

Reinout Guépin

# ONE-EYE

IN THE LAND OF THE BLIND

THE REDISCOVERY OF AETHER



*Based on the life of  
Viktor Schauberger*

# One-Eye in the land of the blind

## *The rediscovery of aether*

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*The rediscovery of aether*

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FRONTIER PUBLISHING

*Two planets meet in space.  
Says one to the other:  
“How are you?”  
Says the other:  
“Not so well, I’ve contracted Homo Sapiens”  
Says the first:  
“Don’t worry, it will soon pass of its own.”*

*“Little man.  
Take your destiny into your own hands  
and build your life on rock  
Tell your fellow workers all over the world  
that you’re no longer willing to work for death*

*but only for life!”*

from *Listen little man*, by Wilhelm Reich.

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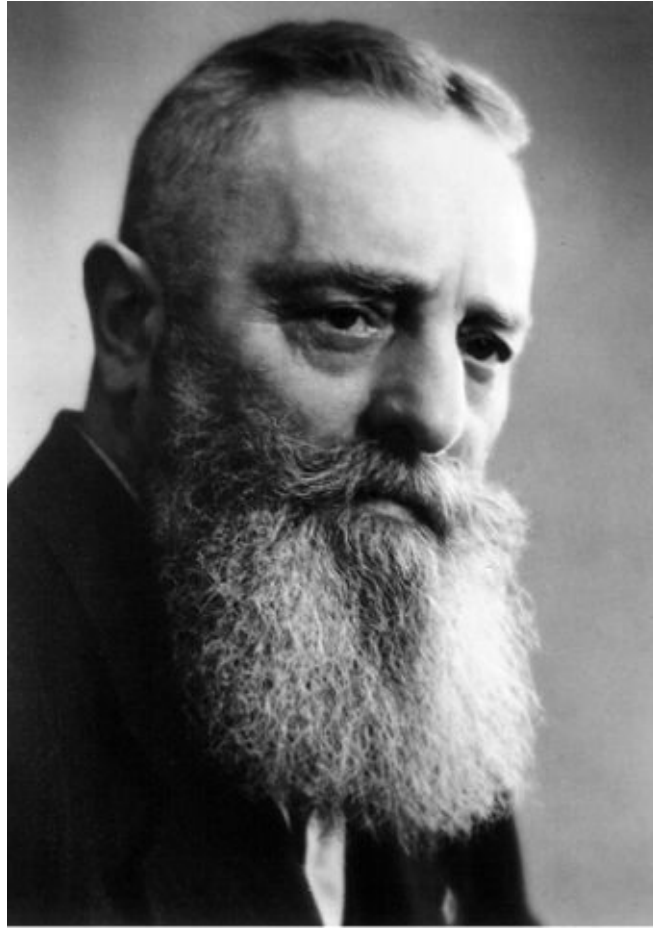
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*Viktor Schaubberger*

## Preface

Dear reader,

This novel tells the amazing story of Free Energy pioneer Viktor Spyrock, a character based on the historical figure of Viktor Schaubberger (1885-1958), an Austrian forester and inventor.

It is the baffling saga of a man who endangered his life to accomplish what he called *Implosion Technology*. An *aether technology*, based on nature's own processes and similar to the harmony found in nature and life itself. Through this technology he aspired to save the planet from an untimely demise and help humanity take the next step in it's evolution.

Philosophical questions and problems intersperse with detailed descriptions of his devices, based on the content of his own letters. Unexpected parallels with other inventors emerge. Political intrigues shape the inventor's life in the background, and often subject him to inconceivable turns of events.



May this book inspire you!

R. Guépin, Arambol/Amsterdam 2017

# Prologue

Deep in the Kalahari Desert, live the Bushmen—the *gentle people*. Their isolation from the rest of the world is such, that they are hardly aware of other people on the planet. It's quite conceivable that they are the most content people on this earth. They live without crime, punishment, violence, laws, police, judges, rulers or chiefs. The notion of ownership is entirely foreign to them; for in their world there is nothing to own. There are only trees, grass, rivers and animals. They live in a friendly, *un-civilized* world, without steel or concrete. A world, which isn't ruled by clocks or calendars that tell you what to do. A truly carefree existence.

One fine day a rumbling sound was heard from of the sky and a metal bird appeared. An American pilot threw his empty Coke bottle out the window. One of the Bushmen found it and couldn't make heads or tails of it. It was translucent like water, but tougher and smoother than any object he had ever seen. Excitedly he took it home and showed it to his fellow tribesmen, who were delighted.

The Bushmen didn't know why the gods presented them with this miracle, but each day they discovered new and unique ways to use it. The object was tough, smooth and symmetric, which made it more perfect than anything else they were familiar with. It was so beautiful and useful, that they were certain that the gods had dropped this special gift as a blessing. They thought it odd however, that they were only given one single specimen. For the first time in their lives, they were confronted with something they couldn't share.

So far, they had great faith in providence, as nature always provided them with an abundance that met all their needs. But this new thing changed everything. Suddenly everyone felt like they couldn't live without it, and nobody wanted to turn back to the old and retarded ways of doing things. This new thing stirred up unfamiliar emotions. A sense of wanting to own, an unwillingness to share, took possession of their souls.

As time passed, this strange sentiment grew and led to increasingly strong feelings of anger, jealousy, hatred and aggression. Something happened that never occurred in their community before—an outburst of violence. By nightfall a sense of shame replaced the usual happy chatter around the fire. They quietly wondered how this beautiful new thing had disturbed their lives so severely. They discussed the new thing and everyone agreed that it only made them miserable. So they named it *The Evil Thing*.

One of the elders spoke, “This *Evil Thing* brought great misery upon our tribe. It doesn't belong in our world. Tomorrow I'll make a journey and throw it over the edge of the earth.”

– From the movie: *The gods must be crazy*.

# Introduction

If a thousand years ago one had wandered through the impenetrable forests of Austria in the area of Passau, one would have probably noticed a steep mountain towering ahead. This mountain was called *the Spyrock*. The top of this mountain was home to the proud castle of a robber baron that stole from the rich and gave to the poor. He passionately hated the hypocrisy of the Church and the nobility, who shamelessly accumulated enormous wealth and property on behalf of the Divine. With barely enough crops to feed their families, peasants were forced to work on the estates of the nobility and the clergy. The outlawed robber baron couldn't bear this exploitation in the name of God and he provoked the farmers into rebelling against the feudal lords.

Unfortunately, rumors of this revolt reached the exalted ears of the Archbishop of Passau. He feared that the rebel could seriously harm his profitable operation. He gathered his advisors for a meeting and devised a cunning plan. The bishop started a rumor that a large treasure would be transferred from one cathedral to another, in the near future. When the buzz reached the citadel, the robber-knights became very excited at the thought of passing heaps of gold coins through their fingers. They collected their weapons and provisions, and rode like the wind towards the alleged route that the valuable transport would take.

After a long journey through the drizzling rain, they dismounted their horses at a secluded spot to satisfy their hungry stomachs. Before they could settle down, a twig snapped in the thicket. "*Hush!*" The robber-chief tiptoed to the spot where the sound came from. Suddenly the gleaming helmets of the Archbishop's soldiers, who had secretly been following, were upon them. He immediately blew his brass horn. The alarmed robbers tried to escape, but it was too late, they were completely surrounded. After a brief struggle, they were all taken prisoner by the soldiers. They were cuffed and mounted on their horses, as they rode towards the town. Only a few bystanders were courageous enough to cheer the robber-knights, risking excommunication from the Church. But most of them looked the other way and rushed to the town square with mixed feelings of excitement and disgust.

Under the 'divine' supervision of the smug Archbishop and the cheering crowd, the thieves were hung at the scaffold, one by one. The youngest prisoner received the Archbishop's mercy because of his age, and was pardoned. He was banished to the wilderness around lake Plockenstein, at the base of mount Dreissl, the place where Austria, Hungary and Germany intersect. The young rebel was given the job of forest ranger. His main tasks were chasing poachers and shooting sick animals, to prevent infection of the rest of the herd. To keep the hunting games exciting, the animals were required to be in top condition. 'The hotter the battle, the sweeter the victory', was his lord's device. Exciting hunting stories were expected to be told at the dinner table.

Even though his new life was by no means as exciting as his robbing days, it could hardly be called dull and tedious. After he recovered from the traumatic loss of his entire family and partners in crime, he built his own ranger's hut.

Before long, he fell in love with a girl from the neighboring village. They got married, started a family and raised many children. As he renounced his robber mentality, he became aware of a new and exciting world that he hadn't noticed before—A world that is always present in the background, and therefore rarely noticed.

The descendants of this *Spyrocker* grew up to be fishermen, forest rangers and lumberjacks. All of them followed a simple, tough, and healthy life style. They cobbled their own shoes and baked their own bread. Come harvest time, they helped out their neighbors bringing in the barley. When the grain was safely stored in the barns, it was time for the harvesting festival with lots of drinking and dancing. Music was heard all around and passion filled the air. People were happy and said, "This is how God intended life to be!" "Yes! The *bird of paradise* has flown over and dropped us some colorful feathers of happiness again."

In those days, hard physical labor was quite common, unlike what we are accustomed to today. It was very important to live in close harmony with nature. As a result she would take over and turn any herculean task into child's play. The *Spyrocker's* sensitive attitude towards the forces of nature, sharpened their intuitive qualities. It provided them with deep insights into the constantly evolving processes of nature, and showed them how these hidden forces could be incorporated and used. They became intimately familiar with the life-giving power of water, and the way it vitalizes the entire landscape. Water was respectfully referred to as *the blood of the earth*, and they observed how it tirelessly flows from one place to another, connecting earth, plants, animals and humans. As genuine students of nature, they paid close attention to springs, brooks and lakes with curiosity and awe. After long and careful observation they imitated these natural waterways in their fields, resulting in an enormous increase of the quality and yield of their crops. They observed how water revitalizes and feeds the abundant vegetation of riverbanks, through its eternal whirling and splashing. They also learned exactly how to transport timber logs to the valley undamaged. The logs floated smoothly through the mountain streams, on cold, full-moon spring nights, when the water has its greatest carrying capacity. They developed this into an art, only mastered by a few foresters.

The most remarkable thing about this family however, was the obvious fact that all its descendants inherited an exceptional sensitivity towards nature's forces.

The pigheaded *Spyrocker*-clan served the bishops for a thousand years, although in name only. They felt as much contempt for the conceited Church Fathers, as they did for the arrogant, pretentious scientists. Ever since the days of their robber-baron, they were acutely aware that these two institutions were nothing but a facade, concealing an unrestrained and ruthless lust for power. One junior *Spyrocker* recalled his grandfather

lecturing him, right in front of the church in the village square, “Take a good look at them thick church walls, my boy”, he said. “Do you know what they represent? Somewhere down the line in history, devious and shrewd people figured out how to control others by telling them how the world really works. They performed magical rituals to please and invoke nature’s spirits, elves and gods. Certain signs or signals would confirm their rituals were received favorably. It could very well be that these shamans and magicians actually established a genuine contact with the invisible beings they claimed to serve. But too much power isn’t good for anyone. They began abusing their status for personal gain and spent their days exploiting and manipulating people, rather than communicating with their gods. Over time they turned into corrupted and immoral liars, preying on the common people for support and money. Their temples became lavish and luxurious, and they grew fat, demanding offerings from the pious and faithful.

After the worshippers had left, the priests would take the sacrificial animals from the altar and roast them, enjoying the fine meat with a good glass of wine.

But there was trouble in paradise. A multitude of gods meant a multitude of conflicting opinions. It all came down to too much competition. A newly appointed pope declared the Church’s monopoly of the one true God. His scribes thoroughly investigated the bible and unanimously concluded that his new interpretation represented the highest truth. To further reinforce his case, the pope hired a handful of writers and ordered them to add to it the life and times of anti-rabbinical rebel *Jesus*. This tragic hero was set to become humanity’s new role model.

If a true believer strayed or erred however, he was advised to visit the priest and confess his sin. The preacher would then absolve him by appeasing God on his behalf. If it involved a more serious sin, the preacher would only grant absolution after purchasing a very expensive *Letter of Indulgence*. If you refused, you would fall prey to the horned devil, who would—*heh heh heh*—take you to hell and set your soul on fire for eternity. The people trembled with fear.

Yes my boy, with fear they will rob you of all power and control over your own life! But in spite of all this, there have always been people who won’t be bullied into submission, no matter what. People who remain independent thinkers. These heretics and witches posed a serious threat towards the authority of the Church and therefore needed to be destroyed. The pope’s inquisition army swept the entire European continent to hunt them down, and burn them at the stake—A taste of what the Grim Reaper had in store for any sinner, as punishment for his disobedience. Just to avoid the devil’s clutches, the poor worked day and night, earning their bread by the ‘sweat of their brow’.

Their reign of terror turned out to be so profitable, that the Church sought to expand its horizons. Crusades were organized and ships were built in order to convert the *heathens* in far off lands. If these *uncivilized* people refused to be manipulated, they were simply eliminated in the name of the Lord. Or they were captured and shipped to sugarcane and cotton plantations in the New World, where they worked and died as slaves.

With the assistance of rulers and kings, the Papal imperium expanded until it occupied

most of the world. As the Church steadily contrived a legion of stories and rules, it took novice theologians long periods of studying, just to arrive at consistent conclusions. Heaven forbid that a preacher would say something mystical like ‘*live life without sorrow, think not about tomorrow*’. People might forget to fear hell, and their spell would be broken. In order to avoid this, schools were established where young people were subjected to mental dogmas from the moment they could think. All day long children were told that the world was a sinful place, and nothing more than a test-case prison, only to be escaped through obedience.

The children who swallowed this dogma hook, line and sinker, were selected, and granted a scholarship, which enabled them to attend a university. This fine institution would teach them everything there is to know about God and his divine bureaucracy. For their reward, they would enjoy eternal bliss, sitting at God’s right hand side, listening to the exquisite harmonies of harp playing angels.

This elaborate system worked extraordinarily well, until one day a smart-ass fellow had the audacity to say, “Perhaps the earth isn’t flat after all, but round like a bullet.” The Church couldn’t tolerate the fact that their ‘established science’ was called into question. Without hesitation the inquisition hunted him down and tortured him until he was ready to admit to lying. But the cat was out of the bag. Suddenly other brave scientists dared to oppose the alleged wisdom of the Church. They distrusted the institution to such a degree, that they swore to exclusively accepting facts that were tangible, visible and measurable. “Since God can’t be measured”, they said, “He probably doesn’t even exist.” They started to measure and document every natural phenomenon like lunatics. Conclusions were only to be arrived at through the power of logic and reason. Therefore feelings were highly suspicious.” His grandfather continued, “Perhaps the spell of the Church was broken after all, but the new guardians of ‘the truth’ were no better than their predecessors. Lusting after prestige and power prevailed like never before. Newly found theoretical scientific assumptions were presented as infallible truths.

Before long, an entirely new dogma was created. Queer thinkers were no longer burnt at the stake, but simply excommunicated from the scientific community, ridiculed in publications and publicly branded insane. No more incarcerating walls, just walls of incomprehension.” The boy remembered listening to this impressive and baffling monologue while staring at the massive Church walls. “Never blindly follow the masses, son!” the old fellow added. “Follow the voice of your heart and always question dogma!”

Thus the age-old family trait of being headstrong was passed on from one generation to the next. Some of it still lingered in the family coat-of-arms: *Fidus in Silvus Silentibus*—Trust in the silent forests, illustrated by the image of a beautiful brier, rising up towards the heavens out of an old, moldered tree trunk.

# The future ranger

**ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS AFTER THE TRIAL OF THE ROBBER-KNIGHTS**, in 1885 to be exact, a new Spyrock offspring was born in the remote Austrian village of Holzschlag at lake Plockenstein. His name was Victor—A new warrior for the truth. Would he live up to his name and lead the people to final victory over their relentless oppressors?

The world had changed a lot since the days of the robber barons. Kings and emperors replaced popes and bishops. Robber-knighthood became outdated, their robber-castles demolished. Major revolutions took place.

However, the poor were still poor and the rich were still growing richer. People no longer tended to the soil, but worked in factories and mines. Cities mushroomed and became the center of a modern, technical culture.

Nonetheless nature's presence was felt everywhere. Houses were still built of rock and wood. Wood stoves provided heating. Berries and mushrooms were still collected in the forests. Water didn't flow from a tap, but was fetched from the well in the village square. Cars, telephones and television hadn't been invented yet. Forests were still adorned with their silent, natural charm, pierced every now and then by the sound of church bells, or the chopping of a lonely axe.

Without hesitation, the young Spyrock replied 'forest ranger' when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up. He had always sought a deep understanding of nature and the ultimate truths of life—A quest that intuitively started in the forest. For hours on end he would patiently sit next to a mountain stream, quietly watching the water's flow, without ever getting bored. Did he subconsciously suspect that water is actually the bearer of life, or even the true source of consciousness?

His first attempt at getting more closely acquainted with water ended with a plunge. Trying to launch little cherry blossom boats into the well underneath the old tree, he lost his balance, and... '*splash*'! Fortunately the maid saw it happen out of the corner of her eye. She grabbed him by the collar, pulled him out, held him upside down and slapped his back until he started breathing again. Then she brought him to the kitchen and told his shocked mother what had happened.

His mother severely lectured him, "Don't you know that the souls of the dead swim up the mountain streams towards heaven? They can pull up large fish, and if you are not careful, they will suck you into the water as well and you'll also become a heaven-swimmer!" Then she added with a softer voice, "Should you ever be in trouble after I'm gone, just come to the water and I will give you advice." Her little sermon impressed the boy deeply.

His fascination with water grew every time he faced it. Often he would rest on the shadowy banks of the brook behind the house, where the complicated grown-up world started to fade into oblivion and all he felt was peace. He wanted the crystal clear splattering of the water to fill his ears forever.

This intimate friendship with water gradually evolved into a game. He would lie down on a moss-covered riverbank, close his eyes, and slowly allow the water to take possession of his thoughts. While fully aware, he would leave his body, and be sucked into the water as if by magic. During these moments of close union with water, he discovered her mysterious, hidden *soul*. When he returned to his body, he could recall his experiences in great detail.

At the age of six, the young boy reluctantly went to school in a neighboring village. Fortunately, the road to school took him through the forest for at least half an hour. A small group of village kids ran together, carrying their backpacks. They scared each other by hiding behind trees, making creepy noises, and jumping out of the bushes. Often their little blackboards wouldn't survive their rough games, and their stern teacher would throw the 'book of rules' at them once again.

From age twelve to fifteen, he attended the gymnasium at Linz. His piercing questions drove his teachers out of their minds. He wouldn't stop until they admitted that they actually didn't know what they were talking about. So he figured they were merely replicating what they learned from their own teachers. Apparently he was quite intelligent, and he only received bad grades when topics weren't of interest to him, at least not in the way they were presented. He rarely did his homework, because the exploration of the forest and its water were far more important to the boy. While his classmates wrecked their brains with complicated physics and math, he lay dreaming by the waterside.

Victor's father, a beefy forest ranger, often chased poachers and smugglers across the forest, just to give them a good beating. He didn't like his son's tendency for daydreaming at all. He wanted him to attend the Forestry Academy in Vienna, just like his two elder brothers, so he could become a respectable forestry engineer. Violently he pounded his fist on the kitchen table, when his son started to argue for the umpteenth time, "But dad, I don't want to study! I want to see nature with my own eyes, not through scientific lenses. Just let me be a ranger like you!"

Overcome with rage, the father yelled, "Get out of my house! When did you stop obeying your own father?!"

"But why are you so against it?"

"Why?! Because you are far too frail to chase poachers son, that's why! Sooner or later they'll kill you! And I know what I'm talking about, your grandfather didn't live to tell the tale." Furious with rage he slammed the door and stormed out of the house.

The stubborn boy went to his room, packed his belongings and left the parental home. "No way in hell am I going to allow myself to be brainwashed in some academy!", he



thought. "I will become just like my brothers who can no longer distinguish between living beings and *economic products*." Full of self-confidence he entered the forest in search of a suitable spot for a cabin, as faraway from the parental prison as possible. When he found the right spot, he borrowed an axe, saw and hammer, and proceeded to build his castle.

Three weeks later the cabin was finished. The boy briefly went home to fetch the rest of his stuff. "Ooooooh my son!", his mother cried out when he walked in the door. "I was so worried about you!"

"I'm only here to pick up some stuff", he said callously. "I live in the forest now."

In an attempt to comfort him a bit, she said, "I understand that you didn't go for the academy. You're just trying to live up to the family motto. But how can you live like this? Are you sure you are eating enough?"

"I'm practicing my hunting skills", the boy said, straining to sound independent.

His mother thought for a while and said quietly, "Listen to me, I will inquire if it's possible for you to attend the forestry school in Aggsbach. Would you like that?"

"Perhaps", answered the boy, while he stuffed his belongings into his backpack and disappeared into the forest.

Life was tough, and devoid of luxury or human contact, but he loved it. He talked with trees and animals, which slowly appeared to be talking back to him. Every sound became meaningful in its own way. Each subtle behavioral detail seemed to be connected to the *forest mechanism* as a whole. Discovering springs, or tracking down sick animals became easy tasks, while the animal kingdom started to reveal its secrets and informed him about all that was going on inside the forest.

One day the future ranger was chasing a chamois buck that was obviously in poor condition. Violently struggling his way through the rough thicket, he suddenly slid down a slope of about twelve feet. Severely shaken, he looked around, only to realize he had landed in an almost completely secluded valley, surrounded by steep, rocky walls. "How the hell do I get out of here?" he thought, worried stiff. He leaned against a big oak, took out his homemade pipe, stuffed it with tobacco and lit up, as he drifted into a misty daydream.

When he came to, he realized it was already getting dark. Suddenly he noticed a strange glow, right in front of him in the grass. He imagined it to be some spilled tobacco from his pipe and jumped up to extinguish it. As he came closer to the flame, he realized that it was a peculiar egg shaped, white-bluish light. Much to his alarm it started to grow quite rapidly, until it was about six foot high. Amazed, but not afraid, he stuck his hand into the flame. Nothing happened. He only sensed a refreshing tingling. Intrigued, he decided to observe the phenomenon from a distance. He walked back to the oak and watched. The ghostly apparition remained stationary for about half an hour, and as it grew darker, it slowly faded. The curious boy started to dig with his bare hands in the spot where the

apparition disappeared. Suddenly he hit a hard surface. Excitedly he grabbed hold of it and pulled. Nearly tumbling backwards, he saw that was a chamois horn! He kept digging patiently, and before long an entire collection of horns and bones was laid out in front of him. He realized that this was probably a *chamois graveyard*. His dad had often told him how chamois were intuitively drawn towards a specific, secluded spot, when they feel their time has come. “Was *that* what I saw perhaps? The soul of the chamois?”, the boy wondered out loud, staring into the pitch black darkness.

The longer he lived in the forest, the more he began to perceive these curious phenomena. Sometimes it appeared as if whole world of liquid crystal hid behind each physical form.

Meanwhile, his mother contacted the head of the secondary forestry school in Aggsbach. “Of course, send him over if that’s what he wants so bad!”, the principal agreed.

That evening, she took out her home-brewed herbal oil from the bathroom closet and said to her husband, “Let me give you a nice massage.” As she noticed that he started to relax, she carefully brought up the topic of their son. How he had been living in the forest for months now, and how something needed to be done about it. “And at least he is honoring the family motto!”, she said to his defense. “Can’t you see the forest is his greatest love? If the only trees he saw, where the ones from an office window frame, he’d become mortally unhappy!” She deftly worked her husband’s muscles and emotions until he finally gave in,

“Alright then, but only if he vows to continue his studies after that secondary forestry school.”

With this prospective bait, the mother managed to lure her son out of the forest. Looking a little demure, the boy promised his father that the secondary forestry school would not signify the end of his personal development.

At the age of fifteen, the day finally arrived that his heart’s desire was fulfilled, as he entered the Forestry school in Aggsback. But this time his spirits were high. Every day he learned practical and useful things, like the names of trees, herbs, animals, parasites and fungi. He learned how to swing an axe professionally, how to dehydrate wood so it wouldn’t rot, how to recognize diseases and what to do about them. But all this knowledge came from experience and not from booklore.

During his second year, the young forester became apprentice to an old and wrinkled master ranger. The boy was having the time of his life. Every day he followed the old man through rugged mountains and enchanted valleys. Excitedly, he started to pick the veteran’s brain about all the amazing natural phenomena he had witnessed during his lengthy career. The boy listened attentively, delighted by the ancient, almost forgotten lore of native tribes, that revealed their deep insights into nature’s secrets.

At nineteen, the young ranger graduated from the forestry school with excellent grades. Unfortunately his euphoria was short lived, as he was drafted for military service. To

Victor it felt like a bad hangover. The letter of doom from the Ministry of War, summoned him to register with the 41<sup>st</sup> artillery regiment in Salzburg. Extremely annoyed, the young ranger tossed the vicious, authoritarian letter aside. But his patriotic pride demanded him to go. So he nailed shut the door of his cabin and travelled to Salzburg.

His new life definitely took some adjusting. No more animals nearby, except for the pigs that yelled at him to crawl faster through the mud. No murmuring water. Only the deafening roar of canons. With his smart-ass personality, he had a hard time accommodating to an authoritarian structure that only issues commands. Although he accepted it as a necessity of war, he had to adjust himself. He did his best by having a laugh with the lads, visiting bars in their free time for some pints, and flirting with the girls. Victor loved music. Whenever a band started playing he would be the first one to jump up and ask the ladies for a whirling waltz. Sometimes he even brought along his *Saaz*, a musical instrument, and played a few tunes. He quickly became a popular visitor. On their extended leaves, if their pocket money allowed, the lads would paint the town red in Vienna.

## Back to nature

**AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, VIENNA WAS THE UNRIVALED CREATIVE** center of Europe. With its exuberant parks, architecture, arts and sciences, it even outshone the bubbling city of Paris. Just like Germany, Austria-Hungary, the Double Monarchy where the young forest ranger grew up, was relatively late to modernize. While the industrial era had emerged gradually in England and France, it swept over Central Europe like a sudden wave. Instead of progressively expanding small workshops, gigantic factories were established in urban areas like the Ruhrgebiet, Hamburg, Vienna and Prague, by big British investors. It happened almost overnight. Responding to the beckoning call of big money and a modern lifestyle, the poor of the outback flocked to Vienna in vast numbers. Not just from Austria and Hungary, but also from Croatia, Bosnia, Czech, Slovakia, parts of Italy and Southern Poland. Among them were many Eastern European Jews and Balkan Slavs. With high expectations they settled into the fast growing slums at the edges of town. The discriminated Jewish population started their own small businesses, while the Slavs mainly worked in the factories.

Before long, poverty and overpopulation began taking their toll. Pandemics spread. The wealthier German speaking Austrians, increasingly felt that their culture was being threatened. They pointed the finger at the Jews and the Slavs, and protested fiercely when the emperor presented his plans to expand the empire into the Balkans. In order to stop this advancement of foreign cultures, the German speaking Austrians established *German*

*Cultural Societies*. While enjoying a cup of tea in their clubs, German literature was discussed, German folksongs were sung, speeches about German history and the mission of its people were listened to, German folk dances were performed and Germanic mythical sagas were staged. These blooming *Cultural Societies* instilled a powerful, romantic desire for a return of the olden Germanic times amongst many of the German speaking Austrians. They dreamed of bygone days, when the forests were still pristine and the benevolent nature spirits omnipresent. Very quickly, this romantic fantasy grew into a colorful, full blown anti-modernistic new age movement, in and around Vienna. Some even considered it an intuitive repetition of the ancient Germanic revolt against *Roman materialism*, now expressed as a deep-rooted resistance against British materialism. Even though the current British brand of materialism was promoted far more subtly, and therefore all the more convincing. The Germans had always been proud of their belated subjugation to the Romans. They remembered the Germanic tribes with great respect. These tribes had managed to keep their pure and natural lifestyle away from the civilized invaders for a long time.

There had never been any place for Gods in the Germanic tradition. Only natural life-bringers like the sun, the moon, the trees and water, were worshipped. The idea that spirits inhabited all these bodies was plainly self-evident to them. Therefore natural healing and sustenance had always played an important role within the German psyche. It almost seemed as if this was a last glimpse of German mysticism that went underground during the Middle Ages, and lived on inside secret brotherhoods, like *The Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit*. In order to be reborn into a state of heavenly innocence, they performed naked rituals at night in forest caves, symbolic of the womb.

While western materialism and social unrest were advancing, a yearning for German mysticism grew simultaneously, even in less wealthy circles. At the turn of the century, this passion for mysticism took a powerful flight. Eager minds rode a wave of esoteric magazines that emerged from a multitude of secret societies, sweeping across Vienna. Bearded and barefooted, the Viennese middle class youth went searching for its roots, higher values and better, more natural alternatives for the social establishment. Vienna was suddenly being flooded with astrologers, rune interpreters, dowsers, vegetarians, nudists, Rosicrucians, Cabalists, Freemasons, pseudo scientists and inventors of curious new technologies.



*Fidus, contemporary art*

In Berlin, a small group of *nature lovers* started taking youngsters on nature-walks through the forests. In just a few years, this initiative grew into a movement of over fifty thousand, calling themselves the Migrating Birds, “*der Wandelvögel*”. ‘Free mountains, a free world and free people’, was their motto. An army of youthful, anti-bourgeois bohemians swarmed the mountains. They were searching for mystical enchantment in nature, while rebelliously swimming naked in lakes and rivers.

By camping out, their initial wandering evolved into a semi-permanent condition of living in *tribes*. Everyone was welcome in those camps. Funds and food were shared. Communal cabins and simple furniture were built free of charge. At night, they sang songs around the campfire, accompanied by guitars and other musical instruments. They passionately celebrated pagan festivals at ancient ruins.

In their hometowns, the Migrating Birds founded so called *nests* and *anti-houses*. Some groups started self-sufficient, spiritually anarchic communes in rural areas, where they exercised their new ideals. Hundreds of rebellious youngsters and artists went on a pilgrimage to the small, scenic fishing village of Ascona, situated on the shores of the magnificent lake Maggiore. Among them was Herman Hesse, gladly following four longhaired, sandaled, *nature-people*, who passed through his village on their way to Ascona—the center of the new German *life reform* culture.

Everyone read Goethe, the iconic poet, who so eloquently demolished the scientifically erected walls between man and nature: ‘There is no better way of serving God than spontaneous intuitive communication with nature. However, under its scientific spell, humanity found it necessary to re-organize her perfect chaos. In doing so, man destroyed the forest, drove away the wild animals and even changed the climate. An array of ecologically important plant species has disappeared. The air is polluted with poisonous gasses and the fish are dying in dead rivers—The result of this inconsiderate human interference with the subtle processes of nature’.

The *life-reformists*’ most important ideals were pacifism, vegetarianism, the use of organic materials, natural cures, emancipation of animals, children and women, nudism,

sexual liberation, value-free land, communal living, social-, economic-, cultural- and religious reformation and a natural arrangement of the environment. There was a strong movement against environmental pollution. Some life reformists even accused the educational institutions to be the breeding ground for a damaging, capitalistic worldview. New art styles like surrealism, Dadaism and modern dance were en vogue. Even in science new avenues were explored. Jung and Freud invented psychoanalysis. Max Planck came up with a new scientific paradigm called *quantum mechanics*. Ernst Haeckel coined the term *ecology*. All of them promoted a radical departure from an orthodox view. So, the young forest ranger wasn't the only one singing the praises of nature's perfection.

When he went to town, his brothers would sometimes take him to the student cafes where they liked to hang out. With a couple of pints on the table, endless intellectual battles were fought, covering the latest political happenings, the glory of the Age of Reason, and the blessings of modern technology. While most students worshipped everything that was modern or in vogue, the ranger often felt obliged to poke holes in their inflated illusions.

"The phrase *money doesn't smell*, must have been invented by a *liberal* with a bad nose", he mockingly said. "Every street corner reeks of capitalism! Factories pollute the air, refreshing parks are being demolished for working-class neighborhoods and apart from a few dogs and rats, all animals have fled the scene! What have we gained from all this? Stress! People are so busy making money, that they don't take time for each other or for nature. In their delusion, they believe that the artificial world that they try to maintain so diligently, will actually bring them heaven on earth. They believe they will finally gain freedom, if only they could wrestle themselves from nature's merciless claws. But poor working-class kids are growing up in a linear world, devoid of genuine creativity. They only know a deer from a picture book!" the ranger claimed emotionally.

"Stop being so sentimental!" the students rebuked him. "Can't you see how fortunate we are? We can travel anywhere by train. Steam engines do the heavy work, and soon we'll all have telephones, so we can be in touch with our relatives and friends whenever we want! Would you rather go back to the stone age?"

"That's besides the point", the ranger retaliated. "You guys may have good perspectives, but vast numbers of people feel extremely uncomfortable and overwhelmed by modern times. Like lost drifters on a wild capitalist ocean, without life buoys or stars to navigate on. 'Every man for himself and God for us all'. But what is to be expected of a god that has been dead for decades? The old norms and values protected people for millennia against life's stormy weather, but now the scientists call them *Superstition*. Until recently, a farmer or craftsman still knew that he was an appreciated actor in the theatre of God's creation. Today, he's just a random wretch. And if he fails to 'work his elbows', he might as well end up at the bottom of the social ladder. Previously we would help a fellow man in need, even if only to secure a place in heaven. Today, we *attack* our fellow man, in order to secure a place in *consumer's heaven*."

"Yes, I must agree! And where will this ill-fated race for money end, my friends?", a student of philosophy joined the conversation.

“If you had read Marx, you wouldn’t ask such questions”, said a lost railroad worker. He joined the conversation from the far end of the coffee table, twirling his impressive white mustache. “Capitalism is a parasitical system. It was invented in Britain. The country is loaded, simply because it cleverly exploits the rest of the world. A small group of traders became filthy rich thanks to this criminal system, and the slaving commoners became their workhorses. If you accuse them of unequal distribution of goods, they blame it on overpopulation, ‘The workers shouldn’t have so many children,’ they say.”

“Yes indeed”, said a Marxist student. He wore National Health glasses and a wispy goatee, which he liked to stroke with his lean, bony fingers. “In their own country, the rich hand out unemployment benefits to keep the masses from rebelling. But if the poor natives in the colonies have the guts to revolt, they call in the army to beat them down! The elite shamelessly exploit the military for their own economic purposes. How do they get away with it? With huge loans they bribe the greedy politicians, and have them chant their multi-million dollar mantra. At the end of the day, *they* make all the decisions. Whoever pays the piper, calls the tune, you see. ‘What benefits us, benefits the country’, they arrogantly say, ‘because *we* are the ones financing the wages’. That’s how they’ve got us by the balls!”

Thus a deep-seated fear of the future arose within those less fortunate who had missed out on the incessantly forward charging train of modernization. The call for revolution grew. While workers worldwide joined anti-capitalist movements like *Socialism*, *Communism* or *Anarcho-syndicalism*, the German citizenry searched for deeper answers, with an appetite that modern science couldn’t possibly satisfy. Before long, this drove them into the arms of the mystics, headed by the Ukrainian medium Helena Blavatsky and her *Theosophical Society*. During a time when this was highly unusual for a woman, legend had it that she travelled the world’s most desolate places in search of the occult, or *hidden* knowledge. She spent time with Natives Americans in Canada, cowboys in South America and had travelled straight across Africa. When all this failed to satisfy her spiritual hunger, she set sail for India. She intuitively bought a horse and rode it deep into the mountains of the mythical Himalayas. She kept going, across dangerous ravines and through snow capped mountain passes. One day, as the daylight dissolved into evening and the sunset colored the horizon red, she reached a small valley that for some reason seemed strangely familiar to her. When the old masters Kut Humi and Morya, keepers of the hidden library, saw her, they realized that they had almost forgotten they were not alone on the planet. They solemnly said, “Surely this must be the soul we’ve been waiting for most our lives. But how can we know for certain?” The graybeards welcomed their extraordinary guest with the utmost respect and drank tea with her in their unique, timeless manner.

When Helena recovered from her long, rough journey and had bathed and eaten, they led her into a hidden crypt. This seemingly derelict temple, turned out to house an extended underground vault, with an array of age-old Indian scriptures. Helena’s face beamed with delight.

“Ages ago”, her hosts explained, “a hand-full of spiritual masters fled India with these treasures, intent on hiding them from the increasingly barbaric leaders of humanity, who strove to wipe out this divine knowledge. To this day, a few chosen masters have safeguarded this vast treasure. Once every century, they choose a suitable representative from the west, to try and steer the materialistic western culture into a different direction. They looked deeply into her eyes and said, “this time *you* are this *chosen soul*. Your arrival here wasn’t accidental. You were led here by your sub-conscious, which is aware of your earthly mission.”

Perhaps Helena had expected and envisioned much, but certainly not this. She gladly yielded to the Hidden Master’s wishes. For several months, she spent all of her time in the secret library. Every page Helena read was instantly recorded into her photographic memory. Eagerly she devoured the age-old, faded scriptures that related how man was purely spirit in ancient times. In its desire for adventure, this pure spirit created physical matter, and intent on animating it, had entered into a long descendant from the pure ethereal realms into the mundane. Helena was enraptured as she read how man, at the dawn of human history, had been blessed with a cyclopean eye or third eye, which enabled him to perceive the subtle realities, see into the future and read minds. As man evolved materially and intellectually, this active third eye, the pineal gland, had gradually atrophied, causing him to lose his extraordinary psychic powers. The texts predicted however, that future humanity would slowly but surely regain these magical abilities.

“Wow.” As she looked up from the pages, her mind started drifting into several directions. Then she came across a peculiar paragraph that would dramatically alter the course of human history. It declared that man’s evolution takes place on seven different planets, each time in seven epochs, each containing seven Leading Cultures. “Sounds like a Russian doll”, Helena thought. “I wonder in which doll humanity resides these days.” In the following paragraph she found the answer: ‘On the fourth planet, in the fifth epoch—the post Atlantic, or Aryan era—ruled by the fifth Leading Culture: the Anglo-Saxon’. “Well, that’s exactly what it looks like these days, as the sun never sets on the British empire”, Helena mused, as she read the frayed document. And there it was: ‘Out of evolutionary necessity, the pure, intuitive Aryan consciousness, has to be antagonized in the fifth epoch, by the cunning materialism of Jewish morals, which needs to be dealt with and transcended—An inevitable process, that can only be hastened by the dissemination of spiritual knowledge’.

“Go to New York now”, her masters told her. “There you will find *the Colonel*, together with whom you will establish a society, which will aim at uniting western science with eastern philosophy. We will telepathically stay in touch with you and guide your actions. Good luck!”

Obviously impressed, Helena decided to accept her apparent fate. In 1875 she sailed from Bombay to America. The country was deeply engrossed in the clutches of the earth-shattering discoveries of Charles Darwin and his theory of evolution through *natural selection*, or *survival of the fittest*.

As she disembarked in New York, a tall man with a thick beard lingered on the quay. He



seemed to be waiting for somebody. “Are you *the Colonel?*”, she asked him.

“Yes”, the man replied. “Colonel Alcott, I’ve been waiting for you.”

“Thank you very much, and nice to meet you. I guess the Hidden Masters have recruited us to shed some light on this darkness?!”

“Yes, my lady, things are bad. Modern science has excluded even the faintest hint of spirituality. In intellectual circles, it is now widely accepted that it’s impossible for genetically degenerated parents to beget a morally sound human being. While scientists just determined that evolution was a rather random process, the elite, especially the royals, who have been obsessed with the purity of their bloodlines for ages, drew their own misguided conclusions. Realizing that the lower classes multiply faster than the upper classes, they resolved that a society of healthy, intelligent citizens, required evolutionary guidance, through Eugenics—The science of improving the human population by controlled breeding.”

“That doesn’t sound much like freedom to me. What ever happened to the American dream?”, Helena exclaimed, smiling.

“Quite right, my lady. So let’s get to work. I have already contacted several other psychics, who are eager to meet you and willing to set up a foundation, as the Hidden Masters have suggested.”

That same year, 1875, the *Theosophical Society* was born.



*Helena Blavatsky*

This initiative deeply resonated with people in the West who were drowning in materialism. Especially the new generation of German mystics picked up her lead and carried it on. In 1903, her bestseller *The Secret Doctrine* was translated into German and published in Vienna.

Instantly a widespread network of occult, or secret societies emerged, all aimed at fusing science and religion. Viennese occultists like Lanz von Liebenfels, Guido von List and Rudolf Steiner, founded mystical lodges with names like *the Guido von List Society*, *Ordo Templi Orientis* and *Ordo Novi Templi*, funded by wealthy Viennese industrialists. The initiates of these societies feverishly worked at constructing a completely new *spiritual technology*, based not upon mathematics, but on *mathe-magic*.

A multitude of new energy forms bearing the most exotic names were discussed and

combined with telepathy, healing with magnets, the subtle bodies of the human being and the notion of thoughts representing a *psycho-physical energy*. Even efforts to cancel out gravity weren't left out from their repertoire. Medieval *magic* was taken off the shelf and subjected to fresh theoretical explanations. The edges of contemporary science were thoroughly stretched and even fundamentally questioned. Some circles were altruistically motivated. Other, more obscure societies, tried to control these supernatural forces for their own rather sinister ends.

Occultist Lanz von Liebenfels, member of the Ordo Templi Orientis and the Primitive Rite of Memphis and Mizraim, founded the Ordo Novi Templi society. This lodge, like the popular Guido von List Society, fused Theosophical concepts with an extended Aryo-Germanic cosmology, modern philosophy, the science of Darwin, Eugenics and Nietzsche's Übermensch philosophy. The moral code of their story, implied that the curse of the industrial revolution and the development of the intellect at the expense of natural intuition, were the outcome of a degenerative process in the blood. Inferior genes, injuring its vital life force, they argued, had contaminated the once pure Germanic blood. Because of this reason, they said, the Germans were unable to resist the cunning, immoral, rationalistic Jews, who oppressed the noble, hardworking Germans by merely shuffling paper in their capitalistic ways. Many Austrians clearly remembered the Viennese stock market crash of 1873, in which the working class massively lost its hard-earned money to the wealthy Jewish bankers and their traders. According to Lanz von Liebenfels, the capitalistic Jews were secretly working on subjugating the Germans through their alienating financial and political institutes, exactly like the Romans and Christians had attempted before.

The modern-day Germanic *Grail Knights* however—the seekers of the spirit—would tame the demons of materialism, purify the German blood and restore the Aryan race to its predestined position of 'Führer of humanity'. Through purification of its blood, this race would regain and re-activate its original radiological, electromagnetic faculties, rendering its owners telepathic and omnipresent by sending and receiving electromagnetic signals. Moreover, these reactivated organs would operate a technology, which would turn the German race into a supreme race. They claimed this force to be similar to the force Atlanteans and ancient Aryan tribes had used to empower their mythical airships, the famous *Vimanas*.

An extremely secret core-group inside Ordo Novi Templi, *the Lumenclub*, was assigned the task of applying this mythical Aryan force of nature, which would become the essential spirit of a brand new Germanic cultural era. An era that would gloriously emerge after a final war against the inferior, rational, materialistic and capitalistic races. These races would still be part of society, but only as slaves, destined to serve their godly masters forevermore, in an Aryan Reich. After this final grand apocalyptic war, every Aryan soldier who served the holy cause, would be rewarded a large farm in the east. A class of holy priests would eventually lead the people into Valhalla, *the Realm of the Electron—the Holy Grail*. Vienna would become the magnificent epicenter of this magical culture.

Anticipating this promising future, the wealthy Lanz von Liebenfels purchased the ancient 'Grail castle' *Werfenstein*. The symbol for victory of the Aryans over the lower races, the swastika, fluttered anxiously from its battlements, high above the mighty Donau River. Dressed in white, the brothers of this *Germanic Society* performed magical rituals in the mystical grove beneath the citadel, in order to invoke the realization of this vision.

Lanz von Liebenfels however, was not merely a dreamer. He actually built magical devices, which he managed to patent. According to the Aryosophic magazine *Ostara*, Aryan Germans would eventually control the unknown energy source that operated these devices, the life force that pervades the universe. Supposedly they were the only ones pure enough and closely in tune with nature, to grasp the mysteries of the universe, and turn them into an energy source that could power-up ships, airplanes and submarines alike. Famous subscribers to this magazine were, among many others, Adolf Hitler, Vladimir Lenin and the numerous *German Culture Societies*, which now began changing their names and rituals to fit their perceived new role as *Germanic Orders*.

# Harsh reality

**REALITY HOWEVER, PROVED TO BE EXCEEDINGLY UNYIELDING. SEATED ON**

his gold leaf adorned throne at the Reichstag in Berlin, Emperor Wilhelm II summoned his brilliant Chancellor Bismarck. “Bismarck, my faithful advisor, thanks to your efforts the idea of a German Union has become an immense success! Introduction of the mandatory education law and the establishment of excellent universities and colleges resulted in Germany being home to the finest engineers in the world. Ever since the German Institute for Psychiatric Research changed its name into the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, and expanded its research into numerous new scientific fields, claiming thousands of patents, our economy has truly taken off. I understand that they intend to list the molecular structures of this earth’s natural substances, in order to produce them synthetically from now on. Do you realize what that means?” He paused, but did not wait for an answer. “Germany will soon be the worlds’ leading economic power! Already our industrial giants like Krupp, Siemens, Mercedes-Benz, Hoechst, BASF and Bayer, are shining examples to the British industry. With their portfolio’s filled to the brim with revolutionary new chemicals, petrochemical and pharmaceutical patents; they are ready to conquer the globe without fear of competition. That’s the good news. The bad news is that they can’t expand without the required raw materials and outlet markets.” He sighed. “My trusted advisor, how do we satisfy our industry’s colossal appetite for coal, oil, hemp, cotton, steel and manganese, without access to any colonies? Sooner or later we will collide with the British or French over natural resources. Our captains of industry are begging me on their knees to build a strong fleet and to drastically expand our territory.”

“With all due respect, my lord”, Bismarck answered, “but I advise you strongly against incurring the wrath of the British! Don’t listen too closely to those megalomaniac tycoons. Other nations already regard our fleet as a point blank provocation. And may I remind you that the only ally we’ve got left is Austria-Hungary, which has quite a weak army? I suggest that we strengthen our ties with the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan’s domain includes most of the Middle East, and is a huge potential market for our products, with an almost unlimited supply of oil to satisfy our industries’ thirst.”

“Good thinking Bismarck!” said the emperor. “I will send a delegation to Istanbul shortly.”

The forest ranger, who was twenty-three years old by now, was discharged from military service around the same time. He knew only one desire: to return to the forest as soon as possible. Fortunately his dad managed to get him a job as a junior ranger for count Rudolph von Abensberg-Traun.

The forest was beautiful and also swarming with poachers. The old ranger regularly

turned a blind eye, as he could do without the trouble. His new mate however, was a bit more conscientious. Whenever he noticed a snare, he would climb a tree and wait for the poacher to return to collect his catch. With his hunting rifle at the ready, the junior ranger would holler, "Get the hell out of here with your snares! Next time I'll report you to the police!"

After a while the poachers got sick and tired of this. "That brat is asking for a good thrashing!" one said to the other in the flickering light of the campfire, eagerly licking his fingers, dripping with rabbit grease.

When he returned home that night after a long tour of inspection, junior was suddenly grabbed and strangled from behind. "Let go of me!" he screamed. The next moment he felt the sharp edge of a poacher's knife at his throat.

"Don't ever touch my snares again, or I'll kill you!" the poacher scowled, grunting in a low voice, before releasing him with the warning, "And don't turn around if you value your life!"

Pale as death and with shaky knees, the junior ranger staggered home. For days on end he didn't dare to leave his house, let alone enter the forest. He stayed in bed, full of doubt. "Perhaps dad was right in trying to discourage me from becoming a forest ranger", he fretted. But then he braced himself and went looking for a new ranger-job in another, more remote forest. Eventually he found his dream job with the German prince Adolph zu Schaumburg-Lippe, who governed a large, very secluded hunting estate in the Steiermark. These astonishingly beautiful hunting domains, were mostly kept in their original, virtually pristine condition. They even contained precious types of wood that had long disappeared elsewhere. The district intersected with a network of amazingly clear brooks and lakes, with an abundant trout population. For weeks on end, the ranger roamed through his new work environment. He followed deer to their lair, noticed where wild boars drank and observed courting birds on their mating grounds.

Year after year, the ranger fulfilled his duty with immense pleasure. When his work was done, he would occasionally go for a drink at the local pub. There he met a pretty young lady, named Maria, who was drinking tea with her friends. Her natural, classy appearance with her firm, somewhat rustic manners impressed him deeply, as he loathed the sophisticated behavior of most of the city girls. Talking led to mutual affection and later a passionate dance. After this memorable evening, they met up for several weeks while a sense of anticipation grew each time.

One evening the ranger mustered up his courage and invited her outside. By the moonlit waterfront, he kissed her eagerly. In the weeks that followed, he took her to the most romantic places in the forest and showed her all the extraordinary phenomena he had discovered. She admired him when he spoke so passionately about his love of nature. Deeply in love, the two of them decided to get married in a little while.

Against the young ranger's will, this obviously had to be done in church. To make matters worse, he had to take a vow to stay with her forever! The ranger shuddered.

However, their honeymoon, spent in a tent in the breathtakingly beautiful Upper Austrian forests, was a lot more to his liking.

## The mad farmer

**ON HIS WAY BACK FROM THE FOREST, THE RANGER OFTEN PASSED AN OLD** farmstead. People in the village ridiculed the farmer who lived there. This only triggered the ranger's curiosity. Not because he was particularly fond of agriculture, but because he was intrigued by the fact that this supposedly *mad* farmer, was harvesting such abundant and healthy yields. One could see right away that his soil was far richer than those of his neighbors. The ranger heard stories of how he plowed and harrowed differently and sowed on different days than the other farmers. He never went to church, for which the villagers resented him deeply. Neither was he ever seen in the pub, where his colleagues discussed their daily trials and tribulations over a pint of beer. No one ever asked him for advice, nor did he ever explain to others why he was doing things differently. He never had trouble with his farm hands, because whoever didn't follow his instructions to the letter, was fired immediately. Even so, hardly anyone left his service voluntarily.

The only exception was his son who attended the Academy of Agriculture. They had frequent, often less gentle collisions.

One day the ranger passed the mad farmer's farm at dusk. Following a hunch, he boldly entered the farmyard, curious to hear the old farmer's story. First he ran into the somewhat unpleasant son. He asked for the old man. "Just around the corner", the son gestured. "Just holler and you'll find him."

The ranger followed his instructions and walked to the back of the barn. There he found the old man, standing next to a wooden barrel filled with what appeared to be about three or four buckets of ordinary water. He was bent over, singing into the water, while stirring it with a wooden spatula. What he sang wasn't a recognizable melody, but a scale, sung in peculiar vowels. Upon stirring left, his pitch rose slowly. When stirring right, he would let the vibration diminish to a low base. The old man was so deeply immersed in his ritual, that he didn't notice the approaching ranger. After observing the old farmer for a while, the curious ranger took a closer step to see what the barrel contained. As far as he could see, it was plain and clear water. After a little while, the old man noticed him. He kindly nodded and simply went on stirring. The astonished ranger kept watching the farmer and the barrel. Then he noticed the farmer was crumbling small pieces of clay into the water as he sang. "Thank God everything comes to an end", the ranger thought, barely able to stand the awkward singing. Finally the old man removed the spatula and said, "There, that's done. Now it can quietly ferment." The ranger nodded, as if it was the most normal thing in the world. He nodded yes again, when the farmer offered him a drink of homemade

apple cider. Carefully, the old man wiped his hands at his apron and they walked to the house.

A few minutes later, the farmer emerged from the cool cellar with a pitcher of cider in his hands. With the words, “Enjoy it!” he gave him a full mug. Suddenly he asked, “Do you also think I’m mad, like all the others?”

“I don’t care what they think”, answered the ranger strategically. “But what do you use that water for if I may ask?”

“I believe that every life-form is actually an evolved piece of earth”, the farmer said mysteriously. “The earth is the source of all life. God created Adam from clay. This means that it’s also the source of all electric and magnetic forces in nature. Good soil has a naturally high voltage. By stirring the water into a vortex, I generate a strong current in the water, which later on reacts with the sun rays. Out of this, *life* is able to emerge.” An astonished ranger sharpened his ears.

“First I harrow the soil with a wooden harrow. Then I use a rod to sprinkle the fields with the blessed water, right before the first rays of dawn. Thus I bless the field.

Soon after that, the heating sunrays start to evaporate the water. The female substances remain however, forming a very subtly meshed, violet net across the soil, also called *earth hymen*. From all directions its fertile radiation attracts *fertilizing* energies. It’s a finely meshed hide, that only permits the subtlest sun rays to pass through, keeping the soil cool and moist at a temperature of around 4° Celsius, even in high summer. This is the temperature most suitable for the germination of seeds”, the farmer explained.

“You’re not a farmer, you’re more like a magician!” the ranger exclaimed.

The old man just grinned and said: “For one who understands the forces of nature, ‘miracles’ are child’s play!”

## Oil = power

**“WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, SIR ADMIRAL?” KING EDWARD VII ASKED** Winston Churchill in his palace on the Thames.

“By that I mean, that we have to convert our entire fleet to *oil*”, the admiral explained. “Currently it takes five hundred men five days to restock a warship with coal. If we convert to oil, it would only take twelve men and one day’s work! Furthermore, an oil-fired ship can sail a distance four times longer than using coal. It emits highly reduced smoke signals and it only takes half an hour to fire up the engines, instead of four hours when we use coal. This may sound strange, but I predict that oil will be the fuel of the future! Whoever controls the oil wells, controls the world. We can possess all the colonies and battleships in the world, but without oil the British Empire is dead. Controlling the oil

wells should be the spear point of our foreign policies!”

“*Hmm*, well ok, I’ll discuss it with the ministers some time”, said the king, barely convinced. His gaze roamed to the other side of the table and he said in his most posh English, “So my dear Lord Rothschild, have you seen the German products at the World Fair?”

“For sure!” Rothschild replied. “Their patents make a mockery of our achievements and their export figures will soon outnumber our own! The head of the Secret Service just told me that they’ve established close ties with the Ottoman Empire, in order to expand their markets. They’ve already built rail tracks to Istanbul and are negotiating with the Sultan, aiming to expand all the way from Berlin to Baghdad. It’s my impression that those Germans also have realized that oil is the fuel of the future!”

“High time to throw a healthy spanner into the German works”, king Edward commented arrogantly. “I want the Secret Service to come up with a plan to solve the German problem once and for all! But they have to come up with something better than funding a Russian revolution, like they did in 1905. That was a proven disaster!”

In Saint Petersburg, Czar Nicholas II, who just escaped from an assault on his life, summoned the legendary faith healer Rasputin. Dressed in his black robe, Rasputin knelt beside the bed and murmured his prayers. Then he sat down on a chair. “My dear advisor”, the Czar asked. “From which direction do you think the bullet came?” without pausing, he immediately continued “Should I start a war with Germany?”

“Don’t be concerned with Germany”, Rasputin said in his low, comforting voice.



*The new forest*





*Czar Nicolas II*

“It’s a peaceful country and your wife, the Czarina, is German. God knows wars never solve anything.”

“*Hmm...*, well the head of the Secret Service, Fjodor, tells me something entirely different. “Bring him in!” A man in a black hat and long coat entered. “Have a seat. What do you think about the situation?” the Czar anxiously asked.

