

PSYCHIC OBSERVER

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WAS LEONARDO OUR FIRST MODERN PROPHET?

By

G. D. KAYE

"When in an iron fish, a letter shall be shut up, He shall go out, that afterwards makes war"

Nostradamus.

"Beneath the water men shall walk, Shall ride, shall sleep, and even talk"

Mother Shipton.

It is hardly possible to conceive of two more diametrically opposed characters than Nostradamus and Mother Shipton. One was a highly educated man of God, the other an illiterate woman often referred to as the Devil's child. Both were prognosticators in a contemporary era, and yet there is a certain amount of agreement between their prophecies. And both of them chose to make their predictions in rhyme.

Nostradamus, the assumed name of Michel de' Notredame was born at St. Remi

in Provence, France, December 13, 1503. He received his medical degree at Avignon in 1529, and applied his talents with great success during the plague years which were to follow later.

Although of Jewish extraction, Nostradamus was a devout Catholic and an ardent astrologist. He regarded his astral findings as subject to Divine interpretation and in 1555 published many of his conclusions in a series of rhymed quatrains called *The Centuries*. This publication was so well received that it brought him to the attention of Catherine de' Medici, who encouraged him to publish an enlarged edition of his prophecies. This appeared in 1558 and was dedicated to the King. Nostradamus died in 1566, highly respected as a physician and prophet.

The data on Mother Shipton is not so well defined. The best information indi-

cates that she was born Ursula Southhill (Sowthiel or Southiel) in 1486-1488, near Dropping Well, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England. Being exceedingly ugly and given to incantations and prophecies she soon came to be regarded as a witch. In those days the legal definition of a witch was, "a person who has conference with the Devil, to consult with him, or do some act at his behest."

Nevertheless, in spite of these handicaps, at the age of 24, she married one Tobias Shipton and apparently lived with him until her death in 1561. She died in Clifton, Yorkshire and is said to have been buried there. Somewhat over one hundred years later (1684) Richard Head published "The Life and Death of Mother Shipton," in which were included many of her prophecies. (Continued on Page 2)

COSMIC RADIATION

By

PROF. HILTON HOTEAMA

We sent our publisher a wonderful manuscript titled as above, dealing with body sustentation, and showing that EATING is not natural habit like drinking and smoking, supporting the contention with evidence showing that some people now live without eating. One lady of 68 has eaten nothing since she was 12, and looks and acts like a girl of 20. That life we all crave and its attainment is possible. Chapter 18 of this work is titled RADIOSYNTHESIS, and is presented here.

"If man consumed only Radiation via his lungs as he did in the Golden Age when he lived a thousand years according to ancient tradition, if that Radiation were never polluted, and if the procreative function remained dormant, sickness would be unknown, decrepitude would be unthinkable, and longevity would be unlimited" (Dr. Herman Schrader).

In Chapter 17 we presented in full from the Encyclopedia Americana the data on Photosynthesis in order to show how little science knows about the sustentation of plants. We could fill pages analyzing the statements, but the only noticeable alteration that would appear, would be that of using the better term RADIOSYNTHESIS for PHOTOSYNTHESIS.

So far as we know, the functions of plants are the same now as in the beginning. Science knows little about their sustentation. This means that science

knows almost nothing about the sustentation of man's body, which is much more complex than plants, yet functions fundamentally the same, except as modified by adjustment to meet conditions forced upon it by man's constantly changing habits.

It is important to notice that scientific consideration of sustentation of plants is not directed to soil in which they grow, but to light by which they are surrounded, and in which they live, and thrive, and have their being.

This would not be the case if plant sustentation depended upon soil. Hence, it is evident that sustentation of plants depends not upon soil, but upon Light. And that Light is Cosmic Radiation.

It is not soil but Radiation that plants absorb and change into elements necessary for their sustentation. The process is not called digestion and assimilation, but PHOTOSYNTHESIS. The better term is RADIOSYNTHESIS.

The same law and same process apply to sustentation of man's body. Unless we see things whole, our observations are misleading and our conclusions are erroneous. On this point Coulson Turnbull said, "The Law is One, the Source is One, the Substance is One, and from that Universal One proceeds variety, each a world, impelled into motion by the One Divine Breath — the World Breath" (Celestial Correspondence, p. 9).

Some functions of man's body are not the same now as in the beginning. This as-

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THE LYNWOOD POLTERGEIST

By RAYMOND BAYLESS

One of the more fascinating and baffling types of physical activity is that general group of paranormal effects termed the "Poltergeist." Actually, this name is very misleading inasmuch as its meaning, a noisy ghost, implies specifically a spiritistic origin. The difficulty arises from the fact that there are many different, and possibly unrelated, varieties of phenomena all lumped together under the classification of poltergeist phenomena.

We have "haunted houses," paranormal rappings and movement of objects, mysterious lights, sounds including music and voices, fires, showers of rocks and other missiles, and many other numerous effects, all included in one name. Most of these phenomena, I might add, show no evidence for a spiritistic origin-intervention by spirit—but on the other hand certain types and cases are best explained by a spiritistic explanation. Some varieties are so very

strange and truly fantastic that no theory advanced is really adequate.

And as a matter of fact a new kind of poltergeist is appearing and that is—the invented case. With the advent of widespread information given to the public concerning these mysterious cases, undoubtedly a good percentage of the stories now seeing print are merely invented cases copied from the real and it must be admitted that poltergeist tales have at least become a fad. As with all other physical phenomena, unsupported claims before they can be taken in the least seriously.

The particular case to be described was very limited as to variety and was restricted to a shower of rocks and other missiles, but was extremely interesting due to the fact that the phenomena was completely validated by the police, the mysterious nature of the rock-fall unexplained by normal causes, and perhaps most important of all, the chief "suspect" brought to trial and found innocent!

The very fact alone that a jury trial was held with the subsequent implication that mysterious and paranormal phenomena took place establishes this case's historically unique position and legal rarity.

My attention was first drawn to this case when reading the Saturday morning edition of the Sept. 10th, Los Angeles Times. This article I include. *Los Angeles Times - Southland - Sept. 10, 1960.* MODERN DAVID? ROCKS PELT USED CAR LOT IN LYNWOOD Lynwood, Sept. 9

A modern day David today leveled his anger and his sling at a used car lot, hurling almost 200 egg-sized rocks at the business in a day-long attack that 18 policemen couldn't stop.

Was it a disgruntled car buyer?

"That's what we first thought," said a police sergeant. "But we asked the owner and he couldn't tell us anyone that has been mad lately. Now we don't know

who, why or how." STILL A MYSTERY

All available officers were dispatched to the scene, the Harry W. Moore auto lot. Although they patrolled with binoculars and walkie talkies, they didn't have any luck. They began a house-to-house search for the stone thrower late today.

One employee of the auto lot was hit by one of the stones and at least two cars were damaged, police said. The barrage started at 9:30 a. m. and ended punctually at 4:30 — just when the house-to-house hunt started.

"The man can sure shoot," said a policeman who spent almost all day trying to solve the mystery. "Those rocks are coming from at least a block away and they are all hitting within a radius of 50 ft."

Officers theorized the rock bomber must be using a sling, a slingshot, or a catapult of some sort. One policeman said he thought the rocks were coming from at least three blocks away.

Naturally interested to read of this rock fall of the previous day I quickly picked up Mr. Attila von Sealay, a researcher of many years, and drove to Lynwood, a small town on the fringe of Los Angeles. We arrived at the car lot on Long Beach Blvd. at three o'clock and met the manager of the lot, Mr. Claude H. Mock, who said that he was present during the rock fall.

Mr. Mock informed us that the shower began Sept. 9th, when the lot mechanic and Louis Giacomo, the lot handy-man, came to work at 9:30 a. m. and ceased at 4:30 p. m. when they left, and that the pattern was repeated Sept. 10th, except that the bombardment apparently was brought to a halt when the Lynwood police took Giacomo in custody at one o'clock and the rocks ceased falling at the same time. He was charged with obstructing officers in the course of doing their duty, and was

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LEONARDO

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species, and still constitutes the best record we have of her activities. A new version of her life with additional prophecies published in 1862 was later found to be a forgery.

As was to be expected in that troubled era most of the prophecies of both Nostradamus and Mother Shipton were made with relation to future wars, political upheavals, plagues, possible famine and anticipated disasters. And there was a wealth of material with which to work, ecclesiastic, politic and geographic.

Columbus had already discovered the Americas and in 1513 Juan Ponce De Leon located and named Florida. Four years later Martin Luther refused Papal authority. And only two years after that Cortez began his conquest of Mexico. Within the next ten years, 1531-1541, Pizarro conquered Peru for Spain, John Calvin instituted the forerunner of the Christian Church and Henry VIII was made head of the Church of England; Miles Coverdale published the first complete Bible in the English language and Hernando de Soto had crossed the Mississippi River. It was truly an era of epic and far reaching events. And in the general confusion of that period, probably the most dominant personality since Biblical times was entirely overlooked.

By this time, 1541, Nostradamus and Mother Shipton were 38 and 55 years of age respectively, and might be said to be at the height of their productive capacity. As for written records embodying their productions these were not to follow until years later. Nostradamus did not publish his quatrains until 1555. And there is no indication that they were published in chronological order. But his accuracy in predicting events at court had helped unmeasurably in establishing his position with the

King.

The collected works of Mother Shipton however did not appear until 129 years later, when they were combined and published by Robert Head in 1684. In them Head gave her credit for predicting the Great Plague of London in 1665, with the loss of 68,000 lives, and the Great Fire of London in 1666 which destroyed 13,200 homes and 89 churches. She was also accredited with sensationally accuracy in predicting the affairs of Cardinal Wolsey, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Percy and others in the court of Henry VIII.

Although Nostradamus dated his quatrains by centuries, their content was not only allegorical but usually subject to several different interpretations. Thus, different versions of the interpretation could easily confuse the date implied. Mother Shipton on the other hand, was content to make her long range prophecies simply as future occurrences, for the most part without a specific date being mentioned or implied.

But oddly enough both Nostradamus and Mother Shipton were remiss in one respect. In their far reaching prophecies they failed to even suggest the effect the new innovation or invention would have upon future generations. Naturally in those embattled times the chief topics were war and gold. But there was no tie-in as to how the one could be obtained nor how the new innovations could be applied to advantage. In most cases it appeared as though they had merely passed on a rumor after turning it into rhyme.

