

# THE C T H U L H U P R A Y E R S O C I E T Y N E W S L E T T E R

## The Providence H.P. Lovecraft Friends' Group Celebrates Peru and the Mysteries of the Incas

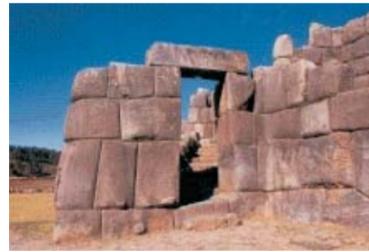
SEPTEMBER 15, 2002 — The local "Friends of Lovecraft," also known as the Cthulhu Prayer Society, met on September 15th at Union Station Brewery to celebrate the lost-but-still-living civilization of the mysterious Incas. Once again, the merry crew of artists, writers, musicians and others who love the dark, the strange and the wonderful gathered under the mysterious ale and beer vats to enjoy brunch before heading off to Rutherford's domain for an afternoon of Inca lore and Andean music.

Prayer Society member Thomas D. Jones, recently returned from a ten-day trip to Cuzco and a tour in Inca ruins, devised an informal program covering the Incas, their history and civilization, and an account of Peru in the post-Fujimori era.

Attendees also shared fond memories of the small but moving August outing to Swan Point Cemetery in Providence, where poetry and eulogies to and about H.P. Lovecraft were read round the refulgent spreading beech tree at the Old Gent's grave. This was followed by an ice cream orgy at Maximilian's on Hope Street, where Prayer Society founder Brett Rutherford was possessed to order a banana split and consume it in honor of HPL.

In early September, many members of the group were also seen carrying carloads of sinister-looking cartons around the East Side. With a heroic effort, the gang moved Rutherford's entire library to his new abode on lower Hope Street. Thanks to Allison, Pierre and Jen, Tom, Lindsay, Pieter, Paul and Denise, and Eddie R — and especially to Hal Hamilton, who prophesied correctly, "You can move. Your friends will help you."

Please note our new address: 66 Hope Street #2, Providence, RI 02906. Phone and e-mail remain the same.



## Notes from Inca-land

by THOMAS D. JONES

Incas worshipped three elements: sun, mountain, and earth, but their main source of worship was the sun, probably because when it wasn't shining, their world became brutally cold. There are but two seasons—rainy and dry. In Cuzco, the dry season means below freezing temperatures at night. With the wind, the windchill can be enough to warrant full winter clothing.

The Inca world view was personified by:

Pachamama: Earth Mother  
Mountain: Father  
Sun: Inti  
Moon: Quilla  
Below earth: snake (underworld)  
Earth surface: Puma  
Heavens: Condor

In Cuzco, the Andean terrain reminds one very much of the mountain chain that begins in Flagstaff, Arizona, with a lot of scrub pine, low growth, and cacti. In Machupicchu, it is bizarre to see pineapple plants growing up the sides of the mountain.

### Peruvian & Inca Names & Places

**Cuzco Cathedral**—Rather than a total effacement of Incan iconography, Peruvian and especially Cusquenean iconography is an Incan overlay on top of the Christian. All Peruvian Marys are shaped like mountains with a crown on their heads representing the sunrise, and if you trace the lines, you see the same trapezoidal shape in Mary that you do in Incan windows in all their ancient cities. This means we have both the vision of mountain and earth mother combined in the Virgin.

**Ollantaytambo**—City built with monumental rocks

**Chincheró**—Tiny Spanish town built in the highlands on top of Incan temples and ruins.

**Pisac**—Didn't get to see the ancient city of Pisac but did go to Pisac market where every imaginable Incan item was sold.

**Qoricancha**—Sun Temple on Avenida El Sol used by Incas as a center of worship. Also a museum below the temple that contains mummies in the fetal position.

**Tambomachay**—Contains Incan dwellings and temples, agricultural terraces, including aqueducts and dwellings and ritual bath houses for the Incan equivalent of Vestal Virgins.

