

THE MAGIC BAG

A Manuscript Dictated Clairaudiently
to Mark Probert
by Members of the Inner Circle



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There is nothing supernatural about the working if this law, for it is like all else—it follows a natural pattern. Oddly enough, the only people on your earth today who do not seem to realize that there is no activity that can be relegated to the field of the supernatural, are the so-called civilized peoples.

You ask about the supernormal? This is a term that can be used only in a relative sense or in a comparison to other states of consciousness, or states of so-called physical manifestations. It must also be classified as a "time-word" and an "environment word." And yet another thing to consider is the fact that while an individual may far excel others of his time, it is seldom that his apparent show of genius goes beyond one or two specific subjects, while to others he may be even moronic.

The individual ego that builds a physical-chemical body has no other choice but to use that body to the best of his ability. Some who are far enough along the Path can with even a very badly-formed body do wonders, and there are others who make a seemingly miserable failure of their physical life who have perfect physical structures.

This is because the former know, through other Earth-lives, that Mind is the Master, and can therefore override all outer conditions that seem opposed to its growth; while the latter, not having brought over into its new physical experience the knowledge of its true powers, blames all outer activity for its failures, and falls into the habit of automatically responding to all outer stimuli, without once stopping to consider that for every response it makes in answer to this "outer consciousness," it is itself creating new chains of motion, to which it will have to react. In time, this kind of action takes heavy toll upon the nervous system of the physical body, breaking it down and leaving the body defenseless against numerous kinds of disorders.

80 %

Though few realize it, man spends nearly eighty percent of his physical existence in subconscious activity, and by so doing he brings about the kind of life he has in what he calls his conscious world, the physical-chemical world being merely a stratum of the subconscious.

DEATH AND REINCARNATION

The Maharajah Natcha Tramalaki:

Where the theory and teachings of what is called "reincarnation" originated seems to be a moot question among the students of this law. Some think they came from Asia, some from India, and still others believe they came from Persia during the life and teachings of Zoroaster, 307 B.C. There is some belief, also, that ancient Egypt was their source. This latter belief seems to have arisen from the fact that in the time of the Egyptian Pharaohs certain mystical rites were performed in one of the lower chambers of the Sphinx at Gizeh. During these rites the most advanced teacher of the secret Lodge received the last and highest initiation that could be conferred upon him.

I shall give you but a very brief outline of this initiation so that you may understand how and why some feel it to be the source and cause of the teachings of reincarnation, or re embodiment.

CRUCIFIXION

The one to take this initiation is placed upon a cross, the cross being the symbolic form of what you recognize today as the Roman numeral "X" or a numerical sign representing the ultimate, or infinity, or the end of a known dimension. To the initiate it also means the renouncing of the world of matter and the entering into what is called the fourth dimension of time (not time as understood by motion of three-dimensional matter).

After the initiate has been bound to the cross with leather or fiber thongs, he permits himself to fall into a deep cataleptic or deep trance state. While he is thus engaged, the other members of the Lodge form a half-circle and chant in mystical words and tones. These mantrams constitute a pleading to the gods of the etheric worlds to make clear the path for the initiate to the stars and other cosmic bodies where he is now intending to project his ka or psychic body.

This kind of projection is fraught with many dangers and there is always the likelihood that the ka, or psyche, may lose his awareness of his physical body. A form of disassociation may come upon him akin to what you call amnesia, and the energies of his physical body may play out before he can get back to it,

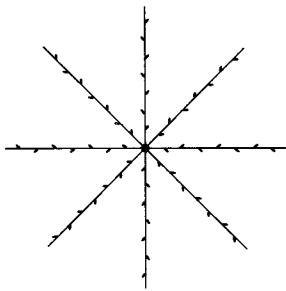
INNER CIRCLE : " THE MAGIC BAG "

(SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, 1.963)

ing impact of millions of electron volts. The reaction of this applied force is heat, light, force, and the radiation of ions or negative electrons erupting from deeper layers of the atom.

Now, my purpose in explaining the activity of atom fissioning is simply to point out to the reader who may be unfamiliar with the subject that, notwithstanding all the above mentioned force that is brought to bear on the atom, no actual cleavage or true *break off* of pieces has occurred. To understand this, we must first realize that there is no such thing as matter and energy. While I have referred to the atom as being a "body", and electrons as having "structure", we must not let these words lead us into the belief that the universe is made up of two different kinds of substance, and that the substance called "matter" exists as ultimate bits or pieces. An atom is made up of a number of force fields, with each one of these (force fields) having its own particular rate of motion or vibration. Now if any of this is clear at all, I am sure it will become apparent to the reader, that all that happens to the atom when fissioned is to greatly expand the field of operation of the outer shells in reference to the innermost ones called the nucleus, thereby giving the atom a larger volume of space to work in.

In thinking of the world around us, we automatically conjure up the feeling called (solidness) and then imagine it to be a property of this world, when in fact it is but a sensory measurement of the world of "Adam." Adam, the Magician, who by the use of his magical wands called the senses, makes passes over the walls of his imagination, and who by crying out, "Abracadabra" causes vast and complex murals to appear and disappear on the walls. And no matter the number of pictures Adam creates, he entitles them all—"reality."



THE NATURE OF THE COSMOS

Ramon Natalli:

In the construction of solar systems and island universes there is a vast amount of waste matter thrown off into space. This act of making and throwing off waste matter is no less a law of the cosmos than it is of any single body in all space-time.

The word "waste," however, is not a very apt one, for while Nature is very prolific, she never creates anything that will not at some time be used—and this is true of the waste matter thrown off by cosmic building. While this substance has lost its intrinsic value to the body being constructed in a particular point in space, it will be taken up and used as a building-block by some other body in the course of time. If however, a waste matter thrown off by a body is turned back upon that body, it is found, in many cases, to tend toward retarding it and in time may even destroy the body altogether.

The basis of all things, we may state, is "heat." In the process of breaking down and building up, heat is not only the cause, but is also the effect. It is sometimes said that the word cold means absence of heat, as the word darkness means the absence of light. Neither of these statements is true. The words heat and cold, darkness and light, are "sense" words, telling of the body's ability to measure molecular motion by its organs of sense through the law of pressure; but where the word cold is concerned, in regard to molecular motion it simply means that the molecules of heat have lost some of their free motion and have slowed down or suffered a degree of inertia.

This is true also where light is concerned. There are no such conditions as absolute light or absolute darkness, but only degrees of these.

The degrees of light that can be seen in your three-dimensional world are brought about by certain forms of vibratory action taking place in your material substance. This action is then reflected on the permanent ether particles, which are considerably smaller, and produces a degree of change in them by expanding their electronic field so that they reach into your three-dimensional world, where the change is then measured by the sense organs of an individual

according to that one's sensitivity to light pressure.

Through your sense of touch, a form is found to be hot, cold, cool or warm. Now, all things have what is called potential kinetic energy stored up in them while they are inert, but once set into motion, a body will start discharging this energy in the form of heat units and the more rapidly that body is made to move the greater will become the quantity of heat, and the more intense and penetrating each succeeding radiation. A particle moving at the rate of billions of vibratory cycles per second is emitting "light" of such short length that it can be detected only by an electric photoplate.

It is in such fields of extreme motion that the X-ray and cosmic rays are found, the X-ray being about one ten-thousandth that of visible light and cosmic rays about that much again shorter than the X-ray. Both of these rays have, therefore, an extreme potential for ionizing all matter of a longer wave-length.

There is, in theory at least, a belief that some cosmic ray particles can penetrate about twenty miles of lead. To the layman in physics this would seem to be quite an awe inspiring theory, but let us stop and ask ourselves these questions: *What is space? What is its nature? Is it compressible? Does matter, as you know it, take up space?*

In order to answer these questions with any degree of intelligence, we shall have to go back to the accepted theory that the world in which you live is a world of three dimensions, called width, depth and breadth. But, in order for these dimensions to exist, it becomes necessary for them to have another body in which to take form, and this other body is called space. But space is really not of your world at all, but is a fourth dimensional state that in no way infringes upon any of your three-dimensional forms of action, and in itself is a hundred thousand times denser than the densest matter in your three-dimensional world. So the theory of the cosmic ray passing through twenty miles of lead is by no means a strange one when the theory is based on the fact that even twenty miles of lead does not occupy space. ETHER ?

The particles that go to make up space are much smaller than any of the cosmic ray particles, and they flow right on through all three-dimensional matter. However, both cosmic rays and X-rays are moving at such high rates of vibration that they have

passed out of the three-dimensional field, to the extent that their passage through etheric or "space-matter" creates a form of friction in much the same way as a meteor creates friction in passing through your Earth's atmosphere. This causes the cosmic or X-ray particle to discharge a light ray of infinitely short length by expanding the electronic field of the etheric particles just enough to cause that field to reach back into that of your three-dimensional world, but the very instant the work that is being done on the etheric atom by a particle from your world ceases, the form of response that the etheric atom was making also ceases.

