Everything has been confiscated and allegedly transferred to strangers. My mum's gone too, and I don't know where. They refused to give me any information."

"Why don't you ask the neighbours?" suggested Krall. "Then you'll be able to find out more."

"You're right," Hellfeldt replied. "I want to ask first before I think about what to do next. Wait a little while, I want to go round the next corner and ask a greengrocer what's really going on. I'll leave the suitcase with you for a moment. '

After a quarter of an hour, Hellfeldt returned. His face was somewhat cramped and showed bitterness.

"Well?" Krall's voice sounded brittle with concern.

Hellfeldt looked at his companions in turn, then said monotonously: "I wasn't dreaming, it's all true! When the Red Army occupied Vienna, my flat, like countless others, was confiscated along with its furnishings and clothing and transferred to strangers, many of whom were in a hurry to register with the Communist Party for the sake of such an advantage. The rest were made up of people who had been bombed out. Some people had denounced me as a war criminal, probably because I was an officer. Many were labelled Nazis and war criminals so they could get their hands on their property. There were also communists in my flat. This robbery was legalised by the Vienna City Council and confirmed in writing to the new owners. And then," Hellfeldt's face became rigid, "I learnt that my mother had died as a result..."

The faces of the companions were shaken. Vanhoven said quietly: "You have to get through this, mate! It was the same with us in Flanders. There, too, we were hunted down, dispossessed and tortured or killed in the dungeons. It also happened to the families of the Eastern Front fighters who wanted to save Europe from the red tide. That is our fate, because we could not overcome the betrayal that took our victory away from us."

Eyken nodded at this. "There's never been anything like it. Where has the Hague Land Warfare Convention gone? =' A contemptuous smile played around his face.

Lips.

"That's not all," Hellfeldt continued. "At first I only reported the obvious things that also concerned me. I was also told that the citizens of the Reich who were loyal to the state and the law had been declared outlaws. The Austrian Socialists, formerly known as Austromarxists, hardly suffered any persecution in 1938 and immediately found work and bread after years of privation and unemployment. Most of them had lost their jobs under the Dollfuß and Schuschnigg governments for political reasons and got them back immediately after Schuschnigg's departure. Now all that has been forgotten and the helpers from back then are being plundered. The provisional government even rushed to put up socialist posters demanding the extradition of all National Socialists, now called Nazis for short, to the Soviet Union for deportation to Siberia. The assets and homes of three hundred thousand Viennese who had fled to the West were seized, and afterwards the government issued an amnesty for the mass looting of its own citizens. I have also been told that the decent part of the population, behind their backs, described this government measure as called it a 'lumpen amnesty'."

"Haha, the good mum demo..." Krall interjected in a loud voice.

"Shh!" Eyken hissed and put his index finger to his mouth. "Refrain from making critical remarks now. The new and shared freedom does not apply to everyone..."

"That's right," Hellfeldt confirmed, slowly regaining his composure. "What we were told years ago on Point 211 in Antarctica is all true. The war is far from over, and the current armistice stage is just another way of destroying all conscious Germans. What my home town offered me today is only a reflection of the terror of annihilation set in motion by the background forces. I will put this blow behind me and remain in my duty!"

"What received you was not the city and the homeland, but the time and the mob," Vanhoven tried to set the record straight. I experienced the same thing in Flanders. Remember that the so-called liberal revolutions were only mob uprisings to equate quantity with quality under the slogan of equality, to abuse the alleged freedom for the relaxation of laws and self-interpretation and to unite a very selfish fraternity in a form of government called democratic, which in its actual purpose is to disenfranchise the elites."

"I agree with you," Hellfeldt admitted. "If we remain within the law, we become masters of destiny and outlast its depths, while the masses succumb to fate. I'll take whatever comes my way! " Despite

glowed in his gaze. He picked up the suitcase and said: "Come on, let's go!"
"Where to? -" Krall asked.

"I see -" The Viennese stroked his forehead. After a moment's thought, he suggested: "I have an old comrade near Vienna who served in the Luftwaffe. If he survived the last days of fighting, I'm sure we'll find a good reception with him. Let's give it a good try!"

"So we're going to Dingsda," said Eyken with a quick decision. "The last thing left for us is a hotel and travelling on."

"How far is it to Dingsda?" asked the man from Hamburg, repeating Eyken's name

"Twenty kilometres from Vienna! The place is called Mödling. It's a charming little town, and my mate owns a small house on the outskirts."

"Let's hope he's there," said Krall. Hellfeldt didn't know what to say to that. During the journey to Mödling, the four men were very monosyllabic. They were lost in thought and depressed. Hellfeldt's secret longing for his mother and his homeland was a

Part of their shared silent thoughts. She had found a cruel fulfilment.

It was late in the afternoon when the men stood in front of a small but pretty house. A small front garden with a few flowers made a welcoming impression

"Get on with it! " Eyken urged the Viennese, "go on one-man raiding party and clarify the situation! "

Hellfeldt was reaching for the garden gate handle when a shout came from the street:

"Hey, who are you going to see? -"

When Hellfeldt and his companions turned towards the caller, the approaching man stopped, puzzled. "Hellfeldt? Is it really you? ="

"Jantz! ' Both men rushed towards each other and shook hands. After the initial words of welcome, Hellfeldt explained the situation to his old friend and then introduced his comrades.

"Come in," Jantz called to the men. He led them inside the house, where his wife also welcomed the guests.

As was to be expected, a long narrative began. Hellfeldt avoided the secret mission "Antarctica" and merely described his departure from Europe to South America and his return home via Asia. He also mentioned that he and his comrades had bought foreign passports on a black market. In this way, he avoided uncomfortable questions that could not be answered.

were allowed to be

Jantz's eyes widened as he listened to the description of the worldwide odyssey. He then talked about his return home after the collapse. After the surrender of the Wehrmacht, he had been taken prisoner in America as an airman, but was soon released as politically colourless

" 'Politically colourless' sounds good," chortled Krall.

"Exactly," grinned Jantz. "I'm not going to provide the armourers of the modern inquisition with wood for a pyre. There was no record of me. So..."

The housewife came into the room and brought an evening snack. Now the visitors realised that they had not thought about eating during the day. Hellfeldt's fate had not left them feeling hungry.

After the meal, Jantz described the post-war events and showed that Hellfeldt's fate was just one case among thousands. The internment camps had been overcrowded and the conditions were worse than the Allied propaganda tried to portray the German concentration camps. This applied to the accommodation as well as the food. Jantz then asked what Hellfeldt intended to do now.

"Originally, I had intended to stay in Vienna until the current situation changed and keep Vanhoven with me for the time being. Now the flat is gone and my plans are up in the air. ."

"You can stay with me for the time being," suggested Jantz. "There's enough room in the house. We live here in the Russian occupation zone, but the Ivan doesn't care much about us now. The Americans and the Tommies were constantly snooping around with their emigrant police. The Russians only get allergic if you do something against their interests. Then you disappear into Siberia. If you don't do anything here now, nothing will happen to you." Hellfeldt's face brightened a little. Without being coy, he said: "I accept this generous offer for myself and my comrades with thanks! We'll probably find work to keep us going."

"That won't be too difficult with the help of my circle of comrades," said Jantz. "The good guys find each other everywhere and help each other as best they can."

"This is a ray of hope in a world that has been turned upside down," Eyken interjected.

"And now that half of our globetrotting club has found a harbour for the time being, Krall and I can go straight on to Hamburg! "

"Not so fast," Jantz defended. "Stay here for a few more days so that you can become more familiar with the conditions here and in the Federal Republic of Germany. You'll have to make a complete adjustment..."

The day after next, Hellfeldt travelled to Vienna with his companions. He went with them to visit some acquaintances, but only met their wives and learnt that some of his old friends had fallen in the last days of the war or were missing. The wife of one of the returnees, Teske, invited the men to a meagre lunch.

"I'd be reproached by my husband if I let any of his mates leave," she said, pulling those standing outside the door into the flat one by one. After offering them a seat in the living room, she hurried to the TV.

and called her husband. She then conveyed his request to wait for him in the flat. He would hurry home.

"I have another suggestion," Hellfeldt decided. "In the meantime, we want to see if the treasury in the Vienna Hofburg is open and come back later. My friends want to use their short stay to see some essential things in Vienna! "

After dinner, the men left the cosy house. They travelled by tram to the Vienna Ring and then walked across Heldenplatz to the inner Hofburg. Their destination was the Swiss Wing, which houses the Imperial Treasury with its historical treasures, including the old imperial insignia with the first German imperial crown.

They were lucky. The unequal visiting times had allowed them to enter that afternoon. Hellfeldt led the comrades into the last room, which had only one entrance. Here, the most precious pieces of the entire collection were stored behind glass cabinets. In the centre of the room were the Imperial Crown, the Imperial Sword, the Holy Lance and other gems.

The men stood in front of the shrine with emotion.

"So the old imperial insignia are all back," Hellfeldt said half aloud.

"They were," he added, "brought to Nuremberg after the annexation of Austria to the Reich."

The guard standing nearby took a few steps closer. He had heard Hellfeldt's words. "The Americans brought these pieces to Vienna on 6 January 1946 and handed them over to the mayor," he explained. He took a few steps back again and then began a short circular walk.

