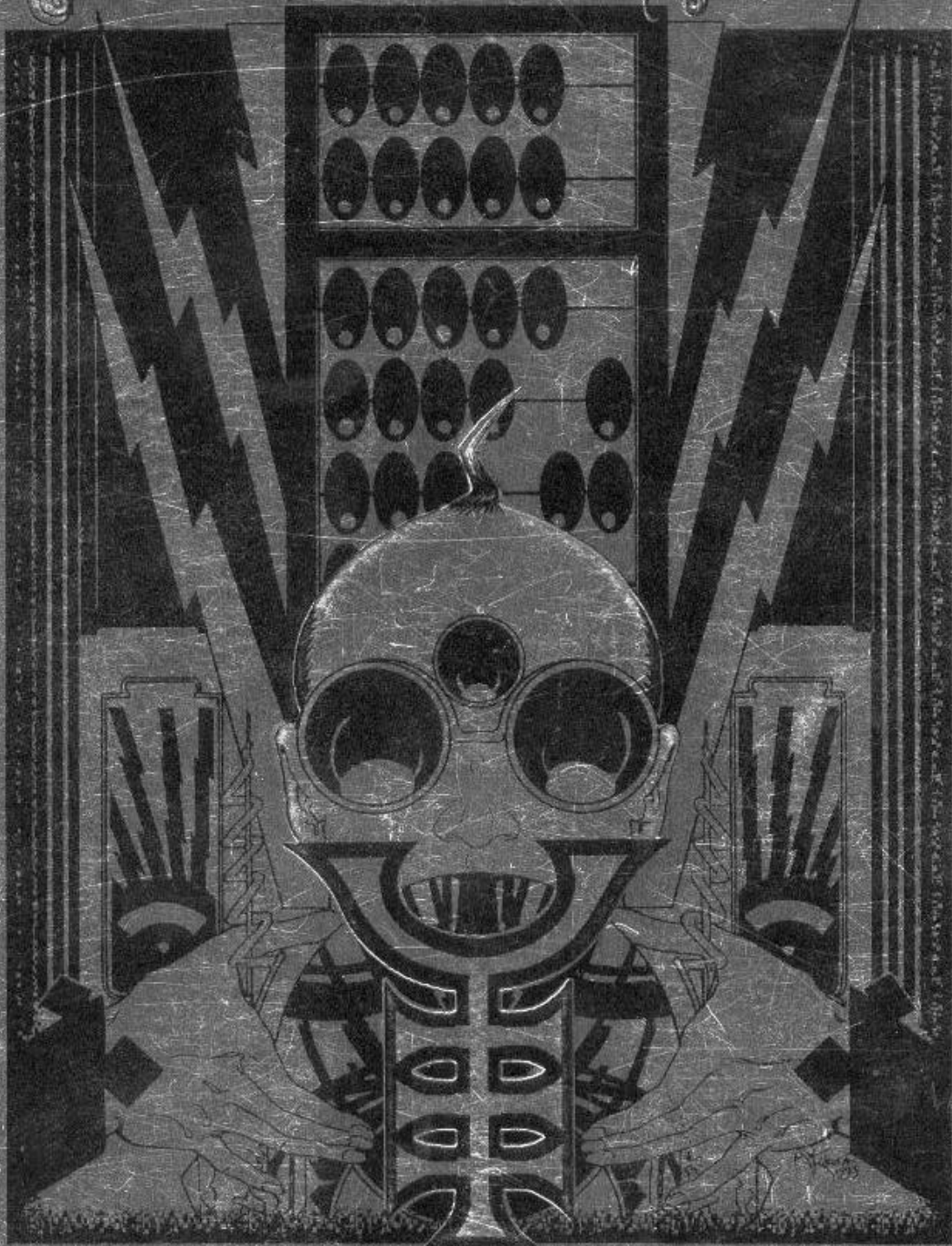


# Sons of Ether



Tradition Book Three  
for Mage: The Ascension

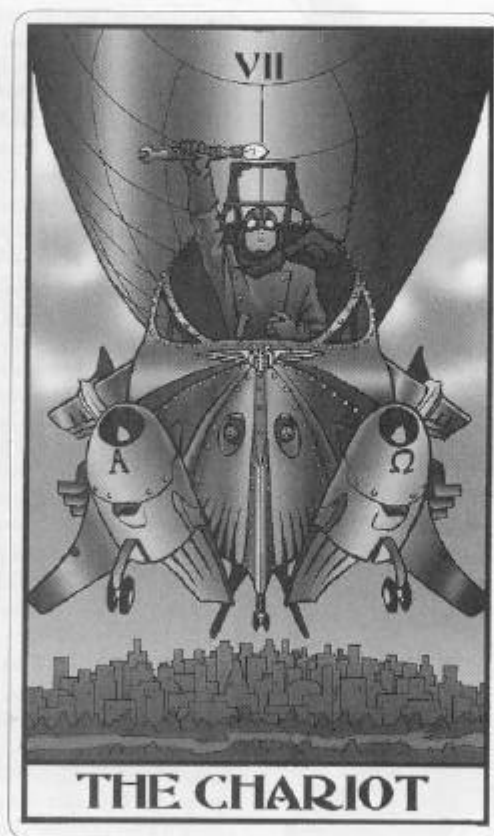
Special Issue

Volume 0, Issue 0



# PARADIGMA

Journal of the Progressive Sciences



Editor in Chief: Doctor William Bridges



# PARADIGMA

"For the Increase and Diffusion of True Science"

A nonprofit scientific and educational journal, *Paradigma* has served the Tradition since 1907 by publishing the results of Members' discoveries, research projects, and expeditions, adding to our knowledge of the Universe and Self.

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Thanks, guys!



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# PARADIGMA

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# INTO THE HOLLOW EARTH

A Doctor Eon Adventure

This excerpt from one of Doc Eon's most thrilling adventures originally appeared in both *Astonishing Science Stories* (April 1944), and *Paradigma* (Vol. 37, No. 1). The pulp accounts of Doctor Eon's travels were written by Joe "Lucky Skunk" Ross, one of Doc's Terrific Trio. The other Trio members were Frank "Bull" Barrett, a physics and mechanical engineering expert, and Simon "Sesquipedalian" Smith, a mathematician and astronomer. However, aside from his admirable grasp of electricity, Ross was a jack-of-all-trades and master of none.

The following segment is the final chapter of "Into the Hollow Earth." In previous chapters, Doc Eon and his Terrific Trio followed the Nazi Thule Society into the cavern at the North Pole and, after defeating the Nazi-controlled deros, discovered the ancient city of Agharta. Doc Eon and his crew allied with the Goro monks to halt the Nazi menace, but were captured at the end of the last chapter by General Karl Haushofer, the black magician behind Hitler's rise to power...

## Chapter XX: Final Gambit

Joe "Lucky Skunk" Ross groaned in the darkness. He groggily opened his eyes but could see nothing. Painfully, he shifted his massive bulk and sat up, nearly falling down again as the blood rushed from his head.

"Whoah... I feel like I've been shanghaied. That's some bruise I've got on my noggin. Those rats don't kid around with a rifle butt!"

"You're telling me," a voice broke out of the darkness. Joe swung his head around, trying to see where the voice came from.

"Izzat you, Bull?" he said.

"Yeah. We're all here. You're the last up."

"Yeah? What's Doc Eon been up to?"

"Trying to figure a way outta this cage."

"Hey, where are we anyway? I can't see my nose in front of my face."

"A most appropriate testament to the lack of luminiferous ether disturbance, considering the rare size of your proboscis," another voice said.

"I heard that, Simon. Don't be thinkin' that just 'cause I can't see ya I'm gonna forgive ya."

"Quiet down, all of you," a strong, deep voice said. Immediately, Joe shut up and listened to their leader, Doctor Eon. "I've slipped free of my ropes, but I had to break them to do so. Now, I'm going to loosen all of your bonds so you can free yourselves when you need to. But the guards need to believe you're still tied up when they come back."

"Sure, Doc," Joe said. "We can play possum. How'd you get free, anyway?"

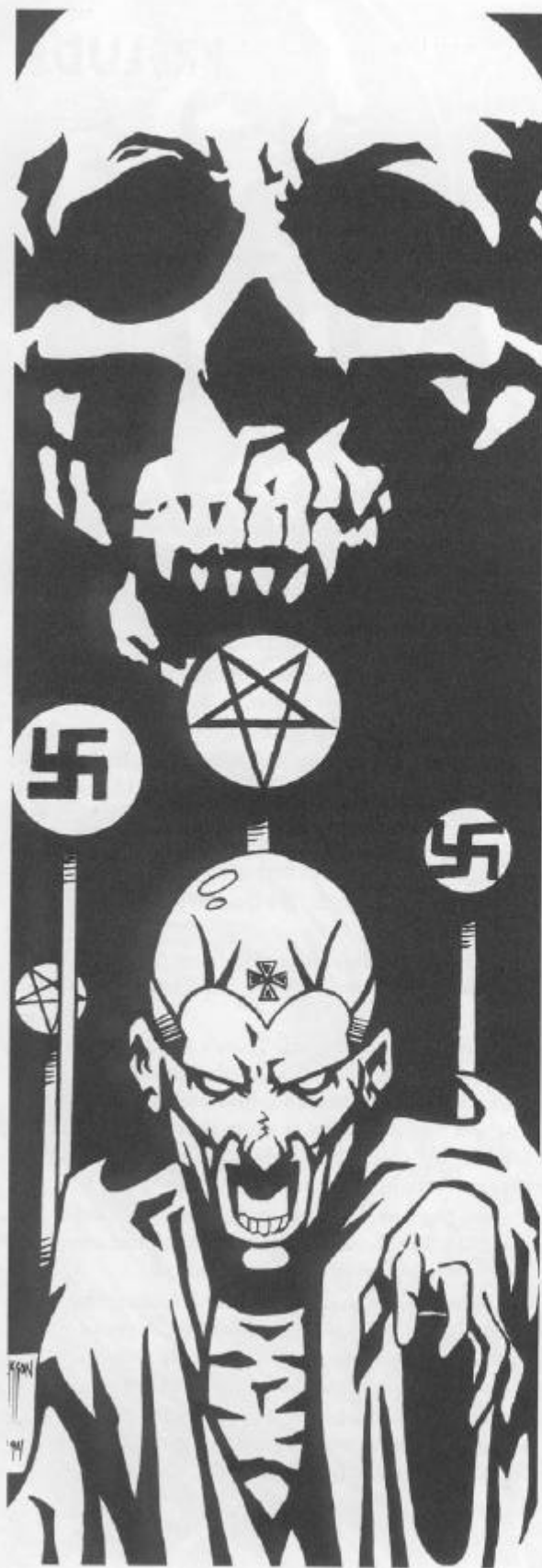
"An old trick I learned from the Eastern Brotherhood," Doc Eon said as he reached through the darkness and began to work Joe's ropes free.

"Hey, Doc!" Bull said. "There's a light coming this way. A torch, I think." As the light approached, Doctor Eon worked quickly, loosening his crew's ropes while making them appear as tight as when they were tied. In the flickering light of the approaching torch, they could all see that they were in a cavern.

The Nazis emerged from around the corner, led by Sgt. Grumman Strauss. He came to a halt a few feet away from the prisoners and eyed them suspiciously.

"Where is the Doctor?" he yelled, looking about and not seeing his prisoners' leader. If he lost this prey, General Haushofer, in his anger, would probably forgo all court-martial proceedings and shoot him outright.

"He's tryin' to get some shut-eye back there," Joe said, motioning with his head to the deep tunnel behind them. "So put out that torch, will ya?"



Strauss glared in contempt at the piggish American brute before him: "Shut your Yankee mouth before I shut it for you, you varthog!"

"Hey, that's my pal you're talking to!" Bull yelled. "You want to shut him up, you gotta shut me up first!"

Strauss pulled his SS boot back to hurl a strong kick into Bull — when he was suddenly thrown to the ground by a flashing shadow. The guards all shouted and drew their weapons, but before they could raise them, the submachine guns were snatched from their hands by the darting shadow.

"Vas ist!" they yelled. But before they could get another word out, powerful fists hammered the backs of their heads. They crumpled to the ground, unconscious.

Sgt. Strauss was leaping to his feet, reaching for his Luger, when Joe jumped at him, his loosened ropes falling to the ground. He tackled the Nazi hard, knocking the wind from him, and quickly wrapped him up in a wrestler's hold.

Doctor Eon walked over, no longer moving at Ultra-Speed. He reached behind the German's ear and gently applied pressure to his neck. Strauss immediately dropped into unconsciousness.

"I sure wish I could get the hang of that nerve touch you got, Doc Eon, but I can't ever find the nerves when I need to," Joe said.

"That's because your digits are too mammoth to accomplish the task," Simon "Sesquipedalian" Smith said as he shook off his ropes.

"Come on," Doc Eon said. "We don't have any time to waste. If Haushofer discovers the secret of the Smoky God, he could well destroy Agharta!"

Doctor Eon and his crew quickly made their way out of the cavern prison, with the Nazis' torches to guide them.

...

A strange tableau was taking place in the Middle Cavern. Lan Ko, high priest of the Goro monks, stood with his hands tied behind him, surrounded by severe-looking Nazis. Across the cavern, the rest of the holy order gathered, watching as their leader was questioned by the Black Monk of the Third Reich, General Karl Haushofer.

"You will talk to me," Haushofer said, "or else I will be forced to make an example of you before all your priests. I do not joke."

Lan Ko responded in a patient, even tone: "Do with me what you will, evil one. I will not betray Doctor Eon by disclosing the location of his equipment."

Haushofer's hand lashed out, smashing into the priest's face. Lan Ko crumbled to the ground, somehow maintaining a composed demeanor even as his nose bled. "Fool. I know you are hiding it. I need that Solar Conversion Engine! Only with it will I be able to harness the power of your underground sun, that which you call the Smoky God."

Across the cavern, from a high ledge, Doctor Eon and his crew watched the grim proceedings.



"Jeez, I want a pound that Haushofer within an inch of his life! Hittin' priests is awful low," Joe whispered.

"We can't act yet, not until we regain my equipment," the Doctor replied. "Come on, let's move. From Lan Ko's refusal to speak, I have to assume the gear is still in the pit near the Summit of the Inner Sun, where we stashed it after our arrival."

"Explain this to me again, Doc," Bull said. "What happens if Haushofer does get your solar engine? I mean, it's just an energy conversion device to turn the sun's rays into electric power for our ship, right?"

"As it is presently built, yes," Doc Eon replied. "But Haushofer has a Ray Projector of his own design. I believe he will be able to combine the two to create a massively powerful gun fueled by the inner sun's energies — a sort of fusion gun."

"Criminy!" Joe exclaimed. "With that kinda fire power, he could win the war! What makes you think he could combine the two, Doc? He don't seem that smart to me."

"Don't underestimate him, Joe. He's the mastermind behind Hitler's rise to power. And he has allies, the Mechanocracy."

"Those rats!! I see what you mean, Doc. If they're helpin' him out, then he just might be able to do it."

"Actually, combining the two devices shouldn't be that hard."

"Why do you say that, Doc?"

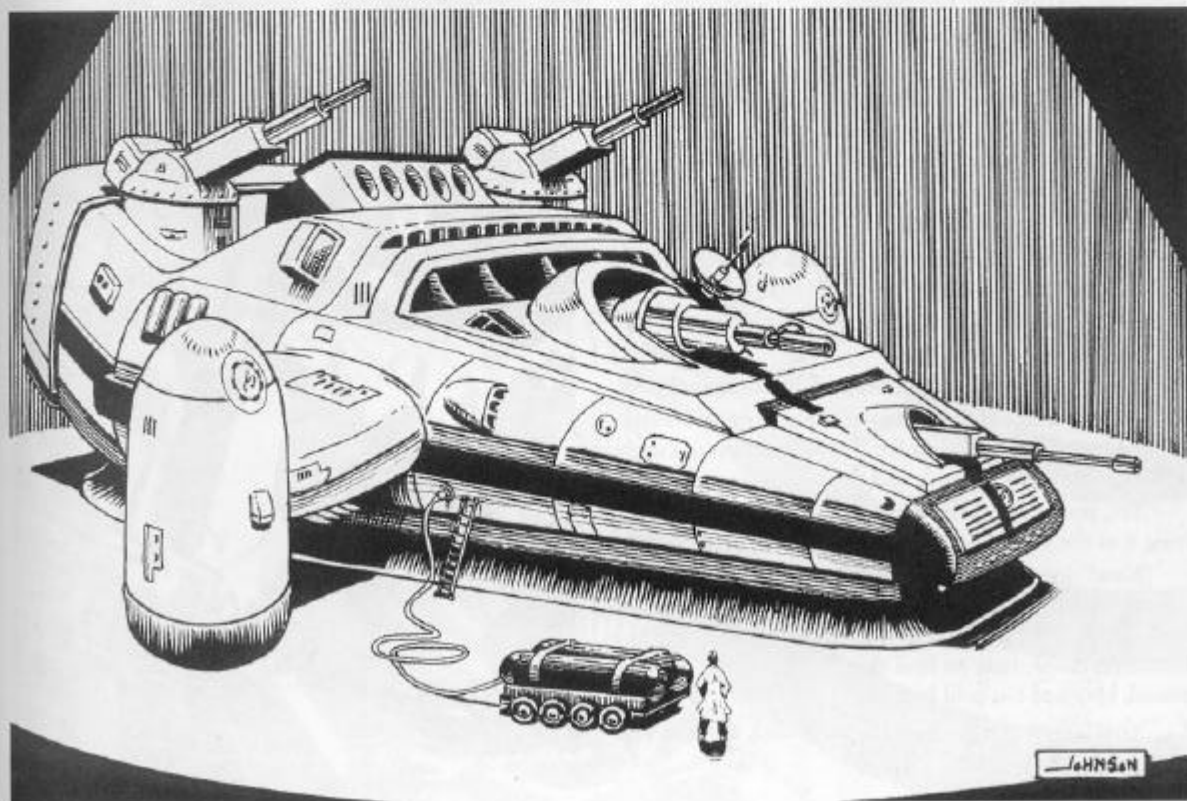
"Because I've already figured out how to do it." With that, Doctor Eon crawled forward, heading for the passage down to the inner bowl of the world. Joe, Bull and Simon looked at each other apprehensively, shrugged, and followed quietly behind their leader.

Soon, they emerged from the tight caverns into the green, sunlit pastures of the inner bowl. Suspended before them, although miles away at the center, was a flaming ball of fire, identical to the sun but many times smaller, providing light and life to the inner realm.

The Doctor led his men down the lightly forested hills and valleys toward the high summit overlooking the Great Valley. It was here, from a separate cavern complex, that he and his men had arrived in their Tunneling Tank days before. Upon reaching the small entrance, Doctor Eon carefully moved in, looking for Nazi guards. His Trio followed, ready for anything. The cave appeared empty but for the massive Tank.

"It's still here, and untouched from the looks of it," Doctor Eon said. "Let's get our weapons and take care of Haushofer and his gang."

"Not so fast, Doctor!" Haushofer's voice called out. Doctor Eon and his men froze. From behind the Tank, the Nazi General appeared, accompanied by three elite guards. In one hand he held a Luger aimed at Doctor Eon, while his other hand remained hidden behind his back. "Did you think I could not wrest the secret of this location from that amateur monk?"





"What have you done with Lan Ko?" Doctor Eon asked.

"Oh, do not worry, Doctor. He still lives, although he will be a vegetable for the rest of his life. Having such hard-kept thoughts pried from his mind was a painful experience for him."

"How did you—?"

"Do you think the Third Reich knows only tanks and bullets? Fool! Thanks to me, we have mastered the methods of the mind also. My Mental Thrall Helmet forces subjects to divulge all, as you will soon do, Doctor."

Haushofer moved his hand from behind his back, revealing a large helmet studded with coils and wires. "Put this on!"

One of the guards took the helmet and moved toward the Doctor. Joe jumped forward, but Doc's hand darted out, halting him. "Not now, Joe. The odds are suicide."

Joe hung his head. "You can't let them do this, Doc. If he finds out half of what you know..."

"We'll get out of this somehow, Joe," Doctor Eon said.

The guard shoved the helmet on Doctor Eon's head and tied the strap tight. Bull opened and closed his fist over and over as he watched, frustrated and helpless to act. Haushofer walked over to the Doctor and chuckled.

"Vell, vell. Now let us see what you know," he said as he reached up and turned a knob on the helmet. Immediately, sparks flew and coils lit with flickering energy. Doctor Eon grimaced in pain, his muscles contracting. "Tell me, Doctor, how does your Solar Conversion Engine work..."

The Doctor's face became blank. "The principle is simple, based on the pioneering work of Czar Vargo with his Air Engine..."

"Yes, yes, tell me more, Doctor..." Haushofer said, his face lighting up with glee, totally absorbed.

"We gotta do somethin', Bull," Joe said. "They're turnin' him into a zombie."

"Shut up!" a guard yelled.

"But what should we do?" Bull replied. "These guards'll shoot us if we move an inch."

"...solar panels collect and store the sun's rays..." Doc Eon continued in a monotone.

"And? What next?" Haushofer said, listening intently.

"...large batteries then transfer the energy into Tesla coils... Listen closely, Haushofer: You will point your Luger at the nearest of your guards and shoot him."

"Yes, yes, I shall," Haushofer said, raising his gun and firing it at the closest guard, killing him instantly.

"Now!" Joe yelled, leaping forward and wrenching the Schmeiser from the hands of another guard, who was too startled to resist. Joe swung it around to point at the remaining guard, only to find the German lying on the ground, knocked out cold by Bull.

"What? What is this?!" Haushofer yelled, shaking his head as if to clear it.



In one smooth movement, Doctor Eon flung the helmet from his head and slipped the Luger from Haushofer's grip, pointing it back at the General. "Your mad attempt to create a devastating ray of destruction ends here, Haushofer."

"How?!" Haushofer screamed. "How did you overcome the effects of the helmet? And what did you do to me?"

"You forget, General, I spent a number of days with the Goro monks before you arrived here. From them, I learned the Science of Om, a method of mental control. Normally, it is a personal technique for self-meditation, but your helmet magnified the psi effects, allowing me to project the helmet's own mental control capabilities outward — toward you."

"Clever, Doctor Eon, very clever. But it's not over yet—" Haushofer yelled and then ran from the cavern.

"Shoot him, Doc!" Joe shouted.

"I want him alive!" Doctor Eon said as he took off in chase after the General. He emerged from the cave to see Haushofer running for the summit edge.

"No, Haushofer! Don't jump, you fool!" Doctor Eon cried.

"Ha! You can't dupe me! I know there's a river below to catch my fall!" Haushofer said as he leapt over the precipice and quickly disappeared.

But he did not fall down towards the river. Instead, he found himself swinging through the air in a speeding arc toward the giant, smoldering star at the center of the world.

"No! No!" he yelled as he flew into the flaming ball of gas, flaring up in a bright burst of fire before vanishing completely.

"What the —?!" Joe yelled, as he and the rest of the Trio reached the edge of the summit. "What happened?"

"It would seem that Haushofer did not understand the laws of physics governing the hollow world," Simon said. "Odd considering that he and his Mechanocrat allies helped to discover them. Haushofer thought he was falling down, not realizing that in the hollow earth, down is up, relative to the surface world. Due to the gravitic pull of the inner solar body, he was pulled toward it, and thus fell down, into the sun."

"He was destroyed by the Smoky God he sought to use for destruction," Doctor Eon said, staring at the smoldering orb where Haushofer was now cinders among cinders. "Ironical indeed."