Whenever a particle from the three-dimensional world manages to have its motion accelerated to the point where it can make a contact with fourth-dimensional matter, the response made takes place in the three-dimensional world, but fourth-dimensional matter can move into the three-dimensional world only so long as a continuous force of three-dimensional matter is brought to bear on it.

Some few years ago I was asked where the cosmic rays come from. My answer was that they were manufactured by the suns from more or less solidified waste matter in your solar system which had been pulled into the suns by the law of magnetic attraction. The suns, acting as atom-smashers, tear away the outer shells and spew them out into space, where, traveling at speeds for exceeding visible light, they bombard your own Earth and other planetary bodies in your solar system. However, even with the great speeds at which some of these particles are moving, in a manner of speaking, much of their destructive power is taken out of them by their contact with other particles in the Earth's atmosphere. Nevertheless, there is yet sufficient force in them to cause drastic mutations in many of the Earth's chemicals. COSMIC RAYS

Scientists have experimented at great length to create a mutation in radium by artificial means, but, as far as I have been able to learn, they have not succeeded in either increasing or decreasing its rate of break-down into lead.

It is my belief that none of the chemical substances out of which the whole vast material universe is made, either breaks down or builds up of itself, but that these two continual forms of action are brought about by the forces of one chemical working upon another.

CHEMICALS

Certain chemicals, such as oxygen and hydrogen, have a great affinity for one another, and, when combined, work in harmony with each other, while others fight one another violently—or, unless a third force is brought to bear on them, simply will not mix with each other. This was true of oil and water until recent times when your scientists discovered that by the pressure of sound-waves these two could be made to blend very well. Very few of these chemical changes that are characteristic and necessary for the maintenance of earth life, however, could go on at all without the suns, of which there are many millions scattered throughout space, the one in your solar system being one of the smallest. The size of some of them would stagger the human imagination for they could hold within their huge bodies fifteen to twenty million suns like that of your solar system. Yet, in relation to the vastness of space they cast no greater light than the feeble flicker of a match on a great desert in the dark of night. All is (relative) — a thing is (never itself) until (compared) with something else.

SUNS

It is thought by some that your sun was at one time a great deal larger than it now is, but that is not so, for the spiral lines of force to which its substance was first attracted, have neither contracted nor expanded. However, its corona expands and contracts periodically, depending upon its period of attracting solar waste matter and breaking it down into usable substance for the Earth and other planetary bodies.

SUNS

Some of this substance is called "cosmic rays." These sun particles storm not only the Earth, but all other bodies in your solar system and are attracted to them by their magnetic pull. Some of these bodies receive a far greater charge than Earth, due to their mass weight or density, and the nature of the particles that one body may receive willingly may be repulsed by another. This depends upon the chemical nature of that body and the rate of chemical escape. As the density of the atmosphere around a cosmic body has a great deal to do with the rate of its chemical escape, this also would have to be taken into consideration.

Cosmic RAYS

This rain of cosmic particles is going on, night and day, although the shower is considerably heavier during the daytime. A body having no vegetation, such as the Moon, has little or no atmosphere; and not having an atmosphere, it is minus an ionized belt to protect it from feeling the full effects of the cosmic rays. As

most rays are a definite deterrent to all plant life, or anything with sap or liquid in it, the Moon—like all similar planetary bodies—never was nor will be anything more than a dead body of a definite geometrical size and density, set in a precise geometrical alignment with the Earth to counter-balance the Sun's magnetic effect on all the Earth's liquids. Did the Earth not have the kind of dense atmosphere it has, the forces of the Sun would soon drain it of all its liquid substance. The Moon, however, is a purifier; it keeps the Earth's liquids from becoming stagnant, by keeping these liquids in a very minutely-timed state of ebb and flow, with a necessary pause between the two to gather their forces. Flow and Ebb

MOON

All matter works by this ebb-and-pause-and-flow action. A thing flowing is creating energy, and a thing ebbing is losing it, but in its moment of pause it is gathering unto itself the energy it created, which it will use as its driving force toward action again. The whole vast universe is (pulsating) in a finely timed rhythm.

It may seem, because of his wars and general leanings toward inhumanity to his fellowman, that while all else may be working in the fine precision I mentioned, Man himself is not doing so.

Looking at the over-all picture of life, however, we will find that all of Man's seemingly inhuman acts are but the forces of Nature endeavoring to keep that nice over-all balance.

We must come to the clear understanding that the forces of Nature have no concern with bodies—whether these bodies are of man, animal, fish, fowl, insect or plant—for all of these are merely momentary manifestations of The Life Force working towards a great goal—and that goal is the acquiring of a more comprehensive understanding of Itself, through Its parts. And who is this "Itself?" It is I. Yea, I even am He.

Had I known this soul-stirring truth and written it when I lived on Earth in 1624, I would have been burnt at the stake even as Galileo and his discoveries were condemned by that blood-glutting mind and soul-destroying group that headed the Roman Inquisitions.

Although I have tried in the above paragraph to give you some idea as to the over-all desires of Nature in respect to Man's inhumanity to his fellowman, I have no wish to leave you with the thought that brutality, lust and greed among men is the way of Nature, for that is far from the truth, and the fact that Nature

KARMA
→ herself knew there was nothing to be gained by viciousness other
→ than greater viciousness, is shown by her provision of a scale of
→ balance called "cause and effect," from which there is no escape.

For the moment, let us leave the field of moral philosophy and talk of what is called "a thing in itself." In order to really learn anything at all concerning this, it will be necessary to make some rather serious changes in our way of thinking. What better way can we do this than by keeping in mind the fact that there are no such things as miracles or mysteries. Down through the ages Man has been cursed, and his naturally inquisitive mind has been stymied by these two words, shoved upon him by the priestcraft and the pseudo-scientist. A "mystery" is only that which has not
MISTERYES
i → yet been studied from all of its sides. A "miracle" is that which happens, in spite of Man's foolishness and seeming perverseness in wanting to learn anything about himself and the worlds in which he lives.

→ You are now living in an era that demands upon your knowing by personal experience, and not by wishful thinking or faith or even by your common variety of reasoning and so-called logic—for all of these are limited to your supposed belief and understanding of a Deity or some vague patchwork called "scientific reason and logic."

Logic
Of course, in some of the higher orders of mentation, there exist systems of reason and logic the nature of which borders on what may be called pure abstraction, and in that light has as much to do with your common type of reason and logic as two-and-two-make-four has to do with calculus. They are both called "mathematics," but that is all that can be said in comparing them.

One of the most appalling experiences a human being can have is to suddenly realize how utterly vast, and completely incomprehensible, is the entire scheme of life. We are like children lost in the eternal wastelands of space with nothing more to go to or come from but more space, and it is not at all strange that we are terrified by this "spaceness," for it seems to represent that entirely unknowable something called "X."

SPACE
SELF
→ How can this be otherwise unless Man learns that He is not
→ looking at space, but that He is Himself space. And, as the Self
→ cannot contemplate Its Self, except through one of Its lower
→ vehicles, It cannot comprehend space. But the instant It produces

anything, that is in the slightest degree different than Itself, It has a something with which to compare Itself, and, in so doing, becomes both the First Cause and Effect, and thereafter, every effect not having anything to give it a Self-state of awareness, becomes a first cause, by creating another effect.

While a First Cause looks forward, to finding Itself in Its effect, the effect has to look backwards, to find itself in the First Cause, and not being able to comprehend its Father, it sees nothing. But an effect never takes place in the original dimension of the time continuum, and this is why an effect cannot see itself as being other than the First Cause, but at the same time has no awareness of itself until it creates an effect, in which it finds its own identity through the degrees of difference ^{TO COMPARE} it senses in its own creation.

Every effect finds its birth in an entirely new dimension of time from that of its cause, and this new dimension means new situations to be conformed with, and that means new forms of action. So it was out of these endless forms of action and reaction taking place in dimensions of time that physical existence, as you see it, came into being.

So, also, we find that there is no such condition as a ding-an-sich, or "thing-in-itself," but all forms of action taking place in their own time dimension leads the unthinking to believe that the dimension in which they have their consciousness is the only existence there is. Not being able to get back to their way of thinking—or not thinking—a feeling of insecurity comes upon them, and this feeling of insecurity makes them desirous of something to lean upon. This "something to lean upon" naturally must be greater than themselves, so they conceive of what they call a God, failing at the same time to realize that this God would be no more and no less, either in quality or quantity, than their own conception of Him—and because Man's physical nature is wrathful, vengeful and jealous, so is his God. It cannot be otherwise, for Man can only create to the extent of his own dimension in time. It also must be remembered that in comparison to all else, your Earth is considerably less than a flick of dust.

If the Earth itself is such an insignificant thing, where, you may wonder, must Man stand in the scheme of things! Completely blinded by the hypnotic power of the ego, we little cosmic shadows

move about on the face of this bit of cosmic dust that is whirling away in a sea of nothingness.

