

Making "GOLD" again to Disprove Fraud Claims

Despite the fact that he was imprisoned for two years in France and then exiled, Zibinew Dunikowski, scientist and chemist, claims he is again making gold from earth and stones to prove to France in particular and the world in general that he was no fraud and was wrongfully convicted. His friends say he has discovered a new ray which is used in the formula of converting ordinary earth into the precious metal.



By Katharine Moos



Polish Chemist,
Jailed and Then
Exiled From
France, Is Now
In Secret Hiding

Place, Where He Is Again Using
Secret Formula and Zeta-Ray;
Hopes to Recoup Standing

A POLISH chemist's curious mania for transforming pebbles and the dirt that he finds on his path into little shining particles of pure gold cost him a 2,000,000-franc suit, two years in jail and expulsion from France.

He has served his jail sentence, he is in hiding and producing more gold and some day hopes to prove to the world that he is right and that France was wrong in declaring him guilty of fraud and imposing the heavy sentence upon him.

He answers amiably any questions posed to him. He speaks slowly with a warm conviction. But if you listen to the exposition of his method with the mere suggestion of a skeptically raised eyebrow, he takes you gently by the arm, leads you into his kitchen and invites you yourself to put into his strange little machine the handful of dirt that you have picked up on the way.

Half an hour later, after a series of manipulations, he hands you, with perfect simplicity, a little round globule of sparkling gold. You have understood, naturally, less than nothing. But you are sure that no trick has been possible, and you leave with a souvenir which is conclusive proof that you have not been dreaming.

This man is called Zibinew Dunikowski. With patience and confidence he is waiting today, after a two-year prison sentence, for his acquittal and exoneration in the eyes of the world. In the meantime, living somewhere incognito in the Maritime Alps, he is quietly occupying himself with his favorite pastime, with the development of a curious new industry, with the fabrication of real gold.

The only person who knows where Dunikowski is hiding is the famous French lawyer, Jean-Charles Legrand, who has been devoting himself for the last four years to the defense and re-establishment of the unfortunate inventor.

"He has left Italy and is working secretly now in a completely new little factory which treats from one to two tons of earth each day," is all Legrand will divulge. "He is making gold, but he is making it discreetly in order to avoid the obvious danger of a lowering of the rate."

DUNIKOWSKI is no longer in Italy. He cannot return to France. And where, then, is this strange man who finds means to manufacture gold without exciting the curiosity of his neighbors?

At the extremity of the frontier, on the shore of the Mediterranean, between France and Italy, there is a country in miniature, a country smaller than a city, where the sun shines from the first of January to the thirty-first of December where no one pays taxes and ever which reigns a man debonair, the Prince of Monaco. Monaco it must be that Dunikowski has chosen, but he has managed to keep himself successfully hidden from inquisitive journalists and unscrupulous fortune hunters since he deserted, a few

Paris, weeks ago, his kitchen-laboratory in San Remo.

With the mysterious machine of Dunikowski, consisting of a small wooden box with dial-like devices in ebonite, supported by four legs which rest on a large sheet of red copper, the manufacture of gold becomes as simple as the preserving of crabapple jelly or the mixing of a cocktail.

Take any desired quantity of earth, grind it into a fine powder, tie it up in a cellophane bag and place carefully under the machine on the copper plate.

Turn the dial to submit substance to the wonder-working zeta-ray. A quarter of an hour later turn the second dial and the intensified humming sound will indicate the increased power of the irradiation. After five minutes more in the miraculous machine, put substance into a crucible and submit to intense heat. Remove from fire with pincers and pour incandescent contents onto a plate of steel. Cool, wash with hydrochloric acid to eliminate limestone and base metal, wash again at the tap and mix finally with a small quantity of mercury.

At this stage, if the directions have been followed carefully, the substance should have the color and consistency of ordinary mud. Mix well, and when the quicksilver has had time to amalgamate with the gold, wash again at the tap to carry away all the mudlike residue. Next drain the mercury into a chamois cloth, which will retain only the amalgam in the form of a small globule. Heat this with a blow-pipe. The flame will chase the mercury and the pure gold will remain. A few drops of picric acid will suffice to give it the traditional shining aspect—and the dish is ready.

THE dish is ready and the whole monetary system of the world is in danger of being shaken on its foundation. It is time, indeed, for a serious investigation of Dunikowski's secret, his "new body" and his zeta-ray. Charlatan or scientist, crook, maniac or genius, it is no longer safe to ignore his claims or to dismiss them with a skeptical and supercilious smile.

Dunikowski has never pretended that he is capable of manufacturing gold out of the thin air; he simply contends that he has discovered a process whereby he can obtain substantial quantities of the precious metal from feebly auriferous earth which, submitted to any other existing method, is absolutely valueless. Alongside of the atoms of gold, or of any other metal, exist what he calls the mineralities which must one day arrive at the state of perfect metal and which, up to now, have escaped all ordinary means of extraction. His machine, by irradiating the earth with a new body, the zeta-ray, simply forces the mineralities to evolve in a few minutes instead of awaiting the slow work of centuries or eons.

What he is doing today with gold he could do equally well with platinum, for example; and with his secret, which he is now only utilizing on a small scale, he claims he could enable the mines

throughout the world to increase their actual output a hundredfold.

And why, with a secret worth millions, has Dunikowski had such a struggle? Why was he condemned and dishonored by the French courts? Why was he driven out of the country? The answers are to be found in an understanding of the man, his life and the true motives of the suit carried on against him.

