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DEDICATION

TO MANKIND—IF THERE'S ANY LEFT!

FOREWORD

REC #1 HATONN

THU., AUG. 24, 1995 7:17 A.M. YEAR 9, DAY 008

AUG. 24, 1995

*I SOUGHT MY SOUL,  
BUT MY SOUL I COULD NOT SEE.  
I SOUGHT MY GOD,  
BUT MY GOD ELUDED ME.  
I SOUGHT MY BROTHER,  
AND I FOUND ALL THREE*

*I SOUGHT MY FUTURE AND WHAT CAME BEFORE,  
BUT BOTH IN FACT, ELUDED ME.  
I AGAIN SOUGHT GOD,  
AND HE OPENED THE DOOR  
FOR THERE WITHIN,  
I FOUND ALL THINGS I WAS SEARCHING FOR.*

YOU ARE A MIRACLE!

We received a note from a reader of *CONTACT* who noted my seeming change of subjects and information flow. It was stated that the writer was happy to see the new information but would that mean that my observations would cease regarding solutions for America? I would like to change the word America for World for, in the final equation, “*As America goes, so goest the world.*”

Was America ever a “free” nation under God, indivisible? NO! Well, actually this is not absolutely so for there was a time when THE PEOPLE (Tribes of the now-called Native Americans) had such righteous respect and reverence of freedom and Creation. Even your *CONSTITUTION* **was taken from American Native tribal councils**—then the “takers” allocated the real Americans to reservations and gave them a death sentence to be lived out in those death-row reservation cells.

The thieves of LIFE came right along like the “bouncing ball” and you all sang the lyrics and buried your heads in the sand-pots of “pretend it isn’t happening” and “what you don’t know can’t hurt you...” No, it can’t “hurt” you—it simply destroys you!!

Politics is not MY game, readers. I needed to and still need to outlay that which I can to help you “catch up” to FACTS of how it is. Then, I must turn to my REAL task of showing you what YOU ARE! When you understand a bit about what you ARE, then and only then can you begin to understand SOUL ETERNITY. YOU are a miracle! You want miracles to be shown to you? Go look in the mirror!

So what of politics? GO LOOK IN THE MIRROR—for the plight of your lands and order of function MIRRORS THAT PLIGHT OF MISUNDERSTANDING AND CHAOS WHICH REFLECTS WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME. You have no idea of how you REALLY “work” and that lack of understanding of SELF presents the chaos which swirls about every portion of your lives.

Do I speak in languages of another galaxy and elude your own recognition? I hope not but in that thought perchance you might consider realistically the subject, say, of “American”, since the inquiry came from an American. French, British, Australian, Canadian—you name it—could fit into the label.

From a little book called *UNCOMMON SENSE*, by “A Real American”, RAM, Suite 976, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania 19482-0976, (1988) I would like to share a portion of the “Introduction”.

[QUOTING:]

What kind of American are you?

Does this question confuse you? It should. Americans are experiencing an identity crisis. They don't understand who they are. Worse yet, they don't understand who they **are supposed to be**.

You love our great country, are proud to be an American, and consider yourself patriotic, right? But could you give anyone a good definition of the words “patriotism” or “Americanism” if your life depended on it? And, believe it or not, IT DOES . And there's only one accurate definition for each word.

Basically you feel patriotic by instinct, coming from your heart, not from your brain, because NOT to feel patriotic about your country is simply unthinkable, isn't it?

You outwardly manifest your patriotism only when you stand for the Star Spangled Banner at ballgames because everyone else does, or when you attend Fourth of July fireworks, or when you fly the flag occasionally, or when you vote occasionally, or when you join the service. It's doubtful whether you can think of one more time. Granted, this doesn't mean that you are a bad person, but it doesn't mean that you are a good American either.

Can you recite the only accurate definition, in a political sense, of the word “freedom”, which requires that you NOT use the word “free” or “freedom” in the definition?

As a so-called American, you take your freedom for granted because you inherited it. Who ever appreciates what they haven't earned? Others earned freedom for you, starting at Lexington and Concord, paying for it in lead and blood. Those heroic revolutionaries are tossing in their hallowed graves because you are squandering away what cost them their lives. Ever wonder if you would have stood to fire the shots heard ‘round the world?

What kind of American are you?

There exists an identity crisis in these United States. This book intends to help so-called Americans resolve it by helping them to answer two personal questions: what kind of American am I now, and what

kind of American do I really want to be?

You will have only three choices: a Real-American, a Pseudo-American, or a Socialist-American. That's all. There are no other choices. Never will be, ever.

Real-Americans are philosophical descendants of revolutionaries like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Molly Pitcher, and Tom Paine, who all loved freedom enough to fight for it.

**[H: Ah and so you lose me. The REAL Americans were the ones HERE WHEN YOU POLITICAL SCUM-SUCKERS ARRIVED! And again, the misuse of the word "fight". Fight what? You don't even know WHAT to fight. The very parties named above were all attached to the Freemasonic Order of Europe. Will you EVER be able to substitute the words "love and live for" in the places you use "fight", "battle" and "war"?]**

Pseudo-Americans are philosophical descendants of the cowardly colonial neutrals, who all refused to take a stand for either side during our entire Revolution.

Socialist-Americans are philosophical descendants of English King George, the colonial Tories or Loyalists, and traitor Benedict Arnold, who all loved governmental power and who wished to use it to control other peoples lives.

Outside of the RAs, PAs, and SAs mentioned above, every other description of our people hides their true identity. Words to identify so-called Americans such as liberal, conservative, Republican, Democrat, leftwinger, rightwinger, union, non-union, and others, are totally useless and should be ignored. Drop them from your vocabulary.

