

Text 38 About: “The secrets of Dr. Taverner”



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38.1. Introduction

Fortune 's book : 'The Secrets of Dr. Taverner '. According to the author, all the stories mentioned in it actually happened. They are set in London during the first decades of the last century. This medically trained Dr. Taverner claimed to be able to help patients where others failed. His methods were unusual and had a paranormal and even a magical aspect. That is why they were hardly, if at all, replicable by others. They were his 'secrets'. Hence the title of the book.

We have summarized each story in about four pages and provided some explanations. The original Dutch-language book has 195 pages and is a translation from English.

The stories are captivating, particularly educational, and contain many religious and philosophical themes that lend themselves to deeper exploration. That is what we have sought to do in this text. It appears to us that not everyone is familiar with the atmosphere and characteristics of Doctor Taverner 's method. Therefore, we have wanted to explain the necessary presuppositions that lead to a better understanding of each story individually. In particular, we wanted to contrast Taverner 's magical method , which works with energies from a pre-Christian, pagan religion, with the power emanating from a dynamically understood Christianity.

Furthermore, this text is not really intended to be read in one sitting. One will benefit much more from it if one allows each story to sink in a little and tests it against the worldview one holds personally. We intended to inform, not indoctrinate. It is up to the reader to judge what value all this may have in their own life. We wish them every success in this quest.

38.1.1. On 'secret societies'

Initiatory groups or secret societies ¹exist. Lodges are present in many countries and count politicians and influential businessmen among their members. It is claimed that some of these societies are even anarchistic in nature and strive for power over economic, political, and military affairs on a global level in a hidden, occult manner. The ordinary man in the street who hears that the world is supposedly governed in this way will certainly not be pleased. "My kingdom is not of this world," Jesus already stated, and during his temptation in the desert, it was Satan who said that he would give Jesus

¹See also the book: *De homo religiosus* , on this website, Chapter 5.3. *Occult initiations*

all the kingdoms of this world if Jesus would worship him, Satan. From the light of Christianity, one understands that the world is shrouded in darkness.

Let us pause for a moment to consider the Illuminati , a secret society founded in 1776. One of their members was Benjamin Franklin, the American scientist, inventor of the lightning rod, politician, and co-author of the American Declaration of Independence. His portrait adorns the hundred-dollar bill. This Declaration of Independence was inspired by the Enlightenment ideas of the 18th century, which posited that man had to liberate himself from his 'immaturity' and from the 'coercion' that religions had imposed upon him for centuries. It is man himself, not the Biblical God, who—in an extremely nominalistic manner—is the bearer of the light of reason, symbolized by the torch of the Statue of Liberty in New York. It was a gift from France, which was equally enlightened at the time, to the United States.

Another society is the Order ' Skull'. and Bones ', a secret society at Yale University in the US, that is said to have originated from the Illuminati . President George W. Bush Jr. is among its members. In an interview about his membership, he replied that this was 'too secret to talk about'. The emblem of this order consists of a skull (the skull) with two crossed bones underneath (the bones) and the number 322. The latter refers to the Bible, *Genesis 3:22*, where we read: “And the Lord said, ‘Now that man has become like one of us in the knowledge of good and evil, I will prevent him from stretching out his hand and also plucking from the tree of life.’” We will come back to this shortly.

The ' Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn', founded in 1887, is also considered part of the Illuminati . Its orientation is unmistakably Luciferian . Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) joined this order in 1898. Once initiated into such secret societies, it is extremely difficult to break free.

38.1.2. Aleister Crowley

The author Serge Hutin called Crowley 'the greatest modern magician' ². As an adolescent, Crowley discovered poker, cigars, alcohol, and especially sex. His mother saw this as an intervention of evil and even went so far as to label her son as the devil himself. She called him 'the beast 666', a reference to *Revelation 13:18* , the last book of the Bible, which states that 666 is the number of the beast, symbolizing all powers directed against Christ. The Apocalypse deals with the end times and the destruction of the world. Crowley

²Aleister Crowley, *Le plus grand des mages modernes*, Marabout, 1973.

embraced this designation and identified with it. In his book, Serge Hutin attempted to justify Crowley 's actions as much as possible.

Crowley became head of the British section of the OTO (Ordo Templis Orientis), the Order of the Templars of the East. In addition to 'the beast 666', he also called himself ' Baphomet ', a kind of antichrist. Later, the OTO split into various rival branches. Crowley evolved from a controversial poet into a figure involved in drug use and sexual magic, constantly seeking supernatural abilities. A TV commentator once described him as 'the high priest of Satanism in England'.

Crowley frequently referred in his writings to Ancient Egyptian mythology as it was known in the late 19th century. He was obsessed with what passed for 'the occult wisdom of ancient Egypt'. In paranormal circles, it is generally accepted that ancient Egypt was a stronghold of black magic.

In 1887, the secret occult-magical society 'The Golden Dawn' was founded. Crowley joined in 1898. Its nature is often considered satanic, with references made, among other things, to the 'mark of the beast' (see Psalm 72:9). Dion Fortune was a member for a short time. That is why we wanted to briefly touch upon the existence of such orders here.

A. Cassiel , author of *Le livre des connaissances prohibited* ³, emphasizes the interconnectedness between the 'gods of darkness' and Crowley 's magic . The term 'gods of darkness' refers to the idea that 'mighty forces' slumber in the unconscious of every human being, controlling humanity. According to some esoteric movements, these forces are ignored and even denied by modern science, yet they are said to remain latently present and can manifest themselves, indeed even with a 'terrifying unpredictability'. This brings us to modern occultism, of which Helena Blavatsky (1831-1891), with her theosophical works including 'Isis Unveiled ', appears to be a central figure.

38.1.3. An Egyptian goddess

The Egyptian goddess Isis was worshipped internationally over time. An ancient temple of Isis was even unearthed in London, demonstrating how widespread her cult was when the Roman Empire occupied part of England.

³A Cassiel, *Le livre des connaissances interdites*, Geneva/Paris, Minerva, 1991. See also on this website, text 3, phenomenology of the sacred, and text 13, forbidden knowledge.

Even today, Isis remains a central figure for a number of occultists who continue to cherish the ancient esoteric traditions of Egypt. This is also true for D. Fortune , who dedicated her novel *The Sea Priestess* (1938) to this powerful goddess.

Experts state that Isis, as a pagan goddess, is hostile towards the Trinity. Our Lady, in particular, is viewed by her with suspicion. Nevertheless, she proceeds cautiously, aware that the Biblical God is invincible and that she, Isis, will face her judgment at the end of time. Let us point out in passing that in the Gospel, possessed people and demons, once confronted with Jesus, ask him whether the end times have arrived. So great do they fear the end of their power.

Like all pagan gods and goddesses, Isis was originally part of God's court and played a role in the administration of the universe. However, their pride led them to turn against the plans of the Biblical God. “ God does not trust even in his servants, and he catches his angels in deviations ,” complains the prophet Job (4:18). Many spirits that are not inherently evil also suffer from this hubris. We see this reflected in the dynamic forces of various pagan religions, as was explained, among others, in *text 46*⁴, ' *Godforsaken*' .

As Christianity loses influence, these forces gain ground. We also see this form of pride among the Illuminati , who, as already mentioned, use the number 322 to refer to *Genesis* 3:22 and to the knowledge of good and evil. No longer do the Biblical God and his Decalogue serve as the norm; instead, man determines what is good and evil for himself in a secularized and autonomous manner. This proud, indeed self-willed, attitude is illustrated in the Book of *Genesis* by the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise. God no longer considers Himself responsible for a humanity that does not wish to know Him. Such a 'demonic' attitude is, as stated above, the rule rather than the exception in many nature religions. This aligns with the greater influence that 'the elements of the world' will acquire and with 'the harmony of opposites' that characterize them. Something we will elaborate on further.

That Egyptian magic still exerts its influence in our time is evident from the following anonymous testimony from the 1990s.

⁴ See text 36 on this website: Chapter 12: Dynamic forces in non-Biblical religions .

38.1.4. Gerald's testimony.

Gerald had a great interest in religion and the paranormal. He was extraordinarily sensitive and repeatedly experienced clairvoyant intuitions. In addition, he took philosophy classes from a clairvoyant professor. After the classes, a small group often stayed to chat with the professor. One day, the Egyptian goddess Isis came up in conversation. In that small group, Gerald subsequently stated unequivocally that he had memories of past lives in which he repeatedly served as a priest in her service. Moreover, he had recently summoned her, which means that she appeared to him in a subtle, matter-like form and as a mist. He was visibly proud of this achievement.

The professor, however, looked at him with particular concern and warned that this was not without danger, because ISIS was hostile towards the Trinity.

Shortly afterwards, Gerald was involved in a serious car accident. The emergency services were astonished that he survived and had sustained only a concussion. Later, he told the small group that, while still trapped in his car, he had seen a subtle, luminous bell jar appear above him. This protected him from the evil that was lurking within the darkness but could not penetrate the jar. At the very top, he saw a radiant white light, in which he believed he recognized Our Lady.

When he asked the professor what he perceived of it, the latter confirmed: "I see it too, just as you describe it. I also see that your aura had sustained a tear at that time. Fortunately, your repeated prayers to Our Lady and to the Trinity protected you from those evil influences during this vulnerable moment." All this made Gerald think even more.

Years later, we lost contact with Gerald, until we received the news of his death completely unexpectedly. He had died in an accident. We asked the professor what he thought of it, and especially what he saw mantically. The professor concentrated for about ten long seconds, and then broke the silence.

"Notwithstanding my warnings about the mighty but treacherous Isis, I see that Gerald has continued to call upon her in silence," he said, "but on the other hand, through these lessons he came increasingly under the influence of the Trinity. And the goddess Isis could not tolerate that. Therefore, she wanted to withdraw him from that influence and called him to her prematurely by causing him to perish."

“Will that goddess be able to hold him in her grip forever then?” we asked worriedly.

“No, certainly not,” answered the professor decisively. “Now that he is in the other world and has acquired a sound and logically considered religious formation, he feels that the energy of the Trinity is much purer, much more pleasant, and much more powerful than what the Egyptian goddess can offer him. I foresee that he will gradually break free from her grip more and more, and that in the near future he will definitively choose the Trinity.”

However, such a detachment from a pagan goddess is not self-evident, and successful influence by such beings is much more frequent than one thinks, especially in its consequences.

A priest expert relates: “I saw a man die who was drawn to occultism on the one hand, and shunned it like the plague on the other. He was the son of a sacristan, and he had been baptized. But actually, they shouldn't have done that. In the distant past, in a previous existence, he was a member of a secret society to which the Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate (284-285) also belonged. The society demanded that its members very consciously and willingly renounce Christianity. But such initiations concern the soul and are, in principle, valid for eternity. Practically, it is extremely difficult to undo that afterwards. So that man had become a member of that late Roman system, and the beings associated with it no longer want to let them go. They would much rather have him die than run the risk that he might convert to Christianity and thus evolve to a higher energetic level. So, after all those centuries, such a person remains in the grip of that secret society. And that happens much more often than one might think.” thinks. Such a secret society has not only an earthly organization, but also invisible guardian spirits, who ensure that their members do not make the mysteries of the lodge and their secret rites public. Whoever does so risks their life. You find something of this in the second story of Fortune : The Return of the Ritual.

38.1.5. It is written in the stars.

In the fourth story, ' The Soul That Did Not Want to Be Born', we read that Dr. Taverner resorts to astrology. He says of the main character in that story (p. 60): “I have drawn up her horoscope and towards the end of the month she will have a planetary conjunction. This could well be a fine opportunity to clear her karma, at least if we can get her to accept it.”

Whoever engages with astrology comes under the influence of the beings connected to the constellations. They situate themselves within what we will refer to later in the text as ' the harmony of opposites' . These beings respond to the curiosity of those who consult them, but they do not feel bound by a conscientious Christian ethic. They act independently, entirely outside the domain of the Holy Trinity. Nevertheless, they are very powerful and wield considerable influence.

Biblical tradition has always warned against such astral beings , precisely because they exhibit vain behavior. They wish to determine the fate of humans themselves, without regard for the Holy Trinity and the Decalogue. Let us illustrate this with the following story.

In the book *Les crimes de la pleine lune* ⁵ From Marguerite Gillot, we read the story of the magic egg. ⁶It concerns a young woman who was wronged by an envious cousin in an inheritance dispute. Out of revenge, she decided to seek help from a Gypsy woman who practiced black magic.

The Gypsy woman, brown-skinned and with the necessary pride due to her important role, was clad in a long skirt of red silk and wore silver sandals. She wore a green woolen vest that clung tightly to her full and protruding breasts. Her hair was wrapped in a red and gold veil, and several gold coins formed a necklace around her neck.

From a magical perspective, attention to these external characteristics is not without significance. All cosmetic adornments strengthen the soul body or aura of the one who wears or uses them. Note also the sexual element mentioned here: “her full and protruding breasts” . That sexuality plays a role in magic was already evident from the text about Crowley .

The Gypsy woman took her seat, facing east, and mumbled a prayer in an unintelligible language to the spirits that guide her. Then, in a serious voice, she spoke three words: “ mani “Padme om.” She took an egg and drew the first name of the one who was the target of the curse three times on the shell. Then she mumbled a few more words and concentrated in deep silence for a while. Next, she folded a towel in half, placed the egg in the middle, and closed the towel again. Suddenly, in full rage, she crushed the egg between her hands.

⁵Guillot R., *Les crimes de la pleine lune*, Paris, Editions Alain Lefeuve, 1979, 19.

⁶See also on this site the book: 'Homo Religiosus ' Chapter 7: Manticism and Magic (II) 7.4.3. The Sorcerer's Egg .

When she unfolded the towel, the young woman and the Gypsy woman saw—to their surprise—a chestnut-colored lock of hair in the yolk of the egg.

The Gypsy woman spoke: “It worked. You saw that I crushed the egg in the towel you gave me. You can see for yourself that the cousin’s hairs are in it. I will come back in three weeks.” Then she left.

The young woman continued: “I was initially skeptical and observed everything with a certain suspicion. Yet I am certain that, materially speaking, it was impossible to place that lock of hair in the egg.” She formally recognized the lock of hair as the same color as her cousin’s, but could not explain the phenomenon. Five days after this strange ritual, her relative suddenly called her. She said that she had been feeling unwell for a few days and, because she was bedridden, urgently asked if her cousin would come to visit her.

That happened. To the young woman’s great surprise, her cousin told her that she had fallen ill and had had a disturbing dream the night before: devils with grinning faces surrounded her and cried out: “Thief! Thief! You will not escape your punishment. From now on, you are one of us.” As they spoke, they mocked her. She woke up drenched in sweat and was overcome by fear. She decided to rectify the injustice, ask her cousin for forgiveness, and offer her half of the inheritance. As soon as the young woman accepted her proposal, the cousin recovered.

The Gypsy woman knows the spirits she works with exceptionally well and has subjected them to herself through sexual magic. As a result, her ritual magic initially appears beneficial, but later—sometimes only after years—it turns into the opposite. Experts state that whoever practices sexual magic outside the domain of the Holy Trinity sooner or later becomes saturated and is eventually possessed by these lower beings. This can manifest itself in all kinds of setbacks and psychological problems. After this 'financial benefit,' the young woman can gradually expect a series of misfortunes. Unless she protects herself against the grip of these lower spirits with Trinitarian prayers—prayers to the Holy Trinity.

Such prayers replace 'ceremonial magic'. Astrological influences, waiting for the full moon, buying eggs at an early morning market, and the like thereby become superfluous. One then works not with gods of the external nature, but appeals to the supernatural. The Biblical God correctly indicates the future only to those who serve Him faithfully. *Isaiah 44:25/26* gives us an example of the sifting God carries out in His judgment: “It is I who frustrates

the 'wonder signs' of the seers and makes them ineffective. It is I who makes the soothsayers work like madmen. It is I who causes those who ought to 'know' mantically to retreat and makes their 'science' incomprehensible." That is the true distinction of the 'spirits' that John (*1 John 4:1*) warns us about: "Beloved, do not believe every 'spirit', but test whether the 'spirits' are from God; for many false prophets have gone out into the world".

38.1.6. Two types of subtle energy

In general, there are two major types of subtle energy: extra-Biblical and Biblical. We will delve a little deeper into each type.

The extra-Biblical type is characteristic of many pagan religions. The energy required to solve problems is often generated here through sexual rites. This was explained in detail in text 36, **Godvergeten*^{7*}, in which various non-Biblical religions were discussed with their merits and shortcomings. We therefore do not need to repeat them here and will limit ourselves to a mere reference.

The merits of these religions lie in the fact that they address and solve people's concrete life problems. Many of their followers, for example, attend mass on Sundays and consider Christianity a sublime religion, but for their daily, practical problems, they cannot always turn to it—to put it mildly. Therefore, they turn to their traditional religions, which do address these issues in greater depth.

However, dangers also lurk in these pagan religions. Their solutions are often not definitive and place people under the influence of extra-Biblical beings. These usually have no conscience and act unpredictably. Moreover, these religious practices drain a large part of the necessary energy from their believers themselves. In other words: these religions have a vampirizing effect .

Let us illustrate this with the anonymous testimony of a seer. In a Brussels bookstore, he met a black man. He looked at the stranger attentively and then spoke to him calmly: "I see that your deceased aunt is standing behind you. She loved you very much, but was very strict." A normal reaction would have been to dismiss the seer as a fantasist. But the man listened attentively. He confirmed that what the seer said was true and was delighted to meet someone who could perceive that.

⁷See on this site, text 36, 'Godvergeten', chapter 12. Dynamic forces in non-Biblical religions.

He stated that his name was Yaro , that he was a member of the Scottish lodge, and also an associate of his country's archbishop. He even spontaneously showed his membership card of the Scottish Masonic lodge. The contradiction—simultaneously 'Biblical' and 'pagan'—is astonishing. Next, the seer asked him directly: “Is sexual magic the key to your religion?” Yaro affirmed this, but immediately added that one does not speak openly about it. In his circles, people are still aware of the fact that sexuality is not merely a psychological and sociological phenomenon, as is often thought in the West, but is primarily of an occult nature.

His father was a *hungan* , someone who practiced black magic. Yaro had converted to Catholicism and said that he valued the morality of the Catholic Church. In his milieu, that of the hungans , the boundaries between what is conscientious and what is unscrupulous blur. The consequence of this is that many hungans become insane towards the end of their lives. Their biological and subtle organisms cannot sufficiently process the occult evil in which they live. Their common sense becomes overwhelmed, and they become demented or insane. But in a sense, they already were initially, due to the culture in which they lived. Yaro converted, but at the same time remained in the midst of that harmful environment. He repressed and suppressed it, but did not actually resolve it.

This concludes this testimony.

Next, we will delve into the Biblical Type of energy. This is where the Energy flows from the Trinity: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. It is clear that the Creator of all life is also the original giver of all energy – and thus also of sexuality. God created humankind as male and female, as we read in the Book of Genesis. Therefore, Christianity attributes a very high ethical value to sexual life. This could not be otherwise, for the union between man and woman can lead to the emergence of new, mysterious life. Viewed in the proper context, sexuality is an imitation of and a participation in creation itself. From a specifically Biblical perspective, a correctly understood sexuality is therefore highly valued. Degraded sexuality naturally grossly abuses God's holiness.

A number of seers state that couples, before engaging in love, would do well to briefly think of the Trinity with a short prayer. They are then surrounded by entirely different, more sublime subtle beings. Possibly, at conception, they can then also attract a higher soul and allow it to incarnate.

38.1.7. Dion Fortune

Dion Fortune ⁸, pseudonym of Violet Mary Firth (1890-1946), was perhaps the most famous Welsh occultist of her time. As early as the age of four, she spoke of visions in which she saw Atlantis. This island, whose historicity is unclear, was first mentioned in Plato's dialogues *Timaeus* and *Critias* . According to tradition, this realm suddenly disappeared around 9600 BC due to a large-scale catastrophe.

a childhood friend introduced Fortune to the aforementioned Golden Dawn, an esoteric order with a temple in London that was an offshoot of the Scottish branch of the Golden Dawn. Because she could not identify with this, she left the order after some time. She founded an initiation school within the Western esoteric tradition: the Society of the Inner Light . This angered other members of the Golden Dawn, who felt she was violating her oath by writing about matters subject to the order's secrecy. Some London experts state that Fortune's work bears witness to “an increasing pagan orientation.” She wrote many books on the paranormal world. Sensitives, however, claim that these feel 'heavy,' meaning that the subtle energy is tiring. Her brief membership in the Golden Dawn likely played a role in this.

Her pseudonym 'Dion Fortune' is derived from the family motto 'Deo Non Fortuna' , which means: “By God and not by luck.” She chose an adapted version of this motto as her pen name. Yet nowhere in her works does she appeal to the Biblical God. Nor in her sometimes risky occult work as Taverner's assistant is there any mention of Christian prayer. Her god is therefore decidedly not the God of the Bible and of Christianity, but a lower nature spirit of the 'external nature'. We will clarify this further shortly in the text.

She is said to have received her first occult training from an Irish Freemason, Doctor Theodore Moriarty , whom she likely met at the clinic where she worked. Moriarty died in 1921 and later served as the model for Dr. Taverner in her book *The Secrets of Dr. Taverner*. ⁹ from 1926. In it, she collected her short stories. Fortune assumed the role of the nurse Rhodes in this.

Dr. Taverner , the literary alter ego of Moriarty , was not only medically and psychologically trained but also possessed extensive knowledge of magical practices. He recruited some of his patients from psychiatric institutions and

⁸https://nl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dion_Fortune and https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dion_Fortune

⁹ Fortune Dion, *The Secrets of Dr. Taverner* , Occult novellas, Amsterdam, Gnosis, sd . (// *The Secrets of Dr. Taverner* , SIL Trading Ltd, 1990, or Alliance Press,US . 2000)

was convinced that they could be better helped through occult methods than through strictly medical treatments. Medical science focuses primarily on the biological body, whereas Dr. Taverner also considered the subtle body of his patients. According to him, problems in the latter could have repercussions on the biological body and make it sick. When the subtle body is healed, Taverner believed this automatically has a positive effect on the physical body, which could then heal. He referred a number of psychiatric patients to his private hospital, where he achieved good results using unorthodox, often magical methods.

In the introduction to the book **The Secrets of Dr. Taverner**, Fortune states that she did not dare write down all her experiences because they would seem too implausible. She emphasizes that her stories are often stronger than imagination: “I do not mean to say that everything happened exactly as I tell it,” she states, “but it is all based on facts and none of it is pure imagination. One can take these stories for what they really are: studies on little-known aspects of psychology.”

According to Fortune, however, many of her stories are less unusual than one might think. They are usually not recognized as such by a rather materialistic Western European culture.

In what follows, we have summarized some of these stories and, as already mentioned, provided them with a number of remarks and comments.

Let us give her stories a place within the totality of reality. We can subdivide these into three levels: 'nature', 'external nature', and 'supernatural'. 'Nature' represents the world as everyone knows it. 'External nature' concerns all that is paranormal. Finally, 'supernatural' relates to what is called 'the Holy' in Christianity: the high world of the Trinity, of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

Upon reading Fortune *'s work*, it quickly becomes clear that it is set in the outdoors. As some of her contemporaries already noted, it bears witness to that “increasing pagan orientation.” In the prologue (p. 9), Taverner even expresses this explicitly when he says to Fortune: “The Catholic faith, my dear, is a novelty. What I mean is the pagan form of religion.” And further on (p. 35), we hear him say to someone: “I see from your books that you have the same hobby as I do... the ancient mystery religions. I may also call myself something of an Egyptologist.”

Taverner is apparently referring here to the boundaries within which he applied his method: the religion that preceded Christianity. And that is, of course, a bygone era.