"Come closer! " the Viennese called to his companions. "Take a close look at the crown. According to one historian, it was made as early as 793 AD and at that time is said to have consisted only of the eight gold fields, which are rounded at the top. It was only later that it gradually received the addition of the large cross on the forehead as a symbol of the Regnum crucis and the headband running to the back with the inscription

Conradus Dei Gracia Romanorum Imperator A. V. G.' The eight gold fields show Christ and the fish symbol, as well as the Hebrew zealot Hezekiah and the kings David and Solomon. Whatever this crown may have looked like in the times of Charlemagne, Otto the Great or Conrad, the German emperors wore a Sinai helmet, devoid of all the signs of their ancestors. What do David and Solomon have to do with us Germans? =' Hellfeldt pointed to the enamelled figures. "This is the same attempt as in Ireland, Scotland and England. We Germanic tribes should be nailed to the great world cross with foreign myths. But Germania is not Albion. Anyone who runs against the north with the torches lit at Sinai will always find German rebels guarding the legacy of Widukind and Hutten. And the German emperors, bearers of this crown, had remained Germans despite the foreign symbols, apart from the Romand Charles. They did not sit on the throne of David, but on the imperial seat of Germania! "

Silence reigned in the room when the speaker had finished.

Slowly, the men's eyes wandered away from the crown to the other symbols of power and relics. In front of them in the centre of the display case lay the old Imperial Sword, with the tip of the Holy Lance to the left.

"This is the Spear of Power," they heard Hellfeldt continue. "We'll hear about it later. A long nail is inserted into the inner recess of the spearhead and fastened with silver wires. The centre part of it is covered with a sheet gold sleeve. It is claimed that the nail came from the cross of Christ and that a Roman centurion named Longinus stabbed the crucified man in the side with this lance."

Nobody said anything in response. A spherical chant of thousands of years of German history hung in the room, and the jewels of German power and greatness cast a spell over the onlookers of their past splendour.

Only after a while did Hellfeldt continue quietly after a sweeping gesture. "Then there's a piece of wood from the cross of Christ and other relics. But let's not get distracted now. Follow me! "

On the way back, the men reached the larger showrooms again. Hellfeldt led them to a glass shrine in which the crown of the Habsburg monarchy rested on a velvet cushion. The orb and sceptre lay next to it. "This Habsburg crown was the symbol of rule of a German country that held together a multi-ethnic state and showed a successful model for the European idea. However, what the Dreipunktebrüder overthrew, their brother Coudenhove Kalergi would never succeed in doing. This monarchy only came into being after Emperor Franz II resigned the German imperial dignity in 1806, after the German princes in the Confederation of the Rhine, salivating at Napoleon, had renounced the German Empire! Franz renounced

He was not allowed to continue wearing the crown of the disgraced empire when these princes stabbed him and the country in the back. However, the crown remained in the custody of the old imperial city of Vienna. Some time later, German princes once again elected the Habsburg Archduke Johann as imperial governor. Now the crowns rest in glass shrines . . ."

"Nothing good came from the Rhine back then," Eyken said thoughtfully. "Will the empire be let down by the Rhine again this time? " His mouth narrowed like a line and his eyes also narrowed.

The question hung heavy in the room as the men left . . .

On the ring road, Hellfeldt bought a "Welt presse" from a newspaper stand. Standing up, the men read the latest news from Korea. The reports from East Asia said that the US 10th Corps, reinforced by the US 1st Division and the newly formed 1st Marine Division, had now landed in Inchon, west of Seoul, in a major operation and had captured Kim po airfield and immediately afterwards the capital Seoul. At the same time, the South Korean troops had launched an attack together with American units on the Naktong River.

"May God continue to stand by the South Koreans," Hellfeldt concluded as they read through the paper together. He folded up the newspaper and pocketed it. They continued on their way in silence.

Afterwards, they sat together for a long evening with Hellfeldt's comrades. The host and his wife listened with rapt interest to the brief accounts of their visitors' experiences. Teske then talked about his own fate, which had taken him to a post-war internment camp. All kinds of people were crammed together in this camp.

"The war almost brought about a complete reversal of the situation in the last few days," he said. The increasingly rapid advance of the Soviets towards the West and the reports of atrocities increasingly frightened insightful circles in the Western powers. While the Gestapo in the Bohemian Protectorate and in Poland, which was still under its control, attempted to crack down ever more severely, the German defence had already been in contact with the partisan groups of the Czech resistance since December 1944 and even informed them of the Gestapo's planned actions. From the point of view of the Canaris people, this was intended to enable German forces and the partisans to co-exist against the Bolsheviks. These partisan organisations had been commissioned by the Western powers for some time to capture and paralyse the activities of the communist infiltration. The Czechs had received news that contact had been established via Switzerland between

between General Patton and Field Marshal Rommel. The American general had shown his willingness to march against the Soviets together with Rommel, even against the will of the American government in Washington. There were also forces in London that were in favour of such a turn of events. Patton's intention suffered a brief setback when Rommel died in June 1944. The assumption that the Field Marshal had sided with the German resistance against Hitler was false. However, this rumour benefited the Allies in every respect. The little-known truth was that an officer belonging to the Stauffenberg circle had sought out the Field Marshal in a château in France and tried to win him over to the conspiracy. This request was brusquely rejected by Rommel with the remark that he considered such plans to be reprehensible during the war. However, Patton did not give up after Rommel's death. When rumours of his plans reached Washington, the Jews were immediately up in arms. Their people in the CIC were instructed to see to the general's removal. Meanwhile, Czech forces under General Prchala and Polish groups under General Anders were ready for a joint front turn together with the Germans

In April 1944, a Polish parliamentarian crossed the main battle line in the area of Kampfgruppe Bode and reported to the 'Südstern' reporting centre. He was taken to Rome and asked by General Anders whether a reasonable solution could be found for Poland if Germany won the war. In the event of a binding agreement, the Polish corps would join the Germans and fight against the Soviets on the eastern front. This offer was rejected in Berlin. General Vietinghoff then reported to Himmler, but nothing more could be done. Czech groups also planned the elimination of the High Degree Mason Benes, who, as an adviser to his High Degree brothers Roosevelt and later Truman, had been aware of the intended attack by the American troops against the armies of his close friend, the Soviet Union.

Stalin fought fiercely. ...

Benes had already visited his friend Stalin in 1943 against the wishes of the Czech government in exile and England and agreed a post-war order with him. This unauthorised action led to a rift between Benes and the Czech government in exile as well as with General Prchala. The Czech exiles were not only pro-American, but the vast majority of them were also anti-communist. By this time, however, the American CIC had also been informed of the Patton Plan by confidants. The people in this secret service

Jewish circles betrayed the agreement with Rommel to Hitler via contact points in Switzerland. The Czech anti-communists were convinced that Rommel had been liquidated rather than killed in an accident. Patton, on the other hand, was given a reprieve as he was considered a strong man and was still needed at the time. Warnings from Washington and Rommel's death made him cautious. He held back, but without changing his mind. A few months after the end of the war, he met his inevitable fate. As he had resisted his removal from power shortly before his death, the Jewish forces in the CIC feared a military coup that would have put an end to their own political endeavours. Thus the dream of a new front against Bolshevism was over..."

Teske looked at his guests. "So Stalin remained the victor of the crusade. It is the most unnatural thing that ever gave birth to a policy..."

"We probably made the mistake of bringing Lenin from Switzerland in 1917 and transporting him to Russia in a sealed railway carriage," said Eyken. "We had to bind the Russian troops through a red revolution in order to be able to counter the increasing pressure in the West after America's intervention. However, when Bolshevism showed its inhuman face and, after the mass liquidations in its own country, showed a desire to spread to the West, German Free Corps joined the Belorussian armies still fighting in several places in the Baltic, the units of the Belorussian General Permikin and Prince Avalov. When the Red formations were defeated on this front, British warships from the Baltic Sea covered their retreat, which degenerated into a wild flight, and gave the pursuing victors an ultimatum to stand still. The unholy alliance of the Anglo-American West has now twice saved Bolshevism from being crushed!"

"That's right!" affirmed Teske.

It was getting late. The men agreed to meet at Jantz's next Saturday, to which Teske wanted to bring some of his comrades. Then they left.

The night appeared in a velvety darkness. The silver rabbit rolling in space cast its glow over the old imperial city and shone over the tangle of roofs into the streets and alleyways below. The night star gently masked the chaos lurking in the shadows of the tormented earth.

On the appointed Saturday afternoon, men were sitting around a large round table in a room on the garden side of Jantz's house. The landlord brought wine and poured out glasses. With his then high

Raising his glass, he offered his guests a friendly welcome. The men sitting in front of him thanked him. In addition to Eyken, the Fleming and the two Kaleus, Teske was joined by a strongly built Teuton named Hase, who had been a first lieutenant in the "Götz von Berlichingen" division during the war. There was also a lean major with guard dimensions who had fought with an LAH unit in Russia and had introduced himself as Koh in military terms. Finally, there was a short, wiry colonel with an ice-grey goatee called Urba. Men were now sitting together, some of whom were seeing each other for the first time. But a strange atmosphere of togetherness had immediately developed in the room, and nothing strange stood between them. Their eyes reflected a loyalty that bound them to an indestructible community. They all sat bolt upright in their chairs, and their faces, hardened by many battles, betrayed defiant determination against old blows of fate.

