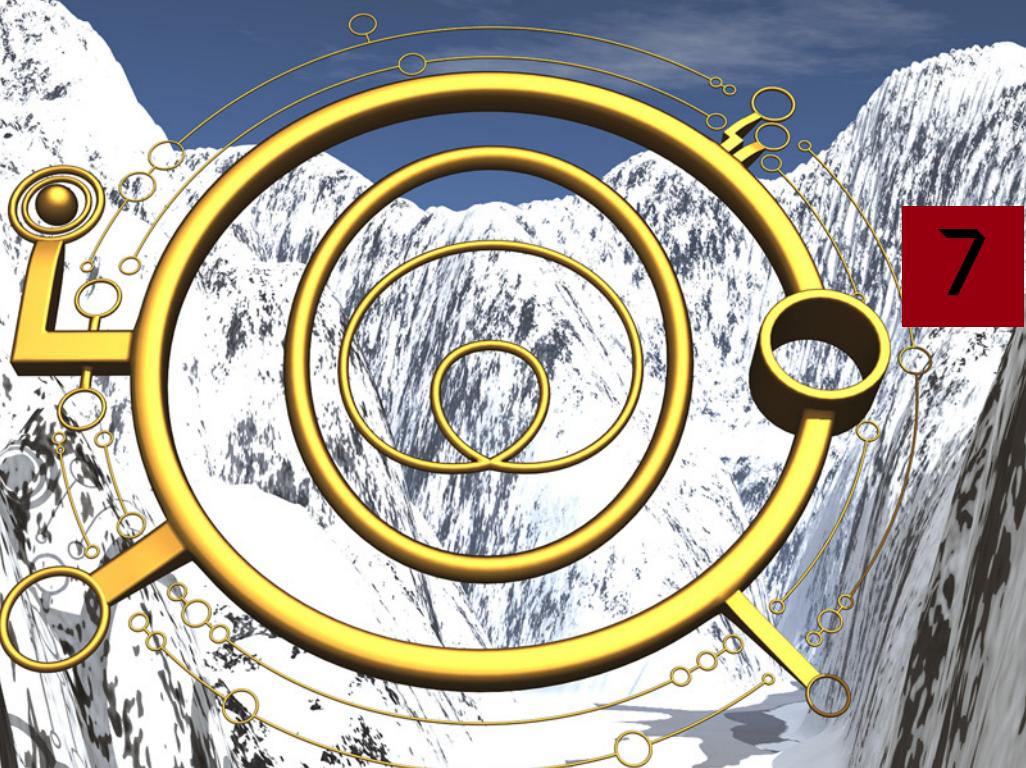


UNIVERS

PHOSPHENIC ENERGY

NEUROSCIENCES & LIGHT



Cerebral evolution

PHOSPHENISM AND... (CONTINUED)

ALCHEMY

BLACKSMITH

SUN GAZING

PHOSPHENIC LAMP 2008

CEREBRAL EVOLUTION

INTERACTION BETWEEN

PHOSPHENES AND THE CABBALA

THE TEACHINGS OF ALEPH

UN PORTRAIT : STANISLAS

STÜCKGOLD

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PHOSPHENISME Publishing was created for spreading the masterworks and discoveries of one of the greatest initiated Masters of our century.

Daniel STIENNON

A single purpose, a single mission: to protect and preserve the works of Dr. LEFEBURE for the future generations.

WWW.PHOSPHENISM.COM

What is the future for our brain?

Dr. LEFEBURE resolved one of the greatest enigmas of all times: the passage from the state of savage to human, see Genesis. It was the will to keep the fire alight, while being ignorant of how to create it, which allowed our distant ancestors to develop the brain. Never letting their eyes stray from it, the guardians of the fire continuously created phosphenes. This took an infinite amount of time, but a transformation took place for the whole species. Afterwards, the creation of rites performed with dances and sways allowed the continuation of the neurological development of the brain...

Today, the brain can no longer store all the knowledge we require and we depend on a machine - the computer- to cover its incapacities:

Imagine what would happen if Phosphenism, which permitted a race of monkeys to evolve into men, were practiced intensively over several generations with a motivation equal to that shown by our ancestors, guardians of the fire.

Imagine that seven generations of confirmed phosphenists pass the torch on: a new transformation will be produced. Our brain will then be capable of storing and of handling a much greater amount of knowledge and be capable of establishing connexions between the different areas of knowledge much faster and in much greater volume.

You will no longer read texts - a really slow and archaic process for acquiring knowledge! - it will be enough to connect brains ...

But waiting for this day, I wish you good reading.

Daniel STIENNON

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ALCHEMY

ALCHEMY ALSO SPEAKS OF "ASTRAL LIGHT", LITERALLY THE "LIGHT WHICH COMES FROM CELESTIAL BODIES".



Phosphenism and Alchemy

Alchemy is a millenary "science", whose aim was to create the Philosopher's stone, a highly sought-after object for centuries. This Stone was thought to transform base metals into gold and, beyond this smokescreen before the eyes of laymen, it permitted the fabrication of the Elixir of long life, a substance giving access to immortality.

Relegated to the rank of superstition, Alchemy nonetheless had its hour of glory, and certain scientists studied it with great attention, sometimes going as far as defending it, like Leibniz or Newton.

What connection does alchemy have with the Phosphenism of Doctor Lefebure? In order to understand this, it is necessary to take a look at this dark Art full of symbols and false revelations which served to protect the great secret of the Alchemists. Was this famous Philosopher's Stone really what was described in texts, or did the Alchemists fool their readers, as it was their habit, waiting for a livelier spirit to unravel their symbols and the real meaning of their quest?

The readers of Doctor LEFEBURE's works will probably see certain things which are invisible to other people who would read a Treatise on Alchemy. The Sun and the Moon appear in numerous texts on alchemy. They are of great importance. There are drawings of them everywhere. It is the same thing for Phosphenism. Doctor Lefebure accorded an essential role to the sun, the primordial source of light: at the origin of all religious or initiatory movements, we find the cult sun-worshipping.

Alchemy also speaks of "astral light", literally the "light which comes from the stars". In what way would it be so important for creating the Philosopher's Stone? In what way would light help in the creation of a stone? We are quite well forced to admit that this Stone is a symbol. In Phosphenism, we are very aware of what the importance of this light is, and the alchemists also seemed to have this knowledge...

Even more disturbing, in 1557, Roger Bacon, an alchemist, wrote his famous Mirror of Alchemy, a book that can still be found in second hand bookshops and whose cover shows a person capturing solar light using a mirror and sending the beam of light back on its Matter. This is an exercise which calls to mind certain practices of Phosphenism that use the reflections of the Sun.

Fulcanelli writes, "For alchemists, spirits are real forces even though they are physically almost immaterial or imponderable. They act in a mysterious, inexplicable, unknowable, but effective way on substances subjected to their action which are prepared to receive them. The rays of the moon are one of these hermetic spirits." (The Dwellings of the Philosophers: t. 1, p. 184-189, Ed. J.-J. Pauvert, 1973).

And what if this "substance prepared to receive them" were no other than the Alchemist himself? The text then takes on quite another meaning! It tells us that light exerts a strange but real influence on the body which receives it: the thesis that Doctor Lefebure defends throughout his works: light transforms man.

Other Alchemists let it be understood that the Philosopher's Stone aims at transforming the Alchemist himself. Gold being a metaphor for perfection.

The puzzle begins to take shape. The pieces fall into place, fitting into each other. Each author shedding light on another, we see that it is clearly a question of

light and inner transformation, the two essential elements of Phosphenism determined by Doctor Lefebure.

Had the Alchemists inherited the secrets of the Egyptians, as believed by some? Were these phosphenic secrets? It is more than likely ...





BLACKSMITHS

HAVING LOOKED AT AN INTENSE, ALMOST WHITE LIGHT (THE FIRE IN THE FORGE), THE SMITH GATHERS UP THE METAL. IN THIS MANNER HE CREATES A PHOSPHENE.



Blacksmiths and Phosphenism

A few years ago, Mircea Eliade wrote an Anthropology essay entitled 'Smiths and Alchemists'.

The blacksmith is a person who transforms iron, steel or other metals into tools and weapons, through the use of the fire and metallurgy.

Thus, the smith is an alchemist, a "Transformer" who uses the base metals offered by the earth; he works them, manipulates them and imprints them with his energy. By means of the fire, the anvil and the hammer, smiths concretize their ideas in the form of tools, weapons or other types of objects.

This capacity of transforming materials offered to humanity by the earth is an alchemy. It is one of the reasons which resulted in smiths always being considered as alchemists and mystics, according to the work of Eliade.

When I was 18 and had just finished my studies at high school, my father, who had dedicated his life to horse breeding, made a suggestion: now that I had to look for a job, I could learn the trade of blacksmithing which would give me the opportunity to work with horses.

That is what I did, and I studied in several schools. As apprentice, I studied with several smiths, until I had acquired a solid experience.

But, to excel in this trade, it is necessary to have knowledge of the forge. Therefore, I studied the forge to perfect my training.

I had several blacksmithing teachers and learned to make not only horseshoes but also tools, ornaments and works of art. I had the chance of working with a real alchemist-smith. His name was Turley and he lived in the desert in New Mexico (USA) in a caravan next to his workshop. He was a Native American Indian and he practiced T'ai chi. In addition to teaching me how to forge, he told me stories about smiths of the past in many cultures. He always compared the act of forging iron with the act of forging one's own soul.

Although I was too young to understand everything, this experience made a strong impression on me and I will never forget the days I spent in Frank Turley's workshop. He began his day with the recitation of Amerindian songs and he practiced T'ai chi breathing exercises as he struck the burning iron on the anvil, with a brutal energy.

After returning back home, I set up my own workshop with a forge and anvil and worked for a number of years. I exercised the profession of smith and farrier. And then I was obliged to change jobs because of back problems. Nonetheless, I still have my workshop.

More than 15 years later, I discovered Phosphenism, its concepts, its principles and its results.

It was only then that I understood the book on the spiritual faculties of smiths by Mircea Eliade.

Come with me and we will take a tour of a smith's workshop.

These are always dark places, because it is important to be able to clearly distinguish the color of the iron when it is heated. It goes from a pale red, nearly white to a rich dark cherry color. The different colors are very important for the smith.

In a corner, protected from the light, there is the forge. Its center, used for burning coal, forms a kind of volcano, a crater which directs all the heat produced by the fire... An intense white light indicates that the forge is good and hot.

Normally, the anvil is situated in front of the forge, placed in a way that allows the smith, when he extracts the burning hot iron from the forge, to turn his back to the fire and verify the color of the metal. Thanks to the color, he knows its temperature.

Here, we see the appearance of the first points in common between Phosphenism and the forge: after having looked at an intense, almost white light (the fire in the forge), the smith collects the iron and turns back towards the darkness in which the anvil is situated for working the metal. He thus creates a phosphene and projects it on his work.

Striking the metal on the anvil is a job which can be done by up to three persons. Nevertheless, this work is always done in a specific way: in rhythm. When there is only one person who works, the rhythm is more or less one pulsation per second (a physiological rhythm). But there is another thing that is important: when he strikes the iron, the smith observes the piece of metal for giving it the appropriate shape. This process is similar to Phosphenism: the mixing of the thought with focusing on a light source.

After a certain amount of time, the metal cools and it is necessary to heat it again. This produces an oscillation, one of the other basic elements of Phosphenism.

Sways are produced in an instinctive way. If we continually strike with the arm only, the work is very tiring. Thus, little by little, in an instinctive way, we learn to strike by using our center of gravity, the Hara. In this way, anteroposterior sways are practiced in an instinctive way when we strike with the hammer. You can easily observe this mechanism if you have the chance to see a master smith forging.

What about the mantras? Obviously, they can be found in the rhythm of the sound of the hammer that strikes.

This sound is repeated in a constant and rhythmic way. Nonetheless, it is also very likely that most smiths recite prayers or sing songs while they work, as my Master did.

In Japan, smiths who are makers of sabres are extremely mystic; they imprint their personality in their work. The majority of them prefer that their sabres be used not for killing but for protecting life. They had the custom of dressing in white as symbol of purity, and they practiced purification rituals before and after their work.



There is a legend which retraces the history of two Japanese arms makers who made the best sabres in all of Japan: one of them with the intention of giving death, and the other with the intention of protecting life.

One day, to evaluate their respective sabres, one Samurai plunged them into a river, with

the blades pointed down in the water. The first blade cut the dead leaves in half which were floating in the water. The best steel, the best blade.

The samurai began the same procedure again with the second blade, but there, the dead leaves avoided the blade. In fact, it can be considered that it was the blade which avoided the leaves because it had been forged to protect life. The best intention.

Is it possible to imprint one's spirit on matter, not only by forging and consciously desiring that the blade protect life, but by amplifying and purifying one's thoughts through the conscious or unconscious practice of Phosphenism?

It is interesting to note that smiths can quite well be mystics, initiates or Alchemists.

Not only because of their ability to transform nature and minerals into tools, but also through their constant and unconscious practice of Phosphenism, the foundation of all religions.

Today, the meaning of this traditional work has been lost.