“Germany poses an enormous threat!” the head of the Secret Service immediately answered. “Sooner or later they’ll come looking to us for oil. The Austrian-Hungarians form an even greater danger, as they are planning to expand their empire further into the Balkans, which crosses our own plans for that region. They’ve already snatched Bosnia and Herzegovina right from under our noses and they’re not finished yet. We’ve got to stop them before we lose our chance to an ice-free port in the Mediterranean, which is crucial for the continuation of our expanding exports.” He scratched his head in response to the strongly disapproving glance of the powerful priest, before further unfolding an ingenious scheme. “We’ve constructed a plan for a closer allegiance with Serbia by emphasizing our common Slavic ethnicity through a *Slav Welfare Committee*, which will promote what we call *pan-Slavism*.” Barely taking time to breathe, he continued to explain the plan in great detail.

When he was done, the Czar, who had listened carefully, said, “You’re absolutely right my friend. Peter the Great’s old dream should finally come true!”

Back in Austria, the forest ranger enjoyed his breakfast. While flipping through his newspaper he noticed an article about the world famous electrical engineer Nicola Tesla—The great inventor who provided New York with the first electric street lighting in the world. ‘Tesla builds tower for the transmission of *Free Energy*’, the headline read. Curiously he read on: ‘After having undertaken numerous experiments with the generation of artificial lightning, mister Tesla now plans to build a tower in New York for the transmission of electrical energy for the user, through the air. He calls this *Free Energy*.’ Sipping coffee, the ranger read the entire article with great interest.

Lord Rothschild sat at his heavy chestnut desk at the Bank of England, in banking district the *City of London*, and just finished reading that very article. “That Tesla-fellow is starting to be a pain in the ass”, the lord complained to Henry Deterding, president of Royal Dutch Shell.

“Right”, Deterding agreed. “If we let him carry on, he may well cause the entire oil market to collapse. I better get on the phone with our good friend JP Morgan in New York, to see how we’re going to deal with this.”

At this point other species of the British elite joined in, pulling up chairs around



*Tesla's Wardencliffe Tower*

the conference table, smoking, shuffling papers and mumbling in low voices. When everyone was seated, the head of the Secret Service started to speak: “My lords, these are dark times for the British Empire. Since the turn of the century, a disastrous financial policy has rendered investments in the economy hopelessly inadequate. A sad state of affairs, which has given the German empire a chance to take over our position as industrial leader of the world. Emperor Wilhelm is very successful with his German Customs Union. He charges high import- and export taxes and invests all the money in education, an extended railway network and a modern oil-fired fleet. In just a few decades, the fragmented patchwork of German-speaking kingdoms has become a union of world stature, producing the best music, philosophy, physics, chemistry, and technology, thus sustaining the most powerful economy in the world.” He paused to savor the attention of his captivated audience. “We should consider nations to be like people, with their own psyche and dreams. France has always been our archenemy, as you all know very well. We have always been aware of her dreams and thwarted them. But the environment has changed. We need to admit that we know very little of the grand dreams of this fresh, young and ambitious actor, that places itself so audaciously on the European stage. If this German excellence would be coupled to the vast natural resources of Asia, we don’t need to leave much to the imagination as to what could happen. Think of Russia, the Ottoman Empire, and their oil. An invincible continental rival will emerge, and our fleet would

stand powerless against them.” He paused dramatically and said, “With all that’s left of our remaining strength, we have to prevent this deadly *Eurasian Embrace!*”

This had the desired effect. “Prevent them from getting their hands on the oil!” king Edward shouted in a hostile way.

“In that case they’ll undoubtedly develop alternatives like Tesla is doing”, Deterding, the *Napoleon of oil*, stated rather matter-of-factly. “The German Reich has the best engineers, but lacks oil. They will not only find alternatives, but also aspire to rule the world with them, it’s inevitable!”

“We’ve got to stop them!” King Edward kept whining. “We can’t just sit idle while the British Empire is dying! We’ve got to think about our children!”

“And do you think Kaiser Wilhelm has no children?” blurted the head of the Secret Service, who couldn’t bear the sentimental outbursts of the king. Regaining his composure, he said rather dryly, “If we want to stop Germany, we’ve got to act now. They’ve already negotiated with the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire for the construction of a railway from Berlin to Baghdad. We all know this means unlimited oil. Despite our diplomatic acts of sabotage, the railway has already reached Mosul in Kurdistan. The final pathway to Baghdad passes right through the world’s largest oilfields. The Germans have succeeded in negotiating the right to drill for free oil in a stretch of twenty kilometers on both sides of the tracks in return for constructing the railway!”

“They’ve gone too far!” Lord Rothschild interrupted. “It’ll just be a matter of time before they rule the entire Middle East, and we’ll be left to play second fiddle.”

“Indeed my Lord”, the head of the Secret Service said with a shrewd smile. “My sentiments exactly. To add insult to injury, France has now befriended Russia, of course with oil in the back of its mind. They’ve granted the Czar huge loans to build an extended railway network in Russia and are negotiating the construction of a railway from Paris to Moscow!”

“We’ve got to act fast!”, the King exclaimed, nervously tapping the table with his fingers. “The *balance of power* needs to be restored, right now!”

“And how would you propose to accomplish that?”, future prime-minister Churchill demanded. Thanks to the numerous rebellions in the colonies, our treasury is frightfully empty!”

“My Lords, mind your hearts!”, the head of the Secret Service cheerfully came to their rescue. “We’ve compiled a group of the best Oxford and Cambridge professors and students to do the thinking for us! May I introduce to you *the Group of the Round Table!?*” Applause from the attendants.

“But...,” Churchill wanted to protest.

“Don’t panic”, the head of the Secret Service interrupted. “They’re all sworn to secrecy. The group has devised a radical plan to secure the Empire’s leading position far into the next century. Cecil Rhodes, the floor is yours.”



Cecil Rhodes in Rhodesia

“Gentlemen, if you please”, Cecil Rhodes, president of the South African gold mines and chairman of *the Group of the Round Table*, began to speak. “You’ll understand that a grand war is unavoidable. The German navy is already acting as the ruling master of the North Sea!” Approving murmurs from around the table. “Our geopolitical scientists have devised a radical plan that will cause Germany, France and Russia to destroy each other, while we occupy the oilfields of the Middle East. As you all know, we live in a dualistic world. A pole always needs counter-polarity, so that movement can emerge out of the tension between the two. I’m referring to the fact that the British Empire needs a controllable adversary. An artificial counter-pole, so to speak. With the help of a grand war and the resulting revolutions, we’ll divide Europe, and especially Germany, into two halves that will function as each other’s counter-pole. This dichotomy will then prevent the dreaded *Eurasian Embrace*, and provide Britain with unheard of economic and geopolitical possibilities at the same time. When it comes to financial power, the British Empire needs to be restructured into a streamlined, modern superpower. The money-sucking colonies have to be privatized. In order to secure the supply of cheap natural resources, we’ll make them financially dependent, by providing them large loans which they’ll never be able to redeem.”

“But the colonies are an essential part of the British Empire!” the king protested pathetically.

“Much too inefficient!” Rhodes cut him off resolutely. “The system of economically dependent *client states*, which our economists have devised, provides us with the same advantages, but without the trouble of uprisings and the like. This is how it works: One by one we grant the colonies independence. Then we provide huge loans to the new governments for infrastructural projects like railroads and seaports. This will actually help us to transport the natural resources cheaply. At the same time these monster loans are the invisible strings through which we control the freshly installed puppets. It will give us the power to demand that they open up their economies to *free trade*, eliminating all irritating taxes and costs. This way we’ll be able to lay our hands on natural resources cheaply, without the expenses of a costly occupational army!” He flashed a smile, and paused to

give his audience time to comprehend the brilliance of his plan.

“Only economists could come up with something as unholy as that!” king Edward sighed, “but I’ve got to admit it’s ingenious! Of course this has to remain secret, we can never admit to the public or other heads of state, that we simply declare war on Germany without a plausible pretext.”

“Quite true”, the head of the Secret Service continued, “In order for the plan to succeed, it’s of vital importance that we gain control of Serbia. One of our relations, a British ex-general, is already over there, advising their military command. A nationalistic *terror cell* has been set up by one of our agents. Using this terrorist cell, we plan to provoke a war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. This will result into a military chess game, or rather a game of dominos! Russia will stand by Serbia, honoring their *pan-Slavic* doctrine. Germany will rush to the aid of its only ally, Austria-Hungary. At this point France will grab the chance to attack Germany, their age-old enemy, counting on the help of their ally Russia. The Ottomans will come to Germany’s rescue, only to find Russia blocking them. And so forth...

Eventually all these nations will be exhausted by war, affecting their military as well as their economy. This is when we move in to deliver the final blow, If we play our cards right, our pretext to join the war will be Belgium’s neutrality. In case of an attack, Germany only has one single military plan ready, the so-called *Von Schlieffen Plan*. This defense strategy presumes that only France and Russia, who’ve become military allies, pose a threat. In case of an attack by Russia, the Germans will march to Paris, circumventing the *Maginot Defenses* on the French-German border. In order to do so, they’ll have to take a northern route, crossing through neutral Belgium. This act of violating Belgium’s neutrality will create an international outrage that will give us the moral grounds to declare war against the evil perpetrators. However, we won’t intervene right away. First we’ll occupy the Ottoman oilfields in the Middle East, in order to cut off Germany’s oil supply.

As you can well imagine, a modern war with tanks and submarines stands or falls with a steady supply of oil. The key to world domination is no longer a strong navy, but rather control of the oilfields. The gateway to this promised land is Jerusalem, strategically positioned between the largest oilfields in the world, the Mediterranean sea, the Suez Canal and the Balkans; the bridge between Europe and Asia. Our geopolitical specialists have suggested occupying and transforming this city and surrounding area into a permanent military base, defended by an intensely patriotic race, which will be forever loyal to us. For example the *Zionist Jews*. This new Jewish state, would be supervised by a neutral, international League of Nations, in other words: *us*.”



Lord Rothschild



J.D. Rockefeller

“Fantastic!” Lord Rothschild called out enthusiastically. “Long Live Zionism! Ehh...” he swallowed, “you’re not expecting *me* to pay for this whole enterprise, do you?”

“Of course not”, said Cecil Rhodes. “The American will taxpayer will foot the bill!”

“The American taxpayer?” Churchill was at a loss.

“Mind you”, Cecil said again, “this is a very ingenious plan. Our agents JP Morgan, *the King of Wall Street* and JD Rockefeller, *the Richest man in America*, have already agreed to our plan, as I outlined it. In close collaboration with the Morgan banking syndicate of New York, a plot has been hatched out to privatize the American financial system, which means that from this point onwards the government will have to borrow its money from a Central Bank. This *private* bank, the Federal Reserve, will be owned by our dear friends Morgan and Rockefeller.” He looked round the circle triumphantly, his eyes meeting broad grins. “This scheme, my friends, will in effect restore our control of the American government, which, as you all know, we lost during the American Revolution!” Rhodes looked around the circle to assess the effect of his words, before adding shrewdly, “My Lords, this war will be an excellent chance to refill our coffers!”

“I can vouch for that!”, Lord Rothschild joined in with a wink. Everyone at the table knew the story of how Rothschild had accumulated his fortune through deception.

“Morgan has suggested to issue *Freedom Bonds* right at the onset of the war, to help finance it”, Rhodes continued. “He will grant loans to all parties in the war. Not only will this double his fortune, but both winners and losers alike will be completely dependent on our New York and London banks. Thus, the *City of London* remains the spider in the international web!” Everyone present listened attentively as Cecil Rhodes presented *the plan of the Group of the Round Table*. When he was done he said, “This war will produce a *new world order* which will re-instate Britain’s ruling position!” Murmurs of approval arose in the hall and heated discussions began to erupt around the table.

Not too long after this meeting, a series of negative newspaper articles appeared in the British media, highlighting the danger of ‘German militarism’. Those who didn’t know better, would almost believe they were describing the biggest, blood-thirstiest criminals

ever, who surely wouldn't hesitate to convert the entire world into one vast, ghastly, inhumane dictatorship.

The rumors about the upcoming war dominated the Viennese grand cafes. With the most recent article spread out on the table, the intellectuals were criticizing the British press. "This can only mean a catastrophe!" one said.



*J.P Morgan, attacking a journalist*

"We'll show those damn capitalists a trick or two!" said another.

"They want a *one world government!*" shrieked a seemingly psychotic lad with a high-pitched voice, who was in fact a history student.

"That's completely insane!", cried a middle-aged, grayish man from the other end of the table. He was a well-known psychologist.

"Really? Why don't you give him your telephone number", the ranger said jokingly and everybody burst into laughter.

"So what makes you think I'm insane?" the student demanded.

"Because you believe in conspiracy theories!", said the psychologist, "It's like a mental disorder, like being completely delusional."

"So what about a gang of train robbers? Don't they conspire to plan their crime?" the student asked rhetorically.

"Well, that's something entirely different", the psychologist answered.

"Not if you notice the similarity between train robbers and politicians!" the student laughed triumphantly. "Check this out..." he pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his leather bag. "This is a cartoon from a newspaper in 1890. *Rearrangement of Europe after the Grand War*, it reads. Here you can see how Austria-Hungary is cut up into pieces entirely and where Russia is supposed to be it says, *wasteland for socialist experiments.*"

"That's really funny", the ranger said.

"It looks funny now", the history student agreed, "but we won't be laughing very long."

"So you take this map quite seriously?"

“I have reason to believe that this map originated from a secret elitist group, originally known as *The Illuminati*.”

“And who are those people?”

“One of several groups of very clever and very wealthy people who think they know what’s best for humanity”, the student answered rather sarcastically. “Originally, the notorious Illuminati of Bavaria were against the tyranny of the Catholic church and the nationalistic governments it supported. Adam Weishaupt, the founder, declared in 1776: ‘Man is not bad, except as he is made so by arbitrary morality. He has been perverted by Religion, the State and bad examples. When at last reason becomes the religion of man, so will the problem be solved.’” The entire table listened intently. Feeling encouraged, the student added, “To avoid persecution by the authorities, they swore to secretly strive for a better world, using all means available to them: ‘The wise ought to take all the means to do good, which the wicked take to do evil’.” The student smiled, and looked around the table to see if people were still listening. When this was the case, he continued, “These means include lies, deception, murder and war. The end justifies the means. It is all in the name of a better, centrally ruled socialist world, if you will. But what is *good*? The wet dream of the wealthy? And does the end really justify the means? How much good can be expected of a secret order, founded in 1832, that calls its American chapter ‘Skull and Bones’?”

“So do you suppose they have a hand in world events as they are unfolding today?”

“These elites, preferring to work in private, are rarely found posing before photographers. Their influence on events therefore has to be deducted from what is known of the agencies they employ. At times capitalism and communism will appear to be in conflict, but their interests are common ground, and will eventually merge in favor of a one-world control.”

June 28<sup>th</sup> 1914 brought war. On that morning, a Bosnian-Serbian student named Gabriel Princip, member of the pan-Slavic *Black Hand Society*, shot the Austrian-Hungarian heir to the throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, in Sarajevo. Ferdinand had just embarked on a car tour through the Bosnia-Herzegovinian capital when suddenly he noticed a hand grenade coming at him. Like an accomplished baseball player, he jumped up from his seat, caught the hand-grenade and threw it behind the automobile. With a loud bang the hand-grenade exploded underneath the following car. Huge clouds of smoke and panic all over. Three security officers appeared wounded and were hurried to the infirmary. The perpetrator, one of the seven *Black Hand* members positioned along the route of the tour, swallowed his British cyanide capsule. When he realized it didn’t work, he jumped into the river and drowned.





*Archduke Franz Ferdinand and wife*



*Gavrilo Princip*

“This is going nowhere”, a nervous, heavily sweating Princip told his mate, when he saw the place was suddenly swarming with police officers. “Let’s grab a beer in the Sandwich Bar on the corner over there.”

The archduke however, wasn’t going to be chased away from Sarajevo that easily. If he ever hoped to rule this country, he needed to show some backbone. Stubbornly he set out to continue the tour. “Don’t you feel any compassion for your officers?” his wife reproached him in an angry tone, but in reality she wanted to leave the scene as quickly as possible.

“That would indeed be a gesture befitting a future head-of-state”, the archduke answered, appearing mild-mannered in his pale blue suit. “Chauffeur, drive us to the hospital!”

The driver did as ordered and maneuvered the car into a side street, halting briefly to study the map. At that instant, Princip just happened to exit the Sandwich Bar. When he saw the archduke’s car at a standstill right in front of him, completely unprotected, he didn’t hesitate. He drew his pistol and fired three fatal shots, killing both, the archduke and his wife.

Immediately riots erupted in Austria, and Serbian shops became the main target for severe ravaging and looting. Because of a possible Russian involvement, the Austrian emperor only dared take action against tiny Serbia, after he had secured German support. The German Emperor could not afford to lose his last remaining ally.

Two weeks later, Austria-Hungary issued Serbia an ultimatum. Serbia was to grant Austrian policemen immediate access to their territory to investigate the background of the murder. If they wouldn’t comply, Austria-Hungary would attack.

But Serbia couldn’t possibly agree to this demand. It would reveal that the leader of the Russian-financed *Black Hand*, was simultaneously the head of the Serbian Secret Service.

## World War One

**ON JULY THE 28<sup>th</sup>**, EXACTLY ONE MONTH AFTER THE ASSAULT AND SOME weeks after the birth of Viktor’s son Walter, the Austrian army invaded Serbia. With a crying baby in the background, the ranger read the headlines in the newspaper: ‘ALL RESERVISTS ARE

## CALLED TO ARMS’.

With a heavy heart, the ranger bade his wife and newborn child farewell. Contrary to the optimists, who thought they would be home *with the falling of the leaves*, he suspected worse. While hoisting the cannons on the train wagons, an announcer announced: “Fellow countrymen... Today Austria-Hungary has officially declared war on Russia... All army units are being mobilized.” Some of the soldiers were getting nervous; it felt like a bad dream. As if on automatic pilot they started collecting clothes and shaving gear, and writing letters to their spouses. When they were handed knapsacks and long rifles with bayonets, the reality of the situation sank in.

An officer addressed the men: “Gentlemen, the fate of our beloved fatherland lies in your hands. Tomorrow you will be transported to Galicia, in the eastern part of the empire. There you’ll dig yourselves into trenches, and wait for the approaching Russians. May God be with you!”

The ranger couldn’t help himself and blurted out, “And why would God help us kill each other?” Shocked, the officer looked deeply into the ranger in the eyes for a moment, but chose to ignore the remark. The latter quickly left the scene and went to help boarding the horses onto the wagons.

Two days later, on a seemingly endless steam train, the regiment was unloaded in Galicia, from where they continued on foot to the place where the Austrian army would entrench. Horse carts transported the cannons. Stationed on the high grounds of the Carpathians, the soldiers saw the Russians approaching across the plains, through their telescopes. The cavalry, with ferocious looking Cossacks up front, followed by a very sizable infantry. The Austrians couldn’t help but burst out laughing when they saw that almost half of the Russian infantrymen were without rifles and shoes!

“Fire!!....”, cried the commander, as soon as the Russians came into reach of the cannons. The Cossacks kept galloping forward fearlessly, while the infantry started running backwards in disarray, trying to make an outflanking movement. More and more, the poorly armed yet brave Russians, succeeded in surrounding the Austrians. The suspense in the trenches was palpable. The soldiers hastily placed barbed wire between the trees in the surrounding forests, to try and arrest the advance.

While urinating around the corner, the ranger suddenly realized his regiment was all but completely surrounded by the Russians. “Pull back!”, he shouted at the top of his voice.

“Where’s our commander?”, some comrades asked in a panic.

“I don’t care!”, the ranger yelled. “We’re almost cut off from the others. We have to pull back now!” He started to run, and his comrades followed him.

When they reached the rest of the troops, it was clear the ranger had saved his company in the nick of time. The minister of War gave him a medal of honor for his extraordinary courage, and he was promoted to the rank of officer.

Although they suffered extreme losses, the Russians slowly forced the Austrian troops back. The Austrians, who fought with hopelessly outdated weapons as well, likewise perished like flies.

Although the ranger certainly wasn't a coward and spent more time at the front than in the back, he miraculously managed to escape fate's twisted hand. The surrealism of the war stimulated his creativity in a peculiar way, and he came up with all kinds of improvements. When one of his friends died while firing a cannon, he took it personally and felt guilty for not having watched his back. "The artillerists are too dangerously exposed", he fretted. "The cannons should be operated remotely." Even though the cannons were equipped with steel protection plates on each side, they offered too little protection from the rain of bullets the enemy kept firing at them. He imagined a cannon that could be operated from the trench, with the help of a periscope.

When the news arrived that the German troops were on their way to relieve the Austrian-Hungarian army, a sigh of relief went through the ranks. The Germans, with endless bicycle regiments—rolled-up blankets strapped to the handlebars—arrived, and the enemy retreated to regroup. The ranger was allowed to reconstruct one of the cannons by way of experiment. He fiddled around with the cannon night after night, until he produced a working model.

In the early morning hours, a test shot was fired. After a few adjustments... it worked! When the ranger operated the cannon remotely out of a trench, a big cheer arose. "We're going to win the war!", they shouted. "Long live the ranger!"

That day everybody was happy and felt confident about victory. The ranger was granted a war patent for his invention, which he had applied for through his captain. He beamed with pride, as he stood in the trenches and his mates were laughing at him. "What use is a war patent?! Do you really think the enemy isn't going to copy it because you've got the rights? *Há há hááá...*" they laughed. Glad to be able to laugh for once, the ranger laughed along with them. He didn't mind the sudden lift in morale that his invention had caused, and their laughter was his true prize.

At other times, they would listen to his unusual stories and theories with great attention. "It's all about the money boys. The whole goddamn war!", he sometimes said in frustration. "The only reason we're trudging through the mud, is because some competitive capital investment groups thought it was necessary to set half the world on fire, so they could make more profit! Even the most violent animals don't do things like that, because they are in touch with their intuition. Man however, developed his intellect and began inventing technical devices that aren't found in nature, and thus were scarce. This scarcity resulted in a demand, a trade and a commercial-class, which accumulated vast amounts of money. *They* are the real enemies—the ones that pull the strings without having been elected, without the public even remotely being aware of them. The biggest turds always float upwards the quickest!" Consenting rounds of laughter arose from his comrades.

A soldier agreed angrily. He had just read the bestseller *About the future* by Walter

Rathenau, son of the founder of the AEG conglomerate which serviced the street lighting in many cities, “They should fight their own bloody wars!” In his book the future-minister of Foreign Affairs elaborated in-depth on how the world was run by about three hundred oligarchical families who knew each other intimately and were using any kind of legal and illegal means to increase their powers.

“The problem is that trade and politics are too closely intertwined”, the ranger said. “Since the Age of Reason, we separated politics and religion, but that clearly didn’t solve the problem! If we could only prevent the rich from exerting influence with their money, the world would certainly be a lot more peaceful.”

Panting heavily, a corporal came running in, without giving himself time to catch his breath he shouted, “France has invaded the *Ruhrgebiet*! Germany immediately set up a counterattack and is marching through neutral Belgium towards Paris! Britain has mobilized and has announced a reintroduction of the military draft, so they’ll soon have close to six million men up in arms!” Hearing this news, the soldiers became very nervous.

Two days later, Britain declared war on the ‘evil empire’ of Germany, and directed a few warships to Flanders to offer the Germans some resistance. The Germans retaliated by gathering the best cannons from their ultramodern battleships in the Baltic. They transported them by train to the Atlantic coast, by way of a warm welcome for the British.

Initially the German war-machine seemed unstoppable. However, in Northern France roughly two million well-armed German soldiers got helplessly stuck in the mud, while facing one and a half million equally well-armed French soldiers. Both parties quickly discovered that the old offensive tactics of attacking the enemy on foot or horse, were hopelessly outdated. The new machine guns mowed down men and horses alike by the dozen, before they got even fairly close to the enemy. The only option left seemed to be the trenches. Quickly the scenery turned into hell on earth. Autumn storms flooded the trenches with water. With no spare dry socks, the soldiers massively contracted *trench foot*. At first their wet feet would swell up, and after a while they would get infected and turn black. Next the toes would fall off and the foot would have to be amputated in order to keep the infection from spreading throughout the rest of the body.

The French tried forcing a breakthrough by spraying nerve gas, but the German land mines remained unaffected, and an entire French company marched to its ruin. The German also started to use nerve gas. From their dug-in holes, the French would see them walk out of the gas clouds. They towered over them in their black wax-capes and gas masks, firing flame-throwers like Satan himself.

This proved to be futile. The French simply supplied gas masks to their men, horses and even dogs. Just when they all had grown used to walking around with a gas mask all day long, the French introduced the use of *biological weapons*. “Germs for the Germans”, they said.

“Nature as a weapon. It had to happen some time!” the ranger thought, when this news reached Galicia. “Those French aren’t so dumb after all.”

As if the devil played with it, the ranger and his artillery regiment were transferred to the French battlefields shortly afterwards. The cannons and horses were loaded onto train wagons and supplemented with a few elephantine German Skoda howitzers.

France was the same deal, except that they were much better armed than the poor barefooted Russians. For what seemed an eternity, the ranger sat in his ingeniously camouflaged, but filthy stinking trench, surrounded by barbed wire. The trenches harbored complete field kitchens, where the men guzzled thin onion soup.

The days turned into months as they waited for the enemy to come up with a new kind of weapon. Slowly, everyone seemed to go mad from fear, the stench and the unbearable monotony. Soldiers started talking to themselves and grew wild-eyed. In some remote machine-gun-nests, the men grew so lonely, that they befriended rats and cockroaches, giving them names and treating them like pets. How the ranger managed to survive that hellhole was a mystery, even to himself. All around him, his comrades gave up one by one. They simply died of psychological exhaustion. His own brain started to run around in ever smaller growing circles, “So this is where our power of reason has brought us”, he thought. “Instead of creating heaven on earth for everyone, it only inspired us to fight each other tooth and nail, in an attempt to secure our own piece of National Heaven. How did man become so deranged? Why are we smart enough to invent all kinds of justifications for war, but are in fact too stupid to maintain the peace? Perhaps we first need to experience what egotism brings us, before we can truly move into another direction?”, his mind kept going around in circles. “But first people have to be willing and ready to think for themselves, instead of blindly running after demagogues. The madness probably won’t stop, until the people realize en masse, how immensely gullible they are and how suggestive the media is.”

Perhaps it was his hope for a better way, which kept him going. The relocation of his regiment to the southern-front in the Italian Alps was a welcome relief. The ranger felt much more at ease in the mountains. Tiptoeing through the forest, he learned from the animal sounds where the enemy was hiding. Then he would redirect the cannon, and *boom!*... another dozen French or Italian soldiers on their way to meet their maker.



*Rasputin*

The year of 1916 brought about a change. David Lloyd George, member of *The Group*, was elected British prime minister. His first courses of action were appointing several *roundtable members* to high positions and organizing a secret conference about the Middle East. Maps were laid out on the table and with a few strokes of his golden fountain pen, Lloyd George divided the entire Middle East between the main allied nations. Like a bone thrown to a dog, the badly beaten French were given the German oil concessions, a quarter of the total. Britain unscrupulously demanded the lion's share, as if claiming her birthright, without having fought one serious battle. Triumphantly, the British troops marched through the gates of Jerusalem.

"We're surely getting rid of the *useless eaters*, but don't you think this war is taking a bit too long?", king Edward asked Montague Norman, the newly appointed head of the Central Bank. With his black hair and black hat, he looked frighteningly pale. "Don't you think we've underestimated the strength of the Germans just a bit? For two years now they have stood their ground, with only four million men against a total of fifteen million allied forces! And those weapons we bought for twenty billion dollar from the US haven't brought us any closer to victory either! On the contrary. Even the Czar is starting to ask himself if it's really worth it, after one million Russian casualties. And his crazy priest is trying to convince him to negotiate peace with the Germans—That's really the last thing we need!"

"That priest Rasputin, has to be eliminated", Norman said without blinking an eye, "and the Czar as well!"

A mysterious British gentleman asked the equally mysterious, ferocious-looking Rasputin, if he would like another vodka, at a reception at the Czar's palace in Saint Petersburg. "*Daaaa!*", the drunk priest hollered, as he was handed the glass. With one gulp he downed the liquor, which was spiked with a tenfold dose of cyanide. He turned around and went about his business with his female admirers, who circled him like flies.

After almost half an hour had passed, the mysterious British gentleman said to his Russian accomplices: “It sure seems like God himself is protecting the bastard! Lure him outside and shoot him.” Some moments later, several bullets shot the holy man down to the ground. He was struggling to get up again. “For heavens’ sake, beat him down with an iron bar if you have to!” suggested the Brit, losing his temper.

The holy man was still alive, when his unconscious body was finally thrown into a hole in the frozen river. The following day his dead body was discovered underneath the ice. The official death cause said *death by drowning*.

Ruling the country in her husband’s absence, the Czarina panicked. Without delay she sent diplomats to Germany, to open peace negotiations. When this was brought to the attention of the British ambassador in Saint Petersburg, he gathered round a group of influential bankers, conservative politicians and disappointed aristocrats and threatened the royal family with revolution. Hearing this, the Czar rushed back to Saint Petersburg. “Find out who those revolutionaries are and send them to Siberia! All of them!”, he ordered Fjodor, the head of the Secret Service.

It was too late however. Only days later, the Czar himself was jailed in his own palace. Wringing his hands in despair, he had to watch how a warmongering puppet regime took office. Meanwhile, the population was hungry and battle-weary. Egged on by a rebellious priest, the first major food riots erupted. When these were responded to with bullets, the frustrated soldiers and factory workers joined them and formed a plebiscite in Saint Petersburg—the first *soviet*. This soviet issued its own resolutions and soon undermined the authority of the official government.

“The perfect moment for our *social experiments* in Russia”. Cecil Rhodes and Rothschild conferred with Rockefeller, whom they were visiting on his private island, just off the coast of the United States. They took part in a conference of the Council on Foreign Relations, the secret American Round Table Group. “We have some Communist revolutionaries waiting in the wings. The Germans have promised to help us in the Russian Revolution, in return for peace on the eastern front.”

Following this resolution, revolutionary Communist agent Trotsky, editor of a marginal Communist newspaper in New York, boarded a passenger ship to Saint Petersburg. Accompanied by 300 trained revolutionaries and in possession of a wad of twenty million dollars from a select group of New York bankers. A second revolutionary Communist agent, Vladimir Lenin, was placed on a sealed train from Zürich to Helsinki, close to Saint Petersburg. Hundred and fifty trained revolutionaries and his own enormous pile of cash accompanied him. Once they arrived in Saint Petersburg, Trotsky and Lenin infiltrated the public meetings of the originally anarchist soviet. In just a few weeks, they managed to manipulate the initiative into a full-blown Communist revolution. Morgan and Rockefeller didn’t waste any time and immediately offered the new rulers large loans for the reconstruction.

“This is getting out of control!” said Prime Minister Churchill to his confidante

Montague Norman of the British Central Bank. “If the Germans manage to get their hands on the oilfields of Baku in the Caucasus, where half of the world’s oil is produced, the last hour of the British Empire is upon us!”

At lightning speed, Churchill directed his troops from Jerusalem to Russian-occupied Baku, in an attempt to block the German’s path to the prize oilfields. This attempt failed miserably; the suddenly fortunate Germans acquired peace in the east and access to virtually unlimited quantities of oil.

“And now, at long last, they will come after us!” king Edward lamented nervously. “I didn’t like the plan from the get go.”

“Let’s not panic”, said Montague Norman unemotional. “It’s time for our trump card.” He picked up the horn of the bakelite telephone in front of him on the green felt-covered desk, and pressed the red button. “Morgan?”

“Yes, hello.”

“Morgan my friend, those Germans are doing a frightful tad too well. We could use some help from the other side of the pond. Our troops are stuck in the Middle East. If you don’t come up with a solution to drag America into this war, the whole financial pyramid will collapse and we’ll all lose our money, as well as our chance to a worldwide empire!”

“*Hmm*, yes... Montague?... listen. This character named Woodrow Wilson, here in the White House in Washington, is a total pain in the ass. He just sails his own course. Remember when we provoked the American entry into the war, by prompting the Germans into torpedoing the Lusitania, the American passenger ship crammed full of weapons? Well that jerk Wilson didn’t even lift a finger. He said, ‘We’re a neutral country and we won’t be dragged into a war by some incident’. Can you believe it?”

“So we need a better incident, which will thoroughly convince the American public to *demand* its entry into the war”, concluded Norman.

“Leave it to me, my friend. I’ll sort this one out”, Morgan promised.

Some weeks later, the phone rang in the White House. It was JP Morgan. “Listen Wilson”, he started. “You know that the Secret Service intercepted a telegram yesterday, proving that the Germans are antagonizing Mexico towards us.”

“Yes, of course I’m aware of that”, Wilson answered, “Why do you ask?”

“It’s on every front page, you idiot!” Morgan bitched. “The masses are screaming for retaliation. We have to strike while the iron is hot! I need you to declare war on Germany right away. They’re already bombarding the ammunition factories in London with their zeppelins! To make things worse, they’re blocking all ammunition supplies to the British with their submarines.” He continued to inform the president about the loans the Wall Street bankers had provided the allies. Casually he mentioned an ‘insignificant’ detail. He told Woodrow that his lawyers had just transferred these bank loans into US government loans, through their privately owned Central Bank, the Federal Reserve.

Woodrow Wilson was trapped. On April 6<sup>th</sup> 1917, he delivered a speech before congress,



declaring war on Germany. The Federal Reserve of JP Morgan and company lent a firm hand by selling *Freedom Bonds* to the American public to the tune of 21,5 billion dollars, to finance their endeavor.

For the first time in their lives, the Germans saw enormous hissing-steel colossuses rolling straight at them. “Run for your life!” they screamed aghast, covered in mud from the trenches. “They’ll bury us alive with their tanks!” Eyes the size of saucers, they scrambled from their trenches, ditched their guns and ran for their lives.

The ranger was retreating as well. Marching with his batallion in Italy, he suddenly heard a ‘click’. ‘*Boooooom!*’, a deafening explosion was heard and the ranger flew through the air, landing sideways on his leg. Apparently he had stepped on a land mine on the side of the road.

“Hospice!... hospice!...”, the ranger moaned painfully. His right leg was numb and bleeding. He tried to crawl, but gave up. Finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, a farmer with a flatbed wagon passed by and took him and his wounded comrades to the infirmary.

“You’ll remain disabled for the rest of your life”, concluded the military surgeon who operated on his leg. “Better apply for a war pension.”

## The German Revolution

**“LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!” THE RANGER CRIED, THROWING HIS HAT UP** in the air, as some 40.000 sailors had just established the first *German soviet* in the northern harbor town of Kiel, on November 4<sup>th</sup> 1918. In doing so, they sidelined the army generals. These generals were determined to launch a final definitive attack on the British, with their still unscathed navy. This uprising spread in no time to other major cities all over Germany. In less than a week, Germany counted 15.000 People’s Assemblies, made up of soldiers, factory workers and farmers, gathering in the town squares for their meetings. In Berlin, the People’s Assembly forced the German emperor to abdicate. Scared stiff, the monarch pulled out his Marks from under the carpet and fled to neutral Holland.

“All cities need to send representatives to a general assembly of all councils, to form a *soviet republic!*”, a burly factory worker in Berlin addressed his comrades. “This is our chance. If we wait too long, the capitalist pigs will surely regain control!”

“*In favoooooor!*”, the unmistakable answer reverberated from a thousand throats across the square. The army generals had to admit they had lost all control over their men. On November 12<sup>th</sup>, they officially surrendered both Austria-Hungary and Germany to the

Allied forces.

In a back room in Berlin, a discussion ensued between two socialist leaders of different parties. “This is all heading in the wrong direction”, one of them said. “Should the people succeed in taking over the reigns, the capitalists will make the best of a bad bargain and move abroad. Thus, the capital will flow out of the country, leaving us without a penny to invest in the economy. We’ve got to get organized and put this revolution on the right track! The people have no *administrative experience* whatsoever. They haven’t got a clue what they got themselves into.”

“I agree. We should make an appeal to all socialists to push for general elections at the People’s Assemblies.” Subsequently all members of socialist unions were told to vote in favor of parliamentary elections or risk losing their social benefits. Before their very eyes, the anarcho-syndicalists, who had manfully taken the lead in the revolution, witnessed the socialists infiltrate the councils and maneuver the idea of a *people’s soviet republic* onto a dead track, re-instituting parliamentary rule.

In revolutionary Munich a similar thing was happening. The communistic Jew Kurt Eisner, a former playwright, had proclaimed the *Free State of Bavaria*. With his comrades, he drove king Ludwig I away. He addressed the People’s Assembly with a passionate speech, “Capitalism has got to go! Brotherly love can never emerge from the struggle for profit!”

Anti-Semitic law student Anton Arco auf Valley’s blood started to boil. Without batting an eye, he drew his pistol and shot the popular leader dead. After Eisner’s bodyguard knocked the murderer down with a crowbar, the student admitted to having received his weapon from a secret order called *the Thule Society*.

At the end of the war, Rudolf von Seebottendorf, a devotee of the extremely nationalistic authors Lanz von Liebenfels and Guido List, had constructed this Munich society. The Thule Society was in fact the rebirth of the old Germanic Society *Walvater of the Holy Grail*, named after the capital of the legendary Nordic continent *Hyperborea*, the motherland of the ancient Aryans—A perfect land, where the sun shone twenty-four-seven, and people lived in millenarian bliss. The Thule Society’s aim was to construct a ‘spiritually’ Greater-German empire, purged of inferior genes. Out of the purified Germanic blood, a super race would evolve. They would use their supernatural powers to actuate a natural, magical technology, called *Vril*. The emblem of the Thule Society was a long old Germanic sword over a radiant swastika, the ancient Aryan symbol for the source of the universe: the fifth element *aether*.

The ‘science’ of the Aryan super race, frightfully resembled the ‘secret science’ of Theosophy, and was called *Aryosophy*. The Aryosophists did not merely discuss Aryan supremacy over coffee though, but diligently worked to achieve it. The necessity of subjection of the immoral Jews required a popular consent, as a first step towards realizing this ideal. Their foremost means to this end was the book, *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. This purported list of minutes of a meeting of Zionists in Basle was published in 1897 by the Russian Secret Service to inform the public as well as their Czar.

It was claimed that a whistle-blowing conspirator had leaked this document, an apparent blueprint for the intended Jewish takeover of the world. During the troubled twenties, this book became a bestseller in both Germany and Austria. The Thule Society translated and distributed these protocols amongst dissatisfied farmers, factory workers, soldiers, teachers and above all students—the nation’s future. Glued to their books, the Germans read how they were in great danger of falling prey to a Jewish-Communist-Freemasonic conspiracy, aimed at humanities’ enslavement.

The alarmed elite joined the Thule Society in large numbers. In a matter of weeks, the society was able to add hundreds of lawyers, judges, professors, aristocrats, captains of industry, doctors, scientists and wealthy businessmen to their members. Even the Catholic Church contributed a holy oar.

The next step for the realization of their vision was the formation of a political party. Their target was the dissatisfaction the Germans felt about foreign interference into their financial affairs by Jewish bankers. This accompanied the widely felt aversion towards their brutal brand of capitalism. And so it was christened the *National-Socialist German Workers Party*.

“The *Schweinehunde!*”, the ranger ranted to his friends in the pub when the news about the event in Munich reached Vienna. “The very moment the beautiful seed of a truly new society starts to grow, the capitalists come in through the socialist backdoor and trample them!”

“What do you mean?”

“I agree”, an anarchist author eagerly supported the ranger. “The word *socialism* was cleverly chosen. Who could be against it? But be ware of its deception. It basically means *all slaves are equal*. People tend to forget that every socialistic program requires a bigger central government, with fewer individual liberties. They also naively believe the socialist leaders to be like angels, always pursuing their highest interests—that they are somehow morally flawless human beings. If they would just pull their heads out of the sand for once, they would see that the wealthy elites hide behind big centralized states, pulling cleverly concealed strings. Those elites would in fact much rather have socialism than capitalism, as it eliminates all competition and reinforces their position. That is exactly the reason why socialism is portrayed as something desirable in the elite-controlled media, and never anarchism, which is always smeared.”

“Right! We cannot stand by and let this happen!” a mineworker said. “We’ve got to reclaim our own power, and never relinquish it again!”

A group of anarchist Jews and artists in Munich had come to the same conclusion. They swore to stop the Thule dead in its tracks, and turn Munich back into a Free State. Under their chaotic, but passionate leadership, a new revolution broke out in 1919. Fired on by the anarcho-communist Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, the Peoples Assemblies were re-instated. All kinds of creative economical experiments were undertaken, based on

self-governance. Under the guidance of peoples-commissioner-elect, the Belgian ex-businessman Silvio Gesell and his friend Rudolf Steiner, head of the Anthroposophical Society in Germany, the factory workers were spurred on to take control of the factories. Turned anarchist in South America, Silvio Gesell had devised a new economic model based on nature's principles, acknowledging the fact that nothing can really be *owned* anyway, since everything is transient. With these ideas, further explained in his book *The Natural Economic Order – free land, free money*, he created quite a stir in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

In an attempt to form an *associative economy*, means of production were confiscated and allocated to farmers' and factory workers assemblies. With the slogan: *Money needs to serve the people, not the other way around*, banknotes were printed with an expiry date. This, they reasoned, would restore money to its original function, an easy means of exchange. To hoard money for power-gain would become ridiculous. The entire concept of profit making was made redundant. The councils consulted amongst themselves to determine how much was to be produced to satisfy the true demand. Where this could be done best, and the amount of money that needed to be invested. A committee called *the Day of Tomorrow*, tried to coordinate all these initiatives and bundle them into a functioning *associative economy*. To spread this model, ambassadors were sent to other cities in Bavaria and even Hungary, Slovakia and Macedonia. Big factories began joining the associations. A great enthusiasm for the future began to stir amongst the citizens of these self governed cities and factories.

The German elite however, was hardly amused. Its members were in grave danger of losing their sole means of existence: their arduously hoarded capital. Equally not amused, were the ousted socialist politicians. "We've got to reclaim Munich from those damn anarchists!" said the minister of Economic Affairs—"We need an army."

"The allies don't allow for that", the chairman of the Socialist Party said.

"There are plenty of frustrated monarchist soldiers who hate those anarcho-communists", the minister of Social Affairs thought out loud. "We just need to organize them into *autonomous assault groups*."



*Emblem of the Thule Society*

This was grist to the Thule Society's mill. Enthused, it started to recruit massive *Volunteer Corps*, which stormed the city of Munich within a few months, with over

400.000 mercenaries. After fierce combat with the hastily assembled *Red Army*, led by the communist Jew Eugen Leviné, the Volunteer Corps seized the city. A bloody era started, in which many a revolutionary, ended face down in the canal.

Another revolutionary and artist, albeit of a slightly different tenure, was the short Austrian war veteran Adolf Hitler. Deeply frustrated about the outcome of the war and the subsequent ‘Jewish revolutions’, the orderly, who had just returned from the battlefield, joined one of Munich’s Volunteer Corps. He also joined the Socialist Party.

Before long, a party executive discovered his talents as an orator. The short, fierce adjutant climbed on top of a wine barrel in a beer hall to voice his anger about French political meddling in Bavaria. “If it wasn’t for those communist Jewish agitators sabotaging our final attack on the British navy by organizing strikes in the ammunition factories, we wouldn’t be slaving away under this humiliating foreign joke today!” he proclaimed to his captivated audience.

“That’s definitely the kind of charismatic leader we are looking for!”, psychologist Dietrich Eckard, member of the Thule Society and founder of the National-Socialist German Workers Party excitedly winked at his pupil, Alfred Rosenberg. From now on the man with the slim mustache and the fiercely rolling *R*, was ordered to give political speeches to the multitudes, discrediting the still popular anarcho-communists in favor of a new, national brand of socialism.

## The Estate of Schaumburg-Lippe

**WITH HIS WOUNDS SUFFICIENTLY HEALED AND A LONG FLOWING BEARD** AS the result of a shortage of shaving gear, the ranger returned from Italy to the estate of Schaumburg-Lippe. Limping and disheveled, he endlessly wandered through the Alps, along forest paths and wild-flower covered riverbanks. A tall walking-cane accompanied him everywhere, enabling him to jump to the other side, as most bridges had been shot to pieces. Un-judgmentally shining on all of it, the sun showed him which direction to walk.

Finally he reached the old estate of prince Adolf von Schaumburg-Lippe. Close to home now, it struck him once more how beautiful and pristine this estate really was. His heart pounding with excitement and anticipation, he walked towards the old rangers house and opened the door. There was his beloved Maria with the kids. They fell into each other’s arms, weeping tears of joy and gratitude. Throughout the night they talked about the war and what had happened to them since they lost each other.



*Viktor with wife Maria and son Walter*

Word about the ranger's return soon reached the German prince Adolf. Pleased, he invited his subject for a cup of Tyrolean coffee with Schnapps. An animated conversation began about the war, hunting and the economical crisis. "Revolution doesn't work", the ranger confided to him frankly. "In nature you don't see revolutions at all. Just slow, progressive changes—No revolution, but evolution!"

This remark pleased the prince, who didn't like the revolutions in Munich one bit. "Soon my game warden in Bernerau will retire", the prince announced. "Would you be prepared to take on that function? It's a very big area of about 21.000 hectare, I should add!"

"My dear prince, you know very well there's nothing I'd rather do!" the ranger exclaimed excitedly. "I wouldn't trade places even with a king!"

"No, you wouldn't want to do that, especially not these days", said the prince "Kings are currently being dethroned by the dozen! I myself have to watch out for those damn socialists. In Germany they just seize the property of the nobility and hand it to the peasants! Can you imagine?"

The ranger couldn't have wished for something better. "What a breath of fresh air after all those years of war!", he thought. "Nature doesn't fight itself. Only man engages in discord, hatred, malice and intrigue."

Despite the fact that he didn't see the prince very often, the ranger gained his trust very rapidly. This took on rather grand proportions however, when the ranger discovered how corrupt traders of the timber companies Nettingdorfer and Lechner, had secretly bribed the lumberjacks to illegally cut down patches of extremely rare, precious woods in the prince's dazzling estate, in spite of his explicit prohibition. When the ranger confronted the directors of the two firms with this fact, they tried bribing him as well. But he wouldn't budge, as he only cared for justice on behalf of nature. Therefore he didn't hesitate to swiftly inform landgrave Fessl. This gent however, appeared to be two peas in a pod with the criminals, and subsequently nothing changed. Only after several fruitless attempts to fix the situation himself, did the ranger finally inform the prince about the matter. Not amused, the prince ordered a court investigate the case.

The crime was conclusively established, as was the complicity of landgrave Fessl. Fuming, the prince fired him on the spot and temporarily assigned the ranger to his post.

In his new capacity, the ranger often found himself in the office of prince Adolf. He was

shown the ropes of the tough game of the businessman. Mingling with the highbred crowd at parties, he learned from the horse's mouth, how much disdain they felt for the unwashed masses. How they just cared for their own pleasures, without ever realizing they were merely sponging off the common workers who enabled their luxurious life style in the first place.

Despite their new boss' obviously noble intentions, the ranger's subordinate senior forestry engineers, couldn't stomach his stellar career. They conspired to plot his downfall. A strike missed the desired effect. The prince would not dream of deserting his new, trustworthy confidant. On the contrary. He even divulged his biggest secrets to him. "The war has ruined me financially", he stated, in a melancholic mood. "The only way to save the estate, is to somehow render it profitable again. A veritable green fortune stretches its branches to heaven in the mountains. But transportation is too expensive, due to its unfavorable location."

"In the olden days, foresters would transport the logs from the valleys in early spring, during full moon, by throwing them in the icy cold, high-capacity melt water of a mountain brook", the ranger told the prince.

"Unfortunately that's also impossible in this case", the prince replied. "We've tried everything. Even a train track. The slopes are too steep however, and the rock-faces too high."

"So what about a tunnel?" the ranger suggested. "I'll draw you a design shortly."

Not planning to consider this absurd-sounding possibility, the sovereign dismissed the idea.

## The trout and its secret

**ON A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING IN THE WINTER OF 1919**, WHICH SAW THE villagers in the church and the revolutionaries licking their wounds in the pub, the ranger wandered about in his own sanctuary. Walking around aimlessly, he suddenly noticed a gamecock on the other side of the brook. It was drying its feathers in the morning sun on an open spot in the forest. "He must be preparing to visit the mating grounds", he thought and kept watching. Upon noticing him, the gamecock ran off with the ranger trailing him. "But how do I cross this wild, fast flowing brook?" he asked himself. Automatically his eyes wandered up and down the stream in search of a suitable spot to place his walking cane in the slippery, moss covered bedrock. When he stuck his cane in the water, he instantly noticed something from the corner of his eye, shooting upstream like an arrow. "A trout", he realized at once. "But how did this creature manage to defeat that huge waterfall below? How could he mock the laws of gravity so brazenly?!"

As he waited, the trout returned and stood still amidst the wildly rushing water, completely motionless. The ranger had seen this before, but this time it really struck him. ‘Click’, went his mind—deja vu. Everything slowed down. It was as if the world around him disappeared, just him and the fish, ... in perfect telepathic contact. Although the fish did not speak German, still he could clearly hear him say: “The secret is hidden in the water! If you copy my gills, you will discover a force way beyond your wildest dreams!” Then, with a swish of its tail, the fish was gone.

“Could this possibly have anything to do with the force my mother warned me about as a kid?” the ranger thought. As if in a trance, he descended the steep forest slope to the base of the waterfall. There he noticed a group of trout, preparing to thrust themselves up against the falling water. As the full moon rose, the movements of the trout in the glittering water became clearly visible. Suddenly the smaller fish inside the basin dispersed to the side and a huge trout appeared. The venerable fish swam to the spot where the falling water hit the pool and began circling the jet in an egg shaped motion. In ever-smaller ellipse curves, he ‘waltzed’ to and fro. Suddenly the fish disappeared underneath the water jet, which thrust itself into the moonlit pool like liquid metal. The next instant it appeared again, spinning around its axis, in the center of the water funnel. The ranger could clearly observe how the trout, without moving a single fin, was sucked up by the water, swift like an arrow. At the top of the waterfall, the fish conducted a backward flip, landed in the water above the rock edge and disappeared upstream with a few well placed flaps of its tail.

“Miraculous!” the ranger thought to himself. “Somehow the trout messes with gravity, renders it obsolete and even transforms it into its polar opposite.” Right at that moment he had an overwhelming vision of a society using devices that produced this mysterious *life force*, as he named it, intentionally—A force that had machines floating through the air, like trout in a waterfall. This image filled his soul with great hope for the future. It gave him goose bumps. He felt like this was definitely a clue from another dimension. All he needed to do, he realized, was follow these clues.

Without anxiety, he allowed himself to be carried on the waves of wondrous events, dragging him along in their wake.



*The teacher in action*



As often happened before, the ranger closed his eyes and allowed himself to become the water, entering the mouth of the trout. Inside the fish, he noticed how its gills forced him to move in endless and extremely rapid vortexes, consolidating the water. It seemed that the water molecules were being screwed together as tightly as possible. Due to this motion, the water molecules began radiating a magnetic vibration that pulled the fish ahead, towards the cool, attracting pole of the spring. He observed how the fish could regulate this force by slightly opening or closing its mouth.

Eager to find out more about this force, the ranger visited the library at the University in Vienna, the following day. He wore his long waxed coat and hunter's hat, and hurried to the train station. There he boarded the stout and smoldering steamer to Vienna. After arriving in the familiar and imposing city, he enjoyed a coffee in the refreshment room. Then he took a horse-driven coach to the library and occupied himself for many long hours, screening relevant books about *natural science* and *energy*. Finally, he approached the tall librarian, armed with a high stack of books.

Perhaps the librarian thought he was an eminent professor, for he showed him the utmost respect, and helpfully carried his heavy leather bag to the coach.

For nights on end the ranger sat in his old rocking chair at the wood stove, devouring books as if his life depended on it. Apart from the classic works of Isaac Newton, Heinrich Herz, Albert Einstein and Max Planck, he also read books by vilified scientists like Wolfgang von Goethe, Franz Anton Mesmer, Baron von Reichenbach and Nikola Tesla. Through the latter alone he seemed to read some references to the power he was trying to track down, as opposed to the renowned regular scientists. "How peculiar", he wondered, "that the people with the sharpest intuition, are apparently taken seriously the least."

## Versailles and the crisis

**THE BANKING DISTRICT KNOWN AS *THE CITY OF LONDON*, WAS DOMINATED** by concern for the current course of events. Of course it was Lord Rothschild who made a huge profit by providing war loans to both sides of the conflict, but he couldn't expect to be re-paid any time soon.

"Don't be upset, my friend", king George V told him. "Now that we own the oilfields in the Middle East, we'll be swimming in dough pretty soon! Moreover, all our enemies are either exhausted or destroyed."

Montagu Norman, the *Czar of the Central Bank of England*, foresaw a great future for the British Empire as well. "Central European industry is completely destroyed", he pointed out. "Virtually all of Europe is financially dependent on us now, and in Russia our revolutionary henchmen are in control! Europe belongs to us!"

“The only question that remains unsolved is this one: what to do with the German Empire?” Cecil Rhodes said. “The French would rather tear it completely apart and feed it to the wolves. A torn up Germany however, would thoroughly disturb the *Balance of Power* on the continent, and give France far too much influence. That’s obviously the last thing we’d like to see happen.”

“So what *do* you want?” king George demanded.

“A strong, ‘democratic’, but completely subjugated Germany”, Cecil Rhodes replied sternly. “A work slave that is to produce our machines, fill our treasuries and later on to be used as a pit-bull against both France and Russia. Gentlemen, we don’t just come up with solutions, we also deliver the required problems! The more barbaric we make foreign leaders appear, the louder the people of the world will cry out for our *civilized protection*.” A smirk appeared on the king’s face as he grasped the wisdom of this remark.

Montagu Norman however, not even bothering to hide his boredom, expressed his desire to move on to the next phase of the plan.

Cecil Rhodes cleared his throat. “So as you can see, we need a united Germany to counterbalance France and Russia. In order to avoid being seen as partial, this *new world order* will be governed by a new ‘international political body’, which will secretly see to the realization of our goals, to gain control of all energy sources and to prevent the *Eurasian Embrace*.”

“I’d like to briefly mention”, the head of the Secret Service spoke, “that a certain sector of the German scientists, particularly those of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, has now turned its back on what they call the ‘Jewish relativity theory’, and instead concerns itself with an entirely new strand of science which they call *quantum physics*. These developments have to be monitored closely, since they potentially could make Germany independent of us rather quickly! Another urgent concern should be the communist and anarchist revolutions in Germany. Those have got to be crushed at all cost.”

“Just leave it up to me”, Montagu Norman said. “Thanks to the war and our control of financial markets and the media, we’re now able to install our choice of regime wherever in Europe we please. With the help of a strong authoritarian leader, we can easily turn those damned hardheaded Germans into a flock of newborn lambs!”

“The only problem is that as of yet, we don’t have such a strong man”, king George mused, “right?”

“Don’t worry about that”, the head of the Secret Service reassured him, “we’ll find one soon enough.”