PHYSICALLY this modern alchemist inherits the worst features of his calling. His pale, thin face, his stooped and meager figure and the slightly Mephistophelian expression of his strangely blue eyes all tend to evoke a vague apprehension and misgiving.

For a man launched out on new paths, far from his native country and alone against the powerful coalition of interests which he threatens and envies, which he excites, these simple facts of appearance may have a very real importance.

Add to this a total absence of any practical sense and a characteristic disdain for contingencies, and it will be obvious why Dunikowski, from the beginning of his contact with the outside world, has laid himself open to calumny and exploitation.

All his life, haunted by his dream, he has devoted every effort to advance his researches. Son, pupil and collaborator of a celebrated professor of the University of Lwow, who was a specialist in

the treatment of precious metals, he commenced by devouring a considerable personal fortune in the hope of developing the practical application of the mysterious "new body" isolated for the first time by his father.

In 1926, poverty stricken, sick, overworked and charged with a wife and family to care for, he found himself stranded in Monte Carlo. The Board of Directors of the Musée Oceanographique consented to allow him to continue his experiments in their laboratory, and soon Dunikowski and his invention became the main topic of conversation in the fashionable parlors of the rich. Journalists arrived to interview him and spread exaggerated rumors through the Casino. The curiosity and envy of the fortune hunters was aroused: Dunikowski looked like a good bet!

The Polish Count Sobanski was the first of the long line of promoters or sleeping partners. A half a million francs of his fortune were devoured by the oven, and the rest squandered over the roulette wheel. Ruined, he was followed by a Dutchman, Mr. van Heust. The company, salvaged, took the name of the "Societe du Laboratoire Electro-Chimique" and a Mr. Attali was named director. Five hundred thousand francs were allowed for Dunikowski to realize his dream in setting up at Cap-Martin a little factory well equipped and capable of treating three tons of earth a day. In June, 1930, it was ready to function—but the company was bankrupt. This

time high international finance entered into play. "La Societe Pinindus," emanation of the Austrian bank "Spitzer," opened to begin with (after a careful examination of Dunikowski's claims by Spitzer's expert) a new credit of 400,000 francs.

FOLLOWING the Polish Count, the Dutch banker and the Austrian bank, the next to intervene was the "City" of London. A certain Mr. Gordon Leight became interested in the affair. The expert he sent, Mr. Leonard Levy, a man of high reputation, commenced by being extremely skeptical, but, in his turn, after operating the machine himself and testing the samples in London, he proclaimed himself convinced. It looked as though Dunikowski was out of trouble. He was given all the necessary means to develop his invention and establish it on a large and practical scale—but there was a hitch.

He signed a contract which he believed was robbing him of his secret for a perfectly ridiculous price. When he decided that he was being exploited it was too late. His signature was on the dotted line and the deal was closed. This contract was responsible for all the succeeding drama and all the trouble in the law courts.

He vainly tried to have it modified and, balked at every turn, he simply absented himself so often that finally, on the 31st of October, 1931, a suit was filed against him in Paris. Dunikowski was not formally accused of swindling or of fraudulently obtaining money, but merely of refusing to work after signing a contract, thereby implying that his secret was probably nonexistent. In other words, the powers behind the throne had spoken. Dunikowski felt that there were but two alternatives open to him: to hand over his secret or go to prison.

A summons was sent out and with an unheard-of alacrity Dunikowski is incarcerated. His apparatus and laboratory are confiscated. But too late. The

inventor, mistrustful of the whole proceeding, had already hidden the essential parts of the equipment.

Dunikowski was condemned to two years in prison, 100 francs fine and the restitution of a total sum of 2,792,000 francs.

His sentence served, sick, with only one lung and at the end of his resources, he was expelled from France and took refuge in San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. The plaintiffs were content; although forced to renounce all hopes of getting back their money, they at least had the satisfaction of believing Dunikowski to be ruined.

BUT it takes more than a lawsuit and a couple of years in prison to annihilate an ambitious man in the possession of a gold-making secret. Arrived in San Remo, Dunikowski immediately set up a laboratory in his kitchen and commenced work anew. For almost a year he lived content with his wife and four children in a small two-room flat overlooking the blue Mediterranean. Each day, from about 400 pounds of earth, he would extract six to ten grams of gold which he would sell each evening to the various jewelers of the vicinity.

Last February Albert Bonn, the technical expert and former director of the Lille Municipal Laboratory, recognized Dunikowski's method as efficacious. After experiments in collaboration with the inventor and examination of the samples in Paris, he announced that there was no fraud in the Pole's discovery and that his machine produced a larger amount of gold from auriferous earth than would be possible by methods now in use.

And now, within the month, Dunikowski quietly packed up his blow-pipes and test tubes and disappeared from Italy. Today he is working with richer earth which is being sent to him in all probability from Southern France. The machines of his new little factory are already functioning and extracting, from one to two tons of earth, fifty to a hundred grams of gold each day.

The work an invention of Dunikowski have awakened again one of the oldest aspirations of humanity, that of Glauber, of Albert Le Grand and of Roger Bacon. Today, in an age when modern science has managed to produce synthetically everything from diamonds to manure, it may be that the dream of these men has been realized, that electro-chemistry has taken the place of alchemy and that the philosophers' stone is nothing more or less than Dunikowski's wonder-working zeta-ray.

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