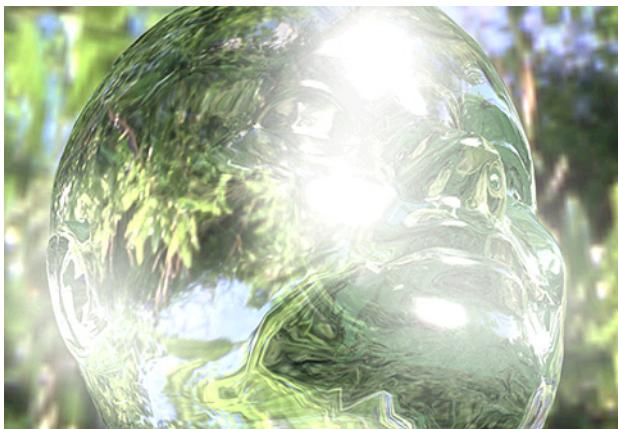
The industrial revolution, which mechanized many of these activities, was an evolution and an economic and social revolution but it was also an involution, time lost in the spiritual development of humanity.

By Daniel Fernandez Ruano – Spain



SUN GAZING

THIS PRACTICE, BROUGHT BACK INTO FASHION BY HIRA RATAN MANEK (HRM) STARTING IN 1992, PERMITS STIMULATING THE BRAIN THANKS TO THE LIGHT ENERGY OF THE SUN.



SUNGAZING & PHOSPHENISM



Today, in India, an initiatory exercise, whose origin is lost in the mists of time, is still practiced. For a long time it remained secret and it was taught by a Master to his Disciple. It reappeared in the 20th century and seems to attract a great number of people due to its simplicity and effectiveness. One has only to do a Web search on the subject to notice the keen interest for this practice.

This method is called sun gazing: "focusing on the sun". This practice, brought back into fashion by Hira Ratan Manek (HRM) starting in 1992, permits the stimulation of the brain thanks to the light energy of the Sun. Sun gazers, who focus on the rising or setting sun, obtain various benefits: health, serenity, well-being, development of spiritual faculties. The same numerous benefits that were described by Doctor Lefebure in his scientific practice of Phosphenism: more than 10 years before HRM, he had already described the exercises of focusing on the Sun...

This ancestral practice was reserved for initiates. HRM rediscovered it in the works of former yogis who practiced the focusing on the sun 2,600 years ago. This practice also existed with the Amerindians, the Egyptians and the Greeks, as Doctor Lefebure had already observed.

Doctor Lefebure is the creator of Phosphenism, a method allowing the transformation of light energy into mental energy. Doctor Lefebure used long esoteric traditions as a basis, but his stroke of genius consists in having cast a scientific glance on initiatory

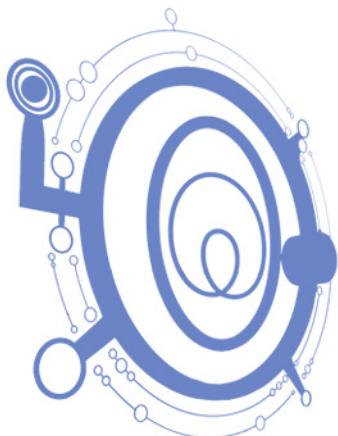
phenomena. He himself was introduced to the use of the sensory way by GALIP, a Zoroastrian and a Ukrainian diplomat; he dedicated himself to finding a scientific criterion which would permit us to determine exactly what acted in initiatory exercises. This is what allowed him to present very precise exercises after eliminating everything connected with religious or esoteric folklore.





A STATE OF THE ART TECHNOLOGY

DOCTOR LEFEBURE'S PHOSPHENIC LAMP A BRILLIANT INNOVATION



Phosphenic
lamp

Specially designed for the creation of phosphenes, with the FULL SPECTRUM LIGHT BULB.

Standards established from more than 40 years of experimentation carried out on thousands of subjects.

Dr. LEFEBURE'S Phosphenic Lamp.

The method is based on the use of phosphenes. For creating them efficiently, you need to be careful to use a good projector in order to ensure a maximal reflection of light. For this reason we have created a reflector similar to that of a photographer's but specially designed for PHOSPHENISM, for guaranteeing a perfect diffusion of light. Due to its specific utilization great care has been taken in the elaboration of its concept.

The Phosphenic lamp allows us to create perfect phosphenes and practice efficiently.

- A special coating by high pressure enamelling on the inside, resulting in an enamel that permits the homogenization of light.
- Indispensable for those who regularly practice the method:
 - For students who do a lot of phosphenes for their studies.
 - For memory development.
 - For personal development and the practice of initiatory techniques.

Lamp delivered with: an adjustable support with a clip so that it can be attached to an existing fixture or placing it on a table, equipped with a 3 meter (10foot) wire and switch.

+ 1 "natural daylight" light bulb

Light bulb **specially manufactured for Phosphenism**, respecting the full spectrum of natural daylight. Ideal for practicing Phosphenic Mixing.

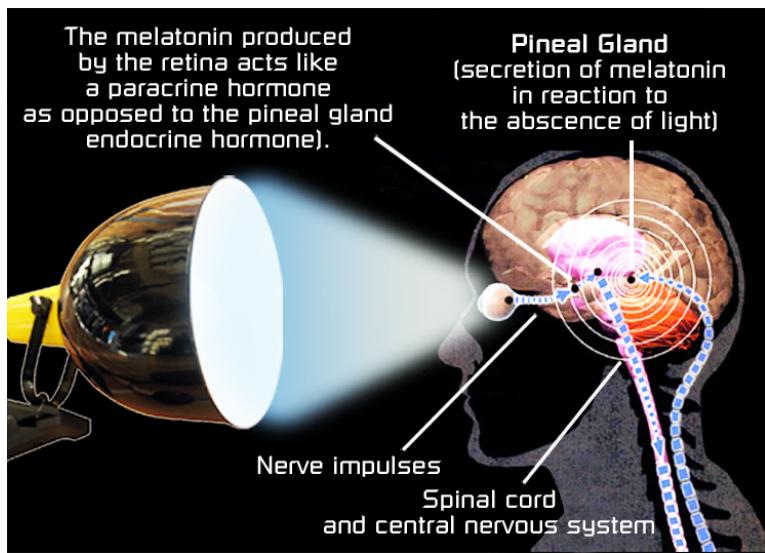
This bulb called "daylight" and "natural light" creates magnificent phosphenes, perfectly lights your work area, reduces eye fatigue and aids in being able to work longer and in greater comfort. It lets you read and work on the computer with a maximum amount of comfort and relaxes the eyes.

- It can be left on all the time.
- Can be used in Phototherapy or Light Therapy.



+ 1 eyeband

Indispensable for creating nearly total darkness for practicing in good conditions.



Lighting technology has greatly evolved. Traditional bulbs are in the process of disappearing. In a few years, they will no longer exist.

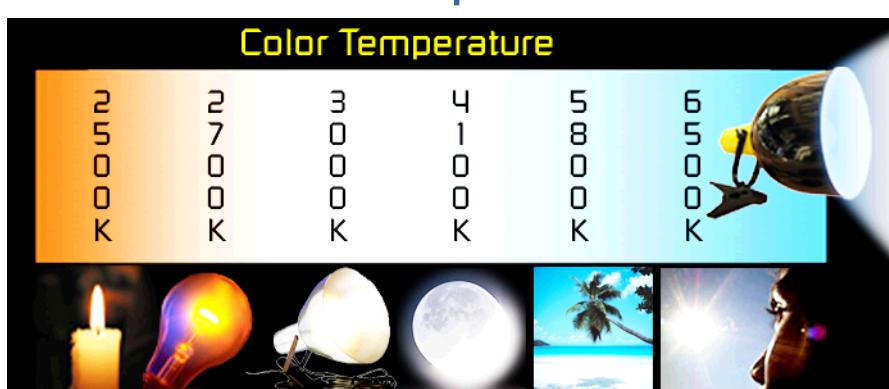
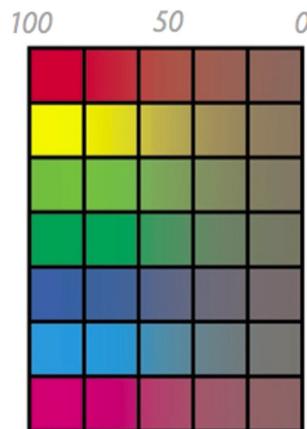
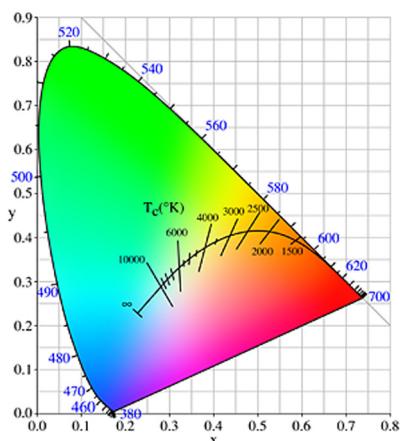
The ones that replace them today must conform to two requirements: the manufacturers look for qualities of energy-saving and longevity: these are the energy-saving bulbs. Manufacturers also propose bulbs called 'natural light' bulbs which come as close as possible to the solar spectrum. This technology has proven itself in the field of light therapy. Its primary uses are in depression, the winter blues and circadian sleeping disorders caused by jet lag or working at night. It has an effect on the production of melatonin.

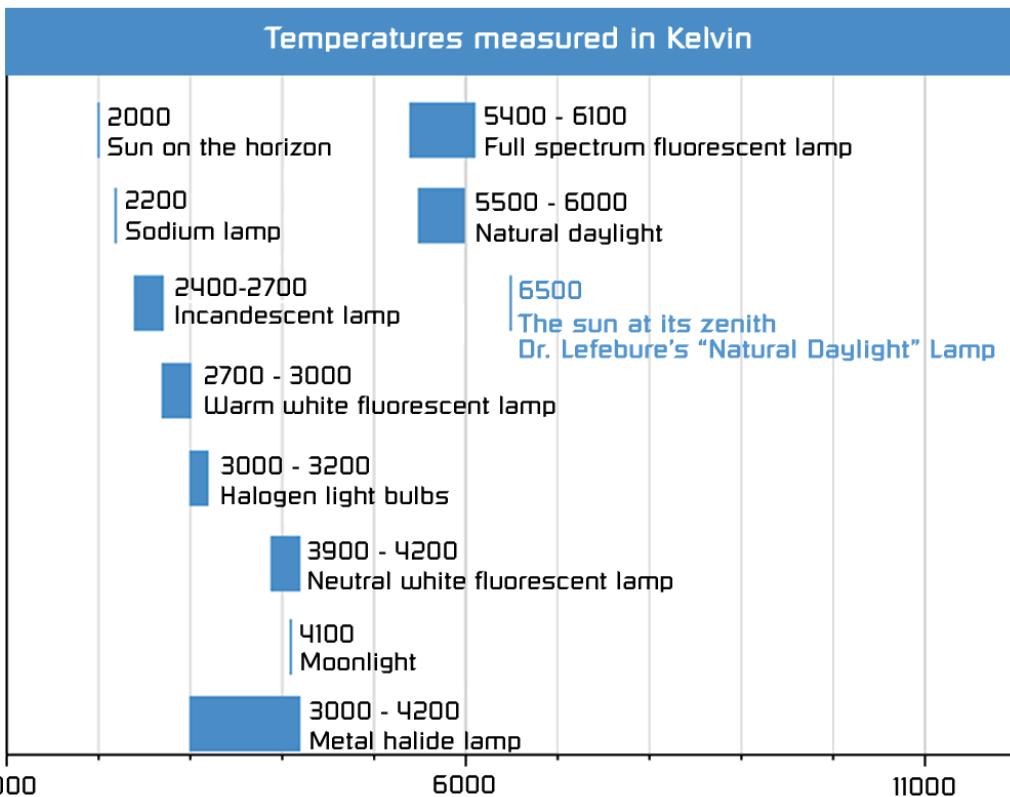
Natural light has many well-known beneficial effects: it acts on the balance of hormones; it boosts energy and helps in procuring better and more refreshing sleep. Light bulbs which reproduce the full spectrum of

natural daylight provide a much better environment for studying, reading or working on computer.

The phosphenic lamp's light bulb is at the forefront of this technology. Designed and specially made for the practice of Phosphenism, it offers very true replication of color: very high quality in terms of radiance - 6500 K is the equivalent of the light of the sun at its zenith - and it has life of 15,000 hours.

The following tables give an idea of what specialists call the Color Rendering Index or CRI (sometimes called color rendition index), i.e. a quantitative measure of the ability of a light source to reproduce faithfully the colors of the visible light spectrum without modifying the nuances. The maximum CRI value is 100, which corresponds to the light of day. An index value higher than 80 is considered to be very good. The index for the Phosphenic lamp is 92 IRC.





Specially designed for the practice of Phosphenism

Dr. LEFEBURE's lamp can be focused on at a distance ranging from 12 inches (30 cm) to one yard (1 m) away for obtaining phosphenes of excellent quality.

It is important to note that this "natural daylight" light bulb minimizes the perception of co-phosphenes.

