

Fifty years ago



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## Journey into the Past

*The path should have led the two sight-seeing lady school teachers toward the Petit Trianon—but it apparently sent them backward in time.*

by Pauline Saltzman

The wind was dry and hot over Versailles. Charlotte Anne E. Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain, distinguished English tourists, sought cooler air in the Hall of Mirrors where they stopped to rest and consult their guidebook.

"The Petit Trianon," they read in their Baedeker, "a little north to the North East of the other (Grand Trianon), erected by Louis XV for Mms. duBarry, and afterwards a favorite resort of Marie Antoinette, is tastefully fitted up, but contains nothing remarkable..."

Perhaps Petit Trianon wasn't very remarkable, but it sounded like a cool, pleas-

ant place. The two vacationing spinster teachers decided to explore the favorite retreat of the ill-fated French Queen. Promptly they descended the great flight of steps, walking from the playing fountains directly into the enigmatic past...

As the Englishwomen walked the air grew even hotter and, somehow, more oppressive in some manner defying description. Idly, Miss Moberly noticed that an old-fashioned plough and other farm machinery lay about. Quaint rustic buildings, too, were in evidence. The ladies proceeded in the general direction of Petit Trianon. Although each did not mention it to her companion, both felt that the atmosphere

was charged with a nameless, inexplicable "something." *Everything was entirely different than described in the guidebooks!* Every object attracting their attention was old, archaic, mysterious. And it was August 10, 1901!

Both women were intellectual, matter-of-fact women, recognized authorities in their profession. In 1886, Miss Moberly had become First Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, having built it up from its foundations. Miss Jourdain, Vice-Principal, was a Master of Arts at Oxford, and had earned her doctorate from the University of Paris. A brilliant musicologist and renowned for her knowledge of the French language, Miss Jourdain would one day, during World War I, become an invaluable interpreter for the British Government. Neither was given to hallucinations. And yet—

No other tourists were about. Suddenly Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain noticed paths they definitely knew were uncharted on any maps they had seen. A woman was shaking a white cloth. They walked on a little and encountered two men wearing long, grayish green coats and tricorne hats. Miss Jourdain noticed to her right, a detached, old-fashioned cottage with stone steps. A woman and a girl stood there. Both wore dresses with fichus (kerchiefs) which were popular in another century.

Within minutes the English ladies came upon a small kiosk, or open pavilion, which both took for the Temple of Love mentioned in the guidebook. A man lounged against the small structure, and the two women noted that he wore a dark cloak

and slouch hat of the "Spanish" type. When he looked up, they were repelled by the malignant expression on his pitted face.

They momentarily forgot the heavy, unnatural atmosphere as their attention was caught by the sound of running footsteps. A young man, who, like the others wore a dark cloak, soon came into sight. He noticed the Englishwomen and suggested to them with marked agitation that they must proceed along another path, not along the one they had taken. Miss Jourdain, who was currently holding the post of Taylorian lecturer in French at Oxford, could understand only the gist of what he was saying. His language was archaic and unfamiliar. Even so, she tried to thank him, but he had disappeared. His running footsteps continued to reverberate for several minutes.

The two women walked on in silence. Eventually they reached the famous English garden of Petit Trianon. Its cobwebbed windows were heavily shuttered, as if guarding some secret from its turbulent past. Miss Moberly turned her head and saw a lady sitting on the grass, sketching. She wasn't what one might call youthful in appearance but she was, nevertheless, oddly attractive. Her blonde features were framed charmingly in a floppy white garden hat. Her light dress boasted a bodice into which was tucked a gold- or green-bordered fichu. Miss Moberly could not help thinking that the lady was in masquerade costume. From time to time she held her sketch at arm's length, as if trying to determine the general effect.



As the Englishwoman ascended the terrace steps, Miss Moberly glanced back, and saw once more every detail pertinent to the lady, who continued to work on her sketch. Miss Jourdain surely must have seen the lady too but she said nothing.