Certainly their predictions of finding gold in unknown lands cannot be regarded as prophecies.

"When new mines of gold and silver will be found."

Nostradamus.

"And gold found at the

root of tree."

Mother Shipton

Both Cortez and Pizarro had already confirmed finding vast quantities of gold in the New World before either of these prophecies were formulated.

And while both Nostradamus and Mother Shipton predicted many of the modern inventions and mechanical devices they were in complete agreement on only two of them: submarines and airplanes.

"The contraption of flying fire—

Battles in the sky shall be perceived."

Nostradamus

"And in the air men shall be seen,

In black, in white, as well as green."

Mother Shipton

Both however suggested other closely allied subjects. Those of Nostradamus include *Transmutation of Metals and The Death Ray*

"Leave, leave go out of Geneva all,

Saturn of gold shall be changed to iron

The contrary of the positive ray shall eliminate all,

But before it happens the Heavens shall show signs"

This was a natural enough prophecy as the alchemists had been working along these lines for hundreds of years.

Atomic Power

"The Great Motor reneweth the ages,

In the heavens shall be seen a running fire with long sparks."

Incendiary Mines

"A fleet shall come into the Garrone at Blois,

"Of wine and salt, fire shall be hidden in barrels."

Discovery of Oil

"A deep white clay a rock supports,

"Which shall break out in deep like milk."

Mother Shipton contributed an even more interesting list.

Radio

"Around the world men's thoughts will fly,

Quicker than a twinkling of the eye."

Automobiles

"Through towering hills, proud men shall ride,

Nor horse, or ass, move by his side."

Steamships

"In water iron men shall float,

As easy as a wooden boat."

Customs

"For in those wondrous far off days

The women shall adopt a craze,

To dress like men and trousers wear,

And cut off all their locks of hair."

Housing, War and Rebirth of the Earth

"In nineteen hundred and twenty six,

Build houses like of straw and sticks

For then shall mighty wars be planned,

And fire and sword sweep o'er the land.

And those who live the century through,

In fear and trembling this will do."

Both Nostradamus and Mother Shipton seem to have been blessed with precognition to a high degree, particularly with regard to political affairs and local occurrences. However one, near to the court, had an inside view from close contact with it.

The other, had access to the

back stairs gossip frequently unknown in the higher places. It was then only natural that they could anticipate future political events, the procedure of the clergy, financial affairs and the possible shortage of food with a fair degree of accuracy.

But for their other predictions it is often forgotten that they were preceded by a well of concrete information entirely suited for their purposes. And much of this must have come to their attention by word of mouth, as then the chief means of communication was through the oral grapevine.

Leonardo da Vinci was born in Vinci, a village near Empoli, Italy, on April 15, 1452. He thus preceded Nostradamus by 51 years and Mother Shipton by 34 years. Most of his early life was spent among the arts, for which he is best known, and it was not until 1502 that he entered the services of Cesare Borgia as a military engineer. After numerous ventures he accepted the invitation of Francis I of France, in 1515, to settle in the castle of Clorix, near Amboise. Here the old master was left to pursue his own researches until his death in 1519. However, the voluminous nature of the note books and drawings left behind him precludes any thought that they were compiled in four short years.

A perusal of the Note Books of Leonardo da Vinci will be a revelation to those who have not read them. He did not confine himself to prognostication. In most instances, the suggestion was accompanied by explicit descriptions as to its construction and usage.

His drawings and description of the wing structure, and assembly of air planes, are even today regarded as scientifically correct. Without question he would have flown had the motive power been available.

His knowledge of submarines, their construction and usage was such that he did not put them on paper. He realized that as war machines they were deadly to all lanes of shipping.

He was fully conversant with under water explosives and incendiary bombs. He even left a working formula for a mixture which would burn under water.

And peering into the future he predicted that the transmutation of metals was largely dependent upon mathematical calculations. This was confirmed years later by Albert Einstein.

A few of Leonardo's other inventions not mentioned by prior prophets involve war tanks, (1941 variety, less motor,) magnifying eyeglasses, paddle boats, poison gas formulae, life saving equipment, and a vast majority of hydraulic appliances far beyond his time.

Leonardo da Vinci was more of a realist than a prophet. Yet several of his prophecies unaccompanied by descriptive material are worthy of note.

Radio

"Men from the most remote countries shall speak to one another and shall reply."

He had an excellent knowledge of acoustics and the transmission of sound through metal.

Ballistic Missiles

"There shall come forth

from beneath the ground that which by its terrific report shall stun all who are near it, and cause men to drop dead at its breath, and it shall devastate cities and castles."

Leonardo was well versed on the charge of gun powder required to hurl a missile of given weight a certain distance. He could even calculate its trajectory.

Osmosis

"We shall see the food of animals pass through their skins in every way except through the mouth, and penetrate through the opposite side until it reaches higher ground."

This would seem to be a prematurely advanced, almost modern observation. But Leonardo possessed a fantastic amount of knowledge on the human body, through his anatomical researches.

Witchcraft had its official demise in Scotland in 1722, though it has survived surreptitiously in other lands with bizarre variations.

Alchemy has long since been replaced by a combination of Chemistry and physics. And astrology has been superceded by astronomy. Only pure science and its application has stood the test of time.

But now, parapsychology may be the bridge between psychic phenomena and pure science. It is yet to be seen. But the transition points between parapsychology, science fiction and pure science are now definitely, obscure.

Possibly Leonardo da Vinci was the first of our modern prophets. Certainly many so called prognostications by others were based on his actual findings. And he was already conversant with much of the work later attributed to Galileo (1564-1662), Bacon, (1561-1662), Newton (1642-1727) and even Harvey (1864-1928). In fact it could be said that he laid the ground work for all of them.

Like Nostradamus, Leonardo da Vinci was deeply religious in an unostentatious manner. And he also believed his work was subject to Divine Guidance. On the observance of Good Friday he has written—

"In all parts of Europe there shall be lamentations by great nations for the death of one man."

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POLTERGEIST

(Continued from Page 1)

taken to the Lynwood Police Station.

After discussing the entire affair with Mr. Mock we then went to the Lynwood Police Station and there interviewed Capt. Mervil M. Miller who had directed the investigation of the strange rock fall. He reviewed the case in detail telling us how eighteen policemen had searched the surrounding neighborhood as well as the car lot in an attempt to apprehend a theoretical marksman using a catapult to bombard the lot. No such suspect was found or even remotely suspected!

Capt. Miller emphatically insisted that Giacomo was definitely not responsible for the shower of stones and that this was completely demonstrated by the fact that he was under strict police surveillance while the rocks were actually falling. Capt. Miller also described how he had the handy-man under observation while the rocks were dropping by means of glasses from across the street and was so enabled to see that the stones fell apart from any action of Giacomo.

The Captain stated that no evidence was forthcoming linking Giacomo to the bombardment other than one minor incident that he observed through the glasses. The handy-man was observed leaving the lot office and to pick up a small stone, striking a car with it, claiming that it had just fallen. Capt. Miller placed little importance to this act inasmuch as Giacomo previously had been proven totally innocent when other rocks fell.

Further, it was stated that no other evidence other than "circumstantial evidence" was to be found and this evidence was that in view of the obvious fact that Giacomo was not responsible for the falling rocks, then a conference in the neighborhood using a catapult must exist. In other words, it was admitted that the theorized confederate with a catapult was merely supposed due to the fact that Giacomo was innocent, and the fact that rocks do not fly through the air unaided. Obviously, the Lynwood police were not familiar with psychical research, or the lore of the poltergeist! In spite of the intensive police search no confederate was discovered and Capt. Miller called attention to this.

I asked if Giacomo had any previous police record, and if any abnormal events had ever been recorded in connection with him, and was informed that neither had taken place.

I again asked—with considerable emphasis—if the case was considered "baffling" and Capt. Miller replied that it definitely was not solved.

Giacomo still strongly maintained his innocence and was released on bond Sept. 11, 1960, pending trial.

Mr. von Sealey managed to question Giacomo's mother by telephone, but little information was actually gained. Any previous paranormal events were denied, but one interesting remark was noted. This was the observation that her son had expressed a certain degree of resent-

ment concerning his work and pay. Here, we have an important point similar to certain other poltergeist cases. She also remarked that Giacomo admitted hitting a car with a rock, but that he maintained his innocence otherwise.

This fact of genuine phenomena occurring with a "fraudulent" effect intermingled actually presents little significance to the experienced psychical researcher, for such is a very common event in many cases. At the worst it merely complicates investigation. Dr. Richet's comment referring to a particular case, "There is no incongruity in admitting the genuineness of the earlier phenomena and also young March's trickery, made possible when his movements were not watched," is quite applicable to the case under consideration.

On Sept. 12, I questioned Mr. Harry W. Moore, the owner of the used car lot carefully and he proved very informative. He remarked about the "terrific speed" that the rocks manifested a number of times, and was plainly impressed by this feature. He said there were periods when no stones were projected into the lot, some lasting as long as fifteen minutes. I also was informed that Giacomo had been working for two days before the stone throwing began, the fall beginning on Friday.

Upon inquiry I was told that no temperature oddities of the rocks were noted due to the rush of events and excitement that prevailed. Mr. Moore stated that near the end of the fall various types of objects were being thrown.

Mr. Moore told me in some detail how Giacomo was in the car lot office with him under complete observation at the same time that rocks were hitting outside the office and also remarked that the "suspect" was under strict surveillance by the police many times as the rocks were falling. He said that Giacomo was most certainly not responsible for the stones falling in the main in spite of the one time that he left the office, picking up a small stone, to throw it at a car. The police, who were watching with glasses then swooped down upon Giacomo and took him into custody. Mr. Moore, as did Capt. Merrill, consider that the handyman was definitely not responsible for the rock bombardment and was, to be exact, proven absolutely innocent on many occasions when rocks were pelting the lot.

I think it well at this point to quote from the Sept. 11, Los Angeles Times edition an observation of Capt. Merrill's which states concisely his opinion as expressed to the reporters and therefore in print. This opinion completely coincides with that of Mr. Moore.

"Some fell Friday and this morning that Giacomo couldn't have been responsible for. He was standing next to officers when the rocks landed."