The co-phosphene will not be as perceptible as with a classic bulb, but this has no effect on the practice.

The length of time for focusing on bulb for producing a co-phosphene, i.e. for the practice of Phosphenic Mixing, is between 20 and 30 seconds.

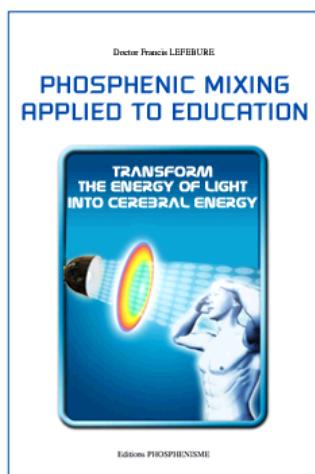
The length of time you focus on the bulb must be approximate. You can use a kitchen timer if you absolutely insist on respecting the length of time for

focusing on the bulb (this is by no means an obligation).

You can leave it switched on permanently: it does not emit heat and it does not tire the eyes. And whatever the orientation of your sessions, you will benefit from an immense feeling of well-being.

Students will be surprised at the quality of their concentration and by the improvement in the results in their studies. It is particularly pleasant to work using this lamp which offers greater comfort: at the same time, it lets you light the book or the text to be memorized (reading using phosphenes) and for creating phosphenes in the practice of Phosphenic Mixing, see the instructions: [The book by Dr LEFEBURE Phosphenic Mixing Applied to Education \(Ref.: LO2\)](#) in PDF format for download in the [BOOKS](#) section on the site [phosphenism.com](#).

PHOSPHENIC MIXING APPLIED TO EDUCATION by Dr. LEFEBURE (for download).



Development of the memory, intelligence, creativity and intuition by means of mixing thoughts and phosphenes.

Phosphenic Mixing consists of mixing a thought with a phosphene. The phosphene channels the attention towards the chosen thought; this improvement in attention persists between sessions. Furthermore, between the thought and the phosphene a release of energy is produced which increases the number of associations of ideas and consequently intelligence which stimulates intellectual curiosity and the spirit of initiative.

PHOSPHENIC MIXING TRANSFORMS THE ENERGY OF LIGHT INTO MENTAL ENERGY.

The action of Phosphenic Mixing on sleep is remarkable. Many cases of insomnia have been cured by it. Dreams become more colorful and more conscious. Elderly persons will benefit from an intellectual rejuvenation.



CEREBRAL EVOLUTION

NEUROSCIENCES: CEREBROSCOPY AND THE UPDATING OF EMERGING MODELS

Cerebral evolution and Phosphenism



The forgotten secrets of the last initiated gypsies.

The head is the inner sanctuary of the temple which is the human body. It is at the same time created and protected by the convolutions of the labyrinth that is the brain.

At each bend, man completes a stage of his evolution.

At the center of the spiral, he encounters himself and can then discover the mechanism of the labyrinth.

JILL PURCE
PIETRO VALENTI



This image extracted from the book 'Forgotten Secrets of the Last Initiated Gypsies' is rich in spiritual teachings and also in knowledge on the importance of our brain and its laws for our future evolution. A Phosphenism student will be struck by the knowledge possessed by an initiated gypsy.

Here, the **labyrinth** is likened to the brain. In the creation of this sacred labyrinth, we observe the symmetrical distribution of the corridors representing the cerebral convolutions of the right and left hemispheres. There is a harmonious distribution of corridors on different lengths or rhythms. It represents the key to the practice of exercises and the necessity of an inter-hemispherical balance for accessing the spiritual world.

This is the labyrinth of the Cathedral of Chartres. Situated in its center is the mystery of mysteries; it is the place of initiation, the place of hierogamies.

Hierogamy (from the Greek *hieros* = saint and *gamos* = marriage, coupling) makes reference to a sacred union, a coupling (sometimes marriage) of two divinities, or that of a god or goddess and a man or a woman, generally in a symbolic context and often ritual. The psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung speaks of it, along with the other fundamental universal symbols of humanity, in his book 'Metamorphoses of the Soul and its Symbols'.

It is advisable not to leave the labyrinth, but rather to go to its center. This center is represented by a flower having 7 parts. For the initiated, these are the 7 brain

chakras whose awakening precedes that of the 7 spinal centers. We can also see Timothy Leary's 7 intellectual circuits. It is necessary to activate these centers and circuits.

The center is associated with the limbic brain and the thalamus. It is a secret zone which must be activated, which we shall come back to in other articles, and which is connected with the spinal cord and the circulation of the respiration of the cerebrospinal fluid.

The rotational function of the brain

Doctor Lefebure brought to light that:

"At each of its bends, man completes a stage of his evolution".

Moreover, an initiated gypsy will look at a winding spiral and give the drawing an impression of circular movement. For a phosphenist, it is then a question of understanding the importance of the meditations using gyration (gyrscopic meditation) and circular or spiralling movements.

The mechanism of the labyrinth is based on a spiral and a plait (don't the Ida and Pingala channels wind around each other in the form of a plait!) just like Kundalini.

Through the practice of these rotations, and specific rhythms, the initiate attains knowledge of himself and of his soul. He then discovers that the labyrinth contains the key to initiation and that his brain obeys mechanisms or laws.

Negentropy or brain evolution model

In the universe, two great forces coexist: entropy and negentropy or negative entropy. Entropy is symbolically what we could call chaos, evil, a function which leads to annihilation, towards the loss of information. Therefore, feelings of hatred and violence, the negative feelings which harm our human network, are factors of entropy.

Negentropy is the opposite: a factor of order, the good, and the growth of information. Feelings of love, compassion, kindness, generosity, in short what we call virtues (of life, strength). What structures and allows the development of our human network is a factor of negentropy.

Life is the expression of a negentropic current which animates the universe, and it does not develop everywhere. The arrangement of bio molecular complexities by means of negentropy has it that living organisms perfect themselves. They increase their density of information, they become more complex.

The nervous system is the expression of this increase in information. It became continuously more complex, resulting in the human brain in the form we know. Millions of nerve fibers interconnect by means of dendritic protuberances for transmitting information. It created the different cerebral ganglia which form the

encephalic mass which distinguishes the species. It is this quantum jump which created the brain we have which differs from other species.

These basic neuronal structures interconnect in turn and form increasingly complicated networks. The final configuration is our brain which is capable of gathering information from its physical environment.

The formation of the septal area and the frontal cortex (basal ganglia amygdaloid body and the hippocampus) created a particular emergence: the consciousness.

The nervous system evolves through quantum jumps. When a level of information has been reached, new structures develop. Until this level of information is reached, it stagnates in its functions.

It is the same for our brain, it also works in quantum jumps, and until it has reached a particular level of energy and complexity, it cannot go on to a new configuration. In a certain way, it remains underexploited and cannot produce a new phenomenon. The emergence does not take place. It is thus necessary for our nervous network, our brain, to structure itself in a particular way so that a specific event can occur in its network.

This network then arrives at a configuration which will produce a new model, the emergence of a new function. We have already observed that when elements of a group are combined, the sum of information of this group is superior to the information known by each individual composing it, and this can be summed up by $1 + 1 = 3$.

For our brain, it is the same thing, the elements which compose it, taken one by one, will not add up to the faculties it disposes of, but its arrangements of neuronal, nervous and chemical networks allow us to benefit from this marvellous instrument with the result that it is possible for you to read this and increase your information level.

The act of making connections between certain elements then results in an emergence. But only certain connections facilitate this emergence, we can call this the "model of emergence".

It is necessary to have a dense and complex network which increases information density. This needs to be converted into the emergence of a new function, but this new function must correspond to a "model of emergence".

Thus, there are precise configurations, precise models which create a new function. The higher the model of emergence, the more its expression will be transcendent with regard to the common of mortals.

But when we say quantum, we say random behavior and thus there is a part of indeterminism in a world of strong determinism and a stage by stage development. Phosphenic phenomena also develop according to this model. The development is not continuous, but in stages.

The level of brain rhythms has the result that all of a sudden an experience occurs. A jump in consciousness has happened. New functions emerge because they correspond to an existing model which allows the expression of these new faculties or experiences. Not developing these functions also means regressing, and it seems that certain men had found the keys to this evolution or they possessed the models that may have been lost.

Through negentropy, the functioning of our brain will not stop and it will become increasingly conscious by increasing its information density and by adding phototonic light energy. Free will then augments, as well as the action of such a brain on the matter making up its environment.

Think of the various spiritual traditions and the powers possessed by a few persons considered to be saints or human Gods, and how immense the difference is between us and them:

telepathy, precognition, remote vision, out of body experiences, appearing in different places at the same time, the creation of matter, diverse materializations, hyperthermia, levitation, gifts of healing, mastery over the elements, the rainbow body phenomena, disappearance of the body upon death or its reduction, etc.

We remark that the brains of these persons begin to control their environment. The brain obeys laws that certain researchers try to update, sometimes in the most total indifference. Theories such as morphogenetic fields, scalar waves, provide us with the beginning of an explanation of what appears to us to be paranormal or spiritual.

Cerebroscopy and the updating of models of emergence.

Dr Lefebure, through a personal spiritual quest and his initiation by Artheme Galip (an initiated Zoroastrian) when he was 18, experienced the setting into motion of the spiritual centers or chakras.

The initiation carried out by the Indonesian magus Pak Subuh (an Indonesian magus and the creator of the Subud movement) at the age of 44 made him understand that specific laws exerted an action and that they had a physiological base we can understand, study and reproduce ourselves.

If Dr. Lefebure had not been a doctor with broad scientific knowledge, today we would not possess an experimental base concerning spiritual or occult phenomena. "The comparison between these two Masters led Doctor LEFEBURE to believe that there was a certain way of swaying the head, while meditating, which has a repercussion on the functioning of the brain, engendering rhythms in thoughts. Not being able to use electroencephalography, which requires total muscular relaxation for analyzing these effects, he had

the idea of using phosphenes. He discovered a surprising phenomenon that no author before him had indicated and which he called the "Subud" effect. This was the point of departure for his researches on phosphenes which led, four years later, to the discovery of "Phosphenic Mixing", now a very well-known educational method".

Numerous spiritual traditions use movements of the head, and it is the study of phosphenes which permitted him to bring to light the laws of emergences using cerebroscopy; this would later become Phosphenism.

The law of emergence of the Subud effect: it was observed using simple phosphenes, i.e. through the creation of a phosphene consecutive to tuning on and switching off of a common light bulb.

At certain rhythms, the phosphene sways at the same speed as the head. At very fast rhythms, it seems to remain fixed and at very slow rhythms, it seems to sway a little, but less than the head.

This law states that there is an optimal rhythm which facilitates the swaying of the phosphene along with the head or the body. This rhythm indicates the existence of periodicity for the alternating excitation of the hemispheres which facilitates the association between the phosphene that is created and the movements.

This observation, as Dr. Lefebure remarked, was of major importance: "This fact alone already has a considerable neurological and educational impact. It opens the door to a new branch of the human knowledge: Neuropedagogy."

I have to say that he prefigured the researches in neuroscience, not for demonstrating, as it is often the case, that spiritual, occult or initiatory phenomena are only a sensory amusement that can be produced by a magnetic field (Transcranian Magnetic Stimulation or TMS) or by certain electrical stimulations of brain areas, to arrive at the conclusion that it is a question of hallucinatory processes at the origin of spiritual beliefs and religions, but that it is quite well a departure point for the exploration of an unexplored human potential allowing each individual to prove the truth of initiatory or occult phenomena by means of experience.

Obviously, man's liberation from the yoke that is tried to be imposed on him, the interests of lobbies, reputations of a few so-called great researchers, the will to separate the spiritual from the material, and the structures of belief that are upheld, make it so that through the media we never hear about the discoveries of Dr. Lefebure nor their useful applications in education, health, personal development, neurosciences, religion and what we call initiatory societies.

He then discovered the existence of specific rhythms facilitating synchronizations of the brain hemispheres, neuronal connexions, the awakening of faculties that are called "paranormal" or spiritual.

The Law of emergence on natural sways, both physical and in thoughts:

A baby in a playpen frequently sways, and the same thing when he is on all fours, and when sitting young children also rock naturally. Bedtime songs are based on rhythms, and parents naturally rock their children in their arms from left to right (sleep sleep the child sleeps, the child soon will go to sleep...).

Children's games, such as the rocking horse, the swing (an initiatory instrument) and spinning in place in a circle, and what we see in turnstiles in children's playgrounds, are forms of the expression of the most important laws applying to physiology and the natural development of the brain and nervous system of Humanity.

Hence the multiple forms of sways in initiatory procedures.

It is necessary for us to become children again and let ourselves go to our natural Inner rhythms. This is what certain followers mean by non-action: the natural state. It is not a question of imposing an arbitrary practice, but rather going in the direction of our inner rhythms and letting ourselves be carried along by them. Going in the direction of the negentropic current of our encephalon. Obviously, distorted mankind considers swaying to be a psychological problem, the expression of autism, Down syndrome or a mental disorder.