A youth stepped unexpectedly out onto the terrace, slamming a door behind him. He accompanied the ladies down to the French garden and until they reached the entrance of the front drive. Suddenly the oppressive pall lifted and everything took on a normal, light-hearted aspect. A conveyance took the Misses Moberly and Jourdain back to their hotel. Neither was in a conversational mood.

A week or so later, while they were writing letters to friends in England, Miss Moberly asked, literally out of a clear sky, "Do you think that the Petit Trianon is haunted?"

Her question, asked half in jest, touched off one of the strangest mysteries of all time.

On January 2, 1902, Eleanor Jourdain returned to Versailles. She paid no attention to the damp, murky weather and walked directly to Petit Trianon, although by a different path than she and her friend had taken in August. The route led right to the Temple of Love so she soon reached the small colonnaded edifice which she believed to be the original kiosk at which the man with the pitted face had lounged so ominously. To her amazement, the building was not the kiosk, but actually the celebrated *Temple de l'Amour*. But the instant Miss Jourdain crossed the rustic

bridge leading to the Queen's Hamlet (*Hameau*) the odd, depressing sensation returned in full force. She saw two men in tunics, capes, and pointed hoods, obviously park workmen, who were filling a cart with sticks.

Diverting her attention, Eleanor Jourdain focused her interest on the *Hameau*, where Marie Antoinette had spent the happiest years of her tragic life. When she glanced back, cart and men had unaccountably disappeared. She left the Queen's Village and was soon lost in a labyrinth of paths bounded by dense woods that stood out in tapestry-like relief, unstirred by the cold wind. A cloaked man slipped swiftly among the trees.

A sudden swishing sound directly behind her made Miss Jourdain think of silks and taffetas. She turned around but no one was in sight. However, she heard voices speaking distinctly in low-pitched, archaic French. Before Eleanor Jourdain could recover from her amazement, the voices resolved into string music which was as faded, and unnaturally low-pitched as the conversation. Although the English teacher was thoroughly trained in 18th-century music she was unable to recognize the melody or its composer. However, she had sufficient presence of mind to jot down a few measures.

The incident preyed upon her mind and Eleanor Jourdain returned to Versailles again and again, but she was never able to locate the precise spots where the adventures had occurred.



In July 1904, she and Anne Moberly returned together but everything was exactly as the guidebooks listed it for the tourist trade. They made two more visits that same week, but the gates to the *Hameau's* English garden were tightly secured. Yet both women knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that on that first August afternoon, three years back, a youth had flung open the same door! They quizzed park attendants, who insisted that this area, now completely denuded of the tapestry-like woods, cottages, buildings, and quaint rustic bridges, had not been opened within the memory of living man!

The scientifically undertaken research by Anne Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain took nearly 10 years. It concluded that either they had been projected backward in time to the days just before the French Revolution; that all persons encountered were ghosts who returned to relive parts of their lives at Petit Trianon—or that the ladies had shared a telepathic illusion induced by a kind of hypnotism. When a few facts did not jibe to the ladies' satisfaction they decided to write independent versions. These two separate accounts were published in 1911, under the title *An Adventure*. This case is one of the greatest documented classics of the paranormal. Because of their academic standing and social reputation, the ladies used *noms-de-plume*, rather than subject themselves to ridicule.

After countless visits to antiquarians where they had access to ancient maps, con-

temporary fashion books, and valuable documents, they finally managed to convince even the most skeptical minds that the lady they had seen sketching in the garden was Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated Queen of France. They also established that August 10th—the day of their initial visit to Versailles—marks the anniversary of the sacking of the Tuileries by the Paris mob, in 1792. True, the unhappy Queen was not at Versailles during the tragic upheaval, but it was entirely logical that her confused mind might have flitted back to the idyllic days she had known.

During their research, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain attended a matinee performance at the comedie Francaise, and made a strange discovery. The cast of Beaumarchais' satirical comedy, *The Barber of Seville*, a play that had been instrumental in fomenting the Revolution, included in its cast of characters, guards, resplendent in the traditional liveries. These were identical with the uniform worn by the men they'd encountered on the Petit Trianon grounds! Amazed, the two Englishwomen learned that these were the *petite livree* worn at Versailles by Swiss Guards and other personnel, including the gardeners!