"Well, at least that means we can quit this place and get back to the real action," Joe said.

Everyone turned and looked at him.

"You never cease to astonish me, Joe," Simon said. "We have witnessed an amazing spectacle of physics and all you care about is helping to win a war."

"Hey, that's not what I said! I meant that the next issue of Doc's exploits hits the stands in less than two weeks. I gotta get crackin' at the keys!"

Doctor Eon began to laugh, a deep hearty sound.







## INTRODUCTION

# Welcome, students...

...to this special introductory volume of *Paradigma*. It has been prepared expressly to aid you as you embark on this, the greatest journey of your lives — the grand adventure of Science.

The Editors of *Paradigma* have assembled a host of articles from past issues of our prestigious journal, spanning a period from the turn of the century to the present day. Within, you will discover many truths and many controversies. Science is, if nothing else, controversial. But, as you will learn, this is for the ultimate good. Healthy debate must thrive, lest a faulty theory find its way into the Consensus and weaken the whole of our work. You will learn, as you grow in your understanding of our world and yourselves, that we bear a great responsibility, a duty to ensure that our Science is perfect. Only through this continual striving will humankind reach Ascension.

But perfection is not the whole of Science. No, aesthetics are just as important, something our former colleagues in the Technocracy have forgotten. Science is of the human spirit; indeed, it is its greatest expression. What is Science without the elegance of the spirit, without the grand and majestic beauty of existence? Remember the first tenet of the *Kitab al Alacir*: We create our own worlds. An ugly world only reflects its creator's image. I bid you, let not your works be ugly.

Your theories will be attacked, and if they are unassailable, your character will be attacked. They will stop at nothing to halt your progress, to prevent wonder from again entering the human vocabulary. Indeed, they will call you mad. Yes, mad. But wisdom waits in the eye of the storm. Only by passing through the hail of their insults and navigating the treacherous paths they have built through Knowledge will you feel the caress of volatile energy in your bodies and minds, the spinning dynamos of invention in your Selves and the sparks of intent rising to the thunderous sky of night toward Ascension. Only then will you be truly Awake.

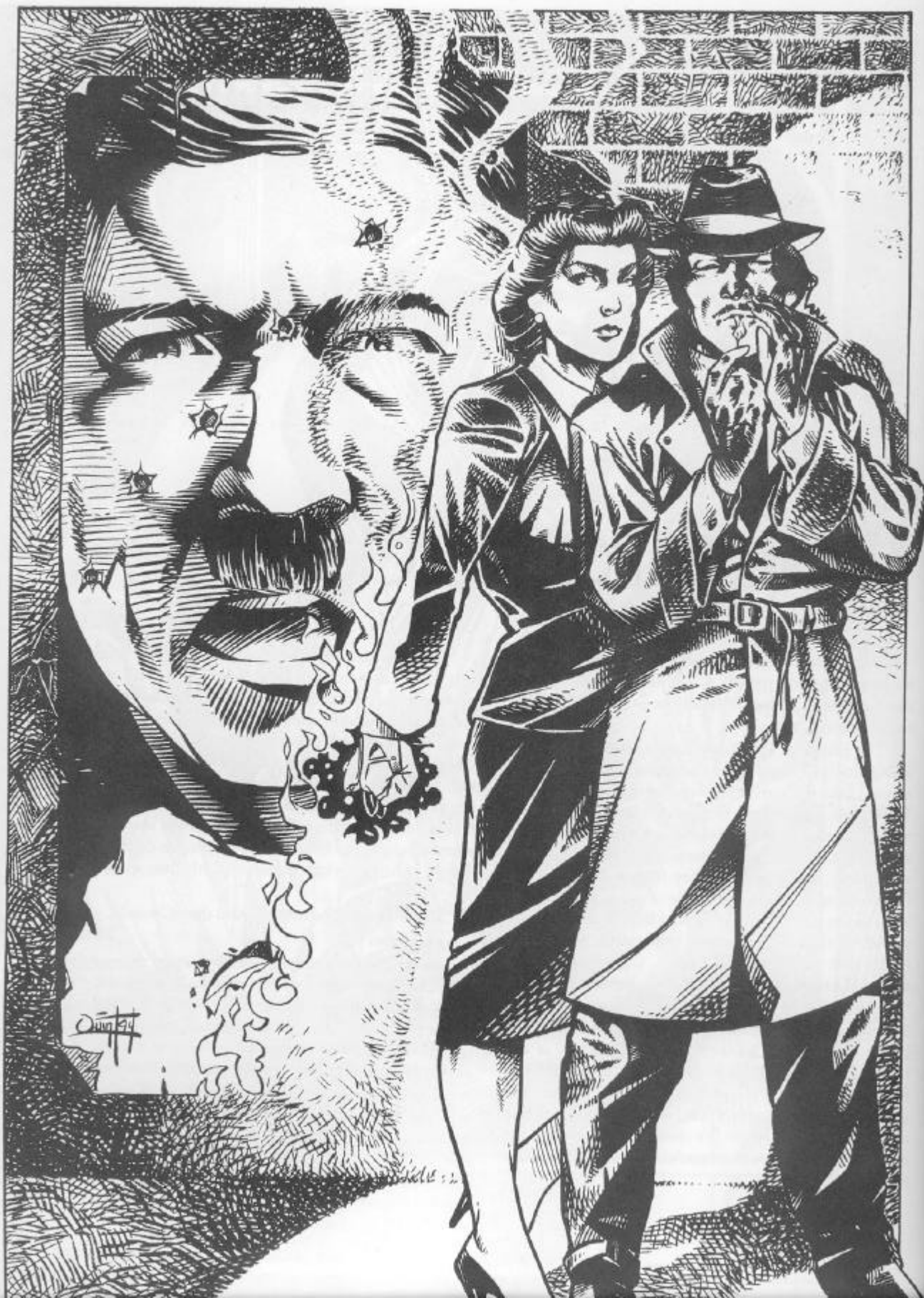
Read. Think. Understand. And then Create!

— Editors

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The ownership of the theories expressed herein rests with the individual authors. Due to past disputes over ownership issues, the Editors of this special volume have selectively edited certain details pertaining to each theory. The full accounts may be found in the issue in which the article originally appeared (listed with each excerpt), or with the author of the article.





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# THE BIRTH OF TRUE SCIENCE

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*I sing the body electric,  
The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,  
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,  
And disconcert them, and charge them full with the charge of the soul.*  
— Walt Whitman, "I Sing the Body Electric"

## Beginnings

### The Kitab al Alacir: A Historical Study

by Sir Lawrence Cabot  
[from Vol. 3, No. 2]

*I devise a theory. I witness the world, seeking the tenets of  
my theory. Proof after proof is delivered to me, demonstrating  
that my theory is true. Did I create the proofs, or does my theory  
only reflect the world?*

*A shepherd tells me that Scamander, the river god, is angry.  
When I ask how he knows this, he points to the rapids, crashing  
against the rocks, and says "Does he not appear angry?"*

*Is he angry? Or do we make him angry by believing it so?  
Perhaps he is neutral until we meddle. Until we will it other-  
wise...*

— Aretus, *Kitab al Alacir* (Lord Edmund translation)

All members of our Tradition are familiar with the *Kitab al Alacir*, but few are fully cognizant of the history of this most pivotal work and its immense influence, not just upon our Tradition, but upon the world. In fact, Aristotle himself studied the scroll (he translated it into Greek) and it greatly influenced his metaphysics, leading to his realization of the existence of the Fifth Essence: the Ether.

We begin with excerpts from the debate about wise Aretus, the first philosopher and father of our philosophy. Aretus is the author of the *Kitab al Alacir*, or the "Book of Ether." The most famous English translation is Lord Edmund's (1900), although more recent translations are available (Fleming, 1945; Doctor Elektrik, 1956; and Forthright, 1981). The most renowned early commentator, Sir Lawrence Cabot, influenced the translators of all existing editions with his scholarship. And so, we commence with a selection from Cabot's article in the Summer, 1909 issue of *Paradigma*...

Splendid confirmation, indeed, of the importance of the *Kitab al Alacir*. But there is a far more significant aspect of the scroll, one that revolutionizes history itself. We have long believed that Thales was the first philosopher; the first Greek to ask consequential questions about the world around him and attempt to formulate consistent answers. The *Kitab al Alacir*, however, shows us that Thales was not the first. No, there was another before him. This pioneer, Aretus, authored the *Kitab al Alacir* and thus the founding tenets of our Tradition.

Who was Aretus? Very little is known about his life. What knowledge we do possess is the result of painstaking research based on the *Kitab al Alacir*, but also including in-depth classical study. We believe that he lived in ancient Troy and was alive during the legendary siege of that city, in which he is presumed to have perished, along with much of the populace.

We can discount the various legends that chronicle his escape from Troy and subsequent travels. One such tradition has him advising Aeneas, forefather of Rome's founders. This story is based on mysterious fragments supposedly

salvaged from Carthage after its destruction. But since we suspect that Virgil fabricated this tale for the pleasure of Augustus, we must discard it. The other notable tradition locates Aretus with Brutus, thus taking him to the founding of Britain, where it is said that he aided Brutus in ejecting the giant Gogmagog from the isle. Again, while this information is upheld by fragmentary lore found amongst Druidic records, the evidence does not fully support it.

So, we are left with the most plausible possibility: that Parmenesthes, a Trojan studying under Aretus, fled to the East with the only extant scroll of Aretus' work. This scroll was written, we believe, not in Greek, which did not exist as a written language at that time, but in either Phoenician or some Eastern script. We know that Aretus was well-traveled; that he could write at all in a period of rampant illiteracy is amazing. Parmenesthes is mentioned in a number of minor Greek and Persian sources and is the origin of the early confusion over nomenclature in our Tradition, as he was mistaken for Parmenides by the Arabic translators of the *Kitab al Alacir*, thus beginning a long controversy. Indeed, the only error in the manuscript wrought by the Arabic translators is due to this misunderstanding. I will explore this further in a future issue of this journal [Vol. 5, No. 1]. I will also explain the rumours that these translators were magics of the Ahl-i-Batin.

Since we can confirm this latter story with the most certainty, we must conclude, at least for now, that it is the true one. Following Parmenesthes to what would later become Persia, Aretus' work disappears from history for a while, to be rediscovered by Alexander the Great in his push to the East. An unnamed city was sacked, and a storehouse of ancient scrolls was discovered. Amongst these were Aretus' writings. The scrolls were sent back to Alexander's teacher, Aristotle, so changing the course of Western natural philosophy.

## House Golo

That Aristotle was impressed is a fact; he forthwith revised his view of the heavens, placing around all the elements the Fifth Essence, that which we now call Ether. However, Aristotle never revealed this scroll to others, and so Aretus is nonexistent in Consensus history. Why he did this is unknown, but it is surmised that the portions of Aretus' philosophy which concern the malleability of reality, those which we have taken to heart, scared Aristotle. He was afraid of the import of what he read. But he did keep the scroll, recopying it into Greek. It is this version which made its way to the Arab world, surviving the fall of Rome and the barbarianism of the West.

It was translated into Arabic (by the Ahl-i-Batin?), and this version of the scroll, the one known as the *Kitab al Alacir*, appeared in Moorish Spain, and in the late 12th century, finally fell into the hands of the Italian merchant prince, Lorenzo Golo. Golo was an intelligent and questing man who, besides being a rich Italian noble, was a young

magus of House Verditius. Thus, he was also a member of the medieval Order of Hermes.

Golo was enthralled by what he read. It opened the door to new possibilities, to new forms of magick — to Science. He returned to Venice and began an intense period of study. He attracted others who were also interested in the ideas set forth by Aretus many centuries ago. They presented their new philosophies before their fellow magi, but were scorned by that backward lot. Incensed, they split from the Tribunal and created their own House, named after Golo.

At the same time, unknown to House Golo, another group was evolving in France, led by the Knight Templar Simon de Laurent, who was secretly a magus of the Cabal of Pure Thought (today the New World Order). While fighting in the Crusades under Richard the Lionhearted, Laurent pillaged a minor city on the coast. In an old vault under the city's mosque, Laurent discovered a treasure trove of ancient Greek works, stored ages before. There, amongst the cases, he found Aristotle's Greek translation of Aretus' work.

House Golo, building their tradition on the foundation of the Arabic scroll, had the initial, perfectly reasonable, fault of crediting the work to Parmenides. The Knights of Laurent, however, who based their tradition on the Greek scroll, rightfully attributed the writings to Aretus. In a future article, I will discuss the fallacies that arise from linking Aretus and Parmenides [Vol. 5, No. 1; see sidebar]. For now, though, we will concern ourselves with the different traditions these two men built from the two different, but similar, translations of the same work.

Even considering the confusion about Parmenides, most theorize that the Arabic scroll is a more forceful translation, staying truer to the mystic content of the original. The Greek version, perhaps due to the bias of its translator, is believed to be less reliable in the mystical passages, but more so in the natural philosophy section. Assessing this today, we can appreciate the irony in that the worldly merchant prince wound up with the mystic scroll while the holy Knight Templar found the more secular scroll.

Our great Tradition would perchance not exist today, were it not for a meeting of these two men. Golo had begun trading with the coastal cities of France, and while there received an invitation to Paris. On this visit, he was introduced to Sir Simon de Laurent, and they soon began conversing. They immediately recognized the affinity between their unique theories, and after a long night of trading philosophies, realized that they possessed the same scroll, albeit in two different translations.

They sealed a pact, then and there, to unite their two traditions, to bring the two halves of the *Kitab al Alacir* together and forge a great new guild of philosophers. And thus was our Tradition finally born in the early 13th century.





## The Natural Philosophers Guild

Of course, it is a bit hasty to make such a bold statement. Our Tradition, as we know it, was not actualized until the early 19th century. Before that time, the various guilds, orders and houses which formed a loose union around Aretus' ideas were legion. The initial affiliation of Houses Golo and Laurent was named the Natural Philosophers Guild and it eventually caused Laurent's excommunication and saw the threat of a similar fate delivered on its various members. During this period the Guild broke up into groups, each advocating its own goals. Many of these factions added tenets to their philosophies which rendered them acceptable to the Church.

These various sub-guilds were key in establishing the Renaissance, the re-flowering of reason in Europe. These early Scientists, calling themselves magi, were responsible for many valuable creations ("discoveries" in the nomenclature of our former colleagues in the Technocracy; we know better). These include: the first human-powered flying machine (still unknown to the Consensus), gunpowder (in the West), advanced steel-making and many other brilliant inventions.

The story of how our Tradition re-formed after such a fractious split belongs in another article. It is worth mentioning here, however, that these two separate traditions, Golo's and Laurent's, also worked with different forms of Science (magick). As an Order of Hermes mage, Golo was concerned mainly with the Sphere of Forces, while Laurent's own workings in Science (magick) dealt in the main with the Sphere of Matter (and also Mind). Consequently, these two Spheres have battled for the top position in our Tradition over the years, with Forces carrying the flag during the 19th century (as epitomized by the science of the Electrodyne Engineers), but with Matter winning out when the Sons left the Technocracy and joined the Council of Nine. This has proved fortuitous, of course, for we now realize that the secret of Ether lies within the Sphere of Matter.

## Over the Wine-Dark Sea of Time to Ancient Troy

by Scientist Latch

[from Vol. 83, No. 2]

Over the years, many prestigious members of our Tradition have studied fabled Aretus and his wise scroll. But it is time to set the record straight. Much of the previous scholarship has borne the inevitable mark of the Consensus. By this, I mean that too many assumptions common to standard history have been considered gospel. But we know who writes the history books.



Did Aretus really come from Troy? Doubtful. This belief originates in the earliest conjectures of the pre-Tradition medieval guilds. But remember that in the Middle Ages, it was fashionable to assign noble Trojan lineage to famous ancestors, ennobling the modern lines through this "royal" heritage. I believe these liberties were taken with Aretus.

Given the new evidence [see the full article in the volume listed above for details], it is likely that Aretus was a follower of Heraclitus, making the early confusion with Parmenides even more ironic. Heraclitus and Parmenides are the two sides of an extreme coin: On one side, the world is ever-changing, on the other, it is eternally the same.

Therefore, it is possible that Aristotle did not translate any of the *Kitab al Alacir*, and that the Greek writings discovered by Laurent were the originals, not translations. On the other hand, it is possible that, just as Socrates exists only through Plato's words, we have only Aristotle's interpretation of Aretus' words.

Certainly, more in-depth, modern scholarship needs to be dedicated to this issue...

### The Parmenides Fraud

by Sir Lawrence Cabot

[from Vol. 5, No. 1]

It is time to seriously refute the preposterous claim of kinship between the ideas of Parmenides and those of Aretus. Parmenides' tenets were as follows:

1. *What is, is uncreated.* Parmenides believed that there is no nothing, that there is always something. Thus, something cannot be created, for it would have to be created out of nothing.

Aretus denied this, for he claimed that every moment is an act of creation — a very modern idea! And this posited by a Trojan, no less!

2. *What is, is indestructible.* Destruction would mean that something becomes nothing, an impossibility for Parmenides.

Aretus denied this belief as well. Surely, the Pure Ones were destructible.

3. *What is, is eternal.* What is uncreated and indestructible must be eternal.

Aretus did not deny this directly, but if it were so, it follows that Oblivion is an illusion. We do not choose to believe this today.

4. *What is, is unchangeable.* The ultimate, ridiculous conclusion. Drivel such as Zeno's Paradox grew out of this, the most static reality imaginable.

Aretus maintained that things change all the time, yet they often share similarities with previous states. Thus, things change, but sometimes appear to stay the same. Without change, magick is impossible, and so too, Science.



# The Kitab al Alacir: Metaphysics and the Mind

by Sir Lawrence Cabot  
[from Vol. 3, No. 3]

...The *Kitab al Alacir* can be divided into two sections: metaphysics, or natural philosophy; and mysticism, or a study of thought and its ontological nature. Rumours of a lost third section, dealing with politics, cannot be substantiated.

The metaphysical portion greatly influenced Aristotle. It considers this question: What is the world made of? Aretus concluded that everything is but a variation on a single substance, a single Essence. Writing and thinking far before the advent of atomists, it is not surprising that his world is not made up of discrete atoms or particles, as science proposes today. Whereas successive Greek philosophers reduced the world to a single elemental substance, such as Water (Thales) or Fire (Heraclitus), Aretus claimed that all "elements" are but facets of the Essence. Thus, the world was One for Aretus, and, he deduced, became Many through the action of the mind.

Aristotle took this Essence and placed it within his own natural philosophy as the Fifth Essence, which was later called Ether. It surrounds all the other elements: Earth, Air, Water and Fire. Why Aristotle denied the rest of Aretus' philosophy is unknown, but there are many presumptions.

(I will discuss the more technical matter of the rumoured Tenth Sphere of Ether later. According to study of the *Kitab al Alacir*, Aretus seems to have mastered this nonexistent Sphere. Arguments abound, however, and some claim he is actually speaking of the Spirit or Mind Sphere, but possessed not the words to write of them as such.) [See Vol. 7, No. 4]

Aretus' understanding of this Essence is developed in the second section of the book, that which we label as the mystic section. Aretus held that there are differentiations within the Essence, although everything is made up of Essence. Thus, there can be individuals, whether plant (an oak), animal (a tiger) or human (you and I).

There is some speculation, based on hints in the text and theories concerning the "lost section," that Aretus did not believe that every person is equally differentiated. Hence, it follows that there are people of little imaginative or creative capacity who follow life in a particular, highly focused form, similar to how a lion is never more than a lion: It will always act like a lion and does not ever rise above itself. So, certain people are simply Warriors, or Servants, or Kings. But there are those who, being more differentiated, can be more creative. These are Philosophers.

The hypothesis regarding the "lost section" is that it details the ideal division of labor in a state, based on the degree of differentiation in each person.

Before we judge this issue too harshly, let us put the argument in a modern form familiar to the Traditions of the Council of Nine: Everything is One, except for the differentiation of the Pure Ones, who further divide into many diverse Avatars and beings. Those with a very little differentiated, or inactive, Avatar are called Sleepers, while those with a higher degree of differentiation, or activation (or creative capacity in Aretus' version), are the Awakened. An amazingly modern formulation, eh?

To return to the mystical portion, the heart of Aretus' philosophy, as we see it today: Aretus recognized no division between mind and body, but unlike his warlike neighbors of Troy or the Achaeans overseas, he recognized that the Self is more than just the body. He recognized the power of Will to change the world about him, to cause fluctuations in the Essence and to shape the Essence as he willed it. This, of course, was viewed as magick, but Aretus is unique in that he was the first to set forth scientific principles for the workings of magick, and to claim that everyone has the potential to work it (even the lesser-differentiated ones can be brought to higher differentiation through Philosophy).

That the mind is involved in this process is no indication of a mind/body dualism, but simply encompasses the idea that the Self has a governing body called the Mind. The Mind is but a differentiation of the entire Self from the background Essence. The seed of many current Sciences of the Mind Sphere can be traced to Aretus' vision...

[The complexity of the rest of this article, with its emphasis on Mind, precludes its inclusion in an introductory volume. Please reference the entire article in the issue listed above. — Editors]

# Interlude

## A Much-Maligned Monster

By Lady Volt

[from Vol. 60, No. 3]

*But these philosophers, whose hands seem made only to dabble in dirt, and their eyes to pore over the microscope or crucible, have indeed performed miracles. They penetrate into the recesses of nature and show how she works in her hiding-places. They ascend into the heavens; they have discovered how the blood circulates, and the nature of the air we breathe. They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers; they can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earthquake and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows.*

— Professor M. Waldman, from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*

We are all familiar with the famous Doctor Frankenstein and his lumbering monster, and many of us have also heard the revisionist tale from the ranks of the Progenitor Convention, as set forth in Cameron's "Progenitors and Modern Culture." Cameron claims that the figure Mary Shelley used as her model for Frankenstein was a Son of Ether, and further claims that this Scientist stole the notes of Dr. N, a Progenitor.

Idiot! Those gene-monkeys didn't have the daring to create life from inert — dead — matter! This so-called "Dr. N" was the thief — stealing Frankenstein's notes and thus his secrets of life. The fools and their "discoveries." Nothing is ever discovered — it is created. Be honest and say, "My Creation!"

So what is the real story behind this confusing chapter of history? The doctor in question was named Waldman, a man some may remember from Mary Shelley's book as the professor who inspired Frankenstein to his manic studies. In actuality, he was a Son of Ether and heir to a large family fortune in Austria; it was in the mountains of that country that he set his laboratory and began his experiments with life. He was obsessed with the conjunction of Life and Matter, especially in their ability to energize and bestow life on dead matter.

Waldman was successful — he created life from a dead body using secrets of chemistry. The body was surgically constructed from many well-preserved corpses, mostly drowning victims from the nearby lake.

How did Mary Shelley come to know of this experiment? Of this, we are unsure. It is possible that M. Waldman knew Lord Byron, and there is some evidence to suggest that he aided Byron and his friend, the poet Shelley, in a struggle against vampires in the high moun-





tains. (Some Sleepers suggest that the Waldman character is based upon Percy Shelley's instructor at Eton, Dr. James Lind. We see no need to correct their theories otherwise.)

Some believe that Mary Shelley was influenced by the Technocracy in writing her version of the tale, as there is evidence to show that Byron's physician, Polidori, was a member (although a rather poor one) of the Progenitors. However, since the "monster" in her book is portrayed in such a humanitarian light, we doubt that they had a major influence on her. Perhaps the maligning of Waldman's own humanity is due to this influence. But this can also be explained as a consequence of Waldman's caustic and sexist personality, which Mary Shelley would not have taken well to.