Today, we prohibit the natural manifestations of our encephalic development and we create a disorder which produces the result that the energy of our nervous system stagnates in the motor cortex therefore creating children who will become hyperactive and less well-balanced. In brief, mentally unbalanced persons are created as a standard, and then we question ourselves concerning the apparition of large numbers of psychic pathologies in both children and adults.

But, as Dr. Lefebure observed, pathological swaying is the expression of a disorder in the procedure of the oscillating functioning of the brain hemispheres.

Cerebroscopy, which permits the observation of the rhythms of hemisphere alternation, is an inexpensive tool for the diagnosis of pathologies and psychological problems and it opens up the possibilities for correction, improvement and even the curing of certain disorders.

Personally, I was able to have a young person with Down's syndrome work with phosphenes and I was surprised, just as much as his parents, at his improvement in the recognition of words and reading using phosphenes. He also took great pleasure in the

lateral head sways done on a rhythm of 2 seconds. The only problem is the willpower needed to apply the method with perseverance and accept that there are stages in the progress made.

The training of phospheno-teachers in different areas such as medicine, psychology, psychiatry, psychotherapy, public school education and prison administration, in addition to other areas (because we could extend the modalities of application) would be a formidable step ahead.

Rhythm is the expression of the natural development of our encephalon; it is a factor of negative entropy, thus order, and also a factor in the emergence of our cerebral faculties. Facilitating its development, following its direction, means increasing these same faculties and letting powers appear which are simply quite normal and which we qualify as "paranormal".

Thus, telepathic phenomena are only part of the normal functions of our cerebral faculties. All we can say is that if it does not appear naturally or spontaneously, it is due to a lack of development of the laws of emergence applied to these powers. These laws are known to us today and appropriate training during childhood, adolescence and adulthood would make them permanent.

The development of the natural rhythms of the nervous system and the encephalon produces the emergence of a particular neuronal network which allows telepathic transmission. The stimulation of our synapses or neuronal connexions needs to be developed and then quite naturally these rare powers will become common. What is true for telepathy, will become true for the rest of the powers of the mind. It is simply a question of knowing and developing the laws of emergences. It is a psychophysiological evolution whose keys we possess.

If these powers are so difficult to reproduce, which is the source of mockeries made by certain scientists (not all of them share this opinion, but they are not seen on television like their colleagues), it is very simply because the creation of the network necessary for their emergence has not been created. The model of emergence, has not been identified, or has not become stable.

In-depth research would certainly allow adults to recover these same powers through the use of appropriate technology which would allow, within a certain lapse of time, us to determine the experimentation of new brain capacities.

What makes me think of this is the well-known initiatory transmission of the phenomenon called shaktipat (transmission of energy) between a master and a follower. In a matter of instants, a true master is capable of inducing a power which completely takes hold of the follower's entire being and begins to live within him, triggering spiritual experiences. This force obviously depends on the master.

This is a question of an operation of syntony and the expression of the law of resonance. It is supposed to make the pupil attain the same identical level as his master. But without going into the details, it seems that shaktipat varies according to the individual who receives and it does not always produce the effect expected by the follower.

We understand that if it is a question of powers which can be acquired, as soon as the model of emergence is manifested through practice or initiatory transmission activated by a master's induction or by the adept, the issue of the morality of the person who is beneficiary and that of the inductor is not without consequence. Persons of a very low moral level, through accidental or unrelenting practice during childhood of an initiatory procedure that manifests a law of emergence or through an emergent psychophysiological disposition resulting from fortuitous or hereditary circumstances, can be endowed with powers that others do not possess.

A certain anxiety can appear if the rhythms stimulate areas of the brain zones connected with the expression of dissolute feelings. Then manifestations of fanaticism, hatred, and chaotic sexuality will be triggered.

The necessity of supervision by a well-balanced Master is necessary, and also the teaching of the emergent laws connected with the best rhythms and exercises facilitating negative entropy (order). Using cerebroscopy, it is then possible to study the most beneficial practices and spot the worst ones.

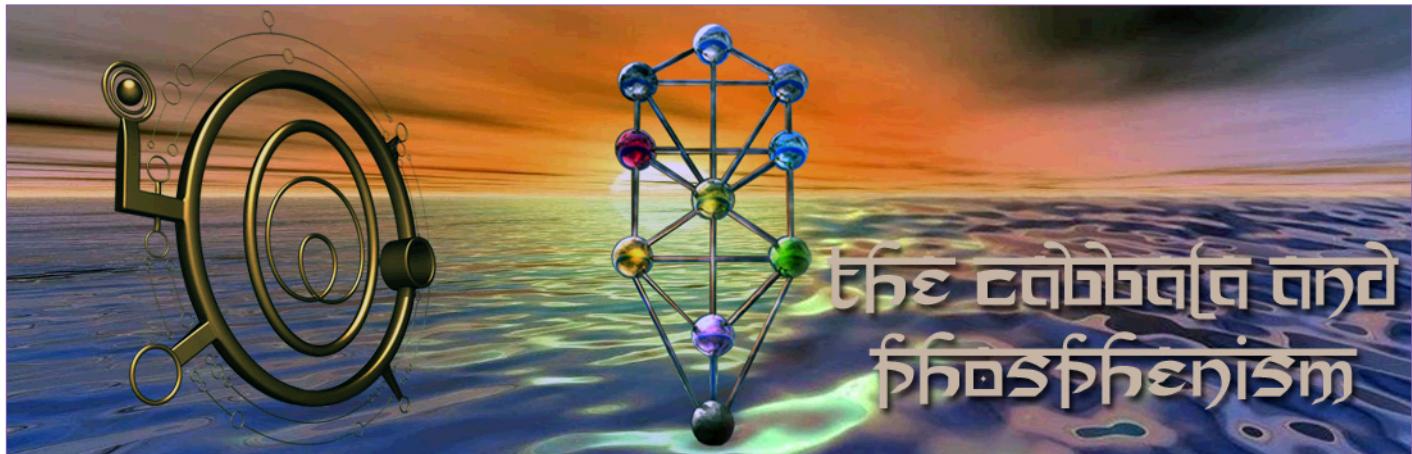
Soon to come: the study of the laws of emergences in association with the specific rhythms discovered by Dr. Lefebure, the exercises connected to these rhythms, the visual chaos and its tradition in Yoga and Tibetan Buddhism.

By Fred T. Researcher in Neurosciences





INTERACTION BETWEEN PHOSPHENES AND THE CABBALA



The Cabbala is ancient wisdom whose spiritual power is universal. It is based on the power of light rather than on religion, and it is open to Christians, Muslims, Hindus, and Jews...in fact to all humanity.

Two of its fundamental teachings are the following:

- The eyes are the windows of the soul; and
- The Hebrew alphabet is the fundamental language of light which comes to us directly from God.

In addition, it is generally believed that thousands of years ago, an amazing gift was given to humanity:

the tools for mastering and transforming all the trials of life.

These tools appeared in the form of a combination of 72 individual groups of three letters taken from the ancient sacred alphabet of the Hebrews. In reason of their divine origin and the superhuman power they contain, these three-letter combinations were better known under the name of "The 72 names of God". They are not "names" in the ordinary terrestrial sense of the term. They are in fact energy fields, or visual mantras which are activated spiritually rather than vocally. In other words, you do not have to know how they are pronounced. And you do not need to understand exactly how and why they work... They work and that's all.

All you have to do is look at them, examining them from right to left while keeping a rhythm of one

second. Incredibly and mysteriously, using this simple act, an enormous power is freed. Mixing normal observation with Phosphenic Mixing amplifies the effects. Try it yourself and practice...

We can also extend this exercise of Phosphenic Mixing and "optical character reading" to the 23 volumes of the cabballistic Bible in Aramaic, which is called the "Zohar".

Phosphenes are the link between mental and spiritual energy, and they are our inner visualization of this flow of information and energy.

To verify this, it is enough to practice as indicated, because personal experience is the key.

In summary, we are definitively beings of light, undoubtedly comprised of various bodies of light in increasingly higher resonances with speeds beyond light. Our physical universe is the lowest level of existence and our brain acts as a filter allowing us to live and withstand without being overwhelmed by the highest dimensions of light which we are all connected to. Phosphenes are an inner biological representation whose origin is found in the highest (most rapid) levels of existence or in their creation using our eyes as a result of stimuli.

Adriano B. London, England



THE TEACHINGS OF ALEPH &



This symbol is of major importance in the Cabbala. Meditation on it and the knowledge of Phosphenism, reveals the keys of initiation and cosmology to us.

By itself, it sums up the teachings necessary for initiation and the knowledge of God.

Aleph is the symbol of unity, the principle, and thus power, continuity, stability and equanimity. It is also the spiritual center out of which thought shines by establishing a link between the higher and lower worlds through the Vav (diagonal bar) which connects the two Yods (upper and lower). By virtue of its value of 1, it is the emblem of the Manifested Father that is behind all Manifestation (The 0, the hidden or non-manifested Father, and within whom all things will return, infinity, Parabrahman, Ain, obviously in our patriarchal system which gave rise to the current Cabbala).

The 1 appears out of nothingness (Ain) holding its silence (a mute letter); it is the plenitude of the space of nothingness. From the movement of the 1 the universe can spring. The full written form of Aleph (Aleph-Lamed-Pe), gives the value 111, (three times 1 or tri-unity, trinity) this number consolidates unity because it is the numerical value of the expression "Eh'ad Hou Elohim": God is One. He is One on the 3 planes (spiritual, psychic, and material).

Aleph is made up of three parts:

Above, a Yod standing upright, below a Yod upside down, a Vav for uniting these two letters. Right away

we remark a relation of a symmetry and inversion between these two Yods.

The upper Yod represents Reality beyond nature, the abstract spiritual world, pure. The anterior sky of the Tao, the plane of Vajra ...

The lower Yod, is the replica of the upper world, but inverted. In the world below, I can see the world above and its laws, through the teachings of homologies and inversions. The posterior sky, the plane of the matrix.

Through its point, the upper Yod looks at the spiritual world. The lower Yod does exactly the opposite. The upper waters are reflected in the lower waters.

The two symmetrical sides are separated by the duality of man. But the Vav does not only separate, it unites and allows communication between the spiritual and the material which are finally the reflection of each other and are only one (Aleph). Vav asks us to climb the six heavens (value = 6) to reach the 7th heaven (upper Yod). The diagonal line - the symbol of the letter Vav = 6 - is the element which breaks the symmetry of coherences, provoking the movement which engenders life. In this, we can also see the union of our two brain hemispheres one which is more directed towards the material (the left brain) and the other towards the spiritual (the right brain where the center of connection with God is located).

Duality has never existed. The spiritual and the material are united by the TORAH or TORA, ROTA (Rotation), WHEEL, but also the LAW, THE DHARMA,

which is also a WHEEL (CHAKRA). Thus, our brain hemispheres are not opposite but complementary.

Gyrosopic meditation or the oscillation of the point of concentration (the Yod) from one hemisphere to the other permits interhemispherical balance which leads to the development of higher powers.

Aleph Is a letter which can be Inverted. It pivots on itself and therefore can have a movement of gyration. Aleph thus represents a spiral, rotation. A spiral galaxy with two arms (moreover Yod represents the hand of God, the germ, the point of whirling concentration).

Within itself, Aleph contains God, the Divine EL or Aleph Lamed.

This composition attaches Aleph to Tetragrammaton because the three letters Yod, Vav, Yod add up to 26, the value of God's name. It is thus the Tetragrammaton: the Divine Name condensed in a single letter. This "Friend", this "Master" is thus God; this letter is the manifestation of God.

God Is expressed by Gyration, the spiral, rotation in the material world just as in the spiritual world.

Aleister Crowley enlightens us on the graphical representation of Aleph:

"Aleph in the shape of a swastika, symbolically Aleph, the ox as such demonstrates the terrible force of whirling spiritual movements on the material plane".

Aleph is associated with the element Ether or Akasha out of which all the other elements spring (Air, Fire, Water, Earth), and according certain schools it is visualized at the level of the throat (the Ether Vishudda chakra).

Within itself, Ether contains a whirling force. The chakras of the body are thus Etheric centers animated by a movement of rotation.

The 2 yods create a link between the heavens and the earth, indicated by the vav here symbolizing man with a spiritual inclination. In the same way that our brain hemispheres seem separate, while they are actually united. Their simultaneous development allows us to be this man with a spiritual inclination due to the creation of a neurological circuit allowing the clonus of thoughts called Kundalini.

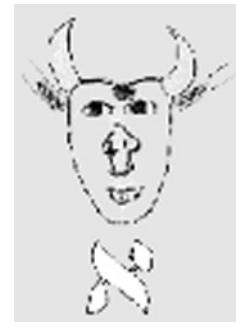
Man who possesses a spiritual tendency is animated by whirling movements. He dances whirling in place. This Universal Man represented by Aleph is Adam Kadmon, caught in his dance of gyration.

Origin of the letter's form:



In its printed letter form, we cannot help noticing its resemblance to the swastika or the solar wheel, or a galaxy with two arms.

Aleph: represents the face of a cow or another strong animal; in other words strength.