**Pukapukara**—Incan city

**Quengo**—Incan city

**Sacsayhuaman** (pronunciation close to "Sexy woman")—The monolithic stones are arranged in the shape of the Puma, and this was a serious Incan center of worship. Every year, just as in Inca times, on June 21, the winter solstice and shortest day of the year, the people gather to perform the ancient Incan ceremony celebrating the sun.

**Pikillacta**—Incan agricultural center

**Tipón**—Row upon row of houses. Incan urban center not far from Pikillacta. Incans probably traveled from here to Pikillacta to gather the produce they grew. Perhaps from here they went to Ollantaytambo to visit the sun temple there. There's also a sun temple at the very top of the mountain at Tipón

It's true the Spanish murdered many Incas and destroyed their villages; however, the Spanish destroyed only the tops of Incan buildings. The foundations were so sturdy that the Spanish decided to keep the foundation stones and build on top of them.



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All the museums in Cuzco contain either Christian/Incan art and/or pre-Christian Incan pottery, clothing, jewelry, headpieces, masks, and other relics.

**Machupicchu**—Includes an urban center, storehouses, agricultural terraces, and temples to the sun.

**Huynapicchu**—One huge staircase leads the traveler to the summit of the mountain adjacent to Machupicchu. At the top is what may have been a dwelling for a priest, and next to this is an outcrop of rocks with a hole in the middle. Inside is a cave where Incas probably performed sacrifices to the sun, since this is at the very top of the mountain.

There's also a temple to the moon, but I didn't see this.

In the city below Machupicchu, called **Agua Calientes**, are hot springs supposedly used by the Incas as thermal baths, and still in use today by tourists and residents.

There are 6,000 species of potatoes in Peru.

There are 16,000 species of orchids in Peru

## HPL on the Internet: Cthulhu Prayer Society Starts Yahoo Group for Members

Members of the Cthulhu Prayer Society can receive special news and notices by e-mail and send messages instantly to everyone in the group by subscribing (no charge!) to the newly-founded Yahoo on-line group "lovecraftinprovidence."

Some members of the group with known e-mails have been invited to join this group. If you would like to join, go to [www.yahoo.com](http://www.yahoo.com) and look for the word "groups" on the home page. Click there and you will be taken to the groups home page. After you register, you will be able to search for our group and join it.

Membership is limited to those approved by the High Priests of Dagon, so you will not receive spam. Only members may post messages.

This site also contains an archive of back issues of the Cthulhu Prayer Society Newsletter, photos of some of our gatherings, links to interesting sites. Other features may also be added. Any member who wishes to post files or photos related to our activities may do so.

Some folks are reluctant to join on-line groups, but we have done our best to make sure this one doesn't get out of hand, and it will be limited to its stated purpose. It will be especially helpful for those of us wishing to announce an imprmptu film outing or special event that could not reach others in time via the newsletter. Join and prosper!

### OOPS--NO PICTURES!

**THIS PDF OF THE SEPTEMBER NEWSLETTER IS INCOMPLETE:  
THE FINAL PRINTED VERSION WILL INCLUDE PHOTOS OF THE AUGUST  
LOVECRAFT CEMETERY GATHERING. WE HAVE MOVED AND THE  
SCANNER IS NOT YET CONNECTED. HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL SUNDAY!**

## BENEATH LOVECRAFT'S GRAVE by Brett Rutherford

[This poem was written for the August 2002 gathering at H.P. Lovecraft's grave. It is written for four voices, and was performed by Carl Johnson, Jen Ford, Pierre Ford and Brett Rutherford. The text in italics represents the speech of Suzie Lovecraft, HPL's mother; the text in SMALL CAPS represents the speech of Lovecraft's father. Section 1 precedes the subterranean conversations as a prologue.]]