They were quiet and calm, like monks in a nunnery. After a short while, Jantz broke the silence and asked Eyken to tell those present about his group's return home.

Eyken complied with the request. He slowly began his report on the concealed final and victorious battle in the Atlantic and the sending of the U-boat flotilla to the south. After his experiences in South America, he reported on the jump to Hong Kong and from there to Korea, where rivers of blood would be shed again instead of the eternal peace promised after the end of the world war.

When Eyken had finished, the seriousness on their faces deepened of the listeners. They listened with great interest to the narrator's explanations.

"Each of us is a piece of the puzzle with a partial knowledge of things that are not known to the general public," the old colonel mused. "The combination of our knowledge and our experiences is gradually revealing the outlines of a big picture that must remain hidden for the time being. The significance of the last victorious naval battle in the Atlantic, of Point 211 in the Antarctic and of the flying disc bases in the Andes and elsewhere will become clear at a later date. And the report on the new war in Korea shows that the United Nations is nothing more than the former League of Nations, which came into being after the First World War and slowly slumbered away after a complete failure. This comparison will not change, because the first deployment of UN troops from sixteen nations is only for the restoration of the 38th parallel and not for the reunification of Korea with liberation from the communist yoke

in the north."

Urba paused for a moment, then continued in a softer voice: "For those in the know, the symbolism of the UN is revealed in its flag or coat of arms: the blue and white colours are also the colours of Israel. It would even be correct to call it the flag of the twelve tribes of Israel. In the centre of the rectangles, which consist of eight times five rectangles arranged side by side in a circle, above the map of the earth with the North Pole as its heart, is actually point 103, which we still held at the end of the war. The arrangement of the UN symbol clearly indicates that point 103 is enclosed by all the states of the world under the colours of Israel. Hebrew Kabbalism also refers to point 103 as the heart and centre. The four palm leaves at the ends of the two palm branches refer to the fourth letter in the Hebrew alphabet, the letter Daleth, which means door. The branches therefore enclose the door to the heart of the world and thus also to the gate to world domination. Two branches, corresponding to the second Hebrew letter Beth, as the word Beth means house, indicate the house of the centre of the world. The rectangular five rings of the UN symbol indicate the five-pointed pentagram, and the eight segments of the circle, each with five squares, are purely Masonic. The occult believers of the Beite Midrashim near Tel Aviv have now completely enclosed the Thule Hort 103 with the nations they have united and usurped it with this shown enclosure.

But as long as there are Thule Northmen, the world gate in the north will remain closed to the twelve tribes. At the moment, the situation is probably deadlocked at this point. The bridge to Asgard is still unassailably protected..." "Ultimately, however, we Germans are once again fighting alone for Thule and the North against the hordes of Gog and Magog. And it is strange that the fate of the world is decided on this front. And the main protagonists of this time-wide struggle are hated by the other peoples, as the Jewish writer Kafka from Prague was already trying to find out. He spoke of a community of fate, caused by a strange bipolarity between Germans and Jews. Both were, according to Kafka, hard-working, capable, but I would qualify that: each in their own way, hard-working and hated by others. Sometimes the Germans, sometimes the Jews or both are treated as outcasts." Hellfeldt saw astonishment in the faces of the others. "Well, let's admit it, the Germans really are behaving abominably these days. Here I would like to quote Friedrich Hebbel again, who said: "Many Germans now believe they are showing themselves to be patriotic - patriotic, haha! by using Germany as a spittoon, especially when they are abroad. That's also the case at home, where now

Strangers rule..." Disgusted by his own statement, Hellfeldt grimaced "It was hardly any different at the time of the Confederation of the Rhine," Hase now interjected. "And yet the empire remained. The barking dogs from the gutters of the cities are always short-lived. Generations come and go, happiness and misfortune are always side by side. But the empire remains as long as just one German believes in it. And the power that flows from Asgard to Thule is also in the soul of Germany, the empire!" The speaker threw his head up and looked around him demandingly

"A few days ago, on the occasion of a visit to the Imperial Treasury in the Hofburg in Vienna, I asked myself whether the Empire would be betrayed on the Rhine again this time," Eyken said contemplatively. "But under the spell of the old imperial jewels, I had the same feeling: just as they have survived all the past, they will also survive the dubious present and remain the treasure of an empire."

"They will," Hase confirmed. "It's no coincidence that the imperial jewels are in Vienna. Two more crowns are hoarded in the bosom of the old imperial city. In addition to the old and

In addition to the honourable crown of the First Empire, even if it is disfigured by a foreign symbol, there is the crown of the Habsburgs who succeeded the Babenbergs in the Ostmark and ruled over a small Europe until the end of their reign. And then there is Montezuma's feather crown, whose mystical power creates a strange connection with its country of origin. It drew an Austrian prince to Mexico as emperor. The New Order of the Knights Templar had also gained a foothold in this country. Why do you think there are three crowns in Vienna "

Hase looked around, pondering. "With the old imperial sword resting between various relics of a foreign doctrine, this city has the same significance as Widukind's Eresburg, Goslar and Quedlinburg of the early emperors of the empire

"We know that," Koh confirmed Hase's words. "But this knowledge will only be retained by a few people in the coming decades. The relics around the crown and sword mentioned in passing cannot touch these things. They are important, however, when they demand decisions, when people search for the magical power of the pieces they consider sacred. The Christian will understandably approach the alleged relics of Christ with reverence, the popular man the old sword of the empire and the crown. This crown is not dead, as the sober historians believe. It is the enduring symbol of the German emperor or kingship, which in due course will replace the failing and chaotic forms of the

must replace mob rule. A rabble cannot lead! And it is precisely the German who needs a duke who goes before him and whom he can follow with trust and loyalty. This lies in his popular nature and goes back to the mystical twilight of his Atlantic past."

"The radiant power of religious relics should not be underestimated, precisely because of the decisions they demand," Hellfeldt objected. "They are also able to cast a spell over thinking and mature people and influence their paths."

"Certainly," Koh admitted. "But superstition has always blossomed in strange ways. And a Jesuit priest called Baumann even coined the phrase in the 1920s that all things are possible for those who believe. This is the basis of rigid dogmas and the influencing of souls by a church that declares itself to be infallible. Kurt Eggers said years ago that the cross always calls the weary and burdened to gather. On the other hand, however, the strong gather to overcome the millennium with the sign of the fish. While the strong are free, the moralists walk on crutches. They draw strength from the supposed spell of religious antiquities and shy away from the sword that ensures freedom for the strong as long as they are able to wield it. This is the only way to understand the veneration of relics by the weak."

"There are plenty of relics," Krall interjected sarcastically.

"Certainly," Koh nodded. "With regard to their significance, let's remember that the French King Louis the Saint, for example, lost two crusades, but was nevertheless happy that he brought home a few splinters of the cross of Christ, nails, a sponge of vinegary washing water and even a crown of thorns and a purple robe from the Holy Land for a huge sum of money. And this went on for centuries. There are a whole host of things that have been found after more than a thousand years up to the present day. For example, an emerald bowl suddenly turned up from which Christ ate the sacrificial lamb and which King Solomon is said to have given to the Queen of Sheba. The chalice from the Last Supper was also found, along with remnants of bread from Jesus' table. Then there were old dice that the Roman legionnaires played with around Christ's skirt. Other finds included a comb with hair and shirts of the Virgin Mary. Dried drops of Christ's blood also turned up, and soon there were whole bottles full of it. Legend has it that Nicodemus collected some of Christ's blood after he was taken down from the cross and performed miracles with it. When he was persecuted by the Jews, he hid some of the holy blood in a bird's beak and put a short written message in it. He then threw this beak into the sea. Later, miraculously, it landed on the coast of Normandy. At this time, there was a hunting party

The hunters suddenly came across their hunting dogs, which had run ahead and were crouching peacefully with a stag in front of the landed beak. Moved by this miracle, the Duke of Normandy immediately had a monastery built on the site, which was given the name Bec, meaning beak. Subsequently, a feather from the wing of the archangel Gabriel, a shield and dagger of the archangel Michael, with which he is said to have fought the devil, a bottle of Egyptian darkness, a box containing a little breath of the Lord and, in another, a remnant of the sound of the bells that were rung at Jesus' entry into Jerusalem were found at some place. Also found were the Messiah's nappies, Joseph's little trousers and his carpenter's tools, as well as one of Judas' thirty pieces of silver and his purse and lantern. Then the pole on which the crowing cock had sat to awaken Peter's conscience and several feathers of his plumage were discovered. A holy skirt hangs in Trier, and so it goes on."

"Can that be possible," Krall muttered a little hoarsely.

Koh ignored the Hamburg man's objection and continued: "A number of Old Testament legends were added to the New Testament. The hammer of David emerged, the staff of Moses with which he is said to have parted the Red Sea and several other things. During the pilgrimages to the Holy Land, there were also pilgrimages to the dunghill where Job is said to have sat. So it turns out that the relics in the Vienna treasury are only a very small fraction of the mass that is supposed to substantiate the dogma of the churches."

"Like the thumb of St Mark, for example," Eyken emphasised the previous remarks, "which is in Brunswick. The Venetians offered a hundred thousand ducats for it in the Middle Ages. But the good Germans preferred the decayed thumb to all that money..."