The form of this letter (Aramaic) corresponds to the head of an ox with its horns. For my part, this resemblance does not surprise me, and we could just as well associate a ram's head. The horns are connected with the symbolism of the spiral (particularly the ram's horns which are a solar symbol). The ox infers the idea of strength, the power of the influence that the instructor introduces into the pupil. It is the power of the gyration, its magnetism.

The bull is also the image of the male God: it is EL, the bull god. The bull represents the sexual force of procreation, the phallus that believers of the fair sex would come and touch for good luck in fertilization and fertility. These are the circular dances around raised stones, sometimes slow, sometimes fast, which symbolize the union of the male and female principles, sexual intercourse. Here we can see the fact that the whirling or circular force is an expression of sexual force. It rises swirling from the root chakra (Muladhara or Hui-yin).

During Tantric or Taoist practices, the circulation of energy traces a loop in the partners (a microcosmic orbit) and goes from one to the other. We can also visualize whirlwinds that surround the couple in the yab-yum posture or the God and Goddess posture. It could be the object of education connected with sexuality, another way of doing phosphenic exercises. The sexual energy is then mobilized, and a Taoist or Tantra-phosphenic couple could benefit from this stimulation of the snake's power in spiral or circular gyroscopic meditations.

So, let us return to the symbol.





is supposed to symbolize a cow and therefore an ox.



The ox symbolizes peaceful power and peace. It is the image of the instructor who traces the furrows of knowledge (or the lines of a new neuronal structure) one by one, symbolized by the lines of the characters of the Torah, in the mind of his pupil to prepare him for knowledge.

But this meaning of ox and bull is not accepted by all rabbis. Concerning the origin of the word Ox, this meaning would be false.

It is better to use the sense which corresponds to Friend or Master (Alouph).

Aleph is thus the movement of Rotation, the gyration which is given to us by the Master, the Friend. In order to come closer to God, we have to develop this movement in our bodies and our thoughts.

In the Torah, when aleph is written with a small letter, it represents humility and calls for teshuva (repentance). That is what induces us in the practice of gyroscopic meditation.

Let us take a look at the spelling of the letter once again. With 'Aleph': the world of creations, angels and principles. It is the Divine pulsation which animates a being with the energy to be and to become. With 'Lamed': the world of form, incarnation, and concretization. It thrusts itself up toward the sky asking for help to survive, which will be granted by the seal which is 'Aleph'. It is action within life. With the 'Pe-final' it is the world of carnal and physical action. The material world and that of complete life. It descends for showing us the matter composing the organic movement which is Lamed. The 'Pe-final' is the energy of the living body.

This energy of the living body is animated by whirling, rotational movements, just like the spin of electrons.

Considered in this way, 'Aleph' is the symbol of the beginning and the end. Just as the symbol of infinity is two alphas joined together.

In its shape, its drawing or its schema, we see the different levels of creation, with the top, the center and the bottom. Furthermore, this spelling of 'Aleph' the Divine name 'El' contains a contraction of the Divine name 'Elohim', God who will preside over all creation. The remaining letter is 'Pe' as the beginning of the word 'Peh' = 'Mouth'. Seen in this manner, 'Aleph' could be read 'El Peh' = 'Divine Mouth', or the Divine verb through which creation will be made.

'Aleph' is the Divine pulsation which gives life to 'Lamed', organic action, and to 'Pe-final' the energy of a living body. Yes, but if 'Aleph' taken as the Divine pulsation animates life for creating an existence, it is neither life, nor existence. As 'One', 'Aleph' animates our energy, fertilizes it and makes it fertile. And, if we add a 'Vav' = 'fertilization' to the spelling of 'Aleph' 'Aleph' then becomes 'Aluf or Alouph' (Aleph-Lamed-Vav-Pe) which is translated by the 'Chief of the Tribe', 'Master', 'Dominator' - which are also designations for Saint.

The chief, the spiritual Master, is quite well the one who fertilizes us by means of his spiritual influence and through initiation he awakens in us the whirling movements of our centers.

It is also the person who projects the strongest influence on the group, and the one who is then designated as the head of movements: Sufi, Dervish or Zoroastrian.

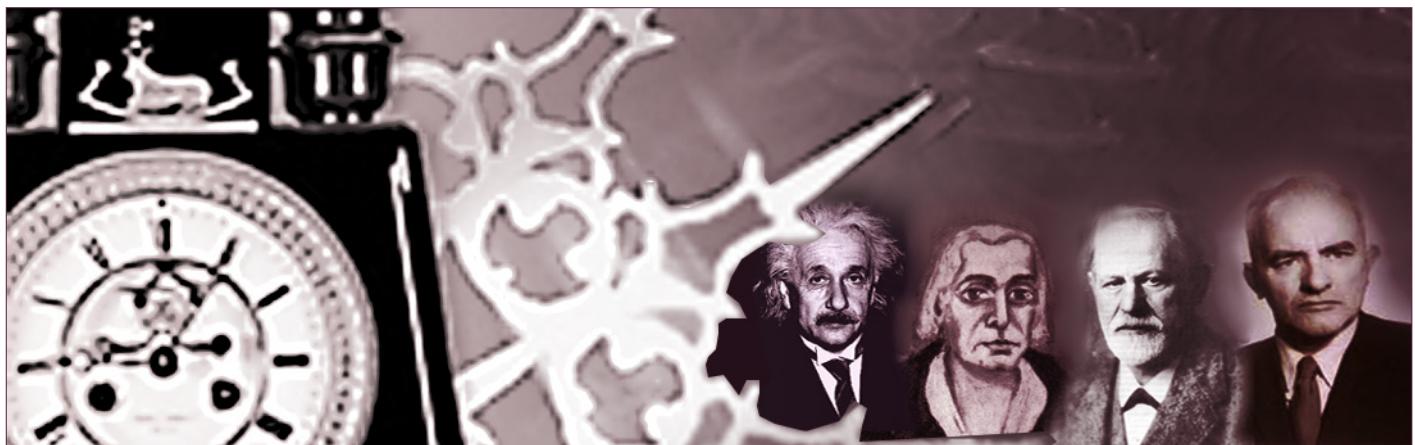
By changing the punctuation, 'Aleph' becomes 'Ilouph' = to Educate' which is one of Aleph's functions. Thus, a Saint is called 'Alouph' because it is the dominating power of the master, the guide of the man he educates, teaching him wisdom. This wisdom is passed on by the transmission of rhythms, which is the Wisdom of God.

By F.T. Researcher in Neurosciences



STANISLAS STÜCKGOLD

STANISLAS STÜCKGOLD: ONE OF THE GREATEST CLAIRVOYANTS AT THE TIME OF GUILLAUME APPOLINAIRE AND IN THE COMPANY OF EINSTEIN, FREUD AND DR. LEFEBURE



If Arthème Galip was the spiritual master who triggered the powerful and marvellous phenomena which changed the fate of Dr. Lefebure, Stanislas Stückgold was the one who gave him the intellectual push for creating the works we know. He met him at the age of twelve, thanks to his mother Claire de Saint-Rémy, who was a painter and frequently met with him. Moreover she did a portrait of him.

Thus, Francis Lefebure had the chance of being able to approach a truly clairvoyant man, whose words still resounded in his mind more than half a century later. Stanislas Stückgold had said to him: "if you had chosen mathematics, it would have been a good choice".

It is obvious that such words did not mean much for a child, but with the passing of time these words took shape, and much later on the Doctor accorded them all the importance that they deserved when he had become a doctor and realized that in order to successfully carry out his study on the extended notion of symmetry and take it to its conclusion, mathematics would have been a bigger help to him than medicine. In fact, he considered that it was the element that he lacked to make his work complete. He considered Stanislas Stückgold as the greatest clairvoyant all times, and he felt his vision plunged not only into the depths of each individual, but that it went back to the farthest time in the history of humanity. Humble and sober, Stanislas Stückgold influenced the greatest men of his time and, for example, it is impossible to determine just how much he influenced

the evolution of Einstein's thought. Dr. Lefebure lived in constant memory of his spiritual master, proof that he was a person who profoundly marked all those who approached him. A kind of character rarely encountered, and of whom the Doctor said: "He spoke only by clairvoyance!"

The following document lets us get to know Stanislas Stückgold a bit better. It is the introduction for the presentation of his paintings at an exhibition paying tribute to him, organized by Elisabeth Stückgold in October 1933.

Retrospective exhibition of the works of Stanislas Stückgold (1868-1933)

This exhibition, organized in the memory of the painter Stanislas Stückgold who died on January 9th, 1933, represents only part of his numerous works. Current difficulties with customs do not allow us to assemble all of his paintings and drawings in one place. Therefore, we had to choose the works which best represent the different periods of his artistic activity. Some of them, still imperfect, are here deliberately in order to give a glimpse into the artist's evolution.

Stanislas Stückgold was, with each piece of work he undertook, another man. Today, when we look at the critiques concerning him in newspapers and magazines in French, German, Czech, Polish and English, we see that in spite of the interest and even the enthusiasm he awakened, he remained an enigma

for his contemporaries. Apollinaire and André Salmon are among the first to recognize his importance.

Most of the time, people gravitated around him in the same way that we turn around a strange monument which we are unable to comprehend. Even his close relations were taken by surprise when he spoke about his evolution and artistic projects. The moment he had just attained one goal, after a prodigious fight to get there, he would leave it to pursue a new one.

In the following words, Stückgold characterizes himself, and he gives the explanation of his continual renewal: "each work of art has to be a living organism; from itself, it draws its own form and concept. Through strong inner discipline, which is what I always teach, we must beware of traditions, imitations and other errors. It is necessary to nourish every work we create with our own blood".

Stückgold was continuously in control of his creative activity; that is why he was able to explain his work.

He said: "the artist has a triple attitude facing his work; he can be conservative, progressive or revolutionary (these words were meant not in a political way, but in a human one). For an ageing artist, being conservative means having lost, along with his blood's youthful passion, the freedom of seizing inspiration and renewing its fecundity; being progressive means overcoming subjectivism, nourishing the desire to be swept towards a free and independent current and reaching what is hidden behind the reality of things; we can become revolutionary only when the subjective spirit sacrifices itself freely and merges with the cosmic spirit.

It takes a titanic force for a seed to make a new plant spring out of the subterranean darkness, releasing itself from the lower world and make it blossom freely in the sun. It takes a similar force for the artist to dive into the depths of his own being, to revivify his inert blood, and free himself from Time. The Divine alone does not possess differentiation; only there can the prophetic light be found".

These phrases may seem strange for one who is not acquainted with the path followed by the artist. Stückgold said, in describing himself, that during his childhood he was already attracted towards the spiritual and the religious and that he never wanted to flee from the material world because he loved the earth.

An episode from his early childhood is characteristic in this respect. He had seen the works of the Polish painter Matejko who had done the famous historical painting representing Sobieski in prayer before the battle against the Turks; he was so struck by it that he ran away from home to put himself at the service of the artist. He was brought back home but this aspiring towards what is higher continued to live within him. It is possible that it has been precisely this impulse which, once he had finished his studies in Warsaw, drove him to Raperswyl, Switzerland, where this

painting is conserved in the National Museum. He studied Chemistry and Mathematics at the Technical School of Zurich. Then he attended courses at the Sorbonne; and then he was assigned to a chemistry laboratory in Berlin and managed a chemical factory in Warsaw. His profession led him just about everywhere. He lived for some time in London, and had connections with people from all classes of society. But this is not enough for explaining the intuitions that he had about peoples and men and amazed all his friends.

He had an extraordinary need to unceasingly renew himself, to cast a new glance on the world each day, and reject all the past as a scoria. His genius was to be perpetually reborn. He never let himself get caught by groups, schools, dogmas or traditions. And he always accepted the lessons of life as they came. Continually carried along by its movement and yet always by himself.

His unrestrained originality and temperament brought him into contact with the most interesting personalities of his time, only to put a distance between them later. He painted the portraits of a great number of them. We shall see only some of them in this exhibition, for example the portrait of professor Albert Einstein, but these already give us an idea of the essential character of this art which touches the heart of human individuality and which truly springs from the divine.

The poet Theodore Dæubler said of him: "Stückgold first anticipates and then suddenly discovers the global origin of a being. He guesses which infinite connections unite a being with these flamboyant signs that the Creator inscribed in the Zodiac, raising them over our heads and then making them descend slowly when the moment of death arrives." (Cicero, XIII, 6.)