*i*

Listen! The worms, always.  
Millions of teeth,  
earth-moving cilia on pulsing tubes,  
the parting of soil, the tiny pop  
of subterranean surprise  
as a cavity opens  
the drip, drip, trickle, drip  
as rain water instantly rushes to fill it.  
A mole like a distant subway car,  
snuffling about for edible roots.

The put-a-put sounds advancing,  
retreating —  
all the dead can hear of automobiles.  
The door-slams (count them!)  
of nearby visitors —  
clickedy-click high heels of the women,  
bump-thump of the men and the boys.  
That's on the pavement — upon the lawn  
the sound of someone walking  
is always *just so quiet*  
that the dead are always imagining  
they hear it.  
Is that someone now? Is it night or day?  
What year is it, anyway?

Beneath the earth, inside the casket,  
inside the shroud or winding cloth,  
even inside the mummified skin,  
the shriveled organs, inside the bones  
where the marrow is flaking to rust,  
even inside the brain,  
a desiccated thing  
no bigger than a walnut,  
consciousness clings.  
(How do I know? From the *whispers*  
I hear beneath the willow-weave,  
the message no wind  
alone could have invented.)

Their eyeless sight *sees* shades of blackness,  
their earless ears are perfect receivers  
for what their lipless mouths  
have to say.

*ii*

*If you had taken more milk as a child,  
you might have lived to eighty, Howard.*  
No one wants to be eighty, Mother —  
forty-seven was painful enough an age  
to come unnailed and fall apart —

*Does it still hurt?*

No, mother,  
not since the autopsy, anyway.

*You just never listened. I should have  
kept  
you home more, I knew it.*

Now, mother —

*But I couldn't bear to look at you.  
That face! — how like your father's.  
When you were off at school I could go  
out  
and face the world. But even so,  
the people on the streetcar knew —  
how they'd whisper —  
That's Suzie Whipple Lovecraft,  
the one whose husband...  
the one with that hideous child...*

YOUR DADDY'S AT BUTLER,  
YOUR MOTHER, TOO.  
PRETTY SOON THEY'LL  
COME  
FOR YOU!

*My God, who was that?*

Some child three plots over, mother.  
You know he does that when we  
raise our voices.

THAT'S MY SON YOU'RE INSULTING!  
A LOVECRAFT FACE IS A DISTINCTION.

Now see what you've done, mother —  
You've awakened Father again!

*Lantern-jaw! Son of a travelling man!  
That freakish long face!  
Drawing monsters  
on every sidewalk! No good at games!  
The mothers would send me notes:  
Your Howard is not permitted to play  
with our Joshua. Our old cat Flavius  
will NOT come down from the tree,  
and something awful has taken root  
in the rhododendron garden.  
We will not have our children  
pronouncing  
Arabian spells and Egyptian curses  
at our Christian dinner table.*

*That must have been all over town!*

Ah, my Arabian Nights!  
Playing at Grandfather Whipple's  
house.

GOOD! A HIGH SPIRITED LAD!  
TOO BAD I WASN'T THERE  
TO SEE YOU TO MANHOOD, HOWARD!  
SO MUCH I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU.  
SOME BOOKS YOUR MOTHER  
NEVER SAW...

I found them, Father. They were very  
...  
instructive.

*And I took them away! Such filth!  
And what a horrible turn he took.*

A mere nervous breakdown, Mother.

*We had to take him from school.  
The shame of his father's death,*

## 2002/2003 LOVECRAFT FRIENDS EVENTS

Here it is, with all meetings except those starred with double asterisks commencing at 11:30 am  
at the Union Station Brewery.

### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th.

Mysteries of the Incas, with Thomas D. Jones

### SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13th

Program to be announced.

### \*\*THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31.

Samhain (Halloween). A grand celebration, place to be announced.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15th.

Decorating the Baba Yaga tree at Rutherford's place.  
Bring mystery presents to be unwrapped on Russian Christmas, January 6th 2003

### SUNDAY, JANUARY 5th, 2003.

Russian Christmas Eve celebration.  
Bring Russian and/or Greek food and see what  
surprises await you under the Baba Yaga tree.