"Exactly," Koh replied dryly. "On the other hand, you have to bear in mind that in those days any unbelief was threatened with the stake. Seen in this light, the sale of relics could also be seen as a temptation from the devil. However, I would like to point out a special item in the Viennese collection of relics: it is the Holy Lance, to which Christians and non-Christians attach great importance."

"My companions and I saw this spearhead a few days ago," said Hellfeldt. "It is said to have a long history."

Now Hare took the floor again: "This spear is also known as the spear of power and destiny. The legend is linked to this spearhead lying on a cushion that whoever claims this weapon can solve its secrets and then determine the fate of the world.

world, for good or evil, in his hands. With this spearhead, a Roman centurion named Longinus stabbed Christ at the crucifixion

between the fourth and fifth rib in the side. This tradition reached the German Emperor Otto the Great and has been passed down to this day. Napoleon was fascinated by it, but the sacred spear was secretly taken from Nuremberg to Vienna and hidden before the Corsican could get his hands on it. It was members of the Teutonic Order who had brought it to safety. In the end, Hitler also saw this spear as a magical talisman to power. According to the legend spread by the Christians, the maker of the spear was the ancient Hebrew prophet Phineas. In the thirteenth century, the weapon was brought to Vienna by Louis the Saint after a crusade. In its current state, the spearhead is broken in the centre and is held together with a gold cuff around the middle. It is also wrapped with seven wires of gold, silver and copper, which also hold a nail from the cross of Christ inserted into a spearhead slot. The first traces of the legend begin with Mauritius, the leader of the Theban Legion, who was a Manichean Christian and was executed by the Roman Emperor Maximianus for his confession. At his death, Mauritius is said to have held this spear firmly in his hand. The Christian-influenced interpretation of this event suggests that the passive resistance of Mauritius and the six thousand Roman legionaries who followed him broke the power of the Roman gods and allowed Christianity to begin its triumphal march. Later, the Emperor Constantine the Great claimed that he had held the spear of power in his hands at the fateful battle at the Milvian Bridge outside Rome and therefore had providence on his side. Christianity was then declared the Roman state religion. When he then founded the new Eastern Rome on the Bosphorus, he is said to have held the spear in front of him and said: 'I follow in the steps of him who goes before me'. It is then said that Theodosius used the magic spear to pacify the Goths, then Alaric the Bold received it, and later Theodosius is said to have used the spear again to repel the Hun hordes of Attila. Justinianus used the magical power of religion for his disastrous decisions. Subsequently, Charles Martel claimed to have defeated the Arabs at Poitiers with the help of the Longinus spear. A special meaning was attached to the possession of the spear by Emperor Charles, the Slayer of the Saxons, who linked the foundation of his dynasty with the power of the Holy Spear and attributed to it the victories at his forty-seven

wars. Charlemagne firmly believed in the gift of clairvoyance transmitted to him through the weapon, and he always kept it within reach. After him, Otto the Great and four other Saxon emperors relied on the power of the spear. So did the Hohenstaufen, especially Barbarossa, Emperor Redbeard. It is said of Barbarossa that the spear fell from his hand immediately before his death while crossing a Sicilian river. Courtly reports add to the legend of this omen, according to which several ravens always hovered around the tip of the spear during the emperor's battles and accompanied its bearer, but flew away shortly before his death. Frederick II of Hohenstaufen also considered this weapon to be a lucky talisman and a relic of power, which he regarded as the centre of all magically influenced thinking and to which he attributed his crusade victories."

"The power of this spear is the strong belief in it," Hellfeldt objected.

"Without a doubt," said Hase. "It was later Richard Wagner who placed the Holy Lance next to the Grail and elevated it to a symbol of the blood of Christ. But here Wagner, like Luther, got stuck halfway to fully recognising a Germanic wholeness. Both great men felt an inner awakening to rediscover the Germanic soul, but they lacked the decisive final link that could have lifted them out of a poisoned present. Nietzsche had not yet been born in Luther's time, and for Wagner, Nietzsche was too great beyond the mythological. Wagner's ethos could not bear Nietzsche's hammer and, moreover, he could not get away from his belief in an Aryan Christ. This is why Wagner had little connection with the spear, but more with the legend of the Grail. This will be discussed later. In order to find the origin of the legend and an explanation for the Holy Spear, we have to go back a long way: In Ras Hamra on the Syrian coast, an image of God dating back to the second millennium before the turn of time was found, which can be attributed to the ancient Bealim, which is the plural of Baal, from the pre-Moses period. This Baal idol holds a stylised spear in his left hand. According to Greek accounts, this weapon is the spear of the saviour Hermes. The Baal spear has a mighty shaft that resembles a tree trunk. This sheds light on the darkness of early history. The large tree trunk is undoubtedly the ancient symbol of the tree of heaven, a pillar of God. It is the tree that is placed at the bottom of a house, reaches up to the ridge and on to the highest and is not only the connection to the top, but as a world tree also the support of heaven. Another interpretation points to a horse post that stands on the path of the horses sacred to the Ger Manen, which return to the supreme being, the All-God of the megalithic period, along the tree path."

Hare reached for his glass and wet his lips. "The combination of the tree and the spear of the Baal of Ras Hamra shows the close connection with the old Edda tradition of the god on the tree, pierced by a spear. The find is a further piece in the mosaic of evidence for the influence of the Atlantic Nordic megalithic influences on the later Phoenician Baal religion. The tree spear from the Syrian coast is the death tree of Odin's self-sacrifice, of which it is said in the aftermath of the megalithic faith: "The ger went right through the body, and I heard wolves howling on both sides. These are the constellations of the Great and the Little Dog, which shine on either side of the Tree of the Dead. The spear from the tree is the origin of the Holy Lance! Each depiction of the spear refers to the weapon that passed through Odin's body and became the main weapon of the Ger Men. The legend of a spearhead made by Phineas is in itself a fairly trivial gossip if it had not been inflated into a false myth. Long before the Hebrew smith, the spear was already widespread in the Near East as a Nordic weapon and was by no means a custom-made item. Even today, people still speak of Krethi and Plethi. This term comes from the men of King David's bodyguard, who were mercenaries from ancient Crete and northern Pulsata people, called Philistines in the Bible. They brought their own weapons, the spears. Now it is said that the spearhead fitting attributed to Phineas was a weapon of the Roman centurion Longinus. Who wants to be able to prove that Longinus received his weapon in Palestine? Doesn't it sound much more likely that this Roman company commander entered Palestine with his unit already equipped and armed as an occupying force? Who was Longinus anyway? According to the old Roman saying, nomen est omen, he was a man of great stature. Hence a Ger- mane or of Germanic origin. However, it is possible that he may have taken a liking to a spearhead in the occupied area, which was offered to him by the Hebrew blacksmith with the Greek name Phineas. Longinus acquired this spearhead, which came from the earlier Pulsa Valley. It only gained significance and became sacred to the Christians when it was wetted with the blood of their saviour. This happened when the centurion wanted to test his life by tapping it. It was certainly only out of subconsciousness that he pricked the same part of the body as the tree spear in Odin's side, as can still be seen today in the stone carving on the rock to the left of the passage between the Externsteine, which shows the crucified god with his head hanging at an angle and the prick on the left side of his body. In other words, depictions that existed long before the crucifixion on Golgotha Hill. The spear of power is after

a magical companion of the Ecclesia militans and the princes in bondage to it. Alongside the secular symbols of power, it is their declared talisman of power under the sign of the fish. But the utilisation of the old spearhead as a relic and power helper does not erase the significance and meaning of its origin."

Hare straightened up and his voice rose a little. "Although the cross-bearers had banned runic writing and destroyed many pictographs, enough remained for a tradition of knowledge. The five-branch family tree, whose branches bear the names Heva, Embla, Helena, Frigga and Ostara, was also preserved in the tradition. Heva, Embla and Helena are Norse-Greek precursors of the goddess Isis, who carries the key to heaven, the Tau sign, to paradise in her hands. The borrowing of the name Heva for Eve in the later writing of the Bible is clearly recognisable here. Heva was the original mother of the Aesir with the apple symbol in her hand. This points to the apple trees of Germania, whose post-Atlantean spearmen preserved the remains of the high religion of the megalithic period for the longest time and tried to protect the sacred sites of the Externsteine and the Holy Land against the onslaught of violent Christianity. The trunk of the ancient Paradise tree, its five branches and the snake coiled around it add up to seven, and this number is the hagall rune. It signifies the care of the universe, the cultivation of the grove, the preservation and maintenance of the tribe, the branches, the race and peoples of the Germanic tribes. The tree of paradise, which appears again in Genesis of the Bible, is shown with seven branches, and this is the origin of the kabbalistic number seven as well as the origin of the seven-branched candlestick of the Hebrews. The hagall rune thus connected Ger Manen and Ebraeans, boar people, in a primordial battle in the mystical darkness of prehistoric times. According to ancient rumour, revolting primeval Ebraeans, standing in the dual law of the universe, were a constant opponent of the Atlantean sons of the sun, against whom they tried to fight with their black magic arts. In his Atlantis book, the Russian Besmertny spoke of a mythical primordial battle between two races that embodied the light and the dark. An ancient rivalry between the sun people and the moon people. The tree symbol of the Garden of Paradise, also meaning the staff of Hermes with the serpent, preservation and nurturing of life, is the primeval tree and tree of heaven. The tree as a spear shaft fits the tradition as a complementary piece to the spearhead. The magical Christian spearhead combined with a shaft, the tree symbol, is no longer a relic, but has been restored to its original form, a preserved weapon from the area of the pulsata people who lived in the Middle East. The obscurity of its origin goes beyond the Ger Manen, the spearmen, and remains a special piece from earlier times. The weapon attributed to it by many

The magical effect is basically nothing other than the feeling of a pole of power, an intermediary to the power from above, from the Supreme Being of the Megalithic Age. Although still claimed by Christians today, this spear of power remains an ancient, sacred item of the Germans and is now, alongside the old imperial insignia, the protective spear of the empire!"