SIZE

But it must be kept in mind that the states called "largeness" or "smallness", are no more than the conditions of one's awareness of his own physical body (in comparison) to that of another body located at another point in space-time; and that also space-time itself is of the same nature—that is, a necessary formation of the consciousness, to have something sufficiently different than itself, to lend it the feeling of separateness.

SPACE

This illusion of separateness automatically creates the illusion called space-time.

If the reader, provided he is at all desirous of freeing himself from the complexities of fears that beset most of you living in the physical body, will go back over the last page or two of these writings and meditate upon them I think you will see how utterly foolish it is to fear anything or anyone, for all of your fears are of your own making and manifestations of your own desires, many of which do not have their origin in the physical level of consciousness and because they do not, you fail to see them for what they really are.

FEAR

Shortly after the two hundred inch telescope had been in operation at Palomar, I, unbeknownst to the astronomers there, studied the heavens through its complicated mechanism. To say that this new astronomical eye is one of the greatest bits of scientific art achievement of your twentieth century would be expressing my thoughts mildly. Nevertheless, it is not a thing-in-itself, but is the product of the (minds) of those who made it. Therefore, let us not stand in awe of it, but let us bow our heads and give thanks to the Great Mind who, working through the machine called the "brain" of these individuals, made this monumental piece of work possible.

1.200 MILLION YEARS LIGHT OF SCOPE

While this "eye" can see a billion, two hundred million light years away from your Earth, and your astronomers were astounded to discover that the universe showed no signs of coming to an end, even at that staggering distance, this fact should not frighten you nor make you feel insecure, but should make you glow with joy and sincere inward pride to realize how truly great (you) are! I mean, of course, you as a consciousness.

A billion light years! That, my friends is no more than a mile in consciousness, and but a breath in the measurement of mind-time.

In my present state I have no use for your great telescope. I can tell you that the universe stretches out from everlasting to everlasting. There can be no end to it, simply because it is all Mind, and there is no end to Mind.

Now let us look at the Universe from your materialistic standpoint. That is, from the belief that it is something in itself, apart from your (individual consciousness). To begin with, it is but foolishness to even try to give in figures the number of bodies in the cosmos, for the consciousness of material man cannot comprehend such figures. But, as numerous as they are, (each and every one of them is arranged in a very precise geometrical order in relation to one another,) and each has its own work to do.

While it is true that many of these bodies are constantly running into one another, and being destroyed, all such destruction is brought about the instant form of (unbalance) starts to take place. Indeed, wherever we may look in Nature, destruction comes in the wake of inharmony.

The old wives' tale that "Nature abhors a vacuum" is nothing more than just that—an old wives' tale—for while both Man and Nature can create vacuums of a kind, there is really no such thing as an absolute vacuum. It is true that both atmospheric and etheric pressures are considerably less in outer space, and therefore a body can be made to travel at speeds far exceeding that of light, but that body is not moving in a complete vacuum, for the existing void is but relative in density to the body moving in it.

Whether a vacuum is created artificially by Man or by Nature makes little difference for in both cases only the grossest matter is removed. That which is left is so dense in its parts that it is out of the reach of any action that may be brought to bear upon it from the three-dimensional world.

While Man may by his inquisitive nature do certain things merely to see what the outcome will be, Nature acts with a very definite purpose, and has a foregone conclusion as to what the results will be.

As far as vacuums go, I would say the only complete ones I

ATMAN PLUS ATOM EQUALS ADAM

Ramon Natalli:

To know the world of Matter is to know the world of Non-Matter which is the world of Mind, and to know the world of Mind is to have Cosmic Consciousness.

In reading the above statement and realizing at the same time the rather vast amount of scientific data regarding the nature of matter that has been compiled by the scientists, one may jump to the conclusion that the scientist is in a much better position to receive Cosmic Consciousness than anyone else. Of course such a conclusion would not be true, for (all who are genuinely creative are in tune with the Cosmic Mind.)

For example, a thinking student in physics learns that there is no such condition as matter per se; therefore he does not ask, "What is matter?" expecting to get an answer, anymore than he would ask, "How high is up?" Rather he comes to know by higher levels of thought on the subject, that that which is believed to be matter is merely a condition called motion, which is the resultant of work. For instance, there is an energy exchange of a very intense nature going on between the many particles of that microscopic bit of substance referred to as the atom. This exchange is known as "work." This work in turn sets and keeps the atom as a bonded unit in motion. A portion of this work in the atom produces two different types of motion or levels of exchange called "heat" and electricity.

The laws of physics state that a body once set into motion will continue (in that) motion in a straight line unless acted upon by an external force, but the fact is that three-dimensional matter cannot move in a straight line because a straight line denotes a perpetual and unbroken form of motion. Physical matter moves not only in wave motion but also in periodical bundles or quanta. The cause of this motion is due to the nature of the underlying fabric of space. The space comprising the three-dimensional universe is an electromagnetic field that is constantly returning to its center. Our entire universe is simply a cosmic atom. However, in order to comprehend the concept of Cosmic Atom, we have to

begin by studying its working parts, the microscopic atoms. Every atom has its own space in which particles move, and this space consists of a viscous type substance that exudes from the core of the atom in a series of arc lines. These arc lines drive the electron bodies outward, from the core or nucleus, and draw them back again. As this alternating magnetic force expands the orbital field of the electrons, it creates a positive electrical flow; and as it draws the electrons back to the center, it produces a positive magnetic field. This magnetic field of attraction becomes denser and of greater tensile strength to the inverse square of the distance of the outer electrons from the nucleus.

100 ULTIMATONS (URANTIA)

While the electron is spoken of as an energy charge, it must also be considered to have specific structure. This structure, consists of four lines of energy crossing one another at the exact center of each line. In addition, each line has a series of nodes placed alternately along its axis which builds up in density as it approaches the hub or center of the electron. Here they join, and form a relatively larger node of greater magnetic intensity. Each of these nodes emits negative "electrons", which are very much smaller units of energy than the positive electron by many thousands of times. These units of energy are the results of the electron's effort to get rid of the force that was applied to it in projecting it into orbit.

ELECTRONS

The atom is truly the "Magic Bag" of the universe. It contains so many properties that one could go on forever and never touch on all of these properties and the things they are capable of performing. With their vital substances they paint and mold the universe. They are the very stuff upon which our dreams are made!

The gray matter in the head called the brain is made up of billions of them, and, when we think, our thoughts squeeze some of the "juice" out of them in the form of neutron showers. Rub certain molecules of them gently, and they give up some of their energies in static electricity. Hit some too hard, and their energies will erupt in violent winds of death and destruction.

As almost everyone knows, the word "fission" means to create a cleavage or break in a single unit. In fissioning atoms, a stream of extremely high speed protons are fired at the atoms and eventually the force field that surrounds the proton crashes into the force field of one of the orbiting bodies of the atom with the driv-

There are as many kinds of sleep and trance conditions on the astral planes as there are on the Earth, and it is because of this and thought-forms that the theory of astral shells have been taught. When a not sufficiently experienced individual on the astral planes comes into mental rapport with one of these sleepers, it is not at all strange that he should mistake it for a corpse, for it can talk of little else than its earthly life's experiences, over and over again, just as an individual who has had a long physically and mentally wearying day would talk and act it all out again in his sleep at night.

Thought forms are constantly adrift in the astral, being pulled hither and yon by the thought currents flowing out from minds on Earth and the astral levels. Many of them are going through endless states of modification and some are even destroyed due to their uselessness over long periods of time. By "destroyed," I simply mean that the substance out of which they are formed is dissipated into the formless state, as water when it is turned into steam.

NOT ANNIHILATION
A
The astral body of a human being, however, never goes through death and dissipation, but when the desire to re-embody on the Earth becomes strong enough it causes that one to fall into a deep sleep state which is very much on the order of the hypnotic state of lethargy. As an astral being goes deeper and deeper into this state of one-pointed concentration, the force of his desire, the energy thus expended, creates a form of "heat" that drives apart the molecules out of which his astral body is made. But as the molecules on the outer regions of his body drop in temperature very rapidly, they start rushing back together again due to their natural affinity for one another. The continued outward rush of the central molecules, however, forces the outer ones (which are now trying to regain their original position) off their course. Their action then creates a spiral vortex that is ever rushing inward, until the entire astral body becomes but a brilliant point of light. This point of light is what is known as the Soul Seed.
SOUL SEED

Friends, while I am going to attempt to give you some further descriptive talk on this which is called the Soul Seed, I feel it necessary to warn you, again and again, that in our pursuit of knowledge concerning life we are dealing with what many of us on both sides of the veil have been taught to believe are concrete

things—namely, (words). And more disconcerting still is the fact that almost all thinking is done by imagery, or picture-making. Knowing this, no teacher in his right mind would even so much as lend his pupil the idea that he is expounding the nature of life and "things" as indisputable facts. For instance—where does the talk on the action of the atom leave off and the nature of the atom in itself begin?