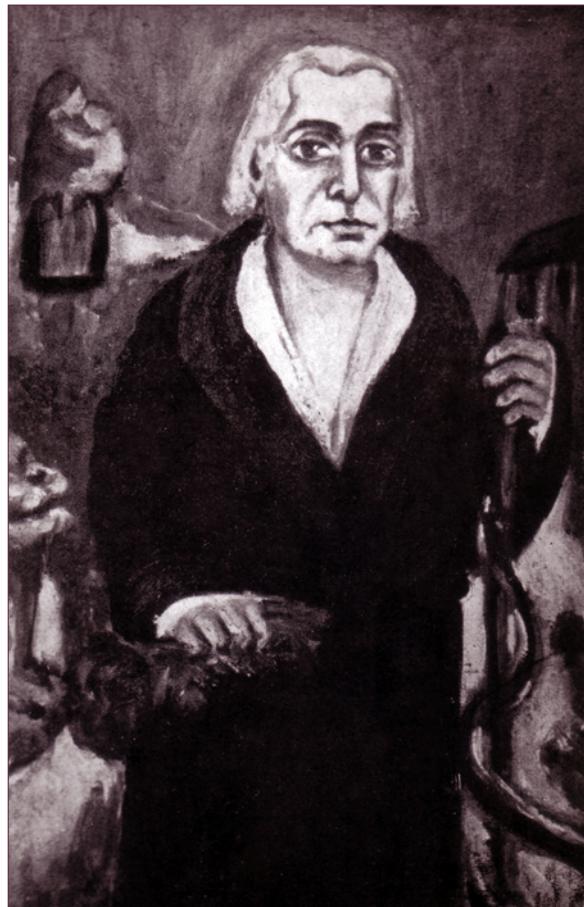
Stückgold felt deep compassion for the poor and the humiliated. He personally took part in the fight for the liberation of Poland at the time of Tsarist Russia and he was even put in prison because it was suspected that he belonged to a political party which, moreover, was false because in reality he was inspired only by a humanitarian sentiment.

Once freed, he devoted himself entirely to his art. He was fortunate to have Matisse as a teacher and 'The Douanier Rousseau' as a friend. He began his career at the age of thirty eight and ended it at the age of fifty six. In the space of those twenty seven years, he created a whole world.

He is the painter of a new Mythology, and it is written about him in a Swiss newspaper: "such works seem to have been created to reflect the human soul, as if in a mirror. Each person is able to perceive what he is, what he wants and where he is in his evolution. These works open paths. Because Stückgold does not unveil abstract thoughts but the truths of life. The rising generation will love him, if it has awareness of itself".

ELISABETH STÜCKGOLD

The first spiritual master Dr. LEFEBURE had was Stanislas STÜCKGOLD, who knew EINSTEIN and whose portrait he painted.
STÜCKGOLD was considered to be the greatest clairvoyant of all times. Historians will have to determine the degree of influence that Stanislas STÜCKGOLD exerted on the philosophy of EINSTEIN; and they will also have to determine degree of influence that Dr. LEFEBURE exerted on the researchers of our time.



Stanislas Stückgold

Self-portrait of Stanislas Stückgold who was certainly one of the greatest clairvoyants of all times. A chemical engineer, then a painter, he painted a portrait of Einstein and also one of Freud (Cf. Initiatory Experiences Vol. III).

Above, we observe the snake of initiation, the western interpretation of Kundalini. We observe the woman and the child; he says that they symbolize the soul which gives birth to a superior personality. The simple garment: the renunciation of the possessions of this world, which he really experienced and, above all, the light in his eyes.



MINOU DROUET

MINOU DROUET, THE CHILD PRODIGY



Minou Drouet, the child prodigy and phosphenism

MIST IN HER EYES (What Dr. LEFEBURE called the diffuse glow)

In some of his books, Dr. LEFEBURE cites the case of Minou DROUET who, like a great number of children left alone by themselves, and living in particular conditions, practice Phosphenism and rhythmic thinking by instinct.

The story of Minou DROUET is a typical case.

We recall that as a child, she had no leisure activities other than focusing on the sun's reflection on the water, letting herself be carried along by her brain rhythms, swaying her head from right to left on a pendular rhythm of two seconds at a 45° angle (see The Initiation of Pietro and the Yoga of Two Seconds).

It was Minou DROUET's foster mother as well as the friends she had in Switzerland who gave Dr. LEFEBURE the corroboration concerning this instinctive practice of head sways combined with phosphenes.

Minou DROUET was highly criticized. She was the object of many accusations, in particular coming from literary journalists who, obviously, did not understand how a girl of this age could write so well, drawing the attention of so many people and rivalling the best writers of her time.

She was libelled. Some people even said that it was her mother who wrote for her. Destiny had it that she was victim of a car accident so serious that she lost her amazing powers.

Children in Italy, whose teacher had them read several pages of her book "Mist in My Eyes", wrote to her "you express that we feel".

Here is an extract from the book "FANTASTIC CONFIDENCES" by Jean-Pierre Dorian, published by the Presses de la Cité, Paris - Copyright registration 1st Quarter 1969.

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The access to the domain of "The Invisible" or "Elsewhere" is not free. It has to be merited. It is a strange phenomenon of barter.

In 1957, my adorable friend, the composer Steve Laurent, was walking with me one day in the mountains during a stay made by my Mom and me in his Chalet in Megève.

I was less than ten years old and very fragile. I had never walked in the mountains before. At the end of two hours of walking he stopped, worn out, and looked at me. I was neither out of breath nor tired. "Minou looked as fresh as if she had just got out of bed", he later explained to his wife. Stunned, he asked me:

- You are the size of a flea and you look as though you could go around the Earth. How in the world do you do it, my Minou?

I answered laughing:

- Me, I become the road when I walk. And when I play with an animal, I am the animal...

During the summer holidays of 1956, I received a postcard from Lucette Descaves showing a small lake on Mrs. de Jouvenel's property in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat where she was spending her holidays. This photo, in black and white, showed trees bordering the ornamental lake.

Bringing the card to Grandma, I remarked:

- Oh! The man in grey... Look... He's falling behind the tree on the right. What a weird idea to go and die there!

Grandma adjusted her glasses. She saw only water and trees and chided me a bit:

- Come on now; don't say such silly things!

In the afternoon, I wrote Lucette to thank her for her card and ended my letter with: "Why is the man in grey falling behind the tree on the right? What a weird idea to go and die there!"

The following week we went to Lucettes' house for my piano lesson, as she was back in Paris. She told us that Mrs. de Jouvenel had been deeply affected, just as she was because my letter had just arrived and the head gardener, dressed in grey, had collapsed behind the tree, suffering from a stroke.

We had spent three days as the guests of Steve Laurent and his wife, Marcelle Crespelle, the author of 'Leone'. Their friends were very intrigued because I was able to penetrate the mysterious world of grass at will.

One afternoon, I amused myself by stretching out in the grass down in front of their chalet, dressed in a very tiny pair of shorts and an equally scanty top. Within a matter of several minutes I was covered by snails.

Instinctively, I made the void within me and was able to emit vibrations like theirs. Flabbergasted, the guests noticed that the snails, all at the same time and without me uttering a single sound, raised their horns and began to advance...

The next day, among the summer vacationers, everyone had heard about it. Of course, there were a couple of people suffering from liver problems who began to mutter:

- We'll go and see, just another hoax behind it all! And they arrived. A big lady, with a voice that could grate parmesan cheese, said to me:

- We all know that they are trained snails!

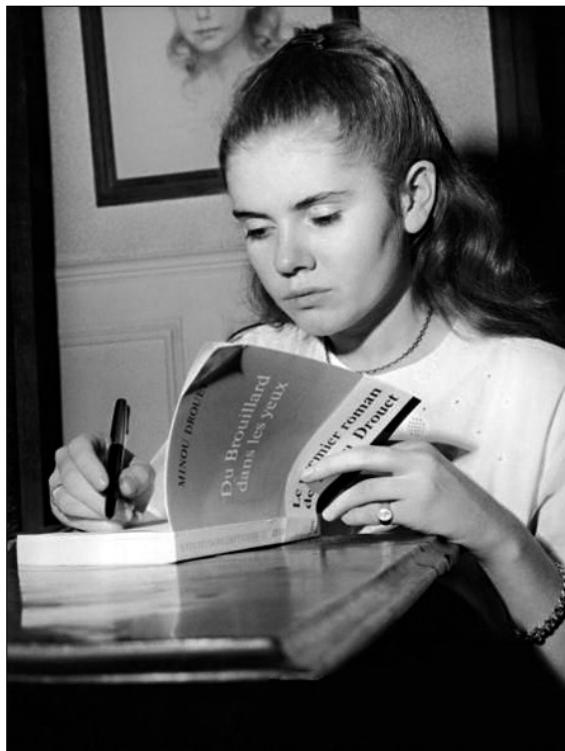
- Well then, Madam, try it and put them on your arms! I said.

She put four or five on her hand. They all pulled their heads back in their shells and stopped moving.

Seeing the vexed expression on her face, I said:

- Go to look for some yourself. Bring some back and then we will see!

She came back the next day with some snails. I lay down, closed my eyes and a white vapor appeared around my small body: I stopped being Minou and became a snail among snails who, like the ones of the day before, gave proof of the joy they felt being in the area of a friend, raising their horns in the wind.



Among the people present, one very serious man declared that we should report this extraordinary phenomenon to qualified people.

That made me laugh!

In this crazy life that I have been able to savor, the strangest thing is that if, at the outset, there were a handful of people who doubted the authenticity of my poems in the world of "Scholars", I am continually asked (with offers) for my "recipe" for crossing the border of "The invisible".

There, nobody doubts any longer. And I'm the one who says "rubbish"!

Why do I say rubbish?

Because using the power over others' vibrations can be terrible. When the vibrations of one being hook onto the vibrations of another, a perfect chord, we call it love.

On earth, only one thing lasts: shoes that are too small.

Love does not have the same length of life.

Thus, the set of vibrations changes - and can also be changed.

Vibrations are so important that I am certain it would be very easy for us to turn a Saint into a villain, simply by altering the quality of the vibrations he emits.

I have received offers from doctors, researchers, animal tamers, psychiatrists and psychologists all over the world.

The universe of "the invisible" can become a branch of Hell, if you do not enter it filled only with the will to bring happiness to others.

At Marcelle Castelier's house, I made the acquaintance of Francis de Miomandre, unjustly forgotten, but who was awarded the Goncourt Prize for a sublime book: written about water, at a time when the Goncourt members were clairvoyant! A novelist and poet, vibrant, his eyes pulled towards who knows what shore, where the sea would roar under a sky filled with clouds wandering like lost dogs.

To feel Francis's hand enclosing yours would put you into a strange and intangible universe. The first time I went to their place, I knew that in the fireplace of the lounge the flickering dahlias of fire would impose their reptilian dances on the walls. There would have to be a fire. To orchestrate the contribution of each individual, there had to be the sacred dance of these daggers of light which set down the oldest silent living symphony in the world: that of the fire.

During this visit to their apartment in Avenue Mozart, Miomandre pointed out to me, from afar, a kind of precious jewel in which each molecule seemed to be quite precisely part of the fairylike domain of "Elsewhere":

- That's my chameleon, but it only allows Marcelle to come close... its name is "Pharaoh" Francis says to me.

He said that, as if he were asking to be forgiven, with the look of a child tormented by the thought of causing pain to others.

I sank back into an armchair and remained silent. The milky zone which isolated me from the others let me know that our vibrations, those of Pharaoh and me, had synchronized. The chameleon slowly crawled along my arms, and then came on my shoulder, and then my neck. Afterwards a real tenderness united us, Francis, Marcelle and me.

One evening, at the moment we were about to leave - I was ten at the time - I said:

- Francis, I would like to touch your forehead with my fingers...

He came close to me:

- Minou, at the moment I am suffering from such a terrible headache...

I ran my fingers over his temples; laughing, I remarked:

- It seems like there are traffic jams in there, just like in the street.

The following morning, a phone call from Marcelle Castelier informed us that he had suffered a terrible haemorrhage half an hour after our departure.

The doctor who had been called considered that this haemorrhage had saved Miomandre from a stroke.

In June of 1959, Mom and I went to say goodbye to Francis before leaving for Brittany.

He said to me:

- It really bothers me that I won't see you at all during the summer holidays; I wish it were already September. I looked at him and murmured,

- Francis, we have to say goodbye to each other because you are going to leave for real long holidays...

He went pale:

- Minou, you don't mean that I'm going to die?

I shrugged my shoulders:

- Die, a word that means nothing. It's simply the landscape that changes.

He was holding my hands, and kissing them he said:

- Minou, I want you to be by me when I die. I think it will be less horrible...

I said to him in a very low voice:

- I'll be at your side; you'll see me come into your room; I'll take you by the hand, I promise you; you've never seen such extraordinary trees before...

Returning to Paris in September of that year, Marcelle Castelier informed us that on August 1st, Francis died in a private hospital in Saint-Brieux. His agony had lasted two days.

One morning, he had said to her:

- Look, it's Minou who's coming in. She's coming over and she's sitting on my bed and now she's taking me along with her... My God, it is so beautiful! Oh! What trees...

Helping a being to change from one zone to another, accepting to stay by him, in the silence of this kind of haze whose living milky velvet silks seep into your cells and into those of the other; making your own nerves obey and learn to remain silent: maybe this is to merit, or pay, ones' right of toll on the threshold of "the invisible".

In the midst of the most improbable press campaign which greeted the release of my first book of poems in 1956, if the "intellectuals" considered it fashionable to decry an imposture, Supervieille, Pasteur Valléry-Radot, Rousseau, Robert Kemp, Gérard Bauer and Yves Nat threw themselves into the battle and fought for me. In Brittany, people took me for a witch. Grass-snakes came to me and stayed curling themselves around my neck; broods of chicks and ducks followed me wherever my child's whim would happen to lead me, abandoning their mother duck or hen.

A priest, in order to punish me for refusing to learn a chapter of catechism by heart, kicked me out of his course.