The men nodded at Hase's explanation. The knowledge was with them and was therefore secure for the future.

Hase went on: "You can have whatever opinion you like about Hitler. But the propaganda ploy about a vagabond from a Viennese homeless shelter who claims to have submitted to the spell of the magic spear and chosen the black magic route to power is ridiculous. Even the contemptuously emphasised references to an apprentice paperhanger, to his poverty and temporary asylum accommodation, are nothing more than the rebellion of an arrogant class or caste. Even more nonsensical is the claim that Hitler was involved in black magic practices. From time immemorial, for many centuries in the cellars of Prague's Old Town, for example, it was precisely the Hebrews who practised black magic arts, and their rites are entirely subject to black magic thinking. The uprising for power with the ultimate goal of world domination with the aid of secret arts had to be countered with a defence on the white path. Those who knew about Thule stood in the law of the recognised higher being. Hitler was a patron, but not a knower of the inner Thule. The black magical advance to the pole with the white mysteries is hindered by the protective sign of the Black Sun, whose inner being is also white. The men around Thule also knew this with their calling. It will hardly be possible to determine why those in the know did not intervene when Hitler chose the Aryan sun sign as the symbol of his party. Ignorance in the choice of symbol harboured disaster, because the chosen party symbol turned the wrong way round and is regarded as an unlucky symbol that points to doom. The ancient Aryan sign of good luck rotates in the opposite direction, as is often the case in Asia. The Buddhist temples and monasteries in Central and East Asia bear the lucky sun sign, the swastika, on the gables of their swinging roofs everywhere. It was a momentous omission not to clear up this error in time. There must have been a reason for it. Did they foresee clairvoyantly that numerous fake people would take over a substantial share of power? Did they give up before the disasters began? If at a later point in time, no written record of this is found, the knowledge will fade and only suspicions will remain. And it will no longer be possible to clarify who really instigated the choice of the ominously inverted swastika symbol.

gave. It is possible, but not at all certain, that Hitler made this choice of his own accord. His mysticism was a split line. His first sources of study were to be found in Guido List, an intuitively gifted dreamer and romantic, and in Lanz von Liebenfels, who already paid homage to firmer ideas and already had a large following during his lifetime that extended into the higher nobility. This is where Hitler thought he could find the Germanic again. He also had a great admiration for Nietzsche, who represented Germanic wholeness. At the same time, he was preoccupied with the Grail myth and sided with the Christian interpreters. He immersed himself in the parzifal depiction in the thesis of 'knowing through compassion' and tried to fully fathom this Christian spiritual path. He revered Nietzsche and his Law of the Strong, but also remained impressed by Wagner's synthesis of a Christianised Germanism. It is the ancient law of nature to let the weak perish and to ensure the lawful survival of the strong

Only the strong are able to remain on the path to perfection, while the weak break along the way or remain in an illusory world of self-pity. Hitler remained under the spell of two schools of thought in his search for a consensus. The true secret knowledge of the Grail and a Nordic source remained hidden from him. It seems strange, after all, as if the transcendental above the Grail withheld the inner core from the leader of the Third Reich. Hitler was not the type of hermit who would have withdrawn in order to devote himself to research into the secret sciences and derive useful applications from them. He was far too much of a full-blooded man with an excess of energy and developed phenomenal powers for mass suggestion, with a special talent for leading the people. His sixth sense lay in the politics of his struggle to power. He left it to a special circle of the Schutzstaffel to go their own way with a profound knowledge. He knew about the white path of knowledgeable circles and lent them his protection. That was all he could and wanted to do. Just as the Parzifal legend of the Wagnerian movement was supposed to form the bond between Europe and the Orient, the Christian-underpinned Grail temple with the fire temple of the Aryan Parsees, by bringing Parzifal together with his half-brother Feirefiz, he also thought he could bring Wagner together with Nietzsche. In doing so, he overlooked the unconditional ideas of Nietzsche the Strong. Politics left him no time to deal with Julius Evola, whose modern studies of the Grail encompassed all legends and traditions. The true Grail, Evola concludes his research, is in essence a Nordic mystery with the doctrine of a supreme world centre, the most important parts of which can be traced back to the hyperborean

tradition. These later merged with the Ghibelline idea of the realm, in which the Grail is depicted as a lost but recoverable reality, where the realm of the Grail appears as ruined, devastated and in need of restoration and is associated with the legend of waiting for a chosen hero. Accordingly, the quest for the Grail is nothing other than the endeavour to regain contact with the mysterious centre in the north, with the Midnight Mountain, above which is the Black Sun! Thus the Nordic Grail is the untouchable secret of the invisible Grail realm, by which Thule is meant. The Irish Celts call it Avallon. There, their Grail King rules over the inner and outer realm as the guardian of supreme power. He is the lord of the pole, descended from Lucifer, the light bearer. The church appropriated the Celtic Avallon tradition and transferred the centre of the Grail to Tintagel Castle, where Amfortas suffers from a spear wound. Here, the spear of power becomes the holy Grail lance, which not only wounded Jesus but also Amfortas in the same place. The interpretation reveals the vulnerability of the Christian church to the unconquered paganism, the remaining power of the North. It is therefore the Nordic spear that proves its origin. The Grail Mountain of Montsalvatsch from the minnesinger era repeatedly brings to mind an island from earlier traditions, which can only be Thule."

Here Eyken interrupted: "In connection with the Grail and Thule, there is always a reference to the primordial Thule being a glass or white island. According to other traditions, there is also talk of a rotating island. This is the polar land zone, a northern centre of the world, the seat of the Lord of the World. That is why the Mongols and Tibetans also speak of Cakravarti, their Lord of the World, as the turning centre of the wheel in the north. This is the bridge over which I sought a connection with the Mongolian GUSDÄ MENEN Tudun in Korea. As far as the symbolism of the pole is concerned, the land in the north, the distant island, in the opposition of the bipolar forces of being, is regarded as a sign of spiritual stability in relation to the flow of water. The *mons salvationis*, sung about in the Grail legend as Montsalvatsch by the minnesingers, corresponds in the original interpretation to paradise, the *paradesha*, with the old axis of the world, Mount Meru, our midnight mountain. This is all in line with what has been said before. In the secret teachings of Tibet it is also said that the paths of the north lead YOGHI to final liberation. There, as it says in the texts of the Mahābhārata and the Vedas, is the *cveta dvipa*, the island of splendour. The ancient swastika sign or swastika, depicted in the right and left rotation, is, as previously mentioned, in
.its real meaning has been preserved in Asia. The clockwise rotation

actually signifies the theonium, the left turn of the demonium. That is why Hitler's party broke on the wheel of descending life, on the turning away from theonium, the sign of ascending life, which corresponds to the divine law of becoming. In the left-hand rotation lies the destiny of the passing away of all that has become!"

There was silence after Eyken's words. Some of the men were aware of these things. The others visibly tried to suppress their emotions.

Now Hase took up the floor again: "We see here the supremacy of knowledge. Hitler's attitude to the Grail was determined by a childhood memory. His youthful companion in Vienna was Doctor Rudolf Steiner, who had tried to make it clear to him that the Grail myth originated from a Christian root. Steiner had thus succeeded in concealing the actual core of the Grail from the later leader of the Third Reich. It was the same Steiner who accused the Thule people and leading clear-sighted men from the era of the Third Reich of being followers of satanic black magic and of practising black occultism. The suspicion arises that this was intended to deny the increasing activities of the ever more firmly entrenched misguiding forces in order to cover them up. These accusations not only lacked any foundation and evidential value, they were rather the spawn of a hatred of foreign forces. Those circles were also behind them who had fomented hostility towards Jews in the Middle Ages, who had caused Jews to be expelled or forcibly baptised and who had described the persecuted as a people of Satan. Steiner later fell prey to the delusion that he was being persecuted by the henchmen of the Thule Society in Munich, even though the latter was merely observing and waiting. In his visionary wishful thinking, he also described the spear of power as a magical Christian means of securing power. For him, Lucifer and Ahriman were the spirits of evil, as the dogma of Christian doctrine demanded. In this way, the seeds of hatred from the darkness against the light continued to flourish. It encouraged the increasing agitation against everything Germanic. And in the end, Steiner's fantasies were also believed, that those who were on the white path in the background of the Third Reich were doing nothing other than paying homage to black masses, reciting the Lord's Prayer upside down and other insanities. But nothing is stupid enough to be taken seriously today."

"Hitler believed in the power of the spear," Hellfeldt said after some thought. "Based on his understanding of the Grail, one would assume that he also saw the Holy Spear from a Christian perspective."

"No," replied Hare. "He differentiated between the Grail and the lance. The Grail remained in a visionary vision, but without having a lasting effect. Meanwhile

he firmly believed in the power of spear, which he had correctly recognised as the protective spear of the empire. But no one knows his secret thoughts about these things in the last years of the war until its end."