In our humble opinion, the ding an sich, or "thing-in-itself" cannot be discussed in any way, and can only be known through Self-realization. All that can be talked about, or in any other way "known", is but forms of action or motion, taking place within the Self, but—due to the nature of its physical extension, called a body, —it falls under the illusion that action or motion is an outward occurrence.

Perhaps, if I express this thought in slightly different terms you may see it in a somewhat better light and thereby understand it more fully. Due to the environment, the brain—through the nerve system—has been trained, under the law of repetition, to receive and correlate in endless degrees and shades, all forms of action in terms that are best understood to you.

We, the members of the "Inner Circle," have received some criticism in the past with regard to our terminology—our critics stating that "no highly educated person would use such simple words. Our only reply to this complaint is this: these writings were not intended for the scholarly person alone and to use large, complicated words when small, plain words will be more understandable to the average reader, would but defeat our desired ends. And, besides all this, is the fact that life is simplicity itself when we get to know it. With that off my ghostly chest, we can proceed with the discussion at hand.

The human entity, once having—through desire and the power of concentration—turned all the mind energy that went to make up his astral body in upon himself, can no longer be in any way contacted either by anyone on your side nor ours. He is concerned only with re-embodying, and will not be conscious of anything else until he has accomplished his mission.

Now, a Soul Seed can only be described as a spark of light with positive and negative poles of attraction and repulsion and it is through these lines of force that it seeks and eventually finds the

MATERIAL VIA THOUGHT

Arakashi:

As you will remember, I have previously remarked upon the fact that all is motion and in motion—that there is no way of side-stepping or getting back of motion. We cannot even think it, for the moment we attempt to think we create motion, for thought is energy in action. So now, on this theory, I shall attempt to explain how deep-seated thought, or concentration, produces what you call physical or material things.

The art of spontaneous precipitation by willing consciously is a lost art on the physical plane and is seldom recovered while in the earth body. I think the reason for this is because it is not really needed and, as I told you before, without the impulse called need, there can be no-thing.

NEEDS

Now, the physical man does not think, but is merely the machine that is acted upon by the true man, which in Sanscrit is called Atman, meaning The Self. It is in Atman that you will find the seat of memory also, and forgetfulness in the physical man comes about simply because the Atman has, for one reason or another, lost momentary contact with man or His machine that He uses to express Himself with on the material plane.

T. A.

I have often thought what a great deal of time and energy could be saved if all questions regardless of their nature, could be stated in one or two sentences, and let drop; but questions, even some of the most trivial, are like all else pertaining to life—complicated to the point of mysticism. I remark this simply because I realize all too well that whatever I may say on the subject concerning "Material via Thought," there will be literally dozens of people who could add endless more to what I have to say, or take away much of my written thought on the matter, simply by approaching it from another angle.

Atman is the Great Knower—knowing all there is to know, fully comprehending the atomic structure of all chemical compounds that go to make up any material thing. Man need not know; all man need learn to do is how to turn the mental picture

of a thing completely over to Atman; and the only way man can do this is by what we shall call deep-seated trance, for the want of a better term. Of course, as there are no set laws to be found anywhere in life, trance, the complete giving-over of man to Atman, is an arbitrary condition. The Adept, Christ, demonstrated this in the multiplication of food matter, while in full consciousness—but the ability to do so, in the comparative few who have attained it, is theirs because these individuals are living on the border that divides the subjective and objective worlds, and so have continual contact.

ELUSI-
VENESS

For endless eons of time before Earth's form of aggregated matter came into being, man's life was a subjective one. There were, however, many grades of subjectivity. The lowest of these at that time was what we shall call the low etheric.

At that time this plane of consciousness was considered by many to be Hell, in practically the same way many people on your Earth plane consider your Earth, and for precisely the same reason, although most of those on your Earth plane are unaware consciously of why they think so—the true reason being that matter, as you come down the planes, is more condensed; and the more condensed matter becomes, the more violent in its parts it is; and so it is only natural that the deeper Atman, or pure consciousness, tries to enter into material substance, the greater becomes its sense of pain and suffering. Pain in certain parts of the body is due to the chaotic change taking place in the chemical construction of those parts. Any and all chemical changes are violent in nature. This state of violence we can term a state of uncertainty in the consciousness of the atom. This condition is absolutely necessary for the atom, because it harasses the atom into becoming something. It is similar to the force called need that dwells in Atman; it is a form of fear per se, the fear of the unknown or the possibility of losing its identity and becoming nothing. However, for Atman to become aware of this chemical activity is painful in the extreme, because it makes him that much more consciously aware of himself not as himself, but of being something else. In other words, his consciousness merges with that of the consciousness of the atom that is changing its chemical pattern, and that of course causes him to believe he is suffering pain or unhappiness. And the reason for Atman's sensing pain in his physical vehicle

i

ATOM

NEED

A



READ THE LECTURE DELIVERED BY A MAN WHO LIVED 500,000 YEARS AGO!
ARE WE HYPNOTIZED ZOMBIES?

ARE WE THE EMOTIONAL PUPPETS OF A SOCIETY THAT HOLDS US IN BONDAGE
THROUGH FEAR?

The Incredible MARK PROBERT

The living oracle of an amazing ancient wisdom

by

Ralph G. Warren

The bright afternoon sun streaming in the windows of a room in San Diego, California seemed glariously, sharply indifferent to the eerie events in progress. Although the small gathering of about twenty-five people lounged comfortably in their chairs while a slight built little man seated at a card table spoke to them in a soft voice, there was a feeling of subdued excitement in the air. Suddenly the soft voice trembled slightly and said, "-----and now I'm beginning to feel-----." The voice trailed off. The little audience stirred briefly and sat wide-eyed, expectantly immobile with rapt attention. The speaker at the card table breathed heavily for a few moments, his head drooping forward as if nodding sleepily. Slowly he lifted his head as a strange, new personality seemed to possess his entire body, chuckled reassuringly and spoke English with a Chinese accent.

"I am Yada Di Shi'ite. I lived 500,000 years ago in the Himalayan mountains in a civilization called Yuga, meaning vast body. My city was Kaoti, meaning city of temples. I was a Kaha or priest of the temples until I became a Yada or spirit light of the order of Shi'ite. The Shi'ite order exists today. There were 180 million people in my Civilization, not monkeys. Yuga was destroyed by a terrible earthquake which killed 80 million people. My body was crushed by a wall of the temple--- squashed me like a fly. But I took my body with me-----."

This simple but astounding story was repeated many times in 23 years with a wealth of detail. Fifteen teachers beside the Yada spoke through this remarkable man. There are more than 2000 two-track and four-track seven inch tapes of these lectures. Each lecture is from two to three hours long. These contain a clear, rational cosmology

and a science-philosophy that is so revolutionary in its unorthodox perfection that it seems destined to profoundly affect the foundations of entrenched thought. This cosmology so brilliantly yokes science to philosophy that many professional men in psychiatry, psychology, physics, astronomy and related professions have been fascinated by the haunting logic.

The entranced little man through whom the Yada spoke was the late Mark Probert born in Bayonne, N. J. February 5, 1907, and died in San Diego, California February 22, 1969. His passing was unnoticed in the public press but thousands of national and international devotees felt deeply the loss of this very human, kindly personality who had astounded and shocked great numbers of people. The extremely ancient language of Yu which Yada spoke for about ten minutes before reverting to English became an item of great interest to professors of ancient languages at the University of Southern California. One of these was Hans von Colbert, professor of ancient and modern Asiatic languages. They elected to listen for about forty-five minutes to the highly questionable source, but became so enchanted that they listened and talked for five hours and begged for more time. Professor Colbert spoke Hindustani, and Chinese dialects with Yada and discussed Inca and Maya writings. He understood the root words in the Yu language. Yada told him that the Yu language is the mother tongue or universal language.