Step by step, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain pieced together the enigmatic jigsaw of Versailles. One by one, the persons they had met were identified. This testimony may be found in records of the Archives Nationales and the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, where Miss Jourdain was requested to sign her name and the

Her husband succeeded to the French throne upon the death of his grandfather, Louis XV. For years following their marriage, Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, had been starved for love. As Dauphin, a dull-witted, well-meaning dolt, Toinette's husband had avoided her company, expressing preference for the locks and clocks with which he loved to tinker. When the day came that he finally abandoned his hobbies and toy regiments to become a fine husband and father, it was too late. Marie Antoinette, now Queen of France, was obsessed with the frivolity and luxurious living of Versailles. She plunged headlong into the empty life of banquets, masques, pécadillos. The people of France, long overburdened with fantastic taxes, were starving in the disease-riddled country. The wheels of the Revolution had begun to grind.

The only real happiness allotted the Queen was at her beloved Petit Trianon, the estate which Louis had presented her four years after their marriage, upon his succession to the throne.

Her *Hameau* was begun in 1782. Six years later, the miniature farm village stood complete with its fairy-tale cottages, model farm, and *Laiterie* (dairy) which, too, is notoriously haunted. The charming Tower of Marlborough, named for the folk-song which Toinette's little son loved, was constructed here. The two-storied *Maison de la Reine* (Queen's House), with its open gallery, is now a tourist attraction because of its indescribable loveliness and

loneliness. The *Moulin* (windmill) and school house were added as the *Hameau* became the Queen's favorite domain where she felt safe from calumny and the sham of Court life.

In the year 1785, 12 poor families were installed at the *Hameau* at the Queen's expense. The historian Montjoie was inspired to write: "In the midst of her pleasure, the Queen sought to draw near to her humble folk."

In the little *Laiterie* Marie Antoinette churned the cream and with her own hands shaped butter pats made from milk she herself had taken from the Swiss cows, Brunette and Blanchette.

Every Sunday the charming gardens of Petit Trianon were thrown open to the public. Marie Antoinette frequently danced the quadrille with French citizens, and always made it a point to talk to the children, whom she loved. She participated in the rustic balls and was sincerely interested in the people. But it was too late. Toinette's flightly escapades and appalling extravaganzas had made her an object of scorn and hatred.

On August 10th, 1792, the Paris rabble converged upon the Tuileries to which the Royal Family had been relegated by the Assembly. Marie Antoinette, the King, and their two children, the Princess Royal and the little Dauphin, huddled together in fear of their lives. They heard the rabble's approach from the distance. The royal Family managed to escape to the Hall of the Assembly where they were ignominiously



date of each of her visits. The original documents of their 10 years of intensive research are deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where one may easily follow each step of their adventures. The accounts are the originals. They are signed and independent. The ladies' notebooks, correspondence and letters to each other may also be fully examined.

The man lounging against the kiosk was, or had been, an actual person, an evil influence upon Marie Antoinette. DeVaudreuil, Grand Falconer of the Court, was a complex character, whose makeup combined suave charm with a violent temper. A self-styled Liberal, he posed as "a man of nature," professing scorn for the emptiness of Court life. He encouraged the buxom Queen to enact upon the Royal amateur stage the role of the slim, vivacious Rosine. The role did not contribute to her dignity. He himself played Almaviva, a controversial role.

Prior to the French Revolution and its bloody ramifications, *The Barber of Seville* had created a violent sensation, for it facetiously portrayed the weaknesses and foibles of the French nobility. Louis XVI banished the piece from the stage. But society, eager to laugh at itself, clamored to have the *Barber* reinstated upon the French stage. DeVaudreuil, the Queen's confidante and the finest amateur performer of the time, finally persuaded the King to lift the ban.

The young man, whose cunning footsteps had been heard before he himself was

seen, proved to be the attendant who ran to warn the Queen about the frenzied Paris mob converging upon Versailles. This mob was maddened by starvation and spurred by the scurrilous tales of an allegedly depraved Queen.