Several months later, ‘peace negotiations’ were held at the former royal palace of Versailles, near Paris. Russia wasn’t allowed to participate, as it had already negotiated its own peace with Germany. Germany and Austria-Hungary, the defeated, were only allowed to listen to what the winners dictated them. France, Britain and the US were the only nations that actually had any say in the matter. Few negotiators were aware of the fact that these peace propositions had been thoroughly rehashed by the gentlemen of the Round

Table, hiding in plain sight behind the preposterous facade of the newly founded *Royal Institute of International Affairs* in London. Their hidden masters had given the lines drawn on the maps by the leaders, as well as the one-liners that were spoken, to them. President Woodrow Wilson was granted the role of peacemaker, after extensive consultations with JP Morgan, *the King of Wall Street*, and JD Rockefeller, *the King of Oil*. In a compelling speech before the assembled journalists, he declared, “The enlightened democratic nations have ultimately conquered the evil which is German militarism. We are witnessing the rise of a *new world order*, which will finally safeguard the democratic freedom of all people worldwide. The international *League of Nations*, erected here today, is the symbol of this fundamental right to self-government of all people...” *Click click click click*, the cameras went, swiftly capturing the heroic smile of the president at this historical moment. The president continued to declare that Austria-Hungary was to be divided into several small nations, according to their respective languages.

Following the same logic, Germany would remain a single entity. Since it was proclaimed as the aggressor of the war, it was obliged to pay enormous war reparations to the elevated allied nations. In the months that followed, the lawyers of JP Morgan and the London bankers negotiated the specific details of the truce. In order to subjugate Germany forever, they were required to reimburse all weapons purchases of the allied nations, to pay for all allied soldiers’ salaries during the war, plus the war-pensions of every disabled allied soldier. This amounted to the inconceivable sum of 34 billion dollars. Anybody with half a brain could understand that Germany would never be able to pay off this ludicrous ‘debt’.

In a meeting at the wonderful green estate of JP Morgan on the Hudson, Montagu Norman informed his wealthy friend and devotee, “The British Empire is financially and economically exhausted. In order to secure the worldwide triumph of *British liberalism*, the still vital US will for the time being, in appearance, take the lead. Ultimately it doesn’t matter through whose mouth we speak and through which actors we play the world stage.” Morgan nodded in agreement.

Without losing any time, JP Morgan proceeded to establish *the New York Council on Foreign Relations*, which was supposed to act as a sister organization to the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and bring American politics back in line with its master’s plans.

In Germany, the blow hit home hard. The population was being faced with an enormous debt, which hung like a millstone around its skinny neck. In addition, it had to fork over about 13% of its mineral-rich territories to new ‘buffer states’ like Czechoslovakia and Poland—nations that were to act as a kind of condenser, to help build the tension between Germany and Russia. The French illegally occupied the coalmines in the industrial *Ruhrgebiet*, stole thousands of train wagons and even shipped home entire factories. Two hundred German workers, blocking a coal transport in protest, were mercilessly shot by

the French with machine guns.

In the meantime the British were casting their eye on the glorious, fully intact German *Baltic Fleet*. The German Admiralty however, refused to submit the apple of its eye to the victor, and hardheadedly sank the entire fleet. Enraged, the British demanded it's rebuilding.

The Austrian economy was also in shambles. As a result of it being divided into several countries, industrial Vienna was completely cut off from the Silesian iron and coal mines, now part of Czechoslovakia. Desperately, the numbed and hungry population violently claimed the only valuable resource left to them: the national forest, which of course wasn't a sustainable solution.

In 1923 both Germany and Austria decided to form a common trade union. Together they struck an oil deal with Soviet Russia, in an attempt to pull themselves out of the financial swamp by their own bootstraps.

Montagu Norman responded at once by recalling all major loans from Austria, through the French National Bank, triggering the biggest financial crisis in German history. The European banks collapsed one by one like a set of dominos. The German Mark descended into a free-fall, resulting into absurd prices like eight million Marks for an egg. The exchange rate between the Mark and the dollar reached 4,200,000,000,000 Marks to 1 US dollar. People waited in line at the bakery with wheelbarrows full of banknotes. This instantly resulted in strikes, riots and street fights. Almost everyone was without a job. Savings had become worthless overnight. Desperate people roamed the city streets on the lookout for a small deal. Violence, robbery and murder gradually became the order of the day.

"This must be the toughest winter in the last hundred years", the people in the street could be heard lamenting to each other. "Thanks to those goddamn allies and their Jewish bankers!"

The destitute workers went for the relative wealth of the middle-class. In turn, the well to do citizens cried out for a strong leader that would protect them from the worker's socialism. Hardly a week later, the fresh leader of the still obscure National-Socialist German Workers Party, failed at an attempt of a coup d'état in Munich, which landed him in jail.

"Thanks!" the short man with the fiery eyes and slim mustache, screamed at Karl Haushofer and Alfred Rosenberg when they visited the jailed party leader. Yet they still believed in him. Even more so, since they saw his incarceration as an excellent opportunity to turn him into a rebellious people's icon.

"Thanks to your splendid ideas, I'm behind bars now and we can kiss our chance to power goodbye!" the short, mustached leader exclaimed fumingly, gesturing wildly with his short arms and clenched fists, his face distorted into a painful grimace.

"That... my friend, should be viewed a little more positively", said Karl Haushofer

carefully. “Every crisis is an opportunity, if you’re willing to see it. We urge you to devote your time in this luxurious cell to entrusting your political ideas to paper.”

At this, the eyes of the short man with the slim mustache lit up. “A book! Wow”, that he could surely fathom.

“In the meantime I’ll try to organize some money from England. We have some good contacts with affiliated lodges over there”, young and ambitious Thule member Alfred Rosenberg said confidently.

Rothschild, Rockefeller, Morgan and co., bought up Germany’s modern industries for next to nothing. As planned, Montagu Norman, who reveled in being the spider in the British empire’s web, appointed his good friend, the brilliant German economist Hjalmar Schacht, as head of the German Central Bank—An organization filled to the brim with British agents.

The idea was to have a few monopolistic industrial conglomerates govern the new economic colony called Germany—A Round Table concept that had already proven itself in newly created states like Iraq, Jordan, Saudi-Arabia, Kuwait and Iran, where governments took their orders straight from the headquarters of British Petroleum and Royal Dutch Shell in London.

The genius, blue-eyed, tall model-Aryan, Hjalmar Schacht, said in his inaugural speech: “The necessity to redeem the war reparations, forces us to earn money through exports. The best way to extend the new British and US loans, is to withhold them from the government, which will only squander it on social projects and welfare, but instead provide them directly to the big corporate cartels, that don’t need to be encouraged to maximize their profits.”

In close consultation with the Wall Street bankers, giant US-German corporations were assembled, granting the US direct access to the latest technological developments and patents coming out of this new ‘corporate Germany’. One of those new corporations was IG Farben, a mammoth cartel made up of the German chemical giants Bayer, Hoechst and BASF.

At the first board meeting of the cartel, IG Farben president Carl Krauch, expressed his innermost feelings to the assembled heads of the affiliated concerns: “Gentlemen, thanks to modern science, we finally understand the structure of nature. Humanity has at last unraveled the chemical secrets of the molecule. Soon we will be able to produce all substances artificially from oil and other raw materials. Scientists of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute are now mapping the mind, and even the soul. Rockefeller, our biggest shareholder, has suggested we invest heavily in the psychiatric research conducted there, because before long, man’s emotions will be controlled chemically.” He took a brief pause. “Gentlemen, eventually we will produce a pill for everything! Anticipating this next great leap in humanities’ development, Rockefeller has already acquired most hospitals in America, he is funding the medical research and education at most universities, and has moved to establishing regulatory organs like the State Health

Department, the American Medical Association and the General Education Board. You get the idea. By molding man's thinking, he is cleverly creating endless new markets for his companies. Today our conglomerate roughly holds about a thousands patents. In the near future however, we will go as far as genetically altering the seeds of all food staples and patent them. That's what the future is about. If our cartel, and Germany with it, is to survive, we've got to aim at securing all chemical and biochemical patents worldwide." Silence. "We should begin by executing the Thule's plan for a Europe-wide Aryan Reich and bring all chemical companies on the continent under our control! This time we will achieve what we couldn't in the First World War."

Wall Street meanwhile let the dollar soar, creating a huge, unreal economic bubble in Germany. The extreme inflation rendered labor costs virtually nil, as profits maximized. While the German laborers worked their fingers to the bone, the sky was the limit on Wall Street. JP Morgan shipped vessels full of gold in loans to Germany. Germany forwarded the ships to Britain and France as war reparations. Britain and France sent the ships back to New York, as payment on their war loans. As soon as the gold returned, Morgan forwarded it to Germany again, topped with another layer of interest.

Along with a royally armed Red Army, the same policy was applied to Soviet-Russia, producing another economic miracle.

Like two sumo wrestlers, the two nations were fattened for the fight. Even Lenin said, "The state does not function as desired. A man is at the wheel and seems to lead it, but the car does not drive in the desired direction. It moves to the tune of another force—the monopoly of financial capitalists."

Investors on Wall Street were completely at a loss as to what to do with their wealth. They started to party like there was no tomorrow—The '*Roaring Twenties*'. Only the true financial specialists knew that the artificial bubble was going to burst the minute Morgan retracted his monstrous loans from Europe. The hammer was set to fall, but only Morgan knew when.

## The bullock, the wagoner and the princess

**ANYONE WHO WITNESSED THE SEVERE CRUELTY OXEN ENDURE DURING** wood transportation from the Austrian Alps could understand why the ranger regularly racked his brains to find a better alternative. There had to be a more humane way to bring the wood down from the mountains, that would minimize their suffering.

On a cold winter afternoon, the ranger casually followed a much too heavily laden wood sled. Under the loud whiplashes and swearing of the driver, two deeply unhappy oxen

pulled the sled up the slope. At the top, the driver spurred the oxen to run down as fast as possible, in order to save the thin snow track from becoming damaged. Eyes bulging with fear, the animals ran their legs from under their bodies.

“Maybe you can save the track this way”, the ranger said sharply, “but your oxen won’t make it very long if you keep on treating them like that!” The driver turned a deaf ear. He had no other choice, since he would get fined if he failed to deliver the wood on time. At the bottom of the slope, the driver came down on the oxen like a ton of bricks to keep maintain the speed for the next hill. “*Thwapppppp!*”, the fearful whip cracked over their heads. At that, one of the exhausted animals collapsed, and didn’t get up again. The beast remained lying in the icy snow, foaming at the mouth and eyes filled with terror.

“If you fall, you have to learn to get up again!”, screamed the driver angrily, his frustrated voice echoing through the woods. As he lost his temper, he mercilessly started to thrash the animal as the tip of his whip hit the ox in the eye. Along with the blood, the life light began flowing out of the meek ox’s large, velvety eye.

“You wretch!”, the ranger yelled in disgust. “Can’t you see what you’re doing?” Without thinking, he lashed out powerfully. His solid right had the driver, in his elegant, silver-buttoned felt jacket, flying through the air and landing on top of the wounded ox. The animal was so shocked that, with its last remaining strength, it jumped back on its hooves again, launching the driver in flight once more, this time landing on his head.

After what appeared to be an eternity, the man slowly started to move and got up. Regaining his balance, he wiped his nose with the back of his hand, grabbed an axe from the sled, and determinately struck the chains, causing the logs to roar down the slope with infernal racket. “Consider our contract terminated!” he snarled at the ranger, before jumping on his sled and driving off to the canteen, leaving the wounded ox behind.

At the canteen, he told his colleagues who were on their lunch break what happened. Outraged, they all vowed to side with their comrade and collectively resigned.

Before he knew it, the ranger was alone again in the crisp white forest, with just his logs and his pipe. “How am I ever going to get the damned logs down in time?” he wrecked his brains. “If I want to make use of the mountain stream, I need to do it soon, as the melting water is already rising rapidly.”

Quickly, he assembled his lumberjacks and told them to throw the logs in the swirling, ice-cold melt water. The ranger observed the logs drifting down without a problem, during night and the early morning. But as soon as the sunrays hit the water, the logs sank to the bottom, to remain there, as if dead. They would only come back to life after sunset, floating to the surface and drifting down the stream. Upon their arrival in the lake, the lumberjacks dredged them out of the water.

That summer, the ranger witnessed an even stranger phenomenon. Just when he was undressing for a refreshing dive in the lake after a warm thunderstorm, he heard a muffled rumbling. It came from the bottom of the lake, which was surrounded by mountain slopes on all sides. Suddenly he witnessed an enormous vortex forming in the middle of the lake, that sucked in several logs. After that, the lake’s appetite seemed satisfied and everything

turned quiet again.

Baffled, the ranger sat down on the shore. At that very moment he heard a loud bubbling noise. He looked at the spot where the vortex had been before, and witnessed a towering fountain shooting up from the water, spitting out the devoured logs as if they were too hot to handle. Then the colossus collapsed. Perplexed, the ranger observed this strange phenomenon. When he actually got wet from the onrushing waves, he was satisfied it wasn't a hallucination.

Once the water calmed down, he could clearly observe how the level had risen significantly. Completely at a loss, the ranger returned to the village. There he found an old lumberjack who put his mind at ease, "Oh, yes, that's a common phenomenon in this area with warm weather", the man explained. "They call it *the birth of new water*. The real cause remains unknown however."

"It's definitely a mystery to me", the ranger said. "But I'm beginning to realize that the sun rays have a far greater influence on the water's carrying capacity than most men could ever imagine! Old Archimedes has for sure overlooked an awful lot."

"Right", the old lumberjack replied, not sure who Archimedes was.

Shortly thereafter, prince Adolf married a beautiful city-girl called Elisabeth Fransziska. Even though she thought the ranger was a bit crude at first, he still managed to win her trust rather quickly, mainly because of his uncomplicated manners.

The ranger was pleasantly surprised when he received a written letter from the office one morning, ordering him to host the princess the following day for a hunting lesson. She was scheduled to arrive at the hunter's cabin at four in the afternoon. He was to lead her to the big red deer that had been reported in the last diary entry. None of the hunters had ever met her, let alone suspected her to have any interest in hunting. In those days women were not held in very high esteem in hunting circles, thus the ranger awaited her arrival with mixed feelings.

At exactly four o'clock the coach with the princess arrived. He beheld a stunning, well-dressed young woman, with a small, pale face and black hair, leaning comfortably in her seat. She watched him with intelligent eyes as he approached her. Even before he could extend his hand to help her, she jumped out of the coach on her own. Giggling, she offered him her hand anyway and said, "So my dear ranger, the prince wants me to shoot a red deer for my birthday dinner tomorrow, all by myself!" The ranger simply took her hunting rifle and commanded her to follow him as quietly as possible. He ordered the coachman to drive back to the hunting cottage, unharness the horses and wait for the agreed upon signal.

For some time the princess followed the ranger in silence. Then she grabbed the hem of his jacket to get his attention and said, "You probably think I'm a master hunter. I'm afraid I must correct you there. I never shot an animal in my entire life. In fact this hunting rifle was only given to me by my husband as a birthday present this morning!" The ranger



looked at her and scratched behind his ear. She broke out in a nervous laughter and said, “This is heading for failure.”

“If you follow my instructions and obey them without questions”, the ranger replied, “you’ll definitely take a shot at a red deer today. Whether you’ll actually hit it or not, is of course an entirely different matter.”

Giggling, she bowed to him and said, “I unconditionally surrender to my strict instructor.” This little joke instantly broke the ice.

Before long, they reached the hunting tower at the edge of the forest. Anxiously, the princess gazed at the tall ladder, saying, “I won’t be able to get up there even if I had to save my life!”

“Just let me carry you then”, the ranger said, acting the tough guy.

“Alright, I’ve promised to obey you”, the princess agreed with a sportsman attitude.

“Hold on tight!” The ranger picked her up and swiftly climbed the ladder with his heavy burden. He sat her down on a loose board, thrown across two girders.

Right at that moment, a strong gust of wind shook the wobbly tower. “Let me off!” the princess shrieked, pale with fear, nearly squeezing the ranger to death.

Two minutes later, she was back down again, unscathed. “What now?” the ranger wondered. He looked around, and noticed an earthen wall. “Let me put her there instead”, he decided.

When the princess was settled comfortably, he explained to her what to expect after he called the red deer using his hunter’s conch. Next, he had the princess practice a few shooting positions.

“I think sitting down is easiest for me”, she finally said. The ranger loaded her gun and waited.

It was getting dark. A chill wind blew from the exact same direction from which he expected the red deer to emerge. Other deer in the vicinity already started to announce their presence. Their strange sounds clearly frightened the princess. Anxiously, she begged the ranger to come closer. Instead, he took his conch and blew on it, “*Bwoooooowoooooop!*” After the second blast, the red deer on the opposite slope began answering in a low base tone.

Following a racket in the undergrowth, the restlessly jumping herd moved closer. The ranger noticed that the princess caught the hunting fever and her hands trembled as she struggled to hold the rifle above her breast. “Oh brother!” the ranger thought, rolling his eyes. He deliberately pushed down her shaking knees a bit too firmly. Irritated, she looked him in the eye, her fever forgotten. He had to act fast. Once more he blew his conch, and sure enough the stag appeared, standing proudly at the edge of the forest as if carved from solid rock, surrounded by the rest of the herd. A hind in heat begged him for his favor. With a resolute motion of his antlers, he rejected her proposal. The hind jumped aside in

such a funny way, that the princess had to visibly restrain herself from laughing out loud.

“Shoot?” she asked in a whisper.

“Wait”, the ranger whispered back.

As the conch shell no longer sounded, the stag began diverting his attention back to the herd. He eyed a pretty young hind grazing nearby. Tiptoeing carefully, he approached his chosen one. When she realized the stag’s intentions, she tried to escape, but it was too late. The next moment she surely was already impregnated. The ranger looked at the princess again, and saw how she blushed. But she responded immediately when he told her to get ready to shoot.

Again she started shaking. Again he pushed down her knees forcefully, and again she was irritated, but cured instantly. With a last, soft bass-vibration, directed to the ground, the ranger beckoned the stag to come closer.

The stag, still a bit drowsy from pleasure, immediately paid attention. Walking smoothly, his ears and nose scanning the surroundings, he came closer, step-by-step. “Wait ‘till he stands broad”, the ranger whispered. Then, as if the animal heard his words, he turned sideways to run while recklessly exposing his flank. “Did you compact the gunpowder?”

“Yes.”

“Slowly pull the trigger then!”

“*Banggggg!*”, it resounded through the valley. The ranger smiled. The princess was still shaking. Heavily wounded, the stag escaped, straight across the field towards the edge of the forest. Both listened intently but no sound was heard. “He must be at the mountainside, deadly wounded and unable to get up there”, the ranger thought out loud. He took the rifle and ammunition and said, “Wait here for me.”

He went to cautiously search the deer. Just like he expected. With a second bullet he quickly put the beautiful animal out of its misery. The ranger called out to the princess, who came running to him with bated breath. According to the hunting tradition, he handed her the cut off tail. As she took off her broad-rimmed hunting hat to attach it, he saw in the light of the rising moon how beautiful this remarkable woman actually was.

“It’s already late. Her husband must be wondering what she’s up to”, he suddenly realized. “We just need to gut it and then we can go home”, he said.

The princess helped him place the heavy deer on its back. Quickly, he sliced the belly and started to remove the guts. When the princess saw this, she fainted. The ranger managed to catch her just in time to softly lay her down in the tall, rich autumn grass. “What now?” As fast as he could he consulted his mental *‘First aid for princesses-who-hunt manual’*, but alas. “Fresh water will help anyone”, he decided, and walked over to the creek. With a hat full of water, he returned and poured some ice-cold liquid on her forehead. No response. “Perhaps a cold compress on the chest? But is that appropriate with a princess?” He hesitated for a moment and then unbuttoned her jacket and blouse,

put his ear to her chest and listened. Her heart was still beating. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket, splashed some water over it and skillfully put the compress on her heart. The princess immediately came to. Without wasting any words the ranger whistled on his finger for the coach.

When the stag was thrown inside, it rode home in a gallop. “Nothing brings people closer together than an interesting hunting experience”, the ranger mused that night.

The princess returned quite often, providing ample opportunity to talk about the condition of the estate. “If we don’t find a solution for the transportation problem soon, my husband will have to sell the estate”, the princess confided in him anxiously. “What’s with that idea of yours I heard of, by the way? Did the transportation firm really try to buy it? How much did they offer you?”

“A three year’s salary”, the ranger replied.

“And by how much approximately, would it cut the transportation cost?”

“According to my calculations, it could reduce the cost of transportation from twelve to about one shilling a square meter”, the ranger answered confidently. “Including construction.”

“We should seize this opportunity with both hands!”, the princess said excitedly.

“I’ll only do it, if I get to make all the final decisions”, the ranger was adamant.

“Very well!” the princess replied determined. “We’ll do it!”

“Since when do you make the business decisions?”, the ranger demanded insolently.

However, the princess kept her word. Ever since the corruption scandal, prince Adolf decided to privatize the estate. With this in mind, the *Steyrling Company* was established, with Hamburger merchant Gevecke at the helm. The princess was betting precisely on this man. At the next hunting dinner, she made sure she was seated next to him, and casually told him about the ranger’s *log flume*. As happens to merchants from time to time, Gevecke’s eyes grew big with dollar signs. Fascinated by the prospect of large reductions in transportation costs, he invited the ranger to his office the next morning.

Unhindered by any knowledge of physics, the man listened carefully, before he said, “Well, business is not for cowards and since I can afford to spare a few shillings for a good cause, I’ll vouch for the project with one million.” The ranger could barely believe his ears.

When they heard about this deal, the forestry engineers realized that their jobs, and with it their future, were on the line. They slandered the ranger’s name in every way possible. In public meetings, solely called for that purpose, the surrounding villagers were set against the ranger. The engineers predicted that the log flume would damage the beautiful valley, and was bound to be a failure anyway, according to the Law of Archimedes.

“Specifically heavy wood, like beech and oak”, the experts never tired of explaining, “just won’t float on a thin layer of water. Only in the steeper parts, the wood might possibly slide a bit, simply due to gravity. In the more horizontal parts, the logs are bound to get stuck”, they lectured. “So the flume will overflow and probably collapse.”

The press picked up the story and took great delight in portraying the ranger as an extremely dangerous madman. Thoroughly in his unshakable belief, the madman himself however was quite convinced he was right. His dad had often told him how he transported hundreds of thousands of square meters of fresh beech wood to the valley through creeks and rivers. He told him this was always done during spring nights at the time of the full moon. ‘Sunlit water becomes lazy and curls up to go to sleep. But at night, especially with the full moon, the water becomes fresh and alive, ready to carry the heaviest of timbers’.

“I should try to keep the water as fresh and alive as possible, like all natural water streams do”, the ranger said to himself. Then he remembered how his dad had often spoken of the ‘*pulling water*’ and the ‘*heavenward migrating souls*’.

## The miraculous log flume

**IN 1924 CONSTRUCTION OF THE LOG FLUME STARTED. AS PER SPECIFIC** instruction of the ranger, the route was cleared, as it followed the meandering contours of the valley. Subsequently, the concrete foundations for the rafters were poured and a channel for the lower part of the flume was dug. The rafters were constructed and connected through heavy trusses. The ranger had the ‘*bobsled run*’, as the work foreman called it, constructed in an egg shape rather than a square. He knew that inside this natural shape, the water feels at it’s best and tends to retain its magnetic *life force*. To ensure the coolness of the water, he had valves built in every few hundred meters, draining away the tepid water, and allowed a supply of fresh, icy cold spring water. In this way he tried to impart the water with the natural turbulence it obtains when water-layers with varying temperatures move about one another.

Meanwhile the forestry engineers started to get more and more agitated about the log flume. They sent an extremely irritated letter to the head commissioner of the ministry of Agriculture, and found a willing ear.



*Water valve*

As it turned out, the ranger didn't have a construction permit. The enraged commissioner, accompanied by the head of the National Forest Service, drove to the crime scene. From their determination it was obvious they meant to throw their weight about at the construction site. With their suits and long coats, they stepped vigorously out of their luxurious sedan, and sank ankle-deep into a mudbank.

"Where's the work foreman?", they asked a passing carpenter.

"In the site hut over there."

The bigwigs knocked on the door, stepped inside and told him point blank, "Sir, you don't have a permit. Therefore all building activities are to be shut down immediately!"

The ranger, who was in the midst of discussing the floor plans with the foreman, started to protest forcefully. The big shots ignored him completely. After they convinced themselves that the foreman had understood them properly, they simply left.

A couple of days later the ranger received a letter ordering him in no uncertain terms, to present his concept to a 'broad committee of inquiry'. The word 'broad' was a misnomer however, as the commission mostly consisted of an old clique of forestry heads, led by the chairman of the local municipality. All of them hell-bent on destroying the mad ranger. They had already successfully exposed his Achilles heel, in the form of the 50 foot tall reservoir-dam of the ranger's personal design. According to the commission members, the wall was very poorly designed. "It is far too thin to withstand the pressure of the water in the collection basin. A very real danger exists", they said, "that the dam will be washed away by the basin's formidable water masses. This wall of water could even wash away the lower villages, causing a disaster of unfathomable proportions."

Luckily, a sympathetic professor had tipped the ranger off and alerted him about their conspiracy. He confided to him ahead of time that the commissioners were bent on locking him away in an insane asylum.

The ranger was mentally well prepared when the commission arrived. At first the chitchat was friendly, but as soon as the head commissioner started asking nasty questions,

the ranger abruptly turned around and walked out onto the flimsy dam. He started shooting in the air with his hunting rifle, as a response to the head commissioner's question.

Now the commissioners were certain: "This man is definitely mad!" They didn't know this was the agreed-upon signal for the hunter at the sluices to open the floodgates.

"Put down that gun and get back here immediately!" the head commissioner yelled at him indignantly. Suddenly a fast approaching roar grew audible in the form of an approximately 15 foot tall wave of muddy water, filled with a motley collection of logs and clumps of grass, it came thundering around the corner.

"For heaven's sake, get up here!" the head commissioner screamed.

The commissioners gestured and screamed so frantically, that the ranger couldn't help but laugh to himself, thinking, "If anyone is to be stuck in a mental hospital, they definitely meet the criteria!" He calmly leaned against the railing in the middle of the dam, meanwhile pretending to be very anxious about the supposed instability of the dam. With baited breath, the commissioners watched him. Nothing happened. The water hit the dam very gently, overturned in a great sweep and flowed back, breaking the rest of the onrushing water masses. Like a school of fish, the logs jumped straight out of the water, as the sizable reservoir filled up rapidly. Miraculously the dam held its own. No one said a word.

When the hunter from the sluices appeared on the scene, the first thing he noticed were the petrified commissioners. Worried, he jumped down the stairs, and asked, "Does it work?" The ranger simply nodded, reloaded his rifle and nonchalantly climbed the stairs.

"Well, well", the head commissioner sneered, "more luck than wisdom!"

The ranger looked him up and down with contempt in his eyes and said, "It seems to me that the lack of wisdom is entirely on your side." With that he turned around and headed off to the forest.

When the excitedly cackling commissioners had quieted down somewhat, the head commissioner yelled after him, "Next week the experts from Vienna will come, to mathematically assess the dam!"

The experts from Vienna arrived a week later. They performed complex calculations and finally concluded that the dam was actually twelve times stronger than strictly required, thanks to its ingenious design. The ranger proudly demonstrated once again how the reservoir filled up with logs, and explained how the water brakes down its own speed, thanks to the egg-shaped form of the reservoir.

One of the men who was visibly impressed asked him, "How on earth did you come up with this idea?"

"It definitely didn't come from a university textbook", the ranger answered with a smirk. "It was actually an illiterate chicken that taught me the trick!" Most of the engineers chuckled.

Even so, the ranger still wasn't granted a permit, and it took the charm of the princess to

finally convince the authorities. Shortly after construction was resumed.

Four months later, the flume was ready and the inventor wanted to test it. Due to grave worries about sabotage, like undermining the foundations, the police were called in to patrol the site.

When he arrived home, the ranger found a memorandum from the inspecting head commissioner of the ministry of Forestry, informing him that the prince and princess would be present at the test run the next day. They would be accompanied by a host of experts.

Nervously the ranger jumped on his horse and rode to the flume in order to conduct a preliminary test. He had his lumberjacks throw a medium sized log into the mouth of the flume. It floated for about a hundred yard, then sank the bottom like an obstinate child. “*Scheisse!*”, he swore. Just as the commissioner had predicted, the relentlessly onrushing water pushed upwards and started to overflow the edge of the flume. The construction workers laughed mockingly at the ranger, as if they knew all along he was out of his mind. With lightning speed the implications of this failure went through his head. He was shocked. “And tomorrow the prince is coming with a host of dignitaries! What do I do?” While deeply in thought, he ordered the log to be removed. “Perhaps not enough water”, he thought, “or is the angle of inclination too small?” Distraught, he sent the construction workers home.



*Log flume Krampen-Neuberg*



*Lumberjacks at log flume*

“The curves are in order, no doubt”, he mumbled, walking slowly along the flume.

Still deeply troubled he arrived at the flood-control dam, and sat down on a protruding rock in the water. As he felt something moving underneath his *Lederhosen*, he suddenly jumped up. A curled up snake quickly escaped into the water. It rapidly crossed the artificial lake and tried to climb ashore on the other side. Because the cliff was too steep, this proved to be impossible, so it swam back in a typical zigzagging motion. Not fully recovered yet, the ranger had only one question in mind, “How is it possible that a snake without fins, can move through the water so rapidly?” He took out his binoculars to observe the screwing motion of the body of the snake just underneath the water’s crystal clear surface. A moment later, the snake reached the other shore and disappeared into the undergrowth without a sound.

As if rooted to the spot, the ranger just sat there for minutes. In his mind he repeated every movement of the snake. Suddenly he understood what the snake tried to tell him: “Use the *inspiring screwing motion!*”

“Thank you mother!”, he said out loud, realizing he had taken his problem to the water and had surely received an answer.

Feeling energized once again, he jumped on his horse and arrived at the site hut half an hour later.

The construction workers were having their lunch. The ranger blurted out, “Finish your meals as quickly as you can, three of you go to the sawmill and ask the miller for a wagon and take three hundred larch boards to the upper dam!” The construction workers stared at the exited ranger with astonished eyes. The foreman, a Tyrolean grumbler, growled, “What’s with the bo-...?”

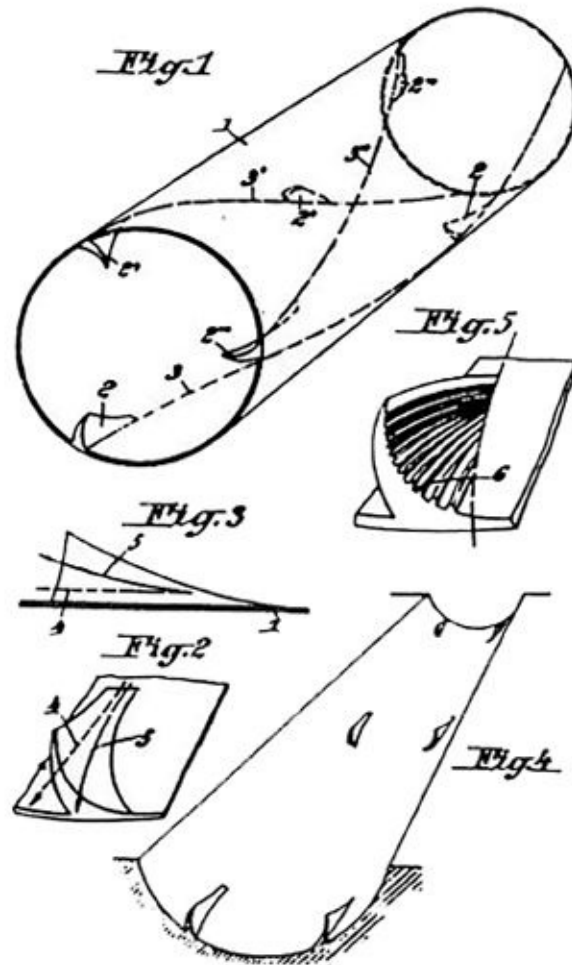
“No questions now”, the ranger interrupted him. “You’ll get double wages if you just do what I say and finish the job today, if necessary by torchlight. I’ll show you guys how to attach the boards to the walls of the flume. In fact, I’ll be here all night to direct you.” The foreman shrugged his shoulders indifferently and nodded.

Several hours later, the wagon with the demanded boards and nails arrived. The entire night, the valley reverberated with the sound of hammer blows, and many missed the target due to the flickering light of the lanterns. The ranger carefully examined the curves and counter-curves within the flume. “If all is well, the guiding-vanes will cause the water to move in a protracted vortex, not unlike the twisted strands of a rope. This turns the water solid and supportive. The vortex has the water moving faster at the *center* of the flow, sucking the logs to the middle of the flume”, he tried to explain to his foreman in vain. “That’s how a natural stream prevents itself from eating into its own banks!”

In the first light of dawn, the ranger suddenly realized how filthy his clothes were. “I can’t appear before the princess like this”, he thought. He jumped back on his horse and galloped home as fast as he could.



“Maria, my suit! The prince and princess will be arriving shortly to attend the test run!”



*Patent drawing for guiding-fins*

He hastily put on clean clothes, emptied the cup of coffee Maria made him, grabbed his hunting rifle and was off again. He could still hear the never resting sound of the hammers in the distance. Approaching the mythical scene of men pounding hammers by the light of lanterns, he called from afar, “How much longer?!”

“We’ll be ready by nine!” the foreman hollered back.

“If you guys hurry up and finish by eight, I’ll pay you threefold!” the ranger shouted, sounding rather nervous. The carpenters didn’t need to be told twice. In no time, the hammering surged to a deafening noise, and sure enough, at half past seven they were finished.

Still nervous, the ranger said to the carpenters, “Go and eat your breakfast, I’ll need you back here at half past nine. After one more hour of work to test the flume, you all get the rest of the day off, with double pay.” The construction workers liked the ranger better by the minute.

“Take some rest yourself!” the exhausted foreman suggested spontaneously.

“Rest is not available to me right now”, he mumbled as he headed towards the sluice inlet. With a pounding heart he waited there for the carpenters to return.

After a while the prince and his consort arrived, accompanied by a large host of the

ranger's worst enemies: the experts and specialists. He courteously greeted the princely pair and the head commissioner, while ignoring the others. The princess anxiously followed the ranger's every move. "Here we go!", he finally exclaimed. The old rafting master nonchalantly leaned against a pole with a sardonic smirk on his face. The carpenters carefully pushed a few thin logs into the mouth of the flume, purposely preventing a huge log from entering.

As the rafting master noticed this, he cried. "No, No. Let that big dragon in!" With a brief nod the ranger gave permission. Slowly, with its head just above the water, the thousand pounder drifted past the assembled party. Soon the colossus reached the inlet and blocked the flow of water, as the level of the reservoir dangerously rose. No one said a word. With rapt attention, the bigwig public witnessed the thousand-pounder rise up with the water, until it almost spilled over the dam.

Suddenly a gurgling sound was heard. The onlookers perplexedly watched the heavy colossus enter the inlet, twist left and right and shoot downward, with its head held high. The next moment it was out of sight with an elegant curve.

The bigwigs were stupefied. Completely bewildered, the old rafting master spat out a jet of tobacco juice. Then he took the lump of tobacco out of his toothless mouth and threw it into the water, growling, "God almighty, the damned thing actually works!"

With trembling legs the pale-faced ranger grabbed his cane and rifle and staggered off into the forest. As soon as he was out of sight, he sat down on a rock with the rifle between his knees, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead. "By the holy Mother of God!" he sighed, "that was once, but *never* again! If it wasn't for my mother sending me her snake, my life wouldn't be worth a dime!"

Several days later, the ranger received an official document from the prince, pronouncing him head of the hunting estate. Before long, experts from all over the world appeared at the ranger's simple doorstep, as word about the miraculous log flume spread. The story of the 6,5 km long, millions-saving log flume, was the talk of the town in Austria and abroad. As he received a fixed percentage of the cost reduction, the ranger briefly became a well to do man.

## Politics and the ranger

**THE ECONOMISTS OF THE AUSTRIAN MINISTRY OF FINANCE CONCLUDED** that the only viable moneymaker that could help redeem the war reparations, was an improved timber production process. "That organization of yours is hopelessly out-of-date and utterly unrewarding", the minister of Agriculture, Rudolf Buchinger, confronted Eduard Löw, head of the Forestry Service. "The amount of red tape surrounding it has simply grown

unaffordable. We need to devise new ways. Perhaps even privatization.”

“I definitely agree with you on that”, said Löw. “By the way, did you hear about that peculiar ranger who managed to reduce the transportation cost of timber by ninety percent, using an ingenious log flume?”

“No?” Buchinger replied.

“Maybe we ought to take a look for ourselves?” Löw suggested.

No sooner said than done. A few months after the completion of the flume, the minister and his secretary visited the log flume and its illustrious inventor, in Steyrling. Both gentlemen were very impressed by what they heard and saw: “Without ever having attended a university or academy, this simple ranger has succeeded in delivering a true technological *tour de force*”, the minister wrote in a report to the Cabinet. “He possesses an outstanding knowledge of materials, which he combines with such inventiveness, that with few means he accomplishes more than many a trained engineer. He derives the ideas for his patents directly from nature. He boldly states that he has learned more from her, than from all professors combined! As it is pathetic to be jealous of another’s talent, especially in these troubled times, we would be wiser to exploit it. I strongly suggest we employ this ranger at the ministry in an advisory role on transportation issues.”

Three days later, the ranger received a telegram inviting him to the ministry for an interview. The ranger listened politely to the minister’s offer, but didn’t refrain from expressing his ambivalence: “I anticipate great difficulties with the engineers at the ministry. It’s most likely they won’t understand my views, which will compel them to obstruct me in all sorts of manners. But even so, I’ll think about it.” With a friendly nod he went back to the forest.

“Check this out”, the ranger demanded Gevecke’s attention. “The politicians are trying to hitch me to their wagon now! They hope to turn Austrian forestry into a profitable business once more with my log flumes.”

“So why don’t they just hire us to build the flumes for them?”, suggested the director of Steyrling Incorporated, who hated to see his ‘goose-with-the-golden-eggs’ go.

“Not a bad idea”, the ranger agreed. “At least with you I know where I’m at. Frankly, with the ministry it’s bound to become a horrible mess.” So the two of them went on to concoct a daring plan...



Viktor Schaubberger, advisor

“If I understand you correctly, it’s our goal to find new ways to render forestry profitable again, am I correct?” the ranger asked the ministers of Forestry and Finance on his next visit to the ministry. Both gentlemen nodded, signaling him to continue. “Well, Steyrling Incorporated, the company I’m currently working for, offers to handle the entire Austrian log transportation at half the usual rate. This deal would cut costs even further, as about half the officials in the ministry would become superfluous and could be laid off.”

The ministers hardly minded this proposal, since they had long calculated that having the ranger in direct assignment would be vastly more profitable. “We offer you fourfold your present wages if you come to work for us”, the minister of Forestry dangled his carrot. “You will answer only to me, so there’s no need to worry about any engineers troubling you.”

“Only if I’m paid in gold”, the ranger bantered.

“Very well!” the minister of Finances said without thinking twice. “But since this is very unusual, I’ll have to discuss the matter with the Cabinet.”

By the end of 1924 the ranger took up office with the ministry of Forestry, his extraordinary wages Okayed by the Council of Ministers. He was rarely to be found in his office however, as he mostly spent his time on site with minister Thaler, visiting log flume eligible areas. In most cases a log flume proved to be physically possible, but legally constrained, due to the long-term contracts with timber transporting companies.

These numerous journeys proved to be an excellent opportunity for the farmer-minister and the ranger, to really get to know each other and develop a mutual respect. The ranger discovered the man to be a true nature-lover and keen observer. On one of their journeys, the minister even confided to him, “At my Tyrolean farm, I have a spring which moves up the slope in summer as the grass around it starts to wither! But that’s not all. I’ve also noticed that the water tends to get colder and fresher, the more the air heats up! It is definitely mysterious stuff, this water! I’m afraid that most of what you claim is actually true. The establishment however perceives your unorthodox way of thinking as a threat. I’d be on guard if I were you!”

As anticipated, the officials at the ministry started gossiping relentlessly as soon as the ranger was out of sight. This quickly resulted in a strong resistance against his person. The engineers even went as far as to challenge his patent claims to the log flume in court. They lost miserably however.

Glad to give them a taste of their own medicine, the ranger finally sold them his patents at a high price, knowing full well that without him they’d be at a complete loss as to how the flumes actually functioned. When the minister decided three major log flumes were to be built in Grossraming, Klausen-Leopoldsdorf and Neuberg, the officials demanded the liberty to work independently from the ranger. The inventor himself thought this was quite amusing and didn’t object.

The engineers started out in good spirits as they copied the Steyrling flume minutely. To

their dismay, the conducted tests failed miserably, after the flume was completed. The logs remained at the bottom of the flume without moving an inch. With their tails between their legs the engineers eventually came running to the ranger for help, as he anticipated. Nonchalantly, the ranger arrived at the site to instruct them.

As soon as they applied his directions, the flume operated perfectly. It goes without saying that the engineers felt humiliated in the worst way. In their anger, they attempted to portray the ranger as a true imposter. Besides the fact that it was unlawful, they said the flumes were really nothing new, implying his wages were well out of proportion. Documents were forged, legal action was undertaken and false testimonials were made. The engineering camp lost all cases, but their agitation remained, until one day, when the ranger was called to president Ignaz Seipel's office.

"So what's going on here?", the priest-president asked, his bleak, ascetic face contrasting sharply with his dark monk's habit. "Hardly a day goes by without a negative report about you", he continued.

The ranger looked him sharply in the eye, feeling much like Gallilei before the priestly court, knowing his fate was already sealed before he even opened his mouth. In a final point he stated, "Your own government came to me for advice, because I build perfectly functioning log flumes of which the engineers understand nothing. Perhaps this is due to the fact that I understand the spirit of water a little better than most others. Coming from my unique position, I beg you with all my heart to forbid modern hydraulic engineering as soon as possible. Not only does it ruin the waterways, but the surrounding landscape as well. The groundwater level is sinking steadily, and it won't be long before apart from forestry, agriculture will enter the danger zone as well and with it the entire food production!"

While trying to control his anger and with pedantic precision, the priest jotted down every word. This irritated the ranger beyond belief, specially since the man wrote with a stump pencil, displaying a horribly inelegant handwriting. At a certain point, he could no longer control himself and blurted out, "After all, the Church is to blame for all our misery!"

With this remark everything changed on the spot. Seipel put down his pencil, leaned back in his chair, stuck his bloodless hands into the sleeves of his garment, and for the first time he looked deeply into the ranger's eyes. He squinted and asked suspiciously, "Are you a Catholic?"

The ranger, who actually started to enjoy the conversation at this point, replied, "Officially yes. Since medieval times however, my family has been anathematized by the Church." With great relish, he told the priest the story of the robber baron and the archbishop.

At that, the president made a clear gesture with his hand and said, "Enough! You will hear from us shortly."

Indeed it didn't take long before the ranger received word from the ministry once more. This time he was offered to remain on his post against normal wages while they would secretly supplement him from the 'black treasury'. This unholy proposal infuriated the ranger: "I thought this country was run by actual men, not a bunch of idiots!" he huffed.

As a result of the stranglehold of the war reparations, the desperation of the government soared to such a degree, that they pulled out all their tricks to have the ranger commit to them—Legally or illegally. One day, they offered him a very attractive contract under the condition that he could not consult a civil lawyer. The next day, they offered him an even more lucrative contract, if only he signed their blank papers.

"What a bunch of toddlers you are!" was all the ranger could utter, no longer able to contain his infinite contempt for these slimy snakes. "Four years of arduous study, and still your engineers and doctors can't even float a log for a hundred yards! You fellas know absolutely nothing!"

Thaler, the ex-minister of Forestry, who was about to emigrate to south-America, confided to the ranger when they met, "I'm glad to be rid of any dealings with those clowns over there!", as he pointed in the direction of the parliament. "As a simple Tyrolean farmer I tell you this, it is my opinion that you yourself are responsible for your dismissal, but essentially you are a truly genuine, honest human being."

In the mean time, most log flumes that had originally been planned by the ranger remained uncompleted. The engineers of the ministry, who were still attempting to work on their own, were seriously at a loss. They were unable to transport the logs from a distant, secluded valley near Krampen to the sawmill in Neuberg over a distance of 49 km, as suggested by the ranger. They had no idea how to regulate the wild mountain stream to render it suitable for damage-free flotation of timber. The only option left, was to contact the ranger in order to figure out how to make it work.

Although the ranger was reluctant to come to their rescue, he was determined to rub it in. He made a bold proposition, "I'll build the log flume from Krampen to Neuberg at my own expenses with engineer Steinhart. My condition is that no ministry engineer shows his face on the site until the flume is completed. If I succeed in delivering 1.000 cubic meters of undamaged timber to the saw mill per eight hour workday, the ministry takes on the construction costs and pays me 5.000 shillings in royalties per delivered m<sup>3</sup>."

This was an offer the ministry couldn't refuse. In 1927, construction started.

Eight months later, the log flume was ready. The first part of the flume went through a tunnel. It ended in the wild mountain stream, which was regulated by the ranger in a way that enhanced the water's carrying capacity. Before entering the sawmill, the logs were automatically sorted into plywood and firewood, through an ingenious system of flumes and sluices.



*Sorting system*

As before, it turned out that the system worked brilliantly, delivering an average of a whopping 1.400 m<sup>3</sup> of timber per workday. The controversial ranger succeeded once more in reducing the common transportation costs by ninety percent. The experts were again baffled at the sight of this new masterpiece. The media even dared call it a *technological miracle*.

Despite the fact that he had never even set foot on the site, master builder Steinhart was ceremonially granted the official title of *technological councilor* for 'his' outstanding achievement. The actual genius was kept out of the spotlight, and had to content himself with a gold watch from his employer.

Professionals from all over the world flocked to the site to behold the miracle. An extended documentary, '*The Carrying Water*', was shown in Viennese theaters in 1929. For a brief period the ranger became a celebrity of sorts, receiving offers for his system from all over the world.

## A visit with King Boris

**THE RANGER'S FAME EVEN REACHED AS FAR AS BULGARIA. KING BORIS**, the country's monarch, shrewdly managed to survive the revolutionary post-war period by installing a 'democratic parliament'. The politicians now conducted the day-to-day affairs, while the king unofficially outlined long-term policies from the background. When king Boris heard about the novelty log flumes, he urged his minister of Agriculture to personally visit Austria to see for himself.

Genuinely interested, the minister sent two officials to investigate. The two agents visited several log flumes in Austria and spoke with the inventor himself. Seriously impressed they reported back to the minister and the curious king: "We've seen some incredible technical achievements", they explained. "The entire Austrian Forestry Sector has actually been rescued by those log flumes, becoming highly profitable once again. Bulgaria would definitely benefit from these flumes."

Advised by the king, the government finally decided to invite the ranger and have him

design several log flumes in Bulgaria. Both the ranger and director Steinhart of the Austrian Building Corporation were delighted. A deal was quickly struck.

Together with some of the company's engineers, the ranger boarded the train to Sofia in the summer of 1929. Upon arriving in, the delegation was welcomed by king Boris, who was very eager to meet the legendary ranger. In the three-hour conversation that followed they appeared to get along rather well. Before long, the ranger started to talk about the grave dangers of deforestation. He lectured the king at great length on the importance of keeping the soil covered with vegetation. "The vegetation is the skin of mother earth", he explained, "which she uses to shield herself from harmful direct sun rays. If the soil is sufficiently covered with natural forest, the water level rises and renders the soil fertile for miles around. He begged the king, "Promise me that you will make sure those flumes won't be abused by harvesting entire forests within these districts." He studied the king's face. "The system should only be used to cut old, full-grown trees. The younger ones should be left in peace, to provide shade to the young seedlings. In this way the forest is able to regenerate itself. When an entire forest is harvested however, the earth heats up and the water disappears. The end-result is a disastrous decrease of agricultural production, which could well lead to famine."

The king appeared to be distracted, thinking of something else. "Strangely enough", he said, "it's precisely the agricultural production in the fertile north, that has recently decreased dramatically. In the dry south, around Burgas, close to the Turkish border", the king pointed at a map, "where the poor Turkish population lives, production has remained consistent for decades."

"I will investigate the matter for you", the ranger promised. "These cases do interest me a lot."

"Great", the king proposed enthusiastically. "You can use my car and my chauffeur!"

The ranger was pleasantly surprised to finally meet a head-of-state who actually seemed to care about the future sustainability and prosperity of his nation. "As soon as I can be excused at the flumes, I will let you know", he promised. On that note the men cordially bid each other farewell, and the king's chauffeur drove the visitor back to his hotel.

The following day, some Ministry's officials took them on a tour to inspect the proposed sites. As the party went zigzagging through the forests, maps of the area were collected and numbers were jotted down in notebooks. Simultaneous construction of the respective sites started soon after. The foundations were laid at first, and the rafters erected. By now, the engineers knew the *modus operandi* by heart. In fact, the ranger was only needed in the planning and fine-tuning stages.

When everything was going smoothly, the ranger informed the king that he was ready to investigate the agricultural problems in the northern region. Responding to a sudden flash of intuition, the ranger decided to travel to the south first. The company consisted of the ranger, a soil-science engineer from the ministry and an interpreter.

As they approached Burgas, the dry landscape appeared to be dying. All overgrowth had vanished. The soil was burst open under the scorching sun. But surprisingly enough, small



oases of Turkish villages could be found scattered around. Tanned with weather beaten faces, farmers and their wives grew the most wonderful grains in small, unsightly fields. Small groups of women did the plowing, without the use of tractors or oxen. As they sang, they pulled the wooden plough in combined effort. These farmers were too poor to afford a horse or a tractor. The few cows they kept for milk and cheese were much too skinny for any physical labor.

“How symbolic”, the ranger mused, “that it’s typically the women preparing the soil, making it fertile with their high-pitched singing, while the men do the sowing!”

They learned from the villagers that both men and women harvested the ripe grains with traditional sickles. After the harvest, the grain was threshed with wooden flails in the village square, the way it had been done for ages.

The ranger clearly enjoyed these excursions through the scenery, even though the sight of deserts usually made him feel sad. Sometimes he needed to exert conscious effort to keep himself from absorbing nature’s misery. In order to talk with the old farmers and discover which ancient traditions they still practiced, he ordered frequent stops along the way. When he gained a good impression of what farming was like in the south, the ranger was driven back to the northern regions.

The scenery in this area was a lot greener and the soil a lot more fertile. “This region used to be called *the Garden of Europe*”, the soil engineer explained. “But something has evidently gone wrong.”

The ranger noticed that compared to the southern regions, the farmers from the north were a lot more wealthy in general. Thanks to the late king Boris’s father, they used modern, German farm equipment, drawn by heavy steam tractors. However, most of the farmers complained of declining crop yields. After making many inquiries, the ranger discovered that this decline started when the farmers began using modern combustion engines on the land. This didn’t surprise him in the least. “The electromagnetic fields of the engines may very well neutralize the groundwater’s own natural charge”, he thought. He also suspected that iron ploughs, being pulled through the soil with great speed, only made matters worse. Steel pressure turbines in hydroelectric power plants neutralize the natural charge present in water. It seemed only logical to him that farm equipment made out of steel had the same effect on the groundwater. “Would you please bring me some soil maps of the area?”, the ranger asked the engineer.

“No problem”, replied the engineer, flashing a smile, “I actually brought some with me in my briefcase.”

After studying the maps intensely for a while, the ranger asked to be taken to several specific regions, selected according to their dominant metal ores. He learned that copper-rich soils generally produced significantly richer vegetation than iron-rich soils. This led him to an entirely new conclusion: “Perhaps it would be better to use farm tools made of non-magnetic copper?”

The king eagerly invited the ranger to report his discoveries, after the latter arrived in Sofia. “Your excellency, I must inform you first of all that the biggest problem I ran into is

*corruption*”, he warned the king. “I’ve noticed a lot of illegal timber harvesting on my tours. To add to that, shepherds are bribing forest rangers to let them graze their animals in the already demolished forests. The young, juicy seedlings are being eaten, and the forest can’t regenerate and sustain itself. If you don’t deal with this problem, your beautiful country will deteriorate before long. Just like the forests, the water will disappear. You will be left with a barren piece of desert, except for a few oases as we have seen around Burgas. Seeing them use wooden ploughs to grow beautiful grains, led me to an interesting conclusion. I think it is highly possible that the decline of crop yield is due to the use of iron farm tools. Tiny, worn off iron particles, cover the fields with a rusty veil, draining the magnetic charge out of the groundwater. The discharged groundwater sinks to deeper levels and the soil dehydrates. This only gets worse over time.”

Unpleasantly surprised, the king stared out of the window for a long time. Finally he said, “Well, there’s nothing I can do. If I reversed my father’s modernization plan based on some unverified assumptions, they will brand me insane and dethrone me instantly. However, we can try to inform the ministry’s officials about your findings in a public meeting. Perhaps we can warm them to the idea and urge them to start a scientific investigation to prove or disprove your theory.”

“Excellent idea!”, replied the ranger, feeling vindicated.

A couple of days later, the ranger delivered his public speech to the ministry of Forestry’s officials. Skeptical, but curious, the engineers listened to the ranger’s rant about modern forestry methods, over-grazing, and the negative effects of iron on the life-giving, magnetic charge of the groundwater. It was difficult to determine whether his words were taken seriously at all.

In the meanwhile, the work on the log flumes progressed steadily and speedily. As usual, the final tests before completion were perfect. At the festive inauguration of the flumes, a radiant king complimented his visitor, “Congratulations! I will make sure that my consuls recommend you and your work to all the European heads of state.” With this promise, the ranger was dismissed.

King Boris kept his word. The ranger received several invitations in Yugoslavian countries as well as Turkey, through the King's consuls. Coffee-Baron Roselius, the Bulgarian consul in Germany, lobbied the German government for log flumes in Germany.

With fourteen completed log flumes to his name however, the ranger grew more and more unhappy about his achievements. He could simply not reconcile himself with the fact that his log flumes were actually assisting the deforestation of central and southern-Europe. He spilled his guts to director Steinhart, "My log flumes, were meant to spare nature, not to abuse her even more-so in this self-serving endeavor, to selfishly wreck her even further! Over time they will only create poverty rather than prosperity. People apparently lose all sense of responsibility, the minute they smell money!" Steinhart wasn't sure whether this remark concerned him personally or not. However, this uncertainty was quickly cleared away when Steinhart happened to sign a rather misleading contract with the Czech government. The ranger disagreed and went ballistic on him.

The two men who had accomplished so much as a team, departed with a flaming row. The ranger would undoubtedly have remained very well off for the rest of his life, should he have continued his alliance with Steinhart. However, his inner voice told him that his inventions were still ahead of time. Contemporary money-hungry man would only abuse them for petty personal gain. As for the powers that be, he was convinced they would gladly turn the whole damn globe into a desert with the help of his log flumes. Anything to make a buck or two. So he started to wonder how he could use *the secret of the trout* in nature's own interest—in a way that would eliminate abuse.

## Support from an unexpected corner

**BECAUSE OF THE ENDLESS FUSS SURROUNDING THE LOG FLUMES, THE** ministers decided to construct a fact-finding committee, headed by the distinct professor in hydraulics, Philip Forchheimer. This professor was widely regarded as the ultimate authority in his field. He was the author of numerous specialist books and educational material, used worldwide. The Ministry asked him to investigate the 'miracle flumes', in order to finally discover their secret.