This could be the most challenging and disturbing book that you could ever read in your lifetime. After reading it, you could possibly consider it an unforgivable sin to refer to yourself or any fellow citizen using the stand-alone title of "American", because you could see the point of using the revealing titles of Real-American, Pseudo-American, or Socialist-American. **[H: I prefer you be able to use the terms KNOWING AMERICAN and INFORMED AMERICAN.]**

What kind of American are you? What is your true identity? You can't hide any more. It's time to take sides. The Second American Revolution is starting. You will be part of the problem or part of the solution.

[END OF QUOTING]

### FLATLAND

Now, I would like to offer you something from a little book called *FLATLAND*, by Edwin A. Abbott. ("The fourth dimension, humor, satire, logic combined into a science-fiction classic that has entertained generations.") Copyright 1952, Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

I only want to offer you a short "Introduction" as written by Banesh Hoffman for that little book:

[QUOTING:]

Here is a stirring adventure in pure mathematics, a fantasy of strange spaces peopled by geometrical figures; geometrical figures that think and speak and have all too human emotions. This is no trifling tale of science fiction. Its aim is to instruct, and it is written with subtle artistry. Start it and you will fall under its spell. If you are young in heart and the sense of wonder still stirs within you, you will read without pause till the end is regretfully reached. Yet you will not guess when the tale was written nor by what manner of man.

In these days space-time and the fourth dimension are household words. But *Flatland*, with its vivid picture of one and two and three and more dimensions, was not conceived in the era of relativity. It was written some seventy years ago, when Einstein was a mere child and the idea of space-time lay almost a quarter of a century in the future.

In those far off days, to be sure, the professional mathematicians were imagining spaces of any number of dimensions. The physicists too, in their theorizing, were working with hypothetical graph-spaces of arbitrary dimensionality. But these were matters of abstract theory. There was no public clamor for their elucidation; the public hardly knew that they existed.

One would think, therefore, that, in order to write *Flatland*, Edwin A. Abbott must have been a mathematician or physicist. But he was neither of these. True, he was a schoolmaster—a headmaster, no less, and a most distinguished one. But his field was classics, and his primary interests literature and theology, on which he wrote several books. Does this sound like the sort of man who would write an absorbing mathematical adventure? Perhaps Abbott himself thought it did not, for he published *FLATLAND* pseudonymously, as if afraid that it might besmirch the dignity of his more formal writings of which he betrayed no reluctance to acknowledge his authorship.

Much has happened to our ideas of space and time since *FLATLAND CAME INTO BEING*. But despite all the talk of a fourth dimension, the fundamentals of dimensionality have not changed. Long before the advent of the theory of relativity, scientists thought of time as an extra dimension. In those days they regarded it as a solitary, isolated dimension that kept aloof from the three dimensions of space. In relativity time became inextricably intermingled with space to form a truly four-dimensional world; and this four-dimensional world turned out to be a curved one.

These modern developments have less significance than one might imagine for the story of Flatland. We do indeed have four dimensions. But even in relativity, they are not all of the same sort. Only three are spatial. The fourth is temporal; and we are unable to move freely in time. We can not return to days gone by, nor avoid the coming of tomorrow. We can neither hasten nor retard our journey into the future. We are like hapless passengers on a crowded escalator, carried relentlessly forward till our particular floor arrives and we step off into a place where there is no time, while the material composing our bodies continues its journey on the inexorable escalator—perhaps forever.

Time, the tyrant, holds sway in Flatland as in our own world. Relativity or no relativity, we still have only one dimension more than the creatures of Abbott's imagination; we still have only three spatial dimensions to their two. **[H: And you don't really use those!]** The inhabitants of Flatland are sentient beings, troubled by our troubles and moved by our emotions. Flat they may be physically, but their characters are

well rounded. They are our kin, our own flesh and blood. We romp with them in Flatland. And romping, we suddenly find ourselves looking anew at our own humdrum world with the wide-eyed wonder of youth.

In Flatland we could escape from a two-dimensional prison by stepping momentarily into the third dimension and coming back on the other side of the prison wall. But that is because this third dimension is spatial. Our fourth dimension, time, true dimension though it be, does not permit us to escape from a three-dimensional prison. **[H: Pay attention, readers, for I am trying to show you HOW to get beyond the limitations of this very prison!]** It does enable us to get out, for if we wait patiently for time to pass, our sentence will be served and we shall be set free. That is hardly an escape, however. To escape we must travel through time to some moment when the prison is wide open, or in ruins, or not yet built; and then, having stepped outside, we must reverse the direction of our time travel to return to the present. Neither we nor the inhabitants of Flatland can travel thus through time.

Though the crowded years go by, this nigh on seventy-year-old tale shows no sign of age. It remains as spry as ever, a timeless classic of perennial fascination that seems to have been written for today. Like all great art, it defies the tyrant Time. **Banesh Hoffman.**

[END OF QUOTING]

To better envision “Flatland”, picture yourself as a “stick”-figure and you are within the tablecloth on a table. ALL you can see is that which is barely on the surface of the cloth. You cannot rise far enough above the table to look down at the whole of even just the table—but only that which “blocks” your view is presented to your mind through the eyes which are disallowed view and perception. HOW MANY OF YOU ARE IN THE VEIL OF TOTAL FLATLAND? All you have available to your comprehension is that which is WITHIN that table-cloth!?

Now, along the same lines of PRACTICAL presentations let me recommend another book for your reading: *PIGS IS PIGS*, also, I assume, available from Dover Press.

This book is a compiled grouping of stories but *Pigs is Pigs* has the lesson I would share with you Flatlanders caught in your prison cells. Let us consider this “Foreword” a riddle in what connections you can make and we shall discuss the answers when we return from commercial break, or however it is on your vidiot boxes.

[QUOTING:]

### PIGS IS PIGS

Compiled stories by Ellis Parker Butler.