More overwhelming proof followed when it was firmly established that even the costumes encountered by the teachers were completely representative of Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon days: the flopping picture hats, fichus, and billowing summer dresses. Old maps, charts, documents and contemporary histories all tended to prove that the Englishwomen's experiences were no figment of the imagination. The music jotted down by Miss Jourdain was identified as the music written by one Sacchini, who rode the crest of popularity around 1780. The composer had been completely unknown to her.

The woman and girl on the cottage steps also were identified. The girl, a Mirianne, had once deliberately disfigured her face, so she would not have to act as goddess of Reason at some Reign of Terror festival insulting to the Queen. The woman was obviously a member of one of the poor families installed in 1785 by the Queen on her model farm at the *Hameau*.

If Baedeker did not mention the terrain covered by Misses Moberly and Jourdain, it was only natural; it had existed only up to the time of Louis-Philippe.

Why has some facet of Marie Antoinette's personality managed to survive at Petit Trianon?

confined for many heartbreaking hours. There the King and Queen heard themselves deposed as their loyal servants, the valiant Swiss Guards, and a handful of friends were massacred. In that moment of anguish, Marie Antoinette's distraught thoughts flew to Petit Trianon and the happiness she had known there. At least, this is the theory advanced by psychic researchers.

Christina Hole, distinguished British historian, theorizes that the strong mental forces released by acts of violence or great emotional upheavals, project a kind of re-enactment onto the surrounding atmosphere, so that the identical sights and sounds are repeatedly periodically. They do not frighten the observer, who merely watches the re-enactment, as though it were on film.

Louis XVI was beheaded January 21, 1793. The Queen was removed to the fortress-prison, the Conciergerie, and went to the guillotine October 6, 1793.

In 1914 an English couple told the Misses Moberly and Jourdain whose book, *An Adventure*, by then had become famous, that while living at Versailles in the Rue Maurepas, they too had seen a lady engaged in sketching. They felt she was supernatural because of her uncanny ability to appear and disappear. Their apartment had overlooked the park near the *bassin de Neptune*, and many times they had been obsessed by a heavy feeling of sadness and oppression. In 1908 they had seen persons in 18th-Century attire peering from windows

of a cottage the couple had never seen before on the premises.

In the year 1920 a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, an English newspaper, told of the experience of a woman visiting the *Hameau*. She saw the shuttered windows of Marie Antoinette's dairy, or *Laiterie*, but this did not prevent her from attempting to open the shutters. To her horror she felt herself being pushed aside, as if by unseen hands. It was broad daylight but the lady saw no one. The correspondent concluded: "She entertains no doubt that this was a supernatural happening; and she had an eerie feeling which the association of the place may explain in part."

Robert Gibbings, the Irish raconteur, traveler and writer, tells of his personal experience during a visit to Versailles. According to his charming book, *Coming Down the Seine*, he admits to having read *An Adventure* many years before the incident occurred. At that time, however, he had forgotten it.

Gibbings passed the various and sundry *Bassins* that dot the grounds and finally reached the little *Temple de l'Amour*. The day was hot and he felt very tired. In fact, he was so uncomfortable that he felt quite indifferent to his historical surroundings.

Gibbings intended to return to town and he proceeded along the path that passes through the Trianon gardens, thinking he would soon arrive at the *station de voitures*. The path was lonely and deserted. As Gibbings came into the small formal gardens situated to the east of Trianon,



he saw two girls cross the path just a little ahead of him. Bushed as he was, the writer's masculine eye caught the blue flower-patterned skirt of one of the girls. To his left he saw a path of grass along which grew trimmed shrubbery. He watched, expecting to see the girls reappear. He waited for several minutes.

He was completely mystified at their failure to emerge. He stepped onto the grassy strip and peered behind the shrubbery. There was not a trace of the two girls!