*mad at Butler; his grandfather's death,  
our move to the apartment  
where we had to share  
with common people.  
The shock of finding  
we had so little money.*

Somehow, Mother,  
none of us ever actually  
went out and worked: not you,  
not me, not the Aunties  
(let's not disturb their sleep, please!)

SEE, THE BOY HAS SPIRIT.  
SOMETHING YOU ALWAYS LACKED AS A WIFE —  
NO WARMTH, NO ANIMAL SPIRITS!

*It's all animal with you, you madman!*

Mother, Father, enough!  
You've made your peace.

*You in your hospital bed, drooling,  
with that leering face,  
repeating obscenities,  
boasting about the women  
you had ruined!*

YOU WITH YOUR NIGHT GAUNTS  
STREAMING FROM THE CORNERS  
WITH NEEDLE FINGERS!  
I COULD NEVER TOUCH YOU,  
AND FINALLY NOT EVEN A SHADOW COULD!

GO TO BALTIMORE, HOWARD!  
THERE'S A NEGRESS THERE  
WHO RUNS AN ESTABLISHMENT.  
ASK FOR THE DWARFS.  
THEY'RE SISTERS, AND ACROBATS.  
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THEY DO!  
AH, BUT I SUPPOSE THEY'RE DEAD, NOW.

*What's that! Is that YOU touching me?*

NO, SUZIE, IT MUST BE —  
ONE OF THOSE WORMS,  
THE ONES WITH A THOUSAND LEGS.

*I know it's you. I can't bear it.*

YOUR DADDY'S AT BUTLER,  
YOUR MOTHER, TOO.  
PRETTY SOON THEY'LL  
COME  
FOR YOU!

*Howard, you promised me  
there would be no right angles  
anywhere in my casket.*

That's right, Mother. I checked it myself.  
Everything is angled in some way.

*You are sure?*

Yes, Mother.

*I must be sure. They come out  
of the corners, you know.  
Right angles are weak places  
through which they come and go  
from their cold and sunless world  
to feed in ours.*

*First it's a grazing  
against your cheekbone.  
Then one touches  
the small of your back.  
Razor-sharp talons,  
long, melon-shaped heads  
and no faces*

No faces at all! I know, Mother,  
I invented them  
in my own nightmares!

*Real! they are real!  
Filthy things, like dust rags,  
ammonia on their breath  
and old blood*

*hovering, holding  
you down,  
touching,  
touching!*

WHY DIDN'T THEY BURY YOU  
AT BUTLER, ANYWAY?  
YOU ARE A TIRESOME WOMAN!

*You! freeloader! whose family  
plot is this anyway?*

Mother! Father! There are people here!  
A dozen at least! Hear them!  
There's the poet, and that actor  
who imitates me! Pretty damn good!  
And all the others, too! They're back —  
I think it's my birthday —  
Quiet, quiet! Listen to them! Listen!

—Lovecraft's Birthday, August 2002

# Capture of an Inca King

## Francisco Pizarro

from *Narrative of the Conquest of Peru*, by his secretary, Francisco de Xeres, 1530-34

### [Pizarro sends for Atahualpa.]

As soon as the messenger came before Atahualpa, he made an obeisance to him, and made signs that he should come to where the Governor waited. Presently he and his troops began to move, and the Spaniard returned and reported that they were coming, and that the men in front carried arms concealed under their clothes, which were strong tunics of cotton, beneath which were stones and bags and slings; all which made it appear that they had a treacherous design. Soon the van of the enemy began to enter the open space. First came a squadron of Indians dressed in a livery of different colors, like a chessboard. They advanced, removing the straws from the ground and sweeping the road. Next came three squadrons in different dresses, dancing and singing. Then came a number of men with armor, large metal plates, and crowns of gold and silver. Among them was Atahualpa in a litter lined with plumes of macaws' feathers of many colors and adorned with plates of gold and silver. Many Indians carried it on their shoulders on high . . .