Mike Flannery, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated, and at last Mr. Morehouse had talked himself speechless. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a rough but serviceable cage. In it two

spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

“Do as you loike, then!” shouted Flannery, “pay for them an’ take thim, or don’t pay for thim and leave thim be. Rules is rules, Misther Morehouse, an’ Mike Flannery’s not goin’ to be called down for breakin’ of thim.”

“But, you everlastingly stupid idiot!” shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a flimsy printed book beneath the agent’s nose, “can’t you read it here—in your own plain printed rates? ‘Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each.’” He threw the book on the counter in disgust. “What more do you want? Aren’t they properly boxed? What?”

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly; frowning ferociously.

Suddenly he turned to Flannery, and forcing his voice to an artificial calmness spoke slowly but with intense sarcasm.

“Pets,” he said “P-e-t-s! Twenty-five cents each. There are two of them. One! Two! Two times twenty-five are fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents.”

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

“An’ I don’t take fifty cints,” he whispered in mockery. “Here’s the rule for ut. ‘Whin the agint be in anny doubt regardin’ which of two rates applies to a shipment, he shall charge the larger. The consign-ey may file a claim for the overcharge.’ In this case, Misther Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets thim animals may be, an’ domestic they be, but pigs I’m blame sure they do be, an’ me rules says plain as the nose on yer face, ‘Pigs Franklin to Westcoate, thirty cints each.’ An’ Misther Morehouse, by me arithmetical knowl-edge two times thurty comes to sixty cints.”

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely. “Nonsense!” he shouted, “confounded nonsense, I tell you! Why, you poor ignorant foreigner, that rule means common pigs, domestic pigs, not guinea-pigs!”

Flannery was stubborn.

“Pigs is pigs,” he declared firmly. “Guinea-pigs, or dago pigs or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company an’ to Mike Flannery. Th’ nationality of the pig creates no differentiality in the rate, Misther Morehouse! ’Twould be the same was they Dutch pigs or Rooshun pigs. Mike Flannery,” he added, “is here to tind to the expriss business and not to hould conversation wid dago pigs in siventeen languages fer to discover be they Chinese or Tipperary by birth an’ nativity.”

Mr. Morehouse hesitated. He bit his lip and then flung out his arms wildly.

“Very well!” he shouted, “you shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it! Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents, but, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs’ heads is harmed I will have the law on you!”

He turned and stalked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the soap box from the counter

and placed it in a corner. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant who has done his duty and done it well.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. His boy, who had been awaiting the guinea-pigs, knew better than to ask him for them. He was a normal boy and therefore always had a guilty conscience when his father was angry. So the boy slipped quietly around the house. There is nothing so soothing to a guilty conscience as to be out of the path of the avenger.

Mr. Morehouse stormed into the house. "Where's the ink?" he shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the doorsill.

Mrs. Morehouse jumped, guiltily. She never used ink. She had not seen the ink, nor moved the ink, nor thought of the ink, but her husband's tone convicted her of the guilt of having borne and reared a boy, and she knew that whenever her husband wanted anything in a loud voice the boy had been at it.

"I'll find Sammy," she said meekly.

When the ink was found Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly, and he read the completed letter and smiled a triumphant smile.

"That will settle that crazy Irishman!" he exclaimed. "When they get that letter he will hunt another job, all right!"

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope with the card of the Interurban Express Company in the upper left corner. He tore it open eagerly and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A6754. The letter was short. "Subject—Rate on guinea-pigs," it said, "Dr. Sir—We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. He wrote six pages of choice sarcasm, vituperation and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dr. Sir," said the reply. "Your letter of the 16th inst., addressed to this Department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up the matter with our agent at Westcote, and his reply is attached herewith. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You have therefore no claim against the company, and your letter regarding the proper rate on the consignment should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly, and gave his arguments in full, quoting a page or two from the encyclopedia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

With the care that characterizes corporations when they are systematically conducted, Mr. Morehouse's letter was numbered, O.K.'d, and started through the regular channels. Duplicate copies of the bill of

lading, manifest, Flannery's receipt for the package and several other pertinent papers were pinned to the letter, and they were passed to the head of the Tariff Department.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned. He looked through the papers carelessly.

"Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter 'Agent, Westcote, N.J. Please advise why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.'"

Miss Kane made a series of curves and angles on her note book and waited with pencil poised. The head of the department looked at the papers again.

"Huh! guinea pigs!" he said. "Probably starved to death by this time! Add this to that letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present.'"

He tossed the papers on to the stenographer's desk, took his feet from his own desk and went out to lunch.

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head.

"Give prisint condition," he repeated thoughtfully. "Now what do thim clerks be wantin' to know, I wonder! 'Prisint condition', is ut? Thim pigs, praise St. Patrick, do be in good health, so far as I know, but I niver was no veternairey surgeon to dago pigs. Mebby thim clerks wants me to call in the pig doctor and have their pulses took. Wan thing I do know, however, which is they've glorious appytites for pigs of their soize. Ate? They'd ate the brass padlocks off of a barn door! If the paddy pig, by the same token, ate as hearty as these dago pigs do, there'd be a famine in Ireland."

To assure himself that his report would be up to date, Flannery went to the rear of the office and looked into the cage. The pigs has been transferred to a larger box—a dry goods box.

"Wan,—two,—t'ree,—four,—foive,—six,—sivin,—eight!" he counted. "Sivin spotted an' wan all black. All well an' hearty an' all eatin' loike ragin' hippypottymusses." He went back to his desk and wrote.

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say dago pigs is pigs because they is pigs and will be til you say they ain't which is what the rule book says stop your jollying me you know it as well as I do. As to health they are all well and hoping you are the same. P.S. There are eight now the family increased all good eaters. P.S. I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage which they like shill I put in bill for same what?"