On Nov. 22, 1960, Louis Giacomo was brought to trial at the Compton Municipal Court and Judge Sidney W. Kaufman presided. Giacomo was, as mentioned, charged with obstructing officers in doing their duty and after a very interesting trial was declared by the jury to be not guilty.

The entire proceedings

can be well summed up by the prosecutor's final argument which, I must admit, was so very vague as to be near ridiculous. "Rocks fell on a car lot. The defendant has not been charged with throwing rocks per se, but he has been charged with obstructing officers in doing their duty." A general resume of the rock case followed and one of the prosecution's last remarks was that having found reporters and photographers on the lot, Giacomo then created a disturbance for publicity. In other words, he found an entire crowd watching the rock fall so therefore he proceeded to cause the bombardment for publicity. As ridiculous as this remark was, it nevertheless was actually said.

The final argument of the defense is quite worth while to repeat. "Absurd, ridiculous attempt to prosecute a man for God knows what." Thirty policemen in all called to investigate the case and testified that rocks were falling, but Giacomo was not responsible. He is on trial for obstructing the police, but no evidence has been heard that he resisted arrest. The public defender then made reference to the fact that a search by up to thirty policemen was unable to find any source, or cause, for the rock throwing. One of the defender's last remarks I found most significant. Due to the mysterious nature of the case there must be a "supernatural cause, a cosmic disturbance," etc., responsible.

Today, information concerning poltergeist phenomena is common knowledge and quite a sizeable group of scientists in various fields recognize the reality of such paranormal effects. For purposes of comparison I give below two rock fall cases of a very similar nature that I believe the reader will find of interest even though they are well known.

One of the most fascinating cases on record occurred in the town of Chico, California during the early part of 1922. Numerous newspapers reported this amazing event including the San Francisco Chronicle, the San Francisco Examiner, the San Francisco Call, etc. For a period of about three months stones had been falling intermittently, almost always upon two warehouses. The police investigated, searching the surrounding neighborhood while stones fell, but were unable to find any normal cause. The only theory they were able to offer was that somebody was using a catapult. This someone was never found.

This case was reported in the London Times, April 27, 1872. "From four o'clock, Thursday afternoon, until half-past eleven, Thursday night, the houses 56 and 58 Reverdy Road, Bermondsey, were assailed with stones and other missiles coming from an unseen quarter. Two children were injured, every window broken, and several articles of furniture were destroyed. Although there was a strong body of policemen scattered in the neighborhood, they could not trace the direction from whence the stones were thrown."

I do believe that this rock fall case is most certainly mysterious in origin, as proven in court, cannot be attributed to normal causes,

and is paranormal in nature. It seems obvious that Louis Giacomo was the focal point of the phenomena and was a "poltergeist medium." The very fact that the rocks fall ceased when he was taken into custody demonstrates

that. The case is of great scientific value and can be added to the long list of just such cases that have happened before, and will happen again and again, and presents an extraordinary legal rarity.

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COSMIC RADIATION

(Continued from Page 1)

sertion is based on evidence and experience. In fact, we may know almost nothing about the body's function in the beginning. Human habits have changed from age to age, forcing the body to adjust its structures and functions to meet these changes, or perish. This phase of Human Life was wisely considered by Dr. George R. Clements in his great course of lessons written thirty years ago, titled Science of Regeneration.

Changes in the body have caused certain organs, once developed and functional, to become rudimentary and dormant from non-use. Anatomists assert that at least 100 organs in the body are now dormant. No one knows what functions they performed when they were developed and active.

Creation is the Master Economist. It makes one process serve several purposes. It is not so extravagant as to create an organism and endow it with useless and superfluous organs. Dormant organs now appearing in the body are evidence to prove that, due to man's evil habits, the body has suffered many changes for the worse since its Primeval Days of Perfection.

The body's Aura, which some people can see, represents electric emanation emitted by the organism, due to internal Radionic Activity. That activity science stupidly calls Physiology. Another erroneous term that evolved from the crude materialism of science, and is misleading. The proper terms is Radiology.

Physiology refers to Physics; and the world of Physics was exploded by the splitting of the atom. It will take years of pressure to make science acknowledge this fact.

The world of Physics is the world of Materialism, as to which the great astronomer, J. S. Haldane, said:

"Materialism, once a plausible theory, is now the fatalistic creed of thousands (of scientists); but materialism is nothing better than a superstition, on the same level as a belief in witches and devils, the materialistic theory if bankrupt."

Of course this means that the scientific postulate of Physiology, based on materialisms, and books on that subject, are not only obsolete, but were always erroneous.

PHYSIOLOGY — The science that brings together, in a systematic form, the phenomenon that normally present themselves during the existence of living beings, and classifies and compares them in such manner as to deduce from them those general laws of principles that express the condition of their occurrence, and investigates the causes to which they are attributable; the science of vital power and phenomena. It is divided into human, animal, and vegetable physiology. — Dictionary.

Thomas H. Huxley — Physiology is the science that treats of the functions of living organisms, ascertain-

ing their coordinations and their correlations in the general chain of causes and effects, and traces out their dependence upon the physical state of the organisms by which these functions are exercised.

Let us compare facts with fallacies. The facts show that "those (scientists) who investigate the phenomena of Life are as if lost in an inextricable jungle. . . . In fact, our ignorance (of the body's processes) is profound. . . . Man is composed of a procession of phantoms, in the midst of which (there) strides an unknowable reality" (Dr. Alexis Carrel, in *Man The Unknown*).

All data on the functions of living organisms that are recognized and considered by science, are based on the unreliable supposition that everything has a physical basis, and "All is Matter and mechanical energy".

Science sees only and lives in the Physical World. It denies the existence of a Metaphysical World. It scorns the suggestion of a Life Principle. It cannot describe Vital Force. It attempts to define from a physical basis, the Radionic, Electrical, Magnetical, Astral, Vital, Spiritual Processes of living organisms.

Science shows that it is groping in darkness by declaring that "Man is composed of a procession of phantoms, in the midst of which (there) strides an unknowable reality."

On the basis of a "procession of phantoms" and "an unknowable Reality," science very unscientifically proceeds to formulate a system of Phipiology that is totally assumptive and speculative, such as processes of digestion and assimilation. These processes which have no existence are presented as "those general laws or principles that express the condition of the occurrence," says the dictionary.

Late discoveries regarding Radiation reveal that 80 percent or more of the data in books and taught in schools and colleges, relative to sustentation and functions of living organisms, are erroneous. And there will be no change as long as science can prevent it.

The term Photosynthesis should be changed to the more correct term Radiosynthesis; and the products of Radiosynthetic activity are the substances of the body that constitute its fluids and solids, its flesh and blood.

Science contends these are the product of food, changed into flesh and blood by the physiological processes called digestion and assimilation. Of course science is wrong. For there are no such processes. Flesh and blood are constituted of condensed Radiation.

In the statements in Chapter 17 relative to Photosynthesis, copied from the encyclopedia, is this one:

"When light penetrates a substance that is capable of having photochemical changes induced in it, energy is absorbed by the molecules of atoms of the substance in a presumably similar way, and it is this absorbed energy that brings about the change. This much appears fairly evident, though we know not the precise mechanism by which the result is accomplished." Late discoveries show that

this statement should read: "When Radiation penetrates a substance that is capable of having Radionic changes induced in it, Radiation penetrates the molecules; and it is this Radionic penetration that produces the change. This much appears evident, and the precise process by which the result is accomplished is RADIOSYNTHESIS."

Dictionaries and encyclopedias require revision to eliminate scientific fallacies and bring these publications up to date.

We should understand that, basically, the sustentation of the human body is essentially the same as that of plants. The substance of that sustentation rises from Radiation by which the body is surrounded and penetrated, as in the case of plants.

We repeat for emphasis that the Light of the Universe is Radiation. That Radiation is absorbed by the body, as it is by plants, in the process of respiration, and changed by the body, as it is by plants, into elements required for the body's sustentation. That process is called Photosynthesis, not digestion and assimilation. Now we know the better term is Radiosynthesis.

We are unfolding and presenting the facts why WE EAT TO LIVE AND EAT TO DIE. We are showing why man can live for weeks, months, and years without eating — and why he stops living when he stops breathing. This fact is sufficient to show and prove that RADIATION is the Universal Element that sustains living organisms.

As stated above, human habits have changed with the ages, and the body has been forced to adjust its structures and functions to meet these changes. This is the reason why certain organs in the body, which were developed and functional at some time, are now dormant from non-use. Had man's body lacked the ability to adapt itself to these various changes, it had perished and vanished long ago, as did the prehistoric animals.

Instead, the human body still exists and goes on. But it has paid a dear price. It has reaped as its god has sown. He has sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind. But he never learns. He has seen his precious days decrease from a life-span of a thousand years or more, to a short, miserable existence of aches and pains. And he stupidly hopes to improve conditions by suppressing the symptoms of his distress, rising from his evil work, without removing the cause.

Millions of dollars are wasted annually in so-called research to discover ways and means to transgress Creation's laws without suffering the penalty. Man thinks he will eventually outwit Creation and be able to immunize his body so his evil work will not damage it. The empty dream of a stupid dunce.

The evidence indicates that eating and drinking are responsible for most of the changes that have occurred in the body in its long course of degeneration. These changes have affected so extensively the organs which were primarily involved in the Radiosynthetic processes, that they lapsed into dormancy from non-use. And so, the

time finally arrived when eating and drinking for pleasure, came to be a case of eating and drinking for the sustentation of the body. Most of the eating and drinking now are just for pleasure.

And thus, by his habits and practices, man alters the structures and functions of his body. Thirty years ago Clements showed in his Science of Regeneration how certain alterations have occurred in the creative centers of the body.

From its first cell, the organism, in its development, is a materialization of Radiation. By the creative process of condensation, Radiation is changed into electrons, atoms, molecules, cells, structures, organs and organisms, and, inversely, back to Radiation.

All created bodies appear as material formations. The material is condensed Radiation. The blood of the body appears as a fluidal stream. It is composed of liquefied Radiation the same as water is.

The moment that Radiation, called air and atmosphere, enters the lungs, it is liquefied and changed to blood by a process termed Radiosynthesis. If that process should fail, in less than three minutes the entire economy of the living organism would collapse like a house of cards, and the body would become as dead as a clod of clay.