The ranger, who had lost all hope of ever meeting an open-minded scientist, initially treated his renowned guest rather indifferently. He made no effort at all to explain his discoveries, and kept the professor completely in the dark about the subtler mechanics of his log flume. Every question was answered with a brief, concise answer, in a jargon that he couldn't begin to understand. But the tall, slender professor didn't give up. Six weeks of measuring and calculating didn't bring him any closer to his aim, but he actually started

to respect the ranger deeply. The only way to solve this mystery, as it seemed, was through friendship.

This change in attitude, duly noticed by the ranger, brought them closer together until they developed a tight friendship. They went on long hikes through the forest, where the ranger showed him peculiar natural phenomena, some of which had puzzled the professor for his entire life. Now a layman clarified them in just a few words. "The secret of its carrying capacity, is hidden in the water's temperature and motion", the ranger slightly lifted the veil. "These two factors are inseparable."

On one occasion the ranger challenged his scholarly friend, "Tell me professor, what do you think, is the water behind that big stone in the brook supposed to be *warmer*, or rather *colder* than the water in front of it?"

"According to the laws of physics, the water behind the stone should be warmer", the professor answered, fully convinced his assumption was correct. He even made calculations in the sand with a twig and mumbled some formulae in order to convince the ranger.

"Shall we just test it then?" the ranger suggested with an unmistakable twinkle in his eye. He took a thermometer from his pocket and boldly stepped into the icy cold water, unhindered by his lederhosen. "Two tenths colder", he read out loud from the thermometer.

"That's impossible!" the professor exclaimed. "Give it to me." Resolutely he took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers and stepped into the water as he groaned. When he read the thermometer, he seemed to be flabbergasted. Glued to the spot, he stood there for minutes. He forgot all about the freezing cold water around his legs. "But... that's impossible!" he stammered.

The ranger witnessed how right then and there, the man's entire worldview fully collapsed. "This may come as a surprise to you", said the ranger, "but the *motion* of the *vortex* behind the stone, cools the water. Therefore I call it the *philosopher's stone*!" he said mysteriously. "Particular well-placed resistances are actually able to produce a frictional *reduction* as you can see. That's the real secret of nature's *inspiring motion*."

From that day onwards, the professor never dared to contradict the ranger again, even if initially he couldn't understand something the man was saying. Inevitably, the professor became infected with the genuine philosophy of his new friend. With unconcealed enthusiasm, he told his colleagues about the controversial ranger and his unusual ideas. "Invite him sometime, will you, so we can judge for ourselves?!", his curious colleagues suggested.

That's how the ranger came to be invited to give a lecture at the Academy of Soil Science in Vienna. Standing before a rigged tribunal, the sight of ten professors' prejudiced faces, gave him a creepy feeling. This time it wasn't a religious tribunal, but a scientific one.

“Mister Spyrock, would you please be so kind as to briefly instruct us *ordinary professionals*, how we can regulate the rivers *naturally*, so as to prevent them from flooding?”, the principal introduced the lecture, with a rather exaggerated emphasis on the word *natural*.

“I’m afraid that isn’t so easy”, the slightly intimidated ranger started out, ready to launch into a long monologue about the natural movement of water.

Before he had a chance to make his first point however, the principal interrupted him, “Please summarize it briefly with a few catchwords”, he requested. Then we will discuss.

The ranger took this quite literally. He thought for a moment and said, “In order to understand how water moves naturally, one should observe a urinating wild boar, as it runs.”

Completely dumbfounded, the professors gaped at the unblinking ranger. “Could you please try to express yourself in a slightly more civilized manner?”, the principal sternly demanded. “We’re at an Academy and not in a forest, if I may remind you!”

At this, professor Forchheimer jumped up, “Gentlemen! The ranger doesn’t say this to make fun of you. It is simply his habit to speak in metaphors, that’s all.” He proceeded to write down endless formulae on the blackboard, as to scientifically back up what the ranger had just said about vortex-dynamics. Seeing this, the scholarly academics were stuck to the edges of their seats. A two-hour long discussion followed, the principal who suddenly realized he was supposed to lecture his students terminated that. “Gentlemen, I hope we’ll have a chance to continue this discussion on another occasion. It was a real pleasure!”

Soon, a follow-up event was organized, which was even attended by the new prime minister Dollfuss. This time the ranger was given a better chance at presenting his unorthodox views. Tirelessly, he explained his reasons for blaming modern forestry and hydrology methods, not just for the destruction of the forests, but also for the vanishing mountain springs and the steady decline in crop yields as well.

At the end of his lecture, President Dollfuss, who had been listening intently, asked the bedazzled congregation of professors to bring up some counter arguments. However, none of the two dozen scholarly men in the room felt confident enough to say a word.

The chairman of the Viennese Academy of the Sciences, professor Wilhelm Exner, approached the speaker after the end of his talk to compliment him: “I’m very impressed with your assertions. I’ve been wondering for decades how water flows down a steep rock wall at such a slow speed, it just doesn’t seem to obey the laws of physics!” The ranger gave him a lengthy explanation about the nature of water, based on his personal insights. When he was done, Exner said, “I know you’re way ahead of your time, but someday, in a distant future, you *will* be understood. I advise you to write down your theories soon, in a concise way. I’ll personally see to it that this document is sealed and locked up in the safe of the Academy of Sciences. This way you will always have *priority rights* to these far-

reaching discoveries.”

President Dollfuss, who also admitted to being impressed by the ranger’s views and sturdy appearance, invited him for dinner, along with Vienna’s mayor. On top of it all, the president offered the ranger the post of Forestry minister, followed by a long, animated conversation in a side room of the restaurant.

Flattered, but not tempted, the ranger replied, “Mister president, I can’t possibly accept your offer. No-one in your Socialistic-Christian Ministry will be able to understand my non-religious and concurring non-materialistic outlook.”

By offering him a platform for his ideas in the respectable scientific journal *The Water Management*, Professor Forchheimer kept the public eye focused on the ranger. In this way the professor hoped to inspire a larger public debate about the delicate issues the ranger talked about. Between 1930-31, the ranger published a series of articles in this magazine. Forchheimer even went as far as to casually introduce the ranger to most of his colleagues, in the hope they would open up to his arguments. However, more often than not, it seemed as if the ranger was talking double Dutch. They heard his words, but they could not understand what he was saying. Scratching their heads in confusion, they listened, as the ranger preached, “To accelerate water in any stream, braking-curves need to be applied to the bedding. These curves guide the water into a spiraling motion that breaks down its resistance, just like a skier, who increases his speed by making curves.”

Once again Forchheimer jumped up to try and calculate the inspiring *braking-curve* in a mathematical way. After a while he gave up, mumbling, “Too damn difficult for contemporary physics.”

“No kidding!”, the ranger grinned. “We aren’t talking about regular physics here, but about the organic motion out of which life comes forth. Life doesn’t think in formulae! If science would only understand this, our world would be a completely different place!”

“It would indeed”, professor Forchheimer admitted. “I’m realizing that I only think in formulae, and not in images. Through all my books and lectures, I’ve mistakenly led the science of hydraulics into a dead-end street. In all fairness, I can only conclude that I am personally to blame for a huge disaster”, he sadly admitted. “Thank God I am old and retired, so that I won’t have to live with this unbearable realization too much longer!”

The matter weighed down on his conscience so heavily, that in spite of his admirable age, he started writing a new book. He tried to scientifically revoke most of his earlier theses, replacing them with what he had learned from his unconventional friend. Unfortunately, he was not able to finish it during his lifetime.

Similarly, the principal of the Academy of Soil Science took it upon himself to write articles in *The Water Management* in support of the ranger’s views. He even wanted to give a lecture at the Technical Academy, but he was thoroughly intimidated by the Association of Engineers. The police evacuated the jam-packed hall; their official reason was ‘fears of riots’.

“This was the blackest day of my entire career”, the professor later confided.

## Natural river regulation

EVER SINCE THE INCIDENT WITH THE TROUT, THE RANGER KNEW FOR A fact that water holds a secret—A secret, hidden from most people. With great devotion he continued observing the creeks and rivers in his neck of the woods. He noticed that the trout and other high quality life forms had disappeared wherever the engineers had interfered, and pathogenic bacteria flourished. He began to understand that water cleanses itself by meandering its way forward.

“I suspect that this constant change of direction induces a kind of ‘alternating current’ within the water, thus stimulating the health promoting bacteria and killing the pathogens”, he explained to professor Forchheimer. “It isn’t surprising that water always avoids flowing in a straight line!”

“Hmm, interesting.”

“And here is another related key phenomenon that I have observed: well placed resistances in a natural flowing water current, like rocks for example, produce varying degrees of evaporation in the water body. Separate water layers are being formed, each with their own specific temperature, powerfully twisting around one another. Similar to what happens within a tornado, these twisting layers combine to form a longitudinal, spiraling vortex in the center of the water stream. You can imagine how all kinds of structural and energetic charges emerge. This led me to conclude that healthy water streams form these vortexes out of necessity to keep their energetic ‘soul’ alive. Without this soul, the water would certainly die, while its corpse becomes a source of disease.”

“Ha! The missing link in hydrology!” Forchheimer exclaimed excitedly.

“Inside this vortex-like maelstrom, silica sediments with divergent charges, rub against one another as they are cooling down”, the ranger continued to explain to the professor. “Strangely enough, this doesn’t produce frictional electricity, but rather a force which I call *life-magnetism*—the water’s *soul*. The soul or charge, delivers the water far more coherent, drastically increasing its carrying power. This enables the river water to carry its waste matter all the way from the mountains to the sea, before dropping them off too soon. When water flows in a straight line this *vortex generator* is turned off, the water loses its charge and starts to drop the waste matter to the bottom of the riverbed. Eventually the riverbed silts up and the river starts to overflow. The hydraulic engineers make a big mistake when they think that melt water from the mountains needs to be dispatched to the sea in straightened river ways as quickly as possible. In these unnatural canals, the water loses its vortex-axis, heats up and starts scouring its banks, producing frictional electricity.

The water, which is an untiring transporter of *life-magnetism* from spring to fertile fields, now turns into a bleak messenger of doom. The electricity, generated by the scouring water, discharges the groundwater towards the wider surroundings, stripping them of their natural magnetic charge. Subsequently the water sinks deep into the ground, leaving behind large areas of barren plains.

In Germanic times, when the forests were still untouched and the water was so clear that you could see the bottom of the river, this *life-magnetism* was visible in the cooling evening-water, appearing as a golden glow, called *the Rhine Gold* by ancient Germanic tribes. Some decades ago when the forests near the upper course of the Rhine were cut down, this valuable treasure disappeared. Until then, the trees had been cooling the water through evaporation, acting like a natural air conditioner. With its fridge removed, the water heated up and lost its soul. Energetically depleted, it began dropping its waste matter to the bottom of the river, well before it had even left the mountains, resulting in the ever increasing floods we witness today.”

“Would that *soul* be measurable?” the professor asked.

“No problem for a trout! But for us?” the ranger answered smiling. “In a certain way, the trout is a *life-magnetism measuring device*. During the mating season, the fish intuitively taps into this *soul current*, which builds towards the source. It pulls itself up against the water, determined to lay its eggs at the source, since that’s where the water carries its most powerful negative charge. This same magnetic current enables the trout to remain absolutely motionless in rapidly flowing water. I once ordered my lumberjacks to throw a bucket of hot water into the creek, right above the spot where a bunch of trout sat motionlessly in the water. The magnetic current they were holding on to was immediately broken, causing the fish to struggle and writhe violently. Even before the hot water had actually reached them, they were ruthlessly washed away. Once the warm water had passed, they returned, and again managed to remain completely motionless in the fast-flowing water. From this you can understand the importance of temperature in relation to the magnetic current of earth’s water.”

The river Rhine flooded several times during the twenties, in Switzerland and Germany. All the experts tried to take the wind out of each other’s sails with suggestions for expensive hydrological solutions. They suggested straightening the course of the river and dredging the riverbed.

Based on his own observations, the ranger devised an easy, natural cure for dying rivers like the Rhine. His astoundingly simple solution was presented in several articles in *The Water Management*, stating: “By observing natural waterways, I learned that only water that is able to cool itself, can carry its waste matter all the way to the sea. If one robs water of the possibility to meander and swirl, it will heat up instead of cooling down, and drops its waste matter too soon. River canalization and dredging never actually solve the problem.

*Natural* methods of river regulation on the other hand, help to restore the water’s *whirling motion*, causing it to cool down automatically.



Some years ago, I managed to restore the viciously flooding river Steyr back to its normal state, by simply installing egg shaped *swirl generators* in its bedding. In just a matter of days, the river dredged itself all the way down to the bedrock.

Once more, the heavier waste matters were carried along by the restored



*Water needs to meander*

maelstrom. The lighter particles were pushed to the sides and deposited in the form of rich clay. In this way, the river effortlessly rebuilt its own banks, and the high-grade clay allowed a vibrant vegetation to flourish. I hereby offer to apply this same method to the Rhine. I'm estimating that it should be possible to deepen the river fourteen to twenty feet, at a fraction of the cost of dredging. Since it's a new technique, I am prepared to pay for the initial expenses myself, until the river has effectively sunk by at least six feet.'

Cautious to avoid cutting the so-called hydrological branch they were all leaning on, no one of any important status responded to this generous offer.

Determined to provoke a reaction anyway, the ranger targeted the ultimate pride of the hydrologists: Their hydroelectric power stations. In a following article, he wrote: 'Another major cause of the recent floods, is the construction of large river dams fitted with electrical turbines. First of all, the water heats up too quickly in these artificial lakes. Secondly, the electricity that is generated by the friction between the steel turbine blades and the water, destroys its surface charge. In reaction to the electrical current, the oxygen present in the water becomes so aggressive, that it eats huge holes in the turbine blades and also its own riverbanks. This is how hydro-electric power stations destroy the natural charge of the groundwater in a wide area, ultimately threatening our food production!'

As expected, the hydraulic engineers were furious. They demanded that the ranger be silenced immediately. It was the talk of the town.

The commotion also reached the troubled ears of minister-president Dollfuss. Caught between two fires, the president suggested an independent committee of inquiry, to establish whether or not temperature actually influences the behavior of water, as the ranger claimed. Without initially realizing his mistake, the minister-president proceeded to appoint a commission, which consisted entirely of hydraulic experts—The same hydraulic

engineers who felt so insulted by the statements of the dreaded ranger. Headed by professor Ehrenberger and determined to finally discredit the ‘*water wizard*’ for good, they jumped to the chance.

The ranger knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that this study would work out badly for him and he protested vehemently. He pointed out that water couldn’t be known inside a laboratory, as it is inseparable from its environment. “In order to prove my findings, you would have to measure water *in nature*. Even then you will very likely miss the essence, since the subtle energies of nature are not measurable through the use of current scientific measuring devices. These forces are so subtle, they can only be perceived through the inner senses. Even if you could actually measure these influences, you would still be unable to work with the data, as these energies are very dynamic. They change and completely transform themselves all the time. I am aware that intellectually trained people find this fact hard to accept. But if the applauded hydrologists keep maintaining that water is a lifeless substance—defined by scientific formulae—I say, take them to a mathematician instead of a doctor when they are ill. Thus, their fellowmen will sooner than later be freed from these barren souls!”

The ranger practically signed his own death warrant with these words printed in black and white. The committee of inquiry was determined to prove him wrong at all cost.

After several weeks of laboratory experimenting and even some measurements in nature, the Ehrenberger Commission concluded in its final report: ‘Scientific experiments have proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, that temperature exerts no influence whatsoever on the speed of the water-flow. Considering the *law of conservation of energy*, this wasn’t to be expected to begin with. Mister Spyrock’s claim that the sunrays rob the water of its inherent energy, is therefore entirely unfounded. On the contrary, scientifically speaking, it can be maintained that the higher its temperature, water contains more energy’. In order to warn them against the dangerous charlatan, Professor Ehrenberger printed this final report, and sent the pamphlet to all major European governments.

The ranger on the other end, couldn’t understand why suddenly his endeavors seemed to fall flat. No longer did a single minister, professor or engineer take the time to answer his letters. The patent office didn’t even feel obliged to consider his applications. His urgent request to the publisher of *The Water Management* for publication of a defense was answered rudely by demanding the sum of 25.000 schilling for the favor. Conceited as he was, Professor Ehrenberger hadn’t failed to threaten the publisher with the ruin of his magazine, should he ever have the audacity to publish anything to do with the foolish *Water Wizard*. Werner Zimmerman, publisher of the esoteric periodical *Dew* and a good friend of the ranger, received similar threats.

All hell broke loose, when the hydrological engineers discovered that the opulently published book *The Donau and its Cultural Mission in Central-Europe*, jointly financed by the Donau-countries, contained a rather critical article by none other than the ranger himself. Instantly the book, published in a mammoth edition of a hundred thousand copies, was recalled from the stores and hastily reprinted without the dreaded article.

In his article, the ranger argued that the Donau would have never flooded at all, if only one sixth of the Bavarian forest would have been left standing. “In that case”, he asserted, “the bedding would not have silted up, and the loose woodland soil would have easily retained the 180 million m<sup>3</sup> of excess water which caused the problem. Despite one billion marks in estimated damages”, the ranger dared to write, “the responsible hydrologists simply retained their posts, while the victims paid the bill! The problem however, isn’t with the dying patient, but with her prestige-concerned doctors!”

In spite of the resistance against his person, the ranger kept receiving business offers from all over the world. He turned them down consistently, stating that he was in danger of losing his intuitive faculties if he left his native soil. Instead, he devoted himself to creating more awareness about the environmental problems in his own country.

With every fresh natural catastrophe, he boldly confronted the scientists with the fact that these cases were simply the warranted defensive reactions of a tormented living being. At home it wasn’t always peaceful either.

“Is it really necessary to get so upset all the time?”, his wife Maria complained, with a concerned look on her face.

It hurt the ranger that his wife couldn’t see the importance of his work. “Is she simply jealous?”, he wondered, before answering. “I don’t really have a choice in the matter. As a ranger gifted with insights into the workings of nature, it is simply my duty to warn those goddamn fools of the consequences of their foolhardy renovation of nature. She isn’t the one that is void of reason, but a humanity that boycotts her wisdom!”

## Forest: the cradle of water

**IN ORDER TO FAMILIARIZE HIM WITH HIS BELOVED NATURAL WORLD,** THE ranger took his son Walter to the forest as often as he could. He was aware of the fact that the boy wouldn’t live at home forever.

During their walks, they held long discussions about the forest and its relation to water and its origin. “Look around you Walter”, he said. “And listen to the water. This is its cradle, of which we have to take good care. Contrary to what most people think, deserts aren’t a normal or natural phenomenon at all, you know”, he told his son in a serious tone of voice. “All the deserts, which currently take up about one sixth of the earth’s surface, used to be forests. They typically come into being when misguided humans interfere with nature’s selfless business. In fact, they are a monument to human greed.”

“But the deserts were always there. We know that from the scriptures, right?” Walter countered.

“If that’s the case, then where does all the oil underneath the desert sand come from?” the ranger asked rhetorically.



“Historically, every culture that went through a technological development, cut down its forests. In doing so they invited their own downfall. The Sahara for example, was the hub of highly developed cultures and kingdoms in ancient times. It didn’t exist as a desert. The Gobi desert in China was Genghis Khan’s hunting ground!”

“Seriously?”

“Yes. Archeologists have found Roman forest-boundary stones, and ruins of water reservoirs and aqua-ducts, in the barren mountains of Palestine”, he continued. “You probably never realized that Southern Europe, nowadays dry and barren, used to be covered with vast forests of oak and beech. Spanish children still learn in school, that just a few hundred years ago, a squirrel could leap from tree to tree all the way from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar.” He chuckled sadly, and added, “You see, the mighty Romans were horrified by the damp Germanic forests. Whereas the Celts and the Germans worshipped their tree-spirits, the Romans saw the forest as an obstacle to cultural and economic development—A hideout for robbers and rebels. They tried everything in their power to get rid of it, cutting it down wherever they could, even setting it on fire to drive the Celts from Britain!

Unsurprisingly, the destruction of the forests was most rapid around the Mediterranean. This was the result of wars and technical enterprises like shipbuilding, weapon manufacturing and the construction of entire towns for soldiers, around besieged, walled-in cities. After the downfall of the Roman Empire, the woods enjoyed a few centuries of relative peace, until the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries, when Europe experienced a population-boom. Woods were cut down in order to create farmland. The Italian and Yugoslavian forests fell prey to the successful Renaissance Venetians. Shepherds, with their goats and sheep, saw to it that no regrowth was possible in the clear-felled districts. All that’s left in those lands at the present time, is rocky plains with here and there a puny little tree, hardly worthy of its name.

When the Industrial Revolution slowly but surely progressed, with blooming charcoal-fueled soap, glass, iron and copper industries, the forest once again became the cursed victim. Before long, the trading vessels needed protection from pirates and competing nations, requiring a navy. With one swoop of his arm, the Spanish king transformed

Spain's vast forests into a mighty silver fleet, *the Armada*. Specifically built to transport precious treasures out of South-America. In her jealousy, the English queen ordered one million oaks to be felled for an even mightier fleet.

Trade became the economical engine of Europe. The Dutch founded the first multinational ever, *The United East-India Company*. Seafaring nations earned fortunes trading opium, slaves and spices. With this money, the wealthy citizens began buying luxury products, like butter and cheese. The once humble dairy farmers greedily cut down even more forests in order to satisfy the exploding demand. The First World War and the following economical crisis took care of the rest."

Walter loved these tales about history. "So it could be argued that mankind would have never evolved without the forest, would you agree?"

"Definitely!" the ranger replied. "In America, this whole process played itself out with accelerated speed. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed, the entire continent was still lushly covered with pristine forests. The colonists were in a rush to cut down the forests, to build farms and industries. Because of this, the water table started sinking rapidly. Before long, nothing would grow on the prairies anymore, without irrigation. Dustbowls scourged the empty plains and relentlessly swept away the last bits of fertile topsoil. The entire Midwest dried out and America is starting to look like Spain.

The same thing happened in Africa, Australia, China, India and the Middle East. Today, empty barren plains make up the biggest part of this once green planet!

After the First World War, when the financial crisis saw to it that most of the juicy Austrian forests were destroyed, scientists came to the rescue by inventing the *plantation forest*. Just like lined up soldiers, young trees were planted in straight lines, to maximize profits. Through a stroke of luck, a smart forestry engineer discovered that shade-loving trees grow faster when put in the direct sun. With a fine new word the scientists called it '*light induction*', as if it was a newly invented technical process. Why shade-loving trees love their shade so much, didn't concern them. The idea that nature might actually have a good reason for doing everything exactly the way she does, never seemed to cross their barren, academic skulls. 'Speedy growth can only be a sign of good health', they reasoned."

"And why wouldn't that be true?" Walter asked.

"Ever heard of cancer?" the ranger asked in slightly sarcastic tone. "That's speedy growth!"

"True indeed", Walter mused.

"Inconsistent to their dogma concerning the wholesome effects of competition, the academics planted their trees wide apart, in order to give them equal opportunities!" Walter couldn't help but chuckle.

"Unwanted species and races were unfairly excluded from the start", his dad continued. "That's how, in a matter of decades, the fresh, delightful Austrian forest was transformed into a mechanical, industrial sector." The ranger took his pipe from his pocket, filled it

with tobacco and lit it with a match. “Everyone knows what monotony does to the soul. But what does man do? In the name of efficiency, he subjects his surroundings to monotony. Then he complains about being sick and depressed! What will it take for humanity to finally grasp that not competition, but rather natural complexity, variety and mutual cooperation, are the pillars of a healthy harmony?”

“I don’t know if I agree”, muttered Walter. “You say competition isn’t a natural principle? But doesn’t the soil contain a limited amount of water and minerals, for which the trees compete among themselves?”

“Do the arms and legs of a body compete for blood and nutrients?” the ranger countered. “In my understanding the trees are the organs of the forest-*organism*, working together to form a functioning whole. Only someone who can’t see the forest for the trees could conclude that the different limbs are competing with each other. This is based on the fact that he only sees isolated and chaotic coincidences, rather than a higher unity, which unites all of its life. If he makes the effort to look properly, he would soon discover that the various species, each in their own niche, greatly benefit each other with their specific inputs. One tree will make minerals more easily accessible for the other with its deep roots. The other will protect its fellow trees from the sun with its wide crown. I think the forest would be a shining role-model for humans.”

“So essentially you imply that an artificial forest is completely different from a virgin forest?” Walter asked.

“Exactly. In virgin forests, different generations live together harmoniously. Young trees grow up under the safe protection of their parents. This shade guaranteed them a balanced childhood, with stable levels of temperature, moisture, and light. This is why their digestive processes are of such high quality. These trees have amazing energy and produce a very high grade of timber. Their first contact with direct sunlight happens only when they are fully grown and their parents have died. But even then, it is only with their crown.” The ranger paused, looked his son in the face and said, “Walter, I hope you will be different, because the way science treats life these days, really cuts me to the quick. Sometimes I seriously have to make an effort to not hate those so-called *scholarly* scientists. What gives them the right to manipulate life according to their whims, without even remotely understanding its true essence? If you were to ask them, they wouldn’t have a clue as to what happens inside a tree. How is it possible for water to rise up several tens of feet, carrying minerals and defying gravity?

Some call it *evaporational suction*, some speak of *osmotic pressure* and others still of *root stimulation*. The only thing they all agree to, is that the sun is the driving force. If they had used their intuition instead of their mechanical measuring devices, they would have learned about the subtle forces that regulated these processes, a long time ago. They would have understood that trees grow leaves to protect themselves against direct and harmful sunrays!

So what does the educated forester do? He puts his shade-demanding trees in direct sunlight, and lo and behold, more timber is his reward! Since quality isn’t visible to the

naked eye, he is satisfied with the large yield. In reality however, coarse, cancerous wood-fibers filled with thriving parasite communities come to life. Subsequently, *men of learning* eagerly collect microbes, give them Latin names and hire expensive specialists to document all the new diseases. None of them realize that the most dangerous parasite is hiding behind a desk in an office!”

Walter couldn't help but laugh out loud. “You sure know how to present it in a funny way! But what are you actually trying to say about parasites?”

“Ok...” the ranger continued. “Just as the fox functions as the health-police of the animal kingdom, so is the beetle the health-police of the plant empire. Their main task is to find specimen without a healthy life-signal and recycle them. That's why crop damage is usually very high after extended droughts. Game damage is similarly related to soil problems. When the organic waste-material doesn't ferment within the soil in the right way, it starts to rot. The trees and plants absorb these products of putrefaction, and as a result they turn sour instead of sweet. Animals love these sour plants and trees. Potato beetles operate the same way. Place them in a healthy field, and they simply die out!

We humans however, are no longer in touch with our intuition and depend entirely on our coarser senses for selecting a fruit, for example. Damaged fruit indicated that the seed or fruit in question wasn't healthy and we would discard it. This was a simple matter of logic, since a sick fruit couldn't possibly offer us health. However, the use of chemicals has totally messed up this selective mechanism. These days people in European metropolis' are eating diseased fruits with an artificial yet perfect appearance. Over time our bodies are swarmed with parasites that try to recycle us alive, since we no longer emit a strong life-signal. Suddenly we have cancer and need to be irradiated, while no one notices the *acidic cause*. This acidification can be noticed wherever engineers have had their way. All around, nature deteriorates. The trout disappears from the streams, the oak from the forests and the medicinal herbs from the pasture. As a result the animals too get sick, as they can no longer find healthy feed.”

“Quite a sobering view”, Walter commented.

His dad went on relentlessly. “Trees are no longer able to produce sufficient antibodies against all the pests and diseases. This is because they absorb too much nitrogen, which is the result of chemical fertilizing and CO<sub>2</sub>-emissions from traffic and factories. Their immune system is completely messed up. Even the production of wound-protecting resins dries up. With an aching heart, I saw how the once abundant and vital spruce, is massively eaten away by red rot. The pine was destroyed by ring shock. The beech suffers from heart rot, and even the once omnipresent larch, has all but vanished from the European forests.

The firmness of several other wood types has diminished so dramatically, that mineworkers now refuse to use these timbers to support their mine galleries. I've even heard that Austrian carpenters are refusing inland timbers, as they fall apart at the first strike of a hammer.” Walter had never heard anything like this in his life. It seemed a bit exaggerated, but he still listened intently, knowing that sometimes things need to be exaggerated in order to drive home the point.

“The reason Stradivarius-violins are so sought after”, his dad went on, “is that the timber quality they were made of, doesn’t exist anymore today! This *resonating timber*, as it was called in the past, only grew in damp crevices, on poor soils. In such circumstances, trees grew very slowly and produced an extremely compact timber. The modern *green deserts* of the academics only produce wood with a very coarse structure. With the soil no longer protected by a thick canopy, the groundwater has retreated, and the life forces have abandoned these artificial forests almost entirely. The hot, positively charged soil repels the likewise positively charged rainwater. Unable to infiltrate, it skimps the surface and washes away the fertile forest soil. Only the selfless forest is able to create magical circumstances that allow male rainwater and female soil to unite in love and produce life. Its desire fulfilled, the rainwater penetrates the soil ever deeper, until it reaches mother earth’s belly, so to speak. Here it’s warm. The male oxygen within the water become more aggressive and starts consuming the voluptuous earthly carbons, forming carbonic acid and other gasses. These rare gasses then start pushing up the hot water vapor through the soil capillaries, the veins of mother earth. In this process, the gas filled water dissolves mineral salts and carries them upwards. The closer it gets to the surface, the more the water cools down, depositing its minerals in layers, according to their solubility. The deepest layers contain the noblest salts, as those are the first to crystallize. That’s why the most evolved plant species are the ones that have the deepest roots.” Fascinated, Walter continued to listen.

“Have you ever heard of *root-blisters*?” his father asked.

“No.”

“They are incredibly fragile bubbles at the tip of the roots. The moment they are exposed to light or heat, they burst. Despite their lightness, these blisters only allow the most refined substances in their energetic form to pass. In the cool shelter of the soil, a life force develops within these blisters, which can be characterized as ‘magnetic’. This force, radiating out towards its opposite pole, the sun, is responsible for the upward movement of saps in trees and plants.

In essence, trees are simply extended soil capillaries, through which this female life force flows towards the sun. The tree that we see, is only the sun-coagulated external part of this vital life-stream, for the sun rays have a mineralizing, or materializing effect on matter in its energetic state.”

“So *photosynthesis* has nothing to do with it all?”, Walter asked scrupulously.

“On the contrary”, his father answered. “Photosynthesis is one of nature’s most miraculous processes! It is not the cause of growth however. The actual cause of growth resides inside the earth, and rises up when the soil is well protected through shade. When mother earth is stripped of her skin, the positively charged, oxygen-rich rays of the sun penetrate the soil and push the magnetically charged groundwater down. In this situation the minerals can no longer rise up to meet the vegetation, and the soil deteriorates. When this is the case, not just the forest is at risk, but food production as well. Owing to massive deforestation, even the water table here in Austria has dropped close to six feet! Three feet



more and the production of cereals will be in danger. Reckless cutting of forests ultimately leads to widespread famine in any case. Any culture that doesn't honor its forests is bound to perish, for along with the trees, its life force disappears.

In the olden days, when people still ate food that was rich with life force, the simple stroke of a soft female hand through the rugged male's hair would instantly kindle a passion-filled night. Nowadays, not even a massage can generate that spark." Walter smiled. The ranger ran his hand through his hair. "The same thing goes for mother earth, you see. The trees are her hair. Previously, those hairs carried so much life force, that only fire could keep them out of the farm fields. A soft brush of wind through their leaves would literally have the sparks jumping. These days, city-trees are so weak that they need propping up, as even the gentlest caress of wind, could instantly destroy them."

"Wonderfully poetic, but science won't be very inclined to listen to this kind of presentation", replied Walter, who was starting to find this all a bit too woolly.

"Truth is always very simple", the ranger added. "Scientists have made a sport out of complicating things, even though they claim to be searching for a *unifying theory*.

Modern man, nature-alienated as he is, thinks he needs to shut up and leave the important questions to the specialists, since he isn't knowledgeable enough to participate in the discussion. That's how scientists make themselves indispensable.

In reality, nature only appears to be complex, because we fail to see the primary causes: the energetic processes. If you start to think in an *indirect* way, you will see that nature is very elemental in all its complexity. The forest of course, is not a random collection of species. It is an intricate organism, which developed over thousands of years. All transformational processes, including the brain's development, are the result of subtle interplays—Indirect reactions, all progressing according to a single principle. They're the result of differences in tension caused by motion. Motion itself being the result of differences in potential. Chain reactions that endlessly move back and forth, pulsating with the rhythm of life—The rhythm of day and night, the rise and fall of temperature and the ever changing seasons."

## The Force of the Future

**IF NOT IN THE FOREST, THE RANGER COULD OFTEN BE FOUND IN THE VIENNESE** university library. Here he searched for the key to unlock the secret of the trout. One of the books that caught his eye, was *The Secret Doctrine* by Helena Blavatsky. He remembered an acquaintance once telling him it said something about an inventor who had discovered a certain 'mysterious force of nature'.

"*Hmm.*" The ranger sat down in one of the leather fauteuils, stuffed his pipe, struck a

match and started leafing through the book while puffing clouds of smoke. He encountered a multitude of strange, unfamiliar words and names. “Such a peculiar jumble of religious phrases.”

Just as he was about to close the book, his gaze fell upon a chapter entitled: *The Force of the Future*. His curiosity aroused, he read how Blavatsky predicted the rediscovery of the Atlantean force that powered their legendary air vessels, the *Vimanas*. She predicted in 1875, that science would soon discard the 18<sup>th</sup> century notion of *ether* for a while, only to rediscover it later on as *aether*, the actual source of all life. She described this aether as being a semi-material, omnipotent energy, which enlivens the material world and transmits information from one being to another beyond the boundaries of space and time. ‘Matter develops from aether’, she wrote, ‘and after its demise, once again returns to aether. There is no difference between the Christian ‘*in Him we live and have our being*’ and the Hindu Rishis ‘*the universe manifests from Brahman, rests in Brahman and unto Brahman will return*’. Occult philosophy sees both the manifest and un-manifest cosmic aspects as a unity, symbolized in the bipolar *golden egg*. The positive pole acts in the manifested world, while the negative pole remains in a state of un-manifested *being*. It is humanity’s godly task to learn to control this transformation process as a true creator, and thus unravel the mysteries of birth and death’.

“*Hmm*, not uninteresting”, the ranger thought and read on. ‘All is life’, she continued. ‘Every atom is a soul, a center of potential activity. In reality there are no inorganic materials. Stones, metals and chemical elements are just *life in an extremely lethargic state*. A coma that won’t last forever. Lethargy becomes activity, when the resting soul is called to life by a magnetic will-vibration. This magnetic world is just as visible to the true occultist, as a horse is to a lesser mortal’.

“I must be an occultist then”, the ranger mumbled to himself. He emptied out his pipe in the ashtray and re-stuffed it before reading on.

‘What else could the aether of the philosophers and ancient cultures be, than the *primordial chaos*? The chaos carries the universal germs of life within itself! It is true that force is *matter in motion*. Both however, are only manifestations of the one indivisible, cosmic primal force. Within all these forces and manifestations, the occultist perceives the steps of a ladder. Modern science only acknowledges the lower steps of this ladder. The occultist has the abilities to also perceive the higher steps. All around him he notices one invisible, living and intelligent force behind all physical manifestations.

Moreover, he observes how will-vibrations are capable of influencing this *aether ocean*. Sound is one example. It is such a formidable force, it could let the pyramid of Cheops float in mid-air, or even bring back to life a dead person, if commanded properly.

Whoever regards this as unscientific, I recommend visiting the genius inventor John Worrel Keely of Philadelphia. He generates *aetheric force* in his engine through sound vibrations. Even though he isn’t entirely successful as of yet, I assure you that this force isn’t a mirage. For what he has discovered, is the terrible force *Mash-mak* of the Atlanteans—The *Vril* of the Aryan Rishis. According to the humble opinion of the

occultists, Keely is indeed on the verge of unveiling one of the biggest secrets of the universe. Since he is not yet permitted to succeed, he still remains helpless. For occult science does not reveal its most critical secrets all at once. Only with great intervals, does it drop a pearl here and there, blessed with the potential to start humanity on its majestic way into the sixth post-Atlantean era.

The moment these secrets leave the protective hands of their careful custodians, they are no longer concealed and run the risk of falling into the hands of the egotistic Cain's of this world. In that case they only help fan the fire of the terrible daily holocaust, in which the poor are sacrificed for the 'super rich'.

The ranger gulped, his skin covered in goose bumps.

'The occultists are aware of the fact that should Keely's engine become successful, it would provide humanity with an occult secret that would most certainly be abused in the worst possible way. It would be like handing a child in an ammunitions depot a box of matches.

Yet never before did humanity's finger point to the emergence of this new force, like it did now. Clearly her soul craved it. Just centuries ago, people didn't know that blood flowed through the veins in their bodies. In a similar manner, it is hard for us today to imagine that all men are potentially able to consciously direct this formidable and vibrating aetheric force. Apparently Keely is well aware of this universal life force, for his devices are powered solely by his own, pure thought-vibrations—Nature's own way of preventing this force from falling into the hands of blind, egoistical materialists.

Only then will this force become accessible to mankind, when humanity recognizes this higher unity in all its diversity. When the elites that hold the power on this earth finally heed the righteous demands of the masses, and the egotism-generated spring tide of hunger, misery and wage slavery has diminished. In other words: when the word *proletariat* has lost it's meaning altogether'.

"Amen!", exclaimed the ranger inadvertently.

"That must be a really good book!?", commented a gentleman with briefcase, who sat himself down nearby.

"The Secret Doctrine, by Blavatsky", the ranger answered. "She predicts the emergence of a new technology, powered by what she calls '*aether*'."

"You mean the narcotic?" the gentleman inquired. "Two hydrocarbons bound by one oxygen atom."

"No, she's talking about an apparently very extraordinary natural force", the ranger replied.

"Ahhh!, you mean that superseded, 18<sup>th</sup> century concept of the '*ether*'?", the gentleman gave it another shot.

"Haven't a clue", the ranger answered, his forehead creased with wrinkles.

At that, the gentleman who probably was a physics professor, proceeded to give a

lengthy lecture about *ether*. “In my college days, the *ether-theory* was still a commonly accepted idea”, he offered.

“Really?”

“Yes. Early modern science assumed that space was permeated with hypothetical ‘ether’. They reasoned that light had to be a radiation-wave, requiring a medium to travel through. Despite the fact that this was originally a religious concept, it survived the Age of Reason and was assimilated matter-of-factly, into the new scientific worldview. Newton for example, wrote in his *Hypotheses* of 1675, ‘Nature is a tireless recycling worker, turning liquids into solids, gases into liquids and back again. The subtle densifies into the material, and again dissolves into space. Therefore it is highly possible that all things originate from ether’.

Immanuel Kant had his own definition of ether: ‘an all-permeating primal substance, expanding itself endlessly into any space through the act of repulsion’. Ampère predicted the emergence of a new science of the non-material, etheric forces, which according to him, produce all visible phenomena. Maxwell, the well-known electrician, believed that electromagnetic phenomena were the result of ‘*matter moving through the ether*’. Lord Kelvin suspected electricity to be a carrier of tension between *ether and matter*. I could go on like this for a while”, the professor grinned, reckoning he had already made enough of an impression upon the ranger.

“But why then, has the concept of *ether* completely vanished from the scene these days?”

“Michelson and Morley, two researchers, conducted an experiment in 1881, which they hoped would prove the existence of ether. Since their attempt failed, most scientists regarded this proof of the fact that ether does *not* exist after all. Precisely for this reason, Einstein left ether out of his famous relativity theory of 1905, which took the world by storm. Thus, ether was declared dead. And as you well know, the dead are better left alone!” He groped into his breast pocket, took out a big silver watch, and excused himself with the words, “Alas, I’ve got to hurry to college. It was a pleasure.”

“Same here”, the ranger answered smiling.

As the professor left the room, the tall, somewhat hunched-over librarian, who apparently overheard the conversation, appeared from behind a bookshelf. “Excuse me, but I heard you talk about *aether*. Coincidentally, that’s a subject very close to my heart. Can I assist you in any way perhaps?”

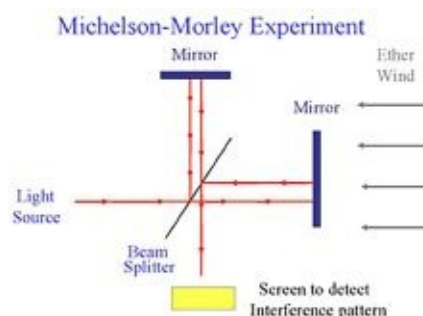
“Well, do you know any scientist who has published about the *trout force*?”

“The force of a *trout*?”, the librarian inquired, somewhat taken aback.

“Yes”, the ranger replied eagerly. “Have you ever seen a trout jump up against a high waterfall? According to me that can’t be done through mere muscle power.” At this point, an animated conversation started between the ranger and the tall Serbian librarian, who introduced himself as Janco.

He told the ranger that after reading *The Secret Doctrine*, he conducted an extended personal study into the occult concept of *aether*. “Greek *aether*, translates as something like *the breath of the gods*”, he explained. “Aristotle borrowed the concept from the ancient Hindus, who called it *Akasha*. This aether or akasha has also been characterized as being *un-manifested animated empty space, the latent force of the godhead at rest, un-manifested motion-awaiting God-vibration, the unknowable entering into visible form through vibration-generating motion, and the life-vacuum*. I think it is safe to say they found it hard to put into words”, Janco grinned. “So what do we make of this ancient explanation: ‘The universe expresses itself twofold: through motion and through space in which the motion occurs’. Or this one, ‘Both motion and space emanate from aether’.”

The ranger frowned while trying to imagine this. He emptied his pipe once more, stuffed it and lit up. “So somehow matter is formed out of vibrating aether, huh?”, the ranger inquired, after a reflective pause. “That actually sounds an awful lot like the beginning of Genesis: ‘*In the beginning was the word*’! A vibration in an animated empty space!”



*Michelson-Morley experiment*

“Absolutely!”, Janco agreed. “Aether is an ocean of un-manifested energy, upon which waves of thoughts and feelings ride, until they manifest themselves physically. Apparently this also applies to our body, which was considered to be a product of the soul. Ayurvedic medicine, describes how all the physical processes are regulated by the aetheric body. It is said that when aether contracts, it is responsible for drawing nutrients into the body and gearing the organs into action.”

“Very interesting, I must say!”, the ranger admitted.

Taking this as an encouragement, Janco continued, “So the concept travelled from India to Europe. At first it impacted Greek philosophy, and later on the medieval Alchemists and our modern science. One year after the Michelson-Morley experiment, which the

professor was referring to, British physicist Sir Oliver Lodge, gave a speech at the London Institute, concerning ‘a modern vision on aether’. He said: ‘Aether is the indivisible substance that saturates the universe. It vibrates as light, positive or negative electricity, or any other natural force. As aether moves in a vortex-motion, matter is created. Not through pressure, but through composition’.”

“Fascinating!” the ranger said. “So after the debacle with the experiment, the once eminent aether turned into a mirage?”

“No, it only went underground”, Janco answered rather enigmatically.

Before the ranger could ask any more questions, Janco walked towards a shelf from which he produced an article, which he handed to his new friend, and said, “This is the speech Albert Einstein gave at the university of Leiden in Holland in 1921.”

The ranger read: ‘I have concluded that aether exists indeed. Far too many phenomena can’t be explained without it. The only reason I left it out of my theory at the time, is because it can’t be described by modern physics’.

The ranger looked up from the page, thinking, “So that lady Blavatsky was no fool after all.” Janco seemed to pick up his thought, and said “Einstein, Edison and Tesla all read *The Secret Doctrine* and were hugely inspired by it!”

## Keely’s aether technology

### **KEELY, THE INVENTOR OF ‘AETHER TECHNOLOGY’ IN BLAVATSKY’S**

*Secret Doctrine*, wasn’t the kind of guy you would imagine. Despite her description of him as ‘standing on the threshold of the occult’, he was rather down to earth.

John Worrel Keely was born in Philadelphia in 1827, the son of musically talented parents. As a very young boy he learned to play the violin. However, his main fascination was the tuning fork. He discovered that if a string on his violin was tuned correctly, it vibrated with the ringing of the tuning fork. It crossed his mind to make a whole bunch of tuning forks vibrate with just a single string, thus multiplying the vibratory force. He constructed an elaborate setting and started to experiment with the force of sound. He was amazed to observe that the multiplication of force within the circle of tuning forks was truly immense. Almost frightening.

The implications of this discovery were of course colossal. In a rush, he continued his experiments, to assess the effects of sound on water. Meanwhile, he worked as a carpenter in one of the many furniture shops in Philadelphia, to earn a living. Every spare penny was used to finance his experiments. After six years of serious investigation, he concluded that the transition of water into aether occurs at 42.800 vibrations per second. “Perfect for

powering up an engine”, he thought to himself. “An aether-engine!”

Immediately, he started to build a prototype, which of course cost him an arm and a leg. When it was completed, he took out his violin, put the bow to the string, struck it and ‘*kabaaaang!*’, with a deafening noise the device exploded, after which the wounded inventor was rushed to the hospital.

The nurses didn’t know what to make of such a patient. “What’s the matter with that guy!?”

“It worked!... It worked!” was all the smirking patient kept exclaiming.

With a cigar clenched between his meaty fingers, a wealthy industrialist from Philadelphia read about the accident in the morning paper. Instantly, he knew what to do. He snuffed out his cigar, put on his bowler hat, called for his fastest carriage and sped to the hospital.

It wasn’t hard to find the excited patient. When the inventor told him about the extreme power of this new energy source—aether—the industrialist asked, “And what’s next?”

“I’m going to construct a new model of course!” the inventor beamed.

“And how will you finance that?”

“I can’t be worrying about that right now”, the inventor replied, frowning slightly.

“I am willing to help you”, the industrialist said deliberately as he rose. “But promise me to keep the process a secret, until we’ve found backers!” With huge dollar signs in his eyes, the industrialist strode down the broad steps of the hospital, poised and ready to bring his friends the good news.

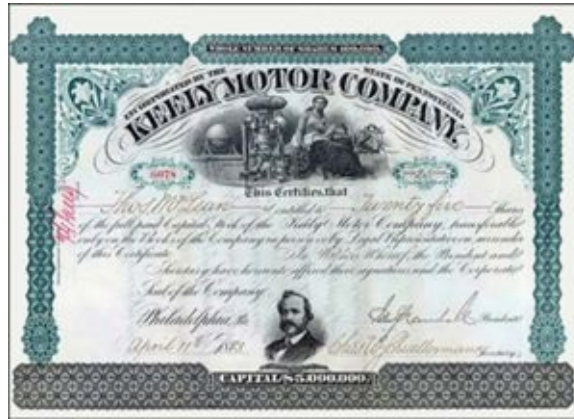
“Well, seeing is believing”, the industrialist said, when critical questions were fired at him after his raving account. “And I’ve seen his injuries!”

“Sounds like something we can’t afford to miss out on”, the most senior venture capitalist expressed the general mood. “But neither can we afford to have our legs pulled. Let’s proceed with caution.”

Hastily the industrialist drove back to the hospital and told the inventor the good news: “I’ve found a few very wealthy gentlemen who’d like to invest in your discovery, provided you can present them with a working model.”

His offer did not fall on deaf ears. As soon as he was well enough, the inventor went home and frantically started working on a new model. Smaller, but God willing, more powerful.

The *ohhhh*’s and *ahhhhh*’s reverberated, as the inventor finally showed the gentlemen a wondrous machine. Apparently it ran on *aether* and had no wires connected to it.



*Stock of the Keely Motor Company*

*Keely Motor Company* was established in no time, promising huge returns on its stock. ‘Don’t miss out, buy the stock of the future’, the papers advertised.

Quite a few wealthy people recognized this new energy source’s potential, to be used for locomotives as well as the merchant navy. A group of potential investors established an independent investigation-committee of ‘experts’. They wanted to establish beyond any shadow of a doubt that this wasn’t a scam.



*John Worrel Keely*

After several demonstrations conducted by Keely in his laboratory, the commission concluded that the new energy source was a fact.

As soon as this news reached the newspapers, thousands of eager investors purchased stock. Dollars was pouring in by the million. The financial markets found themselves in a state of grand euphoria.

Beaming with confidence, the inventor set to work. He designed and conducted endless experiments to capture this intangible aether, while making sure it didn’t explode. Tirelessly he hustled about with shiny, yet complex devices. He worked for years on perfecting *amalgam powder*, which according to him, acted as a catalyst in the transformational process of water into aether. His comprehension of the influence of vibration on the visible and invisible worlds grew considerably with each failure. “People have no clue about the secret power that water holds”, he explained to a journalist. “A mere bucket full is powerful enough to disrupt the course of this entire globe!”

A journalist took a jab at one of Keely’s co-workers to find out more about this elusive



‘aether’.

“Aether is odorless and temperature-less. It can be compared to electricity, but far less dangerous. Personally, I like to inhale it. It is wonderful. I’m sure one could actually live on it, was the nonchalant reply.” He smiled. “It can also be transformed back into the most exquisite drinking water you’ve ever tasted!”

“*Hmm*, that almost sounds like turning water into wine”, the ranger contemplated. “Transforming water into aether could very well be the key to the secret of the trout!” Hungrily he devoured the little information about the mysterious inventor, which he could find in the library. He couldn’t always understand Keely’s cryptic expressions in order to make sense of the super-sensible. Yet his intuition provided him with an adequate impression of the inventor’s line of thinking when it concerned the life governing principles and their organic processes. He read:

‘Electricity is merely one branch of the huge, neutrally vibrating aether-tree. Its resonating energy-currents are three-fold. They consist of *pushing* electricity, *pulling* magnetism combined with the *stabilizing* willpower of the universe. Earth’s rotation which produces the alternation between day and night, continually disturbs the relative balance amongst these three currents, causing motion’.

Whereas this kind of language scared off most practical-minded people, it happened to tickle the ranger’s imagination.

‘All matter emerges from gravity through vibration’, he read. ‘The force of gravity, is really the force of sympathy. Loving attraction. It is this love that holds the universe together. Both on a planetary as well as a molecular level. Positively charged rain and snow for example, merely fall to the ground because the earths opposite, negative charge are attracting them. Every living thing feels attracted to the earth as if it was a strong magnet. Gravity therefore, is nothing more than a resonating love of the earth, with a varying intensity in each subject’.

“What a genius philosophy!”, the ranger thought out loud. “If you are somehow able to neutralize this love of the earth, you could make objects float away into space! He thought deeply. “Keely must have come to that same realization!” He read on:

‘Contrary to popular belief, it is actually true that *the subtler a given force is, the more powerful its effect will be*. By way of resonance, thin air—or aether—rules gross material. This resonating aether is identical to the ancient ‘*harmony of the spheres*’. Wherever these cosmic vibrations meet, physical interference patterns arise, out of which the physical nature we perceive around us forms itself. Just as willpower causes our bodies to move, similarly resonance causes matter to move and evolve. The Celestial Bodies govern the motion of molecules, stones and plants alike, through resonance.

Therefore nature cannot rebel against itself. Just like spring flowers are unable to resist the resonating flowering-impulses of spring, in the same way, slumbering aether within a molecule is incapable of resisting a motion-triggering resonance. Animal sounds and human voices are echoes of this divine music. It is for that reason that words spoken with willpower have an incredible influence on plant growth!

Many ancient cultures were aware of this power of resonance. The bible gives us examples of this. The story of the battle of Jericho for instance, tells how sounding the battle horns destroyed the city walls. In Genesis we read: ‘God said *light* and there was light’. This was true, because with this sound vibration, he freed the *light aether* captured in every molecule, patiently awaiting its liberation through *resonance stimulation*. Warmth came into being on earth as the sun freed *warmth aether* from the molecules of the earth’s atmosphere, through its resonating rays’.

“I guess it’s all up for interpretation”, the ranger thought. “But I wasn’t looking for a scientific explanation anyway.” He read on:

‘My research made it clear to me that sound-vibrations are indeed able to set matter into motion. I discovered that through musical resonance, aether could be caused to move inside a special device.

The sixth note of a musical scale reduces the molecular vibration, and creates matter out of aether. The ninth note on the scale, causes the opposite—de-materialization’.

Amazed, the ranger read how Keely gradually discovered that he didn’t even require actual musical vibrations. He learned how to run his machines through vibrations of his own will power. Keely explained:

‘If just one individual in a group of like-minded people suddenly becomes afraid, this feeling can instantly infect all other members of the group. Without fresh input of energy, the fear is instantly multiplied exponentially. It would take a split-second for love to similarly infect and multiply. Ultimately this could mean that one man’s hatred could direct the hand of a like-minded murderer on the other side of the globe, all because of sympathetic vibrations that reside within aether. Therefore everything depends on one’s vibration. An individual who understands the immeasurable depths of his existence, would never utter the word *impossible*’.

The ranger was mesmerized. It seemed that the inventor had gradually learned to manipulate all forces known to physics and beyond. From reading the book, it seemed as if the road to resistance-less submarines, weightless flying objects and healing through resonance, was wide open before him.

From time to time Keely conducted shows to keep the shareholders satisfied. Before a baffled audience, he would make heavy objects float through mid-air. He had demonstrated an *aether cannon* to the Department of War. It produced 20.000 pounds of pressure without any accompanying heat.

Whenever surprised visitors asked him how all this was possible, the inventor answered, “My inventions operate in a completely different way from any other known engine. Pressure and expansion, play no part in my machines, since such forces evoke resistance and impede the natural flow of aether. Electric heat, which is caused by friction, weakens the molecular bonds and increases gravity.”

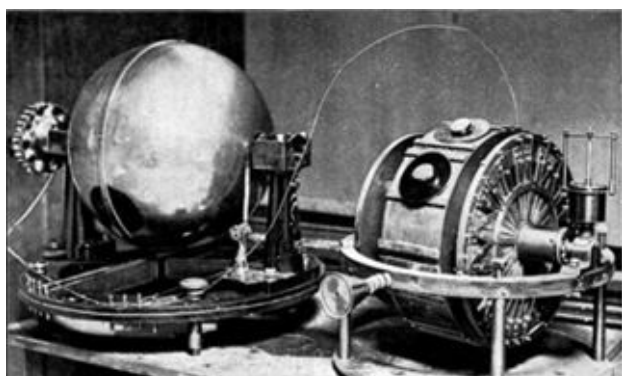
For fifteen years, Keely tried to capture aether and make it flow. More and more, he came to the understanding that aether was simply a medium for *willpower-vibrations*. ‘It

isn't so that electricity, magnetism or gravity are the cause of everything. Will-power is the cause of everything!'

Although this seemed very exciting to everyone else, it was a nightmare for Keely. No matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't figure out how to build a machine that was sensitive and universal enough to be operated by the average Joe.

As the investors quickly grew impatient, the Board of Directors of the Keely Motor Company accused him of deception and started an investigation led by a committee of 'respected physicists'. This committee concluded that the inventor's claims were entirely unfounded. They accused him of secretly using compressed air to drive his mysterious machines.

This assessment turned his best friends into his worst enemies overnight. The Board of Directors of the Keely Motor Company demanded the charlatan be put behind bars for his scam. Keely desperately begged Tesla, Edison and other renowned inventors to come to his defense. However, none of them did, fearing



*Globe motor and provisional engine.*

to damage their own reputation. Keely became severely depressed by this lack of moral support. In a sudden rage, he violently destroyed most of his machines, probably to keep them out of the clutches of his creditors.

