

FAMOUS
fantastic
MYSTERIES

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Feature Length Classic

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The strange day when all human thought
and memory blanked out. . . .

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Novelette

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Lovely as the springtime, in the deep
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GOLDEN

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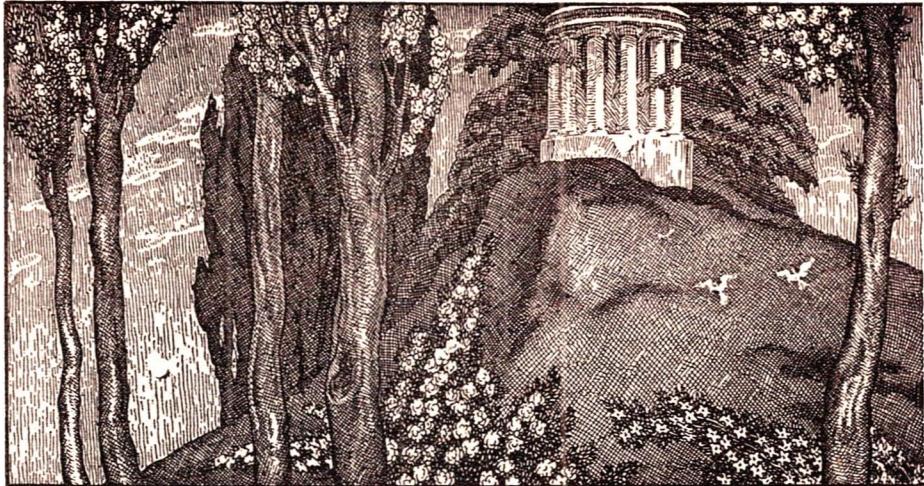
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GOLDEN ATLANTIS

*Atlantis is no fable. I have heard
The murmur of its bells on golden nights.
And in the wailing of the tropic bird
The memory of ancient homing flights
To a tall island where the humblest rights—
Those of a bird as well as man—were held
Sacred since inborn, safe from jealous spites.
Atlantis was a land where freedom dwelled.*

*They were not truly sages who averred
That the great eastern Atlantean bights
Lay close to Egypt, and that from them purred
The sphinx-prowed galleys, spreading dark delights
Along the Nile, creating appetites
Braven as Moloch's. Could the golden-belled
Have chimed with slavers of Israelites?
Atlantis was a land where freedom dwelled.*

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By Richard Butler Glaenzer

*This I know best—down in my heart has stirred,
In answer to the Pool of Malachites,
Still bubbling fathoms deep, the living word—
A word so healing that it cured all blights
A word so kindly that it checked all slights,
A word from which all loving-kindness welled.
The word that follows, in the tongue of sprites:
“Atlantis was a land where freedom dwelled!”*

Envoi

*Prince of the world, Maker of blacks and whites,
Of red men, yellow, man however spelled,
Giver whose hand, disdained as empty, smites,
Atlantis was, a land where freedom dwelled.*