Mark himself did not cultivate nor welcome his strange gift as it was often a worry and a burden to him. But from childhood the evidence of something unusual in his depth of perception gradually became a pressing urge that grew stronger and more insistent as the years passed. His marriage to his wife, Irene, in Yuma Arizona on July 4, 1942 was the event that ushered in the most phenomenal aspect of the latent forces burgeoning within him which now seemed to clamor for expression. His new wife promptly informed him that he not only talked in his sleep but talked in foreign languages. After seeking help from a psychiatrist who ridiculed the idea, they met a man by the name of Meade Layne, PhD, who had an excellent academic background. He had been a professor at the University of Southern California and several other universities, and had been a department head at Wesleyan, Illinois and at Southern College, Florida. Quite apart from his academic training, he had considerable interest and knowledge in the fields of metaphysical and occult laws. He casually suggested that Mark might be a trance medium. Mark detested the word "medium" and once started to write a book entitled Medium Rare to disavow the hated label. But let Mark tell this part of his story:

"I spent two hours with Mr. Layne, in which time he quizzed me on a number of things including the state of my physical and emotional health. Then he asked me if I had ever had any experience with psychic phenomena. I told him I had and related a number of them to him. He listened with what I thought was a great deal of patience and then said that my talking in foreign languages in my sleep seemed to indicate that discarnate beings might be taking control of me during sleep. He had me sit at a small card table and placed Irene on my right. I was told I might become entranced. The idea of suddenly losing consciousness was a little unnerving and I was about to express myself when I was struck with a wave of dizziness that nearly rolled me off my chair; the one and only dizzy spell I ever had. Then the spell passed followed by what I can only call elation. But what tremendous elation it was! Undulating waves of chills ran up my body from ankles to solar plexus to head. But they were not cold chills

but rather the kind one gets when listening to exceptionally beautiful music or while observing an unusual sunset or sunrise. How long I stayed in this state of ecstasy I do not know, but when it left me and I was awake again, Mr. Layne and Irene told me I had been in what seemed to be a deep state of trance for approximately forty-five minutes and that a voice, quite unlike my own, had introduced itself by the name of Martin Lattimore Lingford. He said that he had been a showman in New York some forty years ago. He emphasized that they had spent many years conditioning my brain and body so they could use me to communicate through with the least possible harm to my physical and mental self. It was a few years later that they decided to dictate a book to me clairaudiently. They entitled the book *The Magic Bag*. The meaning of this title is fully explained in the book. Then one night in 1947 five of my teachers suddenly appeared to me in the living room of my apartment. That I was "seeing" them clairvoyantly did nothing to lessen my sense of fright, and had they not somehow taken hold of me mentally I would have bolted out my front door and perhaps without opening it! Anyway they quieted me down by assuring me that they were some of the members of the Inner Circle and had no reason to fear them. They then said that their only purpose in showing themselves to me was to have me paint portraits of them. I made pencil sketches of the five and they left saying they would return as time permitted to have me finish the portraits in oils. Some of these portraits have been photographed and incorporated in the *Magic Bag* along with some other that I painted at a later date. (NOTE: Mark was an artist of considerable talent.) In order to publish and disseminate the teachings of the Inner Circle we formed an organization called "Kethra E'DA Foundation." The organization was founded July 6, 1956, and is a non-profit educational foundation."

The teachings that came through Mark delved into almost every branch of human thought. To give a few examples: Flying saucers were verified as actual space beings, not coming from other planets but from the depths of space itself. They do not cross space as we did in going to the moon but emerge from it. The teachers say we will have to learn this emergence before we can safely bring a physical man back from Mars or Venus. Other life does not exist in our solar system but does exist outside, such as the milky way and beyond. The space people are the guardians of the earth and have infiltrated every major government. They are in supreme control. Because of great natural cataclysms that may erupt, they may have to take us off the earth and transplant us on other planets. They say this has been done many times with millions of people in the past. Tales are told of tunnels honeycombing the earth and of pyramids buried under tons of ice at the poles. Religion, they say, is man's creation and is of the earth and the astral frequencies only. It is something we must grow out of and away from as we come out of our hypnotic, conditioned spell of superstition. They see man as asleep and dreaming, caught up in the chemical fury of the matter world, a king of great power that has forgotten his royal blood. They want to give mastery back to man, and listening to the tapes, one begins to wonder. Many, many books could be written and not cover all the subjects. The subjects are being studied by laymen and professionals.

Eventually there began a long series of various communications which opened and prepared the channel for the more profound teachings of the Inner Circle, the sixteenth teachers led by E Yada Di Shi'ite. The most frequent and outstanding lecturers besides Yada are: Professor Alfred Luntz, 1812-1893; clergyman for the High Episcopal Church of England.

Raymond Natalli, 1598-1652; astronomer and friend of the famous Galileo in Rome, Italy. Lao-Tse, 550-600 BC; the well known sage of China. The Maharaja Natcha Trimalaki, 1848-1915; of Dacca, Bengal Province, India. Each of these teachers has a distinctly individual personality and method of delivery. The British Luntz is unmistakable with his clipped Oxford accent.

According to Mark's teachers we entered the Aquarian age in 1945 and it is significant that in that year the lectures of the Inner Circle began. The Aquarian age is said to be the age of pronounced emphasis on the advancement of mind. For the first three years these lectures were semi-private but at least one scientist was always invited to participate. Then Mark and Irene were told to open the lectures to large groups and suddenly people began to call asking to attend. These local groups in San Diego continued for another three years. Finally they were instructed to travel to reach a wider audience, and except for periodic rest and local meetings in San Diego, they were almost constantly presenting their lectures from coast to coast. Questions were encouraged from the audience as long as they were not of a personal nature. Questions of a scientific-philosophy-life posture were welcomed and were not to be confused with "churchianity" but were answered in a manner that yoked Biblical-scientific application without pious sentimentality.

Mark and his wife Irene were not spiritualists and professed no "ism", not even Probertism". The work was not permitted to drift in the direction of any "ism." The teachers were seeking to teach life which is more profound than any "ism." Life was the goal, not religion. Life can be made a religion but we cannot make a religion life. Whatever life religion has in it, we, as individuals, put it there. Truth and beauty are the expressions of life and consciousness; religion is the mere history of this expression and not a final hope. Life spills over beyond the boundaries of organized creed.

There were those who accused Mark of being in a very lucrative "racket" to get rich. Let such accusers take note that Mark was often in straitened circumstances and had no funds to pay his final hospital bill or funeral expenses. As was so many other of his financial needs, these were all donated by those who were grateful for the expansion of awareness into the cosmic and mundane everyday mysteries of existence.

The complete story is a long one and packed with unbelievable fascination. The dramatic, awe inspired inflections in the voice delivery of the tapes is even more fascinating than transcriptions into written words-----therefore we are spending much effort so that you will be able to listen to the actual taped lectures. They are now available.

This very brief synopsis must suffice for the present to introduce tape recorded lectures delivered through the entranced Mark by E Iada Di Shi'ite.

MARK PROBERT
MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
P. O. BOX 11672
PALO ALTO, CA 94306

I INVESTIGATED MARK PROBERT

By
Traver Bornholz

Many readers of Mystic have asked for the prosaic story of Mark Probert, to provide a background for their thinking concerning the Inner Circle. We present that story here.

HAVING read of Mark Probert in Meade Layne's *Round Robin*, I was eager to see him. So when I heard he was to hold a meeting in Grants Pass, Oregon, I filled my car with spiritualist friends and headed down to hear him, anticipating another three hour siege in a stuffy dark room listening to quavering voices from a world where everyone attended lectures and concerts in marble halls in the company with their relatives and old friends, who had suddenly become cultured through the mysterious process of death.

As I had been told that the meeting was to be held in a house a mile and a half from town at the end of a long lane, I prepared myself for a farm house. I had my recorder in the trunk, not because I thought myself expert enough to operate it in total blackness, but simply because it was my latest and most prized acquisition. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered the house at the end of the long lane to be a comfortable, modern home in the midst of a charming garden on the bank of the scenic Rogue River.

Lugging my Revere, which always leaves me with one arm slightly longer than the other, I made my way to the nearest door and found myself in a delightfully gleaming kitchen. There were people all over the place; very presentable, intelligent looking people of all ages, one of whom shuttled me through the crowd to our hostess, of whom I asked permission to use my recorder.

"You'll have to ask Mark," she beamed. "But I'm sure it will be

quite all right."

Mark . . . where was Mark? I finally discovered him in a group on the river bank. Mark Probert, a small, wiry, tweedy sort of man, who should have been smoking a pipe and wasn't.

At first glance it occurred to me to wonder how so much activity could be stilled long enough for him to go into a trance without a quick tap on the head. This was no out of this world character exuding ectoplasm at every pore, but a man with a broad sense of humor, a disarming naturalness, and the inquisitiveness of a small boy.

I liked him. It was no great accomplishment, as it would take a great deal of concentration and will power to dislike Mark Probert.

Here was no mysterious mystic, but simply a man who was doing something he had to do, just as I have to write, and others have to plant things and watch them grow.

He told us he had done many, many other things in his life, such as dancing, singing, painting and riding horses, but now he was doing what he seemed to have been born to do, and that most of the time it was a thankless, unrewarding job, but that he had to do it.

My tape recorder? But of course, if I could find room to hook it up. There were five others.

The large, cheerful, comfortably furnished living room was filled with sunlit summer breezes. About twenty-five men and women, and two little boys settled themselves expectantly. Mark sat down at a card table with six microphones on, or near it, and Mrs. Probert, or Irene as everyone called her, took

JANUARY 1956

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Editor: Ray Palmer

her place in a comfortable lounging chair next to him.

I sat looking at six very interesting portraits on the wall and waited for the windows to be closed and the blinds drawn. Much to my surprise this never did happen, and I later learned the reason to be Mark's teacher's refusal to come through in the dark. It was very broad daylight, and there certainly were wires, but not concealed, as they were all attached to our tape recorders.

After our hostess had checked her guest list and made certain that everyone had arrived Irene Probert proceeded to give the following introduction, which I have taken directly from my tape.