On reaching the center of the open space, Atahualpa remained in his litter on high, and the others with him, while his troops did not cease to enter. A captain then came to the front and, ascending the fortress near the open space, where the artillery was posted, raised his lance twice, as for a signal. Seeing this, the Governor asked the Father Friar Vicente if he wished to go and speak to Atahualpa, with an interpreter. He replied that he did wish it, and he advanced, with a cross in one hand and the Bible in the other, and going amongst the troops up to the place where Atahualpa was, thus addressed him: "I am a priest of God, and I teach Christians the things of God, and in like manner I come to teach you. What I teach is that which God says to us in this Book. Therefore, on the part of God and of the Christians, I beseech you to be their friend, for such is God's will, and it will be for your good. Go and speak to the Governor, who waits for you."

Atahualpa asked for the Book, that he might look at it, and the priest gave it to him closed. Atahualpa did not know how to open it, and the priest was extending his arm to do so, when Atahualpa, in great anger, gave him a blow on the arm, not wishing that it should be opened. Then he opened it himself, and, without any astonishment at the letters and paper, as had been shown by other Indians, he threw it away from him five or six paces, and, to the words which the monk had spoken to him through the interpreter, he answered with much scorn, saying: "I know well how you have behaved on the road, how you have treated my chiefs, and taken the cloth from my storehouses." The monk replied: "The Christians have not done this, but some Indians took the cloth without the knowledge of the Governor, and he ordered it to be restored." Atahualpa said: "I will not leave this place until they bring it all to me." The monk returned with this reply to the Governor.

Atahualpa stood up on the top of the litter, addressing his troops and ordering them to be prepared. The monk told the

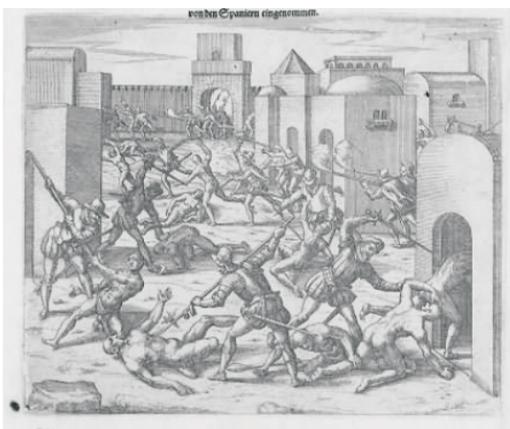


Governor what had passed between him and Atahualpa, and that he had thrown the Scriptures to the ground. Then the Governor put on a jacket of cotton, took his sword and dagger, and, with the Spaniards who were with him, entered amongst the Indians most valiantly; and, with only four men who were able to follow him, he came to the litter where Atahualpa was, and fearlessly seized him by the arm, crying out, "Santiago!" Then the guns were fired off, the trumpets were sounded, and the troops, both horse and foot, sallied forth. On seeing the horses charge, many of the Indians who were in the open space fled, and such was the force with which they ran that they broke down part of the wall surrounding it, and many fell over each other. The horsemen rode



them down, killing and wounding, and following in pursuit. The infantry made so good an assault upon those that remained that in a short time most of them were put to the sword. The Governor still held Atahualpa by the arm, not being able to pull him out of the litter because he was raised so high. Then the Spaniards made such a slaughter amongst those who carried the litter that they fell to the ground, and, if the Governor had not protected Atahualpa, that proud man would there have paid for all the cruelties he had committed. The Governor, in protecting Atahualpa, received a slight wound in the hand. During the whole time no Indian raised his arms against a Spaniard.

So great was the terror of the Indians at seeing the Governor force his way through them, at hearing the fire of the artillery, and beholding the charging of horses, a thing never before heard of, that they thought more of flying to save their lives than of fighting. All those who bore the litter of Atahualpa appeared to be principal chiefs.