Some seers claim that Fortune was a true witch in her deepest being. She was initiated into the Order of Aleister. Crowley left her afterwards and, importantly, she survived that separation. A witch, in the occult sense of the word, implies that such a person possesses a great deal of subtle energy and can use it for good or evil. In one or more of her previous lives, such a person has undergone an occult initiation. This implies that she entered into a pact with a subtle entity, a being that can provide her with that extra energy. The morality of that entity determines the morality of the witch. Because few remember past lives, witches often do not know themselves that they are witches. Some, however, do have a vague suspicion. "Am I a witch?" a lady wondered, "because every time I curse someone, something bad happens to that person."

Dion Fortune, however, is an honest witch. That honesty stands out when reading her book 'Psychic Self-Defense', published in Dutch under the title 'Psychische zelfverdediging'¹⁰. That it is not really a psychological work is already evident from the subtitle: 'A study in occult pathology and criminality'. She never speaks of Christ himself as a person, but always of the rather vague Christ power. However, this detracts from the supernatural reality and minimizes or denies Jesus' power entirely, a characteristic of many supernatural esoteric movements.

Her honesty is further evident in her testimony regarding the 'vengeance demon', a testimony we will elaborate on later in the text. She initially brought this beast to life in a magical manner, but later realized that this was ethically wrong, after which she absorbed the beast back into herself. Furthermore, in her book *Moon Magic*, she recounts how she summoned the powerful Egyptian goddess Isis. As mentioned earlier, the latter is particularly hostile towards the Christian Trinity.

As mentioned, sensitives claim that Fortune's books feel 'heavy' when reading. Biblically believers will only begin reading that literature after a protective Trinitarian prayer. Generally speaking: all extra-biblical occultism radiates an 'atmosphere', an 'aura', which contaminates, in other words, robs man of God's life force. This robbery occurs for the benefit of 'the gods of

¹⁰ Dion Fortune, 'Psychic Self-Defense', A Study in Occult Pathology and Criminality', Gnosis, Amsterdam, 1937.

darkness' who are always in search of life force. And this is because they have no contact with the source of all life force, the Holy Trinity. That brings us seamlessly to the next theme.

38.1.8. 'The elements of the world'

The term 'the elements of the world' is practically synonymous with the term 'the harmony of opposites'. We will now discuss this.

We have already discussed two types of subtle energy: extra-Biblical or pagan and Biblical.

Experts will say that the first, the pagan, stage is religiously valid. However, it must be supplemented and corrected with supernatural elements. Otherwise, one remains stuck in 'the magic of the nations'. Or, to put it in the words of the Apostle Paul: one remains influenced by 'the elements of the world' ¹¹. These are invisible spirits and forces that control the world in which we live—a world that is anything but ideal or perfect. The Bible clarifies this in the Letter of Paul to the Ephesians 6:10-13: “For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood adversaries—that is, earthly men—but against the principalities, the powers, the rulers of this world of darkness, against the spirits of evil, who dwell in the 'heavenly' realms.” From this passage, it is clear that unsavory beings do not dwell merely in the depths of the earth, but also on and above this earthly world.

The ancient Greek writers Homer , Hesiod , and Plutarch also emphasized this demonic trait of their gods. They proclaimed both truth and falsehood. Therefore, these ancient Greek authors disapproved of this type of piety as an inferior religion. In essence, all non-Biblical higher beings are of the same nature. Depending on their disposition at a given moment, they do good for the person who turns to them one time, and cause harm the next. It is the believers of the many non-Biblical religions themselves who say this of their own gods. Kristensen calls this fickle behavior ¹² 'the harmony of opposites'. He writes: “In deep humility, the great multitude has accepted this demonic reality.” The multitude indeed felt themselves in the grip of those gods. They controlled the fate of mortals. The people had no choice but to resign themselves to this fate.

¹¹See the book: 'Homo Religiosus ', on this website, Chapter 11: The Harmony of Opposites

¹² Kristensen WB, Collected Contributions to the Knowledge of Ancient Religions, Amsterdam, 1947, NV Noord-Hollandsche Uitgevers Mij., 231/290.

Fortune 's stories, we also see Doctor Taverner battling 'the rulers of darkness and their powers ,' but in her prologue she writes: "I have never been able to agree with myself whether Taverner should be called the hero or the villain in these stories. Undoubtedly, he was a man of highly selfless ideals, but in the wondrous psychological method by which he put them into practice, he was absolutely without scruples. Not that he evaded the law; he simply ignored it. And although the sensitivity with which he treated his 'fallen' was an education in itself, he could also use that same wondrous occult method to destroy their souls. He did this just as calmly, methodically, and benevolently as when healing a patient."

To 'calmly, methodically, and benevolently destroy a soul ' is somewhat reminiscent of the dandy. Some recognize something similar in the 007 films, where 'in Her Majesty's service' a secret agent may have intercourse with a lady, to then, legitimized by ' the license to kill ' , to kill cold-bloodedly. Usually, such a murder is followed by a witty but extremely cynical remark.

More than one sensor or seer will say that, for example, TV series like Dallas and Dynasty are clearly demonic. The subtle aura that fills the living room while watching TV is also similar. By analogy with the saying: " Tell me who your friends are, and I will tell you who you are," one could state: "Tell me which TV shows you like, and I will tell you the state of your deeper soul."

It is noteworthy that the English term ' psychic ' does not mean 'psychic', but 'occult'. To say that someone is ' psychic ' means that that person is clairvoyant. The 'miraculous psychological method' that Fortune mentions above must therefore be understood in that context—occult or magical.

On this website, we have repeatedly explained that extra-Biblical religions themselves attest that their gods are unreliable and have no 'conscience'. They make no distinction between good and evil, unlike, for example, the Biblical Decalogue, the Ten Commandments. With regard to Biblical religion, we refer to the Ancient Greek quote: " Estin è sofia , katerchmènè eis therapeian toon Ethnoon "; "It is wisdom that has come down to heal the nations". This quote, which can be read at the bottom of the homepage of this website, forms a concise summary of the power emanating from a correctly understood Christianity—a Christianity that is aware of dynamic forces at work. Incidentally, this is also the major theme of the book * De Homo Religiosus * on this website.

This dynamic vision posits that pre-Biblical religions and the magic of the peoples constitute a valid stage. Their energies must be accepted, purified, and elevated to a Biblical level. Whoever fails to do so robs the Christian religion of its energetic foundation and undermines its supernatural power.

We refer to Luke 8:43-48, where Jesus heals the woman suffering from a hemorrhage. He states that he felt power emanating from him, but also that her faith saved her. It concerns both faith and power; both are necessary. Her faith enables her to open her aura to that power. If there is only faith but no power, the effect fails to occur. Then, as we read in Matthew 5:13: “The salt has lost its savor ¹³.” More than one churchgoer will attest that this power is waning in the church, in contrast to the paranormal effects of the magic of nations , New Age , and—to return to our subject—the occult, magical methods of Doctor Taverner . We will elaborate on all of this in several places. So much for this introduction. Let us now delve into the stories and their presuppositions.



38.2. The vampire: some presuppositions

38.2.1. Hylic pluralism

In virtually all ages and in almost all non-Western cultures, one finds testimonies from people who claim that we not only have a biological body, but also possess a number of subtle bodies, which together form the so-called

¹³See on this site: texts tab, Text 22: The salt of the earth

aura of a human being. This belief is referred to as 'hylistic pluralism'. The word 'Hulè' is Greek for 'matter', while 'pluralism' refers to a multiplicity. 'Hylistic pluralism' therefore literally means: a variety of kinds of matter.

In addition to the observable matter of physics, which is verifiable by everyone, there would, according to this view, also exist subtler, more ethereal forms of substance and materiality. It is asserted that this fine matter forms the basis of the paranormal, the religious, and the occult, and plays a decisive role in everyone's life, particularly in the realm of health and happiness.

So-called sensitives claim to be able to sense this subtle matter. The correct interpretation of processes within this subtle matter is called 'clairvoyance'. Anyone who is also capable of manipulating or transforming this matter is considered a magician. Magicians claim not only to be able to influence a person's health, but also to alter their fate and life path. In so-called white magic, this is done for good, whereas in black magic, it is done for evil.

All archaic, ancient, and classical cultures were (and are) familiar with the concept of fine matter. Ancient Egyptian culture knew it as 'maät', while in the East, they speak of 'prana'. Ancient philosophy used the term 'virtus', whereas the Bible employs the concept of 'Ruah' as one of the many forms of the Holy Spirit. Esoteric schools speak of 'etheric' and 'astral' matter. Fine matter is primarily associated with subtle 'beings', 'entities', 'gods', and 'goddesses' who possess this subtle matter to varying degrees. In some places, this substance accumulates more strongly than in others. Thus, according to the Bible, Mount Sinai (Exodus 3:14) and the burning bush in which Yahweh revealed Himself to Moses were holy places.

The Leiden professor JJ Poortman (1896–1970) discusses the concept of matter within various cultures worldwide at length in his book *Ochêma*, history and meaning of hylistic pluralism¹⁴. Yet, he complains, this theme was and is often suppressed in our culture, while there are more than sufficient reasons to mention the belief in hylistic pluralism. GRS Mead (1863–1933) writes in *The Subtle Body in Western Tradition*¹⁵ that the belief in the existence of a fine substance “one of the oldest persuasions of mankind” is – “one of the oldest beliefs of mankind”.

¹⁴ Poortman JJ, *Ochêma*, History and meaning of hylistic pluralism, Assen, Van Gorcum, 1954, (// History of Hylic Pluralism, Theosophical Society in the Netherlands).

¹⁵ Mead GRS *The subtle body in western tradition*, London, Stuart and Watkins, 1967.

38.2.2. The human aura

We also speak of subtle radiation when we mean the aura. We remind you that, from an occult standpoint, man not only has a biological body but is also surrounded by a series of bodies that become increasingly subtle. Together, they form the aura or radiation of man.

The biological body is first and foremost surrounded by an etheric body, which extends only a few centimeters beyond the physical body. Sensitive people can sense this, and those who possess the gift of clairvoyance can even perceive it. The etheric body normally 'dies' approximately three days after the death of the biological body.

The subsequent subtle body is the so-called astral body. Depending on the evolution of the consciousness of the person concerned, this ethereal body extends from a few decimeters to even a few kilometers beyond the physical body. The astral body is not mortal and, after death, travels to the place or sphere to which it is attuned. It may remain there for a shorter or longer period, after which it usually reincarnates into a new biological body.

Apparently, life involves not only a biological evolution but also an occult one. The ultimate goal of this evolution is a growth towards heightened consciousness and a higher ethic, spanning many incarnations. This growth is reflected in the aura: it not only becomes larger but also much lighter in color. However, the reverse is equally possible. An unethical life—characterized by senseless violence, selfishness, murder, and destruction—causes a person's aura to feel painful and dark. One reaps what one sows. For the clairvoyant, a person is like an open book in which all past life experiences can be read.

38.2.3. Leaving the body

Let us read the testimony of Plotinus (203/269) ¹⁶, a philosopher of the ancient world: “ Often I awaken from my body, awakening to myself. I become an outsider in the face of things, I become present within myself. I see a beauty of wondrous sublimity. At that moment I am certain of having part in a higher world. The life that I then live is the highest. I identify myself with the divine, I am in it. And, once that ultimate act is reached, I establish myself therein. After the rest in the divine, when I fall into contemplation and

¹⁶ See the book on this site: '*Homo Religiosus 6.1.1. Out-of-body experiences without immediate danger*'

reasoning, I ask myself how I could have descended in that manner yet again and how my soul could ever have entered the innermost part of a body . ”

So much for this Neoplatonic philosopher. Apparently, for Plotinus , “falling into thinking and reasoning” is an activity that does not illuminate the full reality. In other words, there is a way of being that transcends “thinking and reasoning” to a great extent. Further on in the text, we will see that Plato (-427/-347), the greatest philosopher of the Western world, with his myth of the cave and his theory of Forms, also speaks of a beauty of a wondrous sublimity. A number of apostates likewise say that, viewed from their position, the world is bathed in darkness. Below we present a testimony from someone who wishes to leave the state in order to seek out this darkness.

J. Teernstra , *Sketches and Stories from Africa ¹⁷*, contains a contribution by a certain Father Trilles , titled: “An Out-of-body Magician.” Trilles was a missionary in Gabon, West Africa. His story is about Ngema , a village sorcerer. Ngema liked to come and talk with Trilles at dusk . He saw in the missionary a white magician and treated him as a colleague who also practiced magic. They often spoke about Ngema's magic and the summoning of spirits.

One evening, Father Trilles asked Ngema if he wanted to go fishing with him.

“Too bad,” said Ngema , “can’t you postpone that for a day?”

“Why?” asked Trilles . “You can come with us, can’t you?”

The 'master' has called us all, my colleagues and myself, together for tomorrow.

“What did you say? Which teacher?”

“Well, the master, I told you. The one who can.” Trilles understood.

Good, and which colleagues are still coming?

Those who live in the vicinity, but also further afield. Some come from thirty days away.

And where is that meeting being held?

Ngema hesitated for a moment.

On the tableland of Yemvi , by the old abandoned mine, four days' journey from here.

Trilles looked surprised.

¹⁷ Teernstra J., *An Emergent Magician , Sketches and Stories from Africa*, Weert, Mission House, 1922, pp. 72/81.

How can you already be at a place four days' journey from here by tomorrow evening? You'll never make it on time.

Ngema looked at him indignantly .

White colleague, can't you wizards travel?

"Certainly, but not like you."

"No, certainly not like me. You know what? You can come over for dinner tomorrow. In the evening, you will see how we, black wizards, travel."

That evening, Ngema became very solemn.

I am starting on it. While I am working, do not disturb me, if you value your life. Any interruption means certain death, for both me and you.

As a test, Trilles asked him, if he was going to Yemvi anyway , whether he could stop by his friend Eseba in Nshong on the way —three days' journey from here, on the road to Yemvi —to ask him to bring back the box of bullets that Trilles had forgotten there. Ngema agreed.

In the evening, he began a series of ritual preparations. He set out idols and kept a fire burning in which fragrant plants and sharp, sweet-smelling wood lay. Then he hummed a monotonous melody—a supplication in honor of the spirits that were to help him. He rubbed his entire body with a red liquid and began to dance slowly around the fire, spinning faster and faster on his axis. For hours.

Then he suddenly stopped.

A sharp hiss came from the ceiling of the hut. Trilles looked up. A large snake coiled downwards, looked him straight in the eye, and moved its venomous tongue back and forth. Trilles understood: this was Ngema's elangela or nahual – his helper spirit ¹⁸.

The snake wrapped itself around Ngema's neck and swayed its head to the rhythm of his magic song. Then Ngema put himself into a deep sleep. The snake also went to rest.

Trilles stayed with him all night . Ngema's body seemed suspended in motion, completely unresponsive. Trilles pulled open one of his eyelids—the eye was white and glazed. He lifted an arm, then a leg. They fell back without any sign of life.

White foam appeared at the corners of his mouth. His heartbeat was barely palpable.

¹⁸See the book *Homoreligiosus* , 10.2, on this site.

In the morning, Ngema awoke convulsively. It took a while before he regained full consciousness.

“There were many of us,” he said, “and we had a good time.”

Trilles was skeptical.

No, you were here all night, in a deep sleep.

“I was not lying on the bed. That was only my body. But what is my body? I was on the plateau of Yemvi .”

Three days later, Esaba arrived at the mission post.

“Father, here are the bullets you had requested through Ngema .”

When was Ngema with you?

Three days ago, at nine o'clock in the evening.

Trilles was surprised.

Exactly at the moment he fell asleep here! Did you see him?

“No, Father. You know we are afraid of spirits passing by at night, don't you? Ngema knocked on my door and delivered the message that way. But I didn't actually see him.”

For Trilles, there was hardly any doubt left: Ngema had been to the meeting. His 'self' had made a journey in a few moments that normally took days. He had acted, listened, and spoken there.

The book in which this story was included even had an Imprimatur— the official approval from the ecclesiastical authorities to print and publish it. This meant that the content did not contradict church doctrine.

38.2.4. Clairvoyance

That same book contains a second contribution by Father Trilles. ¹⁹This time he visited the village of Okala , where the chief—also a sorcerer—foretold his future. Trilles was not very interested, but allowed himself to be summoned nonetheless.

And you, white man, don't you want to know what awaits you soon?

“My dear friend,” I said, “the future matters little to me. It belongs to God. You say that you can read the future, but can you also see the past?”

"Certainly."

Would you like to look into my past, then?

“Yes, please.”

What did I do before I became a missionary?

Smiling, the wizard stoked the fire and blew over it three times in different directions. He hummed an incomprehensible tune—his form of prayer. Then

¹⁹ Teernstra J. Sketches and stories from Africa, Mission House Weert, NL, 1922, p. 168.

he held a small mirror over a pot of water on the fire, so that steam formed on it. He pulled the mirror away and watched the steam slowly dissipate, leaving behind whimsical patterns.

You carried weapons. You were a soldier.

"How long?"

For so long."

And before I became a soldier?

The same ritual was repeated.

You read many books. You wrote. You were in the same house with many children.

Do you see the house too?

Yes, it is very big.

Do you see my bed?

Yes, at such and such a place.

How many brothers and sisters do I have?

"So much."

How many children do my sisters have?

"So much."

All his answers were correct.

What is my mother doing right now?

She weeps.

"And my father?"

Your father? He lies in a big coffin underground. He is dead.

Ho ho , friend, this time you are mistaken! Less than two weeks ago I received a letter from him.

He is dead.

I left. I'd had enough. But an anxious premonition kept haunting me.

A week later, upon arrival at my mission post, I found a letter. The message was sad: my father had passed away.

38.2.5. A thought form

The French writer Jean Marques- Rivière (1903/2000) , *A l'ombre des monastères Thibétains* ²⁰speaks of so-called ' kasyas '. Kasyas are the subtle result of concentrated thoughts. For example, the novice monk must attentively observe geometric figures such as squares and circles, meditate on them, indeed "become one with them". This is maintained until, they claim, the mental image forming in the mind of the novice monk becomes so strong that there is no longer any difference at all between seeing those figures before oneself, with the eyes open, or 'seeing' those figures with 'the

²⁰ Rivière JM, *A l'ombre des monastères Thibétains*, Paris, Attinger, 1930, 177.

mind', that is, with the eyes closed (the qualitative aspect). Because in their conviction material figures are impermanent, and thought forms are not, the Tibetans, among others, say that the material world is merely an illusion, and that true reality is situated in the world of thought forms. And that is eternal.

Alexandra David- Neel , a French woman who acquired the title of 'lama' in Tibet, describes in her book *Magic and Mystery in Tibet's* ²¹experiment with visualizing a monk through thought concentration. In the Tibetan tradition, such an appearance is known as a ' tulpa' —a magical form created by mental power. This practice is considered dangerous because a tulpa can break free from the control of its creator.

David- Neel created a fat, innocent monk and locked herself away for months to visualize him. Eventually, the monk became lifelike and even accompanied her on her travels. He seemed to act independently and was perceived by others as a real person. Gradually, his appearance and behavior changed: he became hunched over, angrier and more mocking, and began to disturb her peace. When the situation became unbearable, David- Neel tried to destroy him. This proved to be a severe mental struggle of six months, but eventually she succeeded in making the tulpa disappear. She emphasizes that her experience was not merely hallucinatory, as others also saw the thought form.

This thought brings to mind once again Plato's famous cave myth and his theory of forms.

38.2.6. Something about Platonic ideas

We refer here to Plato (427–347 BC), the greatest philosopher of the West, and his work **The Republic** , in which the famous cave myth is included. The essence of this myth is the contrast between the perishable world in which man lives and the imperishable world of timeless, absolute ideas. These 'ideas' or 'forms' represent the essence of everything that exists. In other words: everything in the material world is merely an imperfect reflection of its true idea.

Let us summarize the myth: “In a cave, prisoners sit chained so that they can see only the back wall. Behind them is an intense light that illuminates

²¹David Neel A., *Magic and mystery in Tibet*, London, Unwin paperbacks, 1939 ⁻¹, 1965, 219 (//Mysticism and magic in Tibet, Amsterdam, Gnosis, 1941)

this wall. Just outside the cave, people walk past with all kinds of objects. The prisoners can see only the shadows of these on the wall and regard these as the true reality. Now suppose that a prisoner breaks his chains and turns around: initially, the bright light will blind him. Gradually, his eyes adjust, and he begins to see the distinction between the shadows—which he previously regarded as reality—and the much richer, real world outside the cave.”

In order to label the visible world as a realm of shadows, Plato must have somehow been aware of a reality that far surpasses our daily experience. He saw – to use his own terms – the connection and resemblance between the shadow image (earthly reality) and the higher reality behind it, which causes the shadow image.

We could call this overwhelming reality, which creates shadows, the world of Platonic ideas. In this traditional sense, an idea is not merely a human concept, but rather the deepest essence of all that exists. Plato himself expresses it as follows: “If you ever behold that idea, then gold and splendid garments, as well as the finest boys and youths, will appear to you as nothing.”

This shows that he himself sensed or 'perceived' something of those ideas, which points to a certain mantic giftedness. For Plato, ideas are essentially divine: earthly things are formed after a transcendental, eternal model or embodiment. This model animates material things with a subtle life force, making them a reflection of that higher reality. Without these archetypes and the energy contained within them, the material world simply could not exist. According to this view, everything – including man – is constructed according to these ideas.

When a thought or content of consciousness is held long enough (the quantity), the accumulated energy can acquire a certain independence (the quality) and leave the aura as a constructed thought form. This thought form then wanders around in space, in search of like-minded vibrations (*similia*). *similibus*). When someone else harbors a similar thought, their aura opens and they unconsciously absorb this thought form. Often, one does not realize that the thought comes from outside and believes it to be an inspiration of their own.

This once again underscores the importance of conscious thinking. Whoever constantly focuses on sadness and adversity will eventually attract it. Conversely, whoever cherishes joyful thoughts will strengthen and radiate

them. This is reminiscent of a kind of divine judgment or the Matthew effect . As stated in the Bible (Matthew 13:12): “Whoever has, to him will be given, and he will have abundance; but whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken away from him.”

We will return to this later. The idea that sustained thoughts can even create a form of life is strikingly illustrated in the following two stories. Conclusion: Man is responsible for the world of ideas that he 'generates' around himself.

38.2.7. The Revenge Demon by Dion Fortune

Let us read D. Fortune , *Psychic Self-Defense* ²²Dion Fortune's story ' The Creation of a Vengeance Demon' describes how her intense feelings of revenge unintentionally bring an ethereal being, a wolf-like demon, to life. Driven by anger after an unjust experience, she experiences a partial out-of-body experience from her ethereal body. As a result, her thought of revenge materializes as a tangible entity beside her.

When she realizes what she has created, she is filled with horror. Her magic teacher explains that the creature is a thought form, connected to her via an ethereal umbilical cord. If she does not let go of her feelings of revenge, the demonic being could become independent and act. Fortune realizes that she must make an ethical choice: destroy the creature by unleashing her rage or allow it to persist with potentially dangerous consequences.

She decides to recall the creature and absorb it into herself via the silver cord, a process that requires great willpower and imagination. As the creature dissolves, she endures a fierce inner struggle but ultimately overcomes her aggressive impulses. In doing so, she illustrates the psychic and magical importance of ethical purification and self-control.

38.2.8. Visualizing a monk.

Alexandra David- Neel , author of *Magic and Mystery in Tibet* ²³, achieved the status of 'lama' in Tibet, a title rarely bestowed upon Westerners and even more exceptionally upon women. In her book, she describes her experiments

²² Fortune D., *Psychic Self-Defense, a Study in Occult Pathology and Criminality*, Amsterdam, Gnosis, 1937, 73-76, See also on this site the book: *De Homo Religiosus* 7.4.1. A Vengeance Demon

²³David - Neel A., *Magic and Mystery in Tibet*, London, Unwin paperbacks, 1939-1 · 1965, 219 (//*Mysticism and Magic in Tibet*, Amsterdam, Gnosis, 1941). See also on this site the book: *'Homo Religiosus '*, 7.2.4. A thought moves freely .

with the Tibetan practice of tulpas — thought forms created through intense concentration that can seemingly take on a life of their own.