Our best source for the end of the tale is Professor Elias Waldman — not the creator of the "monster," but the monster himself.

Elias, Waldman's creation, was every bit as intelligent as portrayed in Mary Shelley's tale — could you learn to read simply by hearing someone recite from a book? He did. The creature did have a falling-out with his creator, but this is the way with many acolytes of our Tradition. It is also true that the creature fled to the north. Mary Shelley's story ends there.

But for us, it is only the beginning. For there, the creature's potential Awakened. He returned years later and joined his "father's" colleagues, the Scientists of our Tradition, and provided many insightful theories before again disappearing to the frozen north. Today, many believe he has a laboratory there, where he continues his "father's" experiments into Life. It is perhaps a mystery which bears investigation.

This story is a favorite of our acolytes, for it represents, with supreme poetry, how the most low can become the most high. Is it not the dream of every young acolyte to one day wield the powers of her master? Professor Vorgel has called this social phenomenon "The Pinocchio Urge."

## The Age of Science

*A Frenchman coming to England finds matters considerably changed, in philosophy as in everything else. He left the world filled, he finds it here empty. In Paris you see the universe consisting of vortices of subtle matter; in London nothing is seen of this. With us it is the pressure of the moon which causes the tides of the sea; with the English it is the sea which gravitates towards the moon...*

— Voltaire, "Letters from London on the English" (1720s), on the subtle battle between the Cartesians and the Newtonians

### What Is Ether?

by Doctor  $\pi$

[from Vol. 2, No. 1]

*The variety of the phenomena for which the ether hypothesis offers the only explanation that modern science can accept is so great that the unproved existence of the ether is confidently accepted... It is regarded as an incomprehensible substance pervading all space and penetrating between the molecules of all ordinary matter which are embedded in it and connected with one another by its means. It has been compared to an impalpable and all-pervading jelly through which the particles of ordinary matter move freely...*

— Elroy M. Avery, PhD., *School Physics: A New Textbook for High Schools and Academies* (1895)

Known by various names (Fifth Essence, luminiferous ether, etc.), our ether has many faces. But which of its many properties does it actually bear? The answer: all of them. Indeed, the ether is a more subtle matter than most are yet willing to recognize.

To put it simply, the ether is all. Ether surrounds us and everything about us. It controls movement, whether that of light or of denser objects, such as rocks. Many recent theories regarding movement (light as particles, gravity as a force) are incorrect. While we are forced to operate with these erroneous theories if we are to work our own truths into the Consensus, we must not confuse these falsehoods with actual reality.

Ether cannot be seen. It is invisible to our plain senses. This is because it is the background by which everything else is perceived. Being everywhere, it can be seen nowhere. Can you see the air? Then even less so something as pervasive and subtle as ether.

However, we do have tools to accommodate our lack of discerning senses: our ether goggles, which allow us to sense the perturbations in the ether about us.

Remember, ether is everywhere. To touch it here is to touch it there. So effects in far space can be achieved by a careful understanding and fine manipulation of local ether. Is this not the theory of astrology — that planetary bodies possess a subtle control over our lives? This is due to their carefully balanced ether disturbance.

We can learn to manipulate and balance as carefully as nature. Then our Science can handle and mimic many of the magickal effects of our fellows. Ether controls space (Correspondence) and likewise the flow of Time. You can easily extrapolate the rest...



# Formation of the Modern Tradition

[The following advertisement appeared in the London Times on November 18, 1865. Similar notices appeared in papers in New York, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other cities worldwide. — Editors]

**ANNOUNCING THE FORMATION OF A NEW  
SOCIETY: THE ELECTRODYNE ENGINEERS  
HEREBY ADVERTISE THEIR FIRST-EVER  
MEETING ON JANUARY THE FIRST, 1866, 8:00  
P.M., AT THE SYMPOSIUM IN PARIS, FRANCE.  
ALL MEN OF SCIENCE WELCOME.**

The Electrodyne Engineers is a new Society with the duty and charter to disseminate and invent Progressive Science. By this phrase is meant an Endeavour to Devise and Study new technologies and industries for the Civilized World. We, as Men of Science, recognize our duty to Mankind: to aid in providing a better World through Science, to make our goal the elimination of war, hunger, disease and the other plagues that haunt Mankind. To accomplish these goals, it is the desire of the Electrodyne Engineers to gather together the World's greatest Scientists and Intellectuals and organize their energies for the betterment of all.

[This newspaper article appeared in the London Times shortly after the meeting, in January, 1866. — Editors]

## **Electrodyne Meeting Convenes, Falls Short of Lofty Goal**

by Jean M. Delevaunt, reporting from Paris

The first meeting of the Society of Electrodyne Engineers commenced last night in Paris at the prestigious Symposium Manor. Scientists from around the world gathered to discuss this new vision for the world. Unfortunately, the lofty aspirations of the society's founders were not to take root last night.

The meeting was called to order five minutes after eight by the imposing Lord Dunhampton, a British Earl living in France. The pompous Dunhampton began with a lengthy speech expounding upon the need for a society such as the Electrodyne Engineers, although many in attendance were still unsure of just what the society's purpose was.

Dunhampton was finally relieved by Professor Jacques Etienne, who impressed all with his forthright speech. The well-regarded Professor elucidated the reason everyone had been gathered: to form a monumental alliance of the world's scientists in an attempt to quickly advance, together, a host of sciences which individually could take years to mature. It is the hope of the Electrodyne Engineers that a group of the world's most brilliant scientists can achieve in a period of ten years what it would take individual scientists, working alone, a century to accomplish.

High ideals, indeed. The Professor and his society are to be commended for their attempt, but, as audience-member Sir Jarriet stood up and stated, their goals are foolhardy and dangerous to the concepts of Nation and Empire. He accused them of extreme naiveté and contempt for the obvious differences between countries and nations. As Sir Jarriet said, "To equate the scientists of a rebel nation such as the United States with the superior scientists of the British Crown is a foolhardy error in judgment. No, sirs, the world could not, and should not, come together for such an endeavour."

Sir Jarriet's heart-felt speech brought the evening to an early close, for he was widely applauded, and most in attendance followed him from the hall, including this reporter.

## **Those Hardy Victorians: The Electrodyne Engineers Forge Science Before the Turn of the Century**

by Professor Inherent  
[from Vol. 50, No. 4]

*I have long held an opinion, almost amounting to a conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin; or, in other words, are so directly related and dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action.*

— Faraday

As we look back at the progenitors of our Tradition, we must not forget to give credit where credit is due. The Electrodyne Engineers have often been ignored, although they did pioneering work in the late-Victorian era. It was this society that rebelled so famously from the Technocracy and renamed themselves the Sons of Ether, championing their main Scientific hypothesis in the face of extreme censure. [Some members of this Convention were referring to themselves as "Sons of the Ether" as early as 1800, but the name did not become official until after the Engineers' defection. — Editors]

Who were these men (and women) who constantly broadened the horizons of humanity through their work? They were a group of advanced and brilliant Scientists, each one Awakened to the inner mysteries of metaphysics, who unified to forge a new world for the human spirit, a world of egalitarian Science.

They had a difficult task before them, for even then the Technocracy was closing the doors of discovery and focusing on a tight and narrow plan for humanity, renouncing the aesthetics and ingenuity of the questing spirit. Many of their pioneering theories were disproved by the Technocracy, who claimed the Electrodyne Engineers risked their "Timetable" too rashly.

Fools! Creation and discovery are natural to the Awakened spirit, and even the Sleeping incline toward adventure. To deny this basic fact is to deny Ascension. And this is precisely what the Technocracy has done.

During the period of its formation in 1865 until the turn of the century, the society focused its Scientific experiments on the Sphere of Forces. They created efficient and powerful electrical devices which only recently have been made available to Sleepers (although in very different

forms). Indeed, Czar Vargo's incredible Conversion Engine was invented during this period, and displayed to the world at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, although to little fanfare. [See below for more information. — Editors]

The Electrodyne Engineers were, of course, considered to be a Convention of the Technocracy. But they were too eager for their fellows, always too quick to jump forward on the Timetable, the valuable master plan of the Technocracy. For this reason, they were taught a lesson, but one which backfired on the Technocracy.

## Betrayal and Rebellion

### The Judas Note

[Shown here is the note passed among the Technocracy Conventions in 1904 which initiated the event leading to our Tradition's rebellion. — Editors]

Dear Mssrs. Carlisle and Roberts, Seekers of the Void:

I write to inform you that the expected moment has arrived. The rebelliousness of the so-called "Sons of Ether," the Electrodyne Engineers, must be halted. They are to be taught the ultimate lesson. As provided for in our earlier discussions, the ether is to be destroyed.

An extreme measure, I agree, but as you have already proven to our satisfaction with your previous Michelson and Morely threat, the ether is a scientific relic anyway, useless for our ultimate goals. It has been used to coddle the Electrodyne Engineers for too long. No more. Once you have convinced the Sleepers of its demise, we will begin to introduce our alternatives. The Electrodyne Engineers will be assigned the task of aiding your future work.

May I suggest an avenue for this endeavour? There is a young hopeful who has been watched by the Electrodyne Engineers for some time now, but as yet has not exhibited enough genius to be apprenticed. I think you should take the initiative and induct him into your Convention instead. His name is Albert Einstein. If you are interested, contact me and I will get the paperwork together. However, I should warn you that he may be a wild card, and his ideas could prove to be too dangerous. Nonetheless, I am authorizing his induction if for no other reason than to kill this damn luminiferous ether thing.

Signed

*Wm. Watersmith, Lord Craven*

Lord Craven, New World Order, Servant to the Queen

## The Fall of the Ether

by Doctor Luminous  
[from Vol. 53, No. 2]

The vote against the ether was the final straw for the society. Pushed too far and forced to conform for too long, they rebelled. The next month, all members of the society sent the Technocracy (then still using the name "Order of Reason") a letter announcing their resignation from the Conventions, and subsequent reformation with the Council of Nine under a new name: The Sons of Ether. This name, chosen out of defiance, had long been a calling card for the more rebellious among the Engineers. Now it became their chosen title.

Lord Craven did not take the news well, judging from reports of a doctor who was summoned to his home that evening to treat him for a nervous heart condition.

War had been initiated, but the victor remains undeclared to this day...

## The Council of Nine

by Professor Red Shift  
[from Vol. 50, No. 2]

...That the Traditions of the Council of Nine were desperately in need of aid was no secret; it was fact. That our society could greatly assist them by filling the gap in their ranks was likewise an undeniable fact. So we sent forth an envoy and inquired as to how our two organizations could help each other, and we were forthwith offered membership within the Council.

To understand this seemingly hasty decision, we must examine the history of the Tradition whose long-vacant seat we filled. The Solificati (plural *Solificati*), a medieval Tradition of alchemists loosely allied with many of the *Kitab al Alacr*-inspired guilds of those times, was one of the earliest members of the Council of Nine. Their name, roughly translated, is "The Crowned Ones," or "Servants of Helios," or some other such obscure and regal alchemical title. Due to grave philosophical differences, dissent between the Council and the Solificati immediately followed the formation of the Council. The story of this conflict can be found elsewhere. Suffice it to say that, within a few years, the Solificati's seat was vacant, and no one arose to fill it until 1905, when the Sons of Ether rebelled against their harsh Technocratic regime.

The long vacancy in the Council was, of course, one of the main reasons for the Council's ineffectiveness during much of the Age of Reason. Without a true representative of the Matter Sphere (the most efficacious Sphere in the eyes of the Consensus), the Council was in dire straits. However, this reversed upon our joining the Nine...

## The Solificati

by Doctor Alexis Hastings  
[from Vol. 52, No. 3]

Composed of an amalgam of alchemical societies, artificers' guilds and independent Philosophers, the Solificati Tradition came together during the Grand Convocation of 1466. Fractious from the start, the "Crowned Ones" squabbled with each other and with the other Tradition representatives as well. When the First Cabal (a cabal of hand-picked Tradition emissaries) was formed, the Solificati's chosen, a hermaphrodite named Heylel Teomim (roughly "Twins of the Morning Star") distinguished itself among the others for its pride and arrogance.

When Heylel later turned *barabbi* and led the rest of the Cabal into a trap, it was captured by the Council and condemned to gilgul and death. The Betrayer, now called "Heylel Thoabath" ("Abomination," a reference to "Heylel Ben," or Lucifer), tarnished the budding Tradition's reputation; when several members defended the Betrayer's actions, the entire group was further disgraced. Although the Solificati held on for nearly a century, they eventually fragmented, leaving the eighth Council seat vacant until we filled it.

Most Solificati returned to solitary practice; others joined the Atificer Convention (later called Iteration X) or rejoined their former comrades in the Children of Knowledge, an independent Craft.

## Paris Exhibition, 1900

*So long as the rate of progress held good, these bombs would double in number and force every ten years... Power leaped from every atom... man could no longer hold it off. Forces grasped his wrists and flung him about as though he had hold of a live wire or a runaway automobile.*

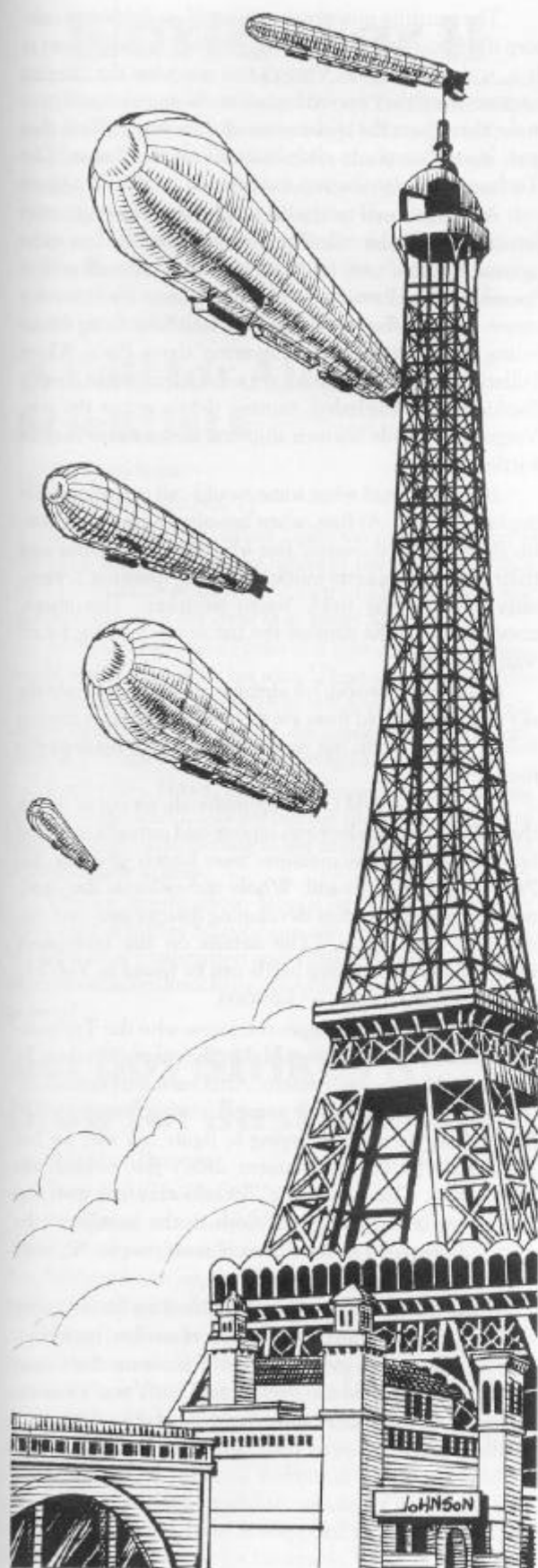
— Henry Adams, discussing his "Law of Acceleration" by Doctor  $\Omega$

[from Vol. 51, No. 3]

The Paris Exhibition of 1900 was a spectacle of the age, an event which showed the world the latest advances in all disciplines of science, and thus gave the people a glimpse of the future.

As far as our Tradition is concerned, the most important exhibit was located in the Palace of Electricity. There, before the awestruck eyes of onlookers, was displayed the amazing Conversion Engine of Czar Vargo (who was, of course, simply Professor Vargo at this time). This advanced device, unequalled at the time by even Iteration X, could convert air into energy at an unbelievable rate. It was this engine which allowed Czar Vargo to create his airships a decade later (although many Professors of our Tradition are convinced that the success of these airships was due to a modified engine—that Czar Vargo actually managed to convert ether into energy).





This device was little understood by the public, however, and an envious scientific community tried to down-play its great advancements. The most popular exhibits of the show displayed weapons of war: a cannon and a host of Vickers-Maxim's machine guns.

This infuriated Czar Vargo, who had always believed that the purpose of Science was to bring peace to the world, not to enhance humankind's methods of killing. The Paris Exhibition was the final straw for Vargo. After years of arguing for peaceful science, he took his Conversion Engine and disappeared.

The jealous scientific community was glad he was gone. Now their mediocre devices could be foisted on an ignorant public. But this was not the last they were to see of Vargo. His reappearance 14 years later nearly caused the downfall of the Technocracy, as he seized the engines of the world and halted them...

## The Lord of the World

by Scientist Orson

[from Vol. 85, No. 3]

On July 24th, 1914, the foundations of the world shook and cracked. Only at the last moment was the world pulled back from the brink of a new age, and yet today no one remembers this wondrous, cataclysmic event.

I recently spoke with Arnold Johnson, 90 years old and still lucid, at the Sunny Oaks Home for the Aged. Arnold is a Sleeper; I visited him in the guise of a "historical researcher" investigating the above-mentioned event. He was surprised that anyone else remembered that day; his other friends had either forgotten it or dismissed it long ago as a newsman's hoax. Arnold, however, still believes.

We sat down to discuss this piece of forgotten world history — the day Czar Vargo seized the leadership of all the world's governments and nearly brought the Technocracy to its knees.

Few students within our Tradition do not know the story of Czar Vargo, from his early days as a brilliant master of Forces to his final-hour disappearance that fateful day in Paris. He is universally acknowledged as the most advanced and brilliant of our Tradition; an innovator of Sciences who changed our view about our responsibility to the Sleepers.

His speech at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, decrying governments' accumulation of war machinery, remains standard reading for all students. He disappeared from the public eye soon afterward, disgusted with the direction in which the world was moving. Though he remained obscure, our Doctors and Professors knew that he was working on something big, something to rival his already-famous Conversion Engine. Then, in 1909, he broke off all contact. Even his acolytes went into hiding with him. All wondered what had become of the Professor. Many worried that he had suffered Technocracy retribution, but most suspected that he had retreated into seclusion for Scientific reasons.

In 1914, he reappeared. To the Awakened, his return was phenomenal in its boldness. To the Sleepers, such as Arnold, his return was nothing less than world-shattering. That such an event has been wiped from history's slate by the New World Order's wiles says much about the power of Consensus. I will try to take you back to that day, with the help of Arnold, a young boy of 12 at the time:

The word was everywhere on the street, and newspapers rushed out update editions as fast as they could. The social buzz was electrifying. One man, along with a fleet of amazing airships, had held the key nations of the world hostage.

The first airships had appeared over major population centers that morning — New York, Washington DC, Paris, London and Rome. Paris was the nexus, for a conference of world leaders was taking place there. (This conference is not mentioned in modern history books; it, along with the events of that day, has been erased from the Consensus.) The airships were marvelous to see, sleek birds of metal and wood with majestic, sweeping curves and lines. From the flagship over Paris came the booming voice of Czar Vargo, addressing the world leaders.

The assembly gathered on the lawn outside the mansion, staring upward in awe at the masses of metal hovering in place with no obvious means of support. Remember, this was the era of the biplane; for an aircraft to hover in place — especially with no propellers — was astounding.

Vargo's actual speech is lost to us today, but Arnold remembered it as it was printed in the local papers: "Leaders of the world, I am Czar Vargo, Master Scientist. I am here to demand the surrender of your national powers into my hands. For too long have you misused your powers, making war when you should have made peace. Your arsenal of weaponry has grown too large and too dangerous. As a Scientist, I claim the right by way of superior knowledge to rule the world in your place. Where you were foolhardy, I shall be wise. Where you were weak, I shall be strong.

"I am in deadly earnest, and do not recommend that you test my patience. I await your answers. You have three hours to decide."

Of course, the world leaders called in their militaries. All were useless. Czar Vargo proved his superior technology by shooting the enemy aircraft with ray beams that caused their engines to malfunction without harming the pilots inside. More rays were aimed at the guns and bombs of the infantry, likewise rendering that weaponry useless.

In the grip of an obviously superior power, the world leaders gave in to the Czar's demands, and produced letters of surrender. These were assembled by yet another amazing gravity ray and delivered to the flagship, where Czar Vargo could be seen on the main deck.

The puzzling question remains: How did Vargo sidestep the Paradox Effect? The only answer, unsatisfactory as it is, is that somehow, Vargo's feat was what the Sleepers wanted, what they craved for: an earth-shattering event to wake them from the nightmares of their world. Well, they got it, although it didn't come from Vargo. The Technocracy's retribution was terrible, as all wars are.

As Vargo stood on the deck of his ship, waiting for the letters of surrender, the Technocracy discarded its codes against Paradox and made its last, desperate effort. Released well before their planned time, Iteration X's steam-driven robots attacked from nowhere, firing devastating beams at the ships hovering above Paris. Where bullets failed, the Technocracy succeeded; two of Vargo's flanking ships exploded, raining debris across the city. Vargo leapt inside his own ship and prepared his fleet for battle.

But Vargo had what some would call a weakness: He deplored killing. At first, when assaulted only with robots, his ships easily recovered. But when the Progenitors sent their troops — genetic mutations firing Iteration X weaponry — onto the field, Vargo panicked. This attack, combined with the damage the battle was causing, forced Vargo to retreat.

All over the world, his airships pulled upward into the sky and disappeared from view. The Technocracy tried to follow in its aircraft, but no trace of Vargo or his ships was found.

The New World Order immediately set out to diffuse the incident with false news reports and outright magical brainwashing. These measures were largely effective, but Paradox still took its toll. Whole technologies the Technocracy had spent years developing disappeared that day, never to work again. [The details on the technology involved in this amazing battle can be found in Vol. 71, No. 4 of this journal. — Editors]

Of course, Arnold does not know who the Technocracy is; he has always assumed that the robots were sent by the United States government. After his family returned to the States, Arnold became somewhat of a conspiracy buff. He told me he was still trying to figure out why we lost Vietnam, why the government didn't just unleash the robot army. The power the Technocracy has over the Consensus is staggering, but faith in the wonder of the world still survives in the hearts of most people. We must learn to use this, as Vargo did.

After the interview, Arnold thanked me for coming by and confirming his memory. In spite of senility, his memories regarding this event are more accurate than most Sleepers'. We should not ever forget Czar Vargo's valiant, if misguided, attempt to seize the reins of Ascension from a dark empire.

# World War II

[The defeat of Czar Vargo hit our Tradition hard. It seemed as if no worthy theories could follow this fall, and the silence from our Tradition for the next decade was deathly. However, true Scientists never give up hope; we soon rebounded, once again seizing the field from the usurpers. The world was on the brink of war, and we heard a desperate cry for Science. Hitler's occult hordes were on the march, and only the Scientific ingenuity of the Allies could halt the madness... — Editors]

## A Call for All Good Scientists

Professor Burn

[from Vol. 36, No. 1]

I urge all Scientists in our Tradition to get involved in this fight. It is clear that the future of the world, and thus the Consensus, is at stake. We cannot allow Hitler's war machine to engulf the lives of so many Sleepers.