They were all killed, as well as those who were carried in the other litters and hammocks....

The Governor went to his lodging, with his prisoner Atahualpa despoiled of his robes, which the Spaniards had tom off in pulling him out of the litter. It was a very wonderful thing to see so great a lord taken prisoner in so short a time, who came in such power. The Governor presently ordered native clothes to be brought, and when Atahualpa was dressed, he made him sit near him, and soothed his rage and agitation at finding himself so quickly fallen from his high estate. Among many other things, the Governor said to him: "Do not take it as an insult that you have been defeated and taken prisoner, for with the Christians who come with me, though so few in number, I have conquered greater kingdoms than yours, and have defeated other more powerful lords than you, imposing upon them the dominion of the Emperor, whose vassal I am, and who is King of Spain and of the universal world. We come to conquer this land by his command, that all may come to a knowledge of God, and of His Holy Catholic Faith . . ."

. . . Atahualpa feared that the Spaniards would kill him, so he told the Governor that he would give his captors a great quantity of gold and silver. The Governor asked him: "How much can you give, and in what time?" Atahualpa said: "I will give gold enough to fill a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen wide, up to a white line which is halfway up the wall." The height would be that of a man's stature and a half. He said that, up to that mark, he would fill the room with different kinds of golden vessels, such as jars, pots, vases, besides lumps and other pieces. As for silver, he said he would fill the whole chamber with it twice over. He undertook to do this in two months. The Governor told him to send off messengers with this object, and that, when it was accomplished, he need have no fear....

After some days some of the people of Atahualpa arrived. There was a brother of his, who came from Cuzco, and sisters and wives. The brother brought many vases, jars, and pots of gold, and much silver, and he said that more was on the road; but that, as the journey is so long, the Indians who bring the treasure become tired, and cannot all come so quickly, so that every day more gold and silver will arrive of that which now remains behind. Thus on some days twenty thousand, on others thirty thousand, on others fifty thousand or sixty thousand pesos of gold arrived, in vases, great pots weighing two or three arrobas, and other vessels. The Governor ordered it all to be put in the house where Atahualpa had his guards, until he had accomplished what he had promised.

### [After receiving the huge ransom from Atahualpa, Pizarro charges the Inca with conspiring against him.]

. . . I will say something of the place that was subject to the Cuzco and now belongs to Atahualpa. They say that it contained two houses made of gold, and that the straws with which it was roofed were all made of gold. With the gold that was brought from Cuzco, there were some straws made of solid gold, with their spikes, just as they would grow in the fields. If I was to recount all the different varieties in the shape of the pieces of gold my story would never end. There was a stool of gold [the throne of the Incas, which Pizarro himself took] that weighed eight arrobas. There were great fountains with their pipes, through which water flowed into a reservoir on the same fountains, where there were birds of different kinds, and men drawing water from the fountain, all made of gold. It was also ascertained from Atahualpa and Chilicuchima,

and many others, that in Xauxa Atahualpa had sheep and shepherds tending them, all made of gold; and the sheep and shepherds were large, and of the size that they are met with in this land.

Now I must mention a thing which should not be forgotten. A chief, who was Lord of Caxamalca, appeared before the Governor and said to him through the interpreters: "I would have you to know that, after Atahualpa was taken prisoner, he sent to Quito, his native land, and to all the other provinces, with orders to collect troops to march against you and your followers, and to kill you all; and all these troops are coming under the command of a great captain called Lluminabi. This army is now very near to this place. It will come at night and attack the camp . . ."

The Governor then spoke to Atahualpa, saying: "What treason is this that you have prepared for me? For me who have treated you with honor, like a brother, and have trusted in your words!" Then he told him all the information he had received. Atahualpa answered, saying: "Are you laughing at me? You are always making jokes when you speak to me. What am I and all my people that we should trouble such valiant men as you are? Do not talk such nonsense to me." He said all this without betraying a sign of anxiety; but he laughed the better to conceal his evil design, and practiced many other arts such as would suggest themselves to a quick-witted man. After he was a prisoner, the Spaniards who heard him were astounded to find so much wisdom in a barbarian....