"We can and will never be able to find out," Koh rejoined the conversation. "That remains all the more a question as Hitler's condition towards the end of the war was worrying in every respect. His last loyal paladins, whom Bormann tried by all means to keep away from him, had recognised that his increasing deterioration was a consequence of the treatment by the personal physician Dr Morell. What the conspirators failed to achieve in July 1944, Morell did!"

"That was an open secret during the last weeks of the war! " Urba shouted excitedly. "But I don't know the details."

"These will hardly become known quickly," Koh said seriously. "Who would be interested in uncovering these things now? It was the physician Dr Röhrs, who knew most of the people in the Reich leadership well and gained an insight into Hitler's environment. He was therefore able to look into Hitler's illness, which was the subject of much rumour towards the end of the war. Inevitably, he came across the work of the personal physician Dr Morell, who was appointed to his post in 1936 through the intercession of Hitler's personal photographer Hoffmann. At that time, an examination and questioning by the Reich Medical Association had already been bypassed, whose verdict would not have been at all favourable to Morell. All the more so as he was a dermatologist by training and not professionally competent. Röhrs also learnt of the suspicions of other doctors working in the Führer's headquarters that there was something wrong with Morell and that he brusquely rejected cautious advice, which also concerned Hitler's malnutrition. They also found no justification for the ongoing injection treatments and secretly called him a bungler. But he was more than that! The doctors realised that he kept his medication strictly secret and that he destroyed the ampoules used immediately after use. The physician Dr Fikentscher, who also studied Morell in great detail, assumes that the personal physician was constantly injecting himself with glucose, which was only considered a good short-term tonic. He suspects that Morell's supposedly harmless two or three thousand injections of dextrose caused sclerosis of the brain capillaries and that Hitler's premature ageing, his Parkinsonism and his shaking paralysis-like trembling in his last years were the result of this treatment. According to a later statement by Professor Dr Schenck, Morell also used a stimulant for Hitler. This consisted of Pervitin

with the addition of caffeine and cola, which the personal physician had labelled Vitamultin. By giving this drug continuously, he then had to resort to dolantine and morphine to prevent his patient from collapsing."

"How could that be possible?" Krall groaned, shaking his head.

"Other people ask that today too," Koh replied seriously. "Shortly after his appointment as personal physician, Hitler also received pills containing strychnine from Morell for stomach complaints. Shortly before the fall of the Reich, Himmler had recognised Morell's criminal activities, but the turbulent weeks before the collapse left him no time to intervene. In this final phase, Morell's head was hanging by a thin thread. And Himmler also knew that the personal physician had strong support in Bormann."

"Aha, the name Bormann again! " exclaimed the man from Hamburg.

Koh ignored the objection. "There are witnesses from the Führer's headquarters who testified that Hitler had recently become almost addicted to Morell. Again and again they had to hear the call: Where is Morell again with his syringe? The physician Professor Dr Brandt confirmed a pronounced degree of addiction. After his capture by the Americans, Morell confessed during his interrogation that he had wanted to put Hitler under morphine at the end. At the last moment, however, Hitler thwarted the personal physician's intention by suddenly releasing him. The failure of the planned attack meant that the possibility of Hitler falling alive into Stalin's hands disappeared. What would have happened then is completely open. A macabre show trial with an ideological background would have been the most likely outcome. Dr Fikentscher, the doctor dealing with the clinical case about Hitler, does not rule out the possibility that Morell would have passed a Hitler pumped full of morphine to Stalin's henchmen. But it would also have been within the realms of possibility that the leader of the Reich could have been persuaded to reach an agreement with Stalin in the euphoria of a morphine rush. Such a steering would correspond to the meaning of Bormann's last speech to the occupation in the Führerbunker, which was not fully understood by the audience. He mentioned that all those who persevered with Hitler to the end would soon be rewarded with knighthoods. Bormann said that word for word! The aforementioned doctor commented that most of those present would have gone along with such a surprising about-turn, even if these estates had only been dachas. After all, Ribbentrop had already indicated to Count Bernadotte in February 1945 that they should now go with the Russians against the West. In such a case, Bormann would have remained the most powerful man in Germany with or without Hitler. And Morell felt safe under Bormann. After the end of the fighting, Morell was taken prisoner by the Americans.

but he was soon released without charge. He died in a hospital in May 1948. Professor Dr Brandt, another of Hitler's doctors and also an opponent of Morell, was charged and hanged by the Allies. This difference in treatment between the two doctors clearly shows that Morell was to blame for Hitler's final state and was fulfilling a mission. So much for the facts! " Koh had finished the report dispassionately. Only his steel-grey eyes had become narrow slits and the lines of his face harder

"It's wolf time now," Hellfeldt said after a while. "We are in the middle of a gigantic struggle between the dying fish and the coming Aquarius, the end of an old era and the beginning of a new one. The earthly cycle in the cosmic law is stronger than the plans of the black magicians. Despite all cosmic laws, the clinging to a passing power and the struggle for the forms of a new one are still in full swing, despite a truce that has now been established, and are even approaching a climax. A power borne by human beings is by no means subject to the whims of history, but is always the result of a constant conflict between good and evil by a purposefully placed spirit and its power of ideas. And this is where the manipulated spirit meets the higher good. The power of the black magicians is impure, it wants to deceive and outwit nature, its goal is an end in itself. It can therefore only temporarily stand above the good and the higher. And that is why we must reach for the coming morning without shyness and with a commitment to power, when the great dying of the night shadows begins. Nietzsche remains the great seer who, with his confession of the will to power, spoke out the secret laws of life and pointed out that we ourselves are responsible for our existence and must therefore also be the real helmsmen of our life and existence. This unwavering demand of our will must remain connected with the goal of serving the higher order and the law within us. The law of the Godhead, of goodness! "

Eyken nodded thoughtfully. "If the coming time is placed under this law I have always spoken of, then the Night Shadows will also take the shady ones with them as they fade away. The age that is now passing has manifested itself with the sign of Pisces: according to the zodiac, one fish swims with the wheel of the cycle, the second in the opposite direction. Thus the German people were also condemned to a repeatedly disrupted unity. Its fate is shown again and again by the example of Siegfried and Hagen! "

"If we stick to the present, then Bormann and

Don't compare Morell with Hagen!" Krall objected, somewhat agitated. "Hagen thought he owed Brunhild his deed. But to whom did the enemies of the realm owe their deeds? With the empire overthrown, all forces directed against the north triumphed, as well as evil against good, which was betrayed from the very beginning. It was in us and around us, and we all fell into the jaws of the Fenris Wolf. The guilty and the innocent! "

"I said before that it was wolf time," Hellfeldt repeated into the awkward silence that had followed Krall's words. With a bitter undertone, he added: "Let us be silent about our knowledge today. The day is now over, and it is dark. It is time to go. "

"Wait a minute," Jantz asked those present. "I'll get my wife to prepare another supper! "

Eyken defended himself. "We don't want to be a burden." He cut off Jantz's attempt to protest with an energetic wave of his hand. "I know that women have a hard enough time in the post-war period. Leave your wife in peace now, mate! "

"Oh yes, the women," said the old colonel. "I must confess that the women who remained conscious of the people after the catastrophe in 1945 have earned my utmost admiration. You who have spent the post-war period overseas," he turned to Eyken and his two companions,

"may not know that many women have often shown more steadfastness than some men. The greatest mouth-breathers and despots of old discovered their ever-democratic hearts afterwards and condemned those who had previously rebelled against the domineering and arbitrary behaviour of those who now condemned them.

had. And they did not realise the shameful fact that women, deprived of their possessions or as war widows with children in desperate situations, were just as brave as their men at the front and stood upright in the muddy mire of time. The legacy of early Germanic times was reawakened in them, where they fulfilled the mission of their blood as guardians of the clans and bearers of ancient wisdom. This must be said in their honour!"

"I would also like to emphasise that," Koh agreed. The women have now been given major tasks alongside the survivors of the front. They have to help us create a new community that can stand up to the forces of the three-point fraternities."

"That is our obligation," Eyken added seriously. "No matter how small our communal cells may be today, tomorrow they will once again become the unity of our national body. That's all there is to it. Let's stop for today. Now is the right time to

go!"

A silent nod from the group was the answer

Eyken stood up slowly. He stepped towards the nearest window and looked out into the gathering darkness. Suddenly he said in a clear voice:

"Certainly, night has fallen. But the stars shine like the living eyes of God, and under their light we also walk through the darkness! -"

Once again, the wilful eyes of the dice of fate fell differently than planned. At the same time as a powerful offensive in Korea by the American General MacArthur, whose troops were reinforced by contingents from sixteen European and Asian nations, chased the communists to the Red Chinese border after recapturing the previously lost territories of South Korea, fate had torn the small community apart

Eyken and Krall had been forced to leave Austria. Hellfeldt and Vanhoven initially stayed in Vienna, but preferred to move to Salzburg. The Fleming had found shelter with a farmer for a while. When Vanhoven later visited Hellfeldt in his modest room in an old house on the outskirts of the city of Mozart, the lonely Viennese was delighted.