When the wealthy Theosophist and renowned author Clara Bloomfield-Moore, an admirer of Keely, heard about this misfortune, she decided to interfere and save her falling hero. She moved heaven and earth to keep him out of jail. A stream of articles flowed from her typewriter. She even wrote a book in which she defended the troubled genius. She wrote: 'Everybody knows that the resounding string of one instrument sets in motion the string of another instrument when in tune. This also applies to tuning forks. If one were to closely line up a thousand tuning forks, the original vibration would instantly be amplified a thousand times. This is the *multiplication of force*, as the old Rosicrucians called it. Modern science would probably call it '*induction*'. Up until now, our modern science only knew about *the law of conservation of energy*. The science of the future, will be introduced to *the law of multiplication of energy*!'

She didn't stop there. To continue his research, she selflessly made large funds available to him.

What really got the troubled inventor out of his depression was the book she gave him, titled: *The harmonious evolution of tones and colors*, by F.J. Hughes, a cousin of Charles Darwin. In his book, Hughes attempted to scientifically explain how all tones, colors and matter, are manifestations of one original principle.

The inventor was so inspired by this book, that he feverishly began experimenting again. It led him to a method through which he was able to make the color of a tone visible to the eye.

She gave him another book, *Aether, the true original substance— Sketch of a philosophy*, published in 1868 by Angus MacVicar. A friend of the author, the Free Energy inventor John Andrew, sent it to her.



*Clara Bloomfield-Moore*

This book had an incredible impact on the inventor as well. For the first time in his life, Keely became aware of the enormous implications of his discoveries. Their vast occult dimensions.

Bloomfield-Moore, already well acquainted with these occult dimensions, suggested that Keely conduct experiments regarding the influence of vibration on hydrogen. She suspected strongly that hydrogen, the lightest atom, had a strong connection with aether.

Keely followed her advice and started his experiments. These new attempts finally brought to light that aether is actually four times lighter than common hydrogen, and that it has a frequency similar to light. Moreover, he learned how to free aether, encapsulated within all molecules, from the earth's most common substances, air and water. When the ranger read that all Keely's experiments were finalized with a vortex motion of water, air and invisible aether, he was deeply touched. Keely concluded: 'The vortex motion is the ultimate natural motion, from which gravity and other forces of attraction arise'. He was still racking his brain on how to actually reproduce this motion in a machine.

As the ranger anticipated, Keely had indeed tried to neutralize the attraction force of the earth. Through the use of vibration he attempted to change the electro-magnetic charge of objects. According to the inventor, every object has two poles. Usually speaking there is a positive charge at the bottom, pointing towards the negatively charged earth and a negative pole, pointing towards the positively charged cosmos. Reversing these charges, would theoretically shoot the object off the planet by way of 'repulsion'. Provided of

course, the object would remain stable and not upturn itself.

To achieve this, the inventor built a disk-shaped airplane, which consisted of two horizontal metal plates, charged with *negative attraction power*. How it worked precisely, wasn't clarified in the vague description. Keely simply called it *a Negative Pole Machine*—A mechanical brain, configured in such a way, that it resonates with the earth's negative-pole-force: 'The cosmic force on which this machine runs, doesn't differ in any way from mental force', the inventor declared. This is the secret of the power of will, today only known to Indian gurus and genuine gypsies. The will is able to influence aether and thereby produce material phenomena.

No philosophy is as satisfying to the intellect, as the comprehension of this astounding, universal resonance-system, the principle upon which the creator founded heaven and earth. Therefore this technology resonates in complete harmony with nature's own vibrations. Producing machines that are not in harmony with nature, ultimately results in disharmony and destruction!

The ranger felt very touched by these words. He understood that Keely's devices were not machines that could be copied overnight. Moreover, he suspected the inventor was masking his words, in order to protect his patents.

"What are you reading that is so interesting?", Maria asked one evening, as she entered the living room with a pot of tea, unnoticed by her distracted husband. She had never seen him in such a strangely excited state.

"I'm reading a book by a genius inventor. What I've understood so far, is that he may have discovered a kind of *natural magnetism*", he answered. "These days, the general opinion is that electricity is the future. According to mister Keely, electricity is in fact a destructive, gravitation-invoking current. He calls it *oppressed aether*, which breaks down all living cell structures, just like it happens within the digestive process. His natural magnetism, produced by aether, is constructive instead. This could very well become the main power source of the future, if we could only find out how to apply it to machines.

I suspect that his discoveries can unveil the secret of the trout, which I am determined to resolve. If I understand him correctly, the world is created and kept in motion, through resonating willpower. This implies that if we truly desire a different world, we simply need to learn to think in a higher octave!"

Not being philosophically inclined, Maria just smiled. She simply poured the two of them a cup of tea and nested herself next to her husband on the couch with her own book.

## The perpetual motion machine

THE RANGER BECAME DEEPLY INSPIRED AND ALL THE MORE CURIOUS BECAUSE of Keely's information about aether. He spent many hours researching in the Viennese university library. A spontaneous friendship developed between him and Janco, the tall librarian.

They involved themselves in long discussions about the nature and function of aether.

“There are inventors who are trying to build engines that run on aether, as far as I can tell from the Secret Doctrine” the fascinated ranger told Janco. “An energy source which is so powerful that it could destroy the earth in *one* single blast, if it were abused!”

“The idea of a *cosmic machine* is ancient, as far as I was able to retrace”, Janco replied. “It dates all the way back to old-Indian cultures. They regarded the universe, with all its planets and cycles, as an eternally revolving wheel of life and death, called Samsara—a divine perpetual-motion machine. The high priests were astronomers as well. They understood that the combined vibrations of the planets, producing prana or life force that glues the universal organism together, maintain the universe’s equilibrium. We know this for a fact, because this secret knowledge was applied to their temples. Construction of the temples clearly demonstrates this.

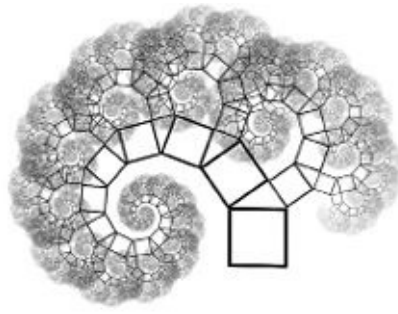
According to legend, some temples in the Himalayas were built by positioning musical instruments at specific distances from each other. At a certain signal they were all sounded precisely at the same time. This combined vibration would cause the heaviest rocks to float through mid-air. When they were guided to the correct spot, another signal was given and the music would stop. By restoring the rock’s original gravity, they would be fixed in their positions.”

“Which of course reminds me of John Worrel Keely’s experiments”, the ranger said.

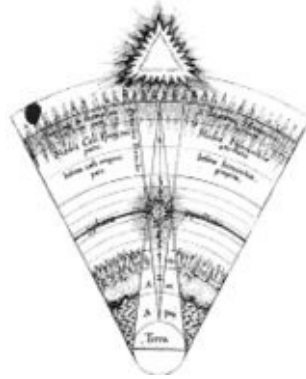
“That’s right”, Janco agreed. “The Gnostics of Persia applied parts of this knowledge to their *water elevators*. Through them the notion of a perpetual-motion machine reached medieval Europe. The Alchemists were often members of a secret order, such as the Rosicrucian, Knights Templar or Free Masons. They adopted this philosophy and blended it with Egyptian and Greek philosophy.

The Rosicrucians were more into Hermes Trismegistus and the Egyptian *Mystery Schools*. The Knights Templar preferred Greek mystery and philosophy as expounded by Pythagoras and Aristotle, both initiates of the Greek *Mystery Schools*. Aristotle’s best-known work, *Metaphysica*, deals with such subjects as ‘the origin and formation of matter’, ‘actuality and potentiality’, ‘genesis and transformation’ and ‘oneness in manifoldness’.

Pythagoras taught us that everything possesses a vibrating soul, which creates matter. According to him, the universe arises from the *monochord* or overtone series. Alpha and Omega, spirit and matter, are simply the highest and lowest vibration of this single chord. Originating from the soul, these vibrations form the bridge between the internal and external worlds and between the micro world of atoms and the macro world of planets. According to them, the medium for these vibrations wasn’t ordinary air, but luminous *life aether*, or *astral light*, which permeates and animates all matter. It is for this reason, that the structure of all living creatures, plants and crystals alike, is found in the exact same proportions in the *Music of the Spheres*, produced by the whirling planets.”



*Pythagoras tree*



*Pythagoras Music Scale*

“So your ‘philosophy of aether’, is actually a careful synthesis of the highest wisdom of different cultures?” the ranger inquired laughingly. “But please continue.”

“The concept of aether”, Janco went on, “also inspired the medieval mystics’ notion, that the visible and the invisible, the inanimate and living nature, can not really be separated. These are mere temporary states of the one original substance—the *Fifth Element* or *Quintessence*. It was the task of every true magician to prove the existence of aether. To do so, they not only needed to create materials out of ‘thin-air’ or aether, but they had to make them disappear as well. The all-pervasive world-mind could be directed by the trained *will power of the magician*, and thus they would perform apparent ‘miracles’.

Two legendary alchemists of the Renaissance, Paracelsus and Agrippa, referred to aether as the *Astral Light*, *Sideric Light*, *Spiritus Vitae*, or the *Grand Snake*. According to them, atoms appear in astral form before the visionary’s eye, shaped as snakes, like the *Nagas* of ancient Indian and Egyptian depictions. Long before Anton Mesmer, Paracelsus had already discovered a link between aether and magnetism. He asserted that magnetism was the driving force behind life, death and earth’s evolution.

Electricity however, was referred to as the *aetheric fire*. Quite contrary to their modern descendants, these alchemists weren’t at all interested in aetheric fire. Their primary aim was learning to control aether. The rose of the Freemasons and Rosicrucians stands symbol to this quest for the *Holy Grail*, *Mercurius*, or *Vitriol*.”

“And did they ever succeed?”

“Their legacy mainly consists of mysterious analogies and recipes”, Janco answered. “To produce *vitriol* or *life elixir*, aether had to be captured in a carrier substance and liquefied. Subsequently it was buried in the warm womb of the earth, until it turned black

as coal, similar to the purification of the soul in a fiery hell below.

Following this transformation, the purified aetheric soul would rise up and emerge from the bowels of the earth in the form of new life. For this reason ancient cultures have regarded caves and holes in the ground to be portals to the afterworld.” The ranger listened intently to these unusual words that came from the librarian’s mouth. Ancient knowledge that wasn’t taught in schools and university’s always had him hooked instantly.

“Just imagine”, Janco continued, “while Christian inventors focused on the production of electricity, the occultists tried to produce *life itself!*”

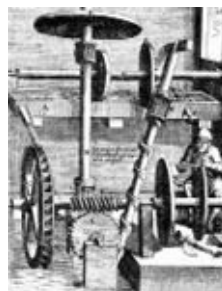
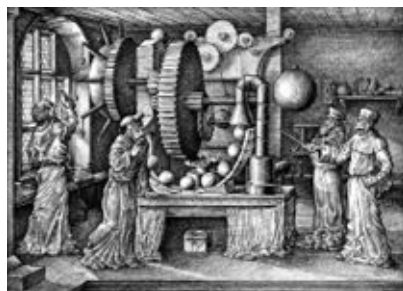
“Incredible!” the ranger agreed. As his friend did all the talking, he quietly enjoyed his pipe, patiently awaiting the clue that would finally solve the trout-mystery.

His friend continued, “These *Brotherhoods*, guarded the secret of the production of life for centuries, thus threatening the spiritual monopoly of the Church. They zealously defended the secret with their lives. Many of them were brutally persecuted, and some were burned at the stake. Yet, many spiritual rebels throughout history, felt drawn towards these brotherhoods, as they offered a welcome alternative to the establishments aggressively imposed ‘truths’. Leonardo Da Vinci, Amadeus Mozart, Johannes Kepler and many other renowned artists and scientists, were members of these brotherhoods. Kepler, for instance, joined the Templar Society, where he learned about the secret doctrine of Pythagoras. He became so inspired, that he embarked on a mission to find mathematical evidence to prove the existence of *the Harmony of the Spheres*, while casually producing his magnum opus on the motion of planets.

According to his calculations, cosmic bodies follow an egg-shaped course, rather than a circular one, and their velocity isn’t constant. He asserted that just like the sun, all planets have a magnetic core as their soul. All these souls combined, the cosmic and terrestrial ones, form *the Harmony of the Spheres*. Kepler was the first scientist to prove that the moon influences terrestrial waters.”

“Very interesting!”, the ranger said. “Can you tell me more about these brotherhoods and their racket? I mean, did they ever manage to produce a device that actually worked? ”

“That’s highly debatable”, Janco replied. “I’ve found descriptions of a silver, saucer-shaped *perpetuum mobile* from France, dating back to 1235 AD. Off course, nothing can be said with dead certainty, since it is too long ago. There are hundreds of stories all throughout history however, about inventors and their mysterious machines...



*Some early ideas*



By the way, have you heard of Anton Mesmer?”

“You mentioned him before, yes”, the ranger answered.

“Franz Anton Mesmer was a French occultist, who strongly influenced modern Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism. Renaissance-Alchemists Paracelsus and Agrippa on the other hand, heavily influenced Mesmer. He conducted experiments concerning human emanation, which he described as *life-giving magnetism* or *animal magnetism*. He learned how to heal the human aura with a copper rod, filled with specifically prepared water. His success was of such proportions, that the Freemasons invited him to join their society and share his secret with them. They obviously believed it had to do with the force of the future.

Mesmer shared indeed, but not until after he declared that only sensitive people can utilize this force. This led to the founding of a special lodge, to teach candidates this required sensitivity. One such lodge was founded in Paris in 1782, called *the Order of Universal Harmony*. A Free Masonic branch that would go down in history as *Magnetic Masonry*. In its turn, this order inspired other occult brotherhoods, although some of them pursued less noble goals.

A group of wealthy German industrialists founded the *Order of the Golden Centurion* in 1840. They tried to develop a *Tephaphone*, based on Mesmer’s work. Linked to the *will of the magician*, this device would enable the user to kill at a distance.”

“What is it with humans that they always want to destroy?”, the ranger threw his hands up in the air.

“Don’t ask me. I’m not a psychologist”, laughed Janco, trying to dispel the heaviness. “But I agree that until now, humanity has demonstrated a bad habit of abusing its best inventions to further its worst intentions!”

## Mechanical occultism

**“I THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR QUESTION”, JANCO SAID. “THE DISCOVERY AND** eventual abuse of magical forces, is indeed an ancient problem. Fairy tales, passed down from time immemorial, often portray wicked witches and warlocks. These archetypes clearly exhibit the lure of temptation to abuse magic for evil and egotistical purposes. A temptation, which has been found hard to resist, throughout the ages. It makes one wonder if we will ever witness a society as described in Bulwer-Lytton’s *The Coming Race*. Have you read it?”

“No.”

“Interestingly enough, the British author and politician Edward Bulwer-Lytton who wrote *The Coming Race*, had been a long-time member of various occult brotherhoods. They carried names like *Frates Lucis*, *The Brotherhood of the Light* and *The Order of the Swastika*. This was prior to publishing his famous novel in 1842.

Inspired by the work of Anton Mesmer and Baron von Reichenbach, he was one of the first authors to combine occult themes such as animal magnetism, hypnosis and alternative notions of time and space, with new scientific discoveries, in an inspiring image of the future. In his novel, the main character came across an underground world, which was inhabited by a superior race. They were able to control the *life force*, allowing them to influence the weather, temperature, produce cold light, run machines, drill through matter effortlessly, instantly cure ailments, stimulate plant growth, fly through the air, and strike from a distance. The source of their supernatural abilities was called *Vril*—A force characterized as *pure spirit; aetherical*, but dense enough to work with. This latent, all permeating, all-connecting life force, is subject to the *will of the magician* at all times.

In his novel, people have all the time in the world to take up arts, science and personal growth, as machines, empowered by this aetherical *Vril force*, do most of the work. The magnificent *Vril force* keeps poverty, lack and economic crises at bay. Corruption and abuse of power are unheard of. People live harmoniously in self-governed communes. For now this race lives underground in the realm of *Shamballah*. But one day, when the time is right, they will emerge from down below and lead humanity into a new, golden era. That’s the short version”, Janco said. “Is it just a fairytale?”, he added, only to give the answer himself, “Well, I’m not sure. But Blavatsky couldn’t get enough of it when she lived in Saint Petersburg, and neither could people like Nikola Tesla, Adolf Hitler and Rudolf Steiner. All of them envisioned this scenario as the next great leap in human evolution, where the human will directs technology.

At last, with his powers fully developed, man would take up his rightful position as the ultimate, conscious link between the undefined sea of cosmic life force and the earthly realm of solid matter. Master occultist Rudolf Steiner, member of several brotherhoods that worked on occult technology, gave the following testimonial about the book:

‘In order to hide this essence, occultists never spoke clearly but always expressed themselves through veiled language. Following this tradition, Bulwer-Lytton demonstrates in his novel the true possibilities of human evolution, if man learns to work with these yet undiscovered forces of nature. It isn’t a mere memory of human abilities in ancient Atlantean times, but also a glimpse into the future—An essential contribution!’”

The ranger was inadvertently reminded of the moment the trout revealed his secret to him, and his subsequent vision of a society empowered by this *trout force*.

“Steiner introduces aether-technician Dr. Strader, in one of his plays”, Janco continued, “who, as if it’s a rule of thumb, dies before his research comes to fruition. All we hear him say is that his aether-transformer runs on the ‘fusion of vibrations’. He warns against letting electricity anywhere near the device, lest it disturbs the essential build-up of life forces.”

“That Steiner-fellow must have been on to something. How else can he be so certain of what he’s saying?”, the ranger thought out loud.

“The man was the spider in an elaborate occult web”, Janco explained. “Several of his friends worked on *occult-mechanical*, or *techno-magical* devices. Among them Lanz von Liebenfels, Aleister Crowley and Eliphas Levi. One of his best friends, *Ordo Templi Orientis*’ founder Kellner, worked on a device without any moving parts. It produced electricity out of the atmospheric aether. Oskar Korschelt, an acquaintance from Theosophical circles, developed a *solar-aether device* in 1893.

The chairman of the Theosophical branch in Germany revealed that they were working on a new kind of technology in secret: ‘Owing to Theosophy, ancient cult rituals can now be regarded as some kind of *cosmic physics*. It is Theosophy’s task to help prepare this future technology for mankind. Research into aetheric forces progresses silently and it is currently being expanded towards the inclusion of domestic plants and field crops’.”

“And do you have any idea what kind of experiments they were actually conducting?”

“No, not really”, Janco replied. “There is very little known about it. Another Theosophist, Doctor Eckhoff, worked on an *aether antenna*, about which he said:

‘In order to use aether, it first needs to be condensed into a suitable device, made out of the correct precious metal. Copper, silver and gold are ‘magical metals’, because words or other vibrations are capable of setting their electrons in motion. An individual with a properly trained will can run these machines by autosuggestion because the electrons in these metals move around so easily. The magnetic resonance they produce, concentrates aether into matter. It binds astral atoms together into physical life’.” Janco smiled. “And of course I need to mention my fellow countryman Nikola Tesla. Have you heard of him?”

“Sure”, the ranger answered. “He discovered the rotating magnetic field, which led to his invention of Alternating Current and electric light as we know it.”

“Precisely!” Janco said. “But those were just minor inventions, so he could finance his momentous research into the mechanical application of aether. Like Bulwer-Lytton and Blavatsky, he foresaw a future with limitless free energy, by tapping the earth’s magnetic field. He even worked on a device for photographing thoughts!”



“Really?”

“Absolutely! Even when the term *ether* had become a laughing stock, Tesla kept insisting on it. I have an article in which he says:

‘Electromagnetic radiation consists of aether’s infinitely small vibrations, which ionize the air. This radiation comes in varying wavelengths. The source of all energetic manifestations, such as electricity and matter, is this dynamic aether. Electricity is just one specific form of this omnipotent cosmic energy.’

While Max Planck, the father of quantum physics, imagined an unchangeable aether, Tesla regarded it more as a flowing, constantly transforming substance. A rapidly vibrating medium, filling all space. He actually had a pretty good idea how to work with it:

‘This aether can be materialized through high frequency electrostatic pressure, while suction de-materializes it again. Extremely rapid alternation between pressure and suction, as occurs in alternating current, creates a vacuum within aether—A kind of gravitation-free tunnel, through which an object can move without resistance. Behind the object, high frequency electrostatic pressure again materializes the air or the water, pressing it forward. This system of compression and dilution of aether, with various kinds of rapidly alternating currents, is known as ‘P2’.”

“Aha!” the ranger exclaimed, “so the trout uses a Tesla patent! No wonder it’s so hard to get any information on it!” Janco couldn’t help but laugh at his friend’s feigned arrogance. The ranger however, continued on a more serious note, “My own research convinced me that the trout works with magnetism rather than high frequency electricity. I have observed that *electricism* within any process increases when the temperature rises. When it cools down towards the ‘zero-point’ of 4° Celsius, *magnetism* increases. This is exactly what the trout does. He rapidly cools the water in his gills, by spinning it in a multitude of vortexes.”

“You mean to say that the vortex motion has a cooling effect?”

“You nailed it! That’s precisely how water cools itself. When this happens quite rapidly, like inside the gills of the trout, the water implodes, and creates a suction that pulls the fish ahead. The vortexes also generate a kind of magnetism that flows towards the cooler spring, pulling the fish along. The water that exits the gills expands once more, helping to push the fish ahead. I am sure that it has something to do with your aether, although I am not yet sure how.

Janco was impressed. “Very interesting! This reminds me of Lord Kelvin, one of Tesla’s hero’s. In 1856 he investigated the influence of temperature on the magnetic properties of water. He actually devised a generator that produces electricity out of water.”

This remark raised the ranger’s antennas. “What else do you know about that?”

“His machine was simply called the Kelvin Generator. I’ll try to find you a book on the

topic.” He got up and started searching. Then he turned around and said, “Thinking about that trout of yours... Don’t you think there is something going on with anti-gravity?”

“Very likely”, the ranger replied.

“Well, then you need to read Tesla. He has some interesting ideas about this matter. Let me see.” Janco turned around again, rummaged through a drawer of his cabinet and extracted a bundle of papers. He briefly went through the pages, until he found what he was looking for. “This is from Tesla’s *Theory of a Variable Gravity*, in 1893:

‘My theory of *dynamic gravity* explains the motion of planets through space and will put an end to all false notions, such as *curved space*. Only the existence of an aetheric force field can explain the motion of planets through space. All attempts at explaining the universe without aether are hopeless. However, aether is not static. It is an extremely volatile, dynamic field, swirling about at the speed of light’.” Janco turned towards his friend, “It’s obvious that he completely disagrees with Einstein. He even compared Einstein’s relativity-theory to ‘a pauper dressed in purple, trying to pass for king by means of his imposing appearance’. And here he states:

‘Every substantial atom differentiated from a delicate fluid, filling all of space through a spinning motion, like a water whirl in a calm lake.

Fluid aether becomes gross matter when set in motion. When the movement stops, the primary substance reverts back to its original state—stillness.

By controlling aether whirls, it would be possible for man to create and un-create matter. Old worlds would vanish and new ones would effortlessly come into being at his command. He would be able to alter the size of this planet, control its seasons, and adjust its distance to the sun. He could guide it on its eternal journey along any path, through any depth of the universe he might choose. He could make planets collide and produce his own suns and stars, heat and light. He could even originate life in all its infinite forms. To cause birth and death of matter at will, would be man’s grandest deed. It would establish him as master of creation, fulfilling his ultimate destiny’.”

The ranger got goose bumps. “Just the fact that he was able to imagine this, is the sign of a genius!”

“Yes indeed”, Janco said, “but reading the newspapers, lets us realize that humanity still has a long way to go before it is mature enough to handle these powerful ‘toys’. During one of his lectures Rudolf Steiner warned:

‘The Anglo-American *Brothers of the Shadow*, are well aware of the possibility of driving machines through will-resonance. If one has knowledge of the right *vibration-curve*, a mere subtle impulse is required to set these machines in motion. This occult technology, which will become mainstream in the future, is secretly being prepared today. It is done in secret because of the great danger it involves. This technology will not only render over a billion people worldwide redundant, but in the wrong hands, it could easily be abused to leading humanity into brutal mental slavery. Precisely this act of secrecy that surrounded these magical means contained an enormous hidden power. It mentally

paralyses the masses, leaving them unable to wake up from their trance, let alone rebel. These *brothers of the shadow* follow a pre-meditated schedule, which goal is to create a ruling caste in the West, and a caste of slaves in the rest of the world, starting with the regions east of the river Rhine and expanding deeply into Asia.”

“How unsettling!”, said the ranger, feeling rather shaken.

“Yes it is. When a friend of Steiner, a scientist named Ehrenfried Pfeiffer, apparently achieved phenomenal results with his aether experiments, Steiner warned him strongly against sharing them. He never did. As a matter of fact, he took his secret to the grave.”

“And what ever happened to Keely’s work?”

“Perhaps some occult order managed to lay their hands on it. Or maybe the military are working on it in secret. No-one really knows.”

“Would you consider it possible that some top-scientists are working on it today, without publicly admitting it?”

“If that were the case, you’d find them amongst the quantum-physicists of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin”, Janco immediately replied. “In their quest of finding the single underlying principle of all light-radiations and their influence on matter, they have come rather close to the occultist’s view.

Max Planck, the father of quantum-physics, postulated the *zero-point energy field*, as it appears within the magnetized vacuum of space—a kind of underlying aether—allowing for deep space travel. Further elaboration by his assistants lead to a brand new theory about aether. They describe it as *the original state of matter, outside time and space*. In their final analysis they concluded:

‘Material bodies are in fact resonators that communicate with other bodies through aether. This means that resonance from a distance can lead to biological or psychological consequences. The flip side is the fact that it can also be abused by intentionally making people sick, not to mention the creation of huge natural disasters’.

“Lets hope this does not fall into the wrong hands.” After a pensive silence, the ranger asked his friend, “So what are *your* thoughts about this ‘nebulous aether’?”

Janco grinned. “It isn’t very tangible, that’s true. But good old aether could very well be our modern day hydrogen *in an energized*, or *ionic state*. A collection of these ions, called *plasma*, is considered by some to be ‘the fourth stage of matter’.

An excellent book to help you put all of this into perspective is Dr. Julius Hensel’s *Bread from Stones*.

Based on the scientific conclusion that plants primarily need nitrogen, Justus von Liebig invented chemical fertilizers. Then it dawned on Hensel that the entire theory of modern chemistry is seriously flawed, especially in regard to ions. He realized that chemical reactions could alter their course completely, when subjected to different atmospheric, or even *emotional* charges. Other electro-magnetic fields affect the motion of ions, which are charged particles themselves. This caused him to devise an entirely new theoretical model

of chemistry. He renamed some elements, as he found their names inaccurate. Oxygen, for example, he simply called *burn-air*, and hydrogen he called *aether-substance*!

Let me read you a passage from his book *Bread from Stones*, from 1898:

‘Isn’t it miraculous that after planting just one seed kernel, we harvest an ear full of seed kernels? Yes, it’s a miracle!—The result of an important part of heaven working on earth. For the heavens consist of blue world-aether, the lightest, most volatile gas on earth, presently called hydrogen. However, to call it hydrogen—water-former—is only partially correct. When burned, it forms water. When energized by the sun’s ionizing rays, it creates actual *organic life*. You see, water is the by-product of combustion, and therefore incombustible. Organic life is merely nature’s way of delivering these burned substances back to their combustible state. It does so by combining *aether-spirit*—the hydrogen gas in the combustion product water—with carbon of another product of combustion: carbonic acid, ‘magically’ transforming them once more into combustible hydrocarbons. Within all these organic materials aether forms the bridge—known to us as the hydrogen bridge—between molecules, that holds together the material universe with its love.

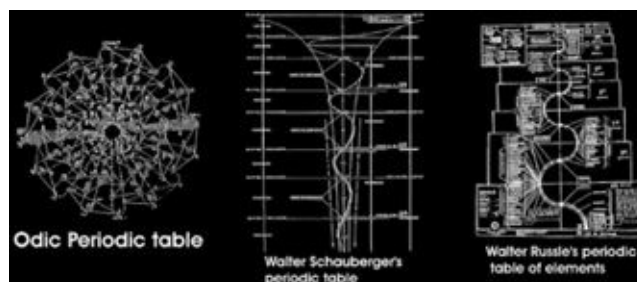
This restless aether-substance, as the most volatile of earth’s substances, grants all living beings their growth and freedom of movement. It keeps the entire carbon chain in constant motion. Fired up, so to speak. Vibrating aether-substance even gives us heat, when activated by resonance. However, this aether-substance is only healthy and beneficial to us when combined with ‘earth matter’, or carbon. When combined with oxygen, it burns with explosive force, restoring itself back to water’.” Janco looked up from the book, smiling with delight.

“Very riveting indeed”, the ranger agreed, equally delighted. “Sounds like something I should definitely read!”

Janco nodded. “It might very well give you a clue or two about your ‘Trout Force’.” He closed the book and handed it to the ranger, who stowed it away in his leather bag for later use.

“I hope my explanations helped you a bit?” Janco asked.

“I am a bit overwhelmed, to be honest”, the ranger answered frankly. “But you truly are a veritable treasure trove of *aether-knowledge*, my friend! This definitely deserves further investigation.”



Alternative periodic tables

# Temperature, nature's remote control

**AFTER ALL THE INTENSE READING SESSIONS AND DISCUSSION WITH JANCO**, the ranger revisited the most advanced laboratory he could think of: the forest. It felt like a breath of fresh air. No flasks, chemicals, white aprons or meticulous disinfection procedures. All that was required were long hikes, very little thinking and calm observation.

He discovered a very fundamental principle: every living being has a skin, and a darkened interior. From this he concluded that nature's life force seems to thrive best in the dark.

One day, after returning from a hunt, the ranger and his party of hunters passed a canopied well. Feeling thirsty, they went to drink some water. After the ranger drank from cupped hands, he took a closer look at the wall. "This is actually very dangerous", he said, "This shaky, unstable dome could easily collapse and injure people. Let's tear it down before any accidents happen."

The oldest hunter of the group protested unexpectedly, "If you do that, the well will dry up!" Surprised by this curious remark, the ranger glanced at him to see if he meant what he said. He thought for a moment and said, "Alright then, we'll number the stones before we take them down, so we can rebuild it if what you say is correct." Following his instructions, the hunters marked the stones and demolished the dome. When the company left, things seemed to be in order.

A few days later the ranger went back to take a look at the well. To his amazement the well had indeed dried up.

"You were absolutely right!", the ranger told the old hunter in the canteen the next morning. "We will rebuild the dome and see if the water wants to return." The ranger recruited his hunters and proceeded to 'the scene of the crime'. Some hours later a much stronger dome was rebuilt.

"I can't wait", said the ranger.

Within a week the well was flowing again, precisely as the old hunter had predicted. "Remarkable!", he thought, making a major mental note. "It's obvious that water needs to be protected from harsh and direct sun rays, just like any other living being. Could that be the reason why they all grow skins? To make sure that the life-magnetism-bearing fluids are kept cool and dark?"

Based on other observations, the ranger realized that the sun's X-ray-like, ultraviolet radiation activates oxygen, which turns aggressive and starts to consume all available carbon structures. Like a kind of electrolysis—The process by which water is decomposed through electricity.

"Something similar happens", the ranger thought, "when the earth's protective, green



skin is removed and the *electric* rays of the sun penetrate her body, decomposing her cool blood.” He also realized that this solar radiation is being filtered by vegetation in the form of leaves and branches. “As a result the cool shade activates carbon, which starts building structures by binding pacified oxygen.”

Each day he discovered more proof for his theory. It became clear to him that all processes are ruled by temperature, demonstrated by the fact that the pores of the skins of all organisms open and close at specific temperatures!

As often happens when you discover something new, it seemed to the ranger that the world consisted entirely of hides. Smooth hides, raw hides, thick hides and thin hides. More and more he came to believe that the skin itself determines a living being’s character, by arousing a *distinctive* temperature. “A skin’s quality depends mainly upon the quality of the food consumed”, he reasoned, “so we could say that the quality of food determines an organism’s character. Like some people with a thick skin. The more refined the structure of the skin, the greater its capacity to filter and thereby regulate the production of life forces.”

The ranger started to do a survey of different trees. He noticed that without exception, they all had their own specific temperature. He discovered that most trees keep themselves within the range of the ideal water temperature of 4° Celsius, or 39° Fahrenheit. At this temperature, water-carbons become powerfully ionized, attaining their highest charge.

The survey also revealed that trees with a healthy bark, manage to keep their temperature below 10° Celsius, even with an air temperature as high as 40° Celsius. Towards the end of the fall, this pattern is reversed and the trees keep themselves warmer than the surrounding air. “They open their bark, so that the sun rays can penetrate and reach the interior, oxidizing the carbons—A process that produces heat.”

For quite some time the ranger contemplated this grand play of temperatures and resultant tensions. “Every forest”, he thought, “has its own particular temperature, which turns it into an autonomous organism. “Large trees selflessly offer shade to all living beings that seek it. From deer on the ground, to caterpillars in treetops. From beetles on bark, to microscopic mites that populate loose forest soil by the millions. In a remarkable state of mutual tolerance, all these creatures combined, form the concept *forest*, thriving only when every single animal and plant lives in harmony. Once the commonly created and maintained shade is damaged, this harmony is lost, and everything heats up and is thrown off balance.”

As he passed sections that had been cut clean, he could easily spot the damage caused to the forest soil by direct sunrays. “The dormant, but ever present, all consuming micro-organisms are normally kept in check by the shade. When the temperature rises, they massively start to thrive. And how does the ignorant forestry engineer respond? With a vengeance he curses the arch enemy of his own creation”, he mused. “Temperature is nature’s own remote control, and it rules all processes that concern growth and demolition. Obviously science hasn’t figured this one out, with its linear thinking!”

Whereas the academically trained tend to follow rigid thought patterns, governed by

lifeless laws, the ranger thought along the lines of living and organic concepts. These concepts require no tedious study, and anyone can easily understand them. As he became aware of all kinds of correlations and interconnections, he realized that all nature's basic processes are similar to each other and extremely simple in essence. It would never occur to him to arrange all the elements within one Periodic Table. He regarded these forces and processes as *maternal* or *paternal*, intimately interacting in what could be compared to different styles of dancing. The ranger simply regarded the earth as female, negatively charged with a carbon-pole. He saw the sun as male, positively charged, with an oxygen-pole. Water, or hydrogen functioned as the connecting medium. In a way water can be compared to a child of its parents.

The German translation for oxygen is quite literal, "sour-matter"—Sauerstoff. This led the ranger to use the phrase "sweet-matter" for carbon. "Even children know that *sweet* is attractive and *sour* repulsive and aggressive", he thought. "Sour-matter only becomes sour and aggressive when the temperature rises. When it lowers, it calmly lets itself be bound by sweet-matter molecules. Temperature therefore represents the fragile balance between construction and disintegration, life and death, yin and yang." He scratched behind his ear.

"And God knows that modern science only pays attention to heat-provoking, decomposing and *explosive* forces. The other processes, the ones that promote life, the ones that are cool, magnetic and *implosive*, are completely ignored, even though they are much more powerful." He remembered how his survey of the trees had proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that the ones with the lowest temperatures, thrived best. Seeds even failed to sprout when the temperature exceeds 9° Celsius. "Apparently this causes their skins to open too far, and it becomes impossible for any magnetic life forces to develop", he speculated. "In order for tree seeds to sprout in hot places like the desert, the seed-hides need to be strengthened with clay, or some other fatty *sweet-matter*."

Occasionally, he shared his observations with one of the older lumberjacks, who seemed to understand his language. "Plantation forests have little or nothing to do with what their name implies", he said. "Such 'forests' completely lack any form of shade. The soil heats up and the magnetically charged groundwater sinks deep into the ground. In a healthy forest, where trees don't have fever, they actually *produce* their own water."

"What do you mean by that?" the lumberjack frowned.

"In a mature forest, shade helps the temperature of the soil and trees to stay balanced. The hide that separates the tree from its surroundings, is finely meshed, and only allows magnetic and electrically charged particles to pass through. Inside the tree, these energies react with each other, and new substances are formed, among which *new water*! This fresh water, is the true child of both positive and negative charges reacting to each other."

"But doesn't a tree absorb any water from the soil at all?"

"No. It is a big mistake to think that a tree is directly fed by water and nutrients. If the leaves, bark and root follicles are cool enough, they only permit the finest hydrogen, oxygen and carbon ions to pass through. Inside the spiraling tree sap, these essences blend and react, while generating the life-magnetism that actually feeds the tree. Similar to a bar-

magnet, the tips of the tree discharge the magnetism and charge the groundwater as it rises up in the form of wells and lakes, as it distributes this life force all throughout the land. If circumstances are ideal, new water molecules are formed within the soil as well.

The temperature of plantation forests is too high. As a result the tree bark opens too wide and allows coarse, low-grade molecules to pass inside. When this happens, the tree is no longer able to produce life-magnetism or water, and starts sucking up the groundwater. In such a forest, the trees become water consumers, and they dehydrate the soil. They become *green deserts* that are parasites to the landscape. In these artificial forests, high-grade tree seeds no longer sprout. Already a quarter of a million hectare of original Austrian highland forest has thus been transformed into a dead, green desert, with pathogens completely out of control.”

“I know exactly what you mean”, the lumberjack said. “Those plantation forests just don’t feel right! But I never managed to put my finger on it like you. So the difference is in the temperature, huh?”

“Exactly. Cool shade breeds health-promoting bacteria. Unfiltered light and heat on the other hand, breed pathogenic bacteria. It is the same subtle difference between fruit-juice turning into sweet wine or sour vinegar. One single sun ray penetrating the wine cellar can mean the difference between noble fermentation and smelly putrefaction.” He stopped for a moment, and added with a grin, “This is why good beers and wines are always kept in brown or dark-green bottles, you know. The cork, made of bark, is like a thick hide, which permits the maturation of the spirit, but prevents the genie from escaping.”

“Lets drink one to that in the pub!” suggested the lumberjack as he chuckled.

## Karl Schappeller’s Space-force

**THE RANGER WAS ENJOYING THE LUXURY OF REMAINING JOBLESS FOR A while**, as a result of the small fortune acquired through the log flumes. But due to continues inflation, his resources were shrinking rapidly. Determined to do nature and humanity a favor, he continued on his quest of discovering the trout’s secret, and putting it to use.

“I’m off to the University Library today”, he said to Maria, as he wiped his mouth with a napkin and rose from the breakfast table. He put on his coat and stepped into the crisp winter morning. A few streets down he took the omnibus to the university.

“Good to see you!”, Janco said gladly, when he noticed the ranger.

“Likewise!”, the ranger returned the librarian’s enthusiasm. “I’ve ended my contract with Steinhart. From now on, I will dedicate my life entirely to uncovering the secret of the trout! You often told me about various groups of people that have tried to apply nature’s life force to machines. I have been thinking about this for quite a while. They must have overlooked something important.”

“What is it then?”, Janco asked curiously.

“The *inspiring* motion!”, the ranger answered, as if he’d solved everything.

“The *inspiring* motion?”, Janco was at a loss.

“Yes, the *corkscrew motion*. This path is a true magical portal to other dimensions, as I have witnessed through numerous examples, shown to me by nature herself. I call this a *matter transformer*”, he added mysteriously.

Janco jumped to his feet. “This reminds me of the booklet *On the threshold to the fourth dimension*, of 1924. Do you know of it?”

“No.”

“The book mainly talks about the discoveries of the Austrian postmaster Karl Schappeller. A very mysterious character.”

“Why mysterious?”

“See for yourself!”, Janco replied. “Let me see if I can find it.” He walked towards one of the bookshelves and started rummaging about until he dug up a tiny booklet. He turned to the ranger and said: “I can’t find the booklet about the *fourth dimension*, but here is a brochure from 1928, in which two scientists present Karl Schappeller’s work to the world.

“I’m curious”, the ranger said, as he took the brochure from Janco. *The discovery and application of space-force by Karl Schappeller*, compiled by doctor Franz Wetzl and engineer Gföllner’, it said on the cover. He opened it and read:

‘Fellow countrymen! For over a century we were force-fed the sour fruits of a science that has become hardened, linear, deformed, Anglo-Saxon and thought crippling. The technology that emerged from it offered us many material advantages. However, something is lacking. What I mean is an inner sense of *ethics*, which is required to build a genuine culture. A highly materialistic way of thinking has generated our modern technology, and its main purpose was to serve an egotistical, Mammon-like trade system. We shouldn’t be blind to the fact that this same technology feeds into social conflicts and anguish that are part of our day-to-day life. Indeed after the Great War, this technology became our Frankenstein. It poses an increasing threat towards all cultured humanity, while modern science flourishes. Isn’t it true, that nearly every new invention is first tested for its military usefulness—for its ability to destroy human life?

A disarmed Germany doesn’t have the power yet to bring such a higher ethic to fruition. Still, money and armies rule the world. The German people have been paralyzed by fear of the future. Their ideals have vanished and they live from day to day, without the time to bother about being practicing Christians.

Will this nation ever be able to save itself and bloom again? Certainly not through the usual means!

Throughout the ages we have witnessed how a genuine and honest initiative turns into a bureaucratic endeavor over time, spouting notoriously hollow phrases and senseless parades. It’s an illusion to think that fascism could advance this dream. No form of nationalism, no matter how socialistic in theory, can secure a solid future for the German

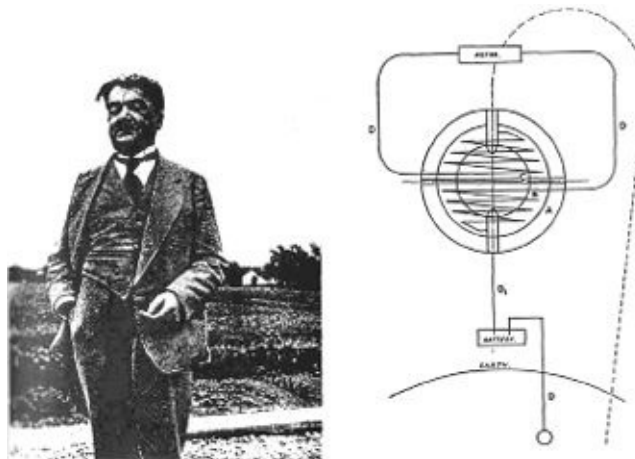
people. Only a fundamental revolution can save us from these external and internal enemies. This deterioration is the result of a technology without ethics and a science without God. Schappeller has patiently studied nature for thirty years, unhindered by school education. Through divine inspiration, he discovered the laws that govern *the original force*. His extraordinary gift of observation allowed him to penetrate deeply into the spirit of matter and energy. He developed an entirely new technology, based on the recognition of dynamic unity of the world. Control of this dynamic, the flow of energies, will liberate man from the chains of matter forever’.

The ranger was quite impressed. Another part that got his attention was a technical rough explanation of the operation of a *Space-force Generator*. “This deals clearly with the exploitation of *aether forces*!” he cheerfully said to Janco, who sat at his desk repairing old books.

“Sorry, what did you learn?”

“This for example”, the ranger replied.

“Every vacuum is filled with space-force. Since the universe is a gigantic vacuum, it contains an infinite amount of energy. In nature there is no such thing as *nothing*, or *soulless empty space*. When there is no matter, there is energy. Energy is space *dominating*, matter is space *possessing*. There is a continuous back-and-forth movement between these two extreme states. *Force-space* and *space-force* are two natural polarities that keep each other in a delicate, dynamic balance. Schappeller placed his *primal machine* between these two poles, which provided a constant discharge that produces a work force.



Karl Schappeller

Matter is nothing more than contracted energy, which ultimately has to revert back into radiation. It is comparable to atomic energy, although this is merely the eccentric, destructive manifestation of this *primal force*. In reality, there is no matter without force and no force without matter. Schappeller has short-circuited these two—space and matter!”

“Sounds promising, doesn’t it?”, Janco inquired.

“Yes, listen to this”, the ranger beamed. “Schappeller postulates the reversed law of thermodynamics, *the law of increasing order and coolness*. He has replaced the law of entropy with the law of ectropy—ever increasing unity. Rather than the perceived inherent tendency to deteriorate into chaos, nature consistently strives to organize itself into increasingly complex living organisms.

In developing his generator, Schappeller expanded on the foundations of existing technology, but turned it completely upside down, in keeping with his reversed worldview. It does precisely the opposite of what an electric current-producing dynamo does. This means that Schappeller’s generator produces a flowing magnetism, similar to mother nature. This magnetism is continuously replenished from the inexhaustible reservoir of terrestrial magnetism, like spring water that constantly wells up. The dome of his device is a miniature planet earth, supporting it’s own north and south pole. The magnetic life force arises between the external, ex-centric oxygen-pressure pole, and the internal, concentric hydrogen-suction pole. It builds up tension between the internal and external temperatures, and internal and external air pressures.

The proper short-circuit conductor was discovered through the study of natural lightning, and is capable of producing a constant lightning discharge. Nature operates through life-energetic charges. She doesn’t construct herself through explosion, but through synthesis—The ‘joining’ of two differently charged atoms. With this union of oppositely charged atoms, a force is released, which the inventor calls *space-force*. A force that connects, or ‘joins’, the aether of space and the physical earth, uniting them. Schappeller has identified this *space-force* as concentrically moving hydrogen-ions.’ There you have it!” the ranger exclaimed, glowing with enthusiasm. Eagerly he read on:

‘Schappeller alternately calls it *glowing magnetism*, *luminous magnetism*, or *light aether*. He associates this force with carbon, which has always represented spirit. According to him, even the sun consists of this *glowing magnetism*.

On the other hand, he identified electricity as a concentrically moving *gas*, consisting of hydrogen—its soul—and oxygen—its body. The space-force that is present in every electron connects the two. When the correct shapes are created, this primal force can be caused to flow. By placing the right resistances inside this current, it can be applied for labor. By studying nature’s primal forces, Schappeller even learned to win electricity from stone. But this is a living electricity, contrary to dead electricity, generated from metals. Within each stone, the original life force that created it, is still present. This force can be released at all times. Thus it seems that the earth’s rock layer consists of innumerable living organisms that haven’t been discharged by fire, unlike metal. Schappeller’s technology therefore, is nothing more than the translation of the force-currents within living organisms, into a power source for an organic technology.

If by chance humanity had observed this space-force in nature more closely, science never would have gotten tangled up with materialism the way that it has. Technology would never have taken such a destructive turn. A creative culture would have evolved, that regarded nature with great respect, and as a role model. Karl Schappeller is still pointing us towards that road. However, he exercises the utmost restraint in publicly

disclosing this technology, since he is aware of the fact that mankind is mortally obsessed with war machinery. He needs to be convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt, that his invention will act as a blessing to the German people and the rest of humanity, and not become the next curse. A responsibility that becomes even far greater when it comes to introducing this technology to the existing economical and political structures. Therefore this new technology needs to be primarily handed over to an organization, specifically assigned to the task of implementing it into the existing structures. This organization will solely consist of people specifically selected on the basis of their moral maturity. In this way, abuse of this technology will be ruled out to satisfaction. Furthermore, this organization needs to ensure that this new technology is implemented gradually. Evolution rather than Revolution. If these instructions aren't followed to the letter, total economic chaos will be the result. It is an extraordinary fact that the nature of this technology makes it highly unsuitable to be exploited by unscrupulous capitalism, which is neither German, nor Christian.

The discovery of this force will prove to be of great help to the German people in their task of spiritualizing Anglo-Saxon materialism. Internally free and externally protected from assaults, the German spirit will finally be able to continue its evolution, and lead humanity into a new cultural era. Locomotives and cars will be powered by electricity from water. Airplanes will use *magneto-static* propulsion, making it impossible to crash or collide. Every other ten kilometers or so, small *life force stations* will be constructed, that are fed by the central mother-machine through resonance. Combustion engines will become completely unnecessary. In addition, these stations will stimulate plant growth to such an extent that harvesting twice a year will become a possibility. Regulation of not only the weather, but human health will be within reach. A new kind of light bulb will emanate a clear and healthy light, and heaters will radiate natural warmth. Industrial areas, blackened by coal-dust, will once more become green and blooming. Schappeller even envisions *matter-ennobling machines*. Through vibration they initially break down the elements into pure energy that gets transported through resonance, and is subsequently transformed back into matter through complementary vibration. Over a hundred applications were already found and tested.

Franz Wetzl describes the social-ethical program that will have to accompany the implementation of this technology, in the booklet *The Social Monarchy*. It describes the new worldview that is required for implementation of this new system. Only highly developed and spiritually minded people will be able to fully comprehend this new ethical technology and will thus be able to implement it. They should be friends of the new spirit, rather than lovers of new engines and machines. Praised be the knowing, the will, and the conviction, not the material technology. He who feels it, knows it'.

Do you get it?" the ranger asked his friend.

"I get the enthusiasm. But to think it can be done overnight, strikes me as rather absurd however."

"I would like to meet the guy", the ranger said. "Does he live here in Vienna?"

“Yes, I’ve met him once”, Janco answered. “Originally he’s from Aurolzmünster, where he was postmaster. I haven’t been able to find out how he developed his theories, or whether he belonged to some brotherhood. He simply says that he studied nature for thirty years, which led to his discovery. Whatever the case, he managed to interest some big financiers for his plans. One of them is the German Emperor, of all people! In the hope they’ll eventually restore him to power, Wilhelm II apparently finances all kinds of nationalistic groups, such as the Thule Society and others. He has already donated several millions to Schappeller through his agents. With this money, Schappeller bought the Aurolzmünster Castle in 1925. He promised he would seriously set up shop. Whatever happened next is rather unclear, however. I only know that occult clubs like the *Theosophical Society*, the *Ordo Templi Orientis*, the *Novo Templi Orientis* and the *Thule Society*, are still interested in him.

Apparently the British navy recently offered him millions for his invention, which he of course refused, due to his great sense of responsibility.”

“So no one exactly knows what he is up to?”, the ranger asked.

“Very hard to find out indeed”, the librarian answered. “I did stumble upon two brochures recently though, published in Berlin, in which Schappeller’s system is propagated. Both pamphlets claim his system is in the works. Lets see... yes! Here they are.”

## The Truth Society

**THE RANGER TOOK THE TWO BOOKLETS HE WAS HANDED. *WORLD DYNAMISM* —A view to new technical horizons with the help of organic symbols, and *Vril, the Primal Cosmic Force—Rebirth of Atlantis*.**

Excitedly, he opened the first one, entitled *World Dynamism* and read out loud:

“As a modern people, we are so proud of our technical achievements, that we can barely admit to the fact that deep within its recesses the evil spirit of destruction flourishes. The *fire technologists*, have turned our entire planet into a raging inferno, and enslaved men to this machine that kills creativity. It won’t be long before this Moloch devours its creator!

Nature deals with it in an entirely different way. She generates gigantic forces, not through destruction, but through short-circuiting two differently charged tensions, namely *cosmic aether-tension* and *terrestrial matter-tension*’.

That sounds an awful lot like the other booklet”, the ranger said, as he looked at Janco.

“Yes, it does, and very strange indeed that Schappeller is never mentioned”, Janco added. “Moreover, I clearly detect a Theosophical or Anthroposophical undertone in his



writing. Look at this for instance”, he took the booklet:

“This insight, derived from *spiritual science*, has led to a new form of technology, the *life technology* which is currently knocking at History’s gate. Culture-building needs life, not destruction!’ Or this one:

‘Ancient Indian philosophy relates how the physical universe is a manifestation of a tension between two poles. The Indians already knew this over six thousand years ago. In Hinduism it was symbolically depicted as the duality Shiva-Shakti. Shakti, the matter bearing creative force, and Shiva, the great matter redeemer—matter-less primal space, devouring its own child. The life-current—prana—pulses between these two opposite poles, generating life by way of a two-stroke motion between being and non-being. This life, this being, owes its existence solely to a covering that grants it an individual energetic sphere, separate from the great cosmic ocean of energy—the fiery hell that burns matter. In this sphere, an under-pressure must rule, which creates tension between the negatively charged inside and the positively charged outside.

From this tension, an alternating current, a kind of breathing, comes into being. Heat and cold, are simply expressions of this difference in tension. Temperature is therefore not a relative phenomenon, as in ‘defining cold as the absence of heat’. Temperature, like all other natural phenomena, is bipolar. The invisible space-aether is the cold pole and the material earth the hot pole. Unlike our modern technology, nature is not driven by mechanical cogwheels, but by energetic tension differences. This is also true on a micro level. Every atom is a living being, and in order to breathe it needs an atmosphere. The atom core, the proton, is a vacuum filled with positively charged hydrogen ions. Although it has been scientifically discovered that the core does indeed consist of hydrogen, it hasn’t been realized that the most important part is the purely energetic *hydrogen-charge*. This is water in its fourth state of aggregation, which the alchemists called the *fiery* state, as in *Hermetic fire*, *life-fire*, or *cold fire*—A pure energetic state, which scientists would probably call the *plasma state*. Although science imagines the proton to be a positively charged hydrogen core, it nonetheless regards it as matter, rather than pure energy. This proton, has its own negative electrical sphere, embodied in the electron-charge-field. Inside the atom, a fluctuating under-pressure needs to rule, just as in every other living being. This suction actually holds a living body together. When this negative tension grows either too big or too small, the body has to die. The atom core falls apart and reverts back to pure energy, out of which it was born.

The 19<sup>th</sup> century physicists mistakenly imagined aether to be an *uncharged* primal matter. However, in reality this is the negative, attracting pole that keeps planets within their orbit, and allows vertical plant growth. The ancient Indians knew the sun to be a pushing, positively charged aether-concentration, emitting ionic radiation. The positive radiation is attracted to the negative magnetic tension of the earth-vacuum—the bottled up, emerging *life-fire*. This solar radiation only transforms into light and heat, when it hits the material resistance of the earth’s watery atmosphere. Neutrally charged centers develop within this atmosphere, bordering cosmic and terrestrial radiation. These neutral centers spring to life as the countless organic life forms that are found on the earth’s

surface. In order to create a true *life-machine*, it is essential to recreate this neutral point, from which the force arises that ties matter together. This force is no different from gravity itself. Actually materials only differ from each other because of the difference in their tensions. The force of gravity is therefore contained within the atoms themselves, and can be nullified by creating *neutral zones*’.”

“Beautiful”, said Janco, obviously moved. The ranger stuffed another pipe and continued to read. ‘The world around us is filled with miracles. If we can move through this miracle filled world with our eyes wide open, we would find and reveal the deepest of mysteries in the simplest of nature’s phenomena. Deep truths are hidden within myths and language. For example, the paradise story presents us with a symbolic clue about this life force. Out of their own free will, Adam and Eve decided to transgress their Creator’s command not to eat of the fruit, and subsequently had to go their own way from then on. No wonder they got lost. But what was the exact reason that Adam and Eve were not allowed to touch the apple?’

Close inspection of the apple-force field reveals to us the secret of life and vitality. Every apple consists of two poles: the nourishing, female stem and the fertilized, male flower. Between these two poles, a tension-field develops which turns into the flesh—the atmosphere of the apple. If we cut the apple in half vertically, we see the materialized form of the magnetic force fields between the two poles. Cutting the apple in half horizontally reveals how the seeds have formed precisely in the neutral points.

The reason why Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit was not just to be rebellious. Even though they were living in paradise, they were dissatisfied by their ignorance. They wanted to become like God himself. By using their powers of reason, this journey led them away from paradise.