"I met and married Mark when we were both working in the audiovisual department of the public school system in San Diego, and it was about a month after our marriage that Mark started talking in foreign languages in his sleep. Having been a teacher in Citizenship I could tell that he spoke in foreign languages though I was unable to translate what he was saying. When I told him about his talking, he just laughed and said, 'I'm just gibbering. I can't speak any foreign languages.'

"During the war we went to work in one of the war plants. After working there about five months the noise proved too much for Mark, as he was a sensitive though unaware of it. One morning, when he was in drop hammer, the band saw started up suddenly and he went crazy and started running. He had a nervous breakdown, and was taken to the hospital. They called me, and the doctor advised me to

take Mark to our family physician. As we had no family physician I thought the most logical person would be a neurologist.

"As part of Mark's case history I related his talking in foreign languages in his sleep, to which he said, 'Oh, you just imagined that.' So I replied, 'Well doctor you just imagine we haven't been here, because I don't intend to pay you.' And with that we left. And you know, that taught me a lesson. I'd been seeking someone who could give me an explanation of this phenomena, and if a so-called scientifically minded man would give me such an assinine answer, it might be better to keep quiet about it, lest we both be put in psycho.

"Not knowing what to do I just took Mark home, and he continued talking night after night. Every night or early morning, he'd talk or sometimes sing in foreign languages, and then one morning he sang 'Ave Maria' in Italian, and announced 'I'm Enrico Caruso!' Then one morning someone came through with the 'Strawberry Roan' in Spanish, and I said, 'Oh, the Strawberry Roan,' and he said, 'Red Horse.' Those were the only two English words I'd heard spoken by Mark in his sleep in all three years.

"About this time Mark spoke of these goings on to a watch-maker friend of his, who had known him long enough to be quite sure that he couldn't be pretending this knowledge of foreign tongues. It was this friend of Mark's who brought us into contact with a customer of his, a Mr. Meade Layne. After talking it over with us, Mr. Layne said to Mark, 'I think you're a trance medium and just don't know it, so if you don't object. I'll come over Sunday, and we'll try some experiments.

"When he arrived on the appointed Sunday, he turned out all the lights, which we discovered later was quite unnecessary and wholly against the laws of the teachers. Mark sat there for a while, and said he felt as if he were losing his equilibrium, but then he snapped out of it, and it was as though a tremendous thrill went through his body such as we often experience when listening to beautiful music. Then he went out, and was out about forty-five minutes.

"During this time a man came through who spoke English, an American who had once been an actor in New York. He told us that he was drawn to Mark because of their common interests and experience in the theatrical world."

Mark interrupted Irene here and said, 'Yes, on the stage, in vaudeville as a hooper.'

Irene then continued, "Yes this man, who called himself Mortimer Lingford, said he used to sing and dance as Mark had professionally. He is still one of the members of what we have come to refer to as Mark's Inner Circle.

"After this we held meetings every Sunday for Meade Layne and one or two others whom he would invite. All of these meetings from the very beginning were based on discussion of scientific and philosophical subjects, as the teachers have never cared to discuss people's personal problems such as how they should spend their money or whom they should marry and that sort of thing.

"After three years of this the teachers announced that we were ready to hold open meetings, and I thought of the first three years when I had been unable to get one person to listen to or believe in Mark, and wondered how we were supposed to find enough interested

people for such a meeting. But, they just started calling up and asking to come, and we went on three more years holding small open meetings in our home.

"Next the teachers announced that we were to start travelling. You know, just like that! Just as if we had the means to travel. But before we knew it people began writing to us who had read about Mark in *Round Robin*, and first thing we knew we were making trips out of the city, and ever since then we've been branching out more and more.

"Two years ago Mark was writing a letter to one of his brothers in New York and I was downtown. Suddenly Mark looked up. Six of his teachers were standing right there in the room. It just about frightened poor Mark to death. He jumped up, upset his chair, barked his shin and bolted for the door, but they said, 'Wait, come back here. We are just some members of your inner Circle who want you to paint us.'

"Mark sat down and sketched them, and from time to time they reappeared until he now has these six pictures completed. There are seventeen members of The Inner Circle now and Mark has other portraits he is still working on."

At this point Irene proceeded to introduce us to the portraits I had noticed on the wall.

Pointing to the gentleman in the English clothes she said, "Professor Alfred Luntz about 1812 to 1893, a minister for the High Episcopal Church in England and one time professor at Oxford University." Arakashi was introduced as having been with Mark since his birth, a holy man who lived and died in the Punjab district of India in the 13th century before Christ. Ramond Natali was pres-

MARK PROBERT, The Famous Medium

How I Proved His Ability

Roger Graham, a student of the mystic, has for many years investigated into the authenticity of mystic phenomena. He is an authority in his field, and is in addition a famed popular writer in many fields. Now, in the pages of MYSTIC, he presents an actual incident from his long investigation and association with Mark Probert, one of the most noted of American mediums.

By Roger Graham

“**H**OW about giving me a physical checkup, Dr. Luntz?” I asked casually. “That is, before you leave.”

The figure sitting a few feet from me was slowly rocking in a slight forward and backward motion, the head cocked to one side as though listening, the eyes closed tightly, deep lines etched in the lean face, the high forehead. For almost two minutes there was no reply, although the lips were parted as though the man were about to speak. Then—

“Well . . .” the thin, high pitched voice said, “for one thing, you are slightly anemic—but nothing serious. *If you can remember to eat liver two or three times a week and plenty of green vegetables you will correct that in a month.*”

I have italicized the above statement because it was word for word the same as the parting words of a lab technician three weeks previous to this when I had donated a pint of blood in an emergency at a hospital two thousand miles away. The lab technician had made standard tests with blood samples. Dr. Luntz had made no tests, had not come near me—in fact, had not opened his eyes even to glance at me!

“Also,” Dr. Luntz went on, “you have some trouble in your neck. If you will go to a good osteopath soon he can correct it. The one treatment should correct it so you won’t need to go back again.”

I had not said so, but my reason for being here had been to find out about this trouble with my neck. For a month I had been extremely nervous. At times it had seemed that an invisible hand gripped the back of my neck. I had said nothing, because I wanted to see if Dr. Luntz could spot this trouble without coaching. He had!

But now he became silent—so long that I decided to help him. After all he had already performed miracles of diagnosis without actually seeing me or touching me. So I said, “I have trouble with pains in my knees when I go to bed at night—”

Dr. Luntz frowned angrily. “I wish you would keep quiet!” he said. “I was about to comment on those pains. They are caused by pull under the knees due to shortened tendons—”

“But the pains are in the knee caps,” I objected, “not underneath. On top.”

He was testy. “I don’t care where you *think* you have pains.

The pain is underneath, due to shortened tendons. You sit at your typewriter too much. You don’t exercise. Every morning before you get up you should sit up in bed and reach as far as you can toward your toes several times to stretch those tendons. When you take a bath you should do the same when the hot water has had time to soak warmth into those tendons.”

I secretly disagreed with him on this part of the diagnosis, but brushed it off. No use riling the doctor further. “Okay,” I said. “Anything else?”

He was silent another minute. Then his agitated expression smoothed into friendliness. “We of the Inner Circle,” he said, “wish to extend our greetings to you, Mr. Graham. We are glad you could come to visit us—and the boy here. I would like to stay longer, but I must go now. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye, Dr. Luntz—and thanks,” I said.

But even as I spoke he left. It was as abrupt as the turning off of a light. Every line of expression in the lean face subtly and abruptly altered. The slight to and fro rocking of the man stopped. A sigh seemed to originate deep within the lungs of the seated figure. Then the face settled into its normal expression of habitual good humor. The eyes opened. And it was Mark Probert who looked up, blinking as though he had just awakened. He accepted the cigarette which his wife Irene lit for him and took a deep nervous drag.

“Dr. Luntz just gave me a physical checkup, Mark,” I said. “And he got sore when I started to tell him some of my symptoms. He wanted to diagnose me without help.”

“What’d he tell you?” Mark asked. And from past experience I knew that he had no idea what his lips had spoken while Dr.

Luntz was in possession of his body.

I told him briefly. Irene helped fill in. “And I saw him,” she said. “He went over and stood over Roger. I saw his hands sink into Roger’s body and move around, exploring. He was wearing his black clergyman’s suit that he always wears.” She turned to me. “He was a minister when he was living,” she explained, although I had heard this before. “When he died he learned that much of what he preached when he was alive wasn’t true, and he became interested in the study of medicine—which he knew nothing about when alive.”

“He saved Irene’s life two years ago,” Mark said. “I wasn’t to hold a seance that day, but suddenly I felt the forces pressing to get through.”

“And Dr. Luntz came through,” Irene said. “He told me that if I didn’t go to a doctor at once and go to the hospital to be operated on that same night I would be dead by morning. Mark came out of it, I told him what Luntz had said, and we went to the doctor. I just told him I felt sick. He examined me, and suddenly he became alarmed at what he found. He rushed me to the hospital and operated that night. Later he told Mark I couldn’t have lived until the next morning if he hadn’t operated.”