David- Neel visualized a stout, good-natured monk and used meditation and rituals to bring him to 'life'. After a few months, the tulpa appeared to be a full member of her company, visible to both herself and her servants. He exhibited his own behavior and even began to initiate physical interactions, such as gentle touches. Sometimes this phantom is called “a rebellious son,” and one occasionally hears of a mysterious battle between the magician and his creature, in which the former is sometimes seriously wounded or even killed by the latter. The fat, stout friend walked increasingly stooped, and his face betrayed a vaguely mocking and angry look. He grew older and balder. In short, he escaped my control. Eventually, his presence began to get on her nerves, and he became an unwanted burden. The process of 'taking him back' proved difficult: only after six months of intense mental effort did she succeed in absorbing the tulpa back into herself, just as Fortune had done with her avenging demon. The remarkable thing about this creation was that others also perceived her creation. Her testimony remains a fascinating example of the power of the human spirit and the boundary between reality and illusion. So much for this remarkable testimony by Mrs. Neel .

In this text, let us emphasize the following: “Sometimes this phantom becomes a rebellious son” and “the monk’s face betrayed a vaguely mocking and angry look, and he escaped her control.” In this extra-Biblical world, we encounter once again the 'demonic' trait already familiar to us and “the harmony of opposites.”

In the preceding sections, we provided some explanation regarding hylistic pluralism or the existence of many forms of matter, regarding an aura, an out-of-body experience, and clairvoyance. We also discussed the origin of a thought form. And finally, we focused on Platonic ideas and the creation of subtle beings. With these clarifications, we are ready to begin the summary of 'The Vampire'.

38.2.9. The Vampire: summarized

This story concerns a deceased person who apparently fears the individual judgment regarding his past life and tries to avoid it. He refuses to let go of his etheric body and wants to preserve it. But for that, he needs extra energy... Let us summarize this story.

Rhodes works as a nurse for Dr. Taverner , who employs unusual methods in his private clinic.

One day, Miss Beryl Winters wishes to have an interview with Dr. Taverner . She tells him that her fiancé, Donald Craigie , suddenly no longer wants to see her, even when he explicitly asks for it. Such a contradictory request sets Miss Winters thinking. She wonders what might suddenly possess him. She is convinced that he still loves her, but that 'something' is forcing him to act this way against his will. She also tells Taverner that he secretly followed her one evening. When he approached her, he attempted to bite her neck. Yet he controlled himself and fled from her. That was not the Donald she knew, Beryl thought . Something serious was definitely wrong with him. The next morning, several chickens in the neighborhood lay dead in their coop, their necks bitten through. People thought that a fox was making the area unsafe again. But silently, Beryl wondered if it could have something to do with Donald. Taverner promised to look into the matter and invited Donald for a conversation.

Donald explains that he had suffered shell shock, a war neurosis, in the trenches during the First World War and had lacked energy ever since . It was not so much that he desired blood, but rather that he was in search of vitality.

That was a significant difference for Taverner . He knows that war can bring out the worst in a number of people. A fallen soldier, for example, may refuse to embark on his journey to the other world and choose to remain on earth with the 'etheric double'. This is referred to as an 'earth-bound ghost'. But keeping that ghost, that 'double', alive requires energy. His dead body cannot provide it because it simply can no longer nourish itself. An etheric double naturally has no stomach and can no longer 'digest' food. Then all that remains is to steal the energy, the subtle life force present in the blood of the living. Thus, Donald is compelled to take that energy from people who are still alive. Usually, a healthy person can resist this. If their aura—the subtle body surrounding the biological—is healthy and shows no cracks, there is hardly any danger. However, this is different for someone suffering from shell shock, for example. A grenade explosion can shake a victim physically and psychologically—literally—to such an extent that their aura sustains a tear. Then their life force, called ' prana ' in the East, can literally leak away. And it is there that the fallen soldier's detached double finds its nourishment. Thus, at regular intervals, it will literally cling to its victim to suck out their life force. But this, in turn, gets the victim into trouble.

He, too, develops a greater need for energy, for vitality or life force. He feels increasingly exhausted. He must now indeed supply two beings with life force: himself and his uninvited guest. Hence his subconscious urge to want to bite his fiancée until she bleeds. But she is his fiancée, and he loves her. Hence, too, his moral resistance. Because he fears that he will eventually no longer be able to control himself, he emphatically asks her not to see him anymore. Taverner therefore suspects that Donald is not the cause, but rather the victim.

And that was precisely the difference that the doctor considered significant. The cause had to be addressed, not the symptom. And it is precisely this suspicion that he wants to see confirmed by his further investigation. Although Beryl, his fiancée, is barely aware of this, she nevertheless senses intuitively that Donald is in distress. It is to her credit that she wants to help him. She also knows that one cannot go to an ordinary physician with such a story. But Taverner, as an occultist and clairvoyant, has his own methods.

Taverner suggested that Donald stay in the hospital for a few days for observation. That building is protected by a bell jar, a kind of large, subtle air bubble that surrounds the entire building and protects everyone present from uninvited guests, such as the ghost clinging to Donald. This gives Donald the chance to catch his breath, rest, and regain his strength. After all, he is unreachable there by his subtle parasite. So Donald is grateful for the opportunity offered to him. And what happens? When he checked into the hospital, he could barely manage to step over the threshold separating the hospital from the outside world. The ghost wanted—in vain—to use all its strength to prevent Donald from escaping. “You see,” Taverner thought to himself, “that bell jar is doing its job excellently.”

The days went by. Donald gradually felt himself getting better. His fiancée also came to visit him almost every afternoon. One day, the gardener reported that he had seen a German prisoner of war looking around in the hospital garden the previous evening. The First World War had only just ended, and not all German prisoners of war had returned to their homeland yet. On the other hand, there were still many former English soldiers seeking work on English soil. The gardener wondered if Taverner might have hired the German prisoner of war as a worker. Naturally, he found that highly inappropriate and told his boss so. Taverner understood what was going on and reassured the gardener. Rhodes, his assistant, also saw a particularly eerie, fine-meshed apparition in the garden in 'feltgrau', the field-green uniform of a German

soldier. "So the thing is still walking around here," Taverner concluded. He takes stricter measures: Donald is no longer allowed to go outside in the evenings, and Beryl is not allowed to visit him for the time being.

A few days later, Rhodes saw that Donald was in the hospital garden after all, and she reprimanded him. Instead of apologizing, he did something quite different. He behaved very strangely, growled at her, and even bared his teeth. Rhodes took him firmly by the arm, pulled him back into the hospital, and reported this incident to Taverner. "The creature has more power over him than I thought," replied Taverner. "I had hoped to starve 'the thing' by keeping Donald in the hospital long enough. The ethereal ghost would then eventually no longer be viable and would thus decompose of its own accord. But it was tougher than expected."

Taverner then decided on a different, more dangerous but more effective approach: 'unsealing' Donald's room. This is a magical manipulation whereby this room came outside the protection of the bell jar that shielded the hospital. He ran his hands over the window frames, as if wiping something off. At least, that which everyone can perceive. People with 'second sight', who are therefore clairvoyant, will notice that this involves a manipulation of the fine dust, causing Donald's room to fall outside the boundaries of the bell jar. "There," he said, "now the spirit of the German can enter, and Donald can leave if he wishes. And now just wait and watch."

A few days later, the constable came to ask if we would keep our dog inside after all. Several sheep had been bitten to death again, and this within a radius of three miles around the hospital. Rhodes naturally suspected who the real culprit was. The constable was not told. Taverner expected something to happen that night. He asked Rhodes to put on athletic clothing and to equip himself with a flexible rubber hose that could possibly be used as a weapon. Both waited in a room below Donald's. The window was ajar and the light was turned off so that one could look from the inside out, but not the other way around.

Moments later, they heard a rustling in the old ivy against the wall. It was Donald. He walked into the heath, followed imperceptibly by Rhodes. Suddenly, a startled sheep sprang up, pursued by Donald. With an agile leap, he leaped onto the animal, which stumbled and buckled. But behind him, something shadowy suddenly appeared. Rhodes recognized the ghost of the deceased soldier by the semi-transparent 'feldgrau' and the flat cap of the German uniform. Slowly, the dying sheep's struggle weakened. Moments later,

it stopped moving. Donald stood up and walked further into the heath, followed by his ghost.

Rhodes feared that he would attempt to reach Beryl . She deemed it advisable to warn Taverner about this and walked back to the room where he had stayed behind. “That is serious, Rhodes,” he had replied. “We must go there immediately.” Both jumped into the car and drove in the darkness of the night to Beryl ’s home . Upon arrival, they kept quiet. They did not want to wake Beryl ’s family . They had, moreover, remained unaware of everything that was taking place between Beryl , Donald, and the ghost in field grey . In one of the rooms, whose window was slightly ajar, a woman could not fall asleep. She had probably heard muffled voices and came to look. It was Beryl . She recognized Taverner and Rhodes. Taverner gestured for her to be quiet and to come outside.

“Miss Winters,” Taverner said hastily, “we expect Donald to arrive here at any moment, and he doesn’t have the best intentions. If you want to help him heal, I am going to do something very daring. And if you keep your nerves under control, it cannot fail.” Beryl nodded in agreement. She would be like bait, both for Donald and for the creature in “ field grey .” Taverner took a lancet from his bag and made a small cut in her neck. A few drops of blood seeped out. Taverner said that she had to try to lure Donald first, and when he came towards her, she had to make her way to the house quickly. Around the corner, Rhodes and Taverner would be waiting to ‘take care’ of Donald and the phantom. Bravely, Beryl went into the garden and sat in the full moonlight so that he would surely notice her.

“Rhodes, if you get your hands on Donald, cling to him as if your life depends on it, but make sure he can’t bite you,” warned Taverner , “such things are contagious.” The tension rose. Donald had noticed Beryl and walked towards her, with that other creature in tow. Beryl let him get within ten meters, then headed for the house and rounded the corner. A few more meters and he would surely be able to grab her. Rhodes let Beryl pass, jumped on Donald, and held him in a firm wrestling grip. “Don’t let go of him,” said Taverner , “while I deal with that monster.” That ‘monster’ seemed to understand that it was being targeted. It released its grip on Donald and tried to flee. Taverner went after it and attempted to drive it into a kind of subtle magical ‘triangle,’ a cage invisible to ordinary people, but particularly real to a spirit. And then came the end. The gray shape seemed to fade until it finally dissolved completely... into nothingness.

Rhodes released Donald, who collapsed like a heap of misery. Beryl went to call her father, while Rhodes and Taverner carried the unconscious Donald inside. As usual, Taverner was able to spin a wonderful story to the father, placing the entire event in a plausible context without having to highlight the occult aspects. Donald was finally freed from his energy-draining mind. Consequently, he no longer felt the urge to seek vitality elsewhere. He recovered completely. Some time later, Rhodes and Taverner were invited to the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Craigie -Winters.

When things quieted down a bit later in the hospital, Rhodes brought up this whole story again. Not everything about such an energy theft was clear to her yet. So she asked Taverner for more explanation .

“You have surely heard about the existence of such vampires,” he began. “In Western Europe they had almost disappeared, but the war that began in 1914 caused a new resurgence. When an unfortunate boy was caught biting a wounded soldier, he was removed from the front line and shot. That was certainly not a fortunate way to deal with such bloodsuckers, unless one also took the trouble to render them harmless according to the old tradition and burn their bodies.”

When someone dies, the etheric body withdraws from the physical body along with the soul. It then remains hovering nearby for three days, or until the body begins to decompose. Afterwards, the soul leaves the etheric body, which in turn also dies. Only then does the deceased enter the first phase of their post- mortem existence, purification.

However, it is possible that there is enough vitality present to hold the etheric body together almost indefinitely. Since it has no stomach, however, it must cling to someone who does. It then develops into a parasitic spirit that steals energy from a fellow human being, or even multiple people. That is what we call a vampire.

In Eastern Europe, people know quite a lot about black magic. Now imagine that someone with such knowledge is shot. He knows that when his etheric body dies after three days, he will have to account for his actions. Given his past, he is not looking forward to that. He then seeks a connection with the subconscious of a living soul—provided he can find a suitable person. A strong, positive character is useless for this. He must find someone with a negative character, as you see with certain types of mediums. That is why untrained mediums face such great dangers. A temporary negative state can

arise, for example, from shell shock. As a result, such a deceased vampire can even get a human of a higher type in his grip, in order to obtain the energy he needs from the blood.

“But why then doesn’t that deceased vampire limit himself to one living person, instead of letting him attack others?” asked Rhodes. “Because the living person would then die within a week, and the deceased vampire would lose his energy source. Instead, he works through the living human and forces him to steal extra vitality from others and pass it on to him. The living person—who vampirizes unintentionally—therefore has not so much a thirst for blood, but for vitality, although fresh blood is the means to absorb that vitality. The subtle being we saw with Donald was nothing other than the ethereal body of a deceased person who remained bound to this world.”

Our modern age has come to believe that this is not a crime, but a disease. The unfortunate individual, tormented by this gruesome obsession, was locked up in an institution. He usually did not live long there, because he remained deprived of the energy in the blood, his specific nourishment. But none of those 'enlightened' thinkers has yet considered that we might be dealing here not with one, but with two factors: a victim seeking vitality and a subtle perpetrator. What one must truly combat is not so much the victim who was branded insane, but the horrific enforced alliance between a dead person and a living person.

“To arrive at a correct diagnosis, however, one must also understand the subtle side of reality. But when an 'enlightened' thinker says that it does not exist because he cannot perceive it, he makes a logical error. He simply may not make statements about what he does not know. What would you say if I claimed that Antarctica does not exist because I have never been there? That would be nonsense, wouldn't it? In the same way, such enlightened thinkers make a similar error: because they do not know that side, they deny its existence.”

You know, Rhodes, the more you learn about human nature, the less inclined you are to judge. For then you see how hard, how incredibly hard the struggle for humanity really is.

That concludes this summary.



38.3. The return of the ritual; some presuppositions

38.3.1. Reincarnation or rebirth

To the common man, the belief in reincarnation or re-embodiment may seem absurd. Yet it is commonplace in many cultures and occult movements. The Bible mentions it indirectly, for instance where the healing of the man born blind (John 9:6) is discussed. The Jews ask Christ: “Rabbi, who sinned? He or his parents, so that he was born blind?” If this passage is representative of the mentality of the time, it shows that the Jews at least believed in an existence that precedes the present life, an existence that, moreover, can have an impact on the present. Jesus answered that the man was born blind so that the works of God might be revealed in him. Adherents of the doctrine of reincarnation conclude from this evasive answer that Jesus does not really disapprove of the doctrine of reincarnation. He had ample opportunity to do so. Possibly, He did not wish to discuss the topic publicly.

With regard to John the Baptist, too, the Jews wonder whether he is Elijah (John 1:19 ff). “The Jews had sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to John the Baptist with the question: ‘Who are you?’ He declared plainly: ‘I am not the Messiah.’ ‘Who then are you? Are you Elijah?’ they asked. ‘I am not him either,’ he answered.” In other words, the Jews ask him whether he is a rebirth of a prophet who died long ago.

In Mark 6:14 we read: King Herod heard about Jesus, for his name had become known, and people said: “John the Baptist has been raised from the dead. Therefore these powers are at work in him.” But others said: “It is Elijah,” and still others: “It is a prophet like other prophets.” When Herod

heard this, he said: “This John, whom I had beheaded, has been raised from the dead.”

Matthew 16:14 mentions that Jesus asked his followers, “Who do people say the Son of Man is?” to which they answered, “Some say John the Baptist, others Elijah, and still others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.” But these too had already died.

More Than One Life , ²⁴also mentions that she dictated her book Winged Pharaoh in many 'episodes' while in a trance, while someone—in those days—could just barely write it down in shorthand. Once out of her trance, she herself did not know what she had said and was always very curious about the continuation of her own experiences from a previous life in Egypt.

The testimony of Shanti Devi is well known ²⁵. Around 1930, four-year-old Shanti Devi (1926-1987) claimed that she had lived in India before and that she remembered it well. She told her current parents that her real home was actually in Mathura , a place about 150 km from her current residence. She claimed to still know quite a few people, relatives, and places there. She was said to have been married as Lugdi Devi to the merchant Kedar. Nath and had died ten days after the birth of her son. Indeed, a merchant, Kedar, lived in Mathura. Nath , who had become a widower nine years earlier, ten days after his wife, Lugdi Devi, had given birth to a son. When this came to the attention of Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of the Indian nationalists, he launched an investigation. The conclusion was that Shanti Devi was indeed a reincarnation of Lugdi Devi.

Many famous people have also expressed their belief in reincarnation. We mention, among others, Pythagoras, Plato, Giordano Bruno, Paracelsus , Cyrano de Bergerac, Leibniz, Hume, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Cardinal Mercier , Edgar Allan Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Humphry Davy, Henry Ford, Buddha, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Nietzsche, Wagner, and Shirley MacLaine , the figurehead of the New Age movement. She claims, just like Fortune , to still have memories of a life in ancient Atlantis. Shirley MacLaine even claims to have witnessed the downfall of this continent.

D. Fortune , in Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage ²⁶makes a distinction in this context between the ' personality' —the personality as the

²⁴Grant J., More than one life, Deventer, Ankh -Hermes, 1973, 12. (// Many lifetimes , Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1968).

²⁵ Lönnerstrand S., Shanti Devi, a story about reincarnation, The Hague, Miranda, 1996. See also http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shanta_Devi

²⁶Fortune D., Esoteric Philosophy of love and marriage, Wellingborough, 1974, 24.

unity of an incarnation—and the 'individuality' —the individuality as the unity of a much broader evolution. What the personality experiences in its single life is passed on to the individuality after this life, which thus continually enriches itself with the newly acquired experiences. An occult initiation, although it took place in one specific life—that is, in the 'personality' of that particular incarnation—penetrates into the 'individuality'. In principle, it is thereby active in the subconscious of all subsequent lives.

It remains a curious fact that this full consciousness, which expands ever more throughout its long evolution, is almost entirely obscured in most people with each new incarnation. For many, this observation constitutes a serious objection to taking the hypothesis of reincarnation seriously. Only a few remember a previous existence. It seems that at the start of a new incarnation, we have forgotten all previous experiences. Yet, unconsciously, they exert their influence.

And one more thing; in the story: “The soul that did not want to be born”, we read in the original English version: “It is only the man who does not realize as a personal fact the immortality of the soul who talks of a ruined life and opportunities gone never to return.” Translated, we get: “Only the man who does not realize the immortality of the soul as a personal fact talks about a ruined life and about opportunities that have vanished never to return.” The Dutch version (p. 67) does not mention the term 'talks' – we have italicized it above – but uses the word 'waffles'. That sounds quite pejorative.

A human life can indeed be destroyed by many causes. And whoever has to go through that might possibly believe, based on an extreme theory, that it will pass, but he or she is stuck with it and, with all the pain they have endured, finds no real comfort in such philosophical reflection. That person is in acute distress and wants to be helped.

Taken to its extreme, one could also use this statement by Taverner against him. He seeks out people who may also find their lives ruined. Not to tell them that the opportunities in their current life have vanished and that they might be better off in a next life. He seeks them out to help them out of their current misery. That is called compassion and charity. It will gradually become clear to the reader that he cares deeply for his patients, and that his blunt statement may be nuanced in that sense.

This is, incidentally, clearly evident from what he says somewhere in the text (p.15) says himself: You know, Rhodes, the more you learn about human

nature, the less inclined you are to judge. For then you see how hard, how incredibly hard the struggle for humanity really is. No one does evil not because he loves it, but because it is the lesser of two evils .

We also refer to two works:

1.J. Herbert, *La religion d'Okinawa* , Paris, 1980. Okinawa (Ryukyu) is an archipelago between Japan and China. The religion there is apparently ancient, for only 'sacred' women work there as paranormal healers. They regularly determine that the ailment from which a person suffers is, in fact, that of an ancestor. This ancestor often perished through violence. For instance, a woman had a sore throat; by doing what was necessary for her fallen brother, the woman recovered immediately. “She suffered from her brother!” (Oc, 59ss.).

2.P. van Eersel & C. Maillard, *J'ai mal à mes ancêtres (La psychogénéalogie aujourd'hui)*, Paris, 2002. This work features interviews with seven specialists who confirm what the female healers on Okinawa observe.

A number of contemporary seers and magicians, including Dr. Taverner , state unequivocally that for them, reincarnation has long ceased to be a hypothesis, but is an established fact. Dion Fortune expresses it in one of her works as follows: “For he who knows , the Womb is a grave and “The grave is a womb ”, “Before he knows, the womb is like a grave, and a grave like a womb”. Understand: with conception in the womb, a spirit leaves its true home to incarnate in a biological body, while it is liberated from this once that body dies and the spirit can return to its true home. That brings us back to reincarnation and clairvoyance, but the latter now in a stronger form.

38.3.2. The Akasha or 'the memory of the world'

The term 'mantice' comes from the ancient Greek ' mantikè'. technè , the ability to act as a seer. An ancient Greek term closely related to this is ' mnèmosunè ', expanded consciousness. Thus one 'sees' “all that ever was, now is, and ever will be”. One sees into the past, present, and future. Not merely isolated facts, but above all connections between many facts. One 'sees' what is connected to a fact; one sees the chain of cause and effect. Translating the term ' mnèmosunè ', as is usually done, as 'memory' is therefore largely incorrect. Homer and Hesiod , the oldest Greek writers, rely on such an expanded consciousness. Another ancient Greek term related to

this is 'theoria', entering into something in such a way that one understands the reasons for it.

The Paleo-Pythagoreans, the Greek philosophers who preceded the thinker Pythagoras, placed 'theoria' at the center of their philosophizing, along with Plato. Translating this using our current term 'theory' is only partially correct. A soldier on guard, a spy for example, engages in 'theoria'. This implies that he continues to 'follow' something, someone, or whatever it may be, in order to know thoroughly whether there is danger. If one wishes to understand clairvoyance in the thorough sense, and to attain its theory, then one must keep in mind what one 'sees'—the expanded form of consciousness (mnēmosune) and the penetrating degree of perception (theoria). If one fails to do so, one impoverishes a rich concept so that only nonsense remains. Let us illustrate this strong form of clairvoyance with the following testimony.

The yellow smoke box

Gatti (1896–1969) was an Italian-born explorer, author, and documentary producer who traveled extensively through Africa in the first half of the 20th century. He was a member of the Royal Italian Society of Geography and Anthropology and was one of the last great discoverers of the continent. He led thirteen expeditions to Africa from 1922 to 1948.

The previously skeptical Gatti repeatedly witnessed magical rituals that we consider hardly possible today, and which he faithfully recorded on paper with the eye and pen of a skeptical yet trained observer. They are—still—rare and valuable testimonies of lost, yet so rich cultures that had defied the centuries until then. His testimonies contain valuable scientific and anthropological material from many cultures in their original, still pristine environments. These are cultures that, after contact with Western European and North American civilization, have virtually disappeared.

On his travels, he met, among others, Twadekili, a clairvoyant and magically gifted shaman, who shared her hut and her life with her partner... a giant python. Just as plant energies can heal some diseases, the same applies, and even more strongly, to animal energies, provided one knows how to control them.

We present an excerpt from his book **Tamtams in the Night** ²⁷. Gatti lost his cigarette case on one of his many trips into the wilderness. He sent a number of his associates out to search for it in vain. Because he is quite attached to that case, Xiposo , the village head, suggests paying a visit to Twadekili , the snake charmer , healer, and fortune teller. Gatti tells his story.

Xiposo , who remembered how attached I was to that cigarette case, was displeased that I had lost it in his region and felt personally responsible.

“Come with me to the snake charmer,” he urged. “She will tell you where to find him.”

Why not? I had never had the chance to put the clairvoyant gifts of a local fortune teller to the test for one of my personal matters. This was an excellent opportunity and, in any case, could do no harm.