Then the Governor, with the concurrence of the officers of his Majesty, and of the captains and persons of experience, sentenced Atahualpa to death. His sentence was that, for the treason he had committed, he should die by burning, unless he became a Christian . . .

They brought out Atahualpa to execution; and, when he came into the square, he said he would become a Christian. The Governor was informed, and ordered him to be baptized. The ceremony was performed by the very reverend Father Friar Vicente de Valverde. The Governor then ordered that he should not be burned, but that he should be fastened to a pole in the open space and strangled. This was done, and the body was left until the morning of the next day, when the monks, and the Governor with the other Spaniards, conveyed it into the church, where it was interred with much solemnity, and with all the honors that could be shown it. Such was the end of this man, who had been so cruel. He died with great fortitude, and without showing any feeling . . .

## DISPATCHES FROM THE INTERNET

### WAS PERU THE ORIGINAL ATLANTIS?

According to Plato, the Atlantean Temple of Poseidon's exterior was coated in silver with gold pinnacles.. The ceiling was ivory variegated with gold, silver and orichalcum [a gold/copper alloy]. At the time of the Incas these metals were abundant in South America. In their capital at Cuzco was the Coricancha, 'The Place of Gold', dedicated to Viracocha, that so amazed the Conquistadors in the 1530s. This extraordinary building was once covered with over 700 gold and silver sheets, inside and out. Donnelly calculated that the jewels alone would've been worth [in 1880s terms, when his book Atlantis was published] \$180 million! The eastern end, the most sacred part, was hung with a huge jewel-encrusted gold plate symbolising the Sun. Below, on golden thrones, sat, embalmed, Inca rulers. [The kings were the Incas, not the civilization.] Nearby was the Garden of the Sun, a paradise of golden animals, plants and birds.

Even the pipes, ornaments and aqueducts were gold. In the centre of a large courtyard flanked by antechambers was a gold-covered octagonal platform. Murray Hope said, in *The Ancient Wisdom of Atlantis*, that the Great High Temple., in the Atlantean capital, like others in the land, "was octagonal in shape,...surmounted by an equidistant cross".

There are other similarities between Plato's citadel and the major buildings of Cuzco. Baths were fed by natural hot and cold springs. [Atlantis and the Cordillera Occidental, where Cuzco is located, were volcanic.] The Inca Atahualpa's palace had gold and silver basins, and fountains feeding stone channels. Plato said that water from the Atlantean springs was channelled into open and covered cisterns. Both places had life-sized ancestral statues of gold.

In Atahualpa's apartments, said Garcilaso, "worked in much gold", were "carved engravings of the figures and exploits of the Inca's ancestors". Moreover, the Incas told the Spaniards that the

*"first inhabitants of the land [i.e. Peru] were born in pairs just as Plato claimed for Atlantis".*  
[J.M. Allen, *Atlantis: The Andes Solution*, 1998]

Yet confirmation of possible connections between Atlantis and Cuzco comes not just from Plato, but Homer's *Odyssey*. Homer tells us that the Temple of Poseidon in the Phaeacian's land was built of "blocks of quarried stone embedded firmly into the ground". The surviving lower foundations of the Coricancha, below the Spanish monastery of Santo Domingo, are built from huge ashlar blocks slotted together without mortar. Their solidity, unlike the Baroque edifice on them, has withstood centuries of earthquakes. The Spanish described the palace of Atahualpa in great detail. The Great Hall had gold doors, silver pillars and a 'brazen' [bronze] floor. There were gold and silver statues, including dogs guarding the main portals. Homer said not only did the Great Hall of Alcinous' palace possess such a floor, but that the main entrance had