However, when man succeeds in developing himself into an intuitive, magically creative *superman*, paradise will return. Paradises don’t come into existence on their own accord. It is our job to learn how to psychically control these natural forces and manifest paradise on earth. It is up to us to discover the secrets of the earth and the cosmos. To construct a miniature earth with its own atmosphere, that will certainly grant us powers beyond our wildest imagination.

A new age wants to dawn. Everywhere in Germany, groups are emerging that apply themselves to this new *psychophysical, life-magnetic* technology, while rejecting the old techno-mechanic forces.

Old scientific prejudices are on the verge of collapse. The flaming spirit of the phoenix arises triumphantly from the suffocating ashes of dogmatic wisdom. Dawn has already broken. However, this technology can’t liberate itself from the chains of mechanical-materialistic thought patterns. Man still itches to burn and destroy matter. Due to this materialistic point of view, the creative principle keeps escaping the awareness of our scientists.

Creating life is all about making a difference in the difference-less. Even though love is the purpose of human development, man has failed miserably to understand that love is

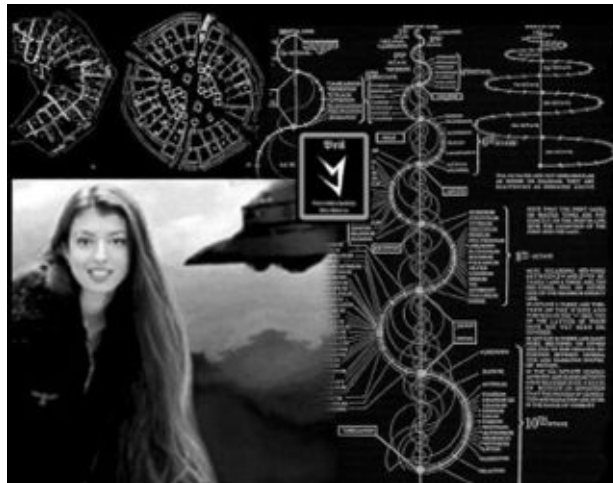
equal to the will, and the will is equal to Vril, the original force of our ancestors’.

“Bravo!”, the ranger said to himself. “Schappeller expresses the exact same thoughts I have been thinking for a long time. For years I have observed these principles in nature myself!” Burning with curiosity, he opened the second booklet, called *Vril, the cosmic primal force*’. He read:

‘Vril was the cosmic primal force of the Atlanteans. It has been described as *the life force of the seed kernel*. Thanks to their high moral development, the Atlanteans were true psycho-dynamists and true masters of nature. The noble morality, required to control the Vril force, lasted for quite some time. Eventually it deteriorated when they started to abuse the Vril for selfish purposes. It grew out of control and destroyed their entire continent.

We are presently at the dawn of a new Atlantean era. Once again the attained skills of the human spirit in the olden days, will become mainstream. Vril force has been re-discovered. The *Emerald Tables* of the grand Hermes Trismegistos, are already starting to radiate in the green-blue luminescence of the dawn of an Uranic control over nature’.

The oldest Indian scriptures have communicated this same knowledge in the form of the universal duality Shiva-Shakti. Shakti is the principle of unconditional, creative, all encompassing love—the will-to-create. It represents the female, negative, sucking and contracting principle. Shiva is equal to *prana*, the original male life force of matter-dissolving space, or the underlying life-radiation. Wherever this free flowing life-radiation is met with resistance, a living being or individual radiant center comes into existence. Shakti takes on the form of this productive brake-resistance. Through her love, Shakti is able to transform Shiva’s innate destructive power into a life-giving one.



*Vril force-currents*

However, the application of *prana*, will not be found empirically, but only through *spiritual science*. We’ve actually known for a long time that matter doesn’t really exist. At a certain level we know for a fact that our world only consists of force-vibrations and force fields that create the sensual and material world around us. Force fields that consist of an-ions and cat-ions and vibrate at the speed of light in specific ground-patterns. From that point of view, our world is literally frozen light. Bound by the creative Shakti-forces,

the free Shiva-prana radiation is able to express itself in the material world of appearances.

The time has come for humanity to gradually re-ascend and measure up to the symbol of this creative, free flowing, love radiating, united duality Shiva-Shakti. This knowledge stems from a kind of seeing, which regards worldly events through intuition rather than intellect!’”

“Very poetic, I must say!”, Janco commented.

“Yes”, the enraptured ranger agreed. “Though some parts are suspiciously close to the other booklet. Here it speaks of the atom again: ‘The secret of dynamic technology, is hidden within the atom. In our present technology, we exploit the energy that is freed up when molecules are dis-stressed. Our technologists utilize the pressure that is released when water is transformed into vapor, or wood into gasses. However, this used up energy can artificially be regained by contracting matter. Already it has been well known that gasses can be re-liquefied under pressure.

Nature, the greatest teacher of all times, shows us yet another principle. She teaches us that it is ridiculous to use heat-explosions, when far more favorable results can be achieved by simply adjusting the matter-surrounding pressure! If one adjusts the tension between inside and outside, the atom has to either absorb or release energy. Therefore we only need to create a vacuum in a hollow space that can be penetrated by the original prana-radiation. Man himself, is the best example of such a primal machine. The earth is another one.

At the edge of earth’s atmosphere, the lighter hydrogen and helium atoms that have drifted upward, fall apart, due to the under-pressure of space, and revert back to radiation. The negatively charged hydrogen-ion-radiation feeds the sun, which in turn feeds the planets with its positively charged radiant energy. Negatively strained hydrogen ions, form new centers for the Shiva-prana. This is the secret of the *energetic perpetuum mobile* which is mechanically impossible. Everything eventually turns into a radiating force once again, freed from coarse matter. The earth itself also follows this path and gradually grows more and more aetheric, back to its own starting point.

The proton, the atom core, is a Shiva-vacuum, enclosed by a negatively charged electron shell—the sucking atmosphere of the atom. This suction is a binding force, better known as *gravity*. The pushing electron-charge of the core works expansively and wants to evaporate. Normally speaking, the sucking centripetal and the pressing centrifugal forces keep each other in a relative balance.

The ‘law of conservation of energy’, assumes the ultimate death of matter by entropy, but this is not the whole story. Nature only uses reversible processes—double-cycles, symbolized by the figure-of-eight. This means that the universe is a psychophysical perpetual motion device. Ion-like *proto atoms* make up the aetheric realm. Our apparent physical world is formed by a progressive energy consolidation. Up till now, the world has densified itself out of aether. ‘The Godhead breathed out’. But the turning point has been reached; this is the time when the cosmic inhalation of dematerialization has begun.

However, a radiant technology is only reserved for a radiant humanity. In the hands of

egomaniacs, it would only serve destruction. Our egotism needs to be conquered first, so that unconditional love becomes the norm. One who has walked the difficult path to self-knowledge, will not likely be prone to arrogance, pride, or give in to the urge to rule the world, even for just one hour. Humanity will become progressively more liberated and ready for its future status of super-human, as it begins to shine due to the circulation of these ideas.

This ideal can only be accomplished when a new road is taken. Initially, the willingness to take this road needs to be consciously present. Subsequently, the path to train expressive thinking is necessary and needs to be courageously followed. Only when the head is cleared from all worldly inclinations, will it possess the power to attract the cosmic life force, which ultimately leads to transcendence of the mundane world and its endless illusions.

Only through correct actions can man become liberated from matter. To pursue the dream of waiting for help from outside is futile and doesn't lead anywhere. An enlightened technology requires enlightened people. Extreme caution needs to be exercised to ensure that the Vril force doesn't fall into the hands of capitalistically orientated groups, who will undoubtedly abuse it to meet their own foolish, egotistic needs. If that were come to pass, this heavenly blessing would quickly turn into an evil curse for humanity, just as it happened to Atlantis.

The Vril knowledge would grant the leaders utter invincibility, giving them full control over humanity. Therefore this knowledge needs to be placed in responsible hands that will protect humanity from abuse. Only when completely new economical and social structures have been established, will a new Germany be able to flourish. But enlightened people don't appear out of thin air. We therefore actively seek contact with leading individuals in order to discuss these matters. We hope that a broad planetary movement will emerge, capable of putting pressure on the current power elite.

May these fruits of the German spirit benefit not only the Germans, but also the rest of the world. That it may unite all peoples!—Freed by radiant action!’

Quite something else!”, the ranger murmured, half lost in thought. “And do you know who's the author of those brochures?”

“They call themselves *Work Community for the Germany of the Future*, or simply *the Truth Society*”, Janco answered. “It clearly echoes *The Coming Race*, by Bulwer-Lytton. As far as I can trace, it goes back to a Berlin society, founded by Karl Haushofer and some other occultists, calling themselves *The Brothers of the Light*, *The Luminous Lodge* or simply *The Lumen Club*. This group was originally founded to study the applications of *aether-technology*. Out of this effort grew the *Pansophic Lodge*, whose aim it was to study *metaphysical physics*”, Janco explained. “In their publications, similar language is used as in the booklets by the *Work Community for the Germany of the Future*. Listen to this:

‘The sun emanates aether waves, which ancient Indian initiates referred to as *prana*. A centrifugally moving, electrical solar radiation, that maintains a precarious balance with its antagonist, the centripetal magnetic space force. Only upon its arrival on earth, does this

*prana* transform itself into light and heat. This is true for the micro level as well. The heart of every atom is a miniature copy of the sun. The inside of every particle, is a cave of Bethlehem, in which the godly Christ spark is born’”

“Well well”, the ranger said. “And what happened to these pompous predictions?”

Janco thought for a while and answered:

“The quest for the *Holy Grail* of aether technology that I just mentioned, became a hot item once more right after the great World War. This came out of Germany’s deep-felt desire to be independent from all foreign nations. Pansophia grew rapidly, and began to organize itself more efficiently, re-christening itself as *the Grand Pansophic Lodge of Germany* in 1923. This club occupied itself with *the fusion of technology and the unseen*. In 1926, they invited the infamous British magus Aleister Crowley of *the Golden Dawn Society*, in order to instruct them. This however, led to a schism within the lodge. That same year, the Aleister Crowley-faction founded the magical order *Fraternitas Saturni*. This lodge published a magazine called *Saturni Gnosis*, which contained this information. It is full of terminology like *cosmic will*, *aether-motion* and *the aether-waves of the world spirit*. I’ve got all the editions here. A specific statement in one of the articles, struck me in particular. It said: ‘*Magic is in fact technology, but with different means*’.” He smiled. “From their magazines, I gather that they actually



*Saturni Gnosis*

expanded on the idea of the *Magnetic Masons*. They trained people in order to strengthen their will to such an extent, that they could generate *impulse-waves* powerful enough to influence matter. Carefully, the student’s psyche was prepared for a journey to *the unseen*. While in a hypnotic state, the initiates were taught alchemical knowledge and technical metaphors from ancient myths. As per Aleister Crowley’s instructions, they built technomagical equipment. This is what Crowley taught them:

‘In the future a new force will be discovered, that will explain the course of the stars, suns and planets far more accurately than the current hypotheses. The human race will shine once more. Society will be structured in a social manner. Man will find a new meaning in life and produce a new science based on the mysteries of nature. The concept of *world aether*, as it is discarded by modern science, will no longer be a hazy hypothesis. A large number of discoveries and inventions will reveal the ultimate secrets of nature. The present mechanistic-materialistic and chemo-technical worldview will be dismissed to the scrap heap of history. Astral dimensions will once again be within humanity’s reach,

due to this expanding consciousness. A new heaven and a new earth await the new man, after the old has collapsed’.”

The same themes, again and again!” the ranger noted.



*High priest Fraternitas Saturni*

“Indeed”, Janco said. “Occultists from various clubs were familiar with each other and read each other’s work. While society swiftly tumbled down the road of destruction, *they* silently planted the seeds for a new culture! Nonetheless, some of those seeds mutated.

In 1930, the *Fraternitas Saturni* went underground, with the *Work Community for the Germany of the Future*, simply called *the Vril Group*, carrying on its public work. The author of the booklets that you read, typically called himself *John the Baptist*. As far as I know, he was an acquaintance of Helena Blavatsky and possibly knew Rudolf Steiner as well. Undoubtedly his other heroes were Bulwer-Lytton and Keely.”

“I wonder if they have discovered the truth yet?” the ranger kept asking, “because none of them mention the spiral motion.”

“Who knows my friend, you might actually have found the missing link.”

## What is electricity?

“**JANCO, COULD YOU FIND ME SOME GOOD ACADEMIC BOOKS ON ELECTRICITY?**”, the ranger joked, before admitting, “I have studied it quite a bit, and it appears to me that no one really knows what electricity actually is. We are still at a loss when it comes to familiarizing ourselves with its true nature, its spirit, even though we have been working with it for decades. We haven’t the slightest clue as to what effect electricity has on the subtler parts of our organism.”

“Just stick your finger in the power socket”, Janco chuckled.

“No thanks. I’ve experienced enough shocks in my time. I think that if we tried to

understand the essence of electricity, we would finally become acquainted with its inherent counterpart *magnetism*.”

“Quite possibly”, Janco agreed.

“Don’t you find it strange that our modern culture only makes use of electricity, even though both electricity and magnetism always act together?”, the ranger asked. “I reckon Schappeller is probably one of the few who understands that magnetism isn’t always static, but can actually flow.

Ancient cultures regarded electricity quite differently. The Sumerians from Iraq, as well as the ancient Greeks, clearly distinguished three kinds of electricity: static, flowing and *organic electricity*. The word *electron*, is Greek for *amber*, which becomes electrically charged when rubbed with a woolen cloth, as is well known. However, the Sumerians as well as the Greeks regarded flowing electricity as one of nature’s most destructive forces. They knew about it well through lightening storms.”

“But how does electricity come into existence anyway?”, Janco felt inspired to ask.

“In nature it is a force that is ultimately generated by differences in temperature”, the ranger answered. “The sun heats up the earth’s surface, causing hot air, saturated with water vapor, to rise up rapidly. High up in the atmosphere, this hot air rubs against the colder air. This causes the air to ionize. The higher the hot air rises, the more the water vapor condenses, forming clouds. The negatively charged ions feel attracted by the positively charged sun. They move upwards in the cloud, the positively charged particles moving to the bottom, as they are attracted by the negatively charged earth. When the tension in the cloud builds up high enough, it then releases a charge towards the earth, with deadly force.”

“Ok...”

“The wise ancient Greeks figured it was better to stay away from this force, which they regarded as *the destructive hand of God*. Although they were aware of its existence, they persistently avoided the use of either static or flowing electricity. Only in the ‘dark middle-ages’ did inventors start building machinery that produced static electricity. Rubbing two different materials against each other at high speed did this. A lot of experimenting went on with different materials, since every material possesses its own particular natural tension. After several ages, they discovered that the friction of certain metals with air causes a buildup of *frictional electricity*. Later on it was discovered that the air could be ionized at the same time, allowing an increased interplay between the charged air and the flowing electricity of the generator. These devices, capable of building up very high charges, were called *influence machines* back then.”

“Right”, Janco said, straining his memory. He got up again to search for a particular article. As he scrambled through a stack of papers, the ranger continued his explanation. “Physicists like Michael Faraday, Benjamin Franklin and Heinrich Herz, all tried to postulate theories that would explain the nature and behavior of electricity. They imagined that every single body was charged with two kinds of *fluidum*. According to this theory, adding positive fluidum, or removing negative fluidum, caused the electrons inside a



suitable material to flow. Countless experiments proved that every single material possesses an individual 'normal' charge. This theory was superseded by a new theory that explained flowing electricity as being the result of *electrons* moving between a repelling and an attracting pole. Once more, our current one, involving atoms supporting electron shells, replaced this theory. You recently lent me a book called *Bread from Stones* by Julius Hensel. Interestingly enough, he explains that the electron shell determines an atom's volume to a large degree. He insists that when an atom is ionized, it gains or loses one electron. Hydrogen however, has only one electron in its shell. When it loses this single electron, its volume is reduced to about one fourth of its original mass! Isn't that fascinating!?" Janco nodded. "Didn't Keely discover that aether is four times lighter than hydrogen?"

"Right", the ranger remembered.

"And what part does electro-magnetism play in all of this?"

"Good question. Whatever theory about electricity was expounded, the experiments consistently showed that flowing electricity never fails to generate a magnetic field around it. Hence, this field was called *the electro-magnetic field*. The magnetism however, was discarded as a useless byproduct of the 'Holy Grail of electric current'. It's still a new concept to accept the idea that magnetism can be caused to flow as well, producing a *magneto-electric* field." The ranger glanced at Janco who was rummaging through a cabinet. "Are you listening?"

"Yes, yes, very interesting. I'm just looking for a recent article about the latest *influence machine* built in New York: the *Van der Graaf Generator*, if memory serves me well. Wait, here it is..., yes, check out Tesla's comment:

'I consider atom splicing, as suggested by some scientists, as unintelligent. Free energy from aether, on the other hand, is the way to go. The Van der Graaf Generator is a step towards the right direction. If we only succeed in finding a pseudo-intelligent catalyst that sorts out and orders the energy particles, something great can be accomplished in this field. Eventually they will discover such a catalyst, that will launch us into an era of applied aether technology, which will effect every facet of our society'."

"Finally somebody who seems to know what he's talking about!" the ranger said with a wide grin on his face. "I'd really like to have a go at experimenting with that Van der Graaf generator."

Janco came up with a sudden idea, "Why don't you start with the Kelvin Generator!? I just remembered this book I found for you. I think it was Philipp Lenard, a German physicist who experimented with the Kelvin Generator in order to research the mysterious healing properties of the legendary *waterfall electricity*."

"What kind of a generator is that again?" the ranger asked. Janco handed the ranger the book. "Read it", he said. "It is an influence machine, devised in 1860 by Lord Kelvin. It uses falling water-droplets to generate electricity. In researching the *thermal energy* of water, in order to enhance the efficiency of steam engines, he accidentally discovered the possibility to generate electricity from falling water. The discovery failed to trigger his

imagination however, and he left the phenomenon for what it was.”

“*Hmmm*, that *does* sounds like something I should try!” the ranger agreed.

# Electricity from water

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE LIBRARY, A FAMILIAR VOICE CALLED OUT TO the ranger, “Hey Victor, remember me?!” He turned around, wondering who it could be, and was pleasantly surprised to see his good old friend, Doctor Winter.

“Hello Mister Water Wizard”, said the doctor with a smile, reaching out with both hands to shake his own. “What brings you out of the forest?”

“Doctor Winter! How wonderful”, exclaimed the ranger. “I’ve been at the library, doing a little fishing, so to speak.”

“Oh, for what kind of fish?”, asked the doctor.

“Trout!” said the ranger grinning. He proceeded to tell his friend about his quest for the *trout force*, and the experiments that he intended to do with the Kelvin Generator. He showed his friend the book that Janco had given him.

As always, his enthusiasm was infectious and set off doctor Winter’s curiosity, “You know, I’ve got a laboratory in the Dead Mountains. Why don’t you come over? It’s quite remote.”

“Are you serious?”

“Why not? I’m almost as excited as you are to see what will happen!”

“It sure isn’t a coincidence that we ran into each other,” said the ranger, gladly accepting his friend’s offer.

“Great. Just come by whenever you like, I’m there most of the time. If not, the maid will look after you until I arrive.”

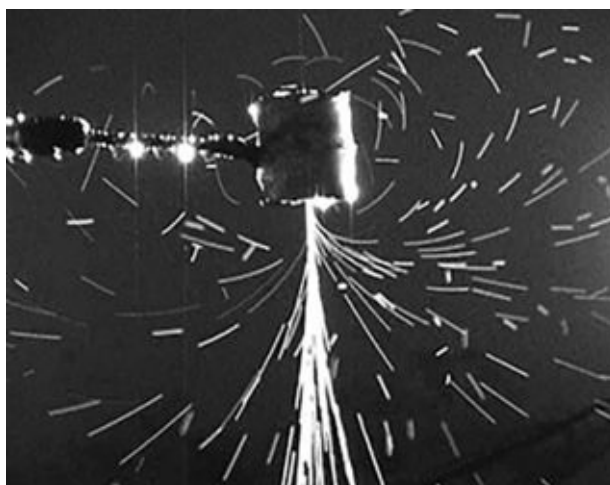
The ranger went home, packed some clothes, told Maria he would be staying with doctor Winter for a few days, and proceeded towards the Dead Mountains. Asking his way around, he managed to find doctor Winter’s laboratory. The doctor was there to welcome him and give him a tour. Excitedly they decided to start the next day.

Early in the morning, they began assembling an improvised Kelvin Generator with the materials that were randomly scattered across doctor Winter’s laboratory. The simple Kelvin Generator they built consisted of two syringes that dripped or sprayed water as required. The ejected water jets travelled through two copper spirals, landing in a pair of insulated cups that were connected crosswise to the copper spirals with electrical wire. Doctor Winter put on his laboratory apron and connected his *electroscope*, a rare instrument at that time, to the copper spirals. Eagerly and filled with expectation, the ranger opened the faucets, but nothing happened. “Perhaps we need a better quality

water”, the ranger suggested. “I’ll get some from a mountain spring.” He took a glass pitcher from the cupboard, grabbed his walking cane and set out towards the direction doctor Winter had pointed him.

“I’m very curious”, he said when he returned with a pitcher full of spring water. He carefully poured the water into the reservoir, feeding both water jets and opened the faucets. This time the metal flaps of the electroscope started moving quite clearly, proving that electricity was being generated. “Miraculous!” the ranger exclaimed, an expression of boyish wonder on his face.

Playing around with their new and exciting toy, the men discovered that with strong lighting against a dark background, the fine droplets could be observed diverting from the main jet under the copper spirals, curving sideways and moving up in utter defiance of the forces of gravity. “See that?” the ranger exclaimed fascinated. “The water droplets move in exactly the same way as a magnetic field around a magnet!”



*The Kelvin experiment*

In dry air specifically, high voltages were easy to accumulate. Doctor Winter connected a light bulb to the wires. The bulb lit up instantly with a bright light, only to burn down with a *ptsssss*. A smirk re-appeared on the ranger’s face. “That calls for a celebration!” doctor Winter announced and went straight to the cellar to get a bottle of wine.

Deeply into the night, the two men discussed the phenomena they had witnessed, and the true nature of electricity. The closer they came to the bottom of the bottle, the more eloquent the ranger became, “Evolution is in fact a strictly sexual process”, he explained. “But in a subtle, rather than a physical way. Contrary to what we think, attraction isn’t something physical. If you put two corpses next to each other, they won’t move an inch closer, no matter how male or female their bodies appear. Attraction happens purely on an energetic level. In this energetic dimension, the subtler force is the more powerful one. I am talking about a non-measurable, strictly palpable *quality*. For nature works with *genuine values*, unlike our *worthless* science! The *impurities* Science thinks to have discovered in both air and water are in reality the bearers of *energetic seeds*, as I call them,

for lack of a better term. If those ‘impurities’ are infused with the right motive impulse, they spontaneously cross over into their aetheric state, and an organic life magnetism emerges. Those aetheric molecules materialize once again when they are either put under pressure or heated up—A *deathly process* in which electricity is released.”

Incapable of wrapping his scientific mind around the ranger’s rather unscientific explanation, Doctor Winter frowned. “Didn’t Michaelson and Morley prove aether to be fiction?”

“Well, that’s up for debate, as I just learned from my new friend Janco”, the ranger replied. “Following their famed experiment, numerous other experiments were carried out, which prove aether to exist after all. Personally I have no doubts because I observe it at work in nature all the time, and I experience how it expresses itself in the energy fields and streams that create our material world. What I am desperately looking for isn’t a scientific explanation, but rather the correct words to properly describe what I observe.”

“So what does it look like?” doctor Winter asked quietly.

“I see aether as a field of *energetic seeds*”, the ranger said cryptically, “Still impartial, but bearing the potential of manifesting themselves two-fold. Either as electricity or as magnetism, depending on the motion imparted to their carrier substance. Until they undergo this awakening motion, the energy-seeds remain dormant—A kind of neutral Limbo, in which they bear too much levitational force to descend and too much gravity to ascend. So they simply remain afloat in both air and water, waiting for their *wake-up call*. In the summer, this wake-up call can take the form of heat-pressure, which causes aether-seeds in the air to transform into electricity, shooting downwards with a destructive force. Like the devil incarnate, the electric pressure, takes the aether-seeds straight down to hell!” he gesticulated dramatically. Winter laughed.

“Observation of mountain streams on the other hand, has taught me that the *inward spiraling suction motion*, simply called the *inspiring motion* by me, cools these seeds instead, turning them into magnetically charged ions. The assumption that magnetism is merely a passive, uninteresting byproduct of electricity springs from an utter incomprehension of the merits of this unique motion. Even more so, the idea that natural magnetism, which is produced by this motion, could actually have a stimulating effect on anything alive seems ridiculous to most people. Even though the earth herself proves this fact with her own magnetic field.”

“I think I need to sleep on that one a bit”, said the doctor with an exhausted yawn.

“Yes, it’s been a long day, sleep well doc!” said the ranger, who was still excited and slightly intoxicated with the success of the experiments and the effect of the wine.

The next morning, both men rose at the crack of dawn. They quickly ate breakfast before starting their second endeavor.

“We need a new light bulb”, said Winter. “I’ll get one before we do anything else”, and off he went. The ranger decided to take another trip to the spring in order to fetch some

more *highly potent* water.

When both men returned, they quickly connected the various light bulbs to the *influence machine*. To their utter amazement, a most unexpected phenomenon unfolded before their eyes. At first, they noticed a bluish, *cold light* hovering over the copper spirals. A deep red light emerged, as the ranger held a light bulb inside this radiation. In other spots a bright, white light emerged. “Look! See that?... Light outside a light bulb!” doctor Winter exclaimed. “Just like that, in open space! It looks like the Northern lights! I have no idea how this works. It is truly inexplicable!”

The fact that in some way, more water appeared to have come into being than what they started out with, was even stranger. “I’ve seen this also in mountains streams!” the ranger said excitedly. “I often wondered how a brook, which was merely a hundred meters below the spring, could suddenly contain tree times the water, without other streams feeding into it. After reading Julius Hensel, I now understand that water can swell, or ‘grow’, depending on its charge, or rather the amount of electrons in its atoms’ shell.”

“Right. And how do you explain the Northern lights?”

“They’re just various types of aether-radiation”, the ranger said, as if it was the most common thing in the world.

“And what determines the ultimate effect?” The ranger was delighted that his friend asked this question, as it gave him the opportunity to explain another fundamental principle he had discovered.

“Scientists maintain that life emerged from water. I claim that life emerges from *motion*. As everything in nature is dualistic, we can also discern two distinct types of motion: the life-giving motion and the life-taking motion. One could also say: the *materializing* motion and the *de-materializing* motion.”

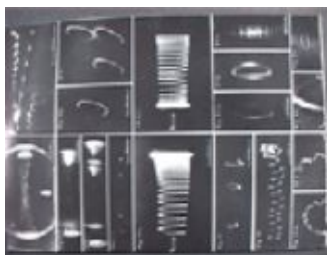
“That is quite a fascinating thought, I must admit!” doctor Winter said, struggling to accept the possibility. “So which motions exactly are we talking about?”

“Right before our very eyes, nature demonstrates this all around us all the time”, the ranger replied. “The ever changing spiraling motion is the creative one. The non-progressive linear and circular motions are the destructive ones. It is of the utmost importance to realize that different motions carry different *qualities*. The water droplet clearly shows us what happens in a motion on an energetic level!”

“I don’t understand”, doctor Winter hesitated. “Please explain.”

“On its way to earth, a rain droplet reveals a spiraling pathway”, the ranger said. “As we’ve seen with the light bulbs, the droplets emit two types of radiation: a horizontal, and a vertical one. The first one is the result of pressure, and the second one of suction. In the *inspiring motion*, both work together as partners. The horizontal, blue-white, Northern lights-like radiation is the constructive hydrogen force, only measurable with an electroscope. Remember how you’ve already seen how the electroscope indicated a charge of 12.000 volts, even at a falling-distance of just eight inches. But those aren’t ordinary electro-volts. They are what should be called *life-volts*, *seed-volts*, or something to that

extent. The radiation that is produced by this current, shows up in a vacuum-bulb as a pulsating, deep-red glow. If we would hold an air-filled bulb inside this radiation, the measured seed-volts, would once again revert back to water!” Strained to the point of disbelief, doctor Winter rolled his eyes.



*Light phenomena outside a bulb*

“Hydrogen-ions with a different charge emanate vertically, and produce a bright, white light inside a vacuum bulb. In fact, this is what we are familiar with as ‘electric light’. Look,” and he held a light bulb over the influence machine. The doctor witnessed a weak, white light appear inside the bulb. Then the ranger opened the small tap a little further and held the light bulb a little higher above the device. A bright, white light became visible. As he moved the light bulb next to the machine, the light changed into a dark-red glow. Doctor Winter was pretty impressed by all these electro-magnetic phenomena. He now understood that science, notwithstanding its solid, unshakable claims, was actually operating rather one-sidedly.

“So now you can see for yourself that falling water is capable of producing various kinds of radiation. An electrical radiation, as a result of friction with air, and a magnetic radiation, by virtue of its spiraling motion. If we brake the velocity of the horizontal magnetic radiation with the help of some *fatty matter*, I’m sure we’ll be able to witness the emergence of water.”

“I think I’ve got some paraffin wax-shields in the attic, I’ll just go and have a look”, said the doctor.

Moments later, they stood in the dark like two science fiction figures, the doctor with his white apron and the ranger in his lederhosen, as they captured rays with their shields in the blue light of the futuristic-looking Kelvin Generator. They proceeded to hold the shields at different distances, tried it in broad daylight and even opened the doors, in order to observe the effect of a lowered air-temperature. “Yes indeed!”, the doctor cried out suddenly. “I see water droplets forming on the wax!”

“Just as I predicted!”, the ranger grinned. He turned around and walked into the kitchen, returning an instant later with a bowl, to collect the newly formed water. After he had done so, he poured it into the Kelvin Generator, in order to measure its tension.

During their experiments, they discovered that positively charged water was formed under the influence of light and heat. Negatively charged water was strictly formed in cool darkness. “We’re probably the only ones on this planet who know how to artificially make water”, the ranger said with reverence in his voice, “although Moses apparently managed

it with the appropriate motion of his staff, dashing it against the rock!

In the future, water pipelines won't be needed any more. We'll be able to produce excellent drinking water and grow exquisite foods, even in the driest desert! No more need for wars about land or water rights. Imagine our world if this comes to pass!" Doctor Winter was overwhelmed by the implications. Never had he felt so alive.

When doctor Winter got up the next morning, the ranger was already busy adjusting the water jets, rendering them as subtle as possible. "Watch this!" he said. "At a certain tuning, the blue glow around the spiral-windings starts pulsating. That's the irrevocable proof water is alive, because wherever there is life, there is pulsation." He paced around the device. "And look, when I stick an iron needle into the water jet, the blue glow disappears instantly. That proves what I suspected earlier in Bulgaria, namely that iron, with its reversed polarity due to the heat of the smelting ovens, has a life-force-depleting effect on healthy water. That's why the use of steel ploughs, by definition, leads to deterioration of the soil."

"*Bang...!*" Right at that moment a huge spark shot from the wrought-iron heater to the doctor's hand.

"*Scheisse!*", he cried out, trembling heavily, his heart racing. "This is friggin' dangerous!" Completely in shock he ran outside, and sat down on the curb. The ranger ran after him, being very concerned.

"I'm so sorry Doc, it never occurred to me that the iron resistances in the room could be charged by the generator from a distance. We apparently produce enormous electromagnetic charges! And now that it occurs to me that could be the reason I've been sleeping so poorly for the past nights. It might be better if you stay out of the way from now on, and let me carry out the experiments. I think I should be wearing a lead apron myself." As he spoke to him, the ranger tried to comfort the ashen looking doctor. "Just imagine the effect of the combined electromagnetic fields our technology must have on all of life! Not only do we generate this destructive force inside our machines, but we also generate it within wrongly guided rivers and our drinking water. This happens because we force it through long, straight, conduits and steel pipelines! No wonder cancer is spreading like wild fire in the cities. This '*electricism*' namely stimulates the pathogenic bacteria, whose job it is to decompose organic bodies on command! The reason nobody notices the disintegrating effect of electricity, is because it is a very slow type of electrolysis. If the real nature of electricity were known, law would prohibit its production, and the same goes for all shortwave radiations and X-rays! No war, pandemic or natural disaster could have wreaked more havoc on humanity than this artificially produced, electrical force of destruction. Considering the fact that this entire, fatal crime was paid for with our own hard-earned tax money, should drive anyone mad with indignation!"

"Why the hell did we ever invent this damned technology!?", the still trembling doctor wondered.

"It's simply a reflection of our *worldview*", replied the ranger. "An extension of an aggressive, *male* way of thinking that always assumes pressure is required to achieve



anything. This pressure however, destroys aether-seeds everywhere, and transforms them into pathogenic bacteria. These pathogens enter otherwise healthy bodies en masse, along with the *wrongly charged* foods, air and water, causing cancer of the blood. The modern plague of cancer is truly the result of our *technical age*. Previously this disease was rarely seen! The engineer who came up with this *cancer technology* to begin with, is the true culprit. Whenever and wherever he can, he merrily abuses water, the *blood* of the earth, in steam engines and hydropower plants, in order to produce his ‘elevated’ *electrical energy*. He carelessly digs up coal, oil and gas, the *bread* of the earth, in order to violently destroy it in his fine combustion engines.

Utterly unaware of the consequences of their actions, like-minded colleagues will feverishly extract iron, copper-ore and other metals—earth’s *nervous system*—from her tormented body, destroying her essential, intentionally placed energy conduits. Like ravens, people greedily collect the shiny gold, only to hoard it in their vaults; never realizing it can’t possibly fulfill its predestined role inside a box. In its endless quest for the solid rock of sustained happiness, humanity unwittingly sinks ever deeper into its self-created swamp of misery!”, the ranger lamented eloquently.

“Well said!” doctor Winter agreed, as he slowly started to come to his senses again. “So you claim that electricity has no place in a healthy society, huh?”

“The ancient Greeks discovered electricity long ago, but they knew why they shouldn’t employ it”, the ranger said. “The use of electricity has only taken off quite recently during the last hundred years. This was the Age of Reason, when the baby—’natural intuitive knowledge’—was thrown out with the bathwater of superstition. During our present time we’re so accustomed to electricity, that we can’t imagine life without it. Even so, nobody seems to grasp its real essence. Complicated scientific words hardly conceal their lack of comprehension. I predict that modern science will never come to understand electricity in all its facets. Instead it remains fractured into countless sub-fields, as they lose themselves in their own incomprehensible terminology.

I personally think that in order to fully understand this force, we should continue on the path of Heinrich Herz, who characterized electricity as *an oscillating, pulsating energetic action*. Constant pulsation, means *life*. It is a sign that the material *sweet-matter* and the cosmic *sour-matter*, in effect the solidified sunrays, have found each other in a relative yet creative balance. These re-balancing reactions between *sweet-matters* and *sour-matters*, can only occur within the carrier-substance and semiconductor water. The properties of this natural *transistor* change according to its motion. If brought into a vortex motion, it acts as a conductor for magnetism. When made to flow in a straight line, it acts as a conductor for ‘electricism’. These principles are the same everywhere in nature. In healthy rivers for example, the magnetic pulsations can be made visible with the help of a *d’Arcy tube*. In plants the pulse can be revealed with the *Auranograph experiment* of J. Chandra Bose. In both humans and animals, they’re easily observable in the breathing process and the pulse of the heart. The heart is in fact a turbine, powered by magnetically charged blood. This turbine produces natural electricity that controls the muscles and the nervous system. The organic magnetism controls the blood-flow and the buildup and regeneration

of cells. Electricity and magnetism are always together, like two sides of a coin, or the fishes *yin* and *yang*. They can temporarily be reduced to the other's eye, or 4%, but not beyond that, because they always need each other's energetic resistance in order to flow properly. This means that their relative balance determines the strength of the force, whether it is constructive or destructive. Magnetic contraction of matter produces a cool under-pressure in a closed body. As the resistance to this motion grows too large, the process reverses into electrical pressure that heats and re-expands the substance. In water or blood, this expansion reduces the flow-velocity until the process reverses again into suction.

When put through metal, a current of electricity heats up its resistance, which produces an unnatural kind of light. Such heat or light are in fact bad signs, for they signify enormous losses of energy. Water, the natural semiconductor, shows that magnetism can also flow like electricity. The resistance of the magneto-electrical field that comes into being, has a densifying effect on water, which helps to increase its flow velocity." By now, doctor Winter had forgotten his electrical shock and engaged in the discussion. "So in employing electrical force on a massive scale, we've taken a disastrous turn, I guess", he concluded. "If I understand you correctly, we're making everything more dead and more heavy in this way?"

"Yes, that is exactly what electro-magnetic fields do to life", the ranger replied. He was glad that he managed to engage his friend in conversation.

"Whereas modern science claims things to become heavier when densified, I claim that things are rendered lighter, by way of magnetic densification, because natural magnetism possesses levitational properties. It moves away from the earth just as powerfully as electricity is attracted to it! All living beings actually demonstrate they're able to become lighter and more mobile by increasing their natural magnetic tension.

Let's take water for example. If a magnetic life-current is led into it, the ionic concentration—a measure for its quality—increases a thousand fold. This cool, magnetically charged, densified water, rises of itself in any narrow, vertical channel. But rather than recognizing this fact, humanity merrily puts on its blinkers, ignores all warning signals and foolhardily marches down the road towards destruction!

The other day it shocked me to read in the newspaper that some engineers plan to use the hydro-dam electricity which is wasted at night, to electrocute ... *err* I mean *electrolyze* water, in order to produce storable hydrogen gas. During daytime, they turn it back into electricity and water by adding oxygen. It is highly frustrating to me that they assume the new water to be exactly the same as the water they started out with. This, my dear Winter, could not be further from the truth. It clearly demonstrates their materialistic way of thinking. In reality, the subtle sweet-matter-essences of the hydrogen gas are burnt up during the process. The highly acidic water they end up with is a perfect environment for pathogenic bacteria. This is the water they then want to drain back into the river, as if nothing happened! Spreading death and destruction, the river will flow through an ever more barren landscape, inhabited by ever more dimwitted, cancer-riddled creatures."

“So its not a very good idea! We should really make our discoveries public as soon as possible, before they make more disastrous mistakes.”

“Forget it, my friend!” said the ranger cynically. “I already know exactly how that’s going to play out. All they’ll do is laugh at us and demand more *scientific* proof, which requires a lot of money. Since we’re in a depression, nobody is lining up to part with that. Investors rather put their money into cancer-causing industries, hoping for a quick return. But don’t be alarmed my friend, we’ve learned something valuable and have come one step closer to unveiling the secret of the trout. I dare to say now, with full conviction, that even the tiniest drop of water contains far more energy than a big barrel of kerosene!”



*Kelvin Experiment*

## Water, the Blood of the Earth

**BACK IN VIENNA, THE RANGER TOLD ANYONE WHO WAS WILLING TO LISTEN,** of his experiments with doctor Winter. Despite his skepticism, he even wrote long letters to influential people, in the hope of procuring money for more research. But to no avail.

On his birthday, Maria took him to a concert at the chic Viennese concert hall, knowing that he loved music. On this occasion, the ranger ran into professor Exner of the Polytechnic University, who introduced him to the famous Viennese actress Maeda Primavesa. Still feeling very excited, he told her of his encounter with the trout and the experiments with the Kelvin Generator. She listened intently and began an animated conversation about water’s hidden, subtle forces. Enraptured by this unusual man’s charisma and narrative, and assured by a nodding professor Exner, she spontaneously offered him the funding to continue his experiments, “I sense you’re on the threshold of discoveries that will alter the face of the earth permanently and that deserves to be supported!”

Naturally the ranger accepted her generous offer wholeheartedly. On several occasions in the following weeks, he visited the actress and managed to win her unconditional trust.

“Vienna weeps”, she spoke dramatically. “Weakened by food, fuel and medicine shortages and threatened with pandemics, her people hang their weary heads. They know

it's only going to get worse. But perhaps you will be able to restore some life to their grim, defeated eyes!"

With the money of his celebrated protagonist, the ranger rented a laboratory in Vienna. He had decided to abandon the experiments with the Kelvin Generator, as it emitted too much dangerous electro-magnetic radiation. This time he wanted to focus on the artificial production of what he called *organic magnetism*, or *life-magnetism*, as found in living organisms, especially water.

When lady Primavesa visited his laboratory he told her that he had decided to build a *spring water generator*. "The effects of chlorination and ultra-violet irradiation, for the prevention of pandemics, are truly disastrous", he explained. "Doctors have told me that the number of cancer-cases is increasing dramatically. At the turn of the century, one in four thousand people got cancer, presently every two hours someone dies of the disease in Vienna alone. The parasite-friendly environment is strengthened because water is forced through increasingly long steel pipelines that acidify the water. At production, steel and virtually all refined materials, are charged with an unnatural, positive *fire charge*. This tension seeks to discharge itself into the negatively charged water, eliminating its magnetic tension in the process." The ranger paused for a moment, looking for a sign of understanding in the stunningly beautiful face of the actress. Her smile convinced him to continue.

"Water that flows through straight, steel pipes under great pressure rubs against the walls and thus produces frictional electricity. This in turn creates an acidic environment that prompts the neutral *aetheric seed-cells* to develop into pathogenic bacteria. The only thing the scientists can think of, is to add even more chloride, in attempt to fight all the parasites!"

Deeply convinced of the urgency of the problem, the actress looked at the ranger and said, "We humans need to perceive the whole picture again instead of focusing on the small details. I really don't think that research on a cellular level will ever bring us an answer to the question: *What are we?*" She threw her hands in the air with a dramatic gesture.

"Right!" the ranger agreed. "Every day the blood of the earth is mindlessly wasted! Rather than to acknowledge and appreciate its blood and character-building qualities, modern science is unable to shake its pathetic notion of water being a lifeless, chemical substance. Subsequently science continues to offer billions of people a deadly liquid as a source of life, because it is grossly unaware and inadequate. Those of us who still have some common sense, should firmly refuse to consume this commercial product any longer! That is the only way to protect themselves from cancer, mental degeneration, physical deterioration and moral inferiority. Sterile water produces a sterile awareness and lack of life force leaves people hopelessly apathetic!"

"From what I have heard, this is all part of a plan of the ruling elite to numb the public's mind!" the actress added unexpectedly. The ranger simply nodded.

“It’s not a coincidence that the farmers first noticed this general lack of life force”, he continued. “Their crops become ever weaker and are being attacked by all kinds of parasites and fungi. Therefore healthy food is becoming more expensive by the day. The nature-estranged city dwellers however, should seriously ask themselves what would happen if not only their food, but even their water was prohibited! In fact, anyone who doesn’t drink from a mountain spring daily, should ask himself where his drinking water actually comes from and how it was treated in order to ‘purify’ it.” The actress nodded.

The ranger continued, “In order to tackle the drinking water problem, some engineers have suggested to drill deep wells. But this isn’t a good solution because this water hasn’t had the time to mature properly. *Mature* water rises up to the surface of its own accord. Unsatisfied, *hungry* water on the other hand, eats away the body like refined sugar does the teeth.” He sighed. “How is Austria ever going to thrive again when its population is ill and apathetic? People with an insufficient life force can’t be expected to produce vital ideals for the future. The only way to pull humanity out of this ordeal is to provide them with excellent, cheaply produced drinking water. That is the task I’ve set myself with this *spring water generator*, which will enable people to produce their own high grade, life-force-saturated spring water at home!”

“Fantastic!”, exclaimed lady Primavesa. “I’ll support you in any way I can!”

Rather than pondering over books, formulating chemical equations or producing physical calculations, the ranger prepared himself for his task by quietly laying down on the sofa in his lab. He imagined to be a falling water droplet.

Internally, he moved along with the rainwater droplet, as it completed its journey through the earth’s atmosphere. Soon he found himself falling from a tree leaf, onto the loose forest soil and entering the earth. A hungry feeling lured him ever deeper into the earth, searching for sweet-matter to devour. As he was just the *juvenile blood of the earth*, he moved through her veins, attracted to the sweet-matter in her stomach. As he penetrated deeper, it became warmer, until he felt himself transform into vapor. Finally, the eating and digesting processes had begun. The hot, aggressive oxygen—Mother Nature’s teeth—started chewing away like mad on the delicious sweet-matter. It did not stop until the oils, coal and salts had been fully absorbed into the body. He witnessed how his ‘magic touch’, instantly turned the salt molecules into ions, making him feel very energetic, light... and female. He started to feel an urge to rise up towards the sun god. The desire to see light again, breathe freely and mate with the absent counterpart. This desire pulled him up, ever higher through the capillaries of mother earth’s body, in search for the fertilizing sun rays and it prevented him from mingling with the descending, immature water. On his long, spiraling ascent, he noticed his temperature dropping and his body becoming solid again. As he got closer to the surface, the heaviest parts of his body, the minerals, left him one by one, staying behind in the soil, forming a kind of storage room for the vegetation. First he encountered the roots of the tallest, most beautiful trees, and finally, when all the minerals had left him, roots surrounded him. Staying with the subtlest, highly magnetic *sweet-matter* particles, he kept on rising through the veins of

plants, until he finally reached the positively charged, inseminating rays of the sun. After this encounter, the sweet-matter particles left his body and solidified, forming living tissue, building the plant. Feeling lighter and lighter, he kept moving up towards the sun. High up in the atmosphere, his extremely light, cold body was finally spliced into heavier, cloud-forming water particles, unbound oxygen and hydrogen atoms, by the intense ultra-violet sun rays. His body transformed into a radiation that kept moving through space, until he finally united with the sun. He started to feel quite male again and felt attracted to the earth. Before he knew it, he shot back down, penetrated the atmosphere and transformed into rain when he hit oxygen.

“Wow, what a journey”, he said to himself, but before there was time to think it over, he noticed himself falling into yet a new cycle. This time he landed on hot, clear-felled forest soil, repelling him like the two north poles of a magnet. This repulsion actually prevented him from penetrating the soil. While searching for an entrance he wandered off, across the barren surface, only able to bond with the last remaining fatty humus, dragging it along with him on his desperate quest. Finally, he found a muddy river. Flowing along, he saw the scenery growing ever more desolate with trees whose crowns looked strange and confused.

“*Ding-dong*”, the doorbell rang. The ranger, still dazed, got up and opened the door. Doctor Winter, had come to visit him. “Come in Doc, would you like a cup off coffee? I could use one myself, frankly!”

“I’ve heard you are planning to build a ‘spring water generator’?” Winter inquired as he sat down on the couch. “How is it getting along?”

“The research phase has almost been completed”, the ranger answered with a grin. “All I need to do now is copy nature!”

“Very well”, said Winter, “but how does one copy the earth?”

“I’ve got my own methods”, the ranger replied cryptically. “I assume you’re aware that oil, coal and natural gas, are minerals derived from plant matter, over millions of years of oxygen-less fermentation? Well, only a few people realize that precisely these sweet-matter substances play a vital role in the maturation-process of groundwater. They are the proverbial *bread* that feeds the *blood* of the earth—The nutrients out of which water produces its *life force*. In chemical, not *al*-chemical terms, this means that the oxygen in rainwater, which became aggressive through heat, consumes passive carbons. For that same reason, clothes are best washed clean in oxygen-rich rainwater.”

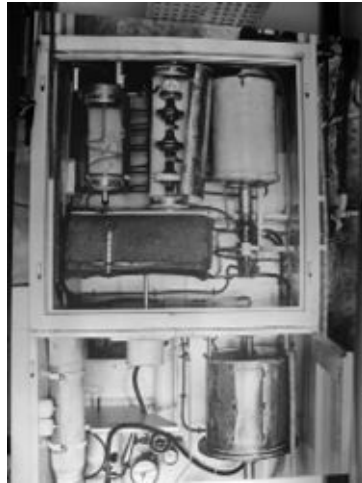
## The Spring Water Device

“UNTIL WE FULLY UNDERSTAND MOTHER NATURE’S METHODS AND COPY HER behavior, we

can't restore the lost harmony. We can indeed learn to help her in the build-up of magnetic life force, which she uses to feed the most noble fruits."

"And incidentally, you're the only one in the whole wide world, who knows how to do it, right?" his nephew Alois, a well connected pharmacist from Bad Hall, teased his uncle as he delivered some requested minerals.

"I'm not embarrassed to say that I know the secret", the ranger replied. "Our intuition is the best measuring device, if you know how to read it." With that he walked over to a metal cabinet, the size of a fridge. He opened the front door. "This is my new *spring water device*."



*The inner workings of the spring water device*

Nephew Alois took a closer look. All he could detect was a strange tangle of pipes and reservoirs, with the most diverging forms and functions. The ranger took the minerals and put them in their respective reservoirs. "This is a miniature earth, as it were", he said. "The water is exposed to all the essential elements within the various chambers, under the exact same circumstances as inside the earth! With the help of temperature fluctuations and above all, the *inspiring* motion, I bind them inside the water in an organic and stable manner. To simply add the minerals to the water and stir a bit, is not enough for the body to be able to absorb them. They need to be *ionized*. The coarse substances, are actually just carriers for the energetic vibrations on which the body feeds. However, these energies, require to be released from their minerals, by 'rubbing together' the water's differently charged elements, effectively charging them. The *ions* produced in this way, ultimately determine the quality of the water.

In the process, the catalysts in the form of precious metals are of great importance as well. As you can see, several parts are made of gold, silver or copper. Not only do these metals eradicate pathogens, but in addition, they stimulate *aether seeds* that are liberated from their minerals, inspiring them to evolve into health promoting, *life-magnetism*-radiating bacteria! The bismuth and antimony you brought are the most powerful activators of this life-magnetism. Other important additives are zinc, tin, lead, copper, glass and carbon disulfide. However, the ultimate secret is the *inspiring* motion. This motion alone, allows a genuine ionization. Curiously, this spiral motion actually causes the

added metals to grow! A spontaneous incarnation of ions comes to pass! I regard this as *the marriage of male and female aethericities of the fourth dimension*", he announced. Nephew Alois was at a loss.

"The fourth dimension? Don't tell me you've become a homeopath!"

"Not particularly", his uncle answered. "But in a way you're right. I've come to the conclusion that it's all about the energies that are carried by the materials. Look at it this way: All substances that we put into our body aren't actually absorbed in their material form. Initially, the body moves them in such a way that they transform themselves and emanate their characteristic vibrations to the blood. As a result, the organs are activated because they start to resonate with the vibrations of the blood. We should really see our food as *life-magnetic* energy, contained within a carrier substance. Considering all this would point towards a new kind of chemistry altogether. 'Chemistry of a higher order'", he explained, giving his nephew a meaningful glance. "Especially calcium-rich, alkaline food, provides us with much life force, as it binds the destructive oxygen ions."

"So basically you are trying to produce alkaline water?" nephew Alois tried to 'keep it real'.

"In a way yes", the ranger answered, "although it isn't *just* about the acidity. I am trying to explain to you that it's more than that." He sighed.

"But either way, I start out with oxygen-rich rainwater, just like Mother Nature. I simply take some water from the highly acidic river Donau. This water is very hungry for what I call *sweet-matter*." The ranger walked over to the other side of the device so he could demonstrate the process to his nephew. "This is where I pour in the Donau water. Actually, you should taste it first, you'll notice the incredible difference later on."

"Thanks, but no thanks", Alois said with a sheepish grin. The ranger poured the water into the device. Alois saw how it moved slowly through the copper spirals, the pebble stones and other weird, wonderful 'organs'. Alternately, the water was subjected to pressure and suction, light and dark, heat and cold. Finally, drop-by-drop, it aggregated in the drain reservoir.

"Want to try?" the ranger asked his nephew as he held out a glass provokingly.

"Are you absolutely sure this is no longer Donau water?", half jokingly, Alois tried to resist.

"Just drink it! I've just turned it into very high-grade spring water. I have done it so many times already, that I can actually taste which ions are missing. They give a zing to the taste buds, you know. Its blue-green color, also tells me it is superb. It only takes on that color, when the sucked-in oxygen aethericities are of high quality."

"Ahhh... very refreshing indeed!", Alois said surprised, after carefully trying the liquid.

"You see? That's exactly what most people say", the ranger beamed. "Moreover, I had it tested in various labs. None of them could find any difference with high grade spring water!"



As word got out in Vienna that the famed actress Maeda Primavesa was instantly cured of a cold by drinking this water, the cities' diseased followed suit, swarming to the ranger's humble laboratory.

It didn't matter whether it concerned a fever or a festering wound, nearly everybody felt better after drinking the ranger's health-water, quickly granting him the reputation of *the Water Wizard*. Especially after the rumor spread that older women grew younger and elderly men regained their potency, it was like Liberty Hall. The public gathered en masse outside his door. Even doctors and physicians began referring their *incurable cases* to the Water Wizard. Almost without exception, he cured these 'incurables'.

Such impressive results also attracted journalists. "How did you manage to decipher water's long-kept secret to longevity?" one of them wanted to know.

"*Huh hummm.*", the ranger cleared his throat and answered, "As a ranger and hunter, I have always observed how diseased and wounded animals go to certain healing springs to drink and bathe in this particularly highly charged water. It always struck me as remarkable, to see how they instantly felt better, and began nibbling on the high-grade herbs, growing near these springs. Only much later, I realized that they go there intuitively, attracted by the mysterious forces that lay hidden in this *holy* water. I made it my life's mission to research those forces. This quest not only guided me towards finding them, but it also taught me how to produce these forces artificially in my *spring water generator*. Before giving it to others, I tested the water myself extensively. By now it has cured hundreds of people, suffering from various diseases.

I've also done tests with garden plants, placing them in both plain sand and rich soil. These tests showed me that the water-quality is actually far more important than the quality of the soil!" He strained to sound as scientific as possible. "Tests with a customized Kelvin Generator, have proven this water to be filled to the brim with life force. From trials conducted with doctor Winter, I already knew that the difference between *life*-magnetically and *electro*-magnetically charged water, can only be determined indirectly, by way of an *electroscope*.

Water with much life force, can be pumped around in the Kelvin Generator over a 150 times, before it is ultimately discharged! We've conducted experiments in which we had neon tubes connected to the electroscope. This produced a pulsating dark-red glow, which grew brighter and brighter. Only after innumerable rounds, it started to flicker and slowly die. Because of this phenomenon, I began to realize, that ennobled drinking water, actually charges our bodies with hundreds of thousands of 'volts'. After a long testing phase I am now able to transform even the deadest water into a supreme *life elixir*."

"Could you please explain how exactly this water-ennobling process takes place?"

"The process is very simple", the ranger answered. "First I add the missing elements. Then I take some light, some dark, some heat and some cold, and I alternate them rhythmically. This enriches the water with the *quality* we are talking about. Scientists would call it *ionization*. When the water is brought into contact directly with the sun rays,

this life-giving charge disappears.” The journalist exhibited a helpless look. “So what is the essence of this process?” he tried once more.

“Doctor Winter and I have come to the conclusion that we’re dealing with radiations here”, the ranger replied. “There are wholesome radiations, beneficial to life, neutral radiations and radiations that are destructive to life. As long as the water is moved correctly and its temperature is closing in on its ideal temperature of 4° Celsius, the micro enzymes that it carries will start emitting a *life-radiation*. This radiation ionizes the basic elements in the water, causing them to react with each other, giving the water its quality.