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again and became serious.

"By George!" he said, "Flannery is right, 'pigs is pigs.' I'll have to get authority on this thing. Meanwhile, Miss Kane, take this letter: Agent, Westcote, N.J. Regarding shipment guinea-pigs, File No. A6754.

Rule 83, General Instruction to Agents, clearly states that agents shall collect from consignee all costs of provender, etc., etc., required for live stock while in transit or storage. You will proceed to collect same from consignee.”

Flannery received this letter next morning, and when he read it he grinned.

“Proceed to collect,” he said softly. “How thim clerks do loike to be talkin’! *Me* proceed to collect two dollars and twinty-foive cints off Misther Morehouse! I wonder do thim clerks *know* Misther Morehouse? I’ll get it! Oh, yes! ‘Misther Morehouse, two an’ a quarter, plaze.’ ‘Cert’nly, me dear frind F’annery, Delighted!’ *Not!*”

Flannery drove the express wagon to Mr. Morehouse’s door. Mr. Morehouse answered the bell.

“Ah, ha!” he cried as soon as he saw it was Flannery. “So you’ve come to your senses at last, have you? I thought you would! Bring the box in.”

“I hev no box,” said Flannery coldly. “I hev a bill agin Misther John C. Morehouse for two dollars and twinty-foive cints for kebbages aten by his dago pigs. Wud you wish to pay ut?”

“Pay— Cabbages— !” gasped Mr. Morehouse. “Do you mean to say that two little guinea-pigs—

“Eight!” said Flannery. “Papa an’ mamma an’ the six childern. Eight!”

For answer Mr. Morehouse slammed the door in Flannery’s face. Flannery looked at the door reproachfully.

“I take ut the con-*sign-y* don’t want to pay for thim kebbages,” he said. “If I know signs of refusal, the con-*sign-y* refuses to pay for wan dang kebbage leaf an’ be hanged to me!”

Mr. Morgan, the head of the Tariff Department, consulted the president of the Interurban Express Company regarding guinea-pigs, as to whether they were pigs or not pigs. The president was inclined to treat the matter lightly.

“What is the rate on pigs and on pets?” he asked.

“Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five,” said Morgan.

“Then of course guinea-pigs are pigs,” said the president.

“Yes,” agreed Morgan, “I look at it that way, too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally due to be classed as the higher. But are guinea-pigs, pigs? Aren’t they rabbits?”

“Come to think of it,” said the president, “I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of half-way station between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this—are guinea-pigs of the domestic pig family: I’ll ask

Professor Gordon. He is authority on such things. Leave the papers with me.”

The president put the papers on his desk and wrote a letter to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately the Professor was in South America collecting zoological specimens, and the letter was forwarded to him by his wife. As the Professor was in the highest Andes, where no white man had ever penetrated, the letter was many months in reaching him. The president forgot the guinea-pigs, Morgan forgot them, Mr. Morehouse forgot them, but Flannery did not. One-half of his time he gave to the duties of his agency; the other half was devoted to the guinea-pigs. Long before Professor Gordon received the president’s letter Morgan received one from Flannery.

“About them dago pigs,” it said, “what shall I do they are great in family life, no race suicide for them, there are thirty-two now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick.”

Morgan reached for the telegraph blank and wrote: “Agent, Westcote. Don’t sell pigs.”

He then wrote Flannery a letter calling his attention to the fact that the pigs were not the property of the company but were merely being held during a settlement of a dispute regarding rates. He advised Flannery to take the best possible care of them.

Flannery, letter in hand, looked at the pigs and sighed. The dry-goods box cage had become too small. He boarded up twenty feet of the rear of the express office to make a large and airy home for them, and went about his business. He worked with feverish intensity when out on his rounds, for the pigs required attention and took most of his time. Some months later, in desperation, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote “160” across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for explanation. Flannery replied:

“There be now one hundred sixty of them dago pigs, for heavens sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy, what.”

“Sell no pigs,” Morgan wired.

Not long after this the president of the express company received a letter from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter, but the point was that the guinea-pig was the *Cavia aparoea*, while the common pig was the genus *Sus* of the family *Suidae*. He remarked that they were prolific and multiplied rapidly.

“They are not pigs,” said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. “The twenty-five cent rate applies.”

Morgan made the proper notation on the papers that had accumulated in File A6754, and turned them over to the Audit Department. The Audit Department took some time to look the matter up, and after the usual delay wrote Flannery that he had on hand one hundred and sixty guinea-pigs, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect charges at the rate of twenty-five cents each.

Flannery spent a day herding his charges through a narrow opening in their cage so that he might count them.

“Audit Dept.,” he wrote, when he had finished the count, “you are way off there mebbly was one hundred and sixty dago pigs once, but wake up don’t be a back number. I’ve got even eight hundred, now shill collect for eight hundred or what, how about sixty-four dollars I paid out for kebbages.”

It required a great many letters back and forth before the Audit Department was able to understand why the error had been made of billing one hundred and sixty instead of eight hundred, and still more time for it to get the meaning of the “kebbages”.

Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The pigs had all the rest of the room and two boys were employed constantly attending to them. The day after Flannery had counted the guinea-pigs there were eight more added to his drove, and by the time the Audit Department gave him authority to collect for eight hundred Flannery had given up all attempts to attend to the receipt or the delivery of goods. He was hastily building galleries around the express office, tier above tier. He had four thousand and sixty-four guinea-pigs to care for! More were arriving daily.

Immediately following its authorization the Audit Department sent another letter, but Flannery was too busy to open it. They wrote another and then they telegraphed: “Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs, fifty cents. Deliver all to consignee.”