This is a Radiant Universe. Man is the product of Radiation. He lives, and moves, and has his being in a Sea of Radiation. His body is constituted by Radiation, is sustained by Radiation, and the process of sustentation is Radiosynthesis.

In spite of all the ages of eating, man's body is so poorly constituted to face that condition, that the world is filled with folks who are suffering from stomach and bowel troubles, and ailments that stem from this source. Surely, this could not

be the case if eating were natural.

Think what would happen to commercialism and the economic system of civilization, based on the artificial wants and needs of man, if he returned to his original Primeval Perfection, when he needed nothing that was not supplied by Creation. Such a state he must have enjoyed in the beginning, when he lived in health for thousands of years, according to ancient tradition.

A superficial consideration of commercialism and civilization shows they are wrong. Their foundation is artificial and they logically lead to human degradation and degeneration. They are based on wants and needs that man should not have, and these, for profit, are constantly increased.

Under the Law of Creation, the less man needs the more he moves toward perfection and becomes like gods, who use nothing and are immortal.

That exalted state is the theme of the philosophers and the dream of the masses. Its attainment by the multitude is impossible because it is opposed by the world at large, and to teach it is a waste of time and toil. That we know and for that purpose we do not write. We are not that dumb or optimistic. We write to explain these things, with no hope of improvement.

The few persons who think, who possess strong will-power, follow our teaching, and strive to live the higher life, are regarded by the orthodox as crazy nuts.

We have been branded as such ever since we were nine years old. We were called that by our comrades in the army in the Philippines more than sixty years ago. We've learned how to avoid that embarrassment by keeping our mouth shut and letting people think we are a fool. That is better than to speak and remove all doubt.

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MY DREAM OF HELL

By
CHAS. E. KRUEGER

EDITOR'S note: In the last issue we did "MY DREAM OF HEAVEN." It was received with so much enthusiasm, that we now print Mr. Krueger's MY DREAM OF HELL. We hope you like this one too.

Insomnia has never been one of my afflictions, although I have often, after retiring, remained awake pondering the idiosyncrasies of that life-form named "Man".

The night of my dream adventure, I had lain awake pondering the peculiarity of temperament of those persons who make up the audiences of prize-fights, where one pugilist batters another pugilist into bloody insensibility; of wrestling matches, where one wrestler kicks another wrestler in the face, twists his arms or legs in an apparent effort to break them; of evangelistic meetings, where an exhorting preacher describes a "hell" wherein human souls suffer for eternity in a fire of sulphur and brimstone, while he sadistically drools over the tortures he says a "just god" inflicts upon sinners.

Of course, at a prize-fight or wrestling-match there is no audience participation, except that one can verbally urge one or the other participant to "break his neck" or "kill him!"

At an evangelistic meeting one can become a participant by walking-the-sawdust-trail, and thereby becoming "saved". Then the saved-one can resume his usual activities of life, enjoying not only the sense of superiority of the un-saved, but the anticipation of being rewarded for becoming saved by going to heaven when they die. There in heaven, it is promised them, they can look down at the un-saved burning for all eternity in the fire-pits of hell, and enjoy their shrieks of anguish and moans of despair.

"Verily, man is a strange animal," I thought, as I settled myself comfortably for the night. "From within him can be brought forth self-sacrificing, almost divine, love; as also can be brought forth from within him bestiality beyond credence.

It was about at this point that I fell asleep

I found myself standing before wide-open gates, staring back upon a winding, twisting path that led up hill and down dale until it met the dim horizon. There was something vaguely familiar about it.

I turned to scan the open gates. Beyond lay stygian darkness. From what seemed illimitable distance there appeared a flickering light, such as one might see on a vast prairie. There was no sign of life, no human habitation, just an empty darkness.

Then slowly, very slowly, an area of dim light appeared just within the open gateway. Slowly it brightened, until a large area glowed with iridescent light. Into this area of light walked a man. He was tall, dressed in

a business suit, wearing a soft felt hat, the brim of which was turned down to shade his eyes. He held in his hand a small sheaf of papers. He smiled friendly, and I could not resist smiling in return.

"Welcome!" His voice and manner attested to his sincerity. "We have been awaiting your coming."

I stared at him stupidly. Thoughts of "Where am I," and "How did I get here," bubbled up in my mind. He smiled broadly, seemingly amused by my confusion.

Then . . . in that seeming illimitable distance, great tongues of flames burst forth, leaping high in the darkness there. With startling impact came the thought that I had died while asleep, and that I now stood just within the gates of what the evangelists named "Hell". Those flames in the distance . . . seemed to verify the thought.

I turned to the man who stood watching me. He continued smiling his friendly smile, and I felt somewhat assured. The area of light was expanding, and I could see now that, a few yards away, a river flowed smoothly, its waters shining darkly.

"Might I inquire who you are?" I summoned my most pleasant tone of voice, determining to follow the advice of Dale Carnegie and make friends and influence people.

"My Name is Charon," he replied, still smiling.

"No kidding!" I ejaculated. "In books of Greek mythology, the pictures of Charon I have seen show him in a scanty robe, paddling a canoe on the River Styx."

Charon chuckled softly. He pointed to the river, and said, "There is the River Styx . . . and my boat."

I looked to where he pointed, and now I could see a well-built concrete pier on the bank of the river. Moored to the pier—I could hardly believe my eyes—was a trim motor-boat. Also on the pier sat a man, fish-pole in hand, line dangling in the water, a lunch-basket on the neck of a bottle protruding from it beside him.

"As you must know," Charon said, "the Greeks were a progressive people. We here are progressive. We have all modern transportation."

"Who's the fisherman?"

"He is an Egyptian named Set," Charon told me. "Since Abd-El-Nassar took Egypt away from the British, and has raised hell there, Set has nothing to do. So he spends his time fishing."

"Does he catch anything?"

"As have all gods, good or evil, he catches a fish now and then." Charon said without smiling. "It isn't the fishing, so much as the loafing, that he really enjoys."

"Where do we go from

here?" was my next question.

"I will take you across the river in my motor-boat. The procedure hasn't changed, merely the mode of transportation."

Charon led the way and we boarded the boat. Its seats were of foam rubber, comfortable. Charon pressed a button, and the motor started and purred smoothly. Set left his fishing and cast off the mooring line, for which Charon thanked him politely.

When the boat was leaving the pier, I said to Charon, "By the way; this river has also been known as the River Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. Does that mean that, when we cross it, I will forget all I have known?"

Charon laughed softly. Oh, no! That is merely a symbol of the veil between life and death. You would be unable to enjoy your residence here, had you nothing with which to compare it."

"Enjoy?" I raised my eyebrows quizzically. Charon smiled cryptically.

On our arrival at the opposite shore, we were met by a handsome young man who swiftly tied the mooring line to the pier. Charon introduced him, naming him Bellerophon.

Quickly I glanced about, expecting to see the winged horse, Pegasus. Instead I saw a twin engined airplane, its props idling, blocks beneath the wheels, the attendents standing nearby.

Charon handed Bellerophon the sheaf of papers he had been carrying, saying, "Here is the agenda. "Turning to me, he said, "Bellerophon will be your conductor." He extended his hand friendly.

I shook hands with Charon, followed Bellerophon to the plane, and we climbed aboard. The attendents removed the blocks from the wheels, and we taxied across the field. Soon we were in the air, Bellerophon at the controls. Evidently there was a muffler on the plane, for there was no roar of exhausts. Bellerophon proved to be a real flyer, whose experience, no doubt, stretched over many years. We gained altitude swiftly, and soon were on our way to . . . where???

I wondered???

Just to make conversation, I said, "This is better than riding a flying horse, isn't it?"

"You said it!" Bellerophon replied enthusiastically.

"Now Vulcan is building a jet plane for me. When he and his Golden Handmaidens complete it, I'll show you some real flying. Olympus will not be out of bounds then!"

"Vulcan?" I queried.

"Building jet planes?"

"Why not?" he retorted. "We Greeks knew him as Hephaestus, and the Romans named him Vulcan. He has ever been the god of fire and forge, patron of the handicrafts. After observing the race of man for many millen, he no longer makes armaments. He has evolved into a kindly, peace-loving god."

This I pondered. I wanted to ask what Ares, God of War, thought of Vulcan's conversion, but I decided to await further developments. I remembered that General Sherman had said, "War is hell". Obviously Sherman had seen only war.

The plane circled and landed on a runway of a large airport. We alighted and stood watching the activity about us. A woman was climbing the ramp of a waiting plane, carrying a brass-bound chest on her shoulder. Bellerophon hastened to her side, placed a hand on her arm, but did not offer to carry the chest. He bowed to her, then returned to where I stood waiting.

"Pandora," he said, nodding to the plane she had entered.

"Is that the same chest. . . . ?"

"The very same," he interrupted. "But now, when greed, envy, hate, and the evils and sorrows of mankind enter our society here, Pandora seeks them out and confines them in her chest. Then she flies to where she can dump them on earth . . . where they came from. I can assure you that, because of un-restricted immigration here, she is kept quite busy."

"Does she place anything else in that chest?"

Bellerophon eyed me for a few moments, then chuckled softly. "Yes, in each chestful she places a measure of Hope. We have a surplus of that here, and we give it freely to all mortals."

We entered the plane and continued our journey to . . . where? I again wondered. We next landed beside what appeared to be a factory. We climbed from the plane, and I followed my guide inside. A man, evidently the director of activities, came limping toward us. My companion introduced him as Vulcan.

This man, whose name comes into our modern life in such words as "Vulcanite" and "Vulcanization", in rubber processes where sulphur and high heat is used, was not as I had expected him to be. I had pictured Vulcan as a blacksmith, big and brawny, with the soot of the forge, mixed with sweat, on his face. Instead, he was dressed in a clean suit of coveralls, his face and hands unstained by the labor of a blacksmith shop.

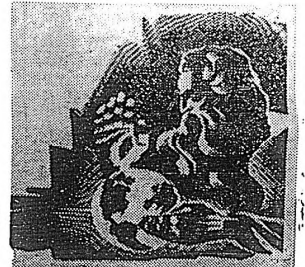
He bowed politely and waved a hand toward the workshop, saying, "Take a look over the place, while I convince this young eager-beaver that a jet plane isn't built in a few days."