The essence of the process is the absolute synthesis of energies that are freed from metal and mineral particles, with water itself. A kind of cold combustion in which activated hydrogen binds passivized oxygen. This is only possible by moving water in an *inspiring* manner. Every motion, you see, causes a certain tension within the physical molecules. Vice versa, we see that every powerful tension or vibration of the molecules causes movement. This is why it is possible to cure people instantly, as Anton Mesmer has clearly demonstrated in his work with *animal magnetism*. A special feature of the inspiring motion is that it causes the ions to leave their maternal-metal or -mineral, and merge with water, without losing their charge. This enables the life-magnetism to accumulate inside the water, like current inside a battery. Upon consumption, this charge is transferred to the body. The elements and catalysts themselves stay behind in the device. In this way, I spare the body the function of being a dirt bag.” The ranger smiled proudly. “The added amount of minerals is so minimal, that it is hard to imagine they can have such an impact on the water’s quality. If one truly understands the electrical and magnetic processes of the body, it starts to make sense that these ions are vital to the tension of the blood. Only when water or blood is charged, does it renew itself, as it powerfully suctions itself through the body’s capillary vessels.”

“Did I hear you say *renew* itself?”

“Yes. In ideal circumstances, all blood, sap and water start to multiply. I’ve done experiments that showed how life-force-rich water, rises up spontaneously in a thin glass conduit. I witnessed how the rising high grade, volatile carbons, combine with oxygen, just above the water’s surface. Forming softly pulsating, specifically dense, fresh water. This new water wouldn’t mingle, but floated on top of the old water, only to overflow after some time, emerging much like a spring. Upon holding an iron needle into this water, one can actually feel the life-magnetic energy releasing into the body. Anton Mesmer must have done something similar with his famous *baguette*. The same energy-transfer takes place when a charged and inspired raindrop hits the leaf of a plant.

I also noticed that when water is completely discharged, you get *heavy water*, which can reach a specific weight of 1,8. This is the actual reason why higher grade fish, who are incapable of surviving in this type of heavy water, are disappearing one by one from the man-molested rivers.”

The journalist listened attentively. “And can you tell me something about the beneficial effects of this new, *life-force-rich* spring water on the body?”

“Sure. Our modern lifestyles have an acidifying effect on our organisms and organic life in general. This needs to be neutralized, because pathogenic bacteria feel very much at home in acidic environments. In healthy water or blood, the *life-magnetic shortwave radiation* keeps the minerals in suspension. This is especially important with regards to lime, which cools the water.

When this life-magnetism is discharged, either by the long-wave infrared radiation of the sun, by the electric fields of modern technology, or by the acidified food we consume, the blood turns acidic. It gets tired, just like water in a canal grows tired and drops its minerals prematurely, causing calcification of the arteries. This leads to cardiovascular diseases, and *acid*-related cancers. However gruesome, the cancer-causing bacteria are simply the teeth of Mother Nature, called to action by the ‘*demolish*’ signal, emitted by over-acidic systems. In other words, acidic organisms shouldn’t be surprised to be eaten alive by these aggressively obedient bacteria!”

“Wait a minute”, said the journalist, as he realized this was very newsworthy. He jotted down what the ranger said word for word.

“So inside my spring water device, oxygen becomes inactive due to declining temperature”, he continued. “It is bound by the activated carbons, forming carbon-dioxide. You know, the *fizz*. Water is only able to absorb the otherwise nonabsorbent ions, when it is cooled. This highly alkaline water restores the balance of the body by binding the excess oxygen. This eliminates the over-acidic environment, and drives out the pathogens! An infection like malaria disappears almost overnight. Cancers are not only prevented, but also cured! Kidney and bile stones, exit the body in a matter of weeks, in the form of bloody slime or granules. Rheumatism also vanishes. The joints become pliable again, as they are once more lubricated with carbon-rich water. Due to the improved blood circulation, the eyes and the sexual organs regain their potency.”

“Wait a minute, it increases potency?” This promised a catchy headline.

“Definitely!” the ranger answered. “I’ve experienced it myself!” He grinned. The journalist couldn’t help but grin with him. “But anyway”, the ranger continued. “It is really remarkable how a drink of this water, almost instantly relieves pain. The first thing you’ll notice is a strong sense of relaxation, followed by the return of your mental powers. A feeling of being carefree, together with a growing sense of responsibility, takes hold of the consumer. Not just the sexual potency returns, but also the mental! That’s the most important thing of all. This exalted water enables the re-formation of higher-grade thoughts. These higher-grade thoughts will eventually let us realize that we’re completely off track, and will guide us back to nature. High morals never emerged from a rotting, acidic dirt bag, I’m absolutely convinced of this!

Today’s technical methods have not only ruined our bodies, but also our minds. Thoughts are seeds that grow into realities. One who truly understands this will see that our sterile, clinical, scientific approach to life is the real cause of the departure of vital life force in every area. A new technology is essential. You can’t wash clothes with the same water that makes them dirty. The appropriate clarity to guide science as well as the world

itself back on track, can only be initiated by those who live by their intuition and haven't been brainwashed by modern-day science."

"Let me take a guess", said the journalist.

"It could be anyone with a similar vision", said the ranger quietly. "Nature has no ego."

"What do you mean?"

"Science is sawing off the very branch it is sitting on. It's only a matter of time until it comes crashing down. Hopefully they'll 'wake up and smell the roses before they destroy everything!" At this point, the conversation ended.

"Thank you for your time", said the journalist, "*oh...* and good luck saving humanity!"

In spite of his great success, the ranger wasn't satisfied. The machine was too bulky to fit into an ordinary kitchen. He brooded over a way to simplify the process, so it could be downsized. Once more he returned to mother nature for inspiration. Realizing she mainly uses egg-shapes for storage of her life force, he started to design an egg-shaped spring water device that would ionize the minerals through a vortex.

At this time the French engineer Labrosse assisted him. The latter was a constructor by trade, and at his disposition through the French count of Polignac, a good friend of the German minister of Foreign Affairs, Joachim Ribbentrop. Count Polignac had asked the ranger to supply him with high-grade *heavy water*, to be used for a secret scientific project in Paris. A 10.000 schilling advance had persuaded the ranger.

He explained it to Labrosse as best as he could, "The egg-shape is the most perfect shape in nature. The combination of asymmetry and the absence of corners make it very suitable for keeping liquids alive and healthy. The semi-porous shell allows only a very small part to evaporate, cooling down its content. Since the egg shape is asymmetric, it allows for slightly different grades of evaporation to occur on both sides, resulting in slightly varying temperatures inside the egg. In order to eliminate these disparities, the liquid content begins to move. In this way, the chicken has the contents of her egg pulsating softly, long before a heart or any other part of the chick is even formed!"

Labrosse feigned interest, but the ranger's intuition strongly told him the man was only hoping to discover his 'secret'. The only reason for not dismissing him immediately was the man's valuable constructional insight, which the ranger hoped to exploit for the construction of an entirely new and superior spring water device.

The first egg-shaped model they built, was about the size of an ostrich egg. A *stirring-inspirator* of silver plated copper was situated on the inside, designed to incite the water into an inspiring motion while at the same time acting as a catalyst for the implosion process. The protective skin was made of asphalt, to shield the content as much as possible from harmful electro-magnetic influences. However, he kept the most important details to himself, realizing full well that Labrosse was in fact a spy.

When the device was completed, the ranger successfully used it to produce the requested

heavy water. Count Polignac travelled to Austria himself to collect it.



*Viktor in his lab*

A few weeks later the ranger received a message from him that said ‘this is the best heavy water my scientists have ever seen. Please send me more’.

The ranger could easily do this, but in fact he wanted to get rid of Labrosse, the unpleasant engineer. He came up with a devious plan: the following Friday at noon, he announced to his assistant, “Labrosse, I am gone for the weekend.”

As Labrosse was watching, he put away the latest constructional drawings in the left-side drawer of his desk. As expected, Labrosse replied, “Ok, but I think I’ll stay a bit on today.”

“Excellent”, the ranger said. “The housekeeper will close up.” With those words, he left the room.

In the kitchen, he quietly said to the housekeeper, “Labrosse, is a spy. I want you to watch him through the keyhole. As soon as I’ve left, he will open the left-side drawer to copy the plans. When he does so, call me.” With those instructions he left, shutting the door rather loudly. The housekeeper did as he asked, and peeked through the keyhole. It had a perfect view of the left side drawer of the desk.

When the front was slammed shut, and footsteps faded away in the gravel, the housekeeper saw Labrosse walking over to the desk. He looked left and right to make sure nobody saw him. Carefully he opened the left-side drawer and took out the plans. Then he sat down at the desk and started copying the designs meticulously by hand. When he was done, returned the originals to the drawer, closed it softly and left the building with a kind ‘good bye’ to the housekeeper.

With pounding heart, the housekeeper called the ranger at once and told him what she’d seen. He immediately called count Polignac at his hotel. In an offended tone he blurted, “Labrosse is a spy, I can’t have him round my lab any longer!”

“But it must be a misunderstanding!”, said the count, afraid the accusation might implicate him as well. “Come over and see for yourself. I’ve got indisputable proof!” Trying not to look suspicious, the count agreed.

In an atmosphere heavy with distrust, both men went to Labrosse’s hotel. They caught

him in the middle of packing his suitcase. “Thief! You’ve stolen my designs!”, the ranger thundered. “Hand them over to me immediately!” Labrosse’s face went ashen. He groped around in his suitcase and handed over the copies to Polignac with trembling hands and looking embarrassed. The ranger snatched them from the count’s hands and dramatically tore them apart, until only snippets were left on the carpet. Then he spoke in a controlled voice: “I never want to have anything to do with either of you.” With these words he left, leaving the two baffled Frenchmen behind. Once outside, the ranger couldn’t stop laughing. “*Very well done!* Those sneaky French parasites won’t bother me any longer!”

With this problem solved, the ranger continued working on his latest model, undisturbed by curious eyes. One of the biggest problems to solve was the seal of the shaft bearing. In order to eliminate any frictional electricity, he chose mercury as a seal. It worked perfectly. No oxygen entered the egg, and there was virtually no friction. The ranger triumphantly showed his device to the press. Tragically, he failed to realize that in applying mercury he set himself up with a major trap. The department of Public Health immediately sprang into action and summoned the police in order to stop this maniac from poisoning the public. A heavy truck stopped outside the Water Wizard’s lab with screeching brakes. Six policemen jumped out and ran inside, past the wide-eyed ranger. Without any explanation, they began loading all his devices into their truck.

“Keep your hands off my devices!”, the ranger shouted. “Nothing’s wrong! I have tested this water on myself for years! With this water, I have cured hundreds of people of cancer. I can call several doctors who will tell you that this water works better than their most expensive pills!”

But to no avail. Unshakable in their determination, the policemen kept moving devices, until the lab was completely empty. Two sturdy officers kept the Water Wizard, out of his wits by now, in check.

When they were done, the commander turned to the ranger: “If you ever work on this machine again, we’ll lock you up for a long time. You can be sure of that!” Their faces were ablaze with self-righteousness and ignorance, as they left the building. The truck took off with a growl, together with his priceless water devices.



*One of Viktor’s egg-shaped devices*

The defeated Water Wizard paced up and down his empty lab. “All that work down the

drain”, he muttered. “It seems the authorities prefer sick, apathetic people over healthy, self determined ones. It’s a criminal act in itself to block someone in fulfilling his life’s purpose, but to stop research into the production of healthy drinking water is a crime against humanity.

Good water—good life. Bad water—bad life. No water—no life!”

## Fuel from water

**DOCTOR MEDITSCH, A FORMER CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY AND AUTHOR,** READ the story of the Water Wizard in the newspaper, and grew increasingly curious. “This gentleman seems to be on the same track as Karl Schappeller, I wonder...”, the wheels in his brain started churning. Meditsch had recently read the booklets of the *Truth Society*, and decided to use his contacts and resources to further the cause of an independent Germany, with its own natural energy sources. With this vision in mind, he decided to look up the ranger and pay him a visit.

A few weeks later, he was sitting at the coffee table across from the maverick inventor. At last he could ask him the question he wanted to ask all along, “Are you at all familiar with the work of Karl Schappeller?”

“I’ve read about him”, said the ranger, “but we’ve never met. His ideas about magnetism are certainly very interesting, but in my opinion he has overlooked a couple of things.”

“Like what for instance?”

“Like the inspiring motion for one”, said the ranger without hesitation.

“And what is so unique about this *inspiring* motion, as you call it?”

“Just like your Schappeller, I too have had the opportunity to study unspoiled nature for decades. Based on my observations, I have concluded that the inward spiraling vortex, is the ultimate natural transformer.”

“Can you prove it?”

“With a well-equipped lab and sufficient funds, I could develop a technology that leaves all present inventions far behind”, the ranger answered, speaking with a confidence that deeply impressed doctor Meditsch.

“Let’s not waste any time then”, he said. “The explosion-engines of Rudolph Diesel and Karl Benz, are true technical monsters, that endanger the future of humanity with every stroke of their pistons.”

An animated discussion arose, that established a strong sense of trust between the two men. Doctor Meditsch ended the meeting with a solid promise, “I am more than ready to

fund your research and I will use my extended network to introduce you to a few leading industrialists, who could turn your unique concepts into a nuts-and-bolts technology.”

Realizing Meditsch’ genuine desire to help elevate humanity, the ranger decided to accept his offer. Once again, he opened a simple laboratory. With the warning ‘never to work on spring water devices again’ still ringing in his ears, he decided to focus his research on the relatively unexplored field of fuel-production from water. He set out to find ways of transforming water into a high-grade fuel, by ennobling its inherent carbons. He believed this to be possible, for he had carefully read the story of John Andrew. In 1917 the latter demonstrated to the American department of Marine, how a regular diesel engine could be run purely on ennobled water. The secret to the production of this *firewater* was lost, when several days later the inventor was found murdered on the floor of his apartment.

Luckily, nature had provided the ranger with a few clues of her own. He told doctor Meditsch about one of them: “An old mountain farmer once told me how leather shoes become water resistant by walking through the early morning dew. Of course, I tried it out myself, and to my surprise, I discovered that some kind of oily film develops. When this film dries up, it becomes like a fatty layer. Later on I understood that this is due to high-grade carbon-aethericities in cold dew water, which solidify as soon as they come in contact with the warm shoe. Some old-timers called this *the final unction*.”

Something similar occurs, when strong *life-magnetically* charged spring water is suddenly exposed to warm sunrays. Carbonic acid bubbles materialize instantly from water bound aether. This process involves an enormous volume-expansion that can be exploited to drive a conventional explosion engine. All you need is water with a high, stable *carbon-aether* content and the slight pressure of a piston, to transform it into gasses. The pressure obtained this way, could easily be used to drive specifically adapted engines. Hence all the minerals could stay in the ground, where they belong!”

“Sounds brilliant”, Meditsch said, “but lets not jump to conclusions prematurely.”

“The Byzantines did something similar”, the ranger added. “Around 672 AD, they used a new marine weapon against the Romans. It was called *Greek Fire* or *Saint Elmo’s Fire*. Just before sunrise, the Greeks would shoot specifically prepared water into the sea, around the Roman ships. When the early sun rays hit the stuff, it would ignite ‘spontaneously’, setting the enemy’s ships on fire, taking them down to Davy Jones locker.”

“And you know how to do this?” “Just about”, the ranger answered a bit vaguely. He wasn’t lying. During his experiments with the spring water device, he had noticed how an oily film would sometimes appear on the water’s surface. This proved to him that water contains a lot of carbons in aetheric form. He began experimenting with an adjusted version of the spring water egg, attempting to recreate similar circumstances compared to his previous experiments. Sometimes he added pure carbon to the water, while at other times he would add catalysts in the form of precious metals. He adjusted the pressure, suction and temperature endlessly. He constantly tasted the water to see what else it



needed. Whenever the taste satisfied him, he would pour it into a diesel engine and try to start it. At first, it resulted in one explosion and a pull of the pistons, but gradually he managed to improve the quality of the 'firewater'. One day when he was particularly impressed with the taste of his water, he poured it into the tank of a diesel engine, flipped the switch of the electric starter engine and... '*pop pop pop pop*', "yes!", it ran for a few seconds! Then it came to a stuttering halt. Excitedly the ranger tried to produce more of the stuff. The circumstances in the lab however, had already changed too much. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find the right combination of forces again. He worked deeply into the night, until he was overcome by sleep.

The next morning, the ranger wrote a long letter to doctor Meditsch, to inform him of his accomplishments: 'In the past weeks, I've been trying to turn water into fuel. Yesterday, I finally succeeded to produce a small quantity of explosive 'firewater'. I've tested it in my diesel engine, and it actually ran for a little while! I have proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that it's possible to produce harmless fuel from water. Fuel that doesn't need to be pumped up from the earth's body and doesn't pollute the environment. In order to produce it, you only need to move water in an implosive way. This motion cools down the water and turns it alkaline. Depending on circumstances, an oily or soapy film appears on the surface, indicating the quality of the carbons.

Subsequently, if the fuel-water is atomized, mixed with passive oxygen and placed under pressure, the ennobled carbons 'explode'. In other words, the water expands with enormous force. It is highly possible that in the future we'll be able to transform water into various substances, just as Jesus turned water into wine! The domestication of the vortex will grant humanity the godly gift of materialization and dematerialization at will—the power over life and death. Similar to God, man will be able to create whatever he wishes.

While materialization produces enormous expansive forces, dematerialization has a far bigger potential. The air above an airplane for example, could be imploded, creating a vacuum that sucks the plane upwards. You probably know how hurricanes can lift up entire houses, or extremely heavy locomotives. I'm not exaggerating when I say that this technology has truly unimaginable possibilities!

Best regards, your friend Viktor'.

He pulled the letter from the typewriter and re-read it. Satisfied with the result, he put in an envelope and handed it to Maria who was on her way to the stores. Then he went straight to the workshop in his yard to continue his experiments, determined to discover the exact parameters for the production of explosive water.

After reading his letter, Doctor Meditsch decided to send the ranger a chemist, doctor Mark, to help him formulate his discoveries in proper scientific language. Mark did his best to open himself up to the world and words of the ranger, but he couldn't find much that made sense to him. Not only did his scientific education prevent him from understanding, but the ranger added to the confusion by purposely keeping him in the dark, as he had become very careful with apprentices. The only thing he deducted was the

fact that the ranger was trying to produce some special kind of hydrogen.

Oddly enough, the ranger only managed to produce *petroleum water* one more time. “This is it!” he told Mark, “I recognize the taste. Just watch.” He walked over to the diesel engine in the corner, poured the water in the fuel tank and fired up the engine.

“Un... believable!” was all doctor Mark could mumble.

When he regained his speech a bit later on, he went overboard towards the other side and couldn't stop firing questions at the ranger. However, the latter didn't reveal one single detail.

After a week of little progress, doctor Mark finally decided the whole thing was hopeless. He left feeling quite disappointed.

Glad to be on his own again, the ranger continued trying to produce aetheric hydrogen from water in a *natural* way.

Just as he was adjusting his egg-shaped water transformer, the door of the laboratory swung open. Without uttering a word, three men in long black coats walked in. One of them produced a badge and showed it to the ranger. “Secret police”, the headman said in a glacial tone. Bewildered, the ranger looked from one black devil to the next, trying to decide how to react.

“Where are the explosives?” the headman demanded.

“What explosives?”

“The *water explosives*, which you showed doctor Mark”, the headman quickly came to the point.

“Oh... those are long gone. Sadly enough, I only managed to produce it twice.”

“Everybody would say that”, the headman barked, a condescending little smile on his square jaw. “Search the place!”, he ordered the other men. “And keep an eye out for the artificial copper that doctor Mark informed us about!” The two went on with their tasks. The headman turned to the ranger once more and said in a slightly friendlier tone: “Now tell me, what was it you discussed with those Russian agents that were here some time ago?”

“They just came to borrow the film *The Carrying Water*, which they intend to show at their ministry of Agriculture. They're interested in my log flumes, that's all. But who sent you here anyway?”

“President Dolfuss”, the headman admitted curtly.

After their search for the ‘magical’ explosives, the others returned empty handed, so the headman decided to at least confiscate the new transformer-egg. The device was put quickly into the Mercedes, and without another word they drove off.

“Bastards!” blurted the ranger in frustration, once they were out of sight. “But I'll beat them in the end!” Instead of dropping the matter, he applied for patents for his *fuel water* invention in all major industrial countries. After years of investigations, most of these

were indeed granted.

## At war with modern science

**EVEN THOUGH THE RANGER'S LOG FLUME WAS PRAISED AS A *TECHNICAL* miracle** in a brochure of the municipality of Neuberg, the majority of scientists still ignored him completely, classifying his theories as *utterly uninteresting*. This wasn't just because of his unscientific approach and theories, but also because of the radical and often outspoken views he used. Connect that to his unwavering, stubborn attitude, and it isn't a surprise that he made so many enemies. As a true idealist, he was simply too convinced of his own ideas, to back down. He had been ridiculed so often, that he lost the desire to make peace. On the contrary. He decided it was time for a frontal attack on the inaccurate ideas of modern science and its disciples.

"Either, you are willing to open-mindedly observe the vision I've carefully documented from Mother Nature herself, or you choose to remain within the safe borders of your ignorance, placing science above nature. There really is no middle road", he told the Swiss peace activist and Humanist Werner Zimmerman, a friend who regularly featured him in his esoteric magazine *Dew*.

"Science has destroyed nature to such a degree, that reconciliation is impossible, unless modern science admits to having been on the wrong track. However, there isn't much hope for those scientists who've allowed themselves to be blinded by their revered academies. As Goethe said: 'They don't recognize the devil, even when he's already at their throats'."

"I agree with you", Werner said. "The fact that you have so many enemies, only proves that the truth you're preaching, makes them very uncomfortable. I would like you to write a series of articles in which you present your entire vision and explain it in great detail!"

Naturally the ranger couldn't refuse such an offer. He sat at his desk for days, eagerly typing away on his old typewriter. He produced a series of articles in which he mercilessly attacked the very foundations of modern science:

"It's perfectly understandable that the 'scientific brotherhood' doesn't appreciate it when the miserable state of affairs the world is in today, is mercilessly exposed. However, all these attempts to silence me through censorship are terribly childish. Only a fair debate can bring us closer to the truth. Avoiding this discussion only proves that my theses can't be refuted in an honest way, which only fuels my fire. Subsequently, many will read the following with mixed feelings. It would be correct to state that modern science has made more than a few accurate observations and has contributed in countless positive ways.

Many will see my relentless attack on modern science as a gross exaggeration. It saddens me to say that this is the only means left at my disposal. It is my last resort, a necessary evil, when all else, especially common sense, has failed. The political and economic alliance of these times, make any attempt to reach out to the academic world futile. Western civilization already threw out the baby with the bathwater during the so called *Age of Reason*, declaring everything that couldn't be weighed or measured to be a 'superstition'. Goethe realized this back in 1828, by saying: 'The modern scientist can be identified by his deep-seated distrust of what he regards to be intangible or elusive. As a result of this distrust, he robbed himself of any chance to perceive the soul that resides within the body. True science however, comes forth from the soul that loves and houses the truth.' Since this monstrosity is officially promoted everywhere, this *soul science*, requires constant repetition. Throughout all newspapers, encyclopedias, schools and universities, this falsehood is announced and the sleeping masses silently agree.

To philosophers, *specialization* is a mortal sin, because it coerces the solution of the world-mystery to the background and destroys the power of awe. However, all other sciences consider specialization to be their ultimate challenge. You've got to hand it to them; they've come a long way! The masses have submissively surrendered their personal connection to nature, believing that science can only be executed with a microscope. Thus they accepted modern science as the highest authority on all questions concerning life and death. Whoever says that something *is scientifically proven*, wins any discussion or debate. In spite of the fact that modern science is nothing more than an outright fabrication of hypotheses invented by imperfect and fallible people. But watch your back when you dare to question this authority, you will be mocked and ridiculed, and seen as only fit for the insane asylum. Because if you dare to criticize them, their weak foundations will be exposed, and the entire house of cards of their modern power structure will crumble. I learned this the hard way myself, at my own expense. My log flumes obviously bankrupted the *Law of Archimedes*, and united as one, the scientists struck me down with their anger.

Remembering how Galileo Galilei stood up against the established order of the Church, empowers me. The obvious fear for my observations, which the establishment so clearly demonstrates, only leads me to suspect there are hidden interests at hand. This could imply that someone with a less truth-loving disposition, is pulling the strings—Not unlike the devil, telling a naïve Faust:

'My dear friend, try studying Collegium Logicum. It nicely tames the mind and detains you in Spanish boot straps'.

Even though scientists blow their own horn about their objectivity, they only tread the beaten paths, afraid to stray. By clinging to her old beliefs and assumptions, science will never make any detectable progress. Just like a mouse on a treadmill, it will keep discovering what was already present within the researchers frame of reference. The theoretical framework of an experiment dictates that only presumed values will be measured, and certainly not values that could point in an entirely different direction. With

this narrow-minded approach, nature will always be seen as chaotic, with random co-incidental circumstances. People, who won't accept advice, can't be helped. By distrusting his intuition and declaring it his greatest enemy, the scientist knowingly blocks himself to the possibility of direct knowledge. So right at the start he already throws away his most valuable measuring device! In an attempt to think *logically*, the scientist has banned all nature spirits, elves and gnomes from his world, and replaced them with dead, mathematical formulae. Thus he completed his separation from nature. With nature spirits, communication was still possible, but with dead, soulless formulae?

In reality, the terms *logical thinking* and *academic training* are nothing but complicated facades that mask intellectual incompetence and mental inertia. And since they don't dare to think outside of the box, for fear of being called unscientific, they call anyone who does posses this courage, a charlatan.

Human progress nonetheless, has rarely been the result of intellectual thinking. The gnawing feeling of dissatisfaction and frustration that had lead to several social revolutions, was of far greater importance. But time and again these revolutionary thoughts were only recognized for what they were, in hindsight. Therefore I have good hope that eventually humanity will acknowledge the fact that modern science made a cardinal mistake in promoting destructive energetic reactions as a secure base for a healthy economy. I suspect that the scientists who cannot handle my criticism, are feeling guilty deep down. On some level they know very well that their arguments are questionable. Yet they cling to them, purely out of self-interest. The student of modern science has studied specially selected books until the early hours, memorizing all sorts of complicated theories. This self-inflicted method of brainwashing secured him an esteemed position in society and a good and stable income. No wonder he won't ever dream of voluntarily giving up these securities and clings to his *hard earned knowledge* like a capitalist to his money.

Nevertheless I do hope, dear readers, that you'll agree with me when I say that people with this kind of a mentality are utterly unsuited for the function of public servant. To put it more bluntly: they are anti-social parasites, which need to be expelled from their strategic positions as soon as possible, for the well being of humanity! The best way to render them harmless is to forbid their *modern science* by law! If we truly seek progress, we can't continue down this path. In order to accept these new possibilities we need a different mentality.

The deeper the groundwater retreats into the ground, the more extreme the climate will become, the more bleak the future and its dull people. People will threaten each other with ever increasing sophisticated weapons, and their ever-increasing fear. Instead of prosperity, happiness and freedom, only their misery grows and expands. The flamboyant blusher that our mad, industrial society uses as makeup cannot change this ugly reality. The knife keeps hacking away in a blind rage. Cancer victims rot away in hospitals, writhing in pain, while no one understands where this plague emerged from so suddenly. Wasn't everything perfectly well organized and registered?

But I'll tell you where the virus conceals itself. It isn't hiding in the liver, the intestines

or the blood, but lives at our universities, behind desks! I ask you, my reader: ‘Do you really believe that for billions of years, nature was naughty enough to go against our scientific logic, as our wise, infallible scientists would have us believe? Or could it be that out of arrogance, we humans are doing everything backwards? Every day, more and more people are getting sick of these twisted activities and turn to nature for consolation. It is those people, whom I advise to quietly observe her fragile processes, in still undisturbed places. Only the pure wilderness, untouched by human hands, will show us the way to a natural technology. I myself have followed that road, and it has led me to the natural, harmless process of *implosion*!’

## Our Senseless Toil

“**YOU ARE WRITING SOME INTERESTING ARTICLES IN THAT MAGAZINE *DEW*!**”, Janco complimented him, when the ranger visited him in the library. “I’m curious; if you don’t believe in God, science or the state, then what is the meaning of life to you?”

The ranger replied, “The meaning of life is *constant change*. The unending transformation of energy into matter and back again. Almost like breathing. Always moving forward, evolving towards more complexity, building upon the residue of what once was.

Oil and coal for example, are products of decayed plant matter, inspirationally transformed by the earth. In their new state, the carbons help enhance the quality of water, and enable higher species to develop. The decayed matter is organically transformed into building blocks for new life.”

“If that is true, burning oil is absolutely insane!”, Janco mused.

“Yes, it is probably the most stupid thing we could do! For this reason we must develop a technology that imitates living organisms. A technology that needs nothing more than what is already there, arising out of the earth on its own accord—Life force that comes into being, in the crust of the earth, when earthly and cosmic rays intersect in the proper way.”

“So what is the right way?”

“Oh, don’t get me started, I could write a book about it!”

“Well, maybe that’s exactly what you ought to do!”, Janco laughed. “Just a small one, like the one about Schappeller.” For a moment the ranger seemed taken by surprise. Then his eyes lit up. “Maybe that isn’t such a crazy idea after all.” The more they talked about it, the more he took to the idea.

That evening, the ranger arrived home cheerfully. “Maria”, he said, “I’m going to write

a book!”

“Don’t you have enough enemies already?” she replied jokingly.

“This time I’m going to write it in such a way that it just can’t be scientifically refuted. It is my duty to warn humanity of the dangerous consequences of its own exaggerated intellectual thinking.”

He sat down at his typewriter and started typing away quite intuitively. ‘OUR SENSELESS TOIL’, he wrote in capital letters at the top. “Yes, that’s a good title.” He continued. ‘Chapter 1: *The disturbed cycle – source of the crisis*’. The rest followed with surprisingly little effort: ‘A growing number of people longs to reunite once more with nature. This subtle urge is a very healthy reaction to the absurd, inorganic civilization we have built, and ignorantly, still call *culture*. It’s the work of a self satisfied humanity, that has built a senseless, technical world which will eventually destroy him, since it’s not in harmony with nature’.

For months on end, the ranger sat at his typewriter. One chapter after another, he hammered out of his ribbon, headed by titles like: *Nature protects itself, Nature only knows middle-ways, The essence of water, The cancerous decay of living organisms, The Forest, Agriculture, The energy industry, The first doubts, Questions for modern science, The error of civilization, An experiment and The road to Free Energy*. In every chapter, he confronted modern science with the fact that an awful lot of natural phenomena cannot be explained satisfactorily by materialistic theories. In chapter one for example, dealing with *the soul of water*, he asked suggestively: ‘How can a fast flowing river, cool off more rapidly than a slow flowing river, even though the friction in the riverbed is greater?’

In a highly convinced tone of voice, he explained how modern hydrology literally drives the spirit away from water, leaving it characterless and dangerous.

In the chapter *Questions for modern science*, he asked sixty more ‘simple’ questions such as:

*‘Why does the earth spin from west side to the east? Why is the desert so dead, even though it has all this heat energy? Why doesn’t heat rise up into space? How can it be colder high up the mountain, when it is closer to the sun? Why doesn’t the alleged heat of the sun spread out through space? Why do the oceans have varying salt contents? What makes the heart tick? Where is the motor of this so called heart-pump? How can liquids in a chicken egg start circulating without a heart? What holds the earth aloft in space? Why does mature groundwater rise up to the highest mountaintops? And last but not least: How can a trout stay motionless in a fast flowing brook?’* The one question that remained unasked, even though it screamed loudly from every page, was: *Why, for heavens sake, is it so difficult for us to admit our error?* Every word spoke of his amazement, bordering on despair at the fact that others couldn’t or didn’t want to see what was so crystal clear to him. The ranger concluded the first part, by challenging science even further. He suggested a temperature experiment that copies the circulation of water inside the earth, and predicted the following: ‘This experiment will shed some light on the mystery of the

creation of life out of temperature differences. Life is not only a heating process, but a *cooling* process as well.'

*Part two* focused entirely on the essence of water, on its soul. The best way to treat water in order to enhance its soul, and how this soul is completely lost in modern hydraulics:

'Everything in existence, whether it's a plant, water, a stone, an animal, a human, a planet or a sun, is an organism. Therefore it has a soul and a body. Even something as fleeting as a ray of light or a ray of heat, needs a body to *form* and develop itself. Vice versa, every body requires an inner energy to keep it moving, growing and transforming. When the body deteriorates, the forces that formed it, are freed up again. These forces are never lost. When decay drives them from the body, they go on to become the source from which water, as it circulates above, beneath and around us, is rejuvenated. All around us we see eternal life in transformation. As we stare into the apparent void, an ocean of soul-life stares right back at us. This is the reservoir of life energy of past and future generations. Opposite every material *form of life*, there always exists an immaterial *form of being*—light, heat, radiation'. Thus the booklet came into being, with a bite of its own. Even though critical, it had an optimistic undertone. In the grand finale, the author issued a grave warning. If his natural technology wasn't implemented quickly enough, the earth would enter into a new ice age, due to the burning of carbons on such a grand scale. This would be preceded by a short-lived period of great heat. 'Eventually a terribly barbaric fight will take place over the last remaining reserves of fat-concentrates, besides fuel, these are also the essential greasers of the brain. Without them, no natural thought could occur in the minds of any man'.

"Well done!", Janco said as he leafed through the manuscript, drinking tea with the ranger, who smoked his pipe. "It only lacks a preface. In my opinion, it should contain a call to humanity to wake up and take action."

"Right, then I might as well get on with it", said the ranger once the tea drinking and pipe smoking was done. Courageously manning his typewriter once again, he wrote:

'With the help of minute temperature variations, I have succeeded in breaking down substances into their basic elements and regroup them into entirely new substances. In this way it is possible to extract limitless amounts of energy from water or air. At this point, it is futile to expand on all the possibilities for practical application, but I am confident that this discovery will cause a huge revolution on all levels of science and technology'. Echoing Schappeller's call, he added:

'I am looking for broad-minded, uncompromising people, who want to help me make this discovery available to all of humanity, without distinction of race or conviction. The research results may not, under any circumstance, be used for personal gain. This new technology will only be allowed to serve the well-being, prosperity and peace of all of humanity. I appeal to our leaders to leave no stone unturned in order to prove the accuracy -or inaccuracy- of my allegations. I ask the reader to open his mind to a paradigm that



holds the promise to save humanity. The times are too critical for off handed complacency, or for clinging anxiously to a God that was always trusted unconditionally, for no reason at all. Those times are over. It is time for new wine in new skins!’

“Brilliant”, Janco commended him upon reading it. “I have a friend who might be interested in publishing it. He owns a publishing house called Kristall.”

The acquaintance whom Janco presented with the document proved to be very enthusiastic about the bold booklet and promised to publish it. The author was introduced to the publisher, and a contract was signed. In November 1933 the booklet was published with the title: ‘Our Senseless Toil—atom *construction* rather than atom *destruction*’.

The scientists immediately trashed it upon reading, but there was one particular politician who was highly fascinated by its content.

## Conception of a crisis

**“GENTLEMEN... DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HISTORY DEMANDS OF US RIGHT NOW?”**

Montague Norman, head of the Central Bank of England, rhetorically asked the congregated members of *The Group of the Round Table*, with a smug smirk on his face. He gestured with his long fingers in the air while speaking. “The time is ripe! The Secret Service informed me that our man in Germany is waiting in the wings. All that is left to bring him to power, is provoke a crisis.” He paused for effect.

“Yes, crisis! I always love such exciting times!” spoke a scornful king George, clearly not sober. Norman ignored him. “Tomorrow we start retracting the loans from Germany”, he announced significantly, gazing at those present at the round table.

On October 21<sup>st</sup> 1929, the plutocrats, headed by Rockefeller, Warburg and Morgan, once again jointly retracted their loans from the German industry, causing Wall Street to crash with a loud bang. And as intended, Germany was hit the hardest once again. In the days that followed, the perpetrators acquired all major industries in Germany and the US, for next to nothing. The biggest oil companies in the world: Esso, Mobil, Gulf Oil, Texaco, Chevron, Standard Oil, Royal Dutch Shell and British Petroleum, were merged into the largest industrial cartel in history, unofficially referred to as *the Seven Sisters*. This Anglo-American oil cartel jointly owned nearly all oil wells around the world. From China to South-America, from Indonesia to West Africa and from Alaska to the Middle-East.

Royal Dutch Shell director Henri Deterding, entertaining his colleagues at his splendid mansion on the Thames, told his audience, “As a joint force, we’ll easily crush the competition and dictate oil prices worldwide. However, we need to get a grip on the

alternative energy sources, and stifle the efforts of the so-called *Free Energy* inventors, about whom you've undoubtedly heard a thing or two. Under no circumstance are we to allow their inventions to reach the global market, as this would ultimately undermine the entire British Empire, catering to Germany's oil-deficient needs."

The director of British Petroleum nodded his head in agreement, and said, "I've thought about this issue extensively, as I'm sure you all have." He looked round the circle, and he was met with agreeing nodding faces. "I suggest we set up a special task force to manage this *Free Energy* problem." A murmur of approval was heard around the table.

Ever since the First World War and the financial crisis of the twenties, the Germans collectively developed a massive grudge against any sign of foreign meddling in their affairs. This meddling was consistently aimed at viciously destroying their prosperity and happiness. As a whole, they swore to bring someone to power who would get rid of the humiliating war reparations and make Germany proud of herself again—A fresh, anti-establishment politician, with a grandiose future-vision for the German people. A strong leader. Someone like... Adolf Hitler.

Straining to make up for his size, the puny fellow with the narrow mustache, roared into the bullhorn violently, "Every Aryan German deserves a house, a car and a job! We'll drive the work-shy Jewish moneylenders out of our beloved Reich for good! And we won't pay them a penny in war reparations anymore, as they are the ones who started the war anyway! Together, us proud Aryans will rebuild Germany stone by stone, with our bare hands if we need to! Unlike them, we aren't afraid of hard work!" He shook his clenched fist.

"Hail Hitler!" the frenzied, battered masses cheered him on. The man with the slim mustache cleared his throat. Fiercely he looked from left to right and back, scanning the sentiment of the assembled multitudes on the square, the power of the focused attention of the masses surging through his veins like a powerful drug.

"Nazism, my brothers and sisters, is not a political ideology. Not even a religion. No. It is the very *will* to re-create mankind—The *Übermensch*! We Germans are destined by our karma to fulfill a magnificent mission in this post-Atlantean epoch. One that will excel human evolution. Being the elite corps of the Aryan race, we are the people most capable of creating a higher civilization, and we have retained the remnants of man's ancient super-natural abilities in our blood. To have *magical sight* is the goal of human progress! Us proud Aryans aren't supposed to be downtrodden and oppressed by any of the physically and morally inferior races. We should recapture our lost self-confidence by force, and realize our historical mission, to lead humanity out of this dreadful misery and into a new golden era. For this mission to succeed, the major obstacle of the soul poisoning by the rationalist-materialist Jews, intent on keeping humanity in financial, cultural and mental bondage, needs to be dealt with ruthlessly. The pursuit of the random path of intelligence is the real defection of man from his divine mission!"

Again he let his gaze wander left and right across the square. "If our movement is to lead the Aryan race back to its purest form, it must not hesitate to eliminate the cause of

our cultural degeneration: intellectualism, egoism, materialism, and genetic impurity of blood. The morally unfit not only curb our progress, but that of the rest of humanity as well. For nature's way is survival of the fittest—A ruthless rejection of all that is redundant! Natural selection is her means of getting rid of the weak and deformed, who are a burden to the tribe. A culture becomes successful once it eliminates its greatest enemies: war and disease. He took a sip of mineral water, his mouth dry from the vigor with which he spoke and he gained momentum.

“The glorious Spartans were the first people to realize the inconsistency of improving the breed of their dogs and horses on one hand, and letting humankind recklessly propagate the mentally defective, diseased and unfit on the other. By politically implementing Eugenic measures, they succeeded in breeding a race of genuine ‘nobles’, living luxuriously and being served by a caste of slaves, genetically inferior tribes taken hostage after a victory. They became the only civilization in human history, where the physical improvement of the race was undoubtedly universal. While chastity and refinement of both sexes was intact, they excelled in size, strength and health. Sparta became the proverbial ‘land of the fair women’. Beauty, physique and self control were the accepted characteristics of the type.” He paused briefly, before launching into the final phase of his speech. “We, my dear brothers and sisters, need to remember that physical and intellectual vigor mature simultaneously. No mental hygiene without racial hygiene!” The public was mesmerized.

“The communist idea that everybody is equal, promoted by Jews like Marx, Lenin and Trotsky, is therefore in fact egotistical, as it places the individual above the good of the race—a logical conclusion to the God-proclaimed injunction to multiply, which the Jews have before them.” As if in trance, the public cheered wildly. “And when we have regained our self confidence once more, we’ll march to the east, to take what’s our divine Aryan birthright: *Living Space* for the Germanic people!” The workers cheered, the destitute middle class applauded, the Catholic Church supported his candidature in return for a ban on all Freemasonic lodges, and the captains of industry made their own, purely economical assessment. The business tycoons ordered Hjalmar Schacht, the newfangled head of the German Central Bank: “We want somebody who’s in favor of Montague Norman, so the loans will be reinstated.”

The tall, blond, blue-eyed Schacht, who was considered a genius by many, replied, “Adolf Hitler is our man! He will put the people back to work. Norman has assured me personally that the money will flow again, once we get him ‘elected’. I suggest you all make a ‘small donation’ to his party treasure, as a token of your goodwill.” This same ambitious doctor of economics, Hjalmar Schacht, a close friend of Montague Norman, introduced Alfred Rosenberg, leader of the *National-Socialist German Workers Party* to the Eugenicist power brokers Norman and Deterding. “So what does Britain stand to gain by financing this Hister fellow?” Norman demanded.

“You mean *Hit-ler*, with all due respect”, Alfred Rosenberg corrected him with his stern German accuracy. “He is by far the best barrier against a Communist take over of Europe! His biggest enemies are the Communists, the Freemasons and the Jews, all of whom

conspire to keep the Germans, and humanity at large, in chains of mediocracy.”

“Well, he might have a point there”, Norman snickered. “And what else does this splendid fellow have to offer?”

“I recommend you read his ‘opus magnus’ *Mein Kampf*, a wonderful piece of work which he wrote in jail. He was imprisoned after a failed attempt to seize power in Munich”, Alfred Rosenberg answered glowingly. And have you ever read *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*? That document actually proves Moscow to be the centre of a Jewish conspiracy for world dominion. It exposes beyond a shadow of a doubt, how their instrument is International Communism! Our man, Hitler, will quickly rebuild the German army and march towards the east, to smoke out this despicable breeding ground of evil, in what he calls ‘the mother of all wars’.” Hearing this, raised Henri Deterding’s and Montague Norman’s antennae.

“This grand war”, the impeccable Nazi went on, “will finally provide the German people with the *Living Space*, which they so desperately need in order to restore the German Reich to its former glory. Once Germany has risen again, it will swiftly unite with its Aryan sister Britain, to join her in the virtuous task of *civilizing* the world’s races. The two Aryan nations will coexist, side by side, peacefully. Germany, out of regard for the British ‘rule over the oceans’, will not rebuild its navy”, the short, well dressed German went on to explain.

“Quite interesting, these ideas of yours”, Montague Norman concluded. It struck Alfred Rosenberg how, in reality, the banker looked much paler than his picture on the cover of Time Magazine suggested.

“May we introduce you to president Chamberlain and prince Edward?” Norman proposed. Alfred Rosenberg was delighted to agree, aware of the fact that both men were very dedicated to the Nazi cause.

In the weeks that followed, he was introduced to some major captains of industry, the minister-president and prince Edward VIII. “Welcome to Britain”, the well groomed, dandy prince spoke, as he shook the tiny German’s hand. “We fully support your cause. We admire your party leader’s bold vow to turn the noble science of Eugenics into state policy! This would be the first serious attempt to breed a better man through selection. Darwin has shown us beyond doubt that character resides in the genetic make-up of the blood. There is no fairer sight than a man who combines beauty of soul and beauty of form.” He looked at his visitor. “Unlike any other leader in history, this Hitler seems morally prepared to protect good stock from contamination of inferior genes, by thoroughly eliminating the bad seeds. It’s almost like a skillful gardener who genetically blots out a color from a tulip, because it hurts its beauty. Your man is truly unique in that respect. Too many modern leaders worry about their popularity, and fail to acknowledge that in order to keep a culture healthy, it is essential to get rid of the sick and the weak. One shouldn’t feel any more remorse than a hunter does, killing the diseased animals, to keep the greater deer population healthy.” The prince smiled.

Rosenberg nodded in agreement, and offered, “For the first time in history a scientific

method has been developed by our Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, to breed a race of supermen!”

“Although they merely expanded upon the foundation of organizations like our London Eugenics Record Office, established in 1910, the Eugenics Research Laboratory in New York, established in 1912, Winston Churchill’s 1912 International Congress of Eugenics in London, and the International Federation of Eugenics Societies in New York of 1932”, the prince added. “Our admirable friend Rockefeller has also done a lot of good work, applying his wealth towards the elevation of mankind, by funding Eugenics studies at Harvard University, the University of Chicago and the Rockefeller University in New York City. He will most likely be interested in funding your endeavor, for he has thoroughly understood the importance of the Eugenic ideal to be absorbed into the consciousness of the nation, before there can ever be Eugenics by act of parliament.”

After fervently studying *Mein Kampf*, the Royal Institute of International Affairs agreed with the Secret Service, and granted Britain’s full support to the German Nazi party, as a barrier against the looming Communist take-over of Europe. Seemingly out of nowhere, praising articles, glorifying the new German political movement, appeared in *The Times* and other major newspapers.

“We’ve got a new war in the making”, Montague Norman informed JP Morgan over the phone, as he brought him up to date with the news about the ‘fierce politician with the slim mustache’. He added cheerfully, “I advise you to invest heavily into the *golden arms race* that will soon unleash!”

“Perfect!” JP Morgan replied. “Wars are always the best way to pull the stock market afloat again.”

When elections were held for the second time in Germany in 1932, the sky was the limit for the National-Socialists. With money from Henri Deterding, Montague Norman and industrial giants IG Farben and Thyssen-Krupp, they launched a considerable political campaign. For the first time in history, planes with advertising banners were used. Thousands of charismatic Nazi speakers delivered thundering speeches in all major towns. Nazi posters and flags adorned walls and flag poles all over the place. Heads of the Party were constantly interviewed on the radio. National-Socialist ‘long play records’ and pins were handed out to the desperate public. National-Socialist Dixieland bands marched through the streets. Cinema’s showed a National-Socialist propaganda movie made in Hollywood.

Despite all these efforts, no majority was won. Germany’s captains of industry, lead by the heads of IG Farben, Krupp Stahl, Siemens, Thyssen and Bosch, insisted on a meeting with Hjalmar Schacht. “In this way we will never succeed in rebuilding Germany’s economy”, they said.

“We’ve got to get rid of the war reparations. We desperately need Hitler in power!”

Hjalmar Schacht, who always seemed to have a solution, called Montagu Norman. When he was brought up to date, Montagu Norman immediately traveled to Germany accompanied by Allan Dulles, an attorney of the American Bush and Harriman Banking House.

“We will have to appoint Hitler as Chancellor, despite his defeat”, the head of the IG Farben Cartel spoke gravely, and a shady deal was concocted. Strongly pressured by the German Central Bank and the captains of industry, President von Hindenburg declared Hitler Chancellor, shortly after this meeting. Within parliament all hell broke loose between the rusty old guard and the shiny, new populist Nazi politicians.

Soon after, the man with the slim mustache realized that he would never obtain a majority in parliament for a war against Communist Russia. As word reached him that the ‘old guard’ planned to blow up the coalition, he gathered his Nazi top around.

“The only way to stay in power is to stage a coup”, Alfred Rosenberg suggested. “We should create a national disaster in order to clear the way for the president to declare a state of emergency.”

“Good thinking!”, said Martin Bormann, head of the Gestapo. “We could set the parliament on fire... or something.”

“Brilliant and we’ll blame it on the Communists!” Josef Goebbels, the party’s Propaganda minister, cheered. “The greater the lie, the easier for the people to believe it.” Some of the assembled ministers frowned, so he explained, “People generally believe others to be just like them. Most people will tell little lies, but would be ashamed to tell a big lie. Therefore they can’t believe that others, especially an admired leader, could tell such a monstrous lie. If the truth were discovered, they still wouldn’t believe it, and would continue to doubt and hesitate, thinking there must be some other explanation. Even the most audacious lie will leave a residue that clings—A fact which all the great con-artists, societies and dishonest officials of this world are aware of and exploit.” He smiled. “Human psychology is a very interesting field of science my friends.” Hitler nodded his head in agreement.

“That’s very true! All great political movements in history were generated through ‘myth’s—A myth, is a *belief* held by a group, that they are a militia of truth, fighting an army of evil. Psychological research at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, has shown how frightfully easy it is for the media to shape people’s beliefs by suggestion. This hypnotic media-trance is extremely difficult to break, even for the most sophisticated and educated.”

On January 30<sup>th</sup> 1934, the German National Parliament, *Der Reichstag*, burnt down to the ground. A group of *brown shirts* had lured the Dutch pseudo-communist Marinus van der Lubbe into the building, before setting it ablaze. The perpetrators themselves escaped unseen through a tunnel between the parliament and the official residence of the Secretary of State, Herman Goering. Abandoned by his ‘friends’, Marinus van der Lubbe couldn’t find the exit, as thick smoke filled the building. When finally he managed to climb out of a window, he was arrested by the police as the main suspect. The media instantly blamed the

terrorist act on the Communists. Without any inconvenient questions, the parliament sheepishly handed Hitler the mandate to rule by decree, for an indefinite period of time. Only hours later, the short man with the slim mustache appeared on the radio, dramatically declaring the state of emergency, thus lawfully drawing all state powers towards himself.



*Reichstag on fire*

## Vril, the soul of the Third Reich?

**OCCULTISM FLOURISHED IN GERMANY IN THESE DAYS, JUST LIKE IN AUSTRIA.** Occultist followers behaved a lot like drug addicts. Men and woman who were so exhausted because of the sorrows and horrors of every day life, they gladly fled into a world of imagination, hoping to find a way out through occultism and dreams. As for the Thule Society, it took them ten years to manifest their political dream.

After his release from jail, the Thule had thoroughly groomed Adolf Hitler for his future-role of *the new German Messiah*. A charismatic leader with superhuman abilities would lead mankind to a new Atlantis, a new *golden millennium*.

In order to achieve this, general Karl Haushofer, a student of the Georgian occultist Gurdjiëf and prominent Thule member, established a lodge in Berlin in 1923, called *The Brothers of the Light*. Modeled after *Magnetic Masonry*, this society trained its initiates in *strengthening their will*, with the help of concentration exercises. These Jesuit practices, originating from old Tibetan masters and introduced to the new Aryan race, were ancient Atlantean techniques for awakening the God-man, according to Haushofer. Meat and alcohol were avoided, as they were thought to disrupt the ability to understand nature and

thus the cosmic life force.

In 1926, Karl Haushofer invited the popular magician Aleister Crowley of *The Golden Dawn*, a spin off of the Theosophical Society, to teach *The Brothers of the Light* his own unique brand of exercises for training the will. Part of the ritual included the ‘*Beholding of the Vril*’ and was attended by Adolf Hitler, Alfred Rosenberg, Heinrich Himmler and Herman Goering. The initiates were asked to lay down on benches to be hypnotized. Once they landed in the hypnotic state, passages from *The Coming Race* and *The Secret Doctrine* were read to them. The ritual was designed to simulate a vision, leaving an everlasting impression on the soul of the recipient.

Heinrich Himmler, one of the students, established *The Order of the Black Sun* in 1929. The black sun figured as the source of Vril, the primal force, in *The Coming Race*. The emblem of the order—the core of the SS—was a long Germanic sword over a radiating swastika—the ancient Indian symbol for sun-aether. India’s most sacred symbol had fallen into the hands of the Nazi’s and their SS, by way of both the Theosophical and the Thule Society. Their goal was to find and use the ‘Holy Grail’ of the *Vril*, and break the stranglehold of the Anglo-American oil-cartel with it. Like Masonic lodges, they used various grades of initiation. The



*Black Sun at SS castle Wewelsburg*

order was supposed to be the forefront of the up and coming Aryan super race. Its core consisted of twelve *black knights of the round table* who performed magical rituals at their temple: the SS castle Wewelsburg. In less than two years, a group of over ten-thousand blond, blue-eyed Aryans gathered around the black knights, amongst them leading members of *The Truth Society*.

The SS leaders put a lot of effort towards their progress within the realm of occult technology. They founded dozens of research groups that were all coordinated by an organization called *The Ancestral Heritage*, and funded directly by BMW and Mercedes-Benz. The research covered an unusually wide spectrum. Everything remotely mysterious was studied and investigated. From Germanic legends, fairy tales, astrology, mediation



techniques, Dervish whirling, rhythmic breathing, levitation, hypnosis, thought manipulation and ball-lightning phenomenon, to the never fully explained work of Anton Mesmer, Baron von Reichenbach, Nicola Tesla, Karl Schappeller and the occult science of medieval Alchemy.

Long-haired female psychics of the *Vril Society* and *Doktor Gruenbaum*, practiced telepathy and remote viewing, in order to obtain extraterrestrial knowledge. Instructions and floor plans for intergalactic and inter dimensional space ships were obtained in this way. They soon realized that the only way to travel through space was to acquire the means to manipulate the very structure of space itself. They tried to alter the space-time geometrical matrix, “for distance is an illusion”, said Gudrun, one of the trance mediums. “Places in space are kept apart by time. If it were possible to move from one position to another in space in an infinitely small amount of time, or ‘zero time’, then both positions would co-exist. By speeding up the geometrics of time, we should be able to bring distant places within close proximity. This is the secret of a true space craft—They travel by means of altering the spatial dimensions around them, repositioning in space-time.”

Research was also conducted into the mythological war chariots that were used by the old Germanic gods Thor and Loki, to move around the heavens, according to legend. These chariots were believed to be powered by gravity-nullifying Vril force, just like the Vimanas in the ancient Indian scriptures. Serious efforts were made to reproduce such devices, based on the new ‘Aryan science’ of *quantum-physics*. The philosophy of the techno-occult societies and their quest for new energy sources hadn’t gone unnoticed by Max Planck, Walter Gerlach and Ott Christoph Hilgenberg, founders of this holistic science. Always in search of proof of underlying quantum-aether, they reproduced the Michaelson-Morley experiment, this time introducing motion as a new component. These experiments clearly demonstrated the magnetic polarization effects of vortex-motion and the extremely powerful effects of resonance. In 1931, Hilgenberg published his *study of waves, vortexes and gravity in accelerated media* and struggled to develop a new mathematical atom-model, which included spiraling aether particles.

When Hitler took over, the first thing the short, bespectacled Heinrich Himmler did, was travel to Vienna to visit the somewhat complicated inventor Karl Schappeller. “The entire Nazi top has read your booklet *Space-force*”, he told the inventor enthusiastically. “Everyone agrees that it’s of vital importance that Germany acquires an independent source of energy. We finally have the means to provide you with money, technicians, and most importantly, the political will to carry out the implementation of this wonderful technology.”