We went straight to Twadelili's hut, and this time she invited us to enter. Ducking down to crawl through the low opening—which in a Zulu hut serves the triple role of door, window, and chimney—I found myself in a semi-dark room. My eyes, still blinded by the sunlight outside, could initially distinguish little.

The snake charmer sat silently on the ground and waited for us to explain the purpose of our visit, which I did immediately. Instead of answering me, she directed a melodious hum towards a corner of the hut. Then I received a violent shock.

Before my eyes, by now accustomed to the twilight, appeared the hideous head of an enormous python. Slowly, the animal rose from a kind of nest and moved rhythmically back and forth to the song of Twadelili . Higher and higher it rose, until it stood stock-still, its small, malevolent eyes fixed on me.

Instinctively, I made a movement to stand up and retreat, but Xiposo's hand held me back as he whispered commandingly: “Do not speak. Do not move.”

I cast a glance at the sorceress. She was stiff and seemed to be in a state of ecstasy . Her Mongolian eyes sparkled like two shimmering streaks as she stared intently at the python. The snake held me in its grip with such force

²⁷ Attilio Gatti , *Tom-tams in the night, the yellow smoke box*. The Sickel , Antwerp, 1944 P. 113-114.

that my gaze was drawn back to it automatically. Fascinated, half-hypnotized, I could do nothing but stare.

A strange, numbing drowsiness came over me. But then the sorceress's voice suddenly sounded—low, metallic, as if she came from very far away, from the past. She cut through my consciousness like a pin, conjuring razor-sharp visions into my memory, like images on a film.

“I see you, baaba . You are sitting on a fallen tree trunk while your companions eat. You open the yellow smoke box. You smoke. You put the box in your pocket.”

A pause. The python's eyes held mine captive, tighter, more penetrating, more malicious.

“I see you, O father. You rise. You walk to where the sun rises. You search for something. You take six times ten steps, then four again. You find what you desire. Where the three trees stand exactly in a line. With your knife you cut off a branch. You sit down on a stone to strip the bark from the branch and make a stick out of it. The box falls down, slides under the stone, which looks like a large snake's head.”

I heard the sorceress panting under the terrible exertion, but I could not look at her. My gaze remained inexorably trapped in that of the snake.

Then you stand up. You return to your friends and to the big wagon that drives without oxen. I have spoken.

A dull sound reached my ear. With difficulty, I averted my eyes and turned my head. The sorceress had fallen forward and lay unconscious on the ground. I quickly looked at the python, but it had disappeared into its nest. Finally, I was freed from its suffocating gaze, although my head felt heavy and painful.

I wanted to rush to the snake charmer's aid, but Xiposo stopped me again. He grabbed my hand and pulled me outside.

“The snake charmer has spoken,” he said.

“But that huge python... won't he kill her while she lies there unprotected?” I asked, worried.

Xiposo smiled at my ignorance. "This python always lives with her in the hut. He is the embodiment of the spirit of the ancestors. He is her infallible advisor, her safest protector."

I tried to man up, ashamed in front of my black friend that I had been so impressed.

Gatti went in search of his cigarette case, followed the sorceress's directions, and found everything exactly as she had foreseen. Below, we provide another curious example of clairvoyance.

A llama- Pokto will show its power

To ER Huc , *Souvenirs d'un voyage dans la Tartarie , le Thibet et la Chine pendant les années 1844,1845 et 1846* ²⁸The missionaries Evariste Huc and Joseph Gabet embarked on a years-long journey through Mongolia, Tibet, and China in 1844. At that time, this was a particularly daring undertaking. Tibet was a forbidden land for foreigners, who were mercilessly killed there. Consequently, both Lazarists traveled there incognito. Below is an account of one of their experiences.

"Yes, tomorrow is a great day. A lama- Pokto will then demonstrate his power. He will kill himself, without, however, dying." We immediately understood what kind of solemnity brought all those Ordos Tatars together. A lama would cut open his belly, remove his entrails, lay them before him, and then put them back in their place and 'heal' himself and become as he had been before. Such a spectacle, however repulsive and gruesome, is quite common in the Tatar Lama monasteries.

The ' Pokto ' who will demonstrate his power, as the Tatars say, prepares for this great deed for a long time through fasting and prayer. During all that time, he must avoid all human contact and maintain the most absolute silence. When the appointed day arrives, all the pilgrims stream together in the monastery square. A large altar stands erected right in front of the temple door. Then the Pokto appears . Through the cheering crowd, he sits down on the altar, takes a large knife from his belt, and places it on his knees. A whole circle of lamas sits around him. They then begin the most terrible invocations befitting this gruesome ceremony. As the prayer continues, the Pokto begins to tremble increasingly violently throughout his entire body, and gradually this trembling turns into furious convulsions.

²⁸ Huc ER, *Souvenirs d'un voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet et la Chine pendant les années 1844,1845 and 1846*. Intrtranslation: Huc ER, *Across Mongolia*, 1953, Nijmegen, De dome, 202-203.

Suddenly, the Pokto throws off the cloth in which he was wrapped, tears loose his belt, seizes the holy knife, and cuts his belly open from top to bottom. Blood splatters in all directions; before this horrific spectacle, the crowd throws itself to the ground. Questions are put to the savage about the most hidden things, about future events, about the fate of certain people. The Pokto answers all these questions, and his words are accepted by everyone as oracles.

Once the pious curiosity of the pilgrims is satisfied, the lamas begin to pray again, now calm and stately. The pokto catches the blood flowing from his wound with his right hand, brings it to his mouth, blows on it three times, and throws it into the air with a ferocious scream. Then he quickly strokes the cut-open belly with his hand, and everything instantly returns to how it was before. He retains nothing of the diabolical treatment. He is only deadly tired.

So much for this testimony of the missionaries. Huc uses a number of words to express his opinion regarding what happened: “repulsive, gruesome, horrible, diabolical...” This says something about his preconceptions as a missionary unfamiliar with these practices. From the Tibetan perspective, however, one can speak of a highly sophisticated feat of magic. Giving people advice in such a clairvoyant manner regarding difficult life matters and helping them with their life problems—one can hardly claim that this is 'diabolical'. The 'savage' answers people's questions about the most hidden things, about future events, and about the fate of specific people. All of this points to a form of expanded consciousness.

As prefaces to the following text by Fortune, we had once again placed the emphasis on reincarnation and on the ' akasha ' or the memory of the world. We illustrated the latter with the testimony of the yellow smoke box and the pokto that cut open its belly.

38.3.3. The return of the ritual: summarized

The magician, Dr. Taverner , is exploring the 'world of thoughts' in an out-of-body state. He does this when he wishes to consult the ' akasha ' or “the memory of the world,” as he calls it. Rhodes, his assistant, keeps watch over him the entire time. She knows that such an out-of-body experience is a life-threatening activity. Each time Taverner leaves his body, he must not be disturbed, and this continues until he regains consciousness. He is then in a

kind of trance and says aloud what he encounters and experiences. Once back conscious, he has hardly any memory of this. Rhodes diligently notes down what he says and relays it all to him afterwards.

Taverner states that he has the impression that an unauthorized person is 'tampering' with a 'ritual.' This is a type of manual for performing magical ceremonies in which powerful subtle energies are generated. Such rituals are powerful entities that can influence the intellect of lodge members. Taverner believes that a lodge member has broken his oath of secrecy and now wishes to generate these energies entirely outside the lodge, and perhaps even misuse them. During his investigation, he notes that the ritual was the property of a powerful Florentine lodge in the Middle Ages. The archivist at the time abused his power for the sake of love for a woman. He served interests other than those of his lodge and allowed the ritual to disappear. It was subsequently considered lost. Now, centuries later, it appears as if someone has found it and wants to try it out. If it falls into the hands of unscrupulous people, they could achieve terrible things with it. "And that," says Taverner, just before ending his out-of-body experience, "I must definitely try to prevent." Rhodes notices that his trance transitions into a deep sleep, from which he awakens a moment later and returns to normal consciousness. Then, based on what she has noted down, she tells him everything he said.

To start his search somewhere, Taverner decides to inquire with the lodges known to him whether they are missing a manuscript. However, this turns out not to be the case. He then places a classified ad in the newspaper in which he describes what he was looking for in a few fitting and well-chosen words. Anyone in the know would understand, he believed. And anyone wishing to respond could go to a specific dusty little bookshop in an old London neighborhood. When Taverner went to inquire a little later, the owner had not yet received anything. Taverner did learn, however, that a competitor had appeared. Taverner is not the only one looking for it. He assumes that it is a Black Lodge that also wants to acquire it.

To gather more information, he decides to enter a trance again, to leave the body, and to seek out the old manuscript by "scrutinizing the subconscious mind of the human race". Taverner, like his fellow occultists, is of the opinion that images of every thought and every deed are stored in 'the mind of total reality'. And now he attempts to gain access to the archives relating to this theft.

We quote Rhodes. (p. 29).” A deathly silence reigned in the room... and then that voice was broken by a voice that was not Taverner’s . “The level of the archives,” it sounded, and I suspected what Taverner intended to do: in no other brain could this extraordinary means have occurred than his own: to seek out the manuscript by tracing the subconscious mind of the human race. Taverner , like his fellow occultists, was of the opinion that images of every thought and every deed were stored in the subconscious of man. He was, however, also of the opinion that these images are also stored in the mind of nature, and now he was attempting to gain access to these archives in this way. (...)”

In a trance, Taverner suddenly says: “ Il cinquecento, Firenze, Italia, (...). I must Pierro have della Costa, who was born on November 14, 1898, at two forty-five minutes. (...) Afterwards, he transitions from his trance state into a deep sleep, from which he awakens a little later. Rhodes tells him again what she had noted down. After he has heard everything, he nods with satisfaction.

Taverner now wants to find the thief of the past. It turns out that he has reincarnated in 20th-century England, and that, moreover, he even lives in London. Through magical means—that is, through unconscious, indeed subconscious influence— Taverner compels the thief of the past to now atone for his crime. The medieval thief is thus instructed, in his current incarnation, to seek out the ritual and return it to his lodge. His lodge has defied the centuries and still exists. Once that task is accomplished, he can express his remorse to his lodge and request its members to readmit him. For, in any case, once you have been initiated into this through the appropriate rituals, you remain an initiate. It may surprise the layman, but an initiate retains that initiation, even in all subsequent incarnations. Unless he manages to undo it after all. But this is far from simple. Also, our thief from back then has virtually no conscious memory of this left.

But somewhere, very deep within the unconscious memory of every human being, the memories of all previous incarnations lie safely hidden. For some, flashes of these surface; others even recall an entire life from a specific historical period. Proper seers—their number is frighteningly small—can see the past lives of a fellow human being with a strict concentration of their attention. And finally, a few extremely rare and qualified magicians can, moreover, manipulate the fate of their fellow man, turning it for better or for worse. And apparently, Dr. Taverner belongs to the latter. Through magical means, he intends to influence the current incarnation of the thief. Thus, in his present existence, the thief will receive flashes into his ordinary

consciousness from his own subconscious. And these brief insights will lead him to the vanished ritual. That is what Taverner aims for.

Then he waits. He reads through just about every newspaper to be found in London. A few days later, a newspaper reports that a young man, a certain Peter Robson , was caught breaking into a London antiquarian bookshop. Robson was a prominent citizen with no criminal record. And when his case was about to be heard in court, Taverner rushed there.

Robson told the judge that 'something' had driven him to this house. However, he did not know at all what or why. Moreover, he had never been in that neighborhood before. The judge was initially accommodating, but felt that the defendant was unwilling to cooperate and threatened a severe punishment. That was the moment Taverner wanted to take action. He was convinced that the young man must be the former Florentine thief. He asked to speak, stated that he was a doctor of philosophy, science, and law, and that he could explain the entire case and bring it to a successful conclusion. He told the judge that he was a distant relative of Peter Robson and that the latter sometimes suffered from a split personality. He promised the judge that he would treat Robson in his hospital, was willing to stand surety for him, and was prepared to compensate for all damage caused during the burglary . With these assurances, the judge decided to release the man immediately.

As soon as they left the courthouse, Robson expressed his great gratitude to Taverner . Soon, a Florentine Madonna joined the company. Robson introduced her as Miss Fenner, his fiancée. In an instant, Taverner understood that this lady might well be a reincarnation of the woman for whom Pierra della Costa succumbed at the time and to whom he handed the coveted manuscript.

The entire party then decided to go to the antiquarian bookshop to settle the outstanding debts with the owner. After all, Taverner remained convinced that the ritual had to be found there. Upon arrival, they were warmly received by the owner, and a cordial conversation ensued. Seemingly casually, Taverner asked if the man still had any old manuscripts in his possession. The owner nodded in the affirmative and explained that he kept an interesting document, but that it was locked away. However, when he wanted to show it to Taverner , it turned out that the lock had been forced. The document had disappeared. "That must have happened during the court hearing," the man suspected.

It became clear once again that Taverner was not the only one seeking the document and that some did not hesitate to use immoral methods. The group left the antiquarian bookshop, after which Taverner and Rhodes returned to their hospital to discuss the next steps.

After thinking for some time, Taverner said to Rhodes: "Then there is nothing left but to fall back on Pierro. " della Costa." He decided to invite Robson into his consulting room. When the time came, he turned the conversation to Florence, the Medici, and Pierro della Costa. della Costa. Taverner spoke with such conviction and energy that Robson slowly fell into a trance. He began to identify more and more with Pierro , the man he had been in a previous incarnation in Florence during the Cinquecento, in the 15th century.

At the height of the trance, Taverner asked directly: " Pierro della Costa, why did you do that?" "Because I was in love," answered the young man. "And what I stole, I will return." He did not speak with Robson 's voice , but with a deep and authoritative voice, that of an initiate. It was Pierro 's voice. della Costa himself.

Pierro suggested that Taverner take his carriage so that he could follow his intuition and lead them to the place where the ritual was taking place. In the twilight of London, Pierro, in a trance, indicated the direction in which Taverner was to drive, until he asked to stop in a certain street. "From here I must continue alone," he said, after which he disappeared into a side street.

Taverner , prepared for anything, started the engine and instructed Rhodes to cover the car's license plate with a travel blanket. Not long after, quick footsteps were heard. Pierro came running with an old bound book, pursued by another man. Pierro jumped into the car lightning fast, and they sped away.

Back in the hospital, somewhat recovered from their escape, Taverner said that he still had a task to fulfill with Pierro . They performed an occult ritual, during which Pierro offered the manuscript to his lodge through Taverner . Taverner knew the right people to hand over the document. Pierro expressed remorse for his crime and was readmitted to the lodge.

Together they decided that Pierro had to leave England for a while, until the occult storm he had caused at the Black Lodge had subsided. Taverner took the party to an old pub in the harbor.

While they were having a drink there, a man in a captain's uniform appeared. He had the sharp, farsighted gaze of a sailor and looked at people in a peculiar way, as if he could see right through them. The focal point of his gaze seemed to lie a meter behind the person he was looking at. Rhodes had often seen Taverner do this when he wanted to read someone's aura—that mysterious radiance that betrays a person's inner state to the initiates.

Taverner and the captain exchanged a signal indicating that the captain also belonged to the lodge. Pierro was in safe hands and departed that same night for a country in Africa.

That concludes this summary.



38.4. The man who sought: some presuppositions

38.4.1. Individuality and personality .

As already mentioned, D. Fortune makes ²⁹, a distinction between the 'personality', the personality as the unity of an incarnation, and the 'individuality', the individuality as the unity of a much broader evolution. What the personality experiences in its one life is passed on to the individuality after this life, which thus continually enriches itself with the newly acquired experiences. Most people have no memories of previous lives, so that their 'individuality' is virtually unknown to them. Yet such memories can cross the threshold of consciousness, although they are not recognized as such.

²⁹Fortune D., *Esoteric Philosophy of love and marriage*, Wellingborough, 1974, 24.

With seers and magicians, that is much clearer. Let us give the floor to Fortune on this matter . She relates: “ Taverner knew, like all occultists, that the soul has already lived many lives before the current one, and that all those experiences form the basis of the character of the present. (...) When he received a patient with problems that were not immediately apparent, it was his habit to investigate the patient’s past. He did this by examining the archives of previous lives. He then used the secret methods that he had thoroughly mastered. At first, I regarded those archives as pure imagination. But after I had seen how he was able to predict what a patient would do through them , and also in what circumstances he would find himself, I thought differently. I began to realize that this peculiar Eastern theory might well be the key to quite a few remarkable things in human life.”

38.4.2. Similarity and coherence.

Where does, for example, the sudden sympathy or antipathy for someone you have never met before come from? Why do you enjoy traveling to one country and not to another? Why do you like working with a dowsing rod? A seer might well describe to you in great detail that you had a bond with someone in the past, that you lived a life in this or that country, and that you were measuring earth rays in some ancient culture. It can also happen that seeing an old object sets you in musing.

You may have recognized it from a past life. That, in turn, can act as a kind of 'conduit' to bring other memories from that time into your consciousness. Here, too, just as in ordinary life, similarities and connections play a role. A mother who meets a girl with reddish hair will automatically think of her daughter, who has the same hair color as her. And if she finds a pair of shoes that match her handbag nicely, the price no longer plays such a big role. Here, it is not a matter of similarity—the shoes do not resemble a handbag—but attention is paid to the connection: do the shoes and backpack go well together?

38.4.3. I intended to squeeze gently.

In his book **Out-of-Body**, Robert A. Monroe describes ³⁰a conscious out-of-body experience ³¹in which he visited his female colleague Rita over the weekend while she was in her kitchen. From his out-of-body experience, he

³⁰See also on this site the book: *De homo religiosus* , 7.3.3. Telepathic suggestion

³¹Monroe R., *Out-of-body Experiences, Out-of-body Experiments*, Deventer, Ankh -Hermes, 1980, 58.

saw that Rita was talking to two girls. Monroe tried to attract their attention, but failed. When he asked Rita if she would remember his visit, she believed she indeed heard his voice in her head. She nodded briefly in confirmation. To be certain that she would indeed remember his visit, he pinched her side. She reacted with shock. A few days later, Monroe confronted her with this visit. Rita looked at him in surprise: "So you were really there?" she said. Then she showed him two bruises on the exact spot where he had pinched her. Apparently, his subtle pinching has a visible effect in the physical world here. It is not illogical to assume that Robert must have been a magician in a previous life.

38.4.4. I will visit you in my astral body.

Marguerite Gillot , **On the Threshold of the Invisible** ³², tells a similar story. She was in contact with an old engineer who was seriously involved in radiesthesia and astral projection. One day, the engineer promised to visit her in his astral body at night. She forgot this conversation, but that night, around half past one, she felt an invisible presence at the foot of her bed. The next day, the engineer called and confirmed that he had 'visited' her in an out-of-body state and had noticed that she was still reading a book. He not only knew the exact time but could also accurately describe her nightgown.

38.4.5. Consciousness without brain activity

The article from Science , *Au- delà de la mort* ³³(Où se situe la conscience) provides an account of a remarkable near-death experience (NDE) that Pam Reynolds underwent during surgery under general anesthesia. This took place under strict medical supervision. Furthermore, the surgery was captured on film and can be viewed in the documentary *Surviving. Death* ³⁴National Geographic is also dedicating a documentary to this near-death experience. During brain surgery, her brain was temporarily deprived of blood and oxygen entirely, while her bodily and brain activity were closely monitored. Despite this deep inactivity, Pam reported upon waking that she had had an out-of-body experience during the procedure. She was floating above her biological body and had followed her surgery. Once back conscious, she was able to describe its course and recounted what the doctors had said to each other in the meantime. American heart specialist

³²Gillot M., *On the Threshold of the Invisible*, Deventer, Kluwer, 1960. (// Aux portes de l'invisible, Paris), 1960, 25-27.

³³ Science (revue), Paris, 2003, Juillet (File: *Au-delà de la mort*), 69/71 (Où se situe la conscience?)

³⁴ <https://www.netflix.com/be/title/80998853> , See also the book on this site: *De Homo Religiosus* , 6.1.1. Out-of-body experiences without immediate danger.

Michael Sabom , initially skeptical about NDEs , concluded that Pam's experiences could not be explained by brain activity, as her EEG was completely flat during the surgery.

This raises fundamental questions about the relationship between consciousness and brain function. The question arises whether consciousness arises spontaneously from brain activity, as materialist and scientific views posit. Or can consciousness also exist independently of a material structure, as the paranormal 'sciences' have asserted for centuries? Apparently, such experiments explicitly point to a consciousness that can also exist without any brain function.

With all this, we are ready to start reading the next story.

38.4.6. The man who sought: summarized.

Arnold Black, a pilot, went into a dive with his aircraft and pulled up very late, forcing the plane to make an emergency landing. Arnold sustained a head injury and lay in a coma for three days. When he regained consciousness, he felt compelled to search for someone. It seemed as if, during that brief dive, he had received a clue about what he was looking for: a woman. However, he was not sure if she really existed or was merely a figment of his imagination. He felt compelled to search for her and drove around like a madman in his sports car all day.

“An interesting case,” said Taverner . “I think we need to examine his past lives to make sense of this.”

The next day, Taverner told his assistant Rhodes that he had found the woman using his method—in which he consulted the so-called ' Akasha ' or 'world memory' while in a trance. She was incarnated on Earth at that moment and was only twenty-three years old. “And now we just have to wait,” he concluded, “for sooner or later that enormous desire of Black’s will surely bring them together.”

A week later, a certain Miss Tyndall brought her daughter Eliane to Taverner . She was worried because Eliane seemed to be suffering from hallucinations. Eliane claimed that she had already observed a subtle apparition in her bedroom several times. Moreover, she said she would not know peace until she had clarity on this matter. Taverner decided to admit her to his hospital for observation for a few days.

Eliane, however, behaved completely normally for days. One evening, she asked Rhodes if she could take an evening walk outside the hospital grounds. Rhodes thought it was a good idea and accompanied the girl. As they listened to the silence and the singing of birds, the peace was suddenly disturbed by a car driving much too fast and making a great deal of noise. Eliane then felt as if her soul was being ripped from her body. She gasped for breath. She longed for something, but did not know what.

When they returned to the hospital that evening, Taverner was not there. The doctor had been called because a car had missed a turn nearby. The driver was injured and needed urgent surgery. He was taken to Taverner's hospital, where he performed the procedure together with Rhodes. There he lay, in a coma again. "It is Black," the doctor said to Rhodes, "and that is a remarkable coincidence, isn't it?"

Back to Eliane Tyndall. She could not fall asleep. Rhodes found her sitting upright in bed and particularly agitated. "The apparition is here again," she whispered. Taverner was summoned. The remarkable thing about such gifted people as Taverner is that their clairvoyance stimulates this ability in others. It seems to be a bit contagious. After observing the apparition by Eliane's bed for a while, Taverner whispered in Rhodes's ear: "Look, Rhodes, even you must be able to see that. It is a subtle body of someone. Someone had an out-of-body experience during sleep and, for some reason, ended up here."

Slowly, it materialized more and more. Now Rhodes recognized it too. It was the out-of-body of Arnold Black. Eliane saw it as well. She wanted to grasp it, but to her horror, her arms cut through the silver-gray mist.

"What does all this mean?" Rhodes whispered to Taverner.

"Look, Rhodes," he commanded, "look how thin the apparition's umbilical cord is becoming. In a moment it will break off completely, and it can no longer return to the biological body. But then we must hurry to Black, for that means he is dying. We must get this phantom back into his body as quickly as possible."

Immediately, he ordered Eliane to stand up and follow him. "No, surely I cannot leave that phantom alone," she complained. "It will follow you," Taverner assured her. They hurried to Black's room. The phantom did indeed follow the girl.

Taverner pointed to the unconscious patient in the bed.

“Have you ever seen this man?” he asked Eliane .

“Never,” she answered. Yet she continued to look at him, fascinated, as if something from her deeper memory, from events of centuries ago, was surfacing.

“What does this man mean to you?” asked Taverner .

“Everything,” she answered, moved.

“And what are you willing to do for him?” the doctor continued.

“Everything,” it sounded again. Tenderly she embraced his bruised and broken body. And behold, very gradually Black’s subtle body pushed back into his biological body. Death was given no chance.