Flannery read the telegram and cheered up. He wrote out a bill as rapidly as his pencil could travel over paper and ran all the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped suddenly. The house stared at him with vacant eyes. The windows were bare of curtains and he could see into the empty rooms. A sign on the porch said, “To Let”. Mr. Morehouse had moved! Flannery ran all the way back to the express office. Sixty-nine guinea-pigs had been born during his absence. He ran out again and made feverish inquiries in the village. Mr. Morehouse had not only moved, but he had left Westcote. Flannery returned to the express office and found that two hundred and six guinea-pigs had entered the world since he left it. He wrote a telegram to the Audit Department.

“Can’t collect fifty cents for two dago pigs consignee has left town address unknown what shall I do? Flannery.”

The telegram was handed to one of the clerks in the Audit Department, and as he read it he laughed.

“Flannery must be crazy. He ought to know that the thing to do is to return the consignment here,” said the clerk. He telegraphed Flannery to send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin.

When Flannery received the telegram he set to work. The six boys he had engaged to help him also set to work. They worked with the haste of desperate men, making cages out of soap boxes, cracker boxes, and all kinds of boxes, and as fast as the cages were completed they filled them with guinea-pigs and expressed them to Franklin. Day after day the cages of guinea-pigs flowed in a steady stream from Westcote to Franklin, and still Flannery and his six helpers ripped and nailed and packed—relentlessly and feverishly. At the end of the week they had shipped two hundred and eighty cases of guinea-pigs, and there were in the express office seven hundred and four more pigs than when they began packing them.

“Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full,” came a telegram to Flannery. He stopped packing only long

enough to wire back. “Can’t stop,” and kept on sending them. On the next train up from Franklin came one of the company’s inspectors. He had instructions to stop the stream of guinea-pigs at all hazards. As his train drew up at Westcote station he saw a cattle-car standing on the express company’s siding. When he reached the express office he saw the express wagon backed up to the door. Six boys were carrying bushel baskets full of guinea-pigs from the office and dumping them into the wagon. Inside the room Flannery, with his coat and vest off, was shoveling guinea-pigs into bushel baskets with a coal scoop. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode.

He looked up at the inspector with a snort of anger.

“Wan wagonload more an’ I’ll be quit of thim, an’ niver will ye catch Flannery wid no more foreign pigs on his hands. No, sur! They near was the death o’ me. Nixt toime I’ll know that pigs of whatever nationality is domestic pets—an’ go at the lowest rate.”

He began shoveling again rapidly, speaking quickly between breaths.

“Rules may be rules, but you can’t fool Mike Flannery twice wid the same trick—whin ut comes to live stock, dang the rules. So long as Flannery runs this expriss office—pigs is pets—an’ cows is pets—an’ horses is pets—an’ lions an’ tigers an’ Rocky Mountain goats is pets—an’ the rate on thim is twinty-foive cints.”

He paused long enough to let one of the boys put an empty basket in the place of the one he had just filled. There were only a few guinea-pigs left. As he noted their limited number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

“Well, annyhow,” he said cheerfully, “’tis not so bad as ut might be. What if thim dago pigs had been elephants!”

[END OF QUOTING]

Are YOU going to be “just glad” pigs aren’t elephants and continue your journey in Flatland? I wonder!

For you adventurous brethren, please come within our workshops and find out about the miracles of living and find that actually Pigs ain’t pigs at all. We can PROVE to you, for instance, that the body you know nothing (really) about gets it calcium from silicon. And, unless you learn these things—be VERY glad pigs are not elephants!

Salu.

Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn

## CHAPTER 1

REC #1 HATONN

FRI., AUG. 11, 1995 7:25 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 360

FRI., AUG. 11, 1995

### SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS

In the Valley of Shadows—WHAT makes the light that offers ability for shadows? Shadows in themselves PROVE sunlight. You cannot see and recognize LIGHT for it is transparent—you can only see the impact and recognize that it is there by its signs and symptoms. Can you not look at life and God with the same recognition? Must you look at a tornado (now spawned by man) and see it as God’s dastardly deed? What of the sunlight which gives LIFE to all things and honor to HIM for his wondrous PRESENCE?

What of “me”, this Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn? Do I not serve the GOOD of living presentation? Do I not share all that I AM and that I hold in my coffers of knowledge WITH YOU? Do I not offer the way BACK unto GOD’s brilliance? Am I not a simple journalist, philosopher and, hopefully, teacher? Are not my “tracks” everywhere you turn? You find my fingerprints on everything you see for I am representative of the “ages” wherein our passing fingerprints are remaining, yours and mine. It matters not, friends, whether or not I wear blue jeans, a golden robe, an airman’s jumpsuit, a head of hair or feathers.

### AFFILIATIONS

I am a bit badgered by you who ask or state that I support someone as Ronn Jackson and his New Republic set up somewhere in the out-back of “New Mexico”, and you think Jackson may just be a fraud or worse and go forth and claim an army with guns and swords—for “he threatens to do-in the Government”. Number one, I also support YOU and your choices as your RIGHT to do whatever you do—but I will not HELP you accomplish the negative things which are against God’s Laws and those of THE CREATION. There is a difference. How much have YOU grown? Cannot we recognize that wisdom comes in bits and pieces and give Ronn Jackson recognition of growth? Are YOU beginning a Republic of independence under the *Constitution* of your once-free nation? Then why bash Mr. Jackson who is willing to give up his own laid-back living to serve YOU?