Mystified, Gibbings drove back to town and stopped for a bite to eat. The incident had aroused his curiosity and he asked the waitress if she had heard of persons appearing and disappearing on Versailles' grounds. The woman stared at him and said that while she herself had never experienced anything of a mystifying nature, she had frequently heard of *les fees du Trianon* (spirits, or fairies of Trianon).

"There are some who cannot live in Versailles," she told Gibbings. "they say the air is too heavy with the past."

William Oliver Stevens, the late renowned scholar and writer on psychic subjects, relates that Professor Charles Richet told a friend of his that many Parisians had told him of similar experiences at Versailles.

A visitor from New Zealand once told Stevens that during her sister's first visit to Paris she had gone to Petit Trianon and had experienced an uncanny sensation of being carried back to the closing decade of the 1700s. She had been so puzzled and so impressed that she made notes which she

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wrote and submitted to a London editor. The man was highly indignant. How could anyone dream of plagiarizing *An Adventure*? But the sincere lady had never heard of the book!

Is it possible that Versailles and particularly the Petit Trianon is haunted by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette? The facts indicate that it is.

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why it is so important that we understand what we are doing to ourselves and find ways of reversing the process. Color photographs at the conclusion of the book depict beautiful crystals that have been exposed to classical music. As to those exposed to heavy metal, well, you wouldn't want to drink a glassful of that water—it looks muddy and dull in color.

For those of us who have suffered the depredations of noisy neighbors while we are trying to sleep, a 1991 experiment in silencing a sound wave with another sound wave might be of some interest. It is possible to create a "zone of silence" in a karaoke bar or an office and reduce noise from trains and factories. In a like manner, it is possible to generate a hado wave of vibration that will cancel out the current unhealthy wave generated by the person's thoughts.

Emoto states: "I wonder how many doctors understand the way drugs work in terms of vibration. Consider, for example, the use of aspirin for headaches. From the viewpoint of vibration, pain has its own shape of wave. To correct it, we need to send a wave that can cancel the pain. Since the compound of some chemicals and herbs has a wave that can cancel the wave of symptoms, the pain disappears."

Water absorbs information in the form of vibration (which should not be surprising, as it has long been known that crystals of any sort are very sensitive to electromag-

netism). Human and animals cells are primarily of liquid composition. If water can absorb information, then so can they—either good or bad.

You can't do anything about heredity, right? Apparently, the data of inherited disease is locked in the DNA, and anything genetic is permanent. Maybe not, according to Emoto. It is still information and is stored in layers from one's ancestors. All it takes is the requisite "trigger" emotion to stimulate disease, simply because a family may carry the emotions from generation to generation. It may be tricky to counteract such information, but it can be done.

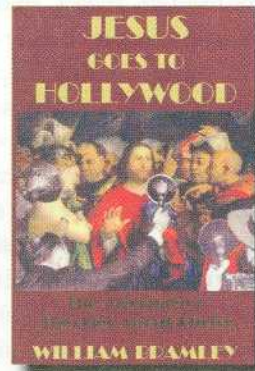
"Cluster" events, such as road accidents, suicides, and disasters, may be seen as a ball of negative emotions resonating with other negative factors to make the situation worse. I have often wondered if one positively charged individual on an airplane might be enough to prevent an accident, even if the rest of the passengers are negatively inclined.

A good deal of our current technology is based upon electromagnetic waves, from microwave ovens to computers to TV sets to cell phones. Emoto has experimented with these devices and how they affect water. In the case of microwave ovens, he could not get distilled water that would normally form perfect crystals to function at all. Cell phone had horrible effects on water crystals, and computers and TVs didn't fare much better.



Emoto admits that it is now impossible to do without electronic devices. But he feels that it may be possible to eliminate the negative effects by utilizing the devices as a carrier for positive emotions and ideas (which could explain why some computers and people are incompatible).