Thanks to the good care of Taverner and Rhodes, but above all to the great love with which Eliane cared for her Black, he recovered well. After a few weeks, he was healed.

And a few weeks later, the overjoyed Arnold Black and Eliane got married. Tyndall . They went on their honeymoon, and naturally in his sports car. Only now Arnold drove much more calmly than he was used to. He no longer had to rush. After all, both had found what they were looking for: each other.

After their departure, Rhodes asked: “ Taverner , what exactly happened here? What is the connection between all of this?”

Taverner stared for a while at the infinite sky above them. “We have many lives, and with our thoughts we can do quite a lot,” he began. “I examined their previous lives by consulting the Akasha records. That is the place or realm where all thoughts and events are preserved forever. I saw that in all successive lives they had always been happily married. Except in one. She was an Egyptian princess then, he a poor beggar. In that culture, insignificant beggars were simply not allowed to love divine princesses. As punishment for that sacrilegious act, he was pushed from the roof of the palace and fell dead onto the stone floor of the courtyard. His last thoughts during that fall were with his beloved.”

Taverner paused for a moment and looked sharply at Rhodes. “And now you understand why the dive in his plane, deep in his subconscious, brought something of that old memory to the surface. Precisely in those few seconds, when the earth came dangerously and lethally closer, the memory of his beloved from back then also appeared, now clearly before his eyes.”

There is the 'fall' of the dive and the 'fall' from the roof. Through the similarity, the tumbling downwards, the connection was exposed: the longing for the woman for whom his love – literally – spanned the centuries.



38.5. *The soul that did not want to be born*

38.5.1. Trance? That is not full consciousness.

More Than One Life *³⁵, J. Grant recounts the circumstances in which she wrote another book of hers titled * *The Winged Pharaoh* *. It is a detailed and very poetic description of a past life when she was a princess in ancient Egypt. While compiling the book, she entered a deep trance, conjuring up that life within herself. She dictated the entire book in many 'installments'. During this dictation, someone noted down what she said in shorthand. Tape recorders did not yet exist then, and the dictation was sometimes lightning-fast. Once out of her trance, she herself did not know what she had said. She was therefore always very curious whenever the person who had written down the account recounted her own experiences from a past life in Egypt.

Let us pause here for a moment. Grant enters a trance and does not know what she is about to say. One might call this self-hypnosis, but in reality, Grant's 'self' is completely absent here. She is not 'herself,' neither in her 'personality' nor in her 'individuality.' But then she must be controlled by

³⁵Grant J., *More than one life*, Deventer, Ankh -Hermes, 1973, 12. (// *Many lifetimes*, Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1968).

another being that uses her infrastructure to dictate the book. In other words: she is 'possessed.' The word sounds somewhat heavy because we usually imagine much cruder scenes associated with it. The point remains that Grant does not possess her self. And that points precisely to what is meant by the expression 'to be in the grip of the elements of the world.'

Ostensibly, little is amiss, but one is never certain whether, even after the trance, one has regained full possession of oneself. With hypnosis, it is no different. The hypnotist has 'pushed' the subtle body of the person to be hypnotized out of their body, and expanded his own to such an extent that it thereby encompasses the body of the hypnotized person. Then he can impose his will. The question remains whether, once the hypnosis has ended, the hypnotist has completely withdrawn. Experiments with post-hypnotic suggestions suggest that this is not always the case. Moreover, the question may be asked whether the hypnotist himself has complete control over himself, or whether other beings have also intruded along with the hypnosis. The question is not so strange. Let us consider, for example, the tulpa that Mrs. David- Neel brought to life. We see that even with someone as magically formed as she was, her creation still escaped her control and became rebellious. Experts are therefore very wary of any form of hypnosis, including self-hypnosis. The world of the external nature remains highly suspect. We have already mentioned that the believers of extra-Biblical religions themselves say of their gods that they are unreliable.

Why this digression? Quite simply. Taverner works analogously. For instance, in the following story to Rhodes, his assistant (p. 58), he explains: "So, would you like to see how I search for such an archive? I use various methods. Sometimes I obtain them by hypnotizing the patient, sometimes by crystal gazing. Sometimes I simply read the information I seek into the subconscious mind of nature. We believe that every thought, and every impulse in the world, is recorded in the Akashic records. That is what they call it in the East. It is a bit like looking up subjects in an encyclopedia. In this case, I am going to use this method. " And a little later (p. 59), Rhodes clarifies to the reader: "He rarely remembered anything of what had occurred during his trance state." In other words, Taverner is not himself either. He remains at the mercy of the elements of external nature.

Can it be otherwise? Apparently so. A seer who lives in friendship with the Biblical God, and thus situates himself within the supernatural, always retains full consciousness and self-possession when consulting that ' akasha' —of what was, what is, and possibly what will be. How does such a person

achieve this? That is a very good question. Perhaps it has to do with a thorough Trinitarian prayer life, spanning many consecutive lifetimes, with high morals, with meeting the needs of people without distinction of person. And above all: with loving people very much.

And after this explanation, we can also start on the next story.

38.5.2. The soul that did not want to be born: summarized.

Mona sat there absentmindedly when her mother, Mrs. Cailey , asked Doctor Taverner for a meeting.

“She has never been a normal child,” the mother began. “Since her birth, she has never made a single meaningful sound. I have never heard her cry or laugh. Shortly after her birth, I did see a brief glimpse of life in her eyes. It was almost as if she looked around for a moment and wondered what kind of strange world she had landed in. But a moment later that look disappeared... and forever,” she sighed. She wiped away her tears and continued: “Throughout her entire childhood, she stared blankly ahead. Her body grew, but her face remained expressionless all that time. It seemed as if she did not want to make contact. She has never said a sensible word. We didn't skip a single examination, but no one could help us. Then we heard about your unusual methods, and we didn't want to pass up this opportunity.”

“I can admit her to my clinic for observation for a while,” Taverner reassured her. “If it is her brain that is not functioning properly, I am afraid I cannot do anything. But if her cognitive abilities are still underdeveloped, then I might be able to help her.”

Mrs. Cailey decided to entrust Mona to the good care of Doctor Taverner for a while. His assistant, Doctor Rhodes, examined Mona thoroughly but found no medical problem.

“Do you still have any hope for such a mentally deficient patient?” she finally asked Taverner .

“I do not know that yet,” he replied. “She was born mentally disabled. The cause of her condition, therefore, cannot lie in this life. I first want to ascertain whether anything serious happened in her previous incarnations. In such cases, it is clear to me that the cause lies before her birth, perhaps in a past life. I will also examine her horoscope to see if she may have incurred a debt. And if so, I will investigate whether the time is ripe to repay that debt in this

life. I wonder if you have any idea of the mental process that precedes birth? Just before birth, the soul sees its future life, like a film—not all the details, but the broad outlines, as determined by its karma. It cannot change those things, but her subsequent lives are determined by its reactions to them. Thus, although one cannot change one's fate in the current life, our future is nevertheless in our own hands."

With this goal in mind, Taverner put himself into a deep state of self-hypnosis one evening. His subtle body left his physical body and went in search of the necessary information. Rhodes was already somewhat familiar with her boss's unusual method. She noted down everything he said, because as soon as he was back in his body, he no longer remembered what he had said.

His assistant reviewed her notes and reported. "You have seen her Greek and Egyptian lives pass by very quickly," she said. "Apparently, nothing great happened to Mona during those periods. But that changed when you delved into her life in fifteenth-century Italy. At that time, she was called Carla Bianchetti and was the daughter of a duke. She had a sister who was engaged to a certain Giovanni Sigmundi. Carla managed to snatch Giovanni away from her sister and win him for herself. Later, she got the chance to marry someone from royal circles. She not only abandoned Sigmundi but even handed him over to his enemies. The Italy of that time was full of intrigue. Sigmundi fell out of favor, was severely tortured, and eventually died."

Rhodes finished her report and looked at Taverner, who had by now fully emerged from his hypnosis.

"The current Mona must repay a debt caused centuries ago by Carla, specifically to the Sigmundi of that time and her sister," Taverner said. "What she sowed, she shall reap. If not now, then in a next life. Do you understand, Rhodes? No special hell is needed. Souls that misbehave eventually build one for themselves."

"But with Mona, there is no sign of that," suggested Rhodes. "Her mind is, in fact, absent. It is her mother who is suffering."

"Not yet," Taverner added. "And with that, you touch upon the crux of the matter. When, at her birth, she caught that brief glimpse of what awaited her, she rebelled against her fate. She wanted to deny her guilt. Her soul refused to accept the heavy burden. That brief flash of insight gave her eyes that

strange, mature expression that startled her mother so much. Do you remember her sighing that that look of recognition disappeared again quickly?"

"Does everyone always have that foreknowledge?" Rhodes asked curiously.

"Yes, everyone always gets that glimpse," replied Taverner . "But usually the memory of it remains unconscious. Some people do have vague premonitions. Occult training can help recover those lost memories."

"But what can you do for Mona then?" Rhodes insisted.

"Very little for the time being," Taverner admitted. "I can only wait and hope that the other actors from that old drama appear here and demand settlement of their debt. But all this plays out primarily on the unconscious level of their existence. You cannot ask them directly why they do or do not do certain things. They do not know themselves. They unconsciously play a role dictated by their own subconscious."

Only in-depth psychological treatment can offer any insight here. But that requires openness to the belief in reincarnation, which is lacking in many psychologists. Moreover, a clairvoyant's gaze into the past lives of all those involved is necessary. Usually, a clairvoyant at this level is also knowledgeable in depth psychology, but the reverse is rare. A depth psychologist rarely believes in reincarnation. For instance, Sigmund Freud, the Viennese psychiatrist, was too materialistic in his outlook on life to even investigate the paranormal aspect of many psychological problems.

Taverner paused for a moment, as if searching for the common thread of his argument.

"To return to the heart of the matter," he continued, "if the other players from the old drama appear, Mona gets the chance to rectify her mistake. If she is freed from her fate, she will be able to continue her life. But if she refuses that chance, she will be taken from this life and forced into a new incarnation."

Nevertheless, I have high hopes. Now that she has been brought to me, I expect that her soul will be given another chance to descend into her body. Then she will no longer be absent. She will gradually awaken from her years of sleep and reveal who she truly is. Indeed, she will soon reach the same height she once had.

“But surely the chance that she will work her way back up to royal circles is almost nil?” Rhodes countered.

“She was much more than just royal,” clarified Taverner . “Carla Bianchetti was a high initiate in an important order at the time.”

“What happens now?” she asked.

“That depends on whether the other actors from this old drama will show up or not,” Taverner concluded .

Whenever a new patient was admitted to the hospital, Rhodes kept a close eye on the quiet Mona. But the girl remained undisturbed and stared silently ahead. She continued to do so, even when a young man, a certain Hodson , was brought in a few days later. He was suffering from terrible shell shock and hoped to find some peace in the hospital.

Taverner called his assistant to him.

“I have drawn up her horoscope, and towards the end of the month Mona will have a planetary conjunction. That could well be a wonderful opportunity to free herself from her guilt regarding that life in Italy. At least, if we can get her to accept it. I think that...”

Suddenly, their conversation was interrupted by a bloodcurdling scream from someone terrified. The sound came from one of the rooms on the upper floor.

“That is definitely Hodson !” Taverner judged frantically. “That poor man is reliving some scene or other, caught in the trenches.”

Rhodes and the doctor ran up the stairs. The door to Hodson’s room stood open. The patient had disappeared. Through the window, however, they saw that he was in the garden. He walked straight towards Mona, who was sitting somewhat absently on a bench.

To Taverner and Rhodes' great surprise, he laid his head on her lap and hid his face in his hands. Rhodes immediately wanted to rush into the garden to pull him away from Mona, but Taverner stopped her with a quick and powerful movement.

“Don’t do it,” he commanded. “First see how Mona reacts.”

There lay Hodson , his head still on her lap. For endless minutes, Taverner and Rhodes watched as Mona's dazed brain tried to come to life. And suddenly, suddenly she moved her hand. Slowly, extremely slowly, she lifted it. Slowly, she brought her hand to Hodson and placed it lovingly on his shoulder.

For the first time in her life, her intellect finally came to life. For the first time since her birth, she had performed a conscious act. Something deep within her inner life had prompted her to take Hodson under her protection. And that was indeed highly astonishing.

No, no conversation followed, but apparently they simply enjoyed each other's company in complete silence. It did not escape Taverner's notice . When his assistant came to stand beside him, he placed his hand on her shoulder.

Rhodes, who do you think is walking next to Mona Cailey there ?

"Well, Hodson of course," she answered, somewhat surprised by the question.

"Certainly, at least, that is what we call him now," laughed Taverner . "But centuries ago his name was Giovanni Sigmundi . Do you remember? She had cast him out for someone of higher circles and, moreover, handed him over to his enemies. His tormentors tortured him, far more than a body can bear. Finally, a bloodcurdling scream rang out from someone in mortal agony."

With his last words, he called out for Carla Bianchetti , the woman he loved. In vain. She did not respond to his scream then. Just now, he relived the horrors and the mortal fear. That brought him subconsciously to a similar situation in his existence: his earlier experience in Italy and the death cry to the woman he loved. And look, this time his call was answered.

Who do you think is walking next to Hodson now ?

"Well, Monica, of course," replied Rhodes. But there was still a hesitation in her voice. She composed herself, looked Taverner straight in the eyes, and stammered: "No, you don't mean we 're looking at Carla Bianchetti , do you?"

"She has begun to pay off her debt," cheered Taverner , "and if all goes well, we will see her soul take possession of her body more and more. And when that happens, Rhodes, it will not be a small soul that descends here."

Rhodes assumed that she would witness a romance between two lovers in the coming days. But it soon took on the characteristics of a tragedy. At least, for one of them.

One day, Hodson received a visit—yes, indeed—from his fiancée. When Mona saw her, she rose to her feet. For a moment, there was a hint of contempt in her gaze, but almost immediately she composed herself. Anyone with the capacity to truly see it could not ignore it. Her soul united completely with her body.

She looked at Hodson and his fiancée, then turned around and said softly: “It must be so.” They were the first clear words she had ever spoken, and with full conviction.

Hodson also gradually recovered from his injuries. When the time came that he was healed and left the hospital, Taverner and Rhodes said goodbye to the couple. Mona also stood by and watched.

“Is it really good for Mona to go through all of this?” asked Rhodes.

“She needs to be there,” Taverner emphasized. “She has to be able to handle this. It is better that she breaks up with him now than that she lets that opportunity pass her by.”

At the farewell, Hodson came to Mona. “Thank you,” he said, “for all the good care.”

He gave her a fleeting kiss on the cheek. He shivered. Mona endured it unmoved. Then he got into the car of the woman he was going to marry, and they left.

Taverner and Rhodes watched them until they had disappeared from sight.

“He leaves us to marry the woman he is engaged to,” mused Taverner. “But that is not the woman he truly loves. For if Mona Cailey had laid even a finger on him, she would have summoned the unconscious memories deep within him. Then she would most certainly have won him back. But then her karma would remain unfinished on her shoulders, and this until a next incarnation.”

“How would the marriage between Hodson and his fiancée go?” asked Rhodes.

“Oh, just like many other marriages,” replied Taverner somewhat resignedly. “In quite a few marriage beds, it is merely emotions that are paired together, but not deeper souls. Hodson and his wife will remain in love for about a year, but then they will likely become disappointed in each other. If they get through their crisis and stay together, for social or economic reasons or whatever, then it will predominantly become a matter of ‘tolerating each other’.”

In quite a few marriages, that is the case. But when Hodson dies, he will most certainly remember Carla Bianchetti . He will call out to her again. And again, she will respond.

But now it will not only be emotions that unite, but also their deeper and more powerful souls. She has paid her toll, their way is clear.



38.6. The perfumed poppy heads: some preliminary compositions.

38.6.1. The sacred is taboo

That was the title of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*³⁶ a few years ago : “Rücksichtnahme auf die Aborigines in Australien”. The term ‘Rücksichtnahme’ means “to observe” and stands in contrast to

³⁶Neue Zürcher Zeitung, August 2, 1994 no. 177, 16. See also on this site, the book: ‘Homo Religiosus’, Chapter 12.1.2. A taboo: a particular chargedness.

'rücksichtslos', "without taking into account". We spoke of 're.ligere', to treat with reverence, hence the word 'religion'. It stands in contrast to 'nec.ligere', to neglect something. In Dutch, we have the term 'negligeren' for this.

died suddenly of a heart attack while descending Ayers Rock. Ayers Rock is an exceptionally large rock in the Northern Territory of Australia and a tourist attraction. For the local Aboriginal people, however, it is a sacred place where they have performed their secret rites since time immemorial. It is therefore a forbidden and dangerous area for anyone not initiated into their religion, certainly for tourists. Anyone venturing onto the mountain as an outsider can expect a curse, the newspaper continues. 26 people have already died while climbing this monolith. For the Aboriginal people, it is clear: that place is highly charged, and anyone unprepared for it suffers the adverse consequences. It is an occult test of strength that non-initiates, and certainly ordinary tourists, are no match for. The magical effects of this can manifest immediately, but can also continue to manifest for a considerable time afterwards.

A person with a nominal mindset will naturally attribute these deaths solely to the excessive exertion involved in climbing this mountain. Uluru, formerly known as Ayers Rock, lies on land belonging to the Anangu Aboriginal tribe. The rock is of great spiritual and cultural importance to the natives. As early as November 2017, the Uluru-Kata-Tjuta National Park announced that tourists would no longer be allowed to climb the red rock starting in October 2019. So much for the newspaper. Let us remember that for the Aboriginals, a people who still live in strong unity with nature—and who have not known an era of enlightenment like our Western European culture—they believe that a stone can be imbued with a soul, that it can be subtly 'charged'.

Alfred Bertholet, in 'Die Religion des Alten testaments'³⁷ puts it this way: "Heiligkeit means scaffolding "Kraftgeladenheit", "holiness means increased power charge". A confrontation with the sacred that is too abrupt can be dangerous. Let us compare it to an electric current conducted through a wire that is too thin, causing it to burn out. Something similar happens during an overly intense contact with God. In Exodus 3, Yahweh says to Moses: "Do not come closer and take off your sandals, for the place where you are standing is holy ground." Exodus 33:20 even states that if a person were to see God directly, he would not survive. Isaiah 65:5 also mentions: "Stay where You are; do not touch Me, for I would sanctify You." God is so energetic and exalted

³⁷ Bertholet A., Die Religion des Alten Testaments, Tübingen, Mohr, 1932, 7.

that a mortal does not survive the confrontation with Him. Our material and subtle infrastructure is not equipped for this at all. Let us illustrate this further.

38.6.2. “You have already processed part of your purgatory.”

Retired religion teacher Sofie ³⁸was grappling with profound questions about religion and was given the opportunity to attend a meeting led by a clairvoyant priest-magician. During this gathering, he claimed to give the attendees an occult initiation and allowed a subtle energy to flow through them. Shortly afterward, a number of sensitives felt intense warm tingling sensations in their head chakras and palms. Sofie, however, felt nothing. Then the magician turned his gaze upon her, or rather, right beside her, and said that the subtle energy was indeed hovering around her but not really penetrating her aura. He stood up, came close to her, and brought both his hands to just above her head. “I am laying my hands on you,” he said, “and in doing so, I am giving you extra energy so that this subtle matter also penetrates your aura.” And a moment later, he claimed that it had indeed succeeded. Sofie didn't understand any of it. She felt absolutely nothing. What was she supposed to look for? What was she supposed to feel? With a healthy dose of skepticism, Mrs. Sofie wondered what bizarre world she had actually stumbled into.

Later, she becomes convinced that the experience has negatively affected her and begins to pray intensely. However, this causes her intense fatigue. Eventually, she falls ill. Once recovered, she consults her dowser, as is her annual custom. It then turns out that her health has actually improved remarkably, much to the dowser's surprise. He put down his pendulum, looked at her intently, and said: “I do not understand. What has happened to you? All your blood vessels have never been so open. Your health is much better than it ever was. I do not need to give you any more herbs at all. Such progress, and in such a short time, I have never witnessed anything like it.”

Sofie could have cheered. What a relief. The magician had indeed helped her after all. She had misjudged him completely. So she had gone straight to the priest, expressed her great gratitude, and told him her whole story. He had looked at her intently for a moment and then said with a certain concern that she had actually caused her entire problem herself. By suddenly praying far too intensely, she had drawn so many energies, so much 'holiness' to herself in far too short a time, without her subtle 'infrastructure' having been

³⁸ See the book on this site: 'Homo Religiosus ', 12.2.2. A taboo: a particular chargedness .

prepared for it. And that had been the cause of her illness. "But," he concluded, "that is no problem at all either, for by going through that illness you have already processed a part of your purgatory here on earth."

38.6.3. A Buddha statue

Fortune attests in her book 'Psychic Self-Defense' ³⁹that the charge of an object does not always turn out positively. She states that the Tibetan monasteries of the Dugpa sect contain thousands of Buddha statues and that possessing such a Buddha statue magnetized by Dugpa rites is not at all pleasant. She testifies: "Once I had a curious experience with a Buddha statue. It was an old, stone statue, about 22,5 cm. tall. The owner had unearthed it herself among the ruins of a city in Burma and had placed it in the hall where it served as a bumper so that the doorknob would not damage the wall. I lived in a top-floor apartment and had to constantly pass the melancholic little Buddha statue. Consequently, I kept thinking of its profane use, unworthy of this statue charged with 'holiness'. The owner, however, thought very differently about it. So the little Buddha remained standing patiently."

One day, as I went upstairs with a bouquet of flowers in my hand, I suddenly felt the urge to lay a marigold, one of the traditional symbols of Indian devotion, before him. Immediately thereafter, I became aware that a connection had been established between the statue and me, and a very sinister one at that. A few nights later, I came home quite late and, as I passed the Buddha, got the sensation that something was behind me. When I looked over my shoulder, I 'saw' a matte gold ball of light the size of a football emerging from the Buddha statue and floating up the stairs behind me. Thoroughly disturbed, I immediately made a conjuring gesture, after which the ball of light returned and was absorbed back into the statue. It is probably unnecessary to add here that I never threw marigolds at the Buddha statue again and always passed it at a safe distance. It was an extraordinarily unpleasant experience and, moreover, a hard lesson, which meant that I should not get involved with sacred objects of a strange cult before I knew exactly where I stood. Later I learned that some of these statues are consecrated with the blood of a human sacrifice. So much for Fortune 's experience .

She further warns of the potential dangers of many objects purchased in antique shops or in shops that resell used items. This merchandise can be so

³⁹ Fortune D., *Psychic Self-Defense, a Study in Occult Pathology and Criminality*, Amsterdam, Gnosis, 1937, 107.

charged with negative forces that it is downright harmful. We should add to this that newly purchased objects can also be charged with the fluid of the designers, the factory workers, the intermediaries, and the salesperson in the shop.

38.6.4. A fetish

Religion specialists usually do not stop to consider the method of creating a fetish. Julia Pancrazi , *La voyance en héritage* ⁴⁰describes how fetishes and talismans were made in secret within the family of Julia Pancrazi , a seer and fetish maker. Her mother and aunt charged objects, such as stones from Saudi Arabia and Yemen, with their fluid (life force) to offer protection. Soldiers, including her father during the First World War, were given these talismans, and although they laughed about it, no one left them behind.

Making a fetish requires deep concentration and a form of 'premonition,' in which the maker anticipates danger and charges the talisman with energy to ward off misfortune. The power of a fetish depends on the energy and moral state of the maker.

Pancrazi also tells of her husband Bastien , who was initially skeptical about the talisman she made for him, but became obsessively attached to it during the war. When he seemed to have temporarily lost it, his tank was hit, but he survived with only a minor foot wound—just like her father thirty years earlier. According to the text, this points to a mysterious inheritance of fate.