For God's sake, this Hitler is a base occultist! Where would Science be under his wing? Dead and gone, gentlemen. Our reality would march to the drumbeat of a vulgar dictatorship, empowered by dangerous and forgotten magick, perhaps even Nephandi magick!

Even now, Hitler sends his lieutenants to the far corners of the world, seeking out the most vile and evil of magickal traditions, hoping to use them to seize the world from mundane armies.

This we cannot allow. Now is our chance! We must show the world that Science can win wars, that it can lift the spirit, that imagination and a little spit and gum are all that are needed to knock this Chaplinesque madman off his pedestal.

## Jet Boy Strikes A Blow for Justice

by Doctor Danvers

[from Vol. 36, No. 4]

I am proud to announce that a recent victory of our Allied forces was due to the endeavours of my protégé, Jet Boy. Equipped with an advanced jet backpack of my design, Jet Boy rooted out a secret Nazi encampment in Scotland.

Flying high over the moors, Jet Boy encountered resistance from the Nazi ground troops hiding in an old castle. He was shot from the sky but landed safely in a nearby loch. After quickly swimming ashore, he immediately set about repairing the ruptured pack. Luckily, he had a vacuum-packed pellet of Rubberon™, an expandable rubber base that hardens within minutes of its exposure to air and sticks to whatever it is applied to. In this case, Jet Boy used it to repair the jet backpack.





However, the Nazis found him before he could finish. Unlike those German monsters, Jet Boy and I deplore the taking of life. For this reason, I equipped him with a special dart gun that employs a powerful knock-out agent. Jet Boy took down his foes silently and quickly, without killing them.

After finishing repairs, he took to the air, marked the coordinates of the castle, and soon returned, guiding a fleet of bombers. He himself led the assault, flinging grenades at the walls below. This, coupled with the bombers' rain of explosives, buried the Nazis in their own fort, destroying their beachhead in Britain...

## Dangerous Opposition

by Doctor Orbital

[from Vol. 37, No. 1]

Gentlemen, I am afraid to announce that many members of our Tradition have chosen to fight on the wrong side of this war. Even after the occupation of Paris and the shutting down of our secret Chantry there, these now-renegade Sons of Ether choose to lend their geniuses to the Nazis.

Now, I understand the allure at work here. Hitler is generous with his aid if he believes an experiment or theory will prove valuable to him. However, it takes little intelligence to realize where his generosity will lead if he is the victor...

## New Sciences

[The war was not the only battleground for our Science. Indeed, university halls the world over were shaking with our contributions to the 20th century. — Editors]

### The Cat is Both Alive and Dead

by Scientist Kendrick

[from Vol. 81, No. 1]

*It seems that the human mind has first to construct forms independently before we can find them in things.*

— Albert Einstein

*The cat is both alive and dead*

*Undead Undead Undead*

— Schrödinger's Bat (a Son of Ether band), "Quantum Vampire"

The Uncertainty Principle was like a boxer's body blow to the heart of the Technocracy's warped and twisted science. No longer could they sit in the shadows and make rulings on an objective universe wherein each participant was but an inconsequential mote. No, now the universe was a swimming sea of subjective observers, observing observers who observed still more observers. Each participant in the universe affected the universe.

Oh, how Iteration X gnashed their metallic teeth. The now-poor New World Order wept on their thrones. From the ashes of defeat, the Sons of Ether struck a blow for Truth!

And it didn't end there. The next shock to their system came from Erwin Schrödinger. His theory, based on his thought-game with the cat in the box, cemented our foundation by confusing everybody even more. The Technocracy was forced to cease its attempts to debunk

Uncertainty. They forthwith embarked on a plan to control the next advances, but the fools did not understand the depths they were swimming in. We drowned them with successive theories — such as Bell's Theorem, pointing at a subatomic connectivity unperceived until then — until only a few could remain up for air.

Victory, sweet victory, thanks to the cat that is both alive and dead...

### Rescued From the Black Void — Ether!

by Doctor Baridium

[from Vol. 86, No. 4]

*I'd love to have this problem solved in my scientific lifetime, but my greatest fear is that the solution may be boring.*

— Carlos Frenk (one of the Gang of Four, investigators into the CDM, or cold Dark Matter, model), on the Dark Matter problem

Perhaps the greatest modern victory of our Tradition is the return of the ether to the Consensus. While the battle is not yet over — indeed, has barely begun — we have made incredible forays into the Void Engineer's territory, a territory they stole from us when we left the Technocracy at the turn of the century.

When they "disproved" the ether, the Void Engineers set about claiming the entire field of astronomy (and thus cosmology) as their own. But we did not give up the fight easily. Our push to reclaim our territory began with Fritz Zwicky and his "Dunkle Materie," or Dark Matter.

The Void Engineers, in their attempt to turn the outer reaches into an empty void, had left holes in their theories, and in space. But as Lao Tzu knew, the usefulness of a cup lies in its empty space. So too for our theory.

They were unable to explain the odd pull of gravity on spiral galaxies. We stepped in and used their own reliance on Newton against them. Accepting that Newton's laws of gravitation are true (we know better, but the Consensus accepts them fully), we proved that Dark Matter must exist, for it was the only explanation for the gravitic behavior of the universe. Some unseen type of matter must exist. And this matter makes up over 95% of our universe. It is all around us, unseen, all the time. It is the empty space. It is ether.

The battlefield has been set and the war begun. The Void Engineers have desperately suggested mundane particles or Brown Dwarf planets to explain this mystery, but those fools forget one thing: We own Matter. All forms of Matter belong to us...

## The Coming Things

by Doctor Baridium  
[from Vol. 87, No. 1]

...Of course, not all victories are ours. The Technocracy has won its way on many issues, such as the quark. While we have since taken this little fellow further than they, our initial theory was known as the "Bootstrap model." In place of quarks, we imagined that there were no fundamental particles, only a infinite and boiling universe, producing anything, whether it be proton or neutron or some as-yet-uncreated particle. Quarks were too royal for our comfort. They stole potentiality from the universe.

We have lost some true geniuses on the way. These poor fellows, such as Nikolai Tesla, were smashed down by the hard fist of the Technocracy for daring to introduce their startling ideas to the Consensus. Their ideas were stolen and attributed to others, and their true geniuses never acknowledged. While we tried to warn these pioneers, Sons of Ether are an obstinate lot, all too often convinced that their theories are self-evident enough to gain immediate acceptance in the Consensus.

One such was poor Immanuel Velikovsky. Although he proved to our Master Scientists' satisfaction the validity and adventuresome beauty of some of his theories, the Technocracy was unmitigatingly cruel to him. Nonetheless, he managed to gain paperback-press publication of his theories, and these books can sometimes be found in used book shops today (search for *Worlds in Collision*, *Ages of Chaos* and *Earth in Upheaval*). Perhaps there is still hope that his ideas will take root. We certainly haven't abandoned them yet. Indeed, Captain Tiberius of the Etherjammer has discovered that Velikovsky's "billiard ball" theory of the solar system's origins is the most useful navigational tool in searching for the location of Planet X. Captain Tiberius greatly enjoyed the extreme consternation of his Void Engineer pursuers when they realized his navigational methods.

But the Technocracy's retribution is not always so intellectual. They have resorted to brutal, barbaric tactics such as armed assault on our Chantries, the arrest and brainwashing (and cloning!) of our Scientists, and even subjecting captured Scientists to gene-splicing or mechani-

cal implant experiments! These trespasses against propriety and person will not be tolerated any longer. No more will we turn the other cheek as any gentleman should.

This is a nasty war, but we have faith that the ultimate victory shall be ours. The fate of the Consensus depends on our efforts. We shall not — must not — fail.

### Quantum Theory and Dark Matter

The details of the Uncertainty Principle (Heisenberg's Theory) and Schrödinger's Cat are available in easily obtained books on quantum physics. Discussions of Dark Matter can be found in modern books on astronomical theory. The theories appear in the Consensus, for the most part, undiluted from their applications in our work. A true victory, indeed. No student can be expected to pass First Exams without a thorough knowledge of these theories.

The complexity of these theories makes it difficult to summarize them here; a prior knowledge of some quantum physics basics is necessary. Nonetheless, we will try.

The Uncertainty Principle basically states that the very act of observing a subatomic event changes that event. To extrapolate beyond the subatomic level, observing reality changes reality.

Schrödinger's Cat is the name of a thought experiment created by Erwin Schrödinger. It posits a cat in a box with a bit of potentially-fatal radioactive material. Some simple things with photons happen in the box, but these simple things become complicated to explain; a basic grasp of subatomic physics is required. The outcome of the whole experiment, however, is that once we open the box, the cat will be either alive or dead, depending on whether or not a photon activated the radiation. However, before we open the box and discover the cat's condition, the cat is left in a state both alive and dead. It exists in a state of quantum uncertainty. But we have yet to meet a cat in this state. Many scientists believe that we simply don't know how to look for one yet, but this experiment proves, within the "laws" of quantum physics, that the cat can be both alive and dead. Basically, the experiment helped to "prove" the subjective nature of reality.

Dark Matter remains an embattled theory, but wins more and more adherents all the time. To explain the odd behavior of spiral galaxies and the expanding universe, we must theorize that there is more mass in the universe than was previously believed. Otherwise, we must abandon Newton's Laws of Gravitation and start over. Few are willing to accept this latter option. Thus, we must accept that over 95% of the mass in the universe is unseen and undetected by any equipment but our brains — we can posit its existence, but can have no proof of it.





# The Old Boys Club

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*Beginning my studies the first pleas'd me so much,  
The mere fact of consciousness, these forms, the power of  
motion,  
The least insect or animal, the senses, eyesight, love,  
The first step I say awed and pleas'd me so much,  
I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any farther,  
But stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic song.  
— Walt Whitman, "Beginning My Studies"*

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## Becoming a Son of Ether

by Professor Dulac  
[written for this volume]

I shall here relate the methods by which most of our young Scientists are initiated into our Tradition. Each of you, of course, went through the process, but every initiate has a different story.

### Realization

For most, it is the initial enlightenment realized upon a reading of the *Kitab al Alacir* which brings them into the Tradition. Usually, a perceptive Professor or Doctor notices the potential of a particular student, and manages to let a copy of the *Kitab al Alacir* fall into that gifted young person's lap. Sometimes, if the talented young initiate is studying under the Professor at a Sleeper university, the book is at first assigned as required reading, considered an onerous task by most. If the student really reads the work (rather than pretending to and handing in a made-up book report), and actually gleans some understanding of the sheer potential of Science from its depths, then the Professor proceeds to the next stage of initiation: invitation to the local Chantry. [Many outside our Tradition feel that the *Kitab al Alacir* itself has some property that "rouses" a sleeping Avatar. This is, of course, nonsense. — Editors]

If the student accepts this offer, he meets the many Scientists, Professors and Doctors of the local chapter. They spend the evening over tea or wine (or perhaps stronger drink in some cases), grilling the young hopeful on many scientific matters. These questions are designed to test the knowledge and problem-solving ability of the young applicant. The questioning eventually leads to a paradox, a point at which the student is forced to recognize that the boundaries of logic and reason are not so broad and impervious as most Sleepers imagine. This is the final test. If the student responds with wondrous curiosity, or, better yet, fabricates some theory to explain the paradox, he is then treated to hearty handshakes all around and welcomed as a member of the Sons of Ether.

Then, the education truly begins.

There are other methods of initiation, but these usually involve radical genius on the gifted young person's part, enough so that a local Son of Ether cannot help but recognize the gifted one's potential. For example, Czar Vargo was discovered by Count Roland, a Doctor in our Tradition. Vargo, an impoverished boy of only 12 at the time, had built a unique motor for his father's fishing boat, reliant on a spinning propeller and a perpetual-motion machine that was activated by pulling a cord, setting the gears in motion.

Needless to say, invention of such a device in the 19th century, and by such a young man, who had neither sophisticated materials nor an education worthy of mention, was enough to convince Roland that he had found a prodigy.



I should also mention that there is one paramount requirement in the testing and acceptance of new Scientists: the capacity for wonder. Only those who can dream new vistas and who dare to climb cliffs of adversity in pursuit of imagination may join our Tradition. Those who lack the mysterious muse of invention must remain asleep to their possibilities.

This sense of wonder accounts for the odd behavior that is prevalent in our society, a combination of propriety handed down from the Victorian age and daring culled from the boy's adventure fiction many of us read as youths. We are a curious mix of Buck Rogers panache and courtly refinement. Who could have imagined such a disparate set of values blending so well?

## Education

The young initiate soon begins tutelage under the Scientist who discovered him, an arrangement that allows him the benefit of the elder's knowledge, while the elder receives the fruit of the young student's early discoveries. The young do have many creative ideas, although little education with which to apply them.

So, the student spends a year or so (ideally; a shorter span is more common these days) learning from the elder Scientist, who assigns him many projects; some menial, others challenging.

There is, admittedly, a problem in our Tradition: many Scientists do not want to let go of their prize pupils. To this end, they will falsify the student's progress records, telling others that the student is doing poorly when she is in fact exemplary. Often, when the student does finally break away from such a possessive teacher, she bears a long resentment.

After the education phase of initiation is over, the student is introduced into the society. Usually, the student's teacher hosts a dinner for him, inviting the local Scientists as well as select experts from other regions. In cases where the student and teacher are estranged, the student must ask another to introduce her. Sometimes another Scientist, normally a rival of the teacher, will volunteer to introduce the student.

These banquets of introduction allow all the local Scientists to meet the student, who is here accorded the title "Scientist." The teacher (or sponsor) gives a speech praising the new Scientist and voicing hope that the young inductee's theories are validated.

The dinner ends with a toast, when all retire to a comfortable room to drink and tell tales. From this point on, the student is a Scientist and must hold his own in a world hostile to his (or her) groundbreaking ideas.

# Philosophies

## The Grand Theory

by Professor Dulac

[written for this volume]

As students, you will spend your initial time familiarizing yourselves with the Sciences and the great Scientists of our Tradition. You will study Aretus, Golo, da Vinci, Tesla, Czar Vargo and many others who have contributed great things to our Science and the world. But you will also begin the task of forming your own theories.

A Scientist without a theory is worthless, although there are many among us who have done wonders championing and improving upon the theories of those Professors and Doctors who came before us. However, the truly great are those who create their own theories, their own methods of moving us all one step forward on the path to Ascension.

It is very important for you to realize that, while you may achieve immense acclaim through your work, your theory is not only for your own benefit, but for all of humankind. A theory that does not improve the lives of Sleepers and Awakened alike, but works only for the greater glory of its creator, is not True Science, but base magick. This is the downfall of many of our fellows in the Council of Nine, no matter how well-meaning they are. Too much of their magick is selfish, consumed only with personal enlightenment. I am ashamed to say that even our Tradition has harbored monumental egos like these. But our most noble ideals consider humanity as a whole; witness Czar Vargo's attempt to alter the course of history for the good of all.

Be fully aware of this now, and make no mistake later: Your theory must be for the betterment of humankind.

There are, however, no other limits. Science, by its very nature, is limitless, for it deals with nature and the workings of the world; indeed, with the workings of the universe, of Reality itself. This is the difference between True Science and mere science: Our work concerns Reality itself, while Sleeper science pertains to the daily workings of the world and does not notice the anomaly that points to the greater truths beyond the mundane.

Our Tradition began with philosophy, for philosophy lights the path of Science. The physical phenomena, the clash of Forces and Matter, the dance of Life and Entropy, the mysteries of space and time — all follow principles perceived first with thought. The mind is important to your apprehension of the habits of the other Spheres.

But do not fall into the trap of the Akashic Brotherhood and believe that Mind is the progenitor and end of all existence. It is a tool, nothing more, for understanding the other Spheres. To exalt it above the others is a mistake.

However, one Sphere does stand out from all others, and that is the Sphere of Matter. This is not due to any inherent preeminence of its properties, but instead to the

flexibility of this Sphere. It lends itself, more than any of the others, to the most immediate and obvious effects of Science. It is through the Sphere of Matter that Science can be best introduced into the Consensus.

Yes, the Technocracy have also realized the importance of Matter, although they have made the horrible mistake of misunderstanding the basis of its expediency for use with Sleepers. They have tried to separate it from the Spirit Sphere, which cannot be done. All Spheres are reflections of each other; one cannot shatter such a perfect mirror. (That said, I will explain the shattering of the Pure Ones at another time.)

Matter is the Sphere you will study first. From there, as you build your own theories, you may seek out the wisdom of the other Spheres as you deem fit. Once your education is well on its way, so too will be your Grand Theory.

## An Excuse for Petty Bickering

by Scientist Latch

[from Vol. 84, No. 3]

Our own Grand Theories have served to pit us against one another, instead of banding us together in a united front, because select Scientists spend countless hours smashing down the theories of their "rivals" instead of masterfully building their own theories into sound constructs.

Just witness the indicia at the beginning of any issue of *Paradigma*, with its injunction about "ownership of theories." So jealous are we concerning our successes that we would hide them from others, desperate for the glory ourselves. God forbid that a Scientist actually borrow an idea from another theory without giving proper credit to that theory's author! Long grudges and even minor wars have begun in such a manner.

Regardless, however, of the ill effects this envy has, it also produces a benefit. The fury with which our scientists defend their theories from each other lends them strength to defend such theories from our detractors in the Technocracy as well. And perhaps the little glory we accord to our scientists for their theories is the only reward they receive, for the scorn the Consensus delivers on us can be bitter.

## Avatars

by Professor Dulac

[written for this volume]

The Avatar, that piece in each and every one of us that transcends the material world, eludes Science, at least for now. So far, no one within our Tradition has been able to deliver a satisfactory theory concerning the Avatar. So, we are forced to view it in the same light as our fellow Traditions. That is, in a mystical sense.



There is certainly nothing wrong with mysticism. But compared to Science, it is a less exact, less reliable means of understanding the world. Mysticism is the final refuge of those who can go no further in understanding the universe.

I will present my theory on the Avatar, but realize that it is only a hypothesis, not a complete theory. I believe the Avatar is that sense of wonder within all of us, that wonder which allows for ingenuity and invention. Without it, we would be as animals, for we would have never discovered fire, the wheel, tools, or anything else that has propelled us forward.

The Avatar is that mystery within us that empowers genius. It appears to us in many forms, although rarely in such vulgar forms as with our fellow Traditions. I speak of pixies and shades, who seem to haunt the mages of other Traditions.

Our Avatars tend to reveal themselves through our moments of greatest inspiration. Einstein's Avatar was his famous formula,  $E = MC^2$ . For others, it may be a philosophical construct that provides them focus and identity, such as Hegel's Thesis + Antithesis = Synthesis. And for still others, it may be their greatest invention, such as a ray pistol or an arc of electricity.

The Avatar appears to some of us as a figure from the past, such as the mentor who inspired our first interest in Science, or that idiot who mocked us when we were younger, driving us onward to eventual greatness.

Perhaps one of you will be the Scientist who finally provides an explanation for the Avatar, one which will not steal its wonder, but will provide a basis for the vaulting of all humankind to Ascension.

## Society

*Yes, I believe I shall have a cigar, gentlemen. It will help me relax my nerves after that tussle in Antarctica. What? Of course I shall relate the tale, old boy. Never can tell it too often, you know. Let's see (puff, puff) ... it all began in Tierra del Fuego, where I was hunting for the lost pterodactyls, considered a delicacy by the natives of the interior. Anyway, my hunt was brought to an abrupt halt when my acolyte was shanghaied on a freighter bound for the southern ice...*

— Professor Thunder, at the weekly meeting of the Luminous Ether Gang

[Son of Ether society can be either thrilling or deadly dull, depending on your opinion of an exciting time. Without some standing in society, a Scientist cannot hope to truly test his theories against the tempering fires of expert criticism and receive input from other Scientists, resulting in a weak theory. Society can also be enjoyed as a place to rattle off one's exploits to appreciative ears. Society does have its critics, however, as evidenced in the excerpts below. — Editors]

## A Mens Club for Adventurers of Science

by Professor Bastion Steadfast  
[from Vol. 1, No. 1]

Never has Society seen the likes of our peculiar but most important Club. While we present ourselves as all other mens clubs and societies in England and the Civilized World do, we are nonetheless quite different. Our common interest is not business or big game, but Science. That is, True Science, the creation of new forms of Reality, a practice which in ancient and medieval times was called Magick. However, Science is in fact a more progressive and refined form of Magick.

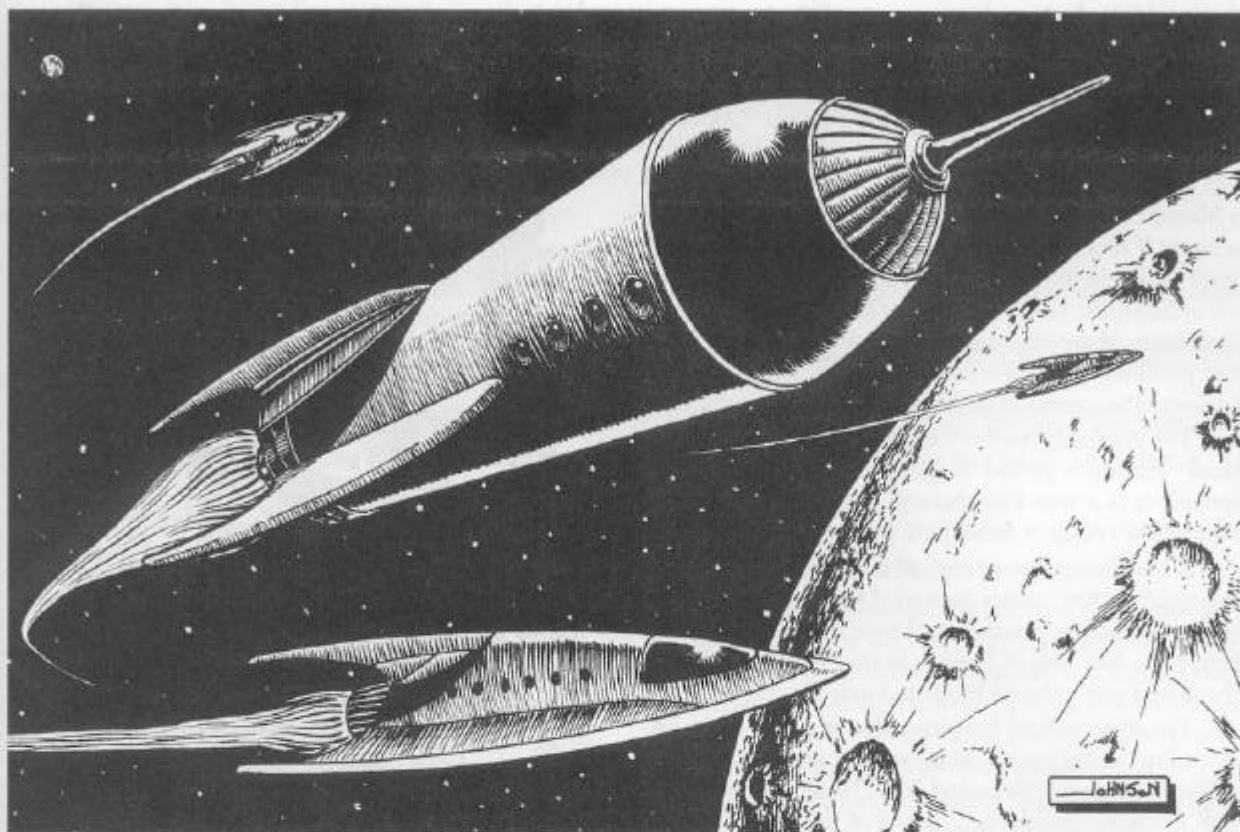
Chapters of our Club can be found in cities all over the World, with members dedicated to the exchange of potent Ideas to usher our World into a new Utopian era. While the most prestigious Club is in Paris, where members are respected Scientists in all fields, the most active at this time is the Club in London. We have the most opposition to face here, for our rivals in the Order of Reason are all about us, in the corridors of the monarchical power. But this tension provides us with an energy lacking in other Clubs and keeps our work from suffering the lackadaisical pace of our other chapter's Scientists.