I had not known of this before, but I had known of the many other miraculous diagnoses Dr. Luntz made while possessing Mark’s body to speak to the living. I also knew of and counted as my friends some of the other members of a small group of spirits who used Mark Probert. During the years since 1946 when I had first made Mark’s acquaintance, I had studied these spirits, and the phenomenon that is Mark Pro-

bert, the trance medium. Slowly I had come to be convinced that Mark Probert was not a fake.

Any professional actor and most amateurs could easily put on as good a show, so far as appearances go. There is nothing spectacular about it. Mark will be talking, perhaps smoking. Abruptly and with no warning something seems to happen to him. His hands move differently. His wife Irene will quickly reach for the cigarette still held in lax fingers. A breath of wind enters his lungs, seeming to inflate him enough to hold him erect. His face alters. And then he speaks, but in a different voice—which *could* be his own, consciously altered. It *could* be an act. Mark Probert, from all visual evidence, could be putting on an act. It is only in what is said, the accumulation of evidence piled up over the years, that his authenticity has been established beyond any reasonable doubt.

The scene I have described, where Dr. Luntz gave me a physical checkup, took place at the Probert residence at 931 26th St., San Diego, California, late in January, 1949, where he still resides with his wife, though he travels all over the west, from Salt Lake City to as far north as Portland, Oregon, giving his seances at the homes of people who have attended his seances before and have invited him to come and give seances for their friends, paying his travelling expenses. Far from being well off, he is more often so broke that only a continuous succession of miracles of opportune donations keep him from going hungry.

It is the aftermath of this physical checkup by Dr. Luntz that provides a type of proof that no guesswork, nor mind reading, nor anything explainable by known physical law can explain—or explain away.

As I have said, the anemia diagnosis confirmed or agreed with what a laboratory diagnosis of a blood sample had disclosed a month before. Although I was not consciously thinking of it, I knew about it.

A month later I had forgotten Dr. Luntz's diagnosis. The trouble with my neck returned, but still I didn't think of Dr. Luntz. One day when my neck was particularly bothersome and I was extremely nervous I happened to be passing the office of an osteopath and went in. I told the osteopath what was the trouble. He explored my neck with his fingers, then said, "Aha! Here's the trouble. Now relax your head. What I am going to do will make you quite dizzy for a moment, so don't be alarmed by the dizziness." While he was speaking he was slowly moving my head this way and that. Suddenly he jerked my head sharply. I heard and felt a sensation that reminded me of a tree falling through brush to the ground after being cut down. The next moment I felt violently dizzy. Almost seasick. I moaned.

"This is what is happening," the osteopath explained. "The top vertebra connecting to the skull itself has two holes in it coinciding with two holes in the skull. Through these holes pass two arteries which are auxiliary arteries supplying the brain. This vertebra was frozen slightly twisted, so that those two arteries were pinched off. That's what produced your nervousness and the feeling of a hand gripping the back of your neck. What I did was to free the joint so that the arteries weren't pinched any more. The sudden surge of blood to your brain produced the dizziness."

I straightened up, feeling better already.

"Feel better?" the osteopath

asked. Then, the words and the tone of voice so exactly similar to Dr. Luntz's that it gave me an uncanny feeling, he added, "The one treatment should do it, so you won't need to come back again."

He was right—and Dr. Luntz was right.

Almost two years were to go by before the diagnosis of the trouble with my knees was to be verified with the same startling coincidence of words and tone of voice. I continued to have trouble with pains in my knee caps after going to bed at night. It was annoying, but human-like, I did nothing about it. Then one day I dislocated my back. An orthopedic specialist was called in to take care of it. For six weeks I was in bed before I was able to move about at all. When I was getting better he said, one day, "The basic cause of your back dislocation is shortened tendons. These tendons start underneath the knees and go up the back on either side of the spine. Due to lack of exercise they have atrophied—shortened. *Every morning before you get up you should exercise by sitting up in bed and reaching as far as you can toward your toes several times to stretch those tendons. When you take a bath, after the hot water has soaked warmth into those tendons, you should do the same.*"

Almost word for word, and almost in Dr. Luntz's voice, this specialist repeated Dr. Luntz's diagnosis! So, for the third time, the hair on the nape of my neck tingled at this proof of something beyond the realm of known physical law.

To me, even if I had no other proof of life after death, and the existence of spiritual forces outside the realm of known law, this confirmation of things Dr. Luntz had said would be sufficient proof. But only to me. To you—it is quite

possible that his report is pure fiction, concocted out of my imagination. No scientist can repeat this event in his laboratory. But any scientist—and even you—are able to find out for yourself. *Mark Probert is himself the laboratory*, so long as he lives and retains this remarkable gift of mediumship.

If anything, I have played down the phenomenon of Mark Probert. I have not touched on the strange feeling experienced while observing Mark under trance, the positive electrical effect that causes the hair on one's arms to rise, the skin to tingle, nor can mere words describe adequately the sensations experienced while watching Mark. If you live on the west coast or plan to be there any time in the near future, you can see and experience these things for yourself by getting in touch with Mark Probert at 931 26th St., San Diego 2, California. In my opinion and in the opinion of thousands who have seen him, he is the greatest living trance medium.

He will not "contact your loved ones." You need not hope for your dear departed brother Joe to "come and tell you he is happy where he is now." But if you are at one of his seances you will have the privilege of talking to one or more of the Inner Circle, a band of discarnate spirits working to help anyone who wishes to listen. Spirits such as Dr. Luntz, who lived in the flesh less than half a century ago, and Yada di She-ite, who lived before the dawn of recorded history. And if you are lucky, one of the inner circle may casually drop some statement which will become verified by later events in such a way that you'll feel the hair on the nape of your neck rise. I know. It's happened to me.

—Roger Graham

conversation to the most elaborate fare. And believe me, there's no end to interesting conversation when Mark and Irene are around.

There's only one rule which must be followed assiduously, and that is dinner must be over a good full hour before the meeting or the teachers may have trouble coming through, or fail to come through altogether. To put it explicitly, they say that Mark burps them out of his aura. I find this very interesting as digestive upsets in some degree seem to be a factor with many mediums at such times.

Our first evening's meeting was attended by a group of sympathetic listeners, all of whom had some background in occultism. Some of them were strangers who had come in response to the announcement I had placed in the newspaper, but we all visited like life time acquaintances during our short intermission which followed two hours with Yada.

The air of that intermission resembled a cocktail party more than a seance, as we talked over our tomato juice so animatedly, as if stimulated by something far more potent than the words of a man from 500,000 years in the past.

Returning to the living room we completed the evening with a two hour visit with Professor Luntz, which was highly entertaining as well as informative.

The following night was entirely different as the audience was made up wholly of skeptics with little or no background in the occult. I had persuaded two professors from the University of Oregon to join us, two from the psychology department and one from anthropology. They were very polite and very quiet, and left early because of previous commitments for the evening. As they took their leave I told them that they could have a

closed session with Mark at the University if they or any of their colleagues were interested. They evidently were not, as I never heard from them again, yet psychologists are reputed to be interested in the workings of the human mind!

One very didactic young woman monopolized the next portion of the evening by arguing, or trying to argue with Yada to the irritation of many of the listeners. Yada's reaction to this heckling was very interesting, insomuch as he evinced no irritation or impatience whatever but only the patience and compassionate gentleness one might have toward a child. Some of us regretted that she left before we had a chance to observe how Professor Luntz might have reacted to her. Her remarks upon leaving was that she thought it regrettable that Mark Probert should pretend to speak for other people as he talked quite interestingly.

A young university student took up where she left off, but asked many interesting questions concerning science and religion which brought out a stimulating discussion with Professor Luntz and Yada.

Never having witnessed anything of the kind before most of this night's audience left shaking their heads and wondering why Mark Probert saw fit to impersonate others, when he could be such an able lecturer on his own. As for Yada, a man, who claimed to have lived 500,000 years ago... well that was preposterous.

None of them had stopped to consider the fact that Mark was still suffering from a severe cold, and had been seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing just prior to the lecture, and that ~~once~~ the teachers came in he had talked for four hours without so much as clearing his throat. Even a lecturer on a conventional platform usually has a

pitcher of water nearby, and for a two hour lecture at the most.

Insomuch as children and animals are supposed to be sharper at judging one's true nature than adults, I found it very interesting that my children took to Mark the way they did. As a matter of fact my thirteen year old daughter became very fond of him and listened to both lectures. She likened Mark to Peter Pan insomuch as he would never grow old. She has never quite forgiven me for not wakening her to go to the station with us at 5:30 the morning of his departure.

The first question on everyone's lips nowadays is: "Does it pay?" From my observations I'd say, definitely no!