Thanking him, I walked to where I could watch a group of men and women who, ap-

(Continued on Page 6)

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DREAM

(Continued from Page 5)

parently, were putting the finishing touches on an almost completed jet plane. The women were singing an air I did not recognize, but seemed to express joy and contentment. The men joined the singing now and then, always softly.

Standing there, watching and listening, I was impressed by the quiet happiness of these people. Vulcan and Bellerophon joined me, and I turned to them inquiringly.

"They are happy," said Vulcan, "because they are doing the things they enjoy doing, exercising their mechanical arts. They are content to fabricate artifacts of utility, and have no desire to construct implements of destruction."

Happy in doing the things they wanted to do! How simple was this explanation. I remembered many persons I had known on earth, unhappy and discontented, working at jobs that held no interest for them, but were necessary to earn the necessities of life. Never had I heard, in any factory on earth, men and women singing happily at their work.

My thoughts buzzed like a hive of bees. Charon ferrying me over the river styx indicated that I was now in what the Greeks named "the Underworld". The modern world named it "Hell". But I had seen no torment, such as was supposed to prevail in hell.

Oh, oh, I thought. This is, of course, the Hades of the ancient Greeks, modernized. When I arrived at where those flames are, then no doubt I will see the real flaming hell of the Christians, such as the evangelists described. I shuddered at the thought of seeing human souls writhing in agony, and to hear their moans.

We left Vulcan's happy workers, and soon were flying in the direction where I had seen those flames rising. I turned to Bellerophon, and said hesitantly, "Those flames I saw over in that direction?" I pointed a finger. "Perhaps they created a false impression, but I thought . . . er . . . I thought . . ."

Bellerophon laughed heartily. "Yes, I know what you thought."

"Well," I said impatiently, "are they what I think they are?"

"Be patient," he told me seriously. "This tour on which I am taking you serves a purpose. All you will see and hear will have a meaning. You will, when you have completed your journey, gain an understanding of many things that puzzled you on earth."

With that I had to be content. I remained silent, pondering. I could not believe the preachings of the hell-fire evangelists. I found it impossible to believe that a god of infinite intelligence could possess emotional qualities that would induce a petty revenge upon a life-form of his own creation, for weaknesses inherent in that creature.

The plane circled for a landing, and soon we were again on solid ground. On alighting, I saw that we were at the edge of a deep chasm,

Peering over the rim of this, I saw hundreds of men busily building some sort of mounds on the chasm floor. There were pathways cut into the sides of the chasm, and soon a man came up one of them and joined us.

With a flourish of his hand, Bellerophon said, "Allow me to present Beelzebub, the greatest pyrotechnician known to man or gods."

Beelzebub bowed politely. He spoke to Bellerophon, then went to the rim of the chasm, cupped his hands about his mouth, and shouted, "Bell says that the sulphur will be along soon."

"How about the brimstone?" I said, attempting a weak joke.

"Oh, we've got lots of that," he said matter-of-factly.

That sat me back on my heels, as it were. There were altogether too many damned contradictions here! I looked over the rim of the chasm, and saw that hundreds of men swarmed like busy ants there. Bulldozers were pushing together huge piles of some material that came out of what appeared to be cement mixers. Huge dump-trucks were hauling loads to the mixers, then speeding away to bring more. One man stood on a high platform, directing operations. Turning to Beelzebub, I asked who he was.

"That's Moloch. He's a combustion engineer. You've probably heard of him."

I nodded. "Is Belial there too?" My mind reverted to the Old Testament.

"No," he answered. "He is supervising a road-building job. He is the inventor of a paving material. He and Mammon worked out the details. They mix some good intentions with asphalt, then add some greed and avarice and sanctimonious hypocrisy, and it makes a fine, lasting pavement to, and through, this place. You've probably heard of our paving materials."

"What! No sin in the mixture?" I tried to inject a little sarcasm.

Beelzebub smiled tolerantly. "We don't sin here."

Now from the chasm came the sound of hundreds of voices raised in song. It rose from the crater as if it were a loud-speaker of high fidelity, each voice clear and distinct from one another.

"What in hell are they building down there?" I shouted, my mind reeling with bewilderment.

"That is what we are building," Beelzebub told me seriously.

"What?" I shook my head, trying to clear the cobwebs of confusion from my brain.

"You said 'hell', Didn't you?" Beelzebub seemed amused. "Well, that's what we are building."

The thought this produced in my mind was startling. When ever Hell was spoken of, by shouting fundamentalists, evangelists, and others on earth, I doubt if any one ever gives thought to what labor and organization would be necessary to maintain such institution.

A man now came up out of the chasm, and Beelzebub introduced him to me as Robert Ingersoll. He drew a packet of cigarets from his pocket and extended it to me. I took one, and Beelzebub snapped his fingers, thus producing a flame from

which I lighted it.

Beelzebub excused himself, pleading urgent business. "Explain the pit, Bob," he said, and went down into the chasm.

"In that chasm we are building a synthetic Hell," Ingersoll began. "It is, in reality, a pyrotechnic display. The sulphur and brimstone give it an orthodox stench."

He paused, as from the chasm came a clear voice, saying, "Flame, minus ten Seconds! 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-Fire!" Flames shot up from the chasm, seemingly thousands of feet into the sky. The stench of sulphur and brimstone permeated the atmosphere, but no heat came from the glowing fire.

"What is the object of such display?" I asked.

"Be patient," advised Ingersoll.

Now from the depths of the chasm came the horrific sound of wailing, shrieking and moaning, as of innumerable human souls suffering unbearable anguish. I placed my hands over my ears, endeavoring to shut out the horrible sounds coming from the pit.

Then it all stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and I could feel the silence that followed that heart-rending, horrible wailing. I turned to Ingersoll questioningly.

"That is our special corps of shriekers, wailing and moaners, putting on their act."

"But why?" I insisted.

"What purpose can it serve?"

"The faiths and religions of man, from primitive animism to the so-called 'great religions', have always thrived on Miracle, magic, and mystery. The three M's. The various gods man has created for himself have always been as brutal and savage as the minds that created them. God, as the Father of Man, must ever hold forth the promise of reward . . . and punishment."

"All very human," I agreed. "Where does the christian god enter into all this?" I waved a hand toward the chasm.

Ingersoll chuckled. "On earth, I am credited with the statement, 'An honest god is the greatest work of man'. To demonstrate his honesty, a god must meet the requirements of the precepts of his religious institution. A god must ever be what he is taught of as being."

"I must be dreaming," I told Ingersoll. "Surely this cannot be hell!"

"Why not?" he challenged.

Well . . . I . . . er . . . I was at a loss for words.

"You have studied the religions of man, trying to find some of the answers to questions that have invaded your mind. Also, you studied a bit of cosmography, which tended to enlarge your concept of deity. You accepted the concept of an evolving continuity of life after death of the body. This, you found, was similar to the philosophy of Spiritualism. But you were disappointed to find that Spiritualism was suffering from a hang-over of Christian theology."

"I still don't understand this synthetic hell-pit," I complained.

"You will," he promised. He rose from the bench on which we had been sitting, and called to Bellerophon, "Time to go, Bell." The three of us entered the plane and

soon were in the air, Ingersoll pointing out to me various places of interest.

"There," he said, pointing to a forest, "is the Garden of Eden. Fundamentalists visit there, and find a naked man and woman wandering aimlessly about in the very scratchy underbrush of the forest, followed by a serpent trying to sell Eve an apple. Just beyond there, you can just see the top from here, is the Tower of Babel."

Now we were circling over what appeared to be the campus of a large university, thousands of acres in area. It was surrounded by a wall, in which were many gateways. Through these gateways extended long lines of people, entering and leaving.

"Is that a school?" I inquired.

"That is a place of learning," Ingersoll assured me. "That is where those who fail to pass their tests here are sent for further education. There they attain knowledge."

"All Hell is a school," said Bellerophon. "The loss of long cherished concepts is Hell."

Now the plane gained altitude, flying toward a distant range of mountains. Built at the foot of the mountains stood a city, its buildings a medley of Egyptian, Chaldean, Indian, Grecian, Byzantine, Victorian, and modern architecture.

At the airport we were met by Ahriman, celestial brother of the Almighty Ormuzd. "One of the Lords of Hell," Ingersoll told me, "he is Secretary to Lord Lucifer-Satan, the Devil of the Christians."

Bellerophon handed over the sheaf of papers Charon had given him, saying, "Here are the agenda, the passport, and the visa."

Ahriman nodded, placing the papers in an inner pocket of his smartly tailored suit. Bellerophon then introduced me, and I shook hands with Ahriman, as is our custom.

"Ahriman will now conduct you on the last lap of your tour here," Bellerophon told me. "This is the capital city of Hell. Here, as on earth, one must respect the proprieties."

"On earth, one may do

with propriety what wouldn't be tolerated in Hell," said Ingersoll. Bellerophon and Ahriman laughed softly.

Bidding farewell to my new-found friends, I followed Ahriman into a waiting, chauffeur-driven limousine. When the car entered the streets of the city, its speed slowed, and Ahriman pointed out to me many of the residences of noted characters of history.

"That is the residence of the Pharaoh Ikhnton," he said. "He abides here of his own choosing. Not for him can there be a Heaven of many gods and religions. He is, at least, consistent."

Pointing to a house of Roman architecture, he said, "There abide Nero and his mother, Agrippina. Nero could not bear to remain in Heaven, where there were better harpists than he. Besides, he has an oedipus complex, and Agrippina will abide no place but here."

I glanced at Ahriman out of the corner of my eye, but found his face un-smiling, serious. Pointing to another, he said, "Augustine abides there. Lord Lucifer-Satan has begun deportation proceedings, requesting his readmittance into Heaven. But Augustine refuses to leave here, on the grounds that he cannot be happy in Heaven. He haunts the synthetic hell-pits, ever peering into them, endeavoring to see there 'unborn babes' crawling about on the flags of the pit floors. All the technicians here refuse to synthesize such scenes for him, and he remains un-happy."

Of a house of Greek architecture, he said, "Prometheus abides there. He fled from Heaven, unable to longer bear the sight of Torquemada and the Holy Inquisitionists there, knowing that it was he who first brought fire to man."

Of a house, part mansion, part hovel, he said, "Mother Grundy abides there. Her house is symbolic of the high and the low. On earth she pervaded all classes and castes. Even in Heaven her rumors were believed and caused strife, and she was banished. Satan pitied her and allows her to abide here."

