



**Resurrection**  
Shea, Robert Joseph

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### **About Shea:**

Robert Joseph Shea (14 February 1933 - 10 March 1994) was the co-author of *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* with Robert Anton Wilson and the author of six other novels including *Shike*, *All Things Are Lights*, *The Saracen*, and *Shaman*. Robert Shea met Robert Anton Wilson in the late 1960s, when both were working in the editorial department of *Playboy*. Before long, they decided to collaborate on a novel that would combine sex, drugs, alternative religions, anarchism, and conspiracy theory, which became *Illuminatus!*. While they remained close friends for life, they had philosophical and political disagreements, and these enriched the book, helping to make it a dialogic novel in which no single point of view is privileged. On his own, Shea went on to write historical novels, including *Shike* (1981), *All Things Are Lights* (1986), and what probably is his most underrated work—*The Saracen*, a book published in two parts in 1989 depicting the struggle between a blond Muslim warrior called Daoud Ibn Abdullah and his French crusader adversary Simon De Gobignon. It's a book of love, intrigue, and suspense during the time of the Crusades. It is a book that avoids racial and religious stereotyping and is at times very sensual. His last book was the Native American tale *Shaman* (1991). Robert Joseph Shea attended Manhattan Prep, Manhattan College and Rutgers University and worked as a magazine editor in New York and Los Angeles. In the 60's he edited the *Playboy Forum* where he met Robert Anton Wilson, with whom he collaborated on *Illuminatus!* After publishing *Illuminatus!*, Bob left *Playboy* to become a full time novelist. His novels include: *Shike*, set in medieval Japan. *All Things Are Lights*, a story that entwines the fate of Cathars of southern France with the occult traditions of Courtly Love and the troubadours. *The Saracen*, describing the intricate politics of medieval Italy through the eyes of an Islamic warrior. *Shaman*, tracing the fate of the survivors of the Black Hawk War in 19th century Illinois. *Lady Yang*, a tragic story of an idealistic empress of medieval China. Robert Shea died of colon cancer in 10 March 1994 at the age of 61.

### **Also available on Feedbooks for Shea:**

- *All Things Are Lights* (1986)
- *The Helpful Robots* (1957)
- *Mutineer* (1959)
- *Star Performer* (1960)

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**Transcriber's Note:** This etext was produced from *Fantastic Universe* December 1957. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed. Minor spelling and typographical errors have been corrected without note.

"YOU'RE a fascinating person," the girl said. "I've never met anyone like you before. Tell me your story again."

The man was short and stocky, with Asiatic features and a long, stringy mustache. "The whole story?" he asked. "It would take a lifetime to tell you." He stared out the window at the yellow sun and the red sun. He still hadn't gotten used to seeing two suns. But that was minor, really, when there were so many other things he had to get used to.

A robot waiter, with long thin metal tubes for arms and legs, glided over. When he'd first seen one of those, he'd thought it was a demon. He'd tried to smash it. They'd had trouble with him at first.

"They had trouble with me at first," he said.

"I can imagine," said the girl. "How did they explain it to you?"

"It was hard. They had to give me the whole history of medicine. It was years before I got over the notion that I was up in the Everlasting Blue Sky, or under the earth, or something." He grinned at the girl. She was the first person he'd met since they got him a job and gave him a home in a world uncountable light years from the one he'd been born on.

"When did you begin to understand?"

"They simply taught all of history to me. Including the part about myself. Then I began to get the picture. Funny. I wound up teaching them a lot of history."

"I bet you know a lot."

"I do," the man with the Asiatic features said modestly. "Anyway, they finally got across to me that in the 22nd century—they had explained the calendar to me, too; I used a different one in my day—they had learned how to grow new limbs on people who had lost arms and legs."

"That was the first real step," said the girl.

"It was a long time till they got to the second step," he said. "They learned how to stimulate life and new growth in people who had already died."

"The next part is the thing I don't understand," the girl said.

"Well," said the man, "as I get it, they found that any piece of matter that has been part of an organism, retains a physical 'memory' of the entire structure of the organism of which it was part. And that they could reconstruct that structure from a part of a person, if that was all there was left of him. From there it was just a matter of pushing the process back through time. They had to teach me a whole new language to explain that one."

"Isn't it wonderful that intergalactic travel gives us room to expand?" said the girl. "I mean now that every human being that ever lived has been brought back to life and will live forever?"

"Same problem I had, me and my people," said the man. "We were cramped for space. This age has solved it a lot better than I did. But they had to give me a whole psychological overhauling before I understood that."

"Tell me about your past life," said the girl, staring dreamily at him.

"Well, six thousand years ago, I was born in the Gobi Desert, on Earth," said Genghis Khan, sipping his drink.

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Jean de Marselait read calmly on from the parchment. "It is stated by many witnesses that for long that part of Paris, called Nanley by some, has been troubled by works of the devil. Ever and anon great claps of thunder have been heard issuing from an open field there without visible cause. They were evidently caused by a sorcerer of power since even exorcists could not halt them.

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