There is a lot to think about here in a short space of time. It solidifies suspicions many of us often consider but seldom voice. This book is surely a groundbreaker.—  
*W. Ritchie Benedict*



**Jesus Goes to Hollywood**  
**The Alternative**  
**Theories About Christ**

by **William Bramley**

*Dahlin & Associates (Modesto, Calif.), 2005,  
hardcover, 335 pgs.*

Who was Jesus Christ? According to faithful Christians, Jesus Christ was the son of God, the Messiah predicted by Hebrew prophets, miraculously conceived and born of the Virgin Mary in the city of Bethlehem. He lived as a humble teacher in Roman-occupied Palestine. His teaching

had no human precedents, but came direct from God. He had no political ambitions or romantic entanglements. Though he lived a sinless, selfless life, he was arrested and executed by the authorities. After his death on the cross, Jesus returned to life, met with his followers, and ascended to Heaven.

So far, so familiar. However, almost from the beginning, the orthodox account of Jesus Christ has been challenged by a baffling variety of competing claims. Every detail of the short biography just presented has been questioned from many different angles. William Bramley's *Jesus Goes to Hollywood* is an attempt to catalog and explore as many of these "alternative theories" as humanly possible.

Over the past 2,000 years, nearly everything about Jesus Christ has been disputed, beginning with the question of whether he ever walked the earth at all. Bramley examines theories that propose Jesus was of African, British, or extraterrestrial origin; that his teachings were derived from those of the Jewish Essenes, the Greek Cynics, the Buddhists of India, or the teachers of Egyptian mysteries; that he was a political revolutionary, a gay man, or the founder of a dynasty, with Mary Magdalene as his wife; that he survived the Crucifixion and lived out his life in Kashmir or Japan.

Bramley unearths a surprising amount of evidence for each claim, and provides an extensive bibliography for those wishing to explore any of them in greater depth.—*Andrew Honigman*



## Fortean Phenomena



depression overcame them. The buildings and people they met took on a strange appearance. They came across two gardeners wearing old-fashioned three-cornered hats, who gave them directions, and saw a woman and a teenage girl wearing old-fashioned clothing. A man wearing a cloak and sombrero directed them to the house.

Miss Moberley noticed a woman sketching on the lawn who turned to look at them. Her dress and physical appearance bore a striking resemblance to the eighteenth-century queen of France, Marie Antoinette. A footman then pointed them toward the entrance of the Petit Trianon.

Once inside, the air of depression lifted and the women felt normal again. Many of the buildings they had seen had vanished and so had the people in their peculiar old-fashioned clothes. The women wrote about their experience in a book called *An Adventure*. Despite the critics who scoff at the idea, it does seem that the women met people, saw buildings, and walked down the paths of a former time. — Peter A. Hough

### The Bahia Blanca Dislocations 1959–May 1968

According to the newspaper *Diario de Córdoba*, a well-known Argentine businessman suffered a strange distortion of time and space in 1959. He reportedly got into his brand-new car

one morning in the city of Bahia Blanca, Argentina, and started to drive away from his hotel when a strange cloud seemed to envelop his vehicle. The next thing he knew he was *standing* alone on a deserted spot in the countryside. He hailed a passing truck and asked the driver to take him to Bahia Blanca. Looking at him as if he were some sort of maniac, the driver explained that they were in Salta. Bahia Blanca was over a thousand kilometers away! He drove the befuddled businessman to the nearest police station, and they called the police in Bahia Blanca. The police later called back and confirmed that the businessman's car was still outside the hotel with its engine running. Strangest of all, only a few minutes had elapsed from the time the man had first climbed into the car — yet he had somehow been transported over a thousand kilometers.

Bahia Blanca is a busy Window area and has been the site of many strange psychic and UFO reports. In May 1968, Dr. Gerardo Vidal and his wife said they were driving outside the city when their auto was caught up in a dense fog and they lost consciousness. They came to on a strange road. Their watches had stopped and the surface of their car was badly scorched. They soon learned that 48 hours had passed, and they were now in Mexico, many thousands of miles north of Bahia Blanca! — John Keel

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### TELEPORTATIONS The Versailles Slip in Time August 10, 1901

It was a warm afternoon when two English tourists, Anne Moberley and Eleanor Jourdain, decided to visit the Palace of Versailles, home of the French royal family during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

As they strolled through the grounds, the two ladies lost their way and a wave of