Mr. Jackson has grown to SEE and KNOW that taking up arms against the beast is not the way to go. He sees and knows that the Beast must be entangled in his own traps and starved by his own greed and worthlessness. When the beast tangles with the dragon it will be a sight to behold so you will certainly need the guidelines which can come from the Out-back of New Mexico or from our meagre hold on wisdom. Neither of these anti-Christ *physicalists as in “beast” and “dragon”* can be “shot” with sling-shot, arrow, or laser particle beam and fall. They may well do these things to one another until one gives up—but the weapons of war are not the weapons which will destroy your enemies of Beast and Serpent Dragon. TRUTH SHOWN IN THE SUNLIGHT OF DAY, SEEN AND KNOWN BY MANKIND DEMANDING TO BE FREE AND WELL AND WHOLE, SHALL FINALLY RULE THE DAY—

AND THE NIGHTTIME. Night-time? Ah, readers, it is not devoid of light in your night—only dimmed that you might rest or recycle in appropriate cycles of sleep and consciousness. No, consciousness is NOT present in your normal sleep—SUBCONSCIOUS IS PRESENT AND FUNCTIONING WHILE YOU SLEEP—BUT IT IS ALSO ABSORBING THAT WHICH IS NOT BEST FOR YOUR STATE OF WELL-BEING IF IT IS BEING FED THE INCORRECT FOOD FOR YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS!! Consciousness, UNFORTUNATELY, is governed by your EGO which plays all sorts of tricks on your being. I like to compare the Id with that of IDiot in most instances. Why not deal with REALITY and relate your GOD with GOD? Would you not rather LIVE in the Golden LIGHT of GOD than dwell with the twin servants of the Evil Empires and their dim(witted) gods who are clever and shrewd beyond description but as unworthy of goodness as the darkness itself when finally devoid of all light? That void of total darkness (the total absence of Light [God]) is called HELL! Hellfire and brimstone? I don't know much about that circumstance but whatever happens to such as “body” mechanical is NOTHING compared to that AGONY experienced by SOUL in that VOID WITHOUT GOD. I DO know about soul!

Mr. Jackson's team is just fine with me for he claims to wish to build up through the things that now exist without confrontation of arms and war. I FULLY SUPPORT THAT STANCE AS I HAVE PLEADED LONG HOURS FOR YOUR JOURNEY TO INCLUDE WISDOM AND FREEDOM. It is up to you who go forth to share that wondrous building who must also understand this wisdom and brotherhood and lay down your weapons and take up pen and freedom if this shall prevail. My own “mission” as such requires that relatively small input of what you call funds to set small examples of industry and business so that you can see and build honorable ventures in equality and industry. You cannot have freedom, ever, if you cannot support your selves and families. You must come to recognize the difference in Charity and Welfare. No man, woman or beast should go without attending in times of need—but EVERY man, woman and beast must contribute in a positive manner to his well-being. Charity is that which offers HELP to a man who is “down”—Welfare is that which takes a man and pulls him down and keeps him there.

You do not need to FIGHT (as in war) with the system to stay Godly and live well within it. The “MARK of the Beast” is borne on the SOUL, not the body. There is NO MARK which can be placed on body that has to so much as touch your SOUL. However, that illness which you might bear on SOUL certainly is represented by your body! When your body, mind, soul and being resonate with the vibration of God—there is NO THING that can touch you from the evil empire. Energy and Light pour forth as Radiance from that which is God and Cosmos. Take that gift offered in total freedom for use and blossom in that wonderment. I LIVE in that radiance and so, too, can you.

THE SECRET OF LIGHT, PART 8 (Circa 1935)  
by Georges Lakhovsky

[QUOTING:]

CHAPTER VII  
NATURE OF RADIANT ENERGY

*[What is Radiant Energy? Ionization and Conductivity; Deep Radiation and Cosmic Waves;*

*Universion; Solar Radiation and Photolysis.]*

In the preceding Chapters I have shown how the sense of orientation in animals could be accounted for and how living cells were centers of radiation. I now propose to consider the origin of these radiations.

Bearing in mind the relationship existing between radiation of healthy cells and oscillatory disequilibrium occurring in diseased conditions, I set out to reinforce this cellular oscillation by means of my high frequency oscillator, thus producing an extensive range of ultra-short waves susceptible of interfering with cosmic waves and of absorbing any excess of their output.

The existence of these interference waves is of the utmost importance for it seems clear that only certain waves of a frequency comparable to that of waves emitted by the cells can have an influence on the radiations of the latter.

In developing my theory I was faced with the problem of the origin of the energy necessary for the production and maintenance of cellular oscillations. Is it a question of chemical energy produced in living beings by internal radiations? Or is it an internal energy of physical, thermal or luminous nature? It does not seem probable, *a priori*, that it is a question of internal energy, any more than the electric battery, the steam engine or the dynamo, possess an energy of their own. Is it then a question of energy of external origin? In point of fact it is actually a question of external cosmic radiation which astrophysicists have described as penetrating rays or cosmic rays which we shall consider in due course.

In order to ascertain the origin of this energy, I devised the following experiment, similar to former experiments when plants artificially inoculated with cancer were treated by means of high frequency electromagnetic radiation which absorbed any excess in the output of cosmic waves at their maximum intensity. In this experiment I purposely dispensed with the local source of energy, that is to say, the Oscillator. **[H: Note that I have been trying to get you people on your toes and get those fields “treated” in this manner. Perhaps these writings will give you more insight as to what to do THIS Fall as you prepare and plant. I know that funds are short but it takes so little IF YOU WILL JUST GET IT DONE! There is a time for each and all things and Spelta must “winter” so that the cosmic rays are sufficiently focused and the energy must be poured forth in HARMONY. Yes indeed the carbon product added is imperative, but so too are the minerals which sustain the frequencies. Then, you must plant thickly so that the product plant might deny the weeds and thistles the light of the heavens when their own season of growth is come. The fields must be given the help at onset of planting and growing—and then denied the thistles and unwanted plants of Spring. The weeds will take up the energy of that which is around them so it would be better that the desired plants bear frequencies in which the new weed seedlings cannot resonate and survive. You SHOULD have crops which have no weeds—not weeds that offer no crop as you now find. Your FARMERS must have the most talent and interest and attend in almost blind passion, their fields. This is not, thus far, what you have. Will money fix that fact? NO, money only allows for expansion and availability of “things”, not passionate self-investors. These things, however, are your choices for I am only to present the “way” and you shall do that which you will.]**