Our meeting house is not announced to the public as such. Surrounded by those who would bring us down, we must meet in secret. Our particular chapter's Professors frequent the Club, which gathers in the Manor of our gracious host, Earl Glamm, a prestigious and brilliant Doctor.

The Manor is always open for our members to come and discuss their theories with others. Many a faulty theory has been mended in these heated discussions, and egos often leave bruised, but all know this is for the best. God forbid that a faulty theory go forth, to be rejected by the Consensus. Our work would then be for naught.

But likewise, God forbid that an ugly theory, no matter how practical, should be championed by our Society. Science is an art and is never to be considered mere craft. Without elegance, a theory would be quickly ignored by the Consensus, left to the hinterland and lost vale of forgotten science.

While we are united, there is nonetheless dissent in our ranks. A Scientist's reputation, glory and fame rely on his Works, and so we often become jealous of other's achievements and possessive of our own. Indeed, some of our most brilliant members do not frequent the Club until they have something to show off. The healthy debate found here is not for them, although I believe their work would benefit from it. But the towers of ego amongst us are too tall, too sturdy and too defensive...



## A Stagnant Society

by Captain Oort

[from Vol. 86, No. 3]

...When will we break from these antiquated and stuffy traditions? Our excessive hearkening back to an old-style Victorian society is strangling us. We must create new forms of interaction among ourselves. These so-called clubs are a joke. Nothing of import takes place in them anymore. Yes, they were once a viable forum for the meeting of minds, but they have become mere pomp and circumstance, commandeered by those Scientists in our midst who would prefer to argue over and criticize the theories of others rather than create and champion their own. A sad lot indeed are these armchair Professors. When was the last time a Doctor was witnessed in these gaudy, faux-leather smoking rooms?

I tell you, fellow Scientists, we must wake up and face the new dawn. Our youngest members, in their shining new laboratories, are prepared to seize the day, while our once-great mutter in their dingy, stone-walled dens.

I have only utter contempt for those who feel obliged to trot out their theories before the local club. I realize that these clubs are the haunts of our "objective" editors of *Paradigma*, and that appearance before this committee is a necessity for publication, but I nonetheless rebel in the hopes that others will follow. If our esteemed editors see fit to publish this piece, delivered not through a personal handshake over cigars and cognac, but by e-mail, then perhaps we can truly hope for a better tomorrow.

[Commentary from the Editors — We did indeed "see fit" to publish this diatribe, as we have always encouraged opposing opinions. To offer one here: We all know the importance of tradition, and to so viciously smash a hallowed societal institution simply because one cannot behave according to rules of common decency, as is the case with our Captain Oort, is no basis for rational discourse. Few other Traditions in the Council of Nine would allow for such leeway in discourse. Just try it at an Order of Hermes Chantry and see how far you get. ]

## Politics

[Our tradition is not immune to the daily rigors of politics. While many argue that such affairs only delay valuable discoveries, political structuring and the administering of justice within the Tradition are utter necessities. — Editors]

## The Great Hall

by Earl Oberon

[from Vol. 32, No. 4]

The governing body of our Tradition convenes in the Great Hall, a resplendent mansion just outside Paris. Here, the worldly matters of organization are supervised by the Assembly of Science. However, this is no ordinary building, for it has a connection, as do most Chantries, with the greater world of possibility, the Horizon.

It is in the Horizon that the actual Great Hall exists, a majestic building built in a classical Parisian style. Here the true governing of our Science takes place. The great Doctors and Professors of our Tradition gather to discuss important matters and vote on consequential issues.

Here too, the young Scientist may catch a glimpse of a Master Scientist, those most brilliant luminaries of our society. If lucky, the student may even hear the Master orate before the assembly, or, better yet, argue a philosophical or Scientific point. Many have been changed by such discussions, their minds opened to new avenues of thought and possibility. Numerous amazing inventions have been conceived as a result of such illuminating debates.

The Assembly itself is a most prestigious body. Only those who have proved themselves wise are admitted. Indeed, it is a true Meritocracy. However, disputes are resolved by voting, a democratic process.

When disagreements arise, as they often do within our society, and they cannot be settled through mutual consent, then the first means of resolution is to take the matter before the Assembly of Science in the Great Hall. There, the matter will be heard by all and judged appropriately.

The other method, less elegant but effective, is combat. Not a dirty, animalistic, physical exchange of blows, but a duel of Science, a clash of forces and skills. These duels are fought with machines and devices, usually of the Scientist's own invention, although borrowed devices are allowed.

The two (or more, if the nature of the dispute demands it) Scientists throw deadly rays at each other's mechanistic armies, trying to overthrow, through the ingenuity of construction, the enemy's team of robots. Normally, the most advanced weaponry wins, although there are concessions for skill.

Indeed, this is what provides our Scientists an edge over our rivals of Iteration X. We are no mere armchair inventors; no, we are ready and willing to fully test our theories given form in the field of tomorrow...

## Suffrage

[This letter, printed in Vol. 66, No. 1, illustrates the resentment often felt by our female members. — Editors]

### Dear Chauvinist Pigs

from Dame Atomika

Yes, our Tradition is as sexist as a hillbilly redneck on a Saturday night. Don't try to deny it, you pompous windbags. You know who you are. Well, I'm damned tired of it! Three times I've been denied the proper recognition for my Hate Ray just because I'm a woman. No more. I'm fighting back! We'll see who is the superior sex.

Oh, and don't bother to call me a "Son" of Ether any more. I'm an Electrodyne Diva now...





## Nomenclature

[We describe our institutions using terms different from those used by our fellow Traditions. This is due to our more modern predilections. When you hear a member of another Tradition, or even a member of an enemy path, use vocabulary you are unsure of, the following guide may help. — Editors]

| Tradition speak | Sons of Ether terminology   |
|-----------------|---|
| Magick          | Science (capitalized); lower case when referring to Sleeper science.  |
| Chantry         | Club, Chapter, or Laboratory  |
| Mage            | Scientist, or sometimes Natural Philosopher   |
| Adept           | Professor   |
| Master          | Doctor  |
| Oracle          | Master Scientist  |
| Sleeper         | Sleeper; the mass of Sleepers is referred to as the Consensus, the wall which our Science must break through. |

## The Campaign for a New Name

by Professor Ozu

[from Vol. 82, No. 3]

...Our Tradition has too long clung to the attitudes of its founders, the Electrodyne Engineers of the late 19th century — the Victorian era. Such outdated social mores and codes do a great disservice to the women of our Tradition, many of whom have advanced Science far indeed.

There has long been a movement seeking to change our Tradition's name from "Sons" to something less sexist. However, a consensus on this new name is, as yet, lacking. Candidates so far are:

The Order of Ether  
The Children of Ether  
The Society of Ether  
Etherians  
Team Ether

or, alternatives forsaking our ether banner:

The Bearers of Utopia  
The Tomorrow Society  
The Futurians  
The Paradigm, etc., etc.

I urge you all to participate in this debate. Cast your votes or nominate a new name at your local laboratory...

## Factions

by Professor Dulac

[written for this volume]

Our Tradition is divided along many political lines. Within a laboratory there may be many Sons of Ether, but each Scientist embraces different convictions concerning the Tradition's future and goals. I will summarize here the major factions I am aware of and also list quotations, some from print, but others from personal interview, from more famous members of these factions.

## The Ethernauts

These are the Scientists obsessed with exploration and the wonders of the far reaches, the places not yet touched by the Consensus. They believe our Tradition's main goal should be the exploration of Etherspace, arguing that the knowledge and discoveries we bring back will supply us with new weapons in our war of Science with the Technocracy.

I should mention the dangers of this endeavor here. While I salute those brave souls who wish to push our gauntlet of knowledge into the unknown, that unknown is obviously dangerous. We must beware lest we lose all we have fought for in one mad gamble.

**Captain Tiberius of the starship Etherjammer:**

*Our course is clear: we must get out there before they do. The untold resources of outer space can only aid our war in inner space, the war for the hearts and minds of the Consensus. Besides, there's nothing like weaving your ship through the ether winds, racing towards adventure...*

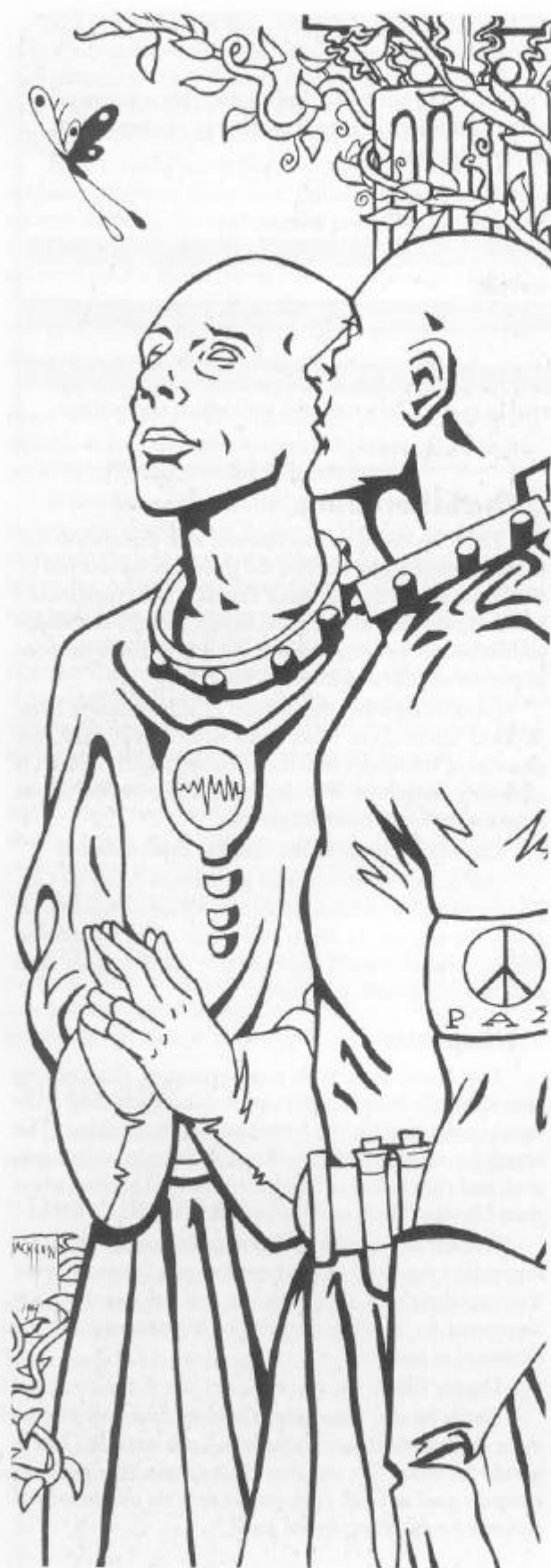
## Utopians

This group is perhaps more organized than others, consisting of a large number within our membership dedicated to Science for the betterment of humankind. The search for a better tomorrow through Science is their true goal, and they refuse to recognize historical barriers when their Utopian ideals are challenged.

I myself feel a great affinity for this group, although I must admit that my own cynicism does not always allow me to accept their lofty goals. However, it is also true that their arguments for the improvement of life cannot easily be dismissed as naiveté.

**Doctor Elias:**

*Simply because history has so far denied the ideal does not mean that it cannot yet become real. Look around! There is wonder all about. We ourselves are a wonder. We naturally recognize good and bad. How can we deny the chance to force a change for the better, for the good?*



## Cybernauts (or "Webslingers")

There are some Scientists among us who have become enamored of the Digital Web and thus spend much of their time playing in that wild realm. These Scientists argue that the Web is the next battleground for the Consensus, and that we had better establish some beachheads there.

I do not agree. I just cannot accept that humanity as a whole will become so obsessed with a single manufactured reality, especially one so filled with a glut of trivia. No, we can do far better than this. Of course, my opinion on this is always attacked as out-dated and old-fashioned. So be it.

### Professor Pixel:

*Think what you want, I know otherwise. The Web is the place, man. It's the next thing. No one's gonna give a damn about Dark Matter or that other astronomical crap in ten years. If we don't establish the ether here in the Web, we ain't ever gonna have it.*

## Progressivists

These are the reformers in our midst. They are the devil's advocates and fierce critics who feel the need to expose all our hypocrisies. This faction attracts many women in our Tradition, and I can't blame them. Their call for reform of our "Victorian" standards has gone unheeded for too long.

However, sometimes the Progressivists want to throw out the good with the bad. They do not recognize the necessity and efficiency of the Great Hall and wish to abolish this institution for a more democratic one. I don't recommend this. We have too much pressure from outside agencies to allow for such extreme dissension in our ranks.

### Doctor Alexis Hastings:

*We can no longer deny that there's a lot of cleaning up to be done within our organization. I say we start with the whole sexism issue first, handle it, and then get on to the next big thing: the equalization of power within the Tradition.*

## The Traditionalists

While this name is a touch onerous to its bearers, it is an apt moniker. The Traditionalists are those among us who have perhaps become a bit too static in their thinking. They like things the way they are and deny the need for reform, or change of any sort, in our Tradition.

Most Traditionalists come from the upper echelons; they are mainly elders and older Scientists. And for now, the power rests in their hands. But this is changing, as younger Scientists are take their places in the Great Hall. It remains to be seen how long they can hold out.

### Doctor Gorda Urlak:

*It is preposterous what concessions the young ask for these days. In my day, we were lucky to have as fine an organization as we did. We must hold strong lest our foundations crumble in acceptance of idiotic ideas.*

## Mad Scientists

My use of this term will undoubtedly anger many. However, it is a familiar term and does convey some of the criticism I intend for this group. These are the Scientists who are obsessed with their own theories to the exclusion of other important events. Common sense is all too often left behind by these brilliant but impractical Scientists among us.

It cannot be denied that these Scientists make great sacrifices for the Tradition, but I don't wish to condone this sort of martyrdom. It only encourages them.

The Mad Scientists are allied into a sort of network that stretches across our many laboratories, through which they sometimes trade theories and seek mutual support when they are scrutinized by the Great Hall for improprieties against Sleepers. It is this latter penchant which disturbs me the most. They are too willing to use Sleepers as unwitting fodder for their experiments, regardless of the moral implications. I cannot condone this.

### Professor Vorgel:

*Ha! To say that I am misunderstood is a mis-statement. I have yet to meet the man who is equal to my intellect. If a single fellow Scientist could but understand my advanced theories, then I would perhaps recognize his opinions. But that has yet to occur, sir.*

## Pulp Heroes (or "Adventurers")

Again, I use a controversial term for a particular type of person within our Tradition. Many prefer the term "Adventurer," but I think the above is more fitting, as it better represents their childishness. It was one thing for Doctor Eon to perform the deeds he did; he was a man of his times (although many will argue that he was and is a man of many times, this is beside the point). But to dress up in some silly uniform and go about the world pretending that cliff-hanger serials or pulp magazines are some sort of sound model for reality is ludicrous.

Of course, my opinion is considered invalid by even the great Master Scientists of our Tradition. Indeed, their construction of the Gernsback Continuum is proof that this paradigm is still alive and well with us today.

That still does not excuse the open brandishing of ray pistols among Sleepers...

### Joe "Lucky Skunk" Ross:

*I ain't a mage, but I can defend these guys from the rays and beams of outrageous criticism. Spendin' all those years with ol' Doc Eon has given me some clue about the whole adventure thing. Every Son of Ether dreams of a better world, a world full of wonder, right? So, what better model than the old pulps? I speak from experience, 'cause I wrote more than a few of 'em. They're good clean fun. Not like the comics or movies of today. There's somethin' wrong with a guy who likes to read about psycho-killers as heroes, at least in my book. Naw, don't accuse us of being silly. At least we have our priorities straight, and can tell good from bad.*





# Allies

*I'll make you an Adonis...*

— Boris Karloff, *House of Frankenstein*

*Finally I felt someone watching me. Schratt was standing two yards behind me, staring. His face twisting, he battled with himself, undecided whether to run away or come to my assistance, but he finally overcame the shock of seeing me steal a man's brain.*

— Curt Siodmak, *Donovan's Brain*

## Acolytes

by Professor Dulac

[written for this volume]

What Professor has successfully activated his giant Ray Projector or collected sufficient body parts for reintegration into his golem without the aid of a loyal assistant? Our Scientists, great as they are, owe much to their assistants, those selfless people ready to risk electrocution, criminal prosecution and a lonely existence, all to aid the pursuit of Science. Without our acolytes, the sheer workload demanded by our inventions would be unmanageable.

There are many reasons that our Tradition has trouble recruiting these skilled assistants. In most cases, volunteers prefer to aid the other Traditions, seduced by the glamour of magick. Such shallow beings are not truly skilled by our standards anyway.

We are often reduced to accepting applicants who seem, at first, to have little or no background in Scientific labor, but who prove to be quite dedicated and capable once they are put to work. Nonetheless, the frequent presence of layabouts among our assistants often drives Scientists to behave perhaps a bit too harshly toward their aides. The renowned "Son of Ether Tirade" has sprouted many jokes among our acolytes, and has caused not a few to quit their positions. Indeed, some have even been seduced to the Technocracy with promises of respectful treatment.

This irascible behavior toward our assistants is cause for much dissent. There have been various reform movements initiated through the years to create rules of conduct for all Scientists to follow in the treatment of their acolytes.

But regardless of the few bad eggs in our bunch, there have been some shining examples of Scientist-acolyte relationships, chief among them being Doctor Eon and his Terrific Trio back in the '30s and '40s. This model has inspired many other Scientists, including Captain Tiberius, who have built close-knit teams of ready and loyal acolytes about them.

# Golems and Robots

by Professor Aryeh

[from Vol. 53, No. 3]

You cannot find an acolyte more loyal than the one you make yourself. Yes, there have been exceptions to this rule throughout history, but even wild Elias, the prodigal son, returned to his father's ways.

With the aid of Doctor Asimov's Law of Constructs, manufacturing a loyal and helpful aid is no longer the dangerous business it used to be. There are, however, some rules that should be considered:

- Build only from untraceable parts. For robots, the best are found-materials from junkyards or factories (pre-inventory); otherwise, you risk Iteration X attaining some form of control over your robots. In the case of reconstituted dead matter, as grisly as it may seem, scouring battlefields provides the least-traceable corpses. The condition they are found in, however, is often unsatisfactory. Before I go further, I want to refer the reader to Doctor Hamada's excellent and amusing book, *The Ethics of the Corpse Crafter*.

- Be sure the programming or training is carefully planned. The work of B.F. Skinner, although tainted with New World Order ethics, can be helpful here, as long as such behaviorism is remembered to be only a tool, not a philosophy.

## Other Places

by Professor Dulac

[written for this volume]

The material world of Earth is not the only playground for our Scientists. There is a realm of greater possibility beyond, past the artificial wall governed by the Technocracy. Without these havens of alternate laws, we would perhaps fall into the same myopic trap of materialism as the Technocracy. Even though we master the Sphere of Matter, we are not bound hopelessly to it; our Scientists operate in many fields of discovery, from galvanism (Forces) to parapsychology (Mind).

In these other worlds, Paradox does not hinder our imagination. Science can grow to its true proportions, unfettered by materialistic concerns. Indeed, these realms can be tailored as perfect laboratories for experimentation. Etherspace easily lends itself to Correspondence Science, as the workings of the ether wind allow even a novice in that Sphere to operate as an expert.

The following excerpts highlight some of the odd alternate worlds we are heir to:

[See Appendix II of this book for more technical details. — Editors]

## Etherspace

*"It is good to renew one's wonder," said the philosopher. "Space travel has again made children of us all."*

— Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*

One of our greatest achievements was the discovery of Etherspace by Colonel Arno Valiant in 1888. This stalwart adventurer piloted his balloon up past the sky and discovered that the heavens are a vast celestial realm filled with ether. He theorized that the ether wind could be navigated, making it possible to visit the far planets.

But this discovery scared the Technocracy, and convinced them to vote the ether out of the Consensus, so afraid were they of its possibilities. The Void Engineers were given the task of shutting down this reality, making it into an empty void. This they have achieved — on one side of the Horizon.

But past the Horizon, in what our fellows call the Deep Umbra, Etherspace still exists, and it is indeed navigable, as Captain Tiberius of the Etherjammer starship has discovered.

Many secrets await in this uncharted realm. What wonders hide on the distant planets? What new beings to meet and learn from? Captain Tiberius is, even now, manning an expedition to the mysterious Planet X, hidden between Neptune and Pluto.

However, danger also awaits, for the Technocracy patrols here as well, in the form of Void Engineer ships ready to attack any of our Scientists who dare seek outward for new worlds. Marauders also roam here, ever seeking entry into our sphere. And the Id-fueled Nephandi hide here, every now and then trying to batter down the walls to our world.

## Victoria Station

This amazing model of modern engineering and space technology is an inhabitable base orbiting the moon. Its design is pure Victorian era, though. Since it hearkens back to the early days of our Tradition, to that excitement and world of possibilities, it has been dubbed Victoria Station in honor of the Queen. However, there are many who wish to change this, for Victoria is known to have been instrumental in cementing the power of the New World Order, although we were still allies at the time.

Some of the proposed new names include: Bradbury Outpost, in honor of Ray Bradbury; Moon City 1; and Arcadia Station, in honor of our rumored patrons on the moon.

This important base serves as the main departure point for Etherspace. The only reason the Void Engineers have not yet attacked the station is their fear of Faerie magic. While we certainly do not claim to understand the whims of these rumored Faerie allies of ours, we have so far been able to smoothly execute all our goals for the station without fear of Fey resistance.





## The Gernsback Continuum

This fascinating place is a rather recent addition to our growing number of Horizon Realms. Its creation was based upon a short story by the science fiction author William Gibson. His idea was too good to remain only fiction.

Gibson based his stories on Hugo Gernsback, who was an early editor of science fiction stories, stories of wondrous art-deco futures and sizzling ray guns, of skies filled with metal zeppelins and sleek saucers. This world, representing the best of Gernsback's vision, is the major playground for our new theories and Sciences.

Visitors to this cityscape of the future can participate in a host of entertainments and mind-expanding games, from witnessing the cataclysmic Wars of Science (duels fought between two Sons of Ether), to learning how to pilot an etherflyer.

It is in this realm, more than any except Etherspace, that the behavior of ether can be best observed. In fact, many ether goggles are manufactured here.

## The Hollow Earth

A once-astounding land, the Hollow Earth is now but a memory to most. It still waits on the periphery of our world, but its entrance is closed and no visitors have passed through its many sub-cavern gates since the 1950s. The Void Engineers succeeded in wiping it from the Consensus.

However, for the stalwart who wishes to brave the dangerous traps surrounding it, it beckons with untold adventure and luminous discovery. It is rumored that the Goro monks still live here, deep within our earth, meditating on peace and thus guarding our world from destruction.