38.6.5. A 'charged' hand cream

A psychic from Paris ⁴¹called me. She needed to speak to me urgently. So I went to her for a consultation. Upon arrival, she told me that “her voice” had prompted her to give me a white ointment. It looked like an ordinary hand cream, but as soon as I took the jar, I felt a slight tingling in my hands. This was no ordinary cream.

I asked her what it was. She laughed and answered laconically: “Hand cream.” But when she saw my surprised look, she added: “I worked on it for hours and prayed intensely. Think of it as a fetish.”

⁴⁰Pancrazi J., *La voyance en héritage*, Paris, Filipacchi, 1992, 90, 164. See also on this site, the book: De 'Homo Religiosus ', chapter 7.5.1. A healing fetish .

⁴¹ See also on this site the book: 'Homo Religiosus ', chapter 7.5.3. A testimony

I had known for a long time that this visionary—one of the few I knew—drew her strength in all her work from continuous prayers to the Holy Trinity. She expected the same from her clients. At every consultation, she provided Trinitarian prayers. Those she did not pray—and she sensed this unerringly—were kindly requested to seek help elsewhere.

But we had known each other for a long time. I trusted her completely, and she knew that I would follow her advice. She gave me new prayers and instructed me to make the sign of the cross with the ointment on my wrists three times a day while I recited the prayers.

I knew I shouldn't ask for any further explanation. Moreover, I understood all too well—however strange that may sound to a rationalist—that if you try to fathom everything down to the last detail, you largely negate the magical effect. It is a bit like love: too much analysis kills it. The Russian writer N. Tolstoy said it, and the Dutch author G. Bomans put it in his own way: “Never exhaust happiness; the last bucket tastes like the bottom.”

Wa Na , a San healer in the Kalahari Desert, ⁴²also believes that she must not simply reveal the secrets of her tribe. “If I do that,” she says, “my power as a healer weakens. How will I be able to heal people tomorrow then?”

The power of a prayer, connected to a strictly personal intention, diminishes if you share it prematurely—especially with skeptics. Their thoughts disrupt the process, like a disruptive force in a delicate world.

Without asking further questions, I accepted the ointment and the prayers. Every day I meticulously did what I was commanded, without knowing what awaited me.

A week later, friends unexpectedly invited us to a performance at L'Opéra National de Paris. Two people in their circle of friends had fallen ill, leaving tickets available. It worked out well, and a few hours later we were sitting in comfortable seats while the overture to Carmen played.

But gradually I began to feel strange. Breathing became difficult, and I felt an oppressive pressure all over my body. My wrists suddenly hurt intensely—precisely in the places where I applied the ointment daily.

⁴²Katz R. , Num, Heilen in Ekstase. Spiritualität und uraltes Heilwissen: Die faszinierende Welt der San im südlichen Afrika, Ansata -Verlag, Interlaken, Schweiz, 1985, 240-241.

I needed some fresh air. With difficulty, I excused myself and left the room. In the cafeteria, I just managed to find a free chair. I sank into it, leaned my arm on the table, and laid my head on it. That was the last thing I could do.

Suddenly, I couldn't move anything anymore. Not even my eyelids. The people around me saw me but didn't react—maybe they thought I was drunk. Internally, I screamed: People, don't you see that things are going wrong? But not a single sound escaped my mouth.

An icy cold crept into my toes and fingers and spread slowly through my body. I knew with an inexplicable certainty: if this cold reached my heart, I would die.

In my thoughts, I begged for help. Fragments of the prayers came up, and I tried to murmur them. The pain in my wrists became unbearable, but I could not scream. The cold crept further up. I was dying.

Then, suddenly, it stopped. My heart kept beating.

Very slowly, the icy cold receded. From my heart, a gentle warmth spread through my body. My fingers began to tingle, and after some time, I could move them again. Slowly, I got up, completely exhausted, but with the realization that I had fought a life-or-death battle—and had won.

The pain in my wrists disappeared. The performance was over and the cafeteria filled up. My wife and friends found me there, dazed and pale. I could barely speak, but I gradually recovered. I could no longer drive, but my wife took over.

For two days I stayed in bed. On the third day, everything seemed normal again. But I needed answers.

I made an appointment with the seer.

She opened the door with a smile. "I knew you would make it," she said. "I worked on the ointment until I 'saw' that you would survive."

Still affected, I replied: "Do you even know what I have been through?"

She looked at me penetratingly. "Yes," she said. "Because I took the biggest shock for you."

I still didn't fully understand it. I lifted my wrists and said: "But those wrists... what was wrong with those wrists?"

She laughed again. "It wasn't about your wrists. It was about the chakras in those places. You endured a black magic attack. The fight was concentrated there. If the evil had penetrated those chakras, your aura would have been broken—and you would no longer have been able to defend yourself. Then you wouldn't be standing here now."

She looked at me meaningfully for a long time.

I had to swallow hard.

"Where does this evil come from, then?" I pressed, surprised.

She knew me and my life's fortunes quite well. With an almost pitying look, she examined me somewhat worriedly and then said: "Now try to guess for yourself, just once, who you would want to do something like this to and why."

Now everything became clear to me: the perpetrator, and also the motive. There was someone who couldn't stand me, and who still owed me a lot of money. And who must have thought of me with a great deal of resentment.

The next time I had to see a doctor, I told him that I had become quite unwell during an opera performance, that I felt an intense cold all over, couldn't move, and had become short of breath. "Hyperventilation," he said immediately and in a confident tone. "That was hyperventilation." Quite surprised, I asked: "And how did I lose consciousness at that little table?" "Then your parasympathetic nervous system had taken over, and you had started breathing the way you do in your sleep. You would have come to in no time. You see, there is no cause for concern. Nothing serious happened at all. And if you want to avoid these things in the future, make sure you always have a plastic bag with you. Breathe in and out a few times into that bag. The oxygen level in the air you breathe will drop, and you will get better immediately." I looked at the doctor for a long second. A plastic bag. That I hadn't thought of that. How simple life can be. As we parted, I expressed my gratitude to him for his quick diagnosis, his concern, and his good advice.

38.6.6. It feels like it is alive.

Fortune , *Psychic Self-Defense* ⁴³, writes: I remember my girlfriend and I looking at each other's jewelry. From one of the boxes, I took a beautiful amethyst cross and said: "There is something about this cross. It feels as if it

⁴³ Fortune D., *Psychological Self-Defense*, 103.

is alive.” “I received that cross at my First Communion,” my girlfriend replied. “It came from a bishop who always wore it on his chest.” Her sister was particularly interested and produced her jewelry box. She asked me if I could find her communion cross as well. Her cross had been blessed in a special way by a priest on the occasion of her First Communion. I was surprised myself that I managed to immediately pick one out of three or four crosses that felt warm and strangely electric. It turned out to be her communion cross, indeed.

Elsewhere ⁴⁴in her book, Fortune says that in her youth she had never seen a human or animal die, until she held an injured bird in her hands, which moment later trembled violently and died. She says that no one had to tell her that the crow was dead. The animal felt very different after the tremor than before. She compares the sensation of the still-living animal to the sensation of the magnetized cross. The dead animal had suddenly become a lifeless object from which all life had departed.

38.6.7. The aura of a church building

Gizella Weigl / F. Wezel , **Die entschleierte Aura** ⁴⁵, depicts what she sees of the aura of the church building during the Pentecost service in the church of Prenzlau , a municipality in the German state of Brandenburg. In one of her small paintings, this aura is particularly light in color and encloses the entire building like a gigantic bell at least a hundred meters high. Even today, seers claim to observe such large and luminous auras around church buildings during certain reverent worship services, containing subtle beings that cooperate with the worship. However, a church building can also have a very different appearance, for example, because it was built thanks to the proceeds of an unjust trade in indulgences. This was a practice of the Catholic Church, which held that punishments resulting from sins were remitted in exchange for payment. It was Luther who protested against this, something that would eventually contribute to the Protestant Reformation.

An anonymous person recounts. In the 1980s, we traveled to Rome with the final-year humanities students. Among other things, we visited the impressive St. Peter's Basilica. Its center stands right on the tomb of Saint Peter. Matthew 16:18/19 states that Jesus says to Peter : “You are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church. The gates of the underworld will not

⁴⁴ Fortune D., *Psychic Self-Defense, a Study in Occult Pathology and Criminality*, Amsterdam, Gnosis, 1937, 103.

⁴⁵Weigl G., Wezel F., *Die entschleierte Aura*, Eching (DL), 1986 ⁻², 142 and 143.

prevail against it. I will give you the keys of the kingdom. Whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you unbind on earth will be unbound in heaven.” The Latin or Greek term 'petra' indeed means 'rock'. In other words, Peter possesses unprecedented power. One is sometimes inclined to forget that an answer to a prayer can, if necessary, be suspended by “the heavens.” Whoever is not at peace with the apostles, particularly with Peter, whoever does not live conscientiously, loses the desired contact with “the heavens”. Above this tomb stands the papal altar, 28 meters higher, covered by Bernini’s world-famous baldachin and supported by four twisted pillars. Sensitive people feel an increase in energy at that place, just as at the bronze statue of Peter. “Holiness means increased charge,” as Bertholet said .

But this is not the whole story. Right at the very top, high in the dome of St. Peter's Basilica, there is a small souvenir shop. I thought, if there is one place in the world where a special aura hangs, it must surely be here. So I bought a small icon there. It depicted an angel. Years later, I showed it with some pride to a clairvoyant priest. He examined it, took it from my hands, and held it in front of his genitals for a few moments. In a sudden insight, I understood that the icon did not radiate all that well after all, and I also understood what was happening. The genitals are the place par excellence of life force. It is precisely the organ that can transmit that life so mysterious and sacred. Placed in its proper context, it is particularly sublime. Just about all pagan primitive religions are aware of this. That is also why a number of temples in India are decorated with copulating couples. It is the life force that is glorified there. One has to be an overly materialistic tourist to degrade such a religious act into banal sex. And one does so all the more easily the less one knows of the subtle world. Afterwards, I got the little icon back. And sure enough, it felt very different when I took it back into my hands. It had something magnetic about it. I felt the tingling in my palms very clearly.

We conclude that all these testimonies show that objects such as a stone, an ointment, an animal, and a human can be charged with subtle forces. This serves as a premise to begin the reading of the following story.

38.6.8. The perfumed poppy heads: summarized.

Mr. Gregory Polson contacts Doctor Taverner , who is known for his unusual methods of helping people.

"It concerns a will," Polson begins . "But the heir committed suicide by jumping out of a window. Strangely enough, the next beneficiary also committed suicide shortly afterwards. And the same thing happened to the third heir. Three deaths in less than two years. That can no longer be a coincidence. That is why I fear that Tim, the fourth beneficiary, is now also carrying his death sentence. He was at my office recently and looked down out the window for a long time. When I asked what he was thinking about, he replied: 'I wonder what kind of feeling it would be if you dove down from here.' Doctor, I don't know what is going on here, but I want to prevent Tim from dying too. I have heard of your unusual methods and I think you can help me."

Taverner listens attentively. He looks at Polson for a while and then says: "I have the feeling that there is more to this than you are telling me. Who do you suspect yourself?" "I have no evidence whatsoever," Polson begins , "but could it be that someone is working by suggestion and is somehow inciting the heirs to commit suicide?"

"That is possible," agrees Taverner , "and in this case, even very likely. It can happen unconsciously, but I suspect that this is a very deliberate act. If you rely purely on your intuition, who do you think is capable of this?"

"My gut feeling says Irving," Polson answers resolutely. "I don't like him. I don't trust him. He has friends who aren't averse to dealing in hash and cocaine."

"Do you have any reason to believe that he is a trained occultist?" Taverner presses on.

"Irving is a scatterbrain," replies Polson . "He thinks incoherently and can't even concentrate on a normal conversation."

"Then it seems unlikely to me that he could commit mental murder," judges Taverner . "Thought transference requires more precision than swinging a sledgehammer. If you have to choose between an occultist or a blacksmith, choose the blacksmithing trade . But now back to the heirs: is there anything that connects them to Irving?"

Polson thinks for a moment. "Maybe," he says. "Irving had a special perfume that he generously handed out to his friends. He also bought poppy heads and filled them with herbs. They looked nice in vases. He gave a few to Tim, but I don't know if they were perfumed."

“Interesting,” says Taverner . “The psychological effect of scent can be significant. Can you make sure I get a few of those poppies?”

A few days later, Polson hands the requested poppies to Taverner . Upon opening one of the heads, not only black seeds fall out, but also a small, curious moonstone.

Taverner suspects a telepathic suggestion and gives the stone to Rhodes, his assistant, who is sensitive to the paranormal.

“It looks like some kind of perfumed seed,” he clarifies. “Rhodes, take a sniff?”

Rhodes takes the seeds in her hand and sniffs.

“And?” asks Taverner . “What do you think of it?”

“The smell is not unpleasant,” she replies. “But it irritates my mucous membranes slightly. It feels like a cold wind is blowing against my forehead.”

“So it affects your pineal gland,” concludes Taverner . “Now take the moonstone in your hand while you smell it. Tell me what thoughts come to mind.”

“I think of soapy water... of my mother’s necklace... of how difficult it would be to find this stone if I dropped it on the carpet... or out the window... I wonder what kind of feeling it would be if you were thrown out of a window...”

“Enough,” interrupts Taverner , and takes the moonstone from her hand.

“What does this mean?” asks Rhodes, surprised.

“Someone has ingeniously packaged black magic,” explains Taverner . “The moonstone is tuned for suicide. A mental image of someone jumping from a height has been imprinted on the stone. Everyone who comes into contact with it has that same image imprinted on them.”

“But how can an object convey an emotion?” asks Rhodes.

“That is completely impossible,” Taverner countered . “But does such a thing as an inanimate object actually exist? Occult science says no. One of

our axioms states that the mind in minerals is nearly unconscious, sleeps in plants, dreams in animals, and is fully awakened only in humans. Just look at how a vine seeks support for its tendrils, for example. Then you will see that the movements of plants are anything but aimless. You have surely heard of metal fatigue, haven't you? Just ask your barber if his razors never get tired. He will tell you that he regularly lets them rest for a while. After all, he knows that tired steel cannot be sharpened and no longer has a nice cutting edge."

"Admittedly," replied Rhodes, "but surely you don't want to make us believe that there is enough consciousness in that piece of stone to absorb an idea and transmit it to someone's subconscious?"

"That is exactly what I mean," Taverner emphasized . "This moonstone is nothing but a talisman for evil."

"Taverner , surely you aren't going to tell us that you even believe in amulets?" asked Rhodes in surprise.

"Of course," came the confident reply. "And you?"

"Of course not," was Rhodes' immediate reaction.

"Do you really believe that someone who learned moonstone can give hypnotic suggestions?" Polson interjected.

"That is indeed how you can summarize it," Taverner admitted, "but with some help. And that is precisely what the perfumed seeds are for. They can cause a temporary sensitivity and make someone receptive to the influence of the thought incorporated into the moonstone."

"They should hang someone who devises such a diabolical plan," thought Polson .

"I do not agree with that," remarked Taverner . "I would punish the perpetrator with similar, but stronger measures. After all, we do not yet know for certain whether he is the actual culprit. Perhaps he is merely an intermediary. No, the punishment must be such that, if he is guilty, he bears the consequences, but if he is innocent, the real perpetrator still gets what he deserves."

Taverner researched the seeds. Once he knew exactly what they were and how difficult they were to obtain, he placed an advertisement in the newspaper claiming to offer the seeds for sale himself. A few days later, he was approached by a certain Minsky, who was interested. Minsky could count on a visit from Taverner and Rhodes. It soon became apparent that Minsky was acting on orders. He introduced Taverner to his boss.

Taverner introduced himself as someone who could induce clairvoyance in anyone who used these herbs. Naturally, only if he was paid sufficiently for it. The man took the bait. Taverner ordered him to lie down on a sofa and treated him as if he were performing a deep hypnotic séance. Afterward, he brought Minsky back to consciousness. Yet Minsky found no peace. He constantly felt the presence, a kind of spirit, but could not find it. He began searching his entire house in vain.

Taverner gave Rhodes a sign. "It is high time we left that man alone," he said. Together they left.

Once outside, a worried Rhodes asked: "What did you do to him?"

"Nothing other than what I promised," answered Taverner coolly. "He wanted me to make him clairvoyant, and I have done so."

"And will that punish him for the atrocities he has committed?"

"Who tells us that he has committed atrocities?" asked Taverner with a gentle smile.

"But what is your intention then?" Rhodes inquired further.

"Simple: if someone becomes clairvoyant, the first thing he sees is his own naked soul. And if this man is indeed the one we think he is, that will presumably also be the last thing he sees. For a soul that has committed such cold-blooded murders cannot bear to have you look at it. On the other hand, if he is just an average person, not remarkably good but not extraordinarily bad either, then he has merely gained an interesting experience."

Apparently, however, he was no ordinary person, for a moment later a bloodcurdling scream rang out from the building, followed by the rapid footsteps of a man running towards the river.

“Good God!” cried Rhodes. “He’s about to jump into the river!” She wanted to run after him, but Taverner stopped her.

“That is his business, not ours,” he said grimly. “I doubt he dares to face death. Death can be particularly nasty, you know, especially when you, like him, meet ‘the watchman on the threshold,’ the ‘watchman of darkness.’”

When they returned to the hospital later, Taverner put the bundle of banknotes he had received from Irving for his 'initiation' into the collection box. He looked at Rhodes and asked: “What would you choose? A quick death and it’s over? Or live in fear of death your whole life?”

“As far as I’m concerned,” I replied, “I’d rather die ten times over.”

“Me too,” Taverner agreed . “Life imprisonment is much worse than the death penalty.”



38.7. The Death Dog, Some Preliminary Propositions

38.7.1. The ears of the sea cow

Let us first refer to text 34 on this site: “Dis net die oortjies van die seekoei”, where a conflict exists in a small school in Swaziland between the Mother Superior, who is also the headmistress, and a nun-teacher. The Mother Superior is a dangerous vampire who sucks the schoolchildren and colleagues dry, but is initially unaware of it. Or, to put it in Fortune 's words, her current ' personality ' is ignorant of her ' individuality '. Let us here refer to Psalm 19 (18): “Who, Holy Trinity, is aware of all faults? Purify us in any case from unconscious evil.”

Most of the nuns, too, are not sensitive enough, or barely sensitive enough, to suspect any danger. Nevertheless, the village has quite a few people who intuitively sense that something is wrong, but are not sufficiently familiar with the paranormal world to suspect any misfortune. Moreover, the Mother Superior's commitment to the success of her little school is particularly great, which means that imperfections are rather easily rationalized away or overlooked, something that is somewhat understandable.

Unconsciously, she creates a kind of vengeful demon in the form of a subtle, carnivorous, and blood - drinking predator. She sends this monstrosity after the sister night after night. Initially, the sister does not understand what is happening and finds herself in mortal danger. Fortunately, she can turn to a sangoma, a local magician, who prevents worse and absorbs the beast into himself, causing it to cease to exist.

Let us compare this with Fortune 's vengeful demon . She had to reabsorb her expelled rage back into herself. In the story of 'the Seekoei ', the sangoma swallows up the predator that the Mother Superior had brought to life. In essence, that is an ideal form of exorcism. Evil thereby disappears from the world permanently. This stands in stark contrast to a church exorcism, where evil is usually driven out of the 'possessed'. But in doing so, it is merely displaced, not undone. Furthermore, according to quite a few people in our time, exorcisms are hardly necessary anymore. That time is over, they argue. They are psychological or psychiatric problems. Nothing more. But that is indeed the question. Dr. Taverner definitely disagrees with this. If one denies the subtle side of reality, then possessions will indeed not manifest themselves. They are then outside our consciousness. But what does that say about their existence? Real exorcists tell us that they simply don't know where to begin; there is still so much to do.

We refer here to S. Bramley , Macumba , Forces blacks of Brazil ⁴⁶. Mother Marie- Josée , a ' mother of the gods ' of Macumba , an extra-Biblical religion, protects the writer Bramley during a specific ritual. In doing so , she also relocates the evil elsewhere but does not destroy it. This stands in stark contrast to the conduct of Jesus during his descent into hell. He redeemed 'people of good will' by absorbing the evil they had committed and thus freeing them from the grip of evil. Magicians who act in this way exist, but their number is frighteningly small. Usually, these are ' ebeds Yahweh's , the 'servants of the Lord', despised by a world that does not understand them. Even when medical science is powerless, they are not permitted to heal people. And yet they draw—in the most literal sense of the word—up to themselves the ailments of their fellow man. To act in this way, one must surely love one's neighbor very much.

They then experience, albeit in an intensified and accelerated form, the illness of their loved one. For this, let us refer, for example, to text 37 on this site ⁴⁷, entitled: Miracle 71. Such healing work is, however, prohibited by law in this country, Belgium. Healers work—if they are able to work—entirely illegally. The healing use of their gifts is denied to them, simply because abuses exist. That is a strange line of reasoning, which we would nevertheless prefer to see motivated the other way around. The abuse should be punished, not the healing use. But this requires a medical science that recognizes that its domain is limited to this, primarily material, side of reality. A methodical science accepts this, and knows and respects the boundaries of its field. An ideological form of 'science' does not do so and wrongly believes that it encompasses the entirety of reality. We have ⁴⁸already explained this in detail elsewhere on this site.

Let us continue the story of the little school in Swaziland. Through many events, the Sister Superior gradually begins to suspect something of her true nature. Where she initially thought it was joy that, by her own account, gave her palpable energy to work with the children, she now has her doubts. Until she finally asks the sister in question bluntly: “Am I a vampire ?” The story of 'the perfumed poppies' taught us that a confrontation with one's own deeper soul is far from simple. Not everyone can bear looking into their own naked soul.

⁴⁶Bramley S., Macumba, Forces noires du Brésil, Paris, Seghers, 1975, 42, 35, 58. See also the book on this site: De 'homo Religiosus', chapter 3.3.2. Macumba

⁴⁷ See on this site text 37, Miracle 71, Chapter 4.12. Our Lady of Flanders, Kortrijk

⁴⁸ See on this site text 37, Miracle 71, Chapter 2.3. Science: method or ideology?

Fortunately, school life continues more or less normally, until the headmistress retires and is honored by the other sisters, children, and villagers for her years of dedication.

Let us recall the story of Gerald, who, between two lives, attempts to distance himself from the goddess Isis and seeks connection with the Trinity. Perhaps, after her passing, the same applies to the Sister Superior. Let us hope so.

So much for this testimony, which aims to illustrate that a qualified person can create subtle beings. This can be for good, but as the following testimony also shows, it can likewise be for evil.

38.7.2. Larvae

In Classical Latin, 'larva' (plural: 'larvae') means ghost or spirit. There is no good Dutch word for it, but the term 'occult cephalopod' describes its outward form quite well. This subtle being has no body, only a head with a filamentous appendage.

The one who brings such a larva to life bestows upon it a portion of his or her own life force and gives it a specific task, such as to kill someone. A person with a natural aptitude for magic can unknowingly create a larva through, for example, an uncontrolled outburst of rage. If the person summoning it is sensitive enough, he or she will be able to sense that something malevolent has emanated from him or her. Moreover, if that person is clairvoyant, he or she can even see how the creature originates—as a subtle cloud that condenses increasingly and, in some cases, even materializes further, making it more visible.

Fortune's story of the creation of a vengeful demon. Fortune, a gifted seeress, suddenly became aware of the demon she herself had created. Fortunately, she possessed sufficient moral sense to destroy the creature. However, those who are less sensitive do not notice the consequences of concentrated rage. If someone remains in that negative state and feels no remorse, that person contributes to the proliferation of evil in the world. In any case, man remains a citizen of two worlds: the visible, material world and the invisible, subtle dimension.

We illustrate what can happen when inexperienced or unscrupulous individuals venture into the occult.

Marguerite Gillot was a nurse in a maternity ward in Paris. She was interested in occultism, but as is evident from the story *Aux portes de l'invisible*⁴⁹, she was deeply religious as a Christian – a stroke of luck for her.