I took a series of geraniums previously inoculated with cancer, and placed them in separate pots. A month later when the tumors had developed, I took one of the plants at random which I surrounded with

a circular spiral consisting of copper and measuring 30 cm. in diameter, its two extremities, not joined together, being fixed into an ebonite support. (An oscillator of this kind has a fundamental wavelength of about 2 meters and picks up the oscillating energy of innumerable radiations in the atmosphere.) I then let the experiment follow its natural course during several weeks (Plate IV). After a fortnight I examined the plants. I was astonished to find that all my geraniums or the stalks bearing the tumors, were dead and dried up with the exception of the geranium surrounded by the copper spiral, which has since grown to twice the height of the untreated healthy plants (Plates V and VI). (See next pages for IV, V, & VI)

**[H: To you who would DO these things, does it become apparent WHY I badger you? You are entering a time of such intense radiation that you are going to have to use these methods of propagation and growing systems THAT UTILIZE THE COSMIC RADIATION RATHER THAN PERISHING IN THE INTENSE LIMITATIONS. My thrust, in addition, is to offer the internal substances which offer BODY the raising of tolerance for radiation to be able to survive the cosmic rays AND utilize the food products grown in such manner as offered. You are moving into a time of such massive radiation as to kill off life. You cannot sustain selves in your denutrientized state without the necessary minerals to bear the currents being thrust upon you. When you are radiant in self—you can cast off, naturally, all bombardments of the Extra-Low-Frequency waves. In fact, you will find that you simply use those ELF's as communications waves. I am come that we might INTEGRATE information—not dump salvation on your bean-ies.]**

What conclusion may we deduce from these results? That the copper spiral must have picked up external radiations, atmospheric radiations, and that it created an electromagnetic field which absorbed any excess of cosmic waves in the same manner as the oscillator in my previous experiments. The corollary of this conclusion is that the atmosphere must be permeated with radiations of all wavelengths and intensities, owing to constant and innumerable electrical discharges. Further more, we know that all types of electromotors and most electrical appliances create in the atmosphere a whole field of permanent auxiliary waves.

plate IV

plate V

plate VI

Again, during the past few years wireless stations have sprung up to such an extent that there is no detectable gap in the gamut of these waves. In such circumstances it follows that any oscillating circuit of any dimension and of any shape may find, in this vast field of waves, its own particular wave which will enable it to oscillate normally. It is now clear that in order to attain this end it is unnecessary to have recourse to a generator emitting local waves, such as the Radio-cellulo-oscillator, with which I treated the inoculated geraniums in the course of my first experiments.

The question that naturally thrusts itself before us now is how do the oscillating circuit and the Radio-cellulo-oscillator act on the cosmic waves? As we shall see in due course, it is the cosmic waves which create and maintain life by making the cellular circuit oscillate. Similarly, all electromagnetic waves, light, heat, electrical discharges, X-rays, ultra-violet rays, radio-active rays, etc., possess the property of reacting upon one another and upon cosmic waves. *Experience has taught us that the intensity of cosmic waves is not constant, but is maximal at night towards midnight and minimal towards mid-day, as the diurnal radiations of light diminishes their intensity. These variations are detrimental to the maintenance of the oscillatory equilibrium of cells and may give rise to disease and death.*

Owing to the action of the Radio-cellulo-oscillator or simply of the oscillating circuits which pick up the radiating energy in the atmosphere, and owing to the electromagnetic field thus created, excess of cosmic waves is absorbed.

In the following pages we shall discuss the nature of cosmic waves and how they affect the conditions of living beings.

### IONIZATION AND CONDUCTIVITY

Let us first remark that the subject of cosmic radiation will be made clearer if we bear in mind the following well-known fact. If a gold leaf electroscope, thoroughly insulated and placed under an airtight glass container, is charged, it will be noticed, after a certain time, that a progressive discharge takes place. If the experimental conditions are kept constant this discharge is stabilized and the wastage stops. (In certain experiments at the end of four days.) On the other hand, if the air is charged or if a fresh supply of air is introduced, the wastage continues. It seems fairly obvious that the enclosed air in the field of the electroscope should become electrified. If the air is renewed the new atmosphere must become electrified in its turn to the detriment of the electric charge of the apparatus, which explains the observed wastage.

It has also been observed that this wastage increases in proportion as the pressure increases. It is clear that the insulating powers of the atmosphere must decrease as pressure increases [*E. Y. Editor's note: You technical readers knowledgeable about the area of high voltage electrical breakdown of gases will recognize the limited view and actual error in this particular statement but this was made in the 1920s when our understanding of this subject was in its infancy.*]. The mass of conducting material and the number of molecules enclosed in a given volume function in direct relation to the pressure [*within certain parameter ranges only*].

Many scientists have studied this phenomenon, notably Gietel, Wilson and Campbell. Their observations have led them to conclude that the air was rendered conductive owing to a special cause, this is what is known as the phenomenon of **spontaneous ionization**.

In order to ascertain the causes of this ionization scientists have investigated the influence of radio-active radiations emanating from the walls of the container and depending on the nature of these walls. In short, they have determined the nature and manifestations of all the influences involved and have observed the following phenomena.

***The spontaneous ionization of air placed in an airtight container (washed and polished) is***

*not constant. It varies with the time of day and attains a maximum towards midnight.* Variations of ionization show a marked similarity to variations of intensity observed in the propagation of waves, and, conversely to variations of natural electromagnetic phenomena, known as “atmospherics”.