Also within this world is the inner sun, the Smoky God as the primitive natives of the jungle interior call it, the bringer of life and light.



Among the rumored inhabitants of this world are: the Vrils, a race of superior beings with awesome energy weapons that the Nazis formed a society to search for (the Luminous Lodge of the Vril Society); the deros (for de-evolutionary robots), a race of degenerated and stunted men descended from the Space Gods of Atlantis who left our world long ago; and the Morcegos, bat-like people that sleep during the day in great holes in the ground.

The first Son of Ether to uncover the secrets of the Hollow Earth was Captain John Cleve Symmes. His attempts to gain government funding for an expedition in the mid-1800s created the whole Hollow Earth craze among Sleepers.

In 1908, a Sleeper named Willis George Emerson published *The Smoky God*. This book was an account of a Scandinavian sailor, Olaf Jansen, who traveled with his father into the Hollow Earth. He described a land inhabited by giants and other mythical beasts who worshipped the interior sun, called the Smoky God, from which they drew their energies. Olaf claimed that the Aurora Borealis was a reflection from the Smoky God's light shining through a gap in the pole.

All this attention convinced the Void Engineers that the Hollow Earth had to be closed off. It was too dangerous, too random.

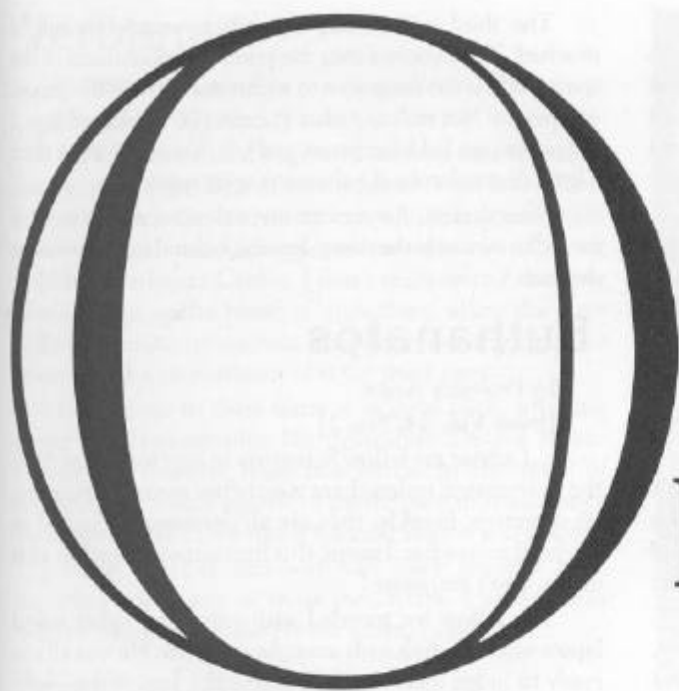
However, some Sleepers claim that the Hollow Earth was revealed in one of Admiral Byrd's Polar Flight newsreels. In 1929, a newsreel about the 1926 and 1929 flights to the pole could supposedly be seen in American theatres. It showed footage of the Hollow Earth, revealing trees, rivers and even a Woolly Mammoth.

This newsreel has not been seen since its original release. The Void Engineers have done their job well.

However, the search for entrances to this interior world of wonder continues. Who knows what new Sciences can be wrought from the inner world's secrets?







# pinions

## Our Fellow Traditions

[The following collection typifies the opinions our Scientists hold regarding our comrades in the Council of Nine. In addition, we provide representative views of our bitter enemies in the Technocracy, our wary relations with the Marauders, our ban against dealing with the Nephandi, and the so-called supernatural residents of our world. — Editors]

### Akashic Brotherhood

by Sir James Fowley  
[from Vol. 18, No. 3]

...My time spent in the dreary monastery proved to be all for naught. The answers to my questions were never forthcoming. My hosts simply smiled when I re-inquired, and motioned to their surroundings, as if this was some form of answer. I carefully examined the monastery, from its outer walls to its inner sanctums, but there was no evidence that it was anything more or less than it appeared to be: an ancient stone temple.

Baffled, I badgered my hosts until the head monk finally sighed and sat me down to tea. After an interminable silence he spoke: "If you cannot find the answers within your own silence, your mind makes too much noise. You must learn to let it calm and allow the natural utterances to be heard."

How's that for an inscrutable answer? These mystics confound me. They are too obsessed with the inner world. The action is out here! Why, it's as perfectly clear as the moon at night!

No, my friends, I am afraid the answers to our questions lie not with them, who are ignorant of Science, but with the world itself and its processes...

### Celestial Chorus

by Professor Thunder  
[from Vol. 76, No. 1]

...I had a most interesting argument the other night with my friend from the Celestial Chorus, Deacon M—. Our debate began with ecclesiastical issues but quickly broadened to encompass metaphysics.

The crux of his argument was such: God, or the One, is the prime mover and motivator of the universe, and Science is but the surface workings of His (Her/Its) will. Individuals, such as mages, can manipulate reality only by means of the One within them, that part of each and every mote that is still connected with a universal, primordial unity.

I argued back that the existence of God, or the One or whatever it chooses to be called, is irrelevant. His (Her/Its) existence has no bearing whatsoever on our actions. Since He chooses not to reveal Himself, hiding even from rigorous Scientific analysis, then it must be assumed that, existent or not, He in no way affects our lives in a fashion by which we may change or control our lives with greater knowledge of Him. Since our control over ourselves and reality is a fact, with or without knowledge of the One, the One is irrelevant to our lives.



My friend disagreed, but rather than trying to convince me by further proofs of his point, he instead took to that damnable exercise, emotional guilt, looking at me as if I were some impoverished orphan who needed pity and guidance, whereby I would improve my disposition toward life. He took to shaking his head as I continued my argument, and began to "tsk." Phah!

If the Celestial Chorus cannot engage in meaningful dialogue, how are they ever to accomplish their goal of unity within the Council of Nine?

## Cult of Ecstasy

by Scientist Diablo

[from Vol. 76, No. 3]

...Oh, they are indeed a crafty sort. But I must admit that I did enjoy myself. My weekend among the Cult was perhaps the funnest time I've had since my discovery of Xenium. Nonetheless, they are seriously lacking in any sort of scientific method.

None of their statements can be taken for any value, for they are each contradicted by others among them, and it soon arises that each of them is in fact speaking of the same event from an entirely different perspective. That such wildly differing viewpoints can be held on such simple, objective issues is astonishing. Indeed, one is either forced to concede that they are, each and every one of them, somewhat mad, or that the universe is nothing but pure subjectivity.

I realize that this latter option is similar to certain quantum ideas, but I must refuse it. If there was no basis whatsoever for objectivity, then the Consensus would not exist. That said, I must state that the Cult of Ecstasy has perhaps a more dramatic effect on the perceptions of the Consensus than any other Tradition. I do not, though, recommend that we emulate their tactics...

## Dreamspeakers

by Professor Pith

[from Vol. 29, No. 1]

...There were, however, a few observations I collected before we fled in fear of losing our heads. The first is that this Dreamspeaker harbors a profound belief in his connection to nature. This allows him to perform feats amazing by even our Scientific standards. I was forced to revise some of my deeply-held opinions about these primitives and their intelligence.

The second is that he could not even begin to understand our Science. The Dreamspeakers are, I believe, psychologically incapable of this. To put it into a Jungian system, they are non-individuated egos, still living in a *participation mystique* with the world. How fascinating. If one were prepared to spend some time among them, I'm sure one could learn much about primitive human instincts and unconscious mental templates.

The third is that they are either vengeful or full of mischief. Their control over the primitive inhabitants of the spirit world is too dangerous to withstand without the proper equipment. Not realizing what to expect on the expedition, I did not bring a field dampener, and was thus put to more than a little discomfort by the shaman's spirit minions.

Nonetheless, I wore out my welcome, and was soon forced to evacuate the camp, leaving behind many priceless devices...

## Euthanatos

by Professor Argot

[from Vol. 54, No. 2]

...I advise my fellow Scientists to stay well away from the Euthanatos, unless there is no better means of pursuing an objective. Frankly, they are all deranged. Touched in the head somewhat. I mean, this fixation with death is a bit much, don't you agree?

The fellow we traveled with exhibited many moral lapses when dealing with annoying persons. He was all too ready to judge their worthiness to exist, and if they were found wanting in his mind, he was eager to deliver the "proper medication" to them, which invariably meant death for the hapless Sleepers. Dreadful business, no?

We had to constantly explain to him why this could not be done, and I believe we finally broke through to him some understanding of moral principles. Nevertheless, he spurned these principles even after he understood them.

Again, do not go near these ones if you can avoid it...

## Hollow Ones

by Scientist Darcy

[from Vol. 24, No. 4]

...The dirty vagabond called himself a Hollow One and thought this alone allowed him admittance to our meeting. We scoffed at him and sent him on his way...

## Order of Hermes

by Scientist Peebles

[from Vol. 72, No. 1]

...Our own Tradition is an outgrowth of the medieval Order of Hermes, back when that organization had within it many Houses. Lorenzo Golo was a mage of House Verditius until he broke away to form his own House, outside the Order.

Times have changed but the Order of Hermes has not. While this is admirable in some senses, it does point to a desperate denial of change. Indeed, the Order still dabbles in early sciences that have long since matured into new forms.

We tried for a long time to convince them to integrate some of our methods into their practices, but they denied the efficacy of our Sciences. Thus, we work with them still, but realize that they will soon expire as a viable Tradition...

## Verbena

by Doctor Lemniscate  
[from Vol. 77, No. 2]

...I'll be damned if I agree to such an insane undertaking again, regardless of the outcome for our laboratory. I have the scars to prove my convictions, scars which refuse to heal, even with repeated use of our own Doctor Babble's Medicant Cream. I don't recommend that any of you, even in the name of diplomacy, allow the Verbena witches to tattoo you, no matter how they impress upon you the importance of it for their rites.

I had gone to their festival in good faith, bringing along our Hydroponics Multiplication Device to exchange for some of their rare herbs. In the spirit of further good will, I agreed to participate in their dance—dance?! Ha! More like a Satanic orgy if you ask me.

These witches and warlocks have perhaps been ingesting too many of their own herbs. I mean, they behave like barbarians! Never again, I swear it...

## Virtual Adepts

by Doctor Alexis Hastings  
[from Vol. 81, No. 3]

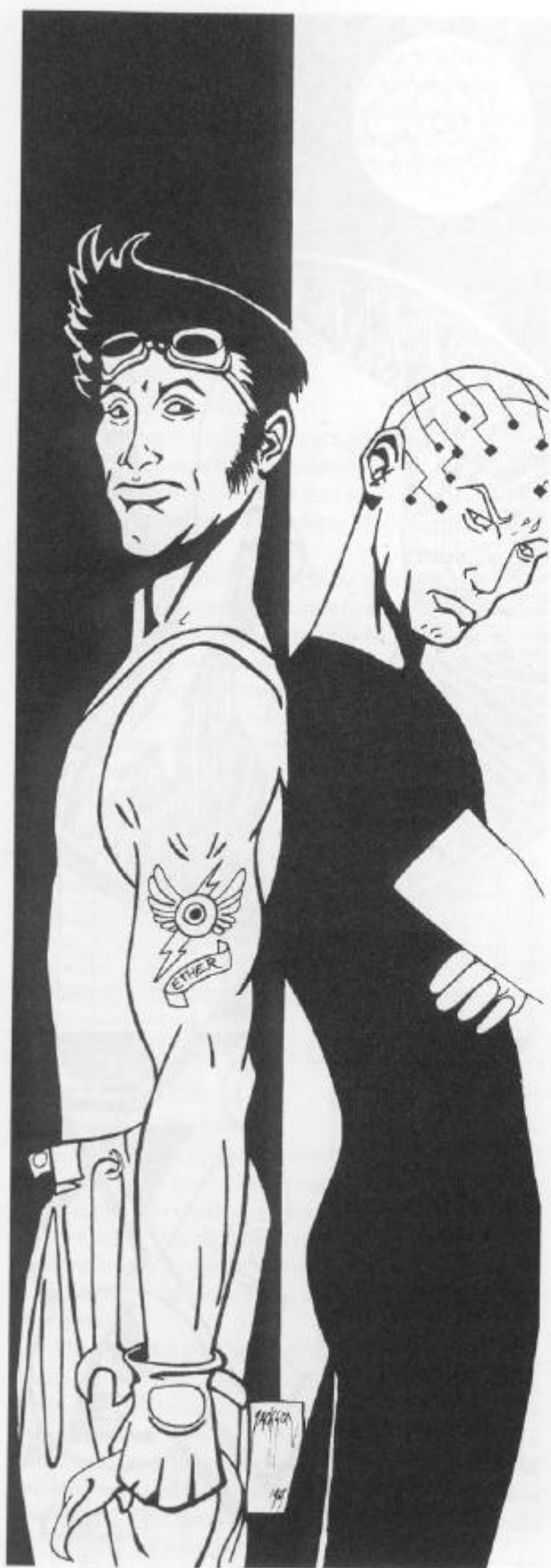
...A wonder, truly a wonder! X-Cel's new deck is a spectacular model of design and efficiency, with the maximum amount of power packed in. I was impressed.

But upon further examination, I realized how it could be improved. X-Cel and I stayed up late that night drawing diagrams, discarding them, and then re-drawing them to incorporate modifications. By morning, we had the blueprints for an even more advanced laptop computer.

Even with all my genius in logic loops and chips, I could not have designed as elegant a machine without X-Cel's insistent persistence and spontaneous insight. She didn't fully understand the models I was working with, but soon revealed an intuitive grasp of them which astounded me, for it has taken me years to cement such theories.

Indeed, I worry that X-Cel, with more training, might surpass my ideas in a few years. I stand on shaky ground. These Virtual Adepts, while undisciplined, certainly have the seed of genius in them...





# The Technocracy

## Iteration X

by Doctor Van Baas  
[from Vol. 43, No. 2]

...I do not believe our Tradition faces a more serious and capable enemy than the foot soldiers of Iteration X. However, with pluck and daring, we can overcome even their mighty, Primium-tempered legions.

They have one weakness: They misunderstand, at a very basic level, the mysteries of the organic mind. While powerful in Mental Science when they need to be, they simply cannot grasp the paradox of human thought. Our tactics must use this against them.

In other words, fellow Scientists, we must never let them outguess us, never be predictable.

We do have another ally, of course: our own understanding of Science. Our Tradition, more than any other in the Council, has the capability to understand the Scientific principles that are behind their weapons, and hence the ability to jury-rig a defense or offense against them.

For instance, I once deduced that the Hit Mark's advanced night-visioning system relied on scanning the infrared spectrum. I was then able to blind the system by heating up objects with my ray pistol, thus increasing their radiation... [This article refers to a Hit Mark model II, and so is outdated concerning Marks III and higher. — Editors]

## New World Order

by Doctor Headspace  
[from Vol. 76, No. 4]

...Never underestimate the Men in Black. They can read you like a book. Unless, of course, you are me. I specialize in giving false readings. So, I lured them along for a while, waiting for them to make their move. When it came, I was ready for them.

However, even I did not expect their back-up to arrive so early. I still don't understand their damnable communication system. It's as if they are all connected into some cursed mass-hive mind — each one in town knowing what the others are doing. I took Doc Eon's advice, and played it by ear. If I had followed a plan, they would have surely anticipated it and figured out my endgame before I had.

It was this random factor that saved me. That and my Hypnodisc. Not even their sunglasses could save them from my Device. Their mental shields were no match for my Science. However, I assume they have taken it into account since their defeat, and I fear the next MIB I meet will be quite prepared to resist the seductive motions of my disc...



## Progenitors

by Doctor Hand

[from Vol. 66, No. 2]

...I can reveal much concerning Progenitor lore, for I was once one of them. I thank the heavens that the Sons of Ether took me in during my desperate hour of need. Otherwise, I would have never escaped Damage Control.

There are, even now, clones of me wandering about the world. In many instances, these clones have tried to infiltrate Sons of Ether laboratories by pretending to be me. However, soon after joining my new Tradition, I was able to synthesize a viral agent effective only against my clones and distribute this agent to many labs over the world. I have asked that every laboratory administer this agent to "me" when I arrive there. If this results in death, then the victim was not I, but my clone.

Can you understand the precautions we must all take against these monsters? It is one thing to play with life and death using dead tissue, as did Doctor Waldman, but another entirely to play with the living and their very sense of identity!

I have devoted my new explorations in Science toward symieing further Progenitor monstrosities. I will soon complete a Device that is guaranteed to detect a clone of any sort...

## Syndicate

by Doctor Almanac

[from Vol. 73, No. 1]

...The Syndicate did everything in its power to ruin my cash flow. Once they had discovered my aliases, they set about racking up huge debts in these names. I was frantic for a while, as my livelihood was quickly disappearing.

But I did not need to worry. Desperation builds genius. It is a simple matter to devise a machine that can draw cash from banks legally, even when you do not exist in their system. And when this machine fails, I have counterfeit plates ready. Making money is the easiest thing.

However, I do not advise you to engage in this practice unless you have already come under the Syndicate's notice and censure. Otherwise, you will soon find them watching you. No, I recommend operating normally in regard to your fiscal affairs for as long as possible. Operating as a simple cog in their machine is the best way to hide from them.

But once they have taken action against you, you might as well try to screw them back...

## Void Engineers

by Captain Tiberius

[from Vol. 87, No. 1]

...I've had more than my fair share of run-ins with these jockeys. Believe me when I say that you should never underestimate the Void Engineers. That doesn't mean they're not stupid; they are. But they are a cunning kind of stupid, backed up with the full technological might of their fellow Conventions.

But we've got more than that. We've got gumption.

I must say, I have a little respect for them. Of all their fellows, they are the only ones willing to go Out There. Certainly their reasons for embarking on the Grand Adventure are wrong, but they do it nonetheless. I wish we weren't enemies, but they will have it no other way.

So, my recommendation is to fire first and ask questions later. And remember, while their void shuttles are powerful, they cannot outrace our etherships, for they do not know how to harness the ether wind...

## Marauders

by Professor Larson

[from Vol. 79, No. 2]

...Yes, I agree that the Marauders are dangerous. But what we can learn from them far outweighs the risks involved. Their ability to blatantly ignore Paradox must be studied. The principles involved could perhaps aid in the creation of a Paradox Field Nullifier. Then we would not have to worry about this Consensus garbage anymore. Pure Science would be ours for the taking! What heights we could reach then!

I have recently made the acquaintance of a Mr. Glamgurd, a being of the genus *Manticora*. We have had some fascinating talks, and I have so far been able to convince him that I am a better conversation subject than dinner subject. I will continue to explore further relations with this being, and file reports whenever possible...

## Nephandi

by Master Scientist Wells

[written for this volume]

I write this message to the next generation of Scientists in utmost earnesty to warn you away from any dealings with the Nephandi. The consequences of such interactions, even brief ones, can be devastating.

Our official position concerning the Nephandi forbids contact of any kind. This is not to be violated. If even a single Scientist is corrupted by their ways, then her entire laboratory could follow suit.

Do not believe for an instant that their wiles will not be effective against you. I have seen some of the greatest minds in our Tradition fall to them, becoming *barabbi*. Such was the fate of the renowned Doctor Gordon. If Gordon approaches you in any fashion, alert a Doctor or Professor immediately. Gordon is dangerous. His once-brilliant understanding of biology has been turned to evil uses.

I understand the temptation to learn from the Nephandi. But do not be fooled here either. The great Doctor Eon suffered his only defeat in trying to deal with the Zigg'raug'lurr. Even that master of Time could not come close to understanding the inhuman desires of these beasts of the time stream.

I repeat: Go not near the Nephandi.



# Others

## Vampires

by Professor Doubilet  
[from Vol. 66, No. 2]

...My studies were near to their completion when they discovered my intentions. Their retribution was harsh. Their fierce desire to keep themselves and their kind cloaked in utter secrecy drives them to inhuman deeds. My pitiful assistant, Karl, is lost to us due to their savage attack on my laboratory.

Everything is gone. The blood samples, my notes, and the remaining tissue samples, including the ashes. There was a note waiting for me when I arrived at the wreckage that used to be my lab. A note that was attached to the stake in poor Karl's chest. In the most civilized terms, the note cautioned me against further exploration into the vampiric mysteries.

Strange, how such a refined letter could be delivered by such beasts.

But this has only strengthened my resolve. I am now armed with improved equipment, including a solar ray, which I believe will keep them well at bay. I go forth to continue my studies...

## Werewolves

by Professor Equator  
[from Vol. 43, No. 2]

...The savage howling of the half-men chilled me to the bone, and set my acolytes on edge as well. I assured my group that we had nothing to fear, for the pact I had made with the city werewolf would surely be honored by his country cousins. How stupid of me to attribute a civilized virtue, such as honor, to men whose hearts are predatory.

As we waited in the campsite, the howling in the surrounding woods grew nearer and nearer. As instructed by the city-dwelling wolf, I set out the staff, driving it into the ground. He said the magic of the "fetish" would stave off an attack. I prayed so.

But prayer means little in Nature's wilds. A huge slaving wolf, larger than any I had ever seen before — excepting fossil records from Europe — leapt from the woods, past the staff, and into my chest, driving me to the ground.

Its hot breath engulfed my face, and I nearly fainted. Saliva dripped from its open fangs, running down my cheek. I believed my end had finally come.

And then it grew even larger, its weight bearing down hard on me, nearly crushing me. I could hardly breathe as its body stretched out into a furred man shape. I could hear my acolytes screaming as they beat their way through the bushes.

The thing still bore the face of a wolf, and stared into my eyes.

And then it laughed.

An almost-human laugh. And I swear that intelligence gleamed behind its eyes. It stood up, and I was thankful to breathe again. It walked over to my Kirlian camera and smashed it with a swift kick. I groaned, for it had taken a year to build. The creature seemed pleased at my misfortune. It smiled at me. And then it left, running back into the woods of night.

I have never had a more terrifying and frustrating experience. Studying the lycanthrope will obviously require some different methods...

## Wraiths

by Professor Neon

[from Vol. 33, No. 2]

...The dead would certainly make an interesting study. Scientists within our Tradition have done some initial research with parapsychological phenomena, but have yet to truly pierce the veil between life and death.

Certainly, great Scientists in our Tradition have created life from the dead, but there is no evidence that the newly created "soul" embodies the personality of the previous inhabitant; in fact, it would seem otherwise.

Until a more in-depth study can be made, we must recognize that ghosts are a mystery to Science...

## Faeries

by Professor Dooley

[from Vol. 87, No. 4]

Are the faeries of medieval legend (and modern urban myth, if some reports are to be believed) the survivors of Atlantis? Is their magic actually the remnant of Atlantean super science? I believe so. The planet Arcadia (known to some in our Tradition as Planet X), hidden between Neptune and Pluto, is home to these remaining, near-immortal survivors of that ancient cataclysm. Now, it remains for me to confirm my theory. I have booked passage on the Etherjammer. If we can elude the Void Engineer's attack ships and navigate past the enigma traps left by the Fey, we shall find this Arcadia/Planet X...





HYPERPHYSICS  
Chapters 3-5  
This will be on last  
Friday's test...



# Appendix I: The Halls of Science

*The human race is fumbling toward the light through outer darkness; and there is a feeling here of movement, of genuine wonder.*

— Harlan Ellison, *An Edge in My Voice* (Installment 6)



The Sons of Ether are a Tradition stuck, in many ways, in time. While some members of the group do live in the late 20th century, the structure, ideals, aesthetics and icons of the Tradition itself are rooted in Utopian Victorian sensibilities. To the Sons, tradition, grace and civility are of paramount importance; other Traditions and their Technocracy foes are boorish, with little style or honor. The Good Old Days need not be past history; the Sons of Ether see themselves as the saviors of magickal class.