She writes: “Mrs. A., a lady from my circle of acquaintances, wanted to involve me in her occult practices. She saw in me a 'medium' who could attain a high degree of occult power under her guidance—from which she would subsequently profit. She insisted that I give up my profession, but I resolutely refused. Then she tried to influence me through magic, which she reinforced through repeated visits.

One day, when I was exhausted from work, she dropped in on me 'for a chat'. But I had absolutely no need for that. So she decided to 'rest a bit' in my studio instead and stayed there until late in the evening. Exactly nine days later, at one o'clock at night, I was called out to administer anesthesia for a delivery. While I was working, an indefinable sense of unease came over me. I had been tired for days, but this felt different—it was only getting worse. That is a hallmark of an occult attack: an inexplicable and persistent exhaustion that leads to depression. From the depths of my soul a seemingly inexplicable melancholy and deep despondency arose.

After the delivery, I flopped into bed, hoping that I would recover after some sleep. But an hour later, I woke up with an unbearable headache that worsened with every breath. It felt as if my skull had been broken open and my brain was exposed. My temperature had risen to 40.2°C. I did not yet know then that a high fever can enhance clairvoyance. While I was trying to figure out where this was coming from, I suddenly saw two hideous, fine-material, slimy creatures. They were neither animal nor human and had a sort of tail, similar to the stone gargoyles on cathedrals. With a grinning, sarcastic expression, they swayed back and forth.

I was terrified. Then I realized that my condition had an occult cause! At that very moment, I clearly heard an inner voice say: 'They are larvae .' I knew that touching them would mean instant death. Stumbling, I reached my room, grabbed my pendulum, and bent over a map of Paris to determine the origin of the attack. Suddenly, the pendulum shot up and fell from my hand—right above A.'s residence.

⁴⁹Gillot M., *Aux portes de l'invisible*, Neuchatel (Ch), La tableronde , 1968, 36.

Meanwhile, the larvae kept coming closer and closer, swaying in the air. I looked them straight in the eye and made the sign of the cross. At that very moment, they vanished with a sound like someone crumpling tissue paper. Immediately, I could breathe deeply again and my headache subsided.

I left my room to freshen up. At that moment, the night nurse was just coming down the stairs. She looked at me, let out a cry, and stood frozen.

Gillot eventually managed to defeat the larvae, but these creatures are programmed to find a victim at all costs. If they fail with one, they will find another. This time they chose a defenseless creature: a baby just three days old, whose crib happened to be located directly above Gillot's room. The child died suddenly. The doctors who investigated the case were baffled. It was referred to as 'SIDS'. This was my first encounter with low-level magic.

Fortunately, Gillot was occultly stronger than A., and a backlash followed automatically, a 'shock and return' as they say. She writes: "A few days later I heard—it is bizarre, but logical within these occult laws—that A. had paralyzed legs since that fateful evening due to a fall. One of her acquaintances told me that she would not be able to walk for several weeks."

And furthermore: In the next story, **The Death Dog**, a magician sends a subtle animal after his victim. Magically, Taverner manages to reverse the roles. The perpetrator does not survive the confrontation with his own creation. A magician living in friendship with God will never act in this way. He will, however, attempt to undo the evil and set limits on the behavior of such a person. But ultimately, the intention is to bring him or her to reason. Expressed in Christian terms: man is made in the image of God. That means that there is also, albeit minimally, something of Christ living within that person. But apparently, that piece has been suppressed and repressed. The Russian thinker Tolstoy once said that he encounters Jesus in every human being, but that in quite a few cases, that person carries a chained Christ within him.

Let's read the story after these explanations.

38.7.3. The Death Dog: summarized

"My heart isn't quite right. I can live with it if I take it easy," said Martin, "but that other problem, that is something else entirely."

“What do you mean?” asked Taverner .

“It is a bit embarrassing to say, but you are no ordinary doctor, and I dare say so,” Martin clarified. “I suffer from hallucinations. I see a large, black dog following me, and he looks anything but friendly. I keep telling myself that the animal isn't real, that it is just my imagination. But the annoying thing is that the dog doesn't care. Whether I believe he is real or not, he keeps following me.”

“When will that dog appear, then?” asked Taverner curiously.

“Usually not until evening falls,” answered Martin. “I feel his presence, and when I look back, he is staring at me. Sometimes he suddenly emerges from behind a piece of furniture and seems to be waiting patiently.”

“Wait to do something?” asked Taverner .

“To jump at my throat,” replied Martin with a worried look.

“But then surely that dog is quite real to you?” remarked Taverner .

And do you see him every evening?

“No, not every night. On Friday nights he leaves me alone. Then I can go to bed early and usually sleep like a log,” sighed Martin.

“I suggest you stay in my hospital for a few days,” Taverner continued. “You know, this building is protected by a sort of large bell jar, a gigantic bubble that spans the hospital. It is an occult protection against unwanted guests, and that dog is certainly part of it. He won't get in here.”

Martin was assigned a room.

“Rhodes, what do you think of this case?” Taverner asked his assistant.

“In the past, I would have called this a delusion,” Rhodes began, “but by now I know your *modus operandi* a bit better. I suspect you are going to tell me that this involves a thought form that someone has directed at our patient with a specific goal.”

“Great! We are making progress,” laughed Taverner . “And I have already done some thinking. The reason Martin gets rest and sleeps well on Friday evenings probably has to do with the fact that the gentlemen of the Black Lodge meet then. For only a trained occultist from a Black Magic lodge can create such a thought form. That is why it makes no sense to deal with the dog itself. The creator would immediately summon a new dog. We must find the person behind the dog. First, I want to know if Martin himself has any knowledge of occultism.”

During a subsequent conversation, Taverner cautiously probed Martin's knowledge in that area. It soon became apparent that Martin knew hardly anything about it. “You really should meet Mortimer,” Martin said spontaneously. “He knows much more about that subject than I do.”

“Then I would be happy to meet him,” replied Taverner . But Martin seemed to immediately regret his remark, as if he had betrayed something Mortimer would not appreciate. The conversation stalled.

Taverner went to his desk, took out a box of neatly arranged index cards, and leafed through them. Soon he found what he was looking for: Anthony William Mortimer, with his order, his degree, and the most important events of his time in that lodge. “We know that now,” he said with satisfaction. “Now the question remains what Martin has put in his way that causes Mortimer to send such a thought form his way. We could ask Martin, but then he risks thinking that we also believe the monster is physically real, and that would only strengthen his fear. We prefer to wait and see. In any case, Martin is safe here.”

Rhodes noticed that Martin often asked about the mail. He seemed to be expecting an important letter.

One day Martin asked her: “Do you think that absence can make love grow?”

“I think that love that is not nurture tends to cool down a bit,” replied Rhodes.

With that remark, Martin had made it clear that a woman was involved. For Taverner, that was reason enough to lure her to the hospital. Rhodes did not know exactly how he did it, but he had a gift for planting subtle suggestions in someone's mind, so that they thought it was his own idea. It

worked, for a few days later Martin asked if he could take two guests along for lunch. When they arrived, he introduced them as Miss Hallam and her mother.

Rhodes sensed immediately that something was wrong with the girl, although she could not say exactly what. In any case, Martin was particularly cheered by her presence. Until the atmosphere suddenly changed. When Miss Hallam took off her gloves, Martin saw a large engagement ring on her finger. It touched him deeply, and he could no longer maintain his role as a cheerful host. The lunch proceeded painfully slowly.

After the meal, Taverner asked Martin if he would show Mrs. Hallam around the garden. After all, Miss Hallam was keen to speak with Taverner and Rhodes.

“Doctor Taverner ,” she began, “there is something that bothers me terribly. Is it possible to be in love with someone and yet not really love him? You see, when my fiancé isn’t with me, I long for him. But as soon as I see him, I feel more of an enormous aversion.”

“Tell me,” asked Taverner calmly, “how did you actually get engaged? Did someone perhaps try to influence you?”

“I don’t think so,” answered the girl. “He only asked me if I wanted to become his wife, and I just said yes. It was an intuition, so clear and so strong, that I knew immediately what to answer.”

“And don’t you regret that?” Taverner wanted to know.

“No, at least, not until today. But when I was sitting here in the dining hall, I suddenly thought how nice it would be if I didn't have to go to Mortimer.”

Taverner cast a meaningful glance at Rhodes. She, too, understood why such 'insights' do not work here. The protective dome around the hospital kept magical suggestions, such as Mortimer's, out. Then he turned back to the girl and asked: “Don’t you think that Mr. Mortimer’s powerful personality influenced your decision?”

Rhodes could not suppress a laugh at the naive way Taverner lured the girl into the trap.

“Oh no,” said the girl decisively. “I often have those inspirations. In fact, it is because of such an inspiration that I have come here.”

“Well, well,” said Taverner calmly. “So it is quite possible that you became engaged to Mortimer precisely because of such an inspiration.” He looked her straight in the eyes and continued slowly and measuredly: “And I might as well tell you right away: I am responsible for the inspiration that brought you here.”

The girl stared at him in surprise.

“As soon as I knew you existed, I wanted to see you,” he continued, “because you play an important role in the life of one of our patients.”

“Oh,” sighed the girl. “But actually, I already knew that.”

Taverner continued imperturbably: “Some people send a telegram when they want to communicate something, but I don’t. I send out thoughts, because then I am certain that they will be listened to. One can ignore a telegram, but one listens to a thought, because one thinks it comes of its own accord. However, this only works if the recipient does not suspect that it is a suggestion. For if that were the case, that person might just do the exact opposite of what you want.”

Mrs. Hallam looked at him in astonishment and asked: “Is such a thing really possible? I can hardly believe it.”

Taverner smiled and said: “Do you see the red geraniums over there to the left of the garden path? Pay close attention; I will make sure your mother goes there and picks one.”

The girl and Rhodes watched as the unsuspecting woman walked on, while Taverner focused on her. And sure enough, when she reached the geraniums, she turned around and plucked one.

“Hey ma’am,” called Taverner. “What are you doing there with our geraniums?”

“Oh, sorry,” she cried out, startled. “I gave in to a sudden impulse, I think.”

Taverner waved reassuringly at her and turned back to the girl. "Not all thoughts originate in the brain that devises them. We constantly influence each other without realizing it. And someone who knows the power of thoughts and trains their intellect can achieve a great deal."

The day was drawing to a close. Martin did not appear for dinner. He had walked with his guests and said goodbye to them outside the hospital grounds. He was supposed to return to the hospital, but that did not happen. Hours later, he was still not back.

Taverner looked at his watch and said, "Rhodes, there is danger. We must search for him immediately."

They set off, and after a long night journey, they saw Martin walking in the distance from a hill. He stopped again and again and looked around, as if defending himself against something. He circled around to discover from where the danger was stalking him time and again, and then started running again.

"The dog!" cried Rhodes. "The dog is hot on his heels. But he can't keep up that pace. His heart will give out any minute now."

Rhodes ran towards Martin and managed to catch the completely exhausted man just in time. She clearly sensed that something was hovering around him, as sheep scattered in panic further away. Martin was taken to the hospital, given a sedative, and soon fell into a deep, relaxed sleep.

When Taverner was back in his office, he called Rhodes to him. "Look through the window. What do you see?"

"Actually nothing," she answered.

It would be good for you if you actually saw something. You are still too eager to treat thought forms, arising from a diseased mind, as if they were harmless, simply because they cannot be scientifically proven. But wait, I will show you things as our patient sees them.

He began tapping on her forehead with a peculiar, syncopated rhythm. Soon Rhodes felt a strange sensation, as if a suppressed sneeze had moved from her nose to her skull. And then she saw a faint glimmer of light outside

in the darkness, a grayish-white haze that slowly took the shape of a death dog.

The shadowy figure took a running start and leaped towards the window with tremendous force. But the protective glass dome held it back. The creature fell back, took another run-up, and once again struck the impenetrable barrier. A soundless bark seemed to emanate from the wide maw.

“And Martin sees that every day now,” said Taverner .

The next day, Miss Hallam came to the hospital for a conversation with Taverner . When he received her, he said immediately: “You sent your engagement ring back to Mortimer?”

“How do you know that?” asked the girl, surprised. “And why are you going to all this trouble for me?”

“I want to show you how one can influence someone without them noticing,” replied Taverner . “But what brought you here?”

“Mortimer wanted to speak to me, but I refused,” said the girl. “I was afraid of falling under his influence again and feared that he would force me to marry him.”

“We will deal with Anthony Mortimer much more drastically,” Taverner assured her.

It did not take long, for a few hours later Mortimer appeared and demanded that Miss Hallam go with him. Taverner refused.

“By what right do you refuse my request?” asked Mortimer.

“By this right,” replied Taverner , making a specific hand gesture that occultists recognize. Taverner’s lodge was more powerful, and he held a higher rank. Mortimer understood that he had been exposed. His black magic had been seen through, and he could expect a counterattack. He flees the room.

“Brother Mortimer,” the voice still called out, “tonight the dog is coming to his kennel.”

“Rhodes, look quickly through the window,” said Taverner . They saw Mortimer fleeing hastily, stopping again and again, looking around, and seemingly defending himself.

“The dog follows his owner home,” said Taverner .

The next morning, it was heard that a man had been found dead, about ten kilometers from the hospital.

“Ten kilometers,” said Taverner coolly. “He held out for a long time.”



38.8. *Changed Home: some preliminary assumptions*

38.8.1. Chnoem the potter

The title of this last story, “Swapped Homes,” suggests that it concerns a soul swap. Joan Grant , *Eyes of Horus* ⁵⁰, also mentions such an exchange. Her book is an autobiography of a previous embodiment in ancient Egypt. The work is written very poetically. Let us summarize what she says about the ancient Egyptian potter at his potter's wheel.

“When such a person dies, he goes to Khnum , the potter, to have a new body placed on the wheel for him as quickly as possible. Khnum is very old, and perhaps his wheel will stop turning before it is your turn. But you do not

⁵⁰Grant J., *Ogen van Horus*, Deventer, Ankh -Hermes, 1972, 108. (// *Eyes of Horus*, London, Methuen , 1942). See also the book: *De 'homo religiosus '* on this site, 8.2.2. *Zielestof ruilen* , p. 336.

have to wait that long. You do not have to be reborn. Oh no, you can choose your own body and the place as well. Do you want to be rich? Then choose a man whose treasure chambers are filled with jars of gold dust. Take over his body and use it as your own. Then you can eat his rich food, taste his smooth wines on your tongue, and enjoy the hospitality of his concubines.”

Some people have secured themselves against unlawful takeover, but someone who is clever will always find a little door that the owner, in his laziness, has forgotten to close. And the owner must hand over everything he possesses to you and cannot return without your permission. Inside his body, you can then eat until you are overstuffed. Then you can leave his body, so that he returns in time to feel the misery in his belly. And if it suits you, you can kill with the dagger in his hand. But then you will be gone when the soldiers come to take him away. You can have all these pleasures and a thousand others. There are many ways in which you can prevent security measures from being put in place against you. Drunkards are easily persuaded, some women too. If you tell these ladies that malachite no longer gives their eyes a youthful appearance, they will open their door to any peddler who says he has youth on offer.” So much for this excerpt from Grant .

38.8.2. An anonymous testimony

Africa, south of the Sahara. Mama Montsho was dying. Her heart was black. She had been a child of the night her entire life. She had regularly offered the red blood of her fellow men to her gods. She had asked for, obtained, and repeatedly carried out things that shunned the light of day. Now she feared her coming judgment. She asked her gods for assistance. Could they grant her one last favor in this life? Truly the very last one. How to escape her judges? Could her gods help her just one more time? But look, did she not have any descendants? Was that not Kayla , her young and still frail great-granddaughter? That child had a long life ahead of her. And so the gods would assist the great-grandmother just one more time...

Mama Montsho had become too weak to leave her hut. Moments later, she lay sunk in a deep and unusual sleep. Around that time, little Kayla developed a very high fever. And a little later still, Mama Montsho was no more. Departed for the land of her ancestors. At least, so they said. But was it the whole truth?

Little Kayla lost consciousness that day. So, off to the mission post a few villages away. A missionary doctor runs a small hospital there. Upon arrival,

the doctor examined Kayla , but he found no reason for the persistent high fever. And so the child lay motionless for three long days. The fever rose to over 40 degrees. Kayla's mother stayed by her child's side day and night. And lo, on the fourth day, the child stood up in bed and began dancing wildly with joy. Cured? No, far from it. The high fever was still there. It was a particularly macabre sight. How could a child with such a high fever first lie there half-dead, and shortly thereafter be standing and dancing? How did little Kayla survive that? And what was the reason for this eerie joy? The doctor was baffled. He had never experienced anything like it before. He gave Kayla a sedative and fever-reducing medicine so that she could rest and survive her extremely high fever. Kayla fell asleep.

And lo, the next morning she awoke, and was completely fever-free. Tired, but healthy, she took food again for the first time in five days. And she recovered completely within a very short time. Kayla 's mother was overjoyed. She had her child back, perfect and healthy. Even the village sorcerer did not understand the swift recovery. He pondered in silence. He found it strange that in his small village community, the death of Mama Montsho coincided with the illness of her great-granddaughter Kayla . In his mind, he saw the image of the deceased again. He thought of her fear of her impending judgment. And her heartfelt wish to escape it. Then he looked at the little, healthy Kayla walking there before him. How drastically she had changed. How much she resembled Mama Montsho . And suddenly, suddenly he understood. But he never told Kayla or her family anything about it.

38.8.3. British woman wakes up with a French accent.

We read the *Gazet van Antwerpen* ⁵¹, dated 14/09/2010. In Great Britain, a 49-year-old grandmother, Kay Russell, who went to rest for a while because she was suffering from migraines, woke up with a French accent. Reportedly, she suffers from the rare 'foreign accent syndrome'. It is not just her pronunciation that has changed. Kay Russell tells the British newspaper *The Daily Mail* that she has also lost a part of her identity. She reportedly no longer recognizes friends and her facial expressions have changed. She has also lost her job due to her speech impediment. Russell had suffered from a severe form of migraine for more than twenty years. As a result, her legs occasionally became paralyzed. She had also frequently had difficulty speaking. The syndrome, which is caused by brain damage, is said to occur only very rarely. Worldwide, an estimated 60 people suffer from it.

⁵¹Website www.gva.be of *Gazet van Antwerpen*, of 14/09/2010.

38.8.4. Tessa Neele from South Africa

W. Tenhaeff , *Spiritism* ⁵², writes: On the evening of December 3, Mrs. Christie left her house in Sunningdale in an agitated state. The death of her mother and a far from happy married life were the causes of a great deal of stress. She had begun to suffer from insomnia and felt very unhappy. She wanted to take her own life by crashing her car into something. She veered off the road and was thrown headfirst against the steering wheel. In doing so, she lost consciousness for a while. When she awoke, she left her car and walked around like a sleepwalker for hours. She wandered through London and subsequently ended up in Harrowgate . There she checked into a hotel. Here she registered herself as Mrs. Tessa Neele from South Africa.

She did not do this to mislead her family and friends, but because she genuinely believed that she was Mrs. Tessa Neele . She believed that she was a widow who had also lost her child, but remained mentally balanced and cheerful. In her 'role' of Mrs. Tessa Neele , she felt happy. All the worries and burdens that weighed her down as Mrs. Christie had fallen away from her. She had not a single memory left of life as Mrs. Christie. Finally, she was discovered and taken to a psychiatric institution, where she was treated and recovered.

Tenhaef does not mention it in his book, but it would have been fascinating to investigate whether a widow named Tessa Neele had lived or was still alive somewhere in South Africa, and who had lost a child.

38.8.5. Go to sleep as a Serb, wake up as an Englishman.

A news report from 18/10/2010 ⁵³. The parents of a Serbian boy were shocked when they woke their son up. The 11-year-old boy, who had never studied a word of English, suddenly spoke the language fluently. “Our son thinks he is an Englishman,” says his mother. The 11-year-old Serbian Dimitrije Mitrovic has baffled the medical world. Since waking up on that fateful day, he has been dreaming in English. He speaks the language as if he has never done anything else. “I even swear in English,” says Mitrovic . In “The Mirror, ” several doctors shed light on this strange case. According to them, the boy has an autistic speech talent, and that is the reason for the speech change. Since the boy started speaking English, his family members have had to call on the help of an interpreter to understand Mitrovic . “I can speak a

⁵². Tenhaeff W., *Spiritism*, The Hague , Leopold, 1975, 151.

⁵³ **18/10/2010**. Source: http://www.deredactie.be/cm/vrtnieuws/ookdatnog/ODN_101018_ServEngels.

little English,” says his mother, “but not enough to understand him fully.” Meanwhile, the 11-year-old boy is trying to pick up the pieces and make the most of his newly acquired language skills. “For instance, he has read all the Harry Potter books aloud to his friends in English,” says his mother. In the Austrian Times, Paunovic , a professor of English, says he is surprised by the case. It is truly fascinating. We spoke English with the boy for an hour, and he speaks the language better than any of us. It is as if it is his native language.

G. Van der Zeeuw , in **Wonderen of wetten** ⁵⁴, writes: “When, in a complete trance, the animating spirit was, for example, a Greek or an Englishman, then he will speak Greek or English respectively through the mouth of the medium, even if the medium does not know those languages”.

The phenomenon of suddenly speaking another language is said to have been observed elsewhere. It is referred to as glossolalia. The Bible also mentions such a miracle of speaking in tongues on Pentecost. In 1 Corinthians 14:2 and Acts 1:13ff., we read: “Mary , the twelve, and a number of other disciples were gathered together on Pentecost, around 9:00 a.m. (the 'third' hour). Suddenly there came from heaven a sound like a mighty wind that filled the whole house where they were. They saw tongues appear. It is said that they were 'tongues of fire.' These spread out on each of them. All were filled with the Holy Spirit and they began to speak in other tongues as the Holy Spirit gave them utterance.” So much for this biblical text.

D. Fortune states in her book ** Spiritualism in the Light of Occult Science** (p. 51) the following: “In mediumistic trance , we therefore possess the entire personality as we know it, minus the controlling intelligence. The consciousness machine is thus present, but the operator is absent. It appears, however, that it is possible for others besides the original possessors to lay their hands on the levers and operate the machine. The intellect with its linguistic knowledge, the body with its coordinated mechanisms, are, if the possessor temporarily withdraws, at the disposal of any ego that wishes to manipulate them.” We have indeed been able to establish this in the testimonies above. Let us conclude with the question of where our numerous incarnations lead us.

⁵⁴Van Der Zeeuw G., *Wonderen of wetten*, Deventer, Kluwer, 1970, 138.

38.8.6. An individual evolution, profane, but also a sacred

Man makes a profane and a sacred history. His deeper soul is also subject to evolution. Usually, this is virtually hidden from the average person. But sometimes 'sacred experiences' can occur in someone's life. Often, these are not recognized as such, or their significance is only understood after a long maturation process. For others, such experiences are so impressive, so overwhelming and profound that they are considered the highlights of life and even guide and direct the rest of their lives.

From a religious perspective, man is indeed an inhabitant of two worlds: this world and the world "on the other side." Religions assert that that other side is far more important than this world. However, that other reality remains rather hidden. The religious person views his entire life as an evolution towards the higher. He is acutely aware of the temporary and transient nature of events on this side and feels strengthened in his faith. He is firmly convinced that the miseries of this world do not have the last word.

38.8.7. Joan Grant: 'A Growing Consciousness'.

In her book *Many Lifetimes*⁵⁵ Grant argues that consciousness undergoes an evolutionary process: it begins in a mineral phase, then transitions to a vegetative phase, and subsequently evolves through various animal incarnations into humans, *Homo sapiens*. Furthermore, she writes:

By that time, I had gained sufficient empirical (note: 'paranormal') experience to observe the broad outlines of individual progress during the first four phases of his evolution. Consciousness begins with just enough energy to form a single molecule. As this energy increases and consciousness expands, increasingly complex forms are needed to express this growth. As soon as the individual is too far developed to fit into the mineral phase, it enters the vegetative realm. Subsequently, through a series of incarnations as various animal species, it eventually reaches its first incarnation as a human. In the first few lives as a human, the full personality is incarnated, so that one has approximately the same capacities and perceptions, regardless of whether one happened to be incarnated or not. But as consciousness expands further, it becomes too large to fit into a single personality.