I retorted:

- I don't understand why you said that we are free... We are not free in anything. My neighbor is not free to drink or not to drink; his brain is riveted to the gurgling of his bottle... I am not free to make or not to make music with the words which sing in my head because even if I block my ears I continue to hear the words sing... So, if we are not free, we are slaves; and if we are slaves, we can no longer choose to do good or bad...

He got angry and thundered that I was disrupting the course and concluded:

- We are not here to understand but to learn!

I shouted:

- If I have a brain, it is God who crammed it into my head, and if he put it in there, it is so that I can use it! But because my presence at catechism had become undesirable, my Mom got into a panic:

- Where will you celebrate your communion?

- Don't worry; the Pope will get us out of this!

My Mom shrugged her shoulders:

- Don't say such idiocies. As if the Pope...

Unwinding the grass-snake that was sleeping under my hair, I answered calmly:

- Exactly, the Pope, you'll see! A man will go and see him, and we'll go and meet him at his place.

This was so stupid that nobody laughed at it: five months later, at Christmas, an enormous box arrived for me. It came from a very poor village in Italy: Bellinzago, in the province of Nevara.

My Mom, Grandma and I were speechless upon discovering the contents of this box: on pages that were torn out of their exercise books, all the children in this province said, each in his own individual way: "Minou Drouet, only grown-ups could be so stupid not to believe that you were the one who really wrote your poems because we are the same age as you, and in our hearts we feel the things you have written but we weren't able to find all the words for saying them".

Each inhabitant of the village had added a letter: the communist, the milkman, the priest, the gendarme... They all said:

"It seems that in your country, people are making you unhappy. So come with your Mamma and stay with us. In every home, there is a plate set on the table waiting for you and there is a bed to sleep in. Come".

Underneath all these pages, there were toys. Each kid had agreed to go without his favorite toy for me: dolls which must have gone to sleep for an entire year clutched by small moist hands, soldiers which must have waged many wars, asthmatic balls, and cat's eye marbles fixing me with the glance of a passionate world.

I wrote back to them.

Twenty days later, a letter came from Don Carlo Ardizio, the priest from Bellinzago:

"I've come back from Rome, and the Pope will receive you at the Vatican and you will speak with him".

A strange fight took place: the fight of "the Invisible" against the aggressiveness of the powerful in this world, against Paris which crushes those who do grovel.

The International Poetry Congress was supposed to gather together poets from all countries. Each government was supposed to pay the costs of the journey for its poets. Supervielle, with the immense kindness that characterizes him, wrote a letter saying that since he was not able to travel due to his poor health, he had requested me to represent "Poetry".

In France, nobody wanted to pay for my trip. The C.I.T. took care of it. Italian Newspapers did not hesitate to reveal this, with no kindness toward France.

This congress was held in Sicily; therefore, normally I was meant to go only there and not to Rome. Our journey and our stay were miraculously offered to us.

One very influential man, furious at seeing that he had not succeeded at having my journey to Sicily cancelled, by going through the Foreign Ministry, tried to cancel the private audience that Pope Pious XII had granted me ... and it was an audience which I had not even requested.

Pious XII persisted and kept it.

For Don Carlo Ardizio and my Mom, this audience was like a miracle because they knew how big the obstacles were that "people in high places" had tried to put up in order to stop this meeting from taking place.

For me, this visit to the Vatican was just a part of normal life, because several months before it had slipped into my small universe. As a matter of fact, I lived it with a delay. I went there with no more surprise than a housewife standing before her cupboard who discovers the jars she had filled with cherries and apricots from the previous summer.

Mom thought that a nine-year-old poet would be dazzled and overwhelmed at setting her foot on the first paving stone of the Vatican. Unfortunately, the watch belonging to the most wonderful mom in the world was five months behind that of her tadpole of a daughter, and she was faced with a teasing kid who, passing from one room to another, turned into a hideous 'Jojote'.

It is not to say that this meeting was of no importance for me. Oh, no! Five months earlier, I had felt the weight of all its solemnity, and its price, when I was barefoot in our house in Pouliguen and announced to Mom that the Pope would receive me in Rome.

In the first room, Monsignor came and said to me in a friendly way:

- Minou Drouet, I liked your poems very much. I know one of them by heart.

I looked at him and remarked, dancing from one foot to the other:

- And I like your robe very much; it is beautifully cut.

It was awful. Mom whispered in my ear:

- Listen to me carefully. If you say one more stupid thing like that, I swear you'll get the worst spanking of your life, right here!

The audience with Pious XII, the certainty of celebrating my communion in Italy: I had acquired the certitude of all this by wandering in "the Invisible". But being spanked, that, at least, had not appeared in the picture. And that idea pleased me a lot.

I knew Mom's technique: the left hand, like a northwest wind, pulled up my small underskirts, and her right hand, with the regularity of a metronome, accorded to my backside what was due. I found this perfectly logical.

A long time ago, I had already noticed that Mom's palm was perfectly calibrated to encounter the fleshy curvatures of her child. Apparently, this was God's wish. Why vex him by making this perfection of the detail useless?

The more we crossed through luxurious rooms, the more I felt that, after all, the real motive of my visit to Rome was perhaps the obligation of receiving the

worst spanking of my life, in the midst of this flowing of gold and the faces of angels.

Under her black mantilla, Mom had swapped her camellia-colored complexion for a greenish lividness that hydrangeas blooming in September decide to take on until their death.

Room after room, I accumulated blunders and I sent a tender look towards Mom presenting her the area which, below my belt, was keeping an eye on the clock for the settling of old scores.

- Hey, Mom, don't you think this would be a good place for the spanking?

An aged priest, who had come to speak to us, left bent over with laughter. Finally, we were received in a room whose windows were draped with long dark curtains. A priest pointed to the throne and said to me:

- His Holiness will come and sit here to receive you...

I looked at the magnificence of the throne and then indicated a Christ, above, hung on the wall:

- Ah! His Holiness is going to sit on this throne? And the One who contents himself with two pieces of wood, above, what is he going to say?

A huge laugh seemed to come out of the walls, the curtains, the precious ceiling. This laughter sprang only from a strange light of dawn which had just invaded the room: Pious XII.

He entered. Like a statue, his nonexistent body let the folds of his robe fall, straight and sculptured in a strange material. He articulated, chiselling every word with a fraction of silence:

- In the Vatican's entire existence, I don't think that has ever been said before...

In the hope, of course, that if she spoke it would prevent me from talking nonsense, Mom stammered:

- My daughter does not know how to express her gratitude to Your Holiness... she was so afraid that she would not be able to come and see you.

Usually, I swallowed half my words, but here, I just couldn't resist. Articulating as in French, I remarked:

- I had to come all the way to the Vatican to hear my Mom lie. I knew quite well that you would be nice, that you would receive me and that you would allow me to celebrate my communion in Italy...

- And how did you know this?

I explained. Pious XII seemed intensely interested.

He asked me long questions to make sure that I had received a solid religious education at home, and he added:

- Would you like to celebrate your communion in Rome?

- No. I want to do it in the village of Bellinzago where all the people gave proof of so much tenderness when I was sad.

He granted me permission and added:

- Always stay as you are ...and come and see me as soon as you come back to Italy.

I looked at him. Between him and me, the mist rose up like cotton wool, impalpable, but so heavy in meaning.

He repeated:

- Minou, come back and see me, if it is God's will.

- Oh! You know, from time to time, he has his whims as well... he's the one who is going to invite you to go and see him at his ranch soon. We are going to say goodbye to each other.

Taking two steps back, I ran toward him and jumped up putting my arms around his neck. He held me for a second, then looked at me and said thoughtfully:

- I am going to pray that you always stay the same... And you, Minou, pray for me.

Once we had left this room, the spanking! It was equal to the setting!

I saw the extraordinary Don Carlo Ardizio again, several times, the former professor of philosophy and priest of Bellinzago. We wrote to each other very often. The last time I saw him, it was in Rome at the "RAI", he said to me:

- I'm happy. You'll be coming back in two months. I have friends who are going to make a trip to France, and they'll come and get you in Paris, you and your Mom, and bring you back here... We'll be able to spend a couple of days together.

I shook my head:

- Carlito, our buddy up there is going to hoist you up before!

He always called me "Marquise of Bellinzago".

He took my hands in his:

- Marquise, I have always thought, ever since I have known you, that I would like to die holding your hand and looking at you. But let it be according to the will of God.

I shook him so as not to be affected by his sadness and said:

- So, why would he refuse you that, our Buddy up there? You've always been a good guy from paradise. You'll see. When you leave on vacation you'll see me come into your room, and I'll take your hand, and it will be your little marquise who takes you to him...

One day, I received a letter from an old friend of Don Carlo Ardizio's. He gave me the narrative of this admirable man's death. To all those who were present, he had confided:

- Oh, the little marquise! She said that she'd come. Let her through. She's taking my hand. She's taking me... How bright everything is!

Every week Mom and I had lunch with some very dear friends at their home: Doctor Maurice Julliard and his wife. He was a stomatologist and, as my upper jaw jutted out of my face like a balcony, he furnished it with small metallic harnesses. Maurice Julliard was a true poet. When I was let into the office where he piled up his paintings, I fell in love with them. Out of some of his paintings, there sprang bursts of light following patches of mists in the "elsewhere", my real homeland. All those who approached this man, who had the soul of a Saint and a child's smile, adored him. I had given him the nickname "my Uncle Elsewhere".

For years he had suffered from neuritis in his right shoulder which occasionally caused him to cry out in pain, his profession obliging him to constantly move that shoulder.

Except for that, he had very good health.

One Thursday, as usual, we went to have lunch at his home and I hadn't uttered a single word at the table.

At his teasing, I felt horribly incapable of answering. At the very second that he bent over me to verify the efficiency of my braces, a real cloud of milk streamed in between us. The densest of all mists that I had ever felt between a being and myself!

I needed to summon all my willpower to prevent my teeth from chattering and keep from screaming: "Not him, oh my God, not him!"

He was one of the beings I felt as being the most miraculously close to me. After lunch, instead of staying to play the harpsichord and pat the dog, I whispered to Mom:

- Quick, quick, let's leave!

I pulled Mom, not wanting to go back to kiss Maurice Julliard goodbye as I did each week in his office. I clung to Mom:

- He's dead. Come quickly, I don't want to see him any more!

Mom left hurriedly with me. Once we were in the staircase, I felt ashamed and begged her:

- Come with me. We have to go and kiss him goodbye. He has died and we'll never see him again.

Mom, very pale, didn't dare to say no.

The nurse came and opened the door for us. Still teasing me, she started to say:

- So our Minou had forgotten to kiss her...

She stopped, seeing my pallid face and cried:

- My God, she's about to faint. The Doctor...

I pushed her aside brutally, went into the office without paying any attention to the patient who was there, and threw my arms around the neck of Doctor Julliard. After that, I ran off without a word.

The next morning, we left for Milan.

We returned two days later. Upon our return, Grandma said to me:

- Take your suitcase in your room. I need to speak to your mother.

I looked at her and said:

Doctor Julliard died on Thursday. We were at his home. I don't see why you want keep small secrets.

Grandma told us that Mrs. Julliard had phoned to give us the awful news and recommended that I not come along because she did not want me to be affected by her dead husband's face.

I shrugged my shoulders:

- It was on Thursday that I thought I was going to faint because I felt he was dying behind the mist...

Once again, the only incomprehension that ever arose between Mom, Grandma and me grew wider. The inevitable gap.

Mrs. Julliard, Mom and Grandma were stupefied by my calm before this man who I had adored, his face bleached white by death, which makes an even greater impression in the case of sanguine persons like him.

Three days beforehand, I had suffered what they were now feeling.

In the same way that the desire of something is always more marvellous than its possession, the fear of a disaster is more agonizing than the disaster itself. I think that the most beautiful proof of the importance of vibrations and the results that can be obtained by orchestrating the vibrations of two beings to help one of them is shown in the examples which I can give concerning animals.

Well-known people were witnesses to the experiences I had.

Here are some of them. Anyone who is capable of creating the void within himself, creating silence, emanating his own silence, and in the absolute of this silence if he listens to the vibrations of "the other", he can accomplish all the things that I recount and even go much farther.

Above all it is necessary "to know how to love the other". Loving enough to be able to listen to him. Listening: the greatest proof of love that we can give to a being or a circumstance. Listening for perceiving his needs, his poverty, his weakness and his flaws. Listening in order to discover within him what he is unaware of himself. And listening in order to fathom "the event", not in the material reality and the logic of life, but in the place where it takes form, in other words in "the invisible".

Listening is infinitely more serious, more difficult than we think. It means forcing one's entire being, cell by cell, to connect totally with "the other".

The students in Maisons-Alfort had asked me to come and present an animal at the Gala "Veterinarian Night" at the Cirque d'Hiver (a famous circus in Paris), and I had accepted. The stars presented dogs or horses. At the last minute, backstage, I was brought an enormous box. A student said to me, laughing:

- It's up to you to get yourself out of this one; there are six feet (two meters) in there...

It was a python. Someone came and warned me that it was dangerous and that "it constantly lay in wait for you to try and close its terrible jaws on any part of your body, absolutely identical to a crocodile"...