Beyond their "mad scientist" stereotype, the Sons of Ether remain a fairly diverse lot. Although united by their common love for grand theories and graceful Science, many modern Sons (and Daughters) reject the stuffy confines of tradition. By and large, most Etheric Scientists still spurn the nihilistic goth/punk lifestyle in favor of a more upbeat eccentricity. This Tradition is nothing if not optimistic.

This chapter presents a variety of beginning character templates for player or Storyteller use, and a further four notables. These characters by no means reflect the diversity within this stylish Tradition. For the Sons of Ether, grandiose theory, personal honor and daring experimentation mean more than the clothing on their backs or the devices in their hands. For them, the wonder of Science is the salvation of magick.

# Mad Biologist

*Talent and imagination*

*Weird Science!*

*Not what teacher said to do*

*Makin' dreams come true*

*Living tissue, warm flesh*

— Oingo Boingo, "Weird Science"

**Quote:** *Reality is a disease, and I'm the cure!*

**Prelude:** Since childhood, you've had a fascination with natural forces. You didn't wait until high-school biology to start dissecting frogs, and you had personal theories about life and the universe by the time you were nine. Your science teachers, of course, said that those theories were all wrong. You were smart enough, they claimed; why didn't you get your head out of the clouds and cooperate for a change?

Their science had no grace to it, no imagination. You always worked hard — at least when it came to the subjects that caught your fancy — but your low grades and odd behavior kept you out of the best schools. To hell with them all! Against your parents' wishes, you enrolled in a "crackpot college" and pursued a master's degree. Your professor was an eccentric old guy who licked transistor batteries between classes; you hit it off beautifully, and he soon got you a job at a local research lab.

You were working with some mice one day when it all became clear. The world was a giant maze, and the maze was on fire. A mouse with a big enough flame-thrower, however, could burn her way through the walls! You were that mouse! Fight fire with fire! It made sense to you at the time, and your mentor was delighted. He introduced you to some of his "colleagues," who welcomed you with open arms. You've been perfecting your flame-thrower ever since.

**Concept:** You're more than a little crackers, but in a neat sort of way. Science was meant to be fun; whimsy leads to the biggest breakthroughs. You love solving the little puzzles each day brings, and know that the answer to the biggest puzzle of all lies just out of sight.

**Roleplaying Tips:** An unplanned act is a reflex; follow impulsive actions with hard research to discover the stimulus. Fire and mice are like totems to you — treat both with respect. Act strange; anyone scared off isn't worth knowing anyway. Above all, have fun! Life isn't worth getting depressed about!

**Magick:** You never really got the hang of Matter Science; Life and Forces are your specialties. Though you like playing with (or creating!) little lifeforms, open flame has a special significance for you. Fire, you realize, represents insight, determination, vision and will. Besides, it's fun to make things burn! Not that you've forgotten your responsibility as a Scientist; the Consensus must be saved from its own lack of imagination, not to mention the Technocracy. A sexually transmitted cure for AIDS is your ultimate goal.

**Equipment:** Leather jacket, mouse-skull jewelry, surgical tools and an odd assortment of pills and fluids (foci), notebook, lighter and homemade napalm.







# ons of other



MAGE: The Ascension™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Essence: DYNAMIC  
Nature: DEVIANT  
Demeanor: REBEL

Concept: MAD  
Mentor: BIOLOGIST  
Cabal:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●○○○○  
Dexterity ●○○○○  
Stamina ●○○○○

### Social

Charisma ●○○○○  
Manipulation ●○○○○  
Appearance ●○○○○

### Mental

Perception ●○○○○  
Intelligence ●○○○○  
Wits ●○○○○

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●○○○○  
Athletics ○○○○○  
Awareness ○○○○○  
Brawl ○○○○○  
Dodge ●○○○○  
Expression ○○○○○  
Intuition ○○○○○  
Intimidation ●○○○○  
Streetwise ●○○○○  
Subterfuge ○○○○○

### Skills

Drive ●○○○○  
Etiquette ○○○○○  
Firearms ●○○○○  
Leadership ○○○○○  
Meditation ○○○○○  
Melee ○○○○○  
Research ●○○○○  
Stealth ○○○○○  
Survival ○○○○○  
Technology ●○○○○

### Knowledges

Computer ●○○○○  
Cosmology ●○○○○  
Culture ○○○○○  
Enigmas ●○○○○  
Investigation ●○○○○  
Law ○○○○○  
Linguistics ○○○○○  
Medicine ●○○○○  
Occult ●○○○○  
Science BIOLOGY ●○○○○

## Advantages

### Spheres

Correspondence ○○○○○ Life ●○○○○ Prime ●○○○○  
Entropy ○○○○○ Mind ○○○○○ Spirit ○○○○○  
Forces ●○○○○ Matter ○○○○○ Time ○○○○○

### Other Traits

DANCING ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

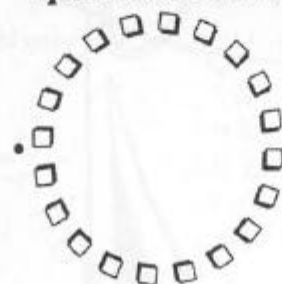
### Arete

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

### Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Quintessence



### Paradox

### Health

Bruised -0 ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

### Experience

### Study Points

### Backgrounds

ARCANE ●○○○○  
AVATAR ●○○○○  
DREAM ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Spheres: 5 Backgrounds: 7 Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/4/2/1)

# Metaphysician

*Whoever understands the first truth  
Should understand the ultimate truth.  
The last and first,  
Are they not the same?*

— Zen koan

**Quote:** *The science of the mind is far more potent than that of the body.*

**Prelude:** As a child you discovered an easy way to overcome the trials of the world, whether they involved insult or injury: You willed them away. Sometimes it actually worked. Dramatically.

When you realized that you were in charge, you set about figuring out just how to control this little talent of yours. You studied parapsychology and essentially created a Science of mind over matter. In an alternate universe, you believe you would now serve the

Akashic Brotherhood, but in this world, the Sons of Ether got to you first. Through their aid, you have turned your personal power of the mind into a Scientific technique potentially usable by all. It is, in fact, your goal to awaken others to the potential within them.

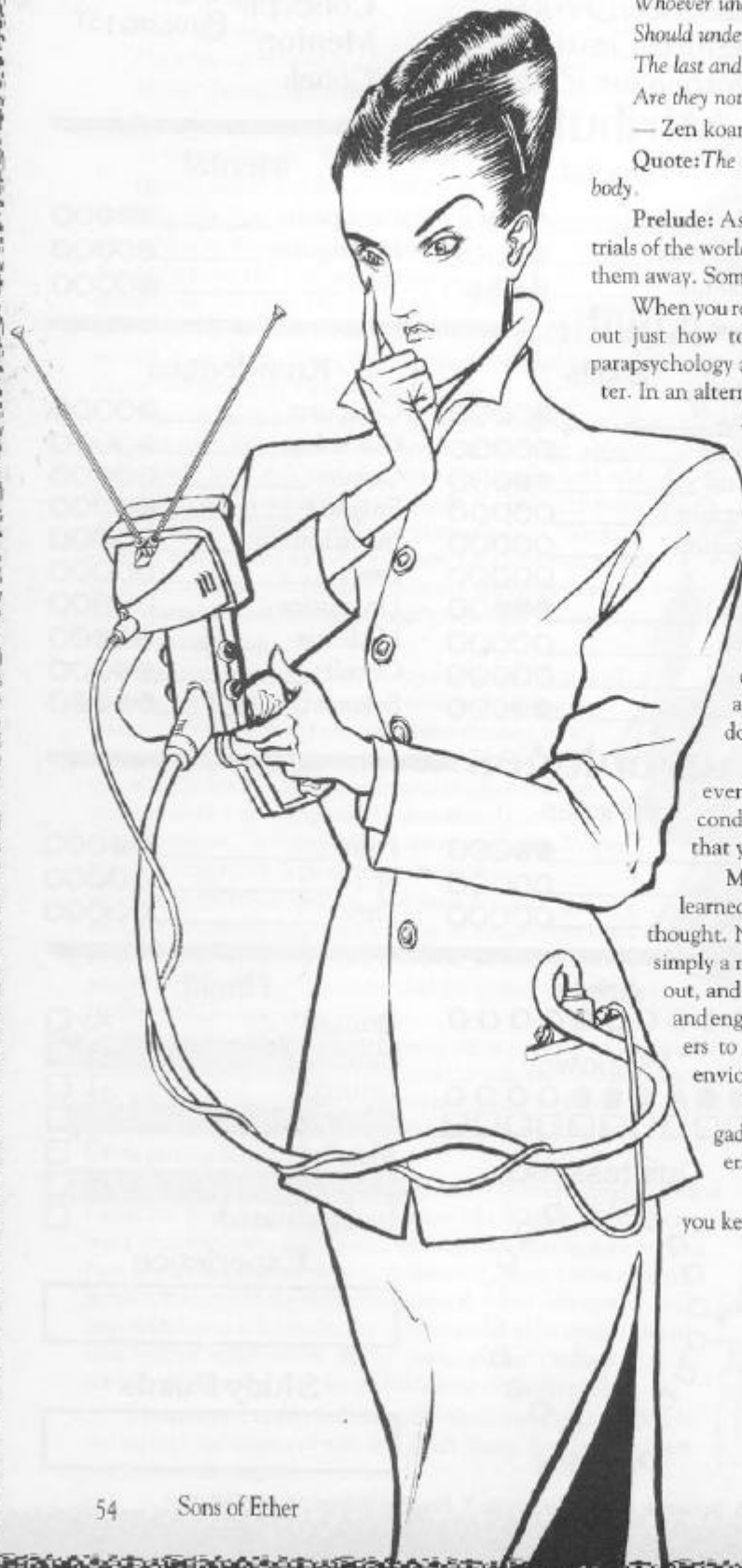
**Concept:** You are a very peaceful person, for you know you can get what you want, any time you want, using positive thinking. You put up with obstacles simply as a game to test your patience, your ability to bear through it all. Never let them get you down.

**Roleplaying Tips:** Be kind and friendly to others, even if they do often misinterpret your behavior as condescending and proselytizing. They will soon realize that your teachings are for their betterment.

**Magick:** You excel in the Mind sphere and have learned to subtly change the world about you simply through thought. No, this isn't vulgar as far as you're concerned, it's simply a matter of accessing the truth. Your theory bears you out, and you can teach it to others through your persuasive and engaging social skills, sometimes even converting Sleepers to your way of thought. Many fellow Scientists are envious of your luck with the Consensus.

To help you in this proselytizing, you carry a host of gadgets with you, from PK meters to galvanic massagers.

**Equipment:** Well-cut suit and briefcase, in which you keep your meters.





# Sons of Ether



## MAGE: The Ascension™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Essence: PATTERN  
Nature: DIRECTOR  
Demeanor: VISIONARY

Concept: METAPHYSICIAN  
Mentor:  
Cabal:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●●●●●  
Dexterity ●●●●●  
Stamina ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma PERSUASIVE ●●●●●  
Manipulation ●●●●●  
Appearance ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception ●●●●●  
Intelligence ●●●●●  
Wits ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●●●●●  
Athletics ●●●●●  
Awareness ●●●●●  
Brawl ●●●●●  
Dodge ●●●●●  
Expression ●●●●●  
Intuition ●●●●●  
Intimidation ●●●●●  
Streetwise ●●●●●  
Subterfuge ●●●●●

### Skills

Drive ●●●●●  
Etiquette ●●●●●  
Firearms ●●●●●  
Leadership ●●●●●  
Meditation ●●●●●  
Melee ●●●●●  
Research ●●●●●  
Stealth ●●●●●  
Survival ●●●●●  
Technology ●●●●●

### Knowledges

Computer ●●●●●  
Cosmology ●●●●●  
Culture ●●●●●  
Enigmas ●●●●●  
Investigation ●●●●●  
Law ●●●●●  
Linguistics ●●●●●  
Medicine ●●●●●  
Occult ●●●●●  
Science ●●●●●

## Advantages

### Spheres

Correspondence ●●●●●  
Entropy ●●●●●  
Forces ●●●●●

Life ●●●●●  
Mind ●●●●●  
Matter ●●●●●

Prime ●●●●●  
Spirit ●●●●●  
Time ●●●●●

### Other Traits

●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

### Arete

●●●●●●●●●●

### Willpower

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Quintessence



### Paradox

### Health

Bruised -0 ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

### Experience

### Study Points

### Backgrounds

ALLIES ●●●●●  
INFLUENCE ●●●●●  
AVATAR ●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

Attributes: 7/5/3. Abilities: 13/9/5. Spheres: 5. Backgrounds: 7. Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/4/2/1)



# Awakened Creation

Can you see the real me?

Can you?

Can you?

— The Who, "The Real Me"

**Quote:** Yes, you can touch me. It feels just like flesh, doesn't it? The transmogrification process worked wonderfully.

**Prelude:** You opened your eyes for the first time only a year ago. You were already fully grown, but had a lot of learning to do. At first, you could only grunt, but Doctor Cadaver soon taught you to speak and read perfectly.

Three months ago, you realized what you were: a piece of clay. Or, to be more precise, an animated, living piece of clay. You were, as the Doctor said, a golem. Created from raw earth in a vat by the Doctor, you aren't even human. But you feel human. You have all these thoughts, emotions and urges that seem human. And you have a soul that is more than human.

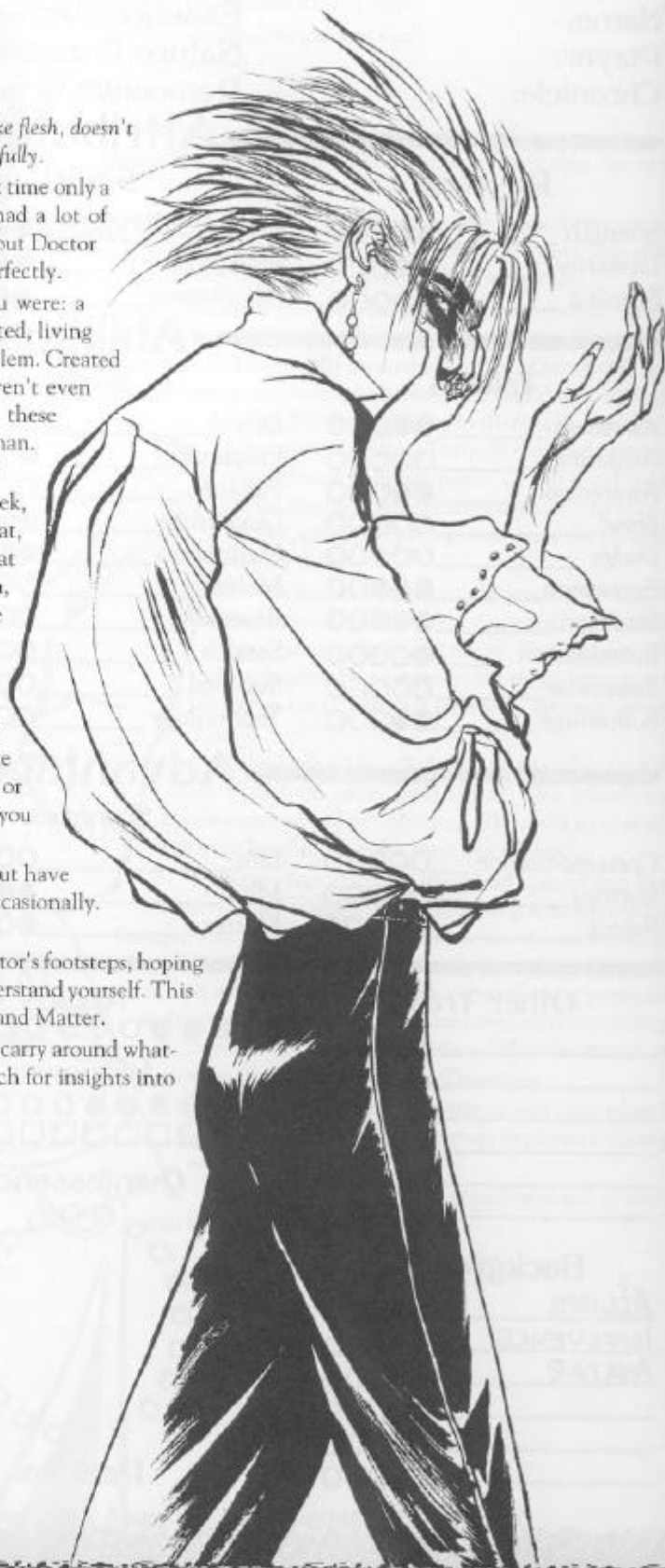
When the Doctor died in the fire last week, something inside you changed. You realized that, with the Doctor gone, you were free. And that realization Awakened something within you, something the Doctor had told you couldn't be Awakened. He was wrong.

**Concept:** You are a new Scientist with the Sons of Ether, who aren't really sure what to do with you. You seem perfectly human, and your flesh mocks human flesh perfectly, down to the blood and veins. You can die like a human, too, or so you believe. So, for all intents and purposes, you are human.

**Roleplaying Tips:** You are kind-hearted but have an inexplicable anger that rises to the surface occasionally. You speak incredibly well-enunciated English.

**Magick:** You decided to follow in your creator's footsteps, hoping that by studying his notes, you could better understand yourself. This has led to an excellent comprehension of Life and Matter.

**Equipment:** Ordinary clothes. You usually carry around whatever book you are currently reading as you search for insights into the human condition.



# 

MAGE: The Ascension™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Essence: PRIMORDIAL  
Nature: LONER  
Demeanor: VISIONARY

Concept: AWAKENED  
Mentor: CREATION  
Cabal:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength **POWERFUL** ●●●●●  
Dexterity ●●●●●  
Stamina ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma ●●●●●  
Manipulation ●●●●●  
Appearance ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception ●●●●●  
Intelligence ●●●●●  
Wits ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●●●●●  
Athletics ●●●●●  
Awareness ●●●●●  
Brawl ●●●●●  
Dodge ●●●●●  
Expression ●●●●●  
Intuition ●●●●●  
Intimidation ●●●●●  
Streetwise ●●●●●  
Subterfuge ●●●●●

### Skills

Drive ●●●●●  
Etiquette ●●●●●  
Firearms ●●●●●  
Leadership ●●●●●  
Meditation ●●●●●  
Melee ●●●●●  
Research ●●●●●  
Stealth ●●●●●  
Survival ●●●●●  
Technology ●●●●●

### Knowledges

Computer ●●●●●  
Cosmology ●●●●●  
Culture ●●●●●  
Enigmas ●●●●●  
Investigation ●●●●●  
Law ●●●●●  
Linguistics ●●●●●  
Medicine ●●●●●  
Occult ●●●●●  
Science ●●●●●

## Advantages

### Spheres

Correspondence ●●●●● Life ●●●●● Prime ●●●●●  
Entropy ●●●●● Mind ●●●●● Spirit ●●●●●  
Forces ●●●●● Matter ●●●●● Time ●●●●●

### Other Traits

●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

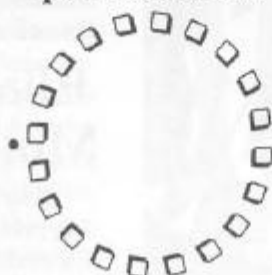
### Arete

●●●●●●●●●●

### Willpower

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Quintessence



### Paradox

### Health

Bruised -0 □  
Hurt -1 □  
Injured -1 □  
Wounded -2 □  
Mauled -2 □  
Crippled -5 □  
Incapacitated □

### Experience

### Study Points

### Backgrounds

ARCANE ●●●●●  
AVATAR ●●●●●  
DESTINY ●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Spheres: 5 Backgrounds: 7 Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/4/2/1)



## Czar Vargo

Czar Vargo, considered the greatest Son of Ether, has been missing since 1914. Born the son of a fisherman on the Black Sea, he exhibited signs of genius early on, and was soon apprenticed to Count Roland of France. He began his career in the Tradition as an expert in Forces, quickly rising through the ranks to become a Professor. Soon afterward, he premiered his Conversion Engine.

Many Sons of Ether look back longingly to his famous revolt against the world's governments. His campaign for the good of humanity was the high-point of the Tradition's history. If Vargo had possessed the will to kill, he would have succeeded, or so many mages today believe. But others know better; if Vargo had killed, his moral cause would have been destroyed as well. Better for him to retreat from the world entirely, which he did, than to betray his ideals.

Reports have been heard over the years that great Umbral ships resembling Vargo's fleet have been sighted in the Deep Umbra, past the Horizon. Even the Void Engineers have reported seeing these ships, and claim to have been saved from Zigg'raugglurr attacks by them. Does Vargo live, or does one of his students now command the fleet?

Vargo may be gone, but his dream lives on...

## Doctor Eon, "The Man of Many Tomorrows"

Many of today's Sons of Ether grew up thrilling to the pulp adventures of Doctor Eon and his Terrific Trio. His adventures appeared in *Astonishing Science Stories* from 1935 until his supposed death in 1951. Doctor Eon was a master of many Sciences and Spheres, but specialized in Life and Time. Through a Scientific physical regimen he invented himself, he became a sterling example of physical superiority. His understanding of Time led to many exciting adventures.

Perhaps the most celebrated non-Scientists in the tradition are the acolytes who comprised Doc's Terrific Trio and accompanied him on all his missions. Joe "Lucky Skunk" Ross was the author of the pulp accounts of these exploits. He was actually a lot smarter than he made himself out to be in these yarns, which always caused his enemies to underestimate him.

Doctor Eon's final adventure was in Etherspace, where he perished in the explosion on the Void Engineer ship, *Krakou*. However, his companions believe he still lives. As Joe Ross put it in an interview years later, "Naw, he ain't dead. Not Doctor Eon. I bet he's waiting for us in the future..." If so, we wish the Doctor well. As Doctor Eon's famous sobriquet went, "Time for adventure!"

## Elias - "Frankenstein's Monster"

Poor Elias has long suffered the slings and arrows of a poor publicity campaign. He is the being Mary Shelley used as a model for Frankenstein's creation in her book, and he was later known as Frankenstein's Monster to American



movie-goers. But he is far from monstrous. Indeed, few humans can claim to be as virtuous as Elias.

He originally fled to the far north, away from his possessive and angry creator, the Son of Ether Doctor Waldman. Trudging across the lonely snows of the pole, he discovered friends — the wise Goro monks of Agharta. He studied their ways for a time and achieved enlightenment, the Awakening of his Avatar. He was invited to join the monks, but had overcome his anger against his “father” and wished to follow in Waldman’s footsteps, as a Son of Ether.

He traveled back to the castle of his birth in Austria, only to find a charred ruin. The peasants had risen up against their “ungodly” neighbor, killing him and burning his castle. In the far north, Elias had lost track of time. Near ageless as he was, he little realized that decades had passed since he ran away. Following what clues he could, he made contact with the Sons of Ether in nearby Vienna, and was inducted into the Tradition soon after.

Presently, he has returned to the far north to continue his studies away from the bustle of mad humanity. Many have gone off in search of him, but reaching the entrance to Agharta and the Hollow Earth is much harder now.

## Alexis Hastings

Before her Awakening, Alexis was a very quiet physical chemist, except in her imagination. She was fascinated by alchemy, and knew that if she worked hard enough, she could recover the secrets of this long-lost Science. She believed that electricity was the key that would unlock the mysteries of transformation.