(Continued on Page 7)

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO GHOSTS AND MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCES IN THE OLD NORTH STATE

Nancy Roberts

Observer readers are indeed fortunate that Bruce and Nancy Roberts came along. They conducted interviews and took photographs at the sites of sixteen of North Carolina's most unearthly phenomena.

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DREAM

(Continued from Page 6)

Knowing her, none here pay her any attention."

Pointing out another house, he said, "There abides one whose philosophy is now raising hell on earth, Karl Marx. As no one can amass wealth here—there being no wealth to amass—he is a reformer with nothing to reform. He is not as happy as he might be."

He was silent for a few moments, then said, "Marx gave his books to Savonarola, who is extending his own happiness by burning them one page at a time."

"Lord Ahri-man," I said, remembering the proprieties—and also remembering the "Indian Guides" of the Spiritualists—"I have seen no American Indians here. Did they all go to Heaven?"

"Reverend sir," said Ahri-man, also conforming. "No red Indian could be happy in Heaven. They abide here where none of the white race may go. Thus none of the white race can take from them their lands, sell them liquor to debase them, nor make treaties with them only to break them. Thus, they remain happy."

"Would you say that they abide on a reservation?"

"Perish the thought!" exclaimed Ahri-man. "The area is known as 'The Happy Hunting Ground'."

Hesitantly I approached my next question. "Lord Ahri-man, are there any...er... any of earth's great evangelists here?"

"Oh, yes," he replied readily. "They abide in a place set apart for displaced persons: in a refuge for an unwanted class of peculiar individuals."

"Unwanted?"

"Always, when the great equalizer, death, calls them from life on earth, they go direct to Heaven. There they become Heaven's most vexing problem."

"A problem?" I questioned. "I should think they would be very happy there, knowing that they are 'saved.'"

"On the contrary," Ahri-man exclaimed. "They become very un-happy there. They arrive with the expectation of being rewarded with the assignment of a Throne close to The-Lord-of-Heaven. They bring with them records of the souls they have saved, showing the exact number. This record, they assert, proves that they are 'Partners-with-God,' and they demand that He share with them the administration of Heaven."

"They don't get away with that, do they?" I asked, reverting to the vernacular.

"That is why they become a problem," Ahri-man continued to explain. "They constantly invade the presence of The-Lord-Of-Heaven, demanding that Moslem, Buddhist, Brahmin, and all of what they name to be the 'heathenish' religions, be cast from Heaven. They have attempted to cast suspicion of heresy upon the Salvation Army, for having extended charity to degraded sinners."

"Man, oh, Man!" I exclaimed. "I thought we had problems on earth!"

"That is why they become

displaced persons," Ahri-man continued. "Michael, the Commanding General of Celestial Forces, acting on orders from above, when they become too obnoxious even for the Lord Of Heaven, details a squad to cast them out."

"What becomes of them?" I was curious to know.

"Well," drawled Ahri-man, "mercifully, they cannot return to earth. Lord Lucifer-Satan pities them, and they are allowed to settle here. But only on condition that they abide apart from other inhabitants of Hell. To foist them upon those resident here would be a greater punishment than the concept of hell-fire. Each takes his turn in preaching to the others of false gods, evil demons, and telling of the souls he has saved from the horrors of hell-fire."

The limousine now drew up before an immense building. It resembled one of the great office buildings of New York City. We alighted, entered, and an elevator carried us up to the uppermost floor of the structure. We proceeded along a wide corridor until we came to a large double doorway. The doors were closed, and two sentries, in the uniform of The U. S. Marine Corps, guarded this portal.

Over this doorway was a sign, reading, YE WHO ENTER HERE, LEAVE ALL THEOLOGICAL DISPUTES BEHIND. The sentries saluted Ahri-man, and opened the doors. Just inside, I turned for another look. "Holy Smoke! I ejaculated. "The Marines have landed here, too!" A man standing just within the doorway, wearing a turban, whispered, "We were glad to get them off the Shores of Tripoli!"

I now saw that we had entered what appeared to be a large anteroom, where many persons were busy typing, reading documents, and making entries in ledger-like books. Ahri-man conferred with a man at one of the desks, who nodded toward a door in the far wall marked Private. I followed Ahri-man through this doorway.

Just within this doorway, I stopped and looked about me. On one wall was what appeared to be a ten-foot square television screen. On another wall were several oil paintings. One was The Cloth Hall, Ypres: erected 1201-1304. Beside it was another. The Cloth Hall, Ypres, 1918. After the German artillery had blown it to rubble. Another, artist unknown, was Modern Industry: The Steel Mills — at night — Pittsburgh. A painting of the Venetian School, by Titian: Sacred and Profane Love. And just beyond that, Massacre of The Huguenots.

Beside the door by which we had entered was a painting by Giulio Romano; Constantine's Victory Over Maxentius; wherein celestial beings, angels with wings grown from their shoulders, swords in hand, fought the soldiers of Maxentius, winning victory for Constantine, making him Emperor of Rome.

I turned to a man sitting at a large desk, who nodded, and said, "How do you like that one?" It is reminiscent of the bloody bargains man is supposed to have made with his god."

Ahri-man's introduction

was not necessary for me to recognize Lucifer-Satan, Lord of Hell. His hair was jet black and neatly combed. His eyes could best be described as piercing. His black mustache was waxed to points, as was his imperial beard. There were no cloven hoofs, no spiked tail, no horns. He was a man who would stand out in any group. He wore a blue suit with double-breasted coat, shirt with soft collar, and black oxford shoes. When he shook hands with me, I noted that his hands were soft and cool. When he spoke, his voice, though well modulated, was vibrant.

"Welcome among us," he said, and I sensed that he meant it. "Make yourself comfortable." He motioned toward a soft-padded chair. I noted that his gestures were easy and graceful.

I seated myself on the chair and relaxed with a deep sigh. The tension that had been building up inside me subsided. Satan smiled. "You have reached the end of the first lap of your journey," he informed me. "Here you will decide what you wish to do, and where you wish to go."

"The choice, the decision is mine?" I asked in amazement.

"Certainly," he assured me. "Hasn't man always decided what kind of god he wanted, what kind of Devil he wanted, what kind of heaven he wanted, for himself?" He smiled, and added, "And what kind of Hell he wanted for the other fellow?"

"Lord Lucifer-Satan," I am a confused man. All of my life I have been plagued by an inquisitive mind. There is so much I do not know, and so little I do know. I have conned the books of scholars and philosophers, have listened to lectures and sermons, seeking answers to the questions that ever arise in my mind. I have pondered, I have meditated, I have used every faculty I possess, in efforts to analyze, logicise, reason and philosophize. I believe that I have some few answers to some few questions. But there is one question which has long puzzled me. Although I have been given many answers, the answers usually contradict one another. May I ask you one question?"

"Ask, and ye shall receive," he quoted. Then he hedged a bit by adding, "If, during the seven thousand years of my existence, I have learned the answer, I will freely give it to you."

It took me but a few moments to form my question. "I have been told that the opposite of 'good' is 'evil'. I have been told that the opposite of 'Evil' is 'good'. When a heretic was burned alive by the Holy Inquisition, those who did it said that it was 'for the good of his soul'. The victim, no doubt, considered the deed to be EVIL. Can you explain good and evil to me?"

"The answer is necessarily complicated," Satan began. "For, as man has delighted in making his theology complicated, so also has he delighted in making his ethical code complicated. In so doing, man can make that which he names 'The Laws of God' complicated, and serve his own conceits. As witness: Man says that his god has commanded 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'. Thus, to kill is evil; for it is a violation of

a command of God. Yet man executes those he names 'criminals' for the 'good' of his society. Thus, evil becomes good."

I nodded my understanding. After a pause, Satan continued, "To psychologically compensate for killing in wars, each combatant people declare the other to be 'evil'; often naming them to be 'enemies of God'. Thus, the evil of killing becomes the good of destroying evil. Do I make myself clear?"

"Go ahead," I told him. "It's a muddy sort of logic, but I am beginning to see what you mean."

"Although man is a creature of infinite conceit, he often deceives himself into believing his own imaginings," Satan continued. "Being of small wit myself, he imagines that he can deceive his god. Though he could, if he would, hear the music and song of the universe itself, he composes songs of praise and, naming them Psalms, he sings them to his god; thus hoping to flatter his god and gain his own will."

"In the beginning all life was one, and there was neither good nor evil. Nor was it contradictory in its parts of the whole. But the developing mentality of man, coming into knowledge of self, and becoming aware of his limitations, divided the whole into good and evil, insofar as it affected self."

"Good and evil have never remained constant. Goodness, being vague and uncertain, man set it as a part of the price of entrance to whatever vague heaven he conceived. Not recognizing in himself the effect of cause, he named all that affected him adversely to be evil. When confused between good and evil, as it affected self, he named both to be 'the will of god'. His conceit has never been too great that he blame himself."

"Man measures good and evil according to his own desires and his dislikes. Good... is the sum of all that man desires for himself, individually and collectively. Evil... is all that is contrary to man's desires. And so it is that good becomes evil, and evil becomes good, in accordance with man's desires."

"Why is it," I inquired, "that man conceives good and evil to be the will of god, yet declares god to be all good?"

"Countless theologians have tried to answer that question," Satan told me. "The answers are always very human. Man refuses to see the Divine Nature of the Universe. Therefore he declares earth to be the center of the universe, and he, as its highest life-form and general superintendent, he declares to be the most important thing in the universe. All else in the universe he declares to be wasted matter."

"Man measures all things, including his god, by the measure of himself. Yet he is ever uncertain of himself. He creates a Devil, to justify not only his own acts, but the acts of his god that are not in accord with his own desires."

"Despite the knowledge of a few, gained by scientific study, the race of man breeds indiscriminately. When these few protest against this, the Priests of the Temple sternly warn them

against attempting to improve the handiwork of God. Yet it is good business for the agronomists to improve the growths of the fields, and the geneticists to improve the breeding of hogs."

Satan laughed, and said, "Man on earth demands an eight-hour day of labor, setting aside the remaining sixteen for rest and recreation, which includes amusement. Yet he demands that his God remain on duty the entire twenty-four hours, that He may ever be ready to receive man's complaints, hear his prayers, and grant his requests."