**[H: I would interrupt here to point out some very important things about your HABITS. The ideal circumstance is for these rays to be renewing your own patterns AS YOU SLEEP and while your own astral being is doing whatever it is doing. This is a REFUELING of LIFE ENERGY to be utilized on “the next day” and so on. When you do not allow this “refueling” you will spiral, perhaps slowly—but surely, downward into negative ranges of energy. Some people prefer to WORK during those hours of intake of higher cosmic energy because they have learned to UTILIZE that boost. However, it is better in ALL circumstances to be able to absorb that energy in proper sequence lest you be unable to find “energy” to fully function in the daylight hours. It is worthy of consideration for when mankind reversed or scattered the “sleep” time through shifts it became like the laying chickens who can’t tell day from night through artificial lighting. You as humans are created to have cycles of “night” and “day” for optimum capability of mind function. If you mess up that sequence you do great disservice to brain function and emotional stability.]**

Lastly, and this is still more remarkable, after diminishing slightly in intensity up to the height of about 500 - 700 meters above sea-level, the intensity increases more and more with the altitude. Spontaneous ionization increases rapidly with altitude, thus at 5,000 meters it is seven times greater than at the earth’s surface. **[H: I note that somewhere in the altitude of 4,000 feet above sea-level you should be able to utilize these wondrous bits of information to maximum extent. Brothers, if you put only half a loaf into the work you would succeed in some locations. There was a REASON that some areas are considered the HUB of societal well-being and you are now moving back to recognize some of those “hubs”. MAN feeds off the ENERGY available in these places for those come before have made sure the elemental foundation is present. I am quite sad to witness a WAITING for input instead of a searching in the right places for these pieces of information. You blame your governments? No, that is a lie in the making. YOU fail to search and find the RIGHT things for your physical, and thus your spiritual, journey in truth.**

For instance, just yesterday in the news came discussion about a drug which would act on a “gene” which causes obesity. I am not here to argue the point, I am here to suggest that instead of asking me to offer you that substance in great secret up-front lead of product to you-the-people, nobody has bothered to offer me the information as is even offered on your non-news. No one comes and says, “They have found that substance (drug) XYZXX silences that Gene XXXXYZ and all the world eats its plague-producing garbage without getting fat.” I am not your monitor and miracle giver. I would, however, if given information which you claim to desire having in like manner, use offered information to formulate or speak on such a subject. **YOU ARE GOING TO START DOING YOUR SHARE OR YOU ARE NOT GOING TO GET MY INPUT ON SUCH MATTERS.** You, as a species, need to do something about your weight load, possibly, but it is not my business what you carry around on your poor insufficient legs. I further am disgusted with the vomiting and spewing in unbalanced mind to have a slim outline of figure. Are you ones totally insane? You want, want, want—and do not want to do that which is reasonable and workable from a very natural standpoint. No, you want me to bring to you miracles that

require **NO RESPONSIBILITY OF ACTION ON YOUR PART. NO THANK YOU!** Bring me information in full and I shall give back that which you request—not until. So, how do you achieve a desired shape and form? By bringing self under control and stop the idiocy of skeleton-appearance. You were **MADE** to be round and whole. No, I did not say “fat”, however, but moderation in all things seems to work well and, moreover, the reshaping is only holding a requirement of your self-control and attending healthy patterns in all things. Just as the mind is that which is thought—so too is the body that which you intake. It matters not to me what you “look like” for I deal with **MIND** and **SOUL** and the ability to attain the highest status of both—I weary of your focus on your mechanical-physical houses. I offer substance which can perfect your houses, keep you in total good health and raise your consciousness as well as your sub-consciousness. I am not going to produce that which will allow you to abdicate your responsibilities of, at the least, attending some knowledge of these things if you would use them. **GOD MAY WELL PROVIDE—BUT YOU DECIDE.]**

### PENETRATING RADIATION

We are thus brought naturally to the point of conceiving the existence of an extra-terrestrial radiation, coming from the sun, for example, or else from other sources. This radiation has been given the name of *penetrating radiation*.

Such a radiation plays a part in the progressive ionization of the atmosphere. As we have already learned, the intensity of a cosmic field increases with the altitude. It is natural to assume that these two phenomena are intimately related and are due to the same cause. This hypothesis is confirmed by the existence of a conducting atmospheric layer, known as the Heaviside layer [*the Ionosphere*], and situated at a height of 80-100 kilometers above the earth’s surface. This zone is familiar to all radio engineers. [The Heaviside layer is now generally known as the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, and is said to be ionized by the sun’s rays. It has been held to account for “fading” of wireless signals. (Translator’s notation.)]

Whence comes this radiation, this energy? Does it come from the sun, the immediate source of all energy on earth? It seems probable. Does it come from other stars—more or less distant? It is quite possible. But, in any case, one fact is certain, this radiation exists.

### SOLAR RADIATION AND PHOTOLYSIS

**[H: I will interrupt here to remind all of you ones about that old argued-over “Photon Belt”. I welcome the foolish taunting of such as those who poo-poo the idea of goggles at ready and the laughing ridicule of such learned men as would be LEADERS for you-the-dumb-people in their self-acclaimed WISDOM of ego-tripping. YOU ARE IN THE PHOTON BELT! In some places the eyes are being actually burned out—literally as to vision while the eyeball itself is seared over. But this is not the reason for the EMERGENCY measures. REMEMBER: OPPENHEIMER, ET AL., FEARED THE ATOMIC BOMB MIGHT WELL IGNITE THE RADIATION BELT AROUND YOUR PLANET AND YOUR PLANET WOULD BE IONIZED!! Well, if the radiation belt is ignited by any of your new toys such as particle beams and frequency lasers, you will have a mess upon you and the resulting LIGHT, even if it “seems” dark, WILL BURN OUT YOUR EYES TO VARYING DEGREES—AND PERMANENTLY IF THE CHAIN**























































































































































