⁵⁵Grant J., *More than one life*, Deventer, Ankh-Hermes, 1973, 8 (//*Many lifetimes*, Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1968).

With this, Grant offers a possible explanation for the origin and evolution of our consciousness. The emphasis here is not on a physical body, but on consciousness itself. In the beginning, our consciousness was so minuscule that it existed in only a single molecule. After a long growth phase, it 'embodied' itself in a stone. When consciousness became too vast for this form, a phase of multiple plant incarnations followed. With further growth, it repeatedly incarnated as an animal, eventually beginning a series of human incarnations as a primitive human. Apparently, there is not only a biological theory of evolution, but also an occult one.

38.8.8. Soloviev

Like Grant, Vladimir Soloviev (1853–1900), the Russian Christian Orthodox philosopher, also speaks in his *La Justification du Bien*.⁵⁶ regarding a mineral, vegetative, and animal phase that precede human incarnation. He adds a further evolution to this, namely the deification of man. Both view evolution primarily as a process of growing consciousness. The many biological bodies give expression to this consciousness, but are merely 'vehicles' that are 'cast off' at the end of each existence.

According to Biblical seers, the gap between an ape—the most highly evolved animal—and the average human is smaller than the distance between that same human and a deified human. This implies that humanity still has a long way to go in its pursuit of a broader and higher consciousness.

Moreover, with his view that deification is the ultimate goal of human evolution, Soloviev reveals himself as a follower of the ancient Greek thinker Pythagoras. Pythagoras, too, believed that the human soul goes through a series of incarnations until it has completely freed itself from the influence of corporeality. Whoever leads an ethical life is reborn time and again into an increasingly higher form of existence, until he or she eventually no longer reincarnates. Whoever, on the other hand, behaves criminally, descends to a lower form of existence.

, Soloviev emphasizes that the historical appearance of Christ as God-man is inextricably linked to the entire evolution of the world. If one denies the reality of this event, one would undermine the meaning and destiny of the universe. Anyone who delves into the Eastern Greek Church Fathers recognizes in Soloviev's vision a direct line to Patristics. For the Church Fathers, Jesus was not only the little man killed on the cross, but also the cosmic judge over the living and the dead, as Paul and John describe him:

⁵⁶ Soloviev V., *La justification du bien*, Paris, 1939, 190.

immeasurably humbled, but equally immeasurably glorified by God's life-giving power. From the very beginning, God has the perfect ultimate goal in mind and builds it up step by step ⁵⁷.

This is, briefly summarized, Soloviev '***view on the levels of evolution. Not only is the universe expanding, but so is individual consciousness. The biblical concept of creation implies that all beings and ideas were created by God—thus including evolution itself***'. Therefore, evolution as a fact can never be used as an argument against the Bible's concept of creation.

So much for the grip of the gods on humans, on their energy, their sexuality, their blood, or even on their entire body. That doesn't sound all that modest, does it?

With these testimonies and visions, we are ready to read the next story.

38.8.9. Changed Homes: summarized.

Taverner 's hospital . Where conventional medicine sometimes falls short, Taverner often manages to solve problems with his unconventional methods. A patient, a certain Winnington , is staying at his hospital; he is not only ill but also a friend of Taverner . Both are members of a lodge, a kind of large brotherhood.

Rhodes is busy at the hospital and barely finds time to finish her correspondence before the postman arrives. Therefore, she often takes a short walk in the evening to the nearest mailbox to post her letters. During one of these walks, she notices that there are new neighbors: a couple named Iris and John Bellamy . Taverner had already heard that John was seriously ill. Moreover, he had reportedly been addicted to cocaine for years. "And living with someone like that is certainly no picnic; it seems more like a tragedy," he had said to Rhodes.

Winnington , the patient in the hospital, is also seriously ill; he has tuberculosis and does not expect to live much longer. One evening, he asks if he may accompany Rhodes to the mailbox. "A walk in the fresh air will do me good," he says, "and it will break the monotony of my final days." Rhodes sees no harm in it, and together they set off. By chance, they meet Iris, who is also coming to post a letter. To Rhodes' surprise, Winnington is immediately very interested in her, and Iris, too, looks at him with unusual interest. "But who

⁵⁷ Rüdiger H., Griechische Lyriker (Griechisch und Deutsch), Zurich, 1949, 54.

can blame them,” thinks Rhodes, “ Winnington’s days are numbered, and living with a cocaine-addicted John who usually stays in bed is certainly no picnic.”

The next day, the phone rings at the hospital. Rhodes answers. It is Iris, asking if Doctor Taverner can come by because her husband, John, is not feeling well. Rhodes explains that Taverner is on vacation but offers to come by herself. A moment later, she rings the Bellamys' doorbell . John has apparently taken an overdose of cocaine. She examines him and concludes that there is no immediate danger. She advises John to rest and tells Iris that she can always call her if his condition worsens.

Back at the hospital, Winnington also requires her attention daily. Rhodes tells him casually about her visit to the Bellamys , but says nothing about John's illness. Yet Winnington is remarkably curious and keeps asking questions. “Professional secrecy,” Rhodes says curtly, revealing nothing. Suddenly, Winnington grabs her hand and presses it firmly against his forehead. “Stop that!” Rhodes shouts irritably and immediately pulls her hand back. She has seen enough of Taverner’s methods and knows that highly sensitive people can read minds that way. And apparently, Winnington has heard what he wanted to know, for with a smile, he sinks back into his pillow. “Cocaine,” he mumbles contentedly.

When Rhodes goes to post her letters the following evening, Iris is waiting for her. Rhodes inquires about John’s condition. “There is hardly any improvement,” says Iris. “But how is your patient, Winnington ? Is he going to die?” Rhodes looks surprised by this unusual interest, whereupon Iris explains: “I come from Scotland, and my family has second sight. We are all a bit sensitive, as they call it. Last night I saw the ghost of Winnington . I was lying in bed and suddenly he was standing at the foot of the bed. He seemed to be enjoying himself because he saw me.”

Rhodes is at a loss for words. She wonders if Winnington ’s interest in Iris is mutual. Iris does indeed seem to be keeping just as close an eye on him as he is on her. “I heard him say with a certain triumph: ‘Just a little longer, and then it will be my turn,’” Iris continues. “I thought he meant his impending death, and that my husband would live on.” Rhodes interprets it that way too, but she is not entirely at ease. For a moment, she even wonders if Iris and Winnington are sharing a secret.

The following morning, during her visit to Winnington , Rhodes notices that his condition has worsened. She briefly tells him that she met Iris the previous evening but omits further details. It seems to cheer him up for a moment, but he soon loses consciousness again. Rhodes continues to keep a close eye on him and suddenly hears a soft 'click' sound in his throat, followed by a prolonged sigh. She recognizes this: this is what it sounds like when Taverner leaves his body. She wonders if Winnington , as an initiate, has mastered this technique as well.

“I would feel much more at ease if Taverner were present for everything , ” Rhodes thought. But he wouldn't be returning from vacation for a few days. So she stayed to keep watch over Winnington . She knew that out-of-body experiences were a life-threatening activity: every time Taverner left his body, he could not be disturbed by anything until he regained consciousness. Rhodes therefore suspected that she had to stay with Winnington . After about twenty minutes, she noticed with relief that the trance was transitioning into a natural sleep. Upon waking, he was even remarkably cheerful, though Rhodes did not understand why.

That evening, when she went to post her letters, Iris was waiting for her. “Rhodes,” she began, “did Winnington die last night?” Rhodes shook her head. “He was here last night, in his subtle body,” Iris continued. “I woke up because something soft touched my cheek. To my surprise, Winnington was standing at the foot of my bed. He stared at me and my husband for quite a while. John didn't notice anything, because he was unconscious the whole time. That's not nice, but I'm used to it. John was already using cocaine before we got married. I only discovered that after our wedding.”

Rhodes wondered if she should say something to Winnington about this . “He would probably laugh at me or make it clear that I shouldn't meddle in his affairs,” she thought. She also didn't understand what Iris's role in all of this was. “By denying the existence of occult knowledge,” she mused, “the world actually gives a huge head start to those who do master it.” It seemed wise to her not to take any action until Taverner returned. He would know what to do.

The next morning, Winnington was conscious and, moreover, remarkably cheerful. Rhodes wondered again what the reason for this was. But other duties at the hospital demanded her attention. Towards evening, Iris called again. “John is in bad shape again,” she said, “he is unconscious.” Rhodes rushed to John, who was indeed in a coma. But there was more. Iris was

convinced that there was a presence in the room, although she did not know what or who. Rhodes decided to stay with her and help watch over John. That would relieve the tension for Iris. They had barely sat down in the twilight when Rhodes, too, felt a presence. Just as Iris had said, they were not alone. Rhodes looked around.

“Do you feel it too? Do you see anything?” asked Iris, smiling.

“No,” answered Rhodes, “I am not clairvoyant, but my dog is. He followed me when I came here. He is probably lying in a corner somewhere.”

Rhodes called her dog. The animal came walking up, looked at Iris, and then walked to the bed, where he sniffed the unconscious man. Afterward, he lay down by the fireplace. Whatever it was that disturbed their peace, the dog didn't find it worthwhile and remained lying quietly. Iris made tea and took out a box of biscuits. The dog came closer and asked for his share. Rhodes gave him a piece. Then he walked calmly to the empty armchair and waited tensely. Both women were surprised. The dog swatted impatiently at the chair with his paw to get their attention.

“I’ve always heard,” said Iris, “that only cats like ghosts and that dogs are afraid of them.”

“Yes, me too,” Rhodes agreed, “but it looks like the dog is already very good friends with this ghost.”

Suddenly, the explanation for this dawned on Rhodes. If the invisible presence, which Iris had already seen twice in the same room, was indeed Winnington, that explained the dog's behavior. After all, the dog and Winnington had been good friends for a long time, and the spirit in the room was no stranger. “But if this really is Winnington’s spirit, then he is still lying in his bed, in an out-of-body state?” So she thought. Rhodes wanted to check immediately. She stood up, ran to the clinic, took the stairs three steps at a time, and stormed into his room. As she feared, he was lying in a deep trance.

“You wicked devil,” snarled Rhodes at the lifeless form on the bed. “What are you up to now? By God, I wish Taverner were here. He would put you in your place immediately.”

Rhodes quickly returned to Iris. Upon entering, she heard voices. Confused, she looked around. Who else was there, besides Iris? And there sat John, sitting upright in bed, fully conscious, drinking tea. Rhodes stood

perplexed. She didn't know what to think. Bewildered, she stammered that it was good that he was feeling better and that she and Iris had been quite worried.

“You really don’t have to worry about me,” laughed a cheerful John.

Rhodes returned to the clinic, to Winnington . He was still unconscious. She continued to keep watch, but his condition did not change. After hours of keeping vigil, she decided to go to bed after all. The next morning, he was still unconscious. That was highly unusual for an out-of-body experience. Rhodes wondered how much longer his heart could endure it. She decided to give him an injection of strychnine, a substance that strengthens the heart muscles and somewhat numbs the pain, similar to a drug. In the hospital pharmacy, she suddenly felt a presence, as if someone were breathing softly on her neck. As she walked back to Winnington 's room , she was followed by a haze of gray mist. Then she realized that it must be the Winnington who had left the body, wanting to return to his body.

“Did you scare me like that for this?” she thought indignantly. The shadow lingered around the syringe. “Do you want strychnine? You’re getting strychnine,” she whispered. She gave his body the injection. The shadow lingered hesitantly over Winnington’s body for a moment, but eventually withdrew completely. “Phew,” thought Rhodes, “at least I brought that to a good end.” She relaxed and suddenly felt the fatigue from the commotion descend upon her. Finally, she could surrender to a refreshing sleep.

The next morning, however, she was woken early. A nurse apologized: “Mrs. Rhodes, forgive me, but Winnington seems to have gone completely mad.” Rhodes rushed immediately to his room.

He greeted her with a malicious grin and growled: “Would you be so kind as to tell me where I am?”

“In your room, of course,” replied Rhodes. “You were in bad shape, but now you are doing better.”

“And who are you, then?” the patient asked gruffly.

Rhodes, of course, and you know that damn well.

“Yes, you are that nurse from the local hospital,” he said. “But I want to get out of here. I want my clothes, I want to go home.”

“We don’t keep anyone here against their will,” replied Rhodes calmly, “but we will have to call an ambulance, because you are still too weak to walk on your own.”

The patient tried to get out of bed, but his strength failed him and he fell back in, exhausted. “I suggest you take some rest,” Rhodes said decisively. “Your body needs it.”

She closed the room door and focused her attention on the other patients.

Later that evening, when she was putting away her mail, she met Iris. To her great surprise, she was accompanied by John. He was steady on his feet and had recovered remarkably well in such a short time. He greeted Rhodes warmly and told her that he and Iris were thinking of celebrating his recovery with a long trip, a kind of second honeymoon. Rhodes did not understand any of it. She posted her letters and went back to the hospital. To her astonishment—and also her joy—she saw that Taverner was already back, much earlier than expected.

“What brings you here already?” she asked.

“Your incessant messages that you need me,” he replied dryly.

“Yes, it’s been quite a week,” sighed Rhodes. “I wonder if you taught Winnington your out-of-body tricks. He hung over his body like a grey mist.”

“Did you really see that?” asked Taverner, surprised. “You aren’t clairvoyant at all, are you? Are you telling me that Winnington left his etheric body and that you saw it? How long was he unconscious?”

“About 24 hours,” replied Rhodes.

“But then he must have been dead!” suggested Taverner .

“No, he is still alive,” Rhodes defended himself. “But he has become rebellious, and I don’t understand why. I clearly saw his ghost following me when I went to the pharmacy to get strychnine. Only when I gave him the injection did he return to his body.”

Taverner looked at Rhodes with a strange expression. Slowly and measuredly, he continued: "Surely you checked that you were dealing with the right man?"

"Good heavens, Taverner , you can't be serious. Could it be that...?"

"Come with me, to his room," Taverner interrupted her. He mumbled in a low voice: "I was afraid of that."

"What is wrong?" asked Rhodes.

"Everything," growled Taverner .

"But he is alive, isn't he?" Rhodes tried again.

"Someone is alive," Taverner corrected her.

"But who are you talking about then?" Rhodes hesitated.

"We are about to find out," said Taverner , grinding his teeth. He turned to the patient: "Who are you?"

Rhodes wanted to beat him to it: "But that is Win, of course..."

"Silence!" commanded Taverner . "Don't make it worse."

They waited anxiously for the answer from the man in the bed.

"I am John Bellamy ," said the patient angrily.

"That is correct," confirmed Taverner . "You are the man who lives a few streets away, together with Iris."

Taverner looked at Rhodes with a thoughtful expression. Once outside the room, Rhodes told the whole story: the love-struck Winnington , the equally love-struck Iris, and her suspicions that Iris, given the chance, might want a better partner than the dying, cocaine-snorting John.

"But can't we do anything to rectify the situation?" asked Rhodes.

“There are possibilities,” said Taverner . “It just depends on what you consider ‘the right thing’.”

“Surely there can be no doubt about that?” responded Rhodes. “Those men need to get back into their own bodies.”

“So you consider that correct?” asked Taverner . “I am not so sure about that. In that case, you have three unhappy people, whereas now you have two happy ones and one who is angry. Ultimately, the world has actually become a little richer because of it.”

“But what about Iris?” asked Rhodes. “She is now living with a man she is not married to.”

“According to the law, she is married to him,” replied Taverner dryly. “Our marriage laws recognize no ‘adultery of the soul.’ As long as the body has remained faithful, according to the law, no harm has been done. A change of character for the worse, be it through narcotics, drink, or insanity, is, according to our ‘sublime’ laws, no right to divorce. And so, a change of personality for the better through an occult influence can also be no reason.”

“But that doesn’t seem very moral to me,” said Rhodes hesitantly.

“How would you describe morality?” asked Taverner .

“According to the laws of the land,” replied Rhodes.

“So according to you, the government determines who is admitted to heaven?” asked Taverner . “No, you will have to look deeper for a standard.”

How do you define immorality, then?

“As that which hinders the development of the group soul of the species,” said Taverner seriously. “Sometimes breaking the law is actually a high moral act. Martyrs of, for example, a religion, or even of science, are lawbreakers. Most of them were found legally guilty at the time of their execution . But in later centuries they were rehabilitated or even canonized.”

“What are you going to do with Winnington now ?” asked Rhodes worriedly.

“Declare him insane and send him to the asylum,” said Taverner coolly.

A little later, a nurse came in. “Doctor Taverner , Mr. Winnington has just passed away.”

“Well, at least that’s resolved,” sighed Rhodes, but her voice did not sound convinced.

“Oh, do you think so?” replied Taverner . “The difficulties are only just beginning. As long as John Bellamy was trapped in a body, we at least knew where he was. Now that he is free in the other world, it will be much harder to catch him there.”

Do you think his ghost will try to come between Iris and Winnington ?

What would you do if you were in his shoes?

And yet you do not find that whole situation immoral?

No, certainly not. It has caused no damage to the group soul—or, if you prefer another term, to social morality. But on the other hand, Winnington is now running a great risk. The question is, namely, whether he can keep John at bay now that the latter is no longer in his body. And if Winnington cannot do that, then what? Do not forget that it was not yet John’s time to die. That is why he continues to wander around as a spirit bound to the earth, just like a suicide victim. You know, I think that tuberculosis is a disease of the subtle life forces. In other words: the spirit of Winnington , which now inhabits John’s body, is seriously ill. But if that subtle body has tuberculosis, it will not be long before the corresponding biological body contracts the disease as well. That phenomenon is called repercussion. So the honeymoon of those two lovebirds might well be short-lived. And suppose that Mr. Bellamy —the second— Winnington’s spirit—one day lands in the astral, or dying as they call it, what would Bellamy -the-First, John’s spirit, have to tell him then? And what will those two do with Iris? Will they attack each other in her presence? No, Rhodes, there is no special hell for people who meddle with forbidden matters. That would be entirely superfluous.”

That concludes this summary. That concludes these stories as well.



38.9. An addition

The following can be added to this text.
Total and definitive alienation of personality.

A first text: Jean- Marquès - Rivière ; À l'ombre des monasteres Tibétains , Paris, 1930, pp. 63–69 . *We provide the original French text first. Afterwards translate we .*

L' Umzé de monastère, le vénéré et tout-puissant Lama Mé Thôn-Tsampo est mort. The grand thaumaturge et thérapeute, célèbre dans de Tibet occidental, l' un des Bouddhas vivants de la terre interdite, a quitté son enveloppe physique pour dans la glorious light...

Après les quarante-neuf jours dans le monde intermédiaire, le Bardo Todol , (the ' hell ' , the world of the wandering souls , cf. e.g. 1) the area where the illumination is used is a new pose for the purpose of choosing and how they are exposed to their Bouddha vivant... The rituals of lamaïques are the basis for a perfect embouchure. Presque now, the body is aligned with the posture of meditation...

Or, les lamas astrologiques et magiciens de cherché l'être vivant digne de la prochaine incarnation. . It is a young person's home with an environment, a humble family of people in the region and the sort and astres of unanimement design... This is the basis for the mystery of the comparison

between the appearance of the eyes and the enfants of the majestic supreme, the calm assurance and the safety of the eyes after the effroyable ceremony ...

L'Enfant élu, dans son coin, pleure, s'inquiète. Lentement, a procession of progress and psalmodiant. With your child, your child, your body, your body... The body of your child is placed on the body of your body... Your body is open to the group. A very grave parlère et prononce les paroles rituéliques, et al est poignant et triste, triste comme un chant d'église imprégné de l'humaine désespérance, éternelle .

Et, tout à coup, un cri déchirant, un hurlement interrompt la psalmodie. Les lamas se précipitent, soulèvent le voile blanc qui recouvrait les formes immobiles. Your life... your life is fresh, your body is open, your body is responsive, your body, your body, your eyes are bright, your attitude is absolute and your victory is strong, your heart is strong, you are alive with your group actions. « C'est moi, le lama Mé Thon Tsompo , fils spirituel du Lama Khur Tchong repa .. je suis descendu. You are alive and well... »

Dans une exaltation farouche, l'enfant-Dieu prophétise. La forme naïve et juvénile à disparu. La forme naïve et juvénile a disparu. A spiritual energy, a mystique experience and knowledge, a connaissance approach to the doctrine of experience through the bouche enfantine. Devant l'enfant, les lamas disposé les chapelets, les tassels à thé de la communauté, y mêlant intentionnellement les objets ayant appartenu en propre au vénéré Lama défunt. J'aperçois l'enfant, sur la demande du chapitre du monastère, se diriger d'en pas rapide vers les instruments sacré et, sans hésitation, choisir 4 or 5 objects, les importer avec lus vers le trône au fond de la nef en disant: « Ceci est mon chapelet ; cela is my bag of thé, it is my life ... » It is a matter of commandment absolute and there is nothing more possible.

Freely translated: The Umze of the monastery, the revered and almighty lama Mé Thôn-Tsampo has died. The great miracle worker and healer, famous throughout Tibet, one of the living Buddhas of the forbidden land (note: that Tibet was then for foreigners) has left his physical body to go to the glorious light... After 49 days in the underworld, the Bardo Todol , to have been experienced (note: the 'hell', the world of wandering souls, see above in this text), the divine ray of light that had already illuminated the Umze is directed once again upon a being chosen by fate and who, in turn, will become a living Buddha... According to the rites of the lamas, the corpse was carefully embalmed. Almost naked, the corpse was placed in the seated meditation posture.

So, the lamas, at home in astrology, and the mages have searched for the living being that will be true for the next incarnation. It is a young child of about 8 years old, hailing from a modest farming family in the neighborhood, whom fate and the stars have unanimously designated... The comparison of the innocent and childlike face before the gruesome ceremony, and the high dignity afterwards, with the quiet, superhuman decisiveness, that was a mystery to me.

The chosen child sat in a corner, weeping and worrying... Slowly and singing, the procession approaches. The child is raised on a sedan chair, tense, pale, indeed, deathly pale. They have placed the child on the crossed legs of the corpse. They are both covered with a white sheet. A heavy, deep voice recites ritual texts... and all of this is poignant and sorrowful, like a psalm permeated with deep and eternal despair...

And then, suddenly, a piercing cry, a scream interrupts the recitation of the ritual texts. The lamas rush and remove the white sheet covering both bodies. I see, I see the fallen corpse, the arms open, the body folded in two, and the child sitting upright, the eyes shining, in a posture of absolute authority and powerful victory. He stands up and goes to the startled crowd: "It is I, Lama Mé Thon-Tsampo , spiritual son of Lama Khur. Tchong Repa . .. I have descended, I have come and now dwell in your midst. In wild ecstasy, the child-god gazes into the future.

All naivety and childishness have vanished. A spiritual energy, a mystically mature and conscious experience, a deep knowledge of the (Buddhist) teachings express themselves through the child's mouth.

The lamas have laid down the prayer sticks and tea cups of the community, and have deliberately mixed in the objects that belonged to the deceased and revered lama. I notice that the child, at the request of the council of elders, approaches the consecrated objects with a decisive step and, without hesitation, selects four or five of them, takes them to his throne further into the temple, and then says: "This is my prayer stick, that is my cup for drinking tea, this is my dordjé . (Note: a ritual object of power)." He says all this in a stern, commanding tone, and there is no longer any room for doubt.

Note: Westerners who already enthusiastically and uncritically immerse themselves in the serenity and peace of Buddhism might want to pause and

consider the existence of such practices. Letten we in the original text on words and expressions as : l'effroyable cérémonie, ll'enfantpleure , s'inquiète, une pâleur cadavérique, tout cela est poignant et triste, l'humaine désespérance, un cri déchirant. One really does not need to be sensitive to sense that the child is being seriously wronged.

The webmaster