Lord Lucifer-Satan stopped speaking, and I gave thought to his words. "I once had a dream," I told Satan, "of a Heaven filled with bewildering confusion. Can you interpret the meaning of dreams?"

"Lucifer - Satan's black eyes twinkled. "What is a dream?" he countered. "How do you differentiate a dream from reality?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know," I admitted.

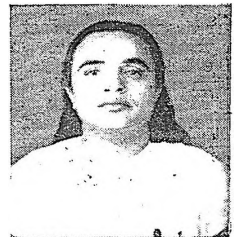
"There have been those who have advanced the theory that earth and all life upon it is but a dream of a super-being, or god. At the present stage of man's mental development, it is impossible for him to prove, or disprove, this."

"In the presence of mystery, man has always played the fool. To bolster his conceit, he created a god in his own image, having all of the qualities of homo sapiens. (Continued on Page 8)

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DREAM

(Continued from Page 7)

To these he added the power of miracle and magic, hoping to profit therefrom."

I thought I detected a note of sadness in Satan's voice, as he continued, "All his life on earth man has remained a child, amused with his toys, playing his childish games. He idealizes a brotherhood of man, because of the yearning within him. Yet he plays a game named 'Follow the leader', in which he carries on wars and kills his brothers. He over-feeds his physical body with rich foods, and feeds his spiritual being an adulterated hash he calls religion. Then he weeps when he has a physical or spiritual belly-ache.

"The Priests of the Temple join with the Patriots in prayers to their god, asking his help in the killing of their fellowmen; naming their's to be 'A just war'. Those who cry out for peace are condemned as subversives . . . Pacifists, whose god is The Prince of Peace."

"Will this go on forever?" A sense of sadness overflowed me.

"The life-span of all of the race of man who have lived on earth is but a short duration of that which man names time. During each millennia man gains a small spark of knowledge. Of the universe, time, measured by man's yardstick of years, becomes unnumbered trillions. Man on earth is a comparatively young life-form, evolving in time. The infinite universe, duration eternal, is the university-school of man."

Lord Lucifer-Satan glanced at the chronometer he wore on his wrist, and continued: "The meaning of your dreams you must learn for yourself. In each you receive a lesson. The interpretation of them will denote the stage of your intelligence. Application of your mental powers to your environment is the measure of your ability to differentiate between truth and fallacy. On that ability depends your progress in the universe."

The voice of Lucifer-Satan was solemn when he said, "Now you may choose your destination. Remember . . . the imaginings of man are not as man would have them be. You, and you alone, can make the choice and tread the path."

A silence of vast intensity enveloped me. A silence that I could feel, closing in around me. No sound came from the vast building beneath. It seemed that the very universe was hushed.

Then it came! Softly at first, gradually rising in tone until it seemed to permeate all of universal matter, all of infinite space and time! The music and song of the universe, of billions and billions of suns and planets, and cosmic matter yet unknown to man! The song of the universe . . . beside which the Psalms of man become as mere whispering of insects. The music of the universe . . . beside which the musical compositions of man are as mere drumbeats of savages. It rose to decibels beyond man's measuring, and softened to gentleness

beyond man's comprehension.

It soothed all yearnings within me, and I felt myself to truly be a part of the vast mystery of the cosmos. In its higher decibels, it incited within me a great desire to increase my knowledge and my understanding of that Universal Intelligence that is the divine nature of the universe. Not as man has imagined an anthropomorphic god, but Universal Spirit; Universal Principle, ultimate source of all things; Natural fundamental truth, law, and motivating force of the cosmic universe.

In its soft gentleness, it brought to me a sense of peace beyond human understanding. It evoked from within me an unmeasurable love of all in the universe, animate and inanimate. I felt myself to be in harmony with time and space of the universe. In harmony with all that is of color, size, and shape in the harmonic universe.

Slowly, slowly, the song and music faded, and I became aware of my surroundings. I realized that something too vast for words had been shown me, filling me with a sense of harmonic peace; that never again could cause turmoil within me.

I heard the voice of Lord Lucifer-Satan speaking to me. "What is your choice of destination?" he asked.

No time was necessary in which to decide. There could be but one decision, for that decision had been made for me before I had ever been born on earth.

"I am a part of the universe," I said with perfect confidence, "a part of the Universal Intelligence, a part of Universal Spirit. What purpose the part is that I shall serve, I do not know. There is but one decision I can make, one path that I can tread. I choose to fulfill my destiny, whatever it may be, wherever it may lead."

"So shall it be!" said Lord Lucifer-Satan. "And so has it ever been since time began. There are paths of many names, but all lead to the same destination. It matters not what name is given to that destination, be it Heaven, Hell, or Spirit World. The path of life can lead but to one destination, in an evolving universe. The destiny of all life is to be an evolving part of the evolving universe."

The room was becoming dim and misty, filled with all the colors of the spectrum. I seemed to be floating in a sea of colors. Then I awoke . . . opened my eyes slowly . . . and saw again the familiar objects in my bed-room.

Memory of the dream flooded my conscious mind, each detail deeply imprinted on my mental arena, unforgettable. A lesson to study.

Do dreams occur in a dimension of which we as yet have no knowledge? The mystery of life! The mysterious universe! How very little we really know!

ED. NOTE: We Welcome Any Comment on Mr. Krueger's Dreams.

The Mechanics Of Spiritual Healing

By CARL LEHMANN

Not since Christ walked the earth plane has there been such an interest in spiritual healing as there is today. All the world over ordinary people are discovering that they have the gift of healing through the laying of the hands. In England spiritual healers are now accepted into the hospitals to help those who need it. In Brazil spiritual healers work in hospitals side by side with doctors, an example of the lion and the lamb working in harmony. As more and more people seek the help of spiritual healers throughout the world, just how much has been discovered about the mechanics of this great work?

Everything in this world follows some natural law, and, as the law was created perfect in the first place, it follows that there is no such thing as a miracle. A miracle would have to be something outside the natural laws, and as this is not possible, it is apparent that there must be a natural, or 'scientific', answer to what takes place when a healer lays his hands upon a patient. The Bible says, 'seek and ye shall find', and 'knock and the door shall be opened'. Since I first discovered that I had the gift of healing some years ago I have sought to unravel the mystery of spiritual healing.

Countless hours of healing and many, many hours of meditation plus much reading and research has convinced me that the simplicity of the answer has led medical science to overlook that which should have been apparent for the outset.

The basis of the human form is the living cell, and in a world that is governed by cause and effect, we must look for the cause of the sickness and not the effect. If we turn to the cell we find that it consists of a tiny coil immersed in a saline fluid, which in turn is insulated from the rest of the cell — in short, our bodies consist of countless miniature oscillating batteries, each of which has its own frequency according to the work required of it. As each organ must be in harmony with all other organs of the body so must each series of oscillations be in harmony with the other.

When all the organs of the body are in harmony the effect is that of a symphonic orchestra playing in perfect tune, but should one instrument go off key then the whole orchestra is affected. Thus we find how an organ of the body can effect the whole of the body by becoming inharmonious.

It is well known that the brain is electrical in function for its emanations can be measured on the encephalograph. The nerves are merely electrical conductors from the brain to the muscles and organs. So it is therefore easy to regard the rest of the body as being motivated by electrical or magnetic currents. In fact, it is not very difficult to train the eyes to see the magnetic aura around the body, which aura is the total emanations of the cells oscillations.

Sickness is the introduction of a foreign body into the living cell, bringing with it an entirely new frequency of oscillations, and upsetting the natural frequency of the cell. As the surrounding cells raise their frequency to combat the intruder the body temperature of the patient is raised, and, if the struggle is fierce enough, results in a high fever. Healing is brought about when the natural frequency of the cell is restored.

The great killer, cancer, need have no fears for its victims if only the nature of the sickness is understood. Whereas modern medicine is treating this scourge with chemicals and radiation it should be placed in its right category, a failure of the living cell to cast off old cells as is normal in healthy conditions. The division of healthy cells and the casting off of old, devitalised, cells takes place many thousands of times per day. The failure to cast off old cells results in a tumor.

Professor Georges Lakhovsky, a French scientist, spent a lifetime investigating the living cell and the results of his research was the building of a multiwave oscillator which restored the cell to its normal, healthy frequency. His oscillator was instrumental in saving many a cancer sufferer, before his own death during World War II. What Lakhovsky attained by the use of an electronic device is possible through the use of spiritual healing, for spiritual healing is simply the restorations of a cell, or a number of cells, to their rightful oscillations and the function of a healer is that of a channel through which the magnetic power flows. The healer is usually a person of strong magnetic power it must not be overlooked that he is merely an instrument through a greater power flows. It is incumbent upon the healer to develop an at-oneness with the Infinite before he can do his greatest work.

All power, whether light, heat, magnetism, electricity, gravity, radio and cosmic waves, has an Infinite source and this power is inherent within everyone from birth, in greater or lesser degree. All have healing power, but like other gifts such as music or art, some have it in greater quantities — the degree or quality depending upon the instruments ability to tune into this Infinite power and concentrate it on any particular subject. I have found that cancer responds particularly well to spiritual healing.

Medical science has declared that 95 per cent of all sickness is psychosomatic in origin, and as it is with orthodox medicine so it is with spiritual healing. The mind of the patient must be attuned to his body and the wish to have his healed must be foremost. As the Nazarene had failures in healing through lack of faith by the sufferer, so spiritual healers have their failures. Whereas the patient is inclined to blame the operator the reverse should be the case and the operator should blame

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the patient, but as healers need to have a vast understanding of the mental and psychological outlook of humanity, they do not blame anyone but endeavour to give the patient the necessary understanding to adjust his mental processes to co-ordinate with the efforts of the healer.

Whatever medical science may discover in the way of new drugs to alleviate effects spiritual healing will continue to treat the cause, and the cause of sickness lies within the living cell. The Creator in his wisdom gave man the power to heal himself by natural means, and a better understanding of the creator's power will bring mankind to a better understanding of the Creator Himself as the source of Infinite Power, Infinite Love, and Infinite Wisdom.

LEVITATION BY VERABARA

AETHROBACY is the Greek name for walking or being lifted in the air.

Levitation, so called, among modern spiritualists.

It may be either conscious or unconscious; in the one case, it is magic; in the other, either disease or a power which requires a few words of elucidation.