Furthermore, it was not possible to immobilize it by pressing on its dorsal vertebrae because they would have broken like crystal.

I had everything against me that night: it was impossible to make the silence within myself; backstage, artists, persons there out of curiosity and journalists chattered endlessly. In addition, I was suffering horribly from two wisdom teeth which

inflicted the beginning of a trismus (constriction of the jaws) on me and caused the swelling of my right cheek and my neck; in my right ear, with an infernal precision, a playful invisible lancet teased my eardrum...

Usually, when I'm feeling well and when I can "operate" according to my method of silence and the harmonization of vibrations, the temperature of the "other" becomes appreciably similar to mine.

III, overwhelmed by the noise, instinct (the life preserver for ignoramuses of my kind) whispered to me that I would have to manage otherwise.

I bent over the threatening box and in a flash I understood that I was the one who would have to make the effort to modify my temperature and adjust it to the python's.

I ran my fingers over the surface of its scales; long enough to feel the glacial iceberg cold penetrate into them.

Overcome by this disturbing cold, I thought that maybe I would not be able to give the usual suppleness to my shoulders and arms, which was indispensable for offering a welcoming resting place to a reptile. Maybe I wouldn't be able to emit the imperceptible lasso that was always thrown at the base of an animal's head by my breath at the end of expiration. There was only one certainty: my fingers would never use the only means of immobilizing it at the risk of breaking its dorsal vertebrae.

Now that it had tolerated the wave of my fingers running over its body, the python seemed to be moved. My hands entered into the ice-cold mystery of its body, into the deepest depths of its rings, in a universe which stuck to my flesh as if thousands of suction cups riveted its skin to mine, at once rough and wet, bathed with an uneasy sweat.

In a fraction of a second, I understood that I had to be the one who decides, who imposes the will, soft and precise, without error.

An animal, any animal whatsoever, like a child, never lets you lose face.

Two yards of hose for watering your lawn, my God, that's short!

To fully realize what two yards can represent, it is necessary to measure them "as a python".

The end of the world.

The end of your nerves.

These two yards having the temperature of a corpse - which became my temperature - these two yards which stuck to my skin, slowly decided to go along the nape of my neck, stream around my shoulders, follow my arms; I took them, received them. Two yards whose one extremity, my God, with a frightening click of a clapper board and with great rapidity tried to close on any part whatsoever of my body. At a glance, within a tenth of second I had to constantly estimate the distance which separated these terrible jaws from my poor body. At the moment I estimated that

20 inches separated his teeth from my shoulder, with the speed of lighting, a totally unexpected powerful spring catapulted its jaws an eighth of an inch from my wrist.

All the pictures taken that night show me smiling and relaxed. I think that it was really the night that I gave the most incredible effort before the portals of "the invisible".

The next day, a journalist went and saw Emilien Bouglione, the manager of the Cirque d'Hiver.

In the newspaper 'Paris-Presse' of March 28th, 1968, he wrote that Emilien Bouglione declared to him concerning me:

I have only one thought in my mind and that is to hire Minou Drouet as the top of the bill for the next season because, since I have seen her with this python, I am persuaded that she possesses a fluid which allows her to tame any wild animal. I have seen many tasters and I can attest that no professional could have done what Miss Drouet accomplished the other evening. This python measuring two yards, with its enormous jaws, was dangerous. When I saw it winding around the neck and the waist of the girl, I must admit that I was scared for her. And nonetheless, believe me, I have seen many things in my life! I am convinced that other than poetry, the Minou Drouet's deep and authentic vocation is animal taming. According to the students who knew this python, nobody had been able to approach it before Minou.

The "Elsewhere" - one's own "elsewhere", the "elsewhere" of others - is the homeland where those who know how to feel pain in their flesh and their hearts have the right to stay. Knowing how to feel pain means knowing how to create an act of love, an act of offering, out of one's suffering. The "Elsewhere" is the homeland of he who pants, waits and struggles. The Invisible is the ballet master, the one who turns each vibration into the sacred hieroglyph of a millenary code, catapulting beyond time and space the being liberated from himself.

My experiences with wild said animals have proved this to me.

One evening during a dinner at the home of Prince Villayat Inayat Khan, in a dimly lit room, we perceived the presence of birds. He explained me that they were hawks. After several minutes, my fingers, which I have a habit of aiming like antennas as soon as I feel caught by what you would call "the Invisible" and what I call my "elsewhere", detected another presence. I said to him that in another room there must be another animal which needed tenderness. He answered:

- Yes, there is a hawk that is chained because it is still very wild and it is impossible to tame.

He let me go and see it, recommending that I not touch it because it was very cruel.

I created the void within me so as to tune into the hawk's vibrations. Between us a kind of white zone formed, similar to the thick mist which rises over the

meadows in summer mornings, and it then disappeared as soon as I sensed the "other one". Several minutes later, I returned to the living room with the bird perched on my fist. There was absolute silence among the Hindus who were present. Those who were "Initiated".

Little by little, we saw the red glow which burned in the hawk's eyes grow softer, giving way to a kind of tenderness and then it snuggled its head against my neck. Very slowly I moved my arm away from my face and in a hushed voice asked Villayat Khan:

- What does it eat?

- Only red meat.

To show them that henceforth the hawk wanted the same things that I wanted, I took a piece of lettuce that was on the table, put it in my mouth, and looked at the animal. It approached its head and then, to be sure not to hurt my lips, it obliquely put its beak into my mouth and took the green leaf off my tongue and ate it.

Then the prince wanted to offer it to me, saying to me:

- You are the only who has been able to find the path to its heart; now it won't be happy without you!

I was wildly tempted to accept. A flash of common sense whispered to me that accepting the hawk would mean condemning it to a pitiful life in our apartment that I constantly left to go on my recital tours.

I answered:

- It would be too unhappy...

He then proposed that I come and see it whenever I liked. And it was at that moment that, in front of all my friends, I declared:

- We shall never see each other again, the hawk and I, because from this moment on it is impossible for him to live without me!

That evening, the prince himself closed all the doors and windows. In the morning, on Aurora's perch (the hawk), there was nothing but the chain. There was no trace of this marvel with golden eyes.

Nobody has ever known that from that morning on, each image which opens up on my retinas is lined with liquid gold.

Where did Aurora come from? What was the hawk's mission? I am neither an initiate nor a scholar, nor a researcher. I have never spoken to anyone about this golden circle which, henceforth, surrounds everything which passes before my eyes. Jean-Pierre Dorian asked me if I believed in "the Invisible" so that I would tell him my secret.

A year later, I got a call from Villayat Khan, asking me to go and see him. He had a very wild golden eagle and wanted to have it photographed. It was extraordinarily beautiful, but nobody wanted to approach it. Mom protested. She was afraid of the dangers of such an exploit. I asked a news agency if they would be interested and left for Suresnes with the photographer. The eagle was on a terrace,

chained. I demanded that I be left alone with the animal. When I was holding it on my fist, I called the cameraman. Seeing him, the animal opened its wings. Its wing span measured six and a half feet!

It uttered its cry, rather similar to a burst of machine-gun fire. I'll never forget it. In a fraction of a second, the reporter bolted from the terrace, whereas one of the secretaries seemed to dissolve. I went down into the garden with "His Majesty" perched on my fist, the two of us welded together by our glances, its beak at a distance of two thumbnails from my temple.

I felt highly honored by the strange offering it granted me: its strength, its violence, lost like me in this "elsewhere" of the milky mist where only it and I existed. I no longer felt the pain in my arm – it weighed 13 lbs (6 kg) - because I have very fragile wrists. With a blow from its wing, it could break me; with a blow from its beak, it could disfigure me.

Little by little, the mist dissipated; we eventually emerged from it, him and me, from this sort of pillowcase, like a chick breaking out of an egg into the life of air. But if I tried to find this terrible bird, in the ordinary universe, what would happen? Without speaking about this to my Mom, "my beloved" who the little scamp Minou trails from trances to frights, I asked the Prince if he would agree to take His Majesty (the eagle), in a small van, to a place near the public garden Felix Lobligeois so that I could walk with him down the Rue de Moines in the middle of the crowd, which, on Saturday mornings, I can swear to this, is not exactly entered in the land registry of "the Invisible".

He replied:

- I'll do it! You'll always obtain whatever you want from an animal because...

- Because what?

He smiled. A strange smile on a face of great beauty: two flames and a voice. He had just come back from a six-month retreat in a cave in the Himalayas where he had lived naked, in meditation, living off a powder offered by two stones rubbed against each other over a handful of snow.

I insisted:

- Villayat, why do you think that I'll be able to do it?

He said slowly:

- Because you know how to love others more than yourself...

They know that. So, they will always want what you want...

Saturday morning, in the small van, I went to get His Majesty. A shiver ran through him, like a swell on the surface of the water, and then our eyes met. If a hand had tried to slip in between our heads, its fingers would have perceived these kinds of gossamer spiders' threads that are suspended between trees on autumn mornings.

Around us was a crowd of usually cheerful people. Almost all of them knew me. His Majesty perched on

my fist, I concentrated all my will not to let a white universe rise between us. We brushed automobiles, traders, and walkers. It seemed to me that we advanced in a unique silence. The enormous beak oscillated between my eyes and my cheeks. The wings were draped around my shoulders, as shown by two photos taken by an unknown person.

The universe of "the Invisible" sometimes agrees to half-open its crossing for children. One evening, at a dinner at Lucette Descaves's, Yves Nat played the "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven for me. I floated in a kind of fascination which, at this stage of perfection, already slips you into the "elsewhere".

Nat -who could play Schumann like no other pianist in the world- had cancer of the bowel and had already undergone two operations. He took no precautions and did not stick to his prescribed diet. Everyone knew that he did not have long to live.

Theo Briant, as soon as Nat had left, began to tell us about a book he was hurrying to finish, dedicated to the great artist. I'll never forget him proclaiming:

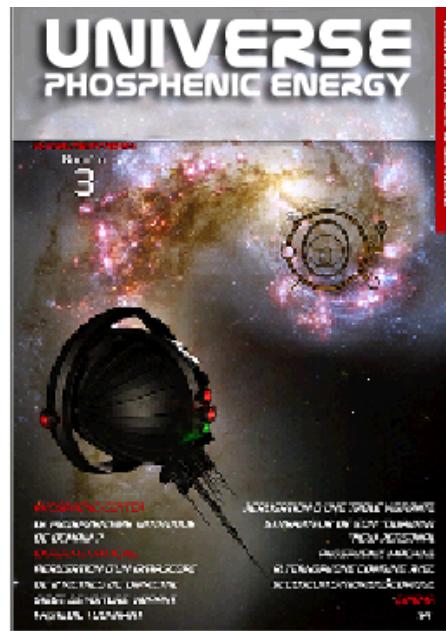
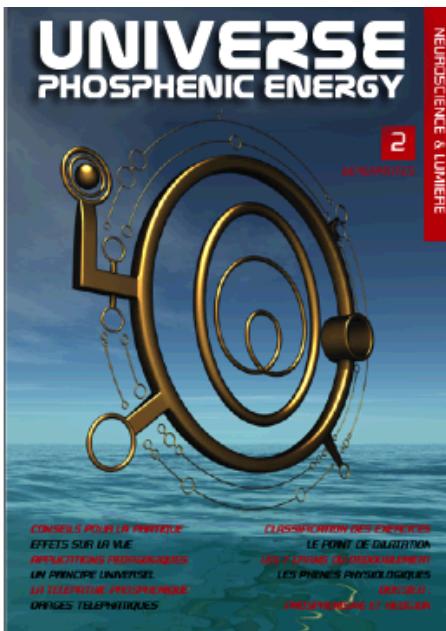
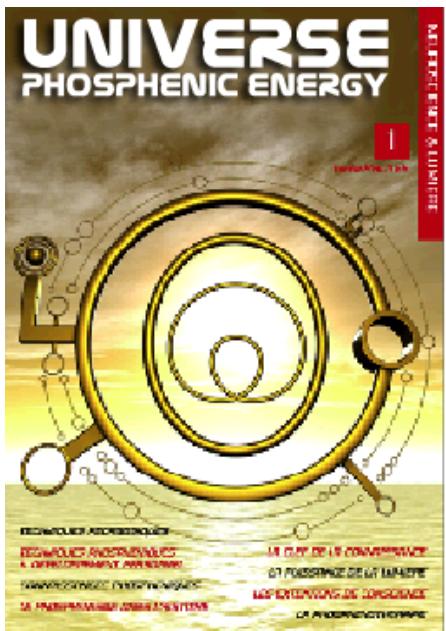
- You know, I have a lot of foresight. I've kept all the posters of the first concerts he gave at the 'Farmers Hall'. My book will come out as soon as he dies!

Abruptly, I stopped seeing the table and Lucette's beautiful face. I found myself in a world of mist in which an atrocious vision chased me. In the middle of the general bewilderment, I can still hear myself saying:

- You'll write absolutely nothing about Yves. You are the one who's going to go and hold the place for him, over there, in the white...

That summer, Theo was killed in an automobile accident while Yves Nat was still alive.





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