

The March of Mysticism

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be that people had finally found what they were looking for.

Even Ralph didn't know what that was. To some he would be a visitor from outer space and to others a wizard. What he did know was anyone's mind could be clouded with emotions. This fact offered unlimited opportunities to Ralph's ambitions. The critical part of the plan would be timing. He had to wait until he was attracting enough attention. He was aware if he waited too long somebody would stop him in his tracks.

In order to fulfill his designs in a really big way Ralph needed some partners. There were many who would do his bidding but he required a small number of helpers who were motivated by things other than his ruse. When he made his move he wanted

henchmen who would duplicate his trick at various centers throughout the planet. If he was to transform his cult into a worldwide movement he needed some lieutenants who could handle the truth.

About six months into the adventure he was holding a rally in Pasadena. A young man asked for an audience. Ralph agreed to see the young man who was ushered in by what could be considered his personal bodyguards.

'Hello Dr. Kinsk. Thank you for taking the time to see me.' He was Sam Divine, a quintessential California beach bum. Cool, assured and lazy looking, he was right out of a sun tan lotion commercial. He had one quality which seemed out of character for him. He was very bright. Ralph noticed that right away.

Ralph greeted Sam with a slogan. 'There is always time for a brother in our

fight against Orwellian anonymity.' Sam walked in to the mousetrap, saying, 'Save it for those boneheads, man. I'm on to you and I want in. Ain't no threat. I could use some money I think I could be a lot of help.' The guards, who fidgetted when Sam began to speak, were dismissed with a hand signal from Ralph. He heard Sam out and replied, 'You're bold. You know what makes this operation tick. I can use your help. Why don't you come back here early tomorrow and I'll show you the ropes. Oh, here's 400 bucks for you to get spruced up a bit. See you tomorrow.' Sam headed for the door and squealed, 'Right on.'

Over the next eight months Ralph picked up several more associates who were strongly motivated by money. So far he had confined his schemes to California but he was getting set to make his break.

Meanwhile things were happening elsewhere. Several riots across the States seemed directly attributable to Ralph's activities. In similar fashion crowds were attempting to break into government offices, universities and industrial facilities. All but a couple of the incidents were handled without damage to property. The successful

groups managed to ransack millions of dollars worth of computer hardware and robot manufacturing equipment. Some very powerful people were becoming irritated.

At the Pentagon, US Internal Security Coordinator Gen. Roon Wilkens was keeping a close eye on events. He already had made the connection between the California cult and the riots. After returning from a meeting with the joint chiefs of staff and the President's national security advisor Roon was ready to use force to solve this great problem.

Municipal and state police were containing things for the moment but the anti-tech movement was really gaining momentum. That Kinski character still hadn't left California and he was causing trouble all over the place. Roon was giving authorization to mobilize the state national guards and the reserves. The plan, called Operation Thunderbolt, was to have things mapped up in one week with high pressure water hoses, smoke, gas, rubber bullets and riot gear. Keep a head on things for another week and send the boys home. By that time everyone would have forgotten Kinski and, 'who knows', thought the General; 'Maybe there would be a rush of recruits for the guard.'

Luckily for Ralph word drifted his way from the mother of an officer in the California state guard. Ralph knew he had about two weeks to throw the dice. He brought his inner circle together to spring his plan on them. He watched their eyes widen as he told them that their operations were now raking in millions of dollars a week. He told them that he was going to set each of them up with an operation bigger and more profitable in a country of their own. 'I couldn't have gotten to money and power I have without your help,' Ralph said. 'And now I'm ready to share the world with you and I mean the whole world. I mean it. What we have now will seem petty to the fortunes we will gain in a short time.'

As they listened patiently Ralph reminded them that he had been a Physics Professor. He told them that

during his short career he had come across some material on an experiment conducted by the navy. Using electromagnetic fields they had made an entire battleship and its crew appear to vanish. He explained that he had repeated the experiment making a car disappear and had refined the apparatus. A man carrying

a device about the size of a frying pan could become invisible. He then produced his device and to the total amazement of everyone, he disappeared. Then his voice came out of nowhere.

'If we wear a sort of baggy robe no one will spot our gimmick and they'll think were a bunch of real life magicians.' As he reappeared Ralph cooed, 'Gentlemen we can rule the world.' He had them sold.

The first move was to announce rallies in six American cities. They were timed to begin on the first day of the government's crackdown. Ralph was keeping that to himself. He told his men they would hold impromptu rallies and take the public by surprise at the announced sights two days before the announced date. He explained that this would ensure the presence of enough people to make it an event but at the same time keep things at a manageable level. Logistics would be no problem because there was money to burn. Seven of the group would also be staging the act in centers in Europe and Asia. Ralph smiled on the inside, 'Even those money hungry jackals can be fooled,' he thought.

Thus it was that one of the worst evenings in General Roon Wilkins life was kicked off with an intelligence brief that rallies were being held two days early. Someone had spilled the beans on thunderbolt and those creeps were having a free party. 'In two days the party will be over,' vowed General Wilkins.

The act was short and not so sweet. At 13 rallies a heavily-robed master of ceremonies stepped into the of a well lit stage. As dumbfounded onlookers listened the con men declared that they were members of a superior race.

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