Any medium, who can bring through discarnate parents, who have even forgotten their children's names, gets three dollars per person, and Mark changes the same or five dollars a couple. The Proberts do not travel all the time, and when they are home their charge is much less and their audience is usually confined to the few people who can crowd into their small living room.

Personally, I agree with my daughter that Mark Probert is about as mercenary and practical as Peter Pan, and could never manage without his Wendy. Irene is practical insomuch as she maintains a staunch belief in the teachers' ability to keep them fed, housed and presentably clothed as long as she and Mark devote their lives to giving forth the teachings.

ented as a one time member of the Royal House of Astronomy in Rome in the time of Galileo. Maharaja Natcha Trimalaki as having been born in 1848 in Dacca, Bengal Province and who died in 1915 confessing that he had found no answer to life that gave him peace of mind. Next Lao-Tse or Lao-Tzu a central figure in Taoism. Then at last she told us about the portrait that my eyes had never quite been able to get away from . . . that of E Yada Di Shi Ite.

Mrs. Probert explained that he had revealed that he had been born in the city of Kaoti in a civilization called Yuga or Yu, a civilization consisting of 180 million people a half million years ago, in the Himalayan Mountains. When he first comes through Mark he always speaks in his own language, and then proceeds in English. Once again I quote Mrs. Probert from my tape.

"We had an opportunity to go before a professor of ancient and modern languages at U. C. L. A. He said we could have forty-five minutes of his time, as he was getting ready to go on a vacation, but after he had heard Yada he became so interested he kept us five hours and wanted to know if Mark would stay longer if he would pay him.

"According to Yada, Mark and his Inner Circle got together before his incarnation into this life and agreed that they should help him teach what he had failed to teach in 1313 in China because of vested interests."

By the time this introduction was ended Mark began acting somewhat nervous upon which he explained to us that we were not to be alarmed if he grimaced or looked as if he were in pain, as he really was not, but was feeling only a sense of growing exaltation. Then

after a couple of very deep sighs, a slight sucking sound followed by a complete transformation of personality into a somewhat oriental aspect, whereupon Yada came through bowing and greeting us in his own language.

The meeting started promptly at two, and we sat until six with one ten minute intermission. The last speaker was Professor Luntz who offered to go on with his discussion, if we cared to stay. Personally, I would have been quite willing to listen four more hours, but many were out of town visitors, who felt they should start home before dark.

E Yada Di Shi Ite, first to come in, had spoken with us about two hours, after which we took a short intermission. I managed to have a smoke in the garden with Mark during which I was completely satisfied that being in trance for two hours had neither discomfited nor depleted him in any way. He was the same man I had talked to earlier in the afternoon until he suddenly made a grimace, put his hand to his abdomen and announced that he must get back to his post as the teachers were ready to return.

We all settled back in our seats and Sister Theresa came through. Being somewhat puzzled by her modern diction I inquired if she was St. Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus.

"Oh, heaven help me, no," she answered in an awed voice. "I was just a common ordinary nun, a sister in Brooklyn."

There was nothing particularly profound in what she had to say, but she charmed us all with her sweet humbleness and delightful humor. She told us that she was 79 or 80 before she began to question the infallibility of Catholicism and explore other religions and philoso-

phies, and was 84 when she died. The whole tone of her talk was that of a sweet old lady, who still had some regrets over the experiences she had missed during her earthly existence.

She was followed by Professor Luntz.

With this introduction to Mark Probert's Inner Circle I invited him and his wife Irene to include Eugene in his Northern lecture tour and be my house guest. He agreed, and when the day came, I went down to meet him. It was a rainy night.

The train pulled in and disgorged its passengers. I got out in the rain and ran hither and thither, but could see no sign of Mark. Remembering the two lectures and some fifty people I had booked for him on my say so, I put down my head and hurried up the tracks into the night to where the chair car passengers alight. There at last I came upon the Proberts, Mark looking like a sparrow which had been pushed out of its nest into a puddle.

By the time I got them and their baggage into the car he was coughing uncontrollably and we had to stop at a drugstore for Kleenex and Ben Gay. Even after a hot bath and a cup of tea before a roaring fire, he didn't look fit to lecture the following night.

My husband and teenage son and daughters liked the Proberts immediately, and we all felt like old friends by the time we went to bed.

I want to say right here, that anyone contemplating entertaining the Proberts couldn't ask for more congenial house guests. Whether it's coffee in the kitchen or dinner in style with one's salad forks and butter knives on display, it's all the same to these two people who prefer a simple diet and interesting

more and no less than that. Believe me, my friend, there are no cut and dried methods to the accomplishment of anything and *no one* holds the last word in authority on any given subject; neither gods, devils, flesh men or spooks, and least of all *this* spook! You mention your own ignorance, Mr. Kaszycki—may I suggest that ignorance is a relative thing and that no one possesses knowledge in *quantity*, but we simply know something a little different than someone else. There is no sure way of being able to discern a charlatan from a real teacher except by the use of your own good judgment and inasmuch as there are a great number of men and women who are excellent charlatans, one must simply stay mentally alert. I would suggest one also keep in mind that we never get something for nothing. Charlatans thrive on people who think otherwise. . . . Now as for breaking the barriers of what you have called the "tri-dimensional world," the only way I know of that one can accomplish this in a healthy and happy manner is to start feeling a deep sense of love for the physical world and everything in it and an equally deep sense of gratitude for being here to play a special part in its creation and existence. As unfortunate as we may deem it, my friend, it is only a rare few human beings who have the faintest realization of why they are in the physical or for that matter in the astral worlds; nor what precisely they are to do while in these, not places, sir, but states. However that may be, it is or should be of little importance to us as individuals what someone else is doing or has failed to do, for in the last analysis self-realization is a very personal work—the very words themselves, self-realization," proclaim this fact. Hating the ties that bind us to the material or astral world does nothing more than strengthen the ties and this is especially true when we know not the nature of that which seems to be impeding our most ardent efforts to free ourselves. Why is this so? The answer is so simple that most of us refuse to accept

it. The nature of the invisible cords that bind us is BLIND EMOTIONAL REACTION to unpleasant and therefore painful pressures encountered in the material world and the extension of the material world called the "astral." Not knowing the source of our pains we find ourselves running in endless directions and always hoping that one of these paths will be THE path of escape for us, but none of them ever prove to be other than blind alleys. The obvious reason why we cannot escape is that no matter what direction we run, we are running in our consciousness and not in the media of extraneous entities called "time" and "space", which in short means we take our world with us in every little move we make because we ARE the world. When we truly comprehend this fact we automatically cease our violent struggling against life and begin to work WITH it and in so doing we will find the once invisible chains becoming visible and in so doing they literally fall off of their own accord!

QUESTION: Is the Catholic religion the one true religion as it is claimed to be, and would Jesus be happy to have all people under one faith?

YADA: If I am to adhere to my own feelings and many of my thoughts of life in the path wherein, I have felt that life is an individual experience, then it must follow that religion is a form of action that is gone through, like everything else, by the individual. It is an individual seeking to know yourself, to find yourself. Whatever religious belief one has been raised in, as long as they feel content with it, at peace with it, it belongs to them and it is the only path for them. Apart from this religion as an outer physical manifestation, it is certainly not the only religion of man, nor is it by any means the original religion. Long before that which is called Catholicism came into being, thousands and thousands of years before, there was the teaching of one God, there was the teaching of the one Master; the one Master that came

to save the world of man. The man Jesus is completely dead, completely obliterated because that is what was destroyed upon the cross, the cross being the crucifixion of the physical self, the destruction of the physical self, the killing out of the physical self, the lower self rising to become one with the higher or the Christ Mind, the eternal Christ Mind or the Mind of Wisdom and Light which is Love.

The masses are not interested in making anyone happy. They are living in their desire bodies. They cannot comprehend the Christ Mind, the Mind of Wisdom, so they give to the man Jesus, or the corpse, that which belongs to the Christ, love, adoration. This is why your world is in such a turmoil. Humankind has come to worship personality, not Love, not Wisdom, for they have lived so long in the low self, in the material self. They know not of the light. They are stone and steel worshippers, temple worshippers, not worshippers of the Light or Love. Because of this, the Catholic religion like all religions are merely outer manifestations, material expressions belonging in the material world, knowing nothing about the Christ Mind, the eternal Light of which this great teacher said, "I Christ am the way and the Light," not I Jesus, I Christ am the way and the Light. If the individual knows not the nature of happiness in self, how can he know anything about happiness for another? The man who lives outside for the physical self alone is dead. He is lying in the grave of ignorance. But as he comes out into the light by his own suffering, he will know the Christ is resurrected. Resurrection means becoming consciously aware of your own divine nature, that is all.

RNE: Yada, thank you for a beautiful explanation.

YADA: The beauty you may find in anything is the beauty that lies in yourself. Do not be concerned when you see great turmoil taking place here. You will become involved in it, embroiled in it. If you walk into it with love, knowing that all is in balance, you can bring help, you can bring harmony. But if you recognize it as being out of harmony, you cannot get it back in.