*"golden doors hung on posts of silver...set in the bronze threshold. The lintel...was silver... On either side stood gold and silver dogs....as immortal sentries.... Golden statues of youths fixed on solid pedestals held flaming torches....to light the....hall by night".*

Both Plato's Atlantis and Homer's Phaeacia land are high and rocky. Their respective capitals are ringed and overshadowed by lofty peaks. Plato eulogises about their size, number and beauty, and their rivers and lakes. Homer mentions a "long mountain range". The Spanish, in 1533, described Cuzco as being "surrounded by high and snowy mountains". It is located over 11,000 ft up in the Andes. Plato says the plain before the mountains was divided grid-like by canals and bounded by a ditch fed by mountain streams. Speed's image shows Cuzco was like that. Plato's Royal City had high triple walls, the outer one bronze-coated, just like the Tartarus of Greek myth. The left image depicts three walls around Santo Domingo.

I'm not saying that Atlantis was definitely in Peru, or, that the Royal City was Cuzco. It's just that the similarities are so striking that it is possible the Incas, like the Aztecs at Tenochtitlan in Mexico, were inspired to 'recreate' the 'homeland' of their ancient ancestors in their respective capitals. -JJ

## EXPLORERS CLAIM TO HAVE FOUND LOST CITY OF GOLD

—July 30, 2002

On June 30th two dozen researchers took up the old quest for the legendary city of gold, called Paititi by Inca people and El Dorado by Spanish conquistadors, who began searching for it in 1532. The recent search concentrated on a jungle region along the basin of the Madre de Dios River, in the Peruvian Amazon.

Leader of the expedition, a Polish-Italian journalist named Jacek Palkiewicz, announced to EFE he felt "certain" he had found El Dorado in an area that adjoins Manu National Park, southeast of Lima. Palkiewicz was surprised to discover the old legends of the city being under a lake were accurate. Furthermore, written accounts that the lost city was a 10-day hike from Cuzco, ancient capital of the Inca Empire, were confirmed as well.

A lake was discovered on a 1.5 square-mile plateau which was entirely covered with vegetation. Palkiewicz's team used terrestrial radar to confirm the existence of underwater caverns and tunnels at the site. Palkiewicz, who began researching El Dorado nearly two years ago, wants to carry out a final and more extensive search in October and have specialists study the caves.

Finding traces of pre-Inca constructions, led Palkiewicz to assume that the Incas had barely begun colonization of the area before arrival of the Spanish. Torrential rains and dense jungles, which aborted many previous searches for the lost city, hindered the researchers to investigate for further evidence of Inca construction.

Palkiewicz led a team of scientists from Argentina, Italy, Poland, Russia and Peru. Two previous visits to the area and the discovery of a 16th century manuscript claiming that Jesuit missionaries had found El Dorado kept the team's interest peaked. The manuscript, found in the Vatican archives of the Society of Jesus, indicated that the pope authorized Jesuits to evangelize natives of Paititi.

Palkiewicz, described by Britain's *Guardian* newspaper as a "self-styled academic" is an instructor of survival skills and has written 20 books about his journeys to remote destinations and the Amazon jungles. In 1996, he led an expedition that located the true source of the Amazon River. A budget of \$1 million was allotted to find the city of gold and the search has received support from Peruvian's President Alejandro Toledo, Poland's Aleksander Kwasniewski and Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi.

Paititi is considered the last refuge for Incas from advancing Spanish conquistadors. Legend has it that the last Inca rulers buried treasures under a lake, an enormous sum to pay the ransom of Inca's last ruler, Atahualpa. The lure of finding that wealth has drawn many explorers to their death.

In 1925, Britain's Col. Peter Fawcett disappeared while looking for the city of gold. Again, in 1970, a French-American expedition led by Serge Debru disappeared and in 1997 an expedition led by Norway's Lars Hafksjold also disappeared while headed to Madidi River, not far from Palkiewicz's discovery.

Source: BBC