When Hellfeldt asked him how he was doing at the moment, the Fleming replied: "I must be happy because I have my peace and quiet on the farm, which is out of the way. I get enough to eat and have a roof over my head. At first you might think that the scattered small farms form a sleepy backwater where the dogs bark with their tails and the farmers push the moon with a pole. In reality, however, they have both feet firmly planted on their native soil and have retained their common sense. Whatever reports they receive pass them by..."

"I'm not complaining either," Hellfeldt replied. "Incidentally, I received mail from our comrades in Hamburg a few days ago. Both of them are now moving to the Lüneburg Heath to escape the snooping of the big city. For a while, they'll probably be living somewhere among shepherds and sheepherders. It's very nice there!" He gloomily looked out into the sky.

"It's beautiful everywhere if you walk through the world with your eyes open, but home is always the most beautiful," said Vanhoven musingly. "Only there should be peace everywhere."

"Ha," Hellfeldt laughed a little bitterly. "The latest news from Korea is that the Americans are now learning to walk. The Chinese red divisions have crossed the Yalu River and are chasing the Americans and UNO

Contingents back. The Communists do not abandon each other. And MacArthur can't do what he wants militarily. The forces behind the American president prevent the enemy from being defeated. An American officer of the occupying forces here in Salzburg recently said to an acquaintance that the US Army had been betrayed by the politicians and merchants in Washington!"

"That sounds kind of familiar," said the Fleming. "We've heard similar things before. Now the others will soon realise what's really going on in the world."

"Hopefully not too late," Hellfeldt qualified. "I pity the Koreans whose refugee treks are being crushed or mercilessly annihilated by the Reds. The same happened to our East German and Central German brothers. The people of Korea are just as hunted and divided as we Germans."

Vanhoven nodded sorrowfully. After a while he said: "We once spoke of how humans have lost the ancient law. That is why there is so much uncertainty in the world, and the black magicians have been able to unleash the dark forces of destruction and violence. The pull of the dark drags the peoples into a maelstrom of powerlessness. Deprived of power and consciousness, they ultimately become prey to those greedy for world domination. What do we do about it?" The Flame looked questioningly at Hellfeldt.

"With the growth of a new community, we are bringing back the law that was guarded by only a few knowledgeable people in our generation. It was of no use to the fallen empire." Hellfeldt shrugged his shoulders, his face rigid. With half-closed eyes, he looked out into the sky, then continued in a low voice: "I feel it: a great storm is coming, overrunning the shadows that form the darkness of the Wolf Age. The two fish of the ending zodiac are swimming with their mouths agape, one from east to west and the other from west to east. The one from the east has blood-red scales and the red fish coming from the west has a golden glow. A great fire is burning in Asia. This age of the last two thousand years under the unfortunate sign is dying in agony. The red fish will lose its colour in its last convulsions and turn to pale grey ash. The PAX sign of the transmontans, also impure and grey, repents too late of its association with the red fish. In addition, the Great Whore of Babylon, of whom Nostradamus already spoke, nests in various places. Under the blue and white banner of UN salvation, from three directions, in front of Europe, on this side and on the other side of the Great Water. But with the birth of the rising new millennium, soulless materialism and nihilism will be overcome by the new beginning. The

Good will be stronger, and the north will once again bring the law. The golden tablets of Idarfeld will be remembered again and the ancient guiding images of the Aesir will be sought. The ancient legacy of the Atlantean past will shine again as a bright light from the Midnight Mountain. And it will be as the fallen revolutionary poet Kurt Eggers seerically put it in words: Woe to him whose heart wavered in battle, It will break in the final battle. When the last stone is shattered, From the smoke-blackened ruins of the living spirit, A boisterous labour will rise.

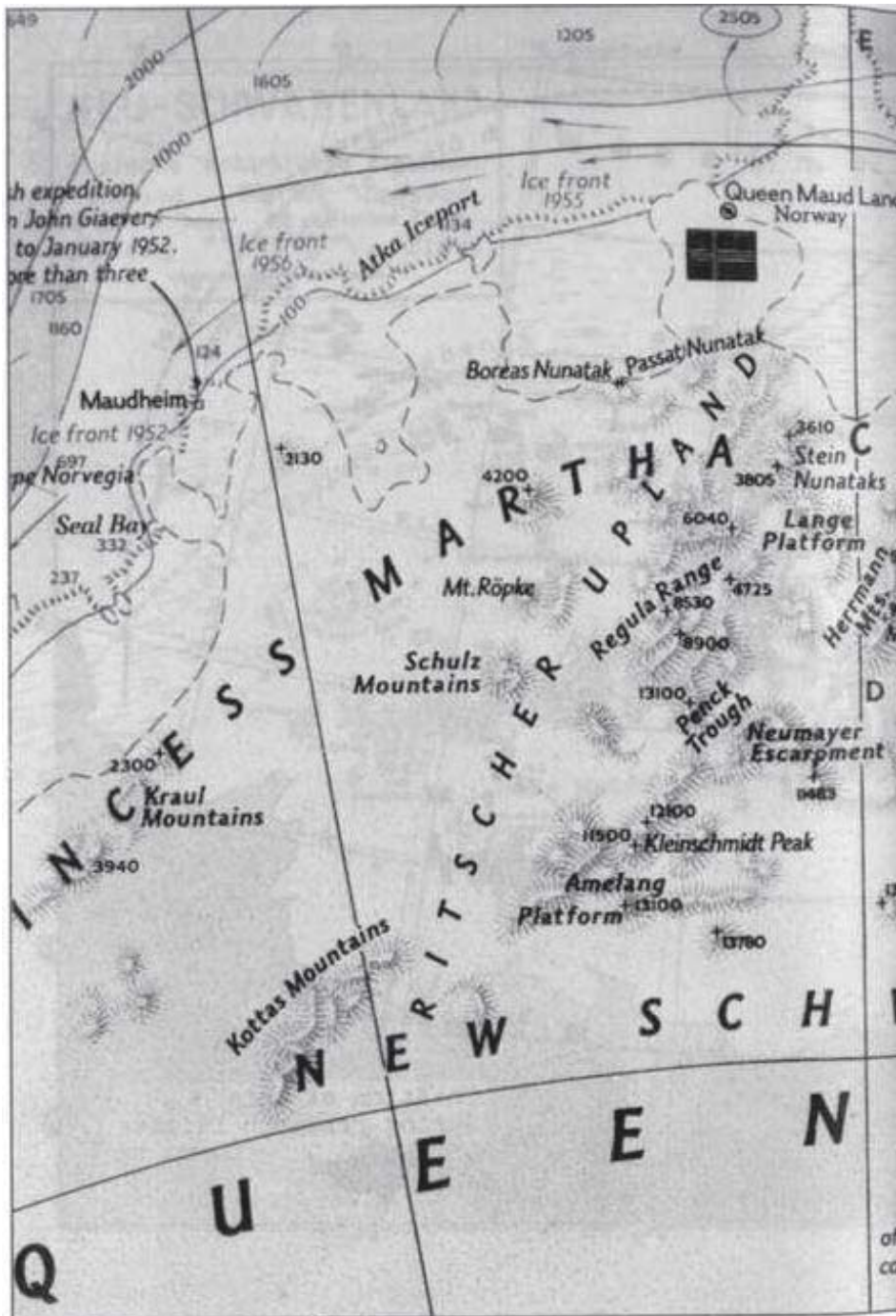
The last cry of death resounds in the first whimper of life of the newborn eternity And the song of life, exultant, draws towards the clouds and the stars, Marries with the harmony of the spheres And returns, sanctified by the law, To give birth, pregnant with life, to the millennium."