Awakening only strengthened her resolve. She studies Matter and Forces to the near exclusion of the other Spheres, though she dabbles in a bit of Correspondence to keep up with the Virtual Adepts in the Digital Web. (What a place for experimentation! Electricity everywhere, so important for existence. Paradise!)

Above all else, Alexis Hastings is a tinkerer. She loves to play with things, manipulating tools and devices to operate as she wants them to. She uses electricity whenever possible, and even sometimes when it’s not, just to hear the crackle and feel the ozone. Alexis has fun with her experiments, and believes that nothing is impossible. Many of her current experiments involve changing the way common objects work. Her favorite hobby involves converting a toaster into a CD player.

Despite her mad scientist appearance and approach to magick, Alexis is a very dedicated and thorough Scientist. Though magick has captured her attention, her pure scientific skills are formidable. Until mundane people get to know her, they perceive her as she used to be: shy and somewhat conservative. Her friends and fellow mages know her better.

A frequent and enthusiastic contributor to *Paradigma*, Alexis has won the respect of many older Sons of Ether despite her “radical” views. She advocates collaboration between mages, believing that the more information they share (and the more things she can electrify), the more astounding results everyone can achieve.





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# Appendix II: Theory and Practice

*What is this? What is this! This! my dear sir, is the Barkington-Payson Semi-Automatic Level-Seeking Underwater Caisson Drill and Dynamite Spacer! You will not find, in this exhibition or in all the world, another SALSUCDADS that even compares with it.*

— Mark Helprin, *Winter's Tale*

## The Science of Magick



The Sons of Ether have rather eccentric views of Reality. These views color their conception of how the Spheres function. Although it is extremely rare to find two Sons of Ether who share the same theories or beliefs, there are some basic tenets shared by most:

**Correspondence** — The Mindshattering Theory of No-Dimensional Reality

The existence of a "between" space or dimension has always been a concept favored by the Sons of Ether. This space, sometimes referred to as Dimension Zero, holds the key to the Son of Ether Correspondence theory. By transporting objects through this nullspace from one point in Reality to another, transmatter relocation and teleportation

are possible. This theory contradicts many of the other Traditions' beliefs about Correspondence; indeed, many Sons of Ether subscribe to the views held by the Virtual Adepts, who seem to have a firmer grasp on this Sphere.

**Entropy** — The Doomsday Science

Everything can be broken down, disintegrated, or destroyed. Such is the fascination of Entropy. The Sons of Ether have always preferred to use their Science to create rather than destroy, but for some disgruntled Scientists, the temptation to develop a death ray or other destructive device is just too much. Such an all-consuming obsession can threaten their own lives, as well as the lives and property of those around them. Still, this Science of destruction is seen as one of the most potent weapons in the fight for a more enlightened Reality.



### Forces — All the Powers of the Universe

Few Traditions have found as many uses for the Sphere of Forces as the Sons of Ether. Ray guns, engines, spacecraft, submarines, X-ray goggles, sonic scalpels — all harness the powers of nature. From acoustic energy to zetawave radiation, energy in all its myriad forms powers their strange devices.

### Life — The Might of God

Bringing the dead to life, creating the perfect man (or woman), breathing water or surviving in the vacuum of space without a spacesuit — such feats have been conceived by the visionaries among us. The Sons of Ether see the Science of Life as an opportunity to tinker with nature's building blocks in order to forge a better future for humanity. Unfortunately, in many cases the Scientist's vision outstrips her ability. The resulting failed experiments can be truly horrible to behold. This misuse of power, however good the intent, has earned the Sons of Ether a reputation for carelessness that endures to this day.

### Matter — The Building Blocks of Reality

Matter is limitless in its permutations and infinite in its uses. The Sons of Ether have embraced this Sphere as their own. This mastery allows Etheric Scientists to create many of their wondrous devices.

### Mind — The Untapped Potential of the Human Brain

Many Sons of Ether find this Sphere useful in augmenting their lack of social skills. Numerous practitioners even deny that Mindpowers are related to the other Spheres, explaining that their abilities result from "psychic development" or some other pet

theory. Still, no one doubts the effectiveness of such Devices as the C.U.D.D. Beam Lobotomizer or the Telepathic Telephone, and the creators of these devices are feared by friend and foe alike.

### Prime — "The Juice"

There are over a thousand known theories on the nature of Prime, but all Sons of Ether agree that if you want to create something really groundbreaking, you need to have "the juice." Most disciples love to find new and interesting ways to fuel their Pattern Crafting, and those Professors who have mastered the Science of Prime are looked upon with awe by young inventors still trying to perfect their own methods of utilizing this most precious of resources.

### Spirit — The Worlds Beyond...

There are alternate dimensions out there, worlds separated from our own by the thinnest Gauntlet. Some Sons of Ether believe that these parallel universes hold the key to humanity's Ascension. These ethernauts are brave explorers of the unknown, but often fall prey to perils that more "spiritually attuned" Traditions such as the Dreamspeakers avoid with ease (and common sense).

### Time — The Key to Eternity

The Sons of Ether have always held to their highly individualistic visions of Time, even in the face of ridicule. It has long been the goal of a brave few to build a time machine and find out what secrets the past or the future might hold. Most Scientists, however, are content to test the nature of Time and use the knowledge gained to improve their inventions.



# Foci



Sons of Ether come in as many shapes and sizes as their theories. Sometimes in their quests for knowledge they need to personalize their foci in order to accomplish their goals. Because Sleepers are more inclined to believe in technology, even odd technology, many of these foci are necessary to enable the Sons to use otherwise vulgar Science (magick) coincidentally. Thus, small ray guns and jet packs may

function with little disturbance to reality. Really absurd Effects (teleportation, spontaneous human combustion), however, cannot be disguised and so remain vulgar.

Technomancers pay for this flexibility by relying more on their foci than many of their Tradition brethren. Most of these foci are considered unique to individual Sons and may not work in another's hands. See "Technomagick" and "Personalizing Magick" (pp. 103-108, 114-16) in *The Book of Shadows* and "Unique Foci" (pp. 178-179) in *Mage* for more details.

Objects that allow a Son of Ether to focus her own Sphere Effects or rites are foci; objects that allow her to do things she would normally be unable to do are Devices (Talismans). Each Ether mage should match her chosen foci to her own favored theories.

## Correspondence

Cartographer's map and compass, slightly inaccurate globe (used by spinning and stopping on a random point), teleportation chamber (accompanied by strange noises and flashing lights), Model-T with a few enhancements.

## Entropy

Disintegration ray, sonic flaw destabilizer, blender, beaker of acid or nitroglycerin.

## Forces

Lightning rod, large wall switch (must wear goggles while pulling it), an ordinary D-cell battery, jet pack.

## Life

Operating table, microscope, hypodermic needle, beakers (lots of beakers!), lightning (it gave us life in the beginning, and it will give me life now!), supplies of microscopic organisms and/or sperm and ovum cells.

## Matter

Cement mixer, toolbox with unrecognizable tools, tube of glue, Molecular Rearranger, blueprints (must have blueprints!).

## Mind

Head-mounted radar dish, stethoscope, phrenologist's chart (go look it up), X-ray machine, electrodes (very important!), rewired old-fashioned salon hair dryer, psychiatrist's couch, lots of lengthy questions with big words.

## Prime

Jar of vitamins, beaker full of phosphorous, Geiger counter, lightning rod, slightly altered independent steam-powered generator, radar dish aligned with another planet, mysterious and strangely shaped wall socket that glows when not in use.

## Spirit

Strobe light, tuning fork, diving suit and mask, mysterious door which remains locked but from which strange noises emanate, Dimensional Transponder, beaker full of ectoplasm.

## Time

Rewired kitchen timer, grandfather clock with glowing lights, sundial, shot of adrenaline, any strange object removed from a mummy's tomb, carousel, any sort of time machine.

## Additional Formulas (Rotes) for Etheric Scientists



Because of the Etheric mages' theories, foci are usually required with these rites.

### Find Reality Flaws (• Prime, • Entropy)

When Sons of Ether are trying to repair the Paradox damage done by their fellow inventors' fevered experiments, this formula comes in handy.

[This simple rote can determine whether or not certain aspects of reality were altered by the release of Paradoxical energies. With four or more successes, the Scientist can determine the exact amount of Paradox released and pinpoint any Paradox Flaws' location and size. Six or more successes might offer a solution as to how to correct them, hopefully without more magickal tinkering.]

### General Anesthesia (• Mind, • Life)

Sons of Ether hate to be slowed down by pain. Dr. Rotham, in his Epic and Spine-Tingling Adventures against the Marauders, found it imperative to focus his full attention on vats of bubbling hydromium oxide, and not on his stubbed toe.

[For every success scored on the magickal Effect roll, the caster of this rote can ignore the penalties of one level of wounds for the duration of the magickal Effect. This cannot become permanent, and will not negate damage taken after the rote takes effect.]

### Knock Out (\*\*\* Mind, \*\* Prime)

Although most Sons of Ether are inherently non-violent, they are constantly encountering creatures that "demand investigation." Dr. Rotham, while battling the Bat-Men of Solactor VI, concocted a non-lethal formula that immobilizes subjects for study.

[This rote uses the Prime Effect **Rubbing the Bones** combined with a level 3 Mind understanding of the human psyche to stun the target's brain for double the turns scored by the magickal Effect roll. This Effect resembles the Euthanatos Effect, but is far more potent because it focuses on the pattern of the target's neural center instead of the entire biological body.

The target can resist as normal: Willpower (difficulty 8), with each success canceling out one of the Scientist's own.]

### Bio-Luminescence (\*\*\* Forces, \*\*\* Life)

The Sons of Ether take great pride in converting their own flesh and blood into a glow-in-the-dark substance, even though it isn't a very useful skill. Originally, they imagined a safer Halloween for children of all sizes with this rote. Dreamspeakers just shake their heads and moan; they've been doing it for years.

[For each success scored on the magickal success roll the mage glows brighter. One success = 1 foot of luminescence, two successes = 5 feet, three successes = 10 feet, four

successes = 15, and so on. If the human firefly wishes, the glow can be concentrated on certain parts of the body, such as the teeth or eyes.]

### Battery Man (\*\*\*\* Life, \*\* Forces)

With this combination, the Son of Ether can convert her own body into a wet cell, storing raw electrical energy that is siphoned off a common household socket. For each success scored on the magickal Effect roll, up to ten thousand volts can be drained from an electrical source. This electricity is stored within the mage's own nervous system and can be discharged in numerous ways. The obvious one is to electrocute someone for damage equal to the number of successes times three.

Other possibilities include charging dead batteries, short-circuiting electrical equipment, lighting a lightbulb in the hand or mouth, or just plain zapping offensive material to cinders. If this electricity is not discharged within one hour, the mage herself will suffer one Health Level per success she initially rolled.

A footnote in Dr. Rotham's *Book of Formulas* mentions an as-yet-undetermined possibility of cancerous side effects. He also notes that the inventor of this rote has since passed on, due to the growth of a second head on his spinal column.

## Strange Devices



Many Sons of Ether have their own Sanctums (see *The Book of Shadows*) where they construct Devices. Such places allow them to construct Talismans without going to a Horizon Realm. They must still have the correct Sphere rankings to understand the principles they are attempting to alter. So a Scientist with rank 1 Prime could not build a Device that used Prime 4.

### \*\* The Hyperphoto Zoom Lens with Spirit Film Arete 3, Quintessence 15

This Device was created by Dr. Rotham for his Cult of Ecstasy friend, renowned photographer and stuntman Garrett Rhys. It consists of an enormous telephoto lens that fits any 35mm camera. By using the level 2 Correspondence Effect **Correspondence Sensing**, the lens can focus on distant locations. These locations can then be photographed.

Garrett enjoyed his new toy so much that he added his own Spirit Film to the camera, which reveals the true nature of his unwary subjects on film.

[The number of successes on the initial magickal Effect roll (difficulty 5) will determine the range of the "zoom." If the Spirit Film is employed, a second roll is required. If at least three successes are rolled, the target,

and possibly its surroundings (five or more successes needed), have been photographed as they appear in the Near Umbra. Creatures with strong Avatars will appear as just that. Pattern spiders and crystallizing structures may be seen in the background as well. If the target has an Arcane rating, the photographer must score more successes than the target's Arcane rating or the picture will be blurred beyond recognition. This Device's Effects are usually coincidental ("What a great trick!"), but the mage who shows these pictures off had better be prepared for a full-blown Technocracy hunt.]

### \*\*\* The Infernal Mole-Blower Arete 4, Quintessence 20

To aid his endless struggle against the mutant moles of Yuk-Yuk IV, the Son of Ether David Wayne "The Exterminator" Clarkus invented this Device for driving the venomous animals out of their lairs. The contraption consists of a large steel box with a small gas engine, a series of gears, and holes along the sides for inserting road flares. It works by forcing smoke from the flares into the burrows of animals within a radius determined by the magickal Effect roll. This, accompanied by the obnoxious whirring of the engine, usually drives off all but the most persistent pests.





When he applied the Blower's effects to larger subjects, Clark discovered that it was still effective. Whole hordes of Nephandi could be purged if the correct burning substance was poured into the engine.

[Forces 2, Matter 2 and Prime 2 are combined to create and forcefully expel an irritating, viscous smoke that not only drives creatures away, but sends them into spasms of coughing. After the Effect is rolled to determine area, duration and distance, all creatures within range must roll their Stamina versus difficulty 7. At least three successes are needed to leave the area without harm. Any less, and the subject is left coughing (increase all the victims' difficulties by 3). Complete failure leaves the affected creature blind as well. If the poor subject botches, she will be completely incapacitated by wracking coughs and sneezes for one turn per successes on the Talisman's roll.]

#### ♦♦♦♦ The R.U.N.T.I.S. Suit

Arete 4, Quintessence 20

In his quest to conquer the elusive Spirit Sphere, Dr. Brannon Rotham went into an inventing fury to create a Device that could take him to the "Other Side." A violent thunderstorm wracked the countryside as Dr. Rotham toiled over the workbench, his befuddled servants looking on.

At sunset on the second day, Dr. Rotham, his lab coat soaked through with sweat, stepped away from the table and pulled a lever to raise the new Device. Cackling with delight, the doctor called his confused and exhausted servants closer. "Look at it! It's beautiful! *Beautiful!*"

"What will you call it?" asked the hunchback Leland.

Staring affectionately at his creation, Rotham whispered in a dramatic and strangely echoing voice, "I shall call it...the R.U.N.T.I.S.!" His announcement was followed by a rolling clap of thunder.

"The Runtis?" asked Owen, another of Rotham's servants.

"Yes," Dr. Rotham replied. "Rotham's Umbral Navigation, Transportation and Illumination System. It will enable me to enter other dimensions in a self-contained artificial environment, protecting me from the poisonous gases and harmful radiation of the Near and Deep Umbra! The suit contains enough air, food and water to sustain me for 72 hours in any environment, and my soon-to-be-patented Ethereal Illumination Bulb should provide enough light to see for hundreds of yards in the murky void between worlds."

"But what does that do?" Lakie, the third servant, asked, pointing at one of the many strange blinking buttons on the helmet.

"There's no time to explain. There are whole new worlds awaiting exploration!" announced Rotham as he climbed into the invention. With a click and a whir the machine hummed to life. The bulb atop the helmet flashed like a strobe and Dr. Rotham was gone. The servants stood aghast and wondered if they would ever see their intrepid inventor again.



[The R.U.N.T.I.S. is a full-metal suit vaguely resembling a cross between an early diving suit and Robby the Robot from *Forbidden Planet*. Dr. Rotham, a premiere Son of Ether from the early 20th century, built it to be air-tight, with an internal food and water supply, based on his erroneous assumptions about the environment of the Umbra. Because it is so huge and bulky, the wearer gains 4 additional soak dice but has all difficulties on Dexterity-based rolls increased by 2. Because of hydraulic assistors in the arms and legs, the user's Strength is boosted to 6 regardless of his normal Strength.

The suit enables the wearer to penetrate the Gauntlet just like the level 3 Spirit power. If the wearer attempts to remove the suit while in the Umbra, he is ejected out of the Umbra into the corresponding spot in reality, as Dr. Rotham learned on his maiden voyage. Unfortunately, the suit remains in the Umbra. The R.U.N.T.I.S. is equipped with Ether Jets, which enable the wearer to fly for short distances in the Near Umbra as if she were wearing a jet pack. This Forces 4/Prime 2 Effect uses one Quintessence per turn.]

..... The Deadly Warbots of Doctor von Allmen  
Arete 5, Quintessence 20

This infamous renegade toiled for the Nazis. Thankfully, his KRAUZE II warbots never made it out of the Rhineland Chantry. Although the Doctor escaped, Doc Eon and Jetboy successfully turned Paradox to their advantage and leveled the mechanical army. The remains have served as study pieces for Sons of Ether who want to know how — and how not — to build robotic servants.

[By harnessing Prime 2, Matter 3, and Forces 3 and 4 Effects, Doctor von Allmen created robots that could fly, fire beam weaponry and sustain large amounts of damage. Sadly, they were quite stupid (no Mind Science was used to grant them intelligence) and quickly depleted their Primal Force Batteries (Quintessence). As Doctor Eon suspected, they were also highly vulgar.

[More useful robots may be constructed by employing Mind 3 or Spirit 4 to grant them a mental link to their creator or even true sentience. The robot's toughness depends on the materials involved, but most use five dice to soak and can take up to seven Damage (Health) Levels before falling apart or exploding. Although many robotic functions can be attributed to "high-tech advances," the energy-depletion problem has yet to be resolved. Each power usage drains one Quintessence from the robot's battery. Recharging facilities are good things to have.]

# Realms of Adventure



## Etherspace

Etherspace is not actually a Horizon Realm, but an area of the Deep Umbra normally traveled by the Sons of Ether. It resembles outer space in all respects except that instead of a void, space is filled with ether, a breathable substance pressure-equalized to Earth's sea level.

Ether winds "blow" through space; these are eddies and currents of agitated ether. Many winds form regular channels, but they often shift, blowing in any direction at any time. A subtle understanding of the pull of celestial bodies (planets) helps in ether navigation.

**Getting there:** Ethernauts must travel past the Barriers (the Gauntlet and the Horizon). Entering and leaving Etherspace requires a ship equipped with powerful Dimensional Attunement Generators (huge Devices employing the Spirit Effect **Outward Journeys**), to escape Earth's orbit and shift into Etherspace. Such Generators have 8 dice to roll and require a great deal of time and Quintessence to operate. Fifteen successes on an extended roll (difficulty 8) are needed to take such a large vessel beyond. Such "shifts" are always vulgar magick (though there shouldn't be much trouble with witnesses); the Generators take the brunt of shift Paradox, but can store only about 24 points (three botches) before shutting down or exploding. Botches are often fatal.

Once the Great Barrier (the Horizon) is passed, travelers need no life support to breathe in most areas. Etherspace is dangerous, however; if the ship manages to skirt the Void Engineer sentry satellites just outside the Barrier, ride the ether winds, and avoid becoming lost in the Great Void, ethernauts must still contend with Nephandi, demon hordes, and worse...

**Sphere effects:** All Correspondence Sphere ratings are raised by one.

## Victoria Station

This space-station Chantry silently orbits the moon with the aid of Faerie allies, although no one who lives on the station has yet met or had direct communication with the Fey. Broken objects, however, are found mysteriously mended the next morning, and the orbital path is always, supernaturally, steady.

All who live and work on the station are ethernauts. Many Sons of Ether simply come to visit and drink cognac while watching distant stars through the port windows. Three Professors dwell here; six acolytes make up the housekeeping and repair staff.

Victoria Station is not large, but it is comfortable, decked out in Victorian-era style, with brass and wood everywhere. The air is provided by an Oxygen Engine created by Professor Dubious. This great machine, set in the bowels of the station, constantly generates oxygen from a host of materials (mostly rocks) that are fed into it. He has never explained how it works, and personally repairs it whenever it breaks down (rarely).

**Getting there:** The most common means is by rocket or ethership, but other methods exist (teleportation machines, etc.).

**Sphere effects:** None.

## The Hollow Earth

This very old Realm used to exist in the material world, but it has been shunted from reality to an outpost on the Horizon. It is no longer connected to a Chantry, although an Akashic Brotherhood temple in Asia once had a portal to it. The Realm is said to be fading fast; many believe it will soon cease to exist altogether, along with its hidden wonders.

The Hollow Earth abounds with life — from dinosaurs and ancient mammals to legendary beasts and zoological oddities never seen on our Earth. The Hollow Earth plays host to a variety of lost tribes and civilizations, ranging from naked savages to the enlightened Golo monks. Few mages have visited this place since World War II, but many old Masters still speak of its bygone splendor.

**Getting there:** One portal still exists on Earth: the North Pole. Somewhere in the frozen reaches of the north, a cave leads deep into the earth. After miles of twisting, turning, lightless caverns, brave travelers emerge from a peak in the Hollow Earth. This peak, once known as the Summit of the Inner Sun, provides a splendid view of this tropical inner world.

**Sphere effects:** No particular bonuses, although Life Magick sometimes is easier to work here (-1 difficulty).





## The Gernsback Continuum

This Horizon Realm is connected to the Great Hall Chantry in Paris. In this wonderful Realm, many science fiction paradigms from the literature of the '20s through the '40s become real.

**Getting there:** Portals to the Realm can be found only within the Great Hall in Paris. Admittance is strictly controlled by the Chantry leaders. Any Son of Ether can go there, but she must follow the proper channels at the Great Hall. Sons of Ether in good standing obviously have an easier time negotiating the checkpoints than vocal rebels.

**Sphere effects:** Forces is raised by 2, Matter by 2, and Prime by 1.

### The War of Science (Certamen)

The Sons of Ether method of magickal dueling differs from certamen in some key ways. When two Sons duel, they most often take their battle to the Gernsback Continuum (see Chapter II). Here, each pilots an armored zeppelin. These zeppelins are equipped with ray weaponry; the goal is to shoot the rival zeppelin down. Safety features built into both zeppelins prevent a crash from harming the Scientist, although some Sons of Ether prefer to operate their aircraft by remote control.

The Spheres summoned for Gernsback duels operate like normal certamen (see *The Book of Shadows*), but they appear as ray weaponry or heavy shielding instead of floating spheres. For example, the Forces Sphere often appears as a Tesla Tower, a giant electrical generator. These towers, placed on the ground below the battle, fling wild energies at their airborne targets. Prime Sphere manifestations often take the form of batteries, while Life and Spirit appear as tiny aliens or large toy soldiers. The Matter Sphere might appear as a particle accelerator, a massive machine gun, or even a robot biplane sent out to strafe the other zeppelin.

When Ether mages have to fight certamen duels with other Tradition mages, they often appear in spiffy uniforms, bearing a host of gadgets. Inside the standard certamen circle, their Spheres appear not as balls of energy, but as ray pistols (Forces, Entropy, etc.), ghost entrapment cages that release with the press of a button (Spirit), teleportation belts (Correspondence), or any host of weird science devices.



"Gentlemen, I give you the amazing Electrodynamic Whirling-Tungston Mobile Transmogrification Ray!"

From the fringes of science and magick, the Sons of Ether carve mad magick and bizarre technology. Mixing Victorian pseudo-science with 1930s pulp fiction, these Scientific wizards dare to dream of a better tomorrow. These Utopian visionaries will not rest until the world once again dreams of ray guns and robots.

"How dare you laugh - I'll destroy you all!"

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