The earth is a magnetic body; in fact, as some scientists have found, it is one vast magnet, as Paracelsus affirmed some 400 years ago. It is charged with one form of electricity—let us call it positive—which it evolves continuously by spontaneous action, in its interior or center of motion. Human bodies, in common with all other forms of matter, are charged with the opposite form of electricity—negative. That is to say, organic or inorganic bodies, if left to themselves will constantly and involuntarily charge themselves with, and evolve the form of electricity opposed to the earth itself:

Now, what is weight? Simply the attraction of the earth "Without the attraction of the earth you would have no weight", says Professor Stewart ("The Sun and the Earth) and if you had an earth twice as heavy as this, you would have double the attraction." How, then, can we get rid of this attraction? According to the electrical law above stated, there is an attraction between our planet and the organism upon it which holds them upon the surface of the ground. But the law of gravitation has counteracted in many instances, by levitation of persons and inanimate objects; how account for this?

The condition of our physical systems, say theurgic philosophers, is largely dependent upon the action of our will. If well-regulated, it can produce "miracles;" among others a change of this electrical polarity from negative to positive; the man's relations with the earth-magnet would then become repellent, and "Gravity" for him would have ceased to exist. It would then be as natural for him to rush into the air until the repellent force had exhausted itself, as, before, it had been for him to remain upon the ground. The altitude of his levitation would be measured by his ability, greater or less, to charge his body with positive electricity. This control over the physical forces once obtained, attainment of his levity or gravity would be as easy as breathing.

Love is eternal. And somewhere in God's Great Plan you will meet and love once more those you know and love today.

Birth and death are only milestones along the path of eternal life. Our individual incarnations are like the waltzing rainbows in a beautiful opal, first here and then there, on and on through the ages.

Advanced souls have always known that death may hide, though it will never divide. That undying devotion you feel today for those you hold most dear will not end at the grave. Like all beautiful things it will continue, on through the centuries.

Harry Houdini, the most popular magician this world has ever known, believed deeply in Reincarnation. In an interview in "The Free Press" he once said:

"I firmly believe and this belief is based on investigation, observation, and in a measure, personal experience—that somehow, somewhere and sometime, we return in another form, to carry on, as it were through another lifetime.

"I, myself, have entered some Old World city for the first time in my life, so far as I was aware, and found the streets familiar, known just where to go to locate a certain house, for instance.

"Things have come to me that it seemed could only have been results of some former experience. I seemed from earliest childhood to have a grasp upon certain faculties and a knowledge not according to my years—as if the understanding were from past education and that I entered the world with certain fixed principles and ideas that could not have been at that time the result of any present education."

All of us have lived before, countless incarnations lie behind each one of us and there are many thousands more to come. All of us are working out our individual destinies in divine accord. Here on earth we are attracted to and love most deeply those we have known and loved before. Every deep hatred and every deep love is based on the experiences we have had in our previous lives.

Everyone has, at one time or another, met people to whom they were instantly attracted. At other times we have met those, who, for no valid reason whatever, have repelled us instantly.

In each case our reactions were based on some previous experience in some other life. Every great love had its beginning centuries ago, in some other age, in some other century. Whether it is mother love or sweetheart love, friendship love or father love, all our loves are linked together with the people we have known and loved before.

Deep enduring love in this life is always based on the foundation of previous loves that have existed before. Nothing so beautiful or

REINCARNATION

DIVINE HOPE OF THE AGES

BY G. B. CHANDLER

worthwhile develops completely in one single lifetime. It couldn't.

When two dear friends who have known each other in a previous life meet for the first time in this life a deep bond of affection springs up between them almost immediately.

In these deep Reincarnation loves there is always a beautiful trust. Each soul seems to possess a perfect understanding of the other from the very beginning of their friendship and the un-failing kindness that follows is beautiful to behold.

Henry Ford, Sr., said in an article appearing in "The San Francisco Examiner" on August 26th 1928:

"I adopted the theory of Reincarnation when I was twenty-six. Religion offered nothing to the point. Even work could not give me complete satisfaction. Work is futile if we cannot utilize the experience we collect in one life in the next. When I discovered Reincarnation it was as if I had found a universal plan. I realized that there was a chance to work out my ideas. Time was no longer limited. I was no longer a slave to the hands of the clock.

"The discovery of Reincarnation put my mind at ease.

"Genius is experience. Some seem to think it is a gift or a talent, but it is the fruit of long experiences in many lives. Some are older souls than others, and so they know more."

Reincarnation shows us clearly that what we think and say and do today determines what we shall have and be and know tomorrow.

Across the sea in that ancient land of temple bells and fragrant incense venerable wise men have known for centuries that every though, every act, every event of our lives is recorded forever in the invisible archives of our souls. Our modern motion pictures, radio and television demonstrate this truth clearly.

When we pass out of this life we take with us in the invisible recesses of our individual souls all the wisdom we have gained in this life plus all the wisdom we have acquired through all our previous incarnations.

Added together this becomes the sum total of what we will have at our disposal in our next life. In our next life we become whatever we have best prepared ourselves to be in this life.

As Rudolph Valentino told his wife, Natacha Rambova, in a private seance in Paris:

"It turns out that the unusual magnetism I possessed when appearing on the screen was due to the fact that I have been an actor in previous lives."

Many people have found it difficult to reconcile the beautiful philosophy of Reincarnation with the teaching of Spiritualism. At first the two ideals do seem to be very far apart. Actually however they are not.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,

one of the foremost leaders of modern Spiritualism says in "A History of Spiritualism:"

"When the question is asked, 'Where were we before we were born?' we have a definite answer in the system of slow development by Reincarnation, with long intervals of spirit rest between, while otherwise we have no answer, though we must admit it is inconceivable that we have been born in time for eternity. Existence afterwards seems to postulate existence before."

"As to the natural question, 'Why then, do we not remember such existences?' we may point out that such remembrance would enormously complicate our present life, and that such existences may well form a cycle which is all clear to us when we come to the end of it, when perhaps we may see a whole rosary of lives threaded upon one personality."

Jack London, famous author of some of the world's most popular books, believed deeply in Reincarnation. Few modern writers have presented so clearly their own inner thinking on this subject. In writing of his own beliefs, Jack London says:

"All my life I have had an awareness of other times

and places. I have been aware of other persons in me . . . I, whose lips have never

lisped the word 'king' remembered that I had once been the son of a king. More — I remember that once I have been a slave and a son of a slave, and had worn an iron collar round my neck.

"I like any man, am a growth. I did not begin when I was born nor when I was conceived. I have been growing, developing through innumerable myriads of millenniums. All these experiences of all these lives have gone to the making of the soul-stuff or the spirit-stuff that is I."

Advanced souls in all ages have recognized that death is not the end. And it is divinely true! As certainly as the sun sinks in the western sky tonight your life and the life of those you love will rise once more, in some New Tomorrow.

It was Wordsworth who once said:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

The soul that rises with us, our life's star

Hath had elsewhere its setting.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Chandler's article on "Reincarnation" will be continued.)

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WALKING FIRE

By DR. JOHN H. MANAS

President
Pythagorean Society

Is this phenomenon a mental illusion or a fact? In many parts of the world at certain days of the year the members of some religious sect, after a preparation and following the traditional procedure of ritual, as practiced by their predecessors for many generations, prepare a path of charcoal fire and the initiates of this mystical rite walk on the red hot coals, bare foot, without any ill effects of fire on their feet!

One of these fire walking rituals is being practiced in Greece every year on the 21st day of May, the day of the annual celebration of the saints of the Greek Orthodox Church, Constantine and Helen. The place is the village Langada in the province of Macedonia. The fire walking ritual is called "Anastenaria" and their initiates "Anastenarides."

The following is the description of this year's performance as it was reported in the Greek Press. The small village square was filled with persons of all walks of life, who were seating around tables or on the ground on blankets, waiting the arrival of the fire walkers. In the house of the leader all the members of this ancient cult were busy with their preparations with prayers and meditation. In the yard were tied three "sacred" rams which were to be sacrificed at the ritual. Among the prominent visitors was the professor of history of the University of Salonika, who gave the following information to the reporters. This fire walking is an ancient ritualistic tradition which for many years puzzle scientists, psychologists, theologians and psychiatrists. In modern times its revival took place in Eastern Thrace and in Bulgaria by Greeks. After the First World War its revival started in Greece in this village in 1941. The same of the old Dionysian ritual is followed as it is described by Strabo.

In the morning the members of this ancient Greek

cult with the villagers gathered at the house of the leader and they all attend the ritual of the blessing of the water by the centenarian priest of the Church who blessed the icons of Saint Constantine and of Saint Helen and the three sacrificial rams.

The initiates dance a ritualistic dance for hours around their sacred icons and the victims of the sacrifice. Under the shade of a big tree they burn incense and with "sacred" knives make the sign of the cross and they sacrifice the three rams.

They dance and they pray and sing. The sun is being now setting on the horizon as the cultists came to the village square and they started to dance around the red hot coal patch with the accompaniment of music by Lyre. The crowd that witnessed the ritual was around four thousand, among which were the former king of Italy, Umberto, prince Victor Emmanuel and princess Maria Gabriella and other prominent persons.

After this long dancing and singing the participants fire walkers came to an ecstasy and entered the fire

bed of the red hot coals bare foot walking and dancing on them until the red coals turned into ashes. No one was burned. Their feet were as cool and tender as before. This miracle of fire walking was performed before an estimated crowd of four thousand to their amazement of this performance in which

natural law is by-passed by the operation of a higher law that of the spirit. Science cannot explain how this supernatural experience and phenomenon takes place. In the next article we will give you the Metaphysical explanation of fire walking.



1. Former king of Italy Umberto, Prince Victor Emmanuel and Princess Maria-Gabriella, watched the Fire-walking.



5. Two women, Fire-walkers walk and dance on the red hot coals before a crowd of over 4,000 persons. These are authentic pictures taken at the Fire-walking ritual. Atlantis, Greek Newspaper, N.Y.C. June 10, 1962



2. The Fire-walker Emmanuel enters the fire patch first bare foot holding an icon.



4. The centenarian Greek Priest says Mass and holding the Icon of St. Constantine and St. Helen, blesses the water and the sacrificial Rams.



3. The Fire-walkers sacrifice the 3 sacred Rams.

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