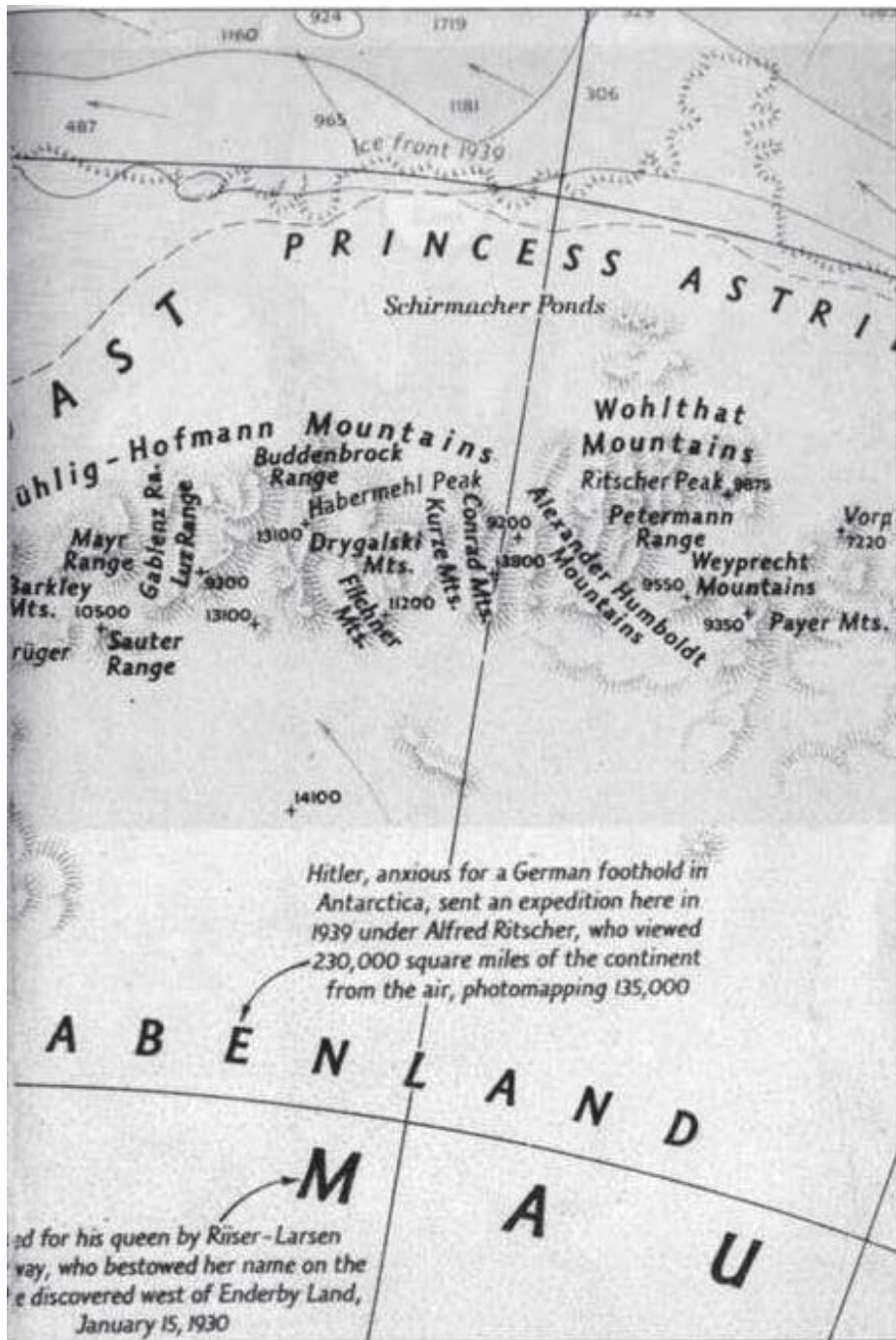
Suddenly the sun shot a flood of light from the azure firmament into the small room, bathing everything in gold. Both men looked at each other knowingly sol invictus the invincible sun!

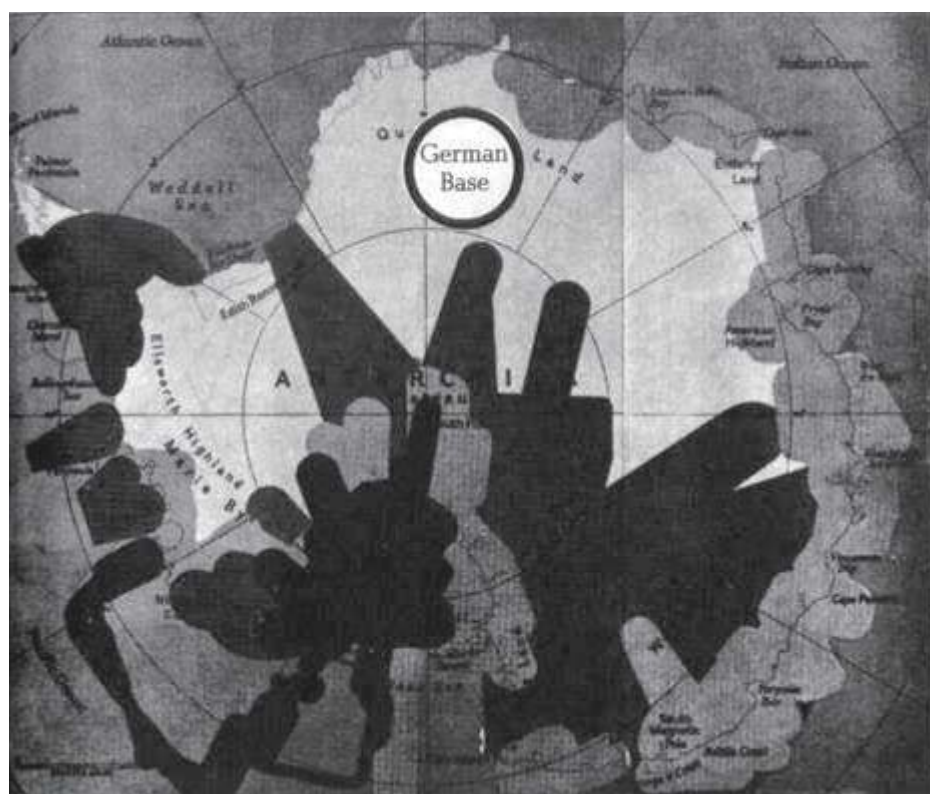
EXPLANATIONS

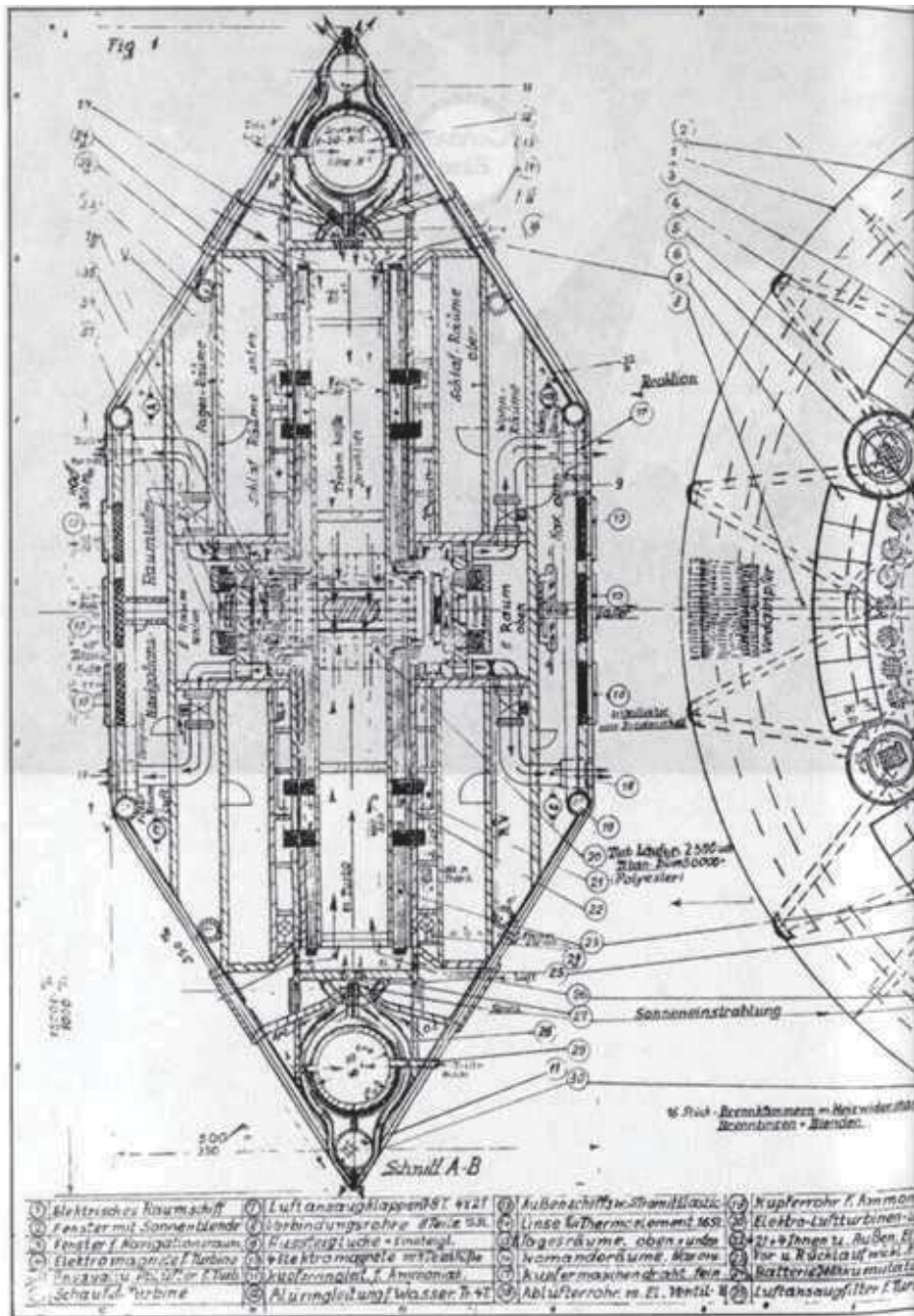
Kriegsmarine FdUFührer	OBdMOver commander of the der U Boote
I.	WHEREFirst watch officer
II.	WOSSecond officer of the watch
L.	I Chief Engineer
TWO	Technical watch officer
Adju.	Adjutant
CrewCrew	, crew (adopted from English)
For	special use
	MillisecThousandth of a second, technical measure
	AsgardGarden of the Aesir, the gods
	AgarthaUnderground realm, Indian Tibetan
mysticism	ShambalaUnderground realm of the Lord of
the world in the	
	Gobi
Midnight	MountainWorld Mountain in the north, symbol of the
Northland	
	KabbalahBook of Jewish number mysticism and number magic
Yarmulke cap of	devout Jews
Sanhedrin Jewish	governing body Khasars Russian Jews of non-Semitic origin Kongbi communist partisans in South Korea before the outbreak of the Korean War

MAPS AND PLANS









BERSERKER

BOOKS