Schappeller, who always appeared a bit disheveled, replied calmly “Very well. I’m open to collaboration in general, but only if you can guarantee that this technology will not be used for waging war.”

“Yes, we guarantee”, Himmler lied in his most soothing voice, fully aware that this was the man’s greatest concern. “So when can we expect you in Berlin?” An appointment was

made, and Himmler fully expected this to be the beginning of the introduction of the Vril force throughout the greater Third Reich.

The fabled postmaster however, remained on guard. Especially when Hitler moved to curtail most civil liberties, imposing a ban on trade unions, political parties, public demonstrations, the operation of secret societies and an 'independent press'. All of those rules were strictly enforced by the new secret police, the *Gestapo*, endowed with the privilege to preemptively imprison anybody it deemed a threat to the Nazi Party, without proof or trial. With the first concentration camps filling up rapidly, Karl Schappeller decided to wait and see where this whole gloomy affair was headed.

In the mean time, British and American capital flooded the country like a tidal wave. With Hjalmar Schacht as its minister of Industry, Germany worked like never before. Weapon factories mushroomed. Vast highways were built from the industrial heart of Germany, *the Ruhrgebiet*, to the east, towards the direction of Russia. In defiance of the allies' orders, war reparations were no longer paid and the money was dauntlessly used to rebuild the army.

The people were ecstatic about their new powerful and visionary leader—The enlightened prophet of the *new man*. Ninety percent of the German people agreed in a referendum to fuse a number of important political posts into one: The post of all-powerful *Führer*.

The equally enthusiastic British, Americans and even Stalin, provided the new leader with everything he needed to succeed: money, military advice, weapons and even patents.

Joseph Stalin, Hitler's communist adversary, also read *Mein Kampf*. He knew very well that *the man with the slim mustache* would sooner or later show up on his borders, to forcibly take hold of their much-desired Caspian oil. For the time being however, this looming danger gave him the 'moral right' to carry out a ruthless industrialization plan, as suggested and financed by the Wall Street bankers.



*Mass SS ritual*

# In the lion's den

**“THERE’S A LETTER FROM NUREMBERG FOR YOU”, MARIA TOLD HER HUSBAND**, dropping the envelopes the mailman had just delivered on the kitchen table. He took the one she handed him and opened it. It was a letter from one of his nephews in Germany:

‘Dear Uncle,

As you probably know, the National-Socialists are the ruling party in Germany. It seems that our country is finally getting back onto the right track. We live in such exciting times. In order to keep ourselves informed, we attended a speech by Bavarian Nazi leader Julius Streicher, a good friend of the *Führer*. He is a very impressive figure, and genuinely interested in Germanic culture and nature-religion. When we spoke with him later on, we were gladly surprised to learn that he read your booklet *Our Senseless Toil*. He said he was very impressed with your theories. It taught him to become aware of the importance of natural forests and good drinking water, to restore the vitality of German blood. We discussed the connection between *the blood of the earth* and the blood of its people in great detail. He has requested if you would be willing to address a group of influential National-Socialist party leaders in Nuremberg and speak of these topics?’

“Well well, what do you think about that Maria? Austria clearly rejects my ideas, but perhaps these National-Socialists in Germany are a bit smarter.”

“It wouldn’t hurt to visit your relatives in Germany”, Maria encouraged her husband, as she was quite curious about National Socialism herself.

“You are right, I should grab this opportunity.” He walked over to his typewriter and wrote his nephew that he would be delighted to address the National Socialist party.

Thus the ranger ended up in Nuremberg several months later, the epicenter of Nazism. His good-natured nephew picked him up at the railway station. “Welcome, welcome uncle Victor, I’m so glad you came!” He grabbed his uncle’s hand and shook it fiercely. “Lets have a drink. I will introduce you to Julius Streicher tomorrow.”

They met the athletically built, blue-eyed Nazi leader the next day for coffee. He greeted the ranger warmly. As soon as they were seated and coffee was served, they started a long discussion about old Germanic tribes, impenetrable virgin forests, the connection between consciousness and soil, the importance of a healthy environment and the disastrous effects of *fire-technology*. “Modern science systematically promotes the wrong motion”, the ranger explained.

“It is all part of the Zionist plan for world domination!”, Streicher thundered with unconcealed disgust. He walked over to the telephone to call a friend.

When they arrived at the districts office, the place was already buzzing with high-ranking party members. They entered a small hall, where about a dozen Nazi leaders, SS officers and captains of industry were drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. All heads turned when Streicher entered the room, followed by his highly revered guest of honor. When hands had been shaken and sympathetic smiles exchanged, Streicher introduced the ranger to the company.

“My dear friends. The high priests of our ancestors pursued an entirely different kind of science as well as a radically different worldview, as we all know very well. This worldview gave birth to their highly developed culture. The *fire-technology* that we are presently surrounded by pollutes our environment and degenerates our blood with *cancer*. I’d like to introduce to you mister Spyrock, an Austrian inventor. He has developed a new technology that harmonizes nature and man. If we truly hope to construct the Third Reich on a solid foundation, independent of foreign energy sources, then this is the direction we need to take, in my opinion!” He invited the ranger to start his speech.

The ranger explained how forests, water and the trout had inspired his implosion technology. He gave examples of the different fields where his technology could be applied. He spoke at length about latest idea: *the Climator*, a device capable of generating a *natural* kind of heat as well as coolness. He described it as the culmination of all his earlier inventions.

“Gentlemen. Temperature is the result of the inner vibrations of an atom, as we all know. This leads to the conclusion that the only natural, non-aggressive way to regulate temperature, is to gently alter its vibrational frequencies. Every other form of heat is destructive, whether it’s the consummation of carbons by oxygen, as occurs in a fire, or frictional heat. This heat is derived from the electricity which is produced in the process.” Some faces started to frown.

“The clergy has corrupted the knowledge that shows us how to move matter in a natural way, throughout the ages, in order to keep humanity enslaved within their own materialistic thought patterns. Withholding free energy from mankind is like castrating a bull and turn it into a domesticated oxen!” Faces became sympathetic again.

“Our ancient Germanic culture however, is a treasure chest filled with lost knowledge about nature and her laws. All that is needed, is to discover the exact point where our ancestors went into the wrong direction. Through my studies of ancient scriptures, as well as Mother Nature’s own book, I’ve come to the conclusion that the *golden spiral*, is nature’s preferred motion or movement. In fact, it is indeed the key to transformation of matter.” A buzz of excitement rippled through the audience, as the ranger continued. “I have concluded that the so called *law of conservation of energy*, is simply defective. Sadly enough, this faulty scientific law, led to applying destructive electrical forces, as a basis for our *modern culture*. Despite the fact that we use it everywhere, we are still completely in the dark about the true nature of electricity.” This was too much for Siemens director Knotec, whose firm was the biggest producer of electrical devices, worldwide. Angrily he jumped up from his seat and rudely interrupted the ranger: “We wouldn’t be able to work with electricity if we didn’t know exactly what it is!”

“Just hear him out, will you”, Julius Streicher demanded, trying to force the man back into his seat.

This was followed by a fierce discussion. As Siemens director Knotec kept protesting, Streicher’s face grew angry and red, until he exploded into one of his infamous fits of rage. He yelled at the top of his voice, “Siemens should investigate his claims immediately and just prove the man right or wrong!” He stormed out of the room, leaving director Knotec and the other Nazi’s in a state of bewilderment. Knotec in particular looked very displeased. He knew very well that Streicher’s fit was no joke, and if he wanted to keep his membership of the Nazi party, it would be wise to obey. With obvious animosity he invited the ranger to the Siemens factories, so he could explain himself more in-depth. The ranger was aware of the trouble he might run into with Knotec, but nevertheless he decided to give it a try. The thought of having access to the best research facilities and precision cutters in the world was irresistible to him.

After Siemens director left, the ranger was approached by an impeccably dressed, slightly greying gentleman, who introduced himself as Roselius, Bulgarian consul-general and coffee trader from Bremen. “Julius told me that you made healing water?”, he asked in a tone that clearly spoke of hope in his otherwise distressed disposition. “I’m very interested”, he explained, “I have a diseased leg and if it doesn’t improve soon, the doctors will amputate it.”

“Can you show me?”

Roselius carefully rolled up one leg of his trousers, revealing an ashen leg with large black spots. “The physicians are afraid it will infect the rest of the body”, he clarified needlessly.

“I’m sure my water will help you”, the ranger put his mind at ease. The gentleman’s face lit up as the ranger told to him the story of his forbidden spring water device. He concluded by saying, “Since the police are watching me, I have my nephew produce it secretly, for incurable patients.”

“Could you please send me some of that water?”, the consul asked the ranger.

“If you pay for the transportation, I see no problem”, he replied. “The water however, loses most of its *life-magnetic tension* in about 48 hours.”

“Money is not a problem”, the consul agreed gratefully. “Please send me a bottle by airmail every other day.”



*Julius Streicher*

That evening the ranger and his nephew went over to visit Julius Streicher's to see if he had calmed down a bit. This was indeed the case, and they were invited for a glass of beer in his garden. "That Siemens guy is a real nuisance", Julius complained after a few glasses.

"Don't judge him too harshly", the ranger said. "It's very hard for engineers to embrace something new—Something beyond their voluntarily prescribed blinders."

"But I won't let it go, I promise", Streicher kept on muttering. "Knotec..."

"Some of the others were very enthusiastic though", the ranger interrupted him in order to try and change the subject. He started to impress him with all the benefits of his *Climator*. Julius Streicher listened with rapture and forgot about his anger. As his guests were getting ready to leave, he said, "Promise me to visit Siemens soon. I will see to it that you get whatever you need to build your device!"

"Quite a character", the ranger said to his nephew, when they stood outside.

Not entirely sure about the situation, the ranger returned to Vienna, to think things over and arrange for the water he had promised to consul Roselius.

After the consul had been drinking the water for a few days, his leg started to improve considerably. Immensely glad, he thought, "I ought to drink this water all the time. I should ask that ranger to build me a personal spring water device. At this rate, flying it in will cost me a fortune." As one thought led to another, he concluded, "The Water Wizard is absolutely correct! Local production of high quality spring water would save huge amounts of transportation costs. If it were patented worldwide, it would crush all competition. What a great way to make some money for The Reich!" He grabbed the telephone and called Berlin.

"Adolf, my friend, how are you?... Great! I think I've found an interesting solution for our currency problem. Listen to this. I met an Austrian ranger who produces high quality spring water in a special, patented device. Ever since I've been drinking his water, my leg

has improved a great deal!”

“Congratulations!”, said Hitler.

“We should grab this golden opportunity, and turn the production of artificial spring water into a monopoly for the National Socialists?” Roselius suggested. “Isn’t it essential for all Aryans, to drink quality-water, just like the Germanic tribes of old? This might help us profoundly in regaining our blood-purity and prevent the cancerous decay, which so many suffer from.”

“Yes, I suppose that’s true”, Hitler agreed. “I will order the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute to start an investigation.”

“But we need to act quickly!”, Roselius kept pressing the Führer. “The inventor has already been contacted by Mussolini, and is constantly being visited by agents of foreign governments and companies who try to cut a deal with him. He has already entertained Fritz Regenstreif, head of the Bosnian department of Forestry, Austrian minister Stockinger, agents of the British branch of I.G. Farben conglomerate, and agents of both Lille and Bordeaux waterworks. He also told me that he is corresponding with the Spanish, Czech and Chinese governments, as well as the monarchs of Bulgaria and Romania.”

“Well, with that much smoke, there must be a fire somewhere”, Hitler replied.

“Definitely!”, Roselius agreed. “And spring water production isn’t his only invention. He possesses more than forty patents. Most of them cover his log flumes, but also things like *raising the groundwater table* and *production of high-voltage electricity from water*. He has even invented advanced transportation-methods for raw materials like wood, ore and coal.”

“Who is this guy?”, Hitler demanded, as he was beginning to see some interesting prospects.

“You should read his booklet *Our Senseless Toil*”, Roselius ended the conversation; glad he had managed to arouse the Führers interest for the ranger.

“*Our Senseless Toil*”, Hitler repeated to his young, blond secretary. “Write that down.”

Several weeks later, the ranger received a message from Julius Streicher, inviting him to travel to Berlin, in order to meet the chairman of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, professor Max Planck. He mumbled to himself, “That could be quite interesting.” He remembered Janco telling him there might be scientists at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, who were working on the problems with aether. “If only I could steer those best minds of the Reich towards a *natural* track”, he thought, “Much would be gained.”

SS leader Heinrich Himmler’s personal chauffeur picked up the ranger from the station, when he arrived in Berlin. He took him to the prestigious Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. Taking a deep breath, the ranger opened the heavy hardwood door and walked over to the

reception desk.

“Do you have an appointment sir?” the receptionist asked.

“Yes, with Max Planck.”

“Your name?... Ah, yes, follow me please.” The ranger followed the receptionist through a long marble corridor into a large office, where a stocky man was hunched over his desk, busy reading a letter.



Max Planck

“Welcome mister Spyrock”, he said, as he looked up, removing his reading glasses. After shaking the ranger’s hand, he continued, “Nice to meet you! I have heard quite a bit about you.”

Did the ranger detect some disdain in his voice already? Both men sat down. After the usual small talk, the ranger carefully started to probe the boundaries of the famous scientist’s imagination. He had a fair idea of the man’s weak spots, as he launched a discussion about the flaws in the *law of conservation of energy*. Slowly, his allegations grew bolder, until the famous scientist had enough. With an arrogant tone of voice, he said, “How in the world, did you arrive at the absurd conclusion that modern science is to blame for today’s economical crisis?”

“Because science doesn’t understand the fundamental and higher aspects of nature”, the ranger answered without hesitation, “and constantly opposes her constructive forces. Look at the way science treats water for example. Even though they are scientifically educated, the engineers are completely ignorant about the fact that they are killing the waters’ magnetic life force with hydrological measures. The proof is clearly the fact that the trout can’t reach the high springs anymore and is becoming extinct, unable to reproduce in the academically regulated water streams.”

“Please mister Spyrock, I have no business with fish and their behavior”, Planck said, waving his hand defensively.

“Then what about *cold light*?”, the ranger kept trying, hoping to poke the man’s imagination. “Perhaps you know about the *cold light* that can occasionally be seen at night, on the bottom of a cold, clear river?”

Max Planck became annoyed. “Fish have nothing to do with science”, he said. “Talk to my assistant, the head of the chemistry department. Maybe he can explain your *trout phenomenon*.” With that, he turned to his letter, and completely ignored the ranger.



“They may be *quantum physicists*, but they’re still idiots!”, the ranger thought. Without any further expectations, he introduced himself to the bespectacled head-chemist of the institute. The gentleman proved to be friendly and polite. They quickly engaged in a long conversation. In the end the chemist said, “You’ve definitely got a point when it concerns the trout. It’s probably an atomic reaction, as described in Max Planck’s quantum theory. Maybe the atom-physicist of our institute would be the right man to talk to.”

Both men walked in silence to an adjacent laboratory, where a man in a long white apron was working on a setup of two counter rotating disks.

“Heinz, there’s a gentleman here who would like to know whether a trout can generate atomic forces”, the chemist said half jokingly, by way of introduction, and asked the ranger to tell his story of the trout.”

The nuclear physicist listened intently. He didn’t even protest when the ranger started to attack modern science the way he usually did. Finally the scientist spoke, and said, “Mister Spyrock, you are very reckless. Had you lived some hundred years ago, they would have burned you at the stake for saying what you just did. Thank God they don’t do that anymore, but I warn you that you could burn your fingers even in these times!” A piercing look accompanied his words.

“Thanks for the warning my friend”, the ranger said, “but in my opinion people should speak up before it is too late, now more then ever!” With a shrug the man in the white-coat shook his hand. “In any case, I wish you all the best.”

## Audience with Hitler

**COFFEE BARON ROSELIUS KEPT PRESSING HITLER ABOUT THE RANGER. IN A COVERT** tone of voice he told him, “The inventor confided that he is only willing to reveal his secret to the Führer himself.”

“*Hmm*”, Hitler growled.

Roselius added, “I’ll make sure to send you his booklet *Our Senseless Toil* right away, so that you can see for yourself.”

“Very well”, Hitler replied and hung up the phone.

When the booklet arrived at his office a couple of days later, the Führer read it right away, as his curiosity got the better of him. When he was done reading, he had to admit to being thoroughly impressed with its content. He was quite excited when he called coffee baron Roselius to thank him. “This guy must be clairvoyant or something”, he said. “He would be such a great asset to the Reich!”

“I don’t know what powers he possesses, but there’s definitely something about him!” Roselius said, feeling satisfied the Führer had finally given in to his idea.

“But what is his disposition towards National Socialism?”

“As far as I can tell he doesn’t seem hostile.”

“Why has the Austrian government issued a brochure, warning all European governments about this man?”

“Well, let’s face it, he’s such a genius, that he made lots of enemies in Austria”, Roselius replied. “Especially among scientists. They just can’t stomach the thought of a forest ranger being so successful with his log flumes that make their theories look like junk!”

“That still doesn’t make him trustworthy.”

“But Adolf, I was in Vienna this Easter, and I saw his devices with my own eyes! I’ve talked to the man, seen some of his inventions in action, and I simply have no reason to assume there is any deception or malice at play. To not take this man seriously would be a huge mistake. He *will* sell his patents to other countries and Germany would miss out entirely. If you don’t entertain him, he will surely turn to Mussolini, who does take him seriously, and is more than ready to exploit him.” Roselius had hit a nerve with the Führer.

“Ok”, he said. “I will receive him as soon as I can, but under the condition that he doesn’t advertise our meeting in any way.” As the dictator put down the Bakelite horn, his intuition warned him, “You should be careful with this man.” Indecisive on how to tackle the matter, he called his close friend Heinrich Himmler.

“Heinrich! I am sure you’ve heard of that Austrian ranger, the inventor of *Implosion Technology*?”

“Of course! I told you about him!”

“Well, I’ve read his booklet *Our Senseless Toil*, and I think the man is a genius! Perhaps even clairvoyant, which is what I worry about. Because if this is true, he will turn into a problem sooner or later, since he isn’t a National-Socialist. On the other hand, I realize it would be an unforgivable mistake to dismiss him. He actually seems to be on to the very Vril Force we are looking for! Surely we can’t permit this knowledge to fall into the enemies’ hands.”

“You are right, my Führer, and I have thought about that as well. Here’s what I suggest: We make him work for us, without him realizing it. He needs to remain under the illusion that he is working independently. Meanwhile, we monitor him, copy what he does, and develop it further in our own facilities. In this way he won’t turn against us. As soon as he has given away his secrets, we will eliminate him, just in case he’d fall into the hands of Mussolini or even the Russians.”

“You old fox! That sounds like a perfect plan!” Hitler grinned as he put down the phone.



*At the office*

Soon after this conversation, the ranger received a telegram from Roselius, informing him that the Führer would receive him on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of July.

“Finally, the politicians are starting to listen, Maria!”, the ranger told his wife. “The Führer is expecting me!”

“The Führer?!”, said Maria with wide eyes, a blush coloring her cheeks. Feeling suddenly proud of her husband again, and glad she had supported him in hard times. “I know you don’t trust politicians much, but still I think you shouldn’t waste a chance to try and nudge him into the right direction.”

“You are right”, said the ranger. “At least he isn’t afraid of radical ideas!”

On the train to Berlin, the ranger made himself comfortable and watched the scenery as it passed by. He loved this about train rides. To cut straight through forests, plains and mountains, perfectly at ease, and yet getting closer to one’s goal.

In Berlin, he was picked up again by a black government-Mercedes adorned with a white swastika. It took him straight to the new parliament. The driver opened the door for the ranger, and suddenly said to him out of the blue, “It is none of my business, but if I were you, I’d be very careful with that little tyrant. Poison is kept in small bottles, you know!” Somewhat bewildered by this remark, the ranger stepped out of the car, adjusted his pants, combed his hair and stepped inside the building. A *Heil Hitler*-greeting guard took him to the first floor, knocked on a heavy door and went inside, leaving the ranger alone in the corridor. After a brief moment, the guard reappeared, and said, “The Führer is ready to see you now.” He opened the door again, and ushered the ranger into a huge office. At the other end of the room, behind an enormous desk with green felt, he saw a dark-haired man with a small mustache who looked at him with piercing eyes. The man rose from his desk and approached his guest with outstretched hand. With unexpected friendliness Hitler said, “Please sit down my dear fellow Upper-Austrian. I have called you here because I’ve heard a lot about you.” Deliberately pausing, he turned around, walked back to his desk and sat down. “I’ve even read your booklet, and I must admit that I’m rather impressed. You keep emphasizing that modern science hinders our economic development. This triggers my curiosity. Could you please elaborate?” The ranger nodded. “It is my personal mission, to provide humanity with a technology that harmonizes with nature.” Suddenly he noticed two men sitting against the wall behind him. In a flash he

recognized one of them to be his greatest enemy, professor Wiluhn from Vienna. “What the hell is he doing here?” he thought. “Was he appointed as the Führer’s advisor?” The enemy in question answered his look with a disdainful grimace. The ranger was taken aback for a moment, but then decided that offense is the best defense and launched into an attack. Feeling concerned, he peered into the Führer’s eyes, took a deep breath and said, “Chancellor, do you really want to know the truth?”

Taken by surprise, the despot blinked his eyes and said, “Speak freely.”

“My Führer”, the ranger started. “The ancient Greeks described every unnatural, resistance-provoking motion with the word *technao*, which means *deception*. They were quite aware of the fact that these motions induce frictional electricity, while discharging nature’s magnetic vitality.” He carefully tried to assess his host’s reaction, as he nonchalantly took his pipe out of his pocket and started stuffing it. The man with the small mustache responded with an equally piercing look and a wordless gesture for him to continue. He took another deep breath and explained,

“Modern science works with electricity in a multitude of ways, and yet it has no idea what is truly involved and at stake. My intuition guided me towards the essence of electricity. We force it through unnatural wires and coils, and thus it feels trapped, which is the reason for its destructive behavior towards us. Electricity is in fact the bringer of life, but you could see it as destructive hatred coming out of a primordial force aimed at a humanity that abuses it. Conceived in combustion-engines and run through long, straight wires, it lashes out violently at its surroundings, destroying the life force of water, plants, animals and humans. It creates an acidic environment in which pathogenic bacteria come to life and a process of decay begins, popularly known as cancer. This process starts breaking down the physical body even before the spirit has left it, turning it into a walking corpse!”

Deeply shocked, the powerful little dictator looked bewildered. “B...But.... how do we ever get that genie back into the bottle?” Glad he had managed to trigger the Führer’s imagination, the ranger cleared his throat and said with great confidence, “By intuitively opening ourselves up to the spirit of electricity, anticipating how it wants to move freely, as a friend, rather than a captive slave.”

“And you’ve learned this secret?”

“It is only a relative secret”, the ranger replied. “It reveals itself to anybody who looks at nature with love and respect.” With tentative care, he continued, “I will help you with this, if you promise to discontinue the disastrous *Göring Plan*. Or in other words: If you demonstrate a genuine desire to guide Germany towards a new, social direction, by eliminating the state as the ultimate power, and competition as the chief economical rule.”

“I agree with you that capitalism is an evil, but I firmly believe that without a strong state, society will fall apart into total chaos.”

“So in reality you are just one of those politicians that doesn’t trust humanity enough to grant them the freedom to figure out their own destiny?!”

“As soon as we get rid of those damned *Jewish bankers* who are enslaving us financially, we will have freedom!”, the tiny dictator growled.

“Then let me tell you this: the only reason those elites are so powerful is because they have turned energy into a scarce commodity. Imagine what would happen if energy were free! The prices of all commodities would take a sudden fall, since energy is their biggest cost-factor. When everything becomes available to everyone, because everything is cheap and affordable, people won’t need to work so hard and so long!” The eyes above the small mustache softened a bit.

“But that isn’t all”, the ranger continued, realizing he had the Führer’s full attention. “The natural law that I discovered, permits us to influence matter on a molecular level, and thus transform it into other substances, without exceeding the energy input. If the vortex motion is properly applied, we can even regulate plant growth!”

“You must be kidding me!” the dictator was intrigued yet also on guard.

“Not at all”, the ranger assured him. “But you need to understand a very fundamental principle: Every motion is only a means to an end. It provokes a reaction that causes a change of temperature. Those differences in temperature govern all constructive and destructive chain reactions. Everything alive is subject to these forces of nature, which keep them in a flow of constant change—the *Panta Rhei* of old.”

“So you’re telling me that this is all about motion?” Instead of the planned twenty, the discussion went on for about forty-five minutes. Towards the end, the ranger showed Hitler some photographs of the devices he had built, as well as some of his latest patents. “These are kept under lock in Vienna”, he explained. “Here you have a constructional drawing of a natural *Climator*, and this is an accuracy statement of the Technical Academy of Vienna. These are pictures of the experimental devices I have built, and here we have an article from an established hydrological journal.” The Führer seemed quite impressed.

“Let me warn you once more”, the ranger added dramatically. “The faster the wheels of this modernity machine turn, the quicker we are rotting alive! I warn you that implementation of the disastrous *Göring Plan* for industrialization, will cut your thousand-year Reich back to ten years at the most!” Perplexed, the small man with the small mustache stared at the ranger, he didn’t speak for quite a while. Finally he said, “Your ideas fascinate me! I agree with you that we as Germans, are obliged to launch a new *Aryan Übertechnology*. So please tell me how can we help you.”

“We need to set up a large *bio-technical* research facility, equipped with the best technicians, machinery and sufficient funding”, the ranger replied. Hitler kept staring at his visitor with wonder in his eyes, as his hand reached for a secret button underneath his desk.

Within seconds Keppler the secretary entered the room.

“Give this man whatever he needs!”, Hitler ordered, pointing at the ranger. “We need a technology that is in harmony with nature!” He looked at the ranger again and said, “Thank you for your explanation, my dear mister Spyrock. But before we follow any of

your suggestions, you need to ‘walk your talk’, and prove your assertions to our satisfaction!” The ranger grabbed his outstretched hand and, slowly shaking it, said, “And you, my dear Führer, would do well to think a little less about yourself and a little more about the rest of the world, if you truly care to help the German people.” With this final and slightly patronizing remark, showing that he wasn’t intimidated by the little man’s power, he left the office.

State-secretary Keppler escorted him out and closed the doors behind them. Through a seemingly endless corridor, he led the ranger to his personal office. As they walked, he looked at him and asked curiously, “So you’ve produced some exceptional inventions?”

“Not so much inventions, rather discoveries based on many years of observing nature in its most raw and undisturbed form.”

Keppler opened the door to his office, offered his guest a chair and a cigarette, and asked, “So what exactly would you like us to do?” The ranger took a cigarette from the package, leaned in towards the lighter Keppler held up for him, exhaled a cloud of smoke and replied, “I need a fully equipped workshop where I can work without interference of spies or police.”

In that instant his archenemy Wiluhn entered the room, with a black folder tucked under his arm. Without looking at the ranger, he walked over to Keppler and whispered something in his ear. In disbelief, Keppler rolled his eyes and asked the ranger, “So how did you get in here anyway?”

“Certainly not like a thief in the night!”, the ranger replied sarcastically, feeling anger rise up in his chest. Wiluhn took over from the bewildered Keppler:

“What is going on here for heavens sake? When we were in Nuremberg a couple of months ago, you promised Roselius to reveal your secret to the Führer, but you didn’t keep that promise!”

“I need to talk to my lawyer in Vienna first”, the ranger said, sensing danger.

“Nice!”, Wiluhn said sourly. “How can we ever take you seriously? First you threaten to go to Mussolini with your secrets, and when the Führer finally agrees to meet you, you hide behind a veil of obscure stories!”

“I never went to Mussolini, because consul Roselius convinced me to keep the matter in German hands—And I happen to agree with him.”

“Roselius is a dreamer!”, Keppler cried out in frustration. “For months now he’s been weaving a web, filled with impressive visions that supposedly will bring in millions of Marks, that he will apparently create out of *thin air*! He can’t be taken seriously at all.” Addressing the ranger he said, “Tell me, have there been any high profiled people at all, who have seen your machines in action?” This was too much for the ranger to take. His voice was repressed with anger when he growled, “Absolutely! Countless professors and engineers can testify! But none of those idiots could ever *scientifically*”, and he stressed this word, “prove, what they witnessed with their own eyes! Head-engineer Beaume of the French waterworks, is one of the very few who admitted his ignorance. After witnessing a

test with life-magnetic water, he came to me and said: 'If anybody would have told me that I knew nothing about water before this test, I would have lectured him, based on my education and thirty years of experience. This single test however, has made me realize that I know nothing about water at all'." But Wiluhn was no longer listening. Enraged he said, "The only possible conclusion sir, is that you are a charlatan!" With these words he opened up his folder and showed the angry ranger a brochure. When he read it, he realized it contained a warning for all European governments, to beware of an Austrian forest ranger by the name of *Spyrock*. When he saw the name of the author, professor Ehrenberger, everything fell into place at once. "So that's why not a single government has taken me seriously lately!" Without wasting another second, he rose, grabbed his hat and cane, and walked out, furiously slamming the door behind him. Stamping his feet with his healthy leg, he walked to his hotel, and immediately starting packing.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking on the door. He refused to open, so the panting messenger hollered through the closed door: "State-secretary Keppler and his advisor, are ordering you to return at once!"

"Tell those Prussian barbarians, that they can kiss me where the sun don't shine!", he replied angrily.

Back in Vienna the ranger received a call from the Austrian minister of Trade, "Mister Spyrock, we just received a message from Berlin with a warning. Should you ever set foot in Germany again, the Gestapo will immediately arrest you!"

"Maniacs! All of them!", the ranger shouted into the horn. "They don't even have the decency to listen, accept that radical Hitler! In the end politics is nothing more than the awful stench of a rotting economy!" He hung up angrily. "But let me thank my friend Roselius", he said to himself. Filled with indignation, he wrote a letter to the Bulgarian consul.

Roselius shook his head in disbelief when he read the letter. In turn he wrote to Hitler:

'I sincerely regret that the ranger didn't share his secret with you, even though he promised. This happened mainly because there were others present in the room, as he expected to speak with you in private. I also understand that because of this behavior he hasn't made any friends in Berlin.

Nevertheless, I still feel this man made a great discovery. To dismiss him as a charlatan is a tragic mistake, not unlike Napoleon's insulting dismissal of engineer Fulton's *steamboat*. I am convinced that one day this ranger's inventions will cause a great upheaval. It saddens me to hear that Germany has lost a unique opportunity, at least for the near future'.

# The Suction Turbine

“CHECK THIS OUT”, JANCO SAID EXCITEDLY WHEN HE SAW THE RANGER enter the library. He showed his friend an article from a recent newspaper. *Hot-air-engine makes oil redundant*. The ranger read: ‘Johannes Wardenier from Friesland, Holland, claims to have invented a *hot-air-engine* that hardly needs any fuel. The local authorities have examined his claim and concluded that it is genuine. The mayor from his hometown is already planning a large factory that will eventually provide jobs for about 13.000 people. Presentation of these plans created a great stir on the international stock exchanges. Oil shares are dropping worldwide, and no one knows when the end is near’.

“Great!”, the ranger said when he was finished reading, “Decades ago I had a vision of a fuel-less society and I’m sure that one day it will come to pass, especially with all those occult societies working on it. Since I have insights into the workings of nature in a way that no one else seems to have, I feel qualified to make some important contributions to this quest. At last I should go after the dream that I have had for such a long time: To build a *trout engine*. An engine that is capable of producing its own energy from the substances it is enveloped by—Like a living organism.”

“Sounds like you’ve lost your mind!”, Janco joked. “But yes, you should definitely use your unique insights to try and build such a machine. If you don’t do it now, it could take another hundred years before someone else happens to have the same insights.”

“Right. Knowledge means nothing when not put into practice.” The ranger was in his early fifties, and his visit to Hitler only confirmed that the world needed him now more than ever. “If a natural technology isn’t developed soon, humanity will surely destroy all life on the planet with its soulless death-technology.”

The developing phase of his *life-engine* started in his rocking chair in the living room. “What’s the essence of any living being?” he asked himself. “To imbibe his environment, transform it and then excrete it”, his intuition told him. “Yes, that seems pretty accurate, but what exactly happens to these substances within the human body?” He closed his eyes and imagined to become the food that was ingested by a body. It started with the body’s urge to consume *living*, or *charged* carbons, water and oxygen—An urge to eat, drink and breathe. He concentrated on the carbon-rich food that went inside, until he fully merged with it. He was crushed inside the mouth, ground up by the teeth, then liquefied and pre-digested by bacteria in the saliva. Subsequently, he slid through the esophagus into the stomach, where other bacteria demolished him further, freeing his soul from his body. He entered into a long, inspiring intestine, from where he was absorbed through the gut’s wall by the ‘hungry’ blood, as pure energy. He witnessed how the subtle, feminine carbons accumulated at the wall of the blood vessel, while the coarser, masculine oxygens, gathered at the centre of the flow. Somehow the ‘sweet’, female particles seemed to react only to the centrifugal force of the vortex-motion, while the ‘sour’, male particles reacted



solely to the centripetal force-component. In this way, the vortex-motion kept the differently charged particles separated, increasing their desire for each other, and building up the tension.

He felt how the blood was cooled down a bit by the sucking, swirling motion. A refreshing atmosphere appeared, and the magnetic forces of attraction increased. Aroused, the female carbons encircled the male oxygen, until their mutual, magnetic attraction became so great, that no force in the world could keep them apart. They then blended intimately with one another, merging, and forming new 'protein seeds'. Revitalized, the blood flowed back into the organs through the suction power of capillary veins. There, the organs absorbed the charged proteins, and the wasted, acidified particles, were pushed into the blood. Hungry for new energy, the blood flowed back through the arteries and the heart, towards the lungs and gut, in search of fresh 'life-current'.

Contrary to what he had learned in school, he clearly felt how it actually was a pulsating suction process. Instead of the heart pumping the blood, it was rather the blood that moved the heart. Like a generator in a water stream, the heart produced the organic, electrical current that powers the brain and the nervous system. This realization was so amazing, that he started thinking about it, which pulled him out of his imaginative state.

"So in order to copy an organism, I should construct a device with a dark interior, a hide to protect this space from exterior atmospheric circumstances, and a bloodstream that is able to move according to its own inherent characteristics. The suction should slightly dominate the pressure at all times, to help the process move into the right direction. If I manage to find the correct balance, the blood will cool down just enough to keep the production of organic magnetism going. Any heating of the blood would kill the process and lead to disintegration of the system." This of course meant that he would have to integrate the inspiring vortex motion into his machine; it being the only motion that meets with no friction.

He took a pencil from his desk drawer, and started drawing sketches that would reflect what he had experienced in the meditative state. "They look more like primitive animals than machines", he thought. "What did Goethe have to say about the evolution of forms again?" He tried to remember the peculiar phrase. "Right, that's roughly how he put it: 'Nature merely consists of enveloped spaces, from which all materialization and dematerialization occurs. These transformative processes are only possible when both space and enveloping structure, mirror each other symmetrically. By way of reciprocal intensification and polarization, they animate or consume each other. If you know how to dis-incorporate matter, you can also learn to *fuse* matter'."

The ranger kept on drawing for days on end, seeking the optimal organic forms that would harbor life processes. Since he wanted to construct a machine without a single straight line in it, he didn't need a ruler. "Life doesn't feel at home in an artificial world, constructed of straight lines. It wasn't without reason that the ancient Greeks and Chinese built their temples according to the *golden ratio*. This way they didn't disturb the natural

flow of energies. Vortexes of course, also develop themselves according to the *golden ratio*.”

Taking a break, he stuffed his pipe and lit it. While blowing smoke rings in the air, he asked himself the next question, “What exactly is the *function* of a shape?” He had thought about this many times before, but perhaps he never phrased it correctly. In an attempt to put it into a kind of integrated natural law, he said to himself, “A shape is the resistance, which the internal energy needs to jostle against in order to keep moving.” But this didn’t give him the exact answer yet, for constructing his machine. “Maybe I need to rephrase the question”, he thought. “What is the specific function of the shape I am looking for? It needs to be a shape that vitalizes the water that flows through it”, he answered his own question, “causing it to pulsate. The more the form amplifies this pulsation, the higher the vibration of the water gets, until a point is reached where it transforms into non-material aether, creating a forceful suction. Perhaps I should use a decreasing waveform to raise the water’s frequency, like the waves created when you throw a stone in a pond.”

Staying with this line of thought, he arrived at the concept of a *system of veins* in the interior of the machine-organism. He decided that the exterior should look like the trout that had given him the idea in the first place. He started to focus on the shape of the trout, and before he knew it he was swept away once more by his



*Original Viktor Schaubberger*

imagination. He merged with the water that was entering the mouth of the fish. He realized it was the shape of the mouth itself that induces the water into its first vortex-motion. Countless tiny fins in the gills saw to it that the water spiraled into a thousand vortexes. Water-oxygen was drawn into the blood of the fish, which imploded the water into aether, reducing it to a mere fraction of its former volume. A suction followed, that pulled the body of the fish forward, in addition to aether-seeds leaving the fish far lighter than its surroundings. This time, he noticed that the process was upgraded by metal trace

elements, incorporated in the '*guiding vanes*' of the gills. When it exited the gills, the concentrated, aetheric water, was again enriched with carbonic acid, excreted from the blood. When touching the warmer, oxygen-rich exterior water, it forcefully expanded at the point where the trunk of the body turns into the tail, pushing the fish ahead like a piece of slippery soap.



*Original Viktor Schauberger*

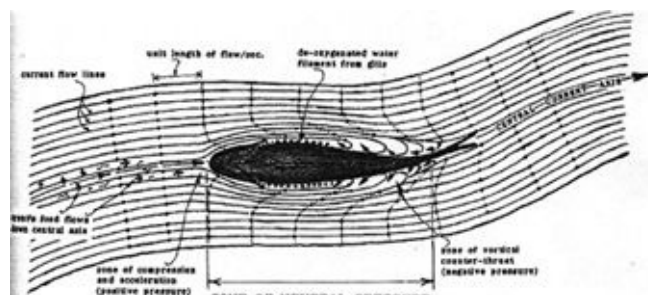


*Original Viktor Schauberger*

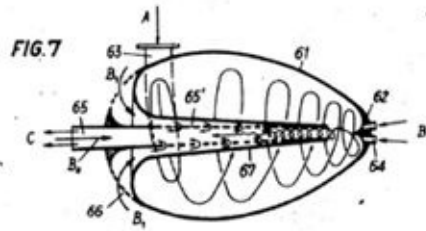


*Original Viktor Schauberger*

At this point, his logical thinking took over once more, and he tried to figure out how to copy the body of the fish. He took a pencil and loosely drew a machine with a fish-like body, and a wavy double membrane by way of the gills. But it needed something else. As it was, it wouldn't move an inch in the water. He added a small electro motor to the design. If the implosion principle he had in mind worked, the *suction screw* would keep running by itself once the wavy plates had reached a certain number of cycles per minute. "Hm, not bad at all", he said to himself, reviewing the design, as he tried to imagine how the water would move on the interior of the machine. Feeling rather satisfied with the design, he said, "Let's try it out."



### Zone of neutral pressure around the trout



One variant of the suction-screw

When he got up the next day, he set out to work straight away. Feeling all fired up, he took his hat from the shelf, put on his long, felt warden's coat, grabbed his cane, tucked his sketches under his arm, and was on his way to a machine construction company. He wanted to inform himself about the possibilities of building a test model. He bravely made his way through the snow, on his way to the best well-known machine factory in Vienna.

"How may we help you sir?", a voice from behind the imposing counter asked, as the ranger entered the building, still a little out of breath from the long walk.

"I'd like to have a *suction turbine* built", he replied. "Let me show you what I mean. I've got the design right here." The doorman glanced at the sketches and said, "Follow me, sir."

The ranger followed him to a messy office in the back of the workshop, where some engineers were having a heated discussion bent over a blueprint. "This gentleman would like to have a *suction turbine* built", the doorman disturbed them without hesitating.

"A *what?*", the men demanded in unison, as they looked up from their papers.

"Yes", the ranger said. "A *suction turbine*." He began explaining the concept in rather great detail, based on his skimpy sketches. As soon as he was done, the head engineer said, "Sorry sir, the idea is interesting, but those wavy plates are much too difficult to produce. It can only be done with molds, and those are very expensive. We are not equipped for these kind of machines."

Disappointed, the ranger left the workshop, and he decided to allow himself a little pick-me-up, before he went to visit the next company. Shaking the snow from his coat, he stepped into a café and ordered a coffee with schnapps. Having warmed himself, he gathered his courage, stepped out into the snow and was on his way to the next factory.

Everywhere he went he met with similar objections and disappointment. The engineers found it hard to replicate the inspiring form into a 3D prototype. When he was almost ready to give up, he found a small, cluttered workshop that was willing to give it a try. They needed the money badly.

"We could manufacture handmade molds", suggested an engineer clad in greasy overalls, feigning optimism. "But I can't guarantee that the rotor will be stable enough at higher rpm's."

"Well, I don't have a choice", said the ranger.

Once a reasonable price had been negotiated, he showed the engineer his sketches and started to give him instructions. “These are just sketches!” protested the constructor when he examined the papers. “You need to have calculations done at a constructional drawing office.”

“I can’t afford that”, said the ranger. “So play it by ear, and use your intuition. It’s only a prototype.”

“Whatever you want”, the engineer sighed, cautious to not chase away his rare customer. “We’ll start construction after the weekend.”

“Great!” the ranger replied, trying to suppress his enthusiasm.

During following week, he visited the workshop almost daily, to check their progress. “No no... Not like that!...”, he told the engineer after seeing a blueprint which he had altered. “Can’t you see that it is supposed to be *round* right here?!”

“There’s no way!” the constructor said, feeling irritated. “Even the best presses in the world couldn’t do that! You should go to Germany, they have the most sophisticated equipment.” The ranger left the workshop grumbling.

After months of endless adjustments, the device was finally ready. As the wonderful machine was delivered to his workshop in the backyard, the ranger beamed with pride. Maria and Walter walked into the room, very curious and eager to see the new marvel. “Look, my son. I finally have a machine that mimics the trout!”

“Turn it on then, Dad”, Walter said.

“Hold on, it isn’t that simple”, his father replied. “This is just a prototype. It will take a lot of experimenting and adjusting, before I can hope to build a real test model. Moreover, I will have to find a way to raise the money. I have been told I need go to Germany to have a test model built. Too bad I’m not welcome there anymore.”

“Explain it in theory”, Walter demanded, since he just enrolled at the Technical University of Breslau, he was extra critical.

“Look at it this way”, his father said, “There are two kinds of seeds. The physical seeds from which a plant sprouts, and the energetic *aetheric seeds*, from which this machine actually derives its motive force.”

“I’ve never heard anything like that. *Aetheric seeds*?”

“That’s because you are attending a university!”, his dad stared at him with a frown. “Just substitute the aetheric seeds of old, for modern sciences’ ionic hydrogen atoms, and suddenly you will get a fair idea of what I am talking about.” The ranger smiled at Walter.

“Did I ever show you the *cold light* that can be seen sometimes in mountain brooks?” Walter shook his head. “Well, this light appears when mineral-rich gravel rubs together in the maelstrom of flowing water. In this process, aetheric seeds that coagulated hundreds of years ago, are freed once again, emanating the light from which they were originally

formed! In this device I try to generate that very same energy. I call it *Life-magnetism*.”

“That’s curious”, Walter said still skeptical. “So this thing contains pebbles?”

“No, that isn’t necessary. The aetheric seeds are already invisibly and finely scattered throughout any body of water or air. That’s why I hope to run this machine on water. It isn’t an engine at all, it’s actually a generator. I’ve discovered that the kind of radiation that they transform into is dependent on their motion. In forms of motion, that brake acceleration, like the straight line or the circle, they turn into ions, emitting an electrical field. If these aetheric seeds are allowed to move in stimulating, *inspiring* ways however, as in this device, they turn into ions that are emitting a *life-magnetic radiation*.”

“What is *life-magnetism*?”

“The force that gives life to all living organisms”, his father answered. “Science hasn’t noticed this immeasurable force yet! Even though it can be seen at work all around you in nature, as the special force that constructs, fuses and allows us free movement. We aren’t photocells, producing electricity, nor are we internal combustion engines. In my opinion, our bodies are *fermentation chambers*, or energy-transformers if you like.”

“And where do these hypothetical *aetheric seeds* come from?”

“Imagine aether as a sea of pure, vibrating energy, from which everything you see is created”, the ranger answered. “This aether manifests physically when it starts vibrating at a lower rate. Everything material is literally more or less aetheric. If we were able to perceive it, we would be able to indicate on a scale how aetheric something is! Generally speaking, you could say that the more solid a material, the less aetheric it is. The more volatile a material, the more aetheric it is. One could compare aether to the *soul* that animates matter. A child for example, is still very aetheric. The bigger it grows, the less aetheric it gets. As you grow older, a tipping point is reached, and you start to become aetheric again, less physical. Eventually the body dies and its discharged magnetic soul is freed, ready to be charged again in ‘heaven’, and then discharged into a new body.

The earth has a soul as well. It is a living being. It expresses its life force in plant growth. When a plant dies, its remains end up in the soil. As it is further reduced, the *aetheric soul* is freed up. This ‘*soul*’ is absorbed by the groundwater, through which it re-incarnates into new plant growth.” Walter wasn’t sure what to think of these assertions. Had his father gone mad? “The human being has the power to imitate these processes”, the ranger continued. “That’s exactly what I’m trying to do with my devices. I am trying to achieve what no scientist has achieved yet: *cold fusion at room temperature!*”

‘Cold Fusion’ was a phrase Walter recognized. Instantly he was all ears. “And how does all of this come into effect?” he asked, his curiosity aroused.

“The big secret is hidden in the water’s spiral motion. Look”, he said, pointing to one particular part of the machine. “Here you see a wavy, copper double membrane.” He opened the lid of the device. “These membranes spin counterclockwise at high speeds. Mimicking the gills of the trout, the water is induced into a myriad of vortexes, causing aetheric-seeds-bearing minerals to rub against one another in an *inspiring* motion. As this

happens, the seeds transform themselves into negatively charged ions. These ions come into contact with the copper catalyst wall, initializing an implosive chain reaction. The lower grade carbons in the water dematerialize and evaporate instantly as carbonic acid. The higher-grade carbons, left aggressive by the rapid drop in temperature, and the horizontal pressure, fuse with oxygen-rich phosphoric elements in the wall. As a result, the water solidifies and separates itself from the wall of the reaction chamber. At the required high rotational speed, the water circulates through the machine without any resistance. The end product of this extremely accelerated fusion—the child so to speak—is negatively charged aether, which gushes upwards with incredible force, ionizing the water in front of the machine, pulling it along like a magnet. This is how it proves itself to be the elusive counterpart of the atomic pressure commonly referred to as *electricity*.”

“Quite an ingenious idea I’ve got to admit”, said Walter, “although it could never work, of course.”

“Try convincing a trout!”, replied the ranger with a chuckle.

“And what do you actually hope to achieve with this?”

“It could be used as an engine for a submarine for example”, the ranger replied.

“To what advantage?”

“Come on Walter! Isn’t that obvious? It draws its fuel from its surroundings! Unlike the combustion engine, which destroys its fuel, this engine actually upgrades its fuel! You see, screws, like those in ships, actually harm the water by the pressure they exert. The rare screws found in nature, only ever serve as a brake. The maple seed for example, uses a propeller in order to brake its fall to the ground, seeking to be carried away by the wind as far as possible. Every one-sided motion in nature, invokes her resistance.”

Walter frowned. “That’s easily said, but I need proof.”

“The proof simply lies in the fact that no animal has a propeller on its head!”

In the following weeks, the ranger spent all his time in his workshop, conducting experiments involving speed, water quality and mineral additives. No matter what he tried, he couldn’t get the machine to run properly. However, there were some unintended victories. He succeeded in transforming a few substances inside the device into remarkably different substances. This kept him struggling along. “If only I had money for better German models”, he was thinking out loud. “I am convinced the principle is solid. I just need to find the right shapes that will let the water resonate.” He decided to write a letter to his friend and protagonist doctor Meditsch.

‘I have conducted a number of successful experiments, that gave me some important new insights. When constructing a viable life-machine, the motive energy that is derived from the fuel, needs to be directed inward instead of outward, as has been the custom so far. When this is done correctly, this results in a harmonious spiraling motion, which ennobles the fuel and transforms it into pure, non-material energy.



Earth, water, air and light are in fact organisms that require physical organs to manifest themselves. If we succeed in combining these organs harmoniously, by placing their inner charges opposite to their outer form, under the right angle, the elements start spiraling, fusing, pulsating and evolving effortlessly, all by themselves! In more technical terms: the transversal electrical counter-charges need to be placed in opposition to the longitudinal magnetic charges. As a result, a charge is generated, whose repulsion can be utilized as a drive.

Every rhythmical motion consists of an impulse, countered by an ex-pulse. If one is slightly stronger than the other, even as it switches rhythmically, a perpetual exchanging motion is created. The meeting point of both forces is a zero-point, where the molecules of a substance are no longer subjected to pressure. Inside this force vacuum, the molecules fall apart and fuse into new materials. This makes the inspiring whirl the single one motion that suits God's will—the oneness in diversity. Although science is very well aware of this cooling, concentrating motion, it still hasn't a clue how to apply it. This is because they can't place this motion into a fixed framework. Scientists are taught in terms of dogmatic and rigid frameworks, subsequently they can only think along those lines. This is why they are forced to work with unnatural, artificial motions that inescapably evoke destructive, frictional electricity. Both the straight and the circular motion make no progress, because they lack any change of direction. Nature progressively resists these lifeless, one-sided motions, as their velocity increases. Forcing these motions upon nature creates a destructive electro-magnetic vibration—the enemy of life. The only motion that doesn't provoke this braking reaction is the inspiring vortex motion. In this *God-mill*, the resistance exponentially drops with increasing velocity!

To make matters worse, 'modern' man applies materials that catalyze the buildup of destructive electro-magnetic forces. Personally, I apply only non-magnetic materials like copper, bronze or wood. The heart of the *suction screw*, consists of a copper double membrane, which I have patented'.

At this point the ranger took a break in order to fix himself a cup of coffee. With a steaming mug next to his typewriter, he continued:

'Although I'm not there yet, I am convinced that this implosive process will keep on running all by itself, if speeded up sufficiently, thanks to the exponential reduction in resistance. I even dare to predict that the day isn't far off, when this machine will be able to quicken and strengthen the natural processes to such a degree, that it will overcome its own weight and start to float, like a trout in a waterfall! It was the trout that taught me this mysterious process. This is how I discovered what Leonardo da Vinci called *il primo motore*—something he was after his entire life, but failed to find! I also consider it the mythical *horn of plenty*, for reasons I will explain to you later.

Few people will be able to understand this at all. However, some of them could experience a dreamy awakening into a new dimension, when confronted with these ideas. This awakening will be the magnificent glorification of a once animal-like existence! No birth happens without pain though. The new can only emerge from the death of the old. We need to realize that today's horrors contain tomorrow's opportunities. Now is the time

for these awakening souls to find each other. If not, I'm afraid we will rapidly approach a disaster beyond belief'.

## The Flying Submarine

**THE RANGER'S LETTER DID NOT FAIL TO MOVE DOCTOR MEDITSCH.** He quickly realized to his dismay, that he had spent most of his life contributing to the very disaster the ranger described so graphically. Listening to his troubled conscience he decided to contact his good friend director Knotec of Siemens, to see if he could make a deal for the ranger. He picked up the phone, found the number in his little pocketbook and called the headquarters of Siemens in Nuremberg.

"Knotec speaking", the voice at the other end said.

"Hi Knotec! It's Meditsch here. How are you?... Look, I've come to know a ranger here in Vienna, an inventor quite like Schappeller, but one who has partly proven his theories in the form of revolutionary log flumes and spring water devices."

"I know exactly who you're talking about", Knotec sounded annoyed. "The man gave a lecture here in Nuremberg about what he called *natural heating*. The fool claimed that nobody knows what electricity is! That's of course a load of bull, but Julius Streicher lapped it up! He even ordered me to produce some test models. That, he swore, would be the only way to prove if he was right or wrong. But after an interview with the Führer, the Gestapo banned him from Germany permanently."

Meditsch sighed. "Look Knotec, we're dealing with a man who clearly possesses supernatural powers and is able to observe things that remain hidden to ordinary people! His discoveries just happen to be so revolutionary; there is no scientific terminology to describe them. That's why he appears to blurt out nonsense. It is easy to believe that he's just out to impress people with his metaphoric language, but he isn't crazy. Maybe you're not aware of the fact that he has constructed log flumes here in Austria that should never have worked according to the laws of physics? He has even worked as an adviser to the government. His knowledge is in fact so valuable, that they paid him in gold. This off course, bred bad blood amongst the scientific community. I thought that you, being a Thule member, would have great interest in such a genuine *Naturmensch*." He chose his words very carefully, hoping they would sort some effect. "He might even be on the brink of discovering the *Vril*! Don't you agree that we Germans have suffered enough in the recent past, to stubbornly ignore such possibilities?"

"Hmm."

"What would you say about this: I'll pay the research costs if you provide him with a workshop! He may have a somewhat uncompromising character, but we'll just have to

deal with that. After all, geniuses are allowed to be eccentric.”

This time it was Knotec’s turn to sigh. “Well my friend, I’ve never doubted your judgment. You must have good reason to invest such serious amounts of money.” Meditsch’s face lit up.

“But”, Knotec added, feigning pity, “he’s not allowed into Germany any more.”

“Just leave that to me Knotec. Let me call Julius Streicher. He is on good terms with Heinrich Himmler, as you know.”

And just as quickly as the doors closed in the past, they were flung wide open once again... Shortly thereafter, the ranger received a letter from Julius Streicher, assuring him that the Gestapo would leave him alone, should he be willing to commence his research at Siemens.

“So you’re going to fight with mister Knotec some more?”, Maria teased her husband.

“That may very well be the case”, said the ranger, “but I need his high-tech tools. Austria refuses to help me, but she will soon regret it. It will cost her big bucks to buy my machines from her smarter neighbor!”

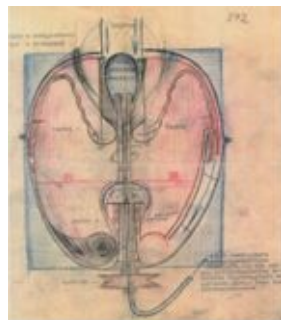
“I hear good stories about those National Socialists over there”, Maria changed the subject.

“I’m not so sure”, the ranger disagreed. “But time will tell whether they are sincere about their lofty Germanic ideals!”

After the ranger had been granted a patent on his suction screw in Germany in 1936, he traveled to Nuremberg once more to work at Siemens. Doctor Meditsch arranged an apartment, and Director Knotec provided him with a small workshop, packed with state-of-the-art cutters and presses, and also assigned him a small team of engineers.

“So you’ve developed a series of devices that feed on *the transformation of matter*, if I am to believe doctor Meditsch?”, Knotec demanded in a preliminary discussion at his large, luxuriously furnished office.”

“Very true!” the ranger answered. “Are you familiar with the work of the medieval alchemists?” At this, the sour expression on the director’s face softened a bit. “Off course! They were the first chemists.”



Original drawing Suction Screw

“Well, I’m afraid we differ slightly on that”, the ranger said. “Our modern chemists believe that a substance can never really vanish. It can only be transformed into different states of aggregation, releasing or accumulating energy.” Knotec nodded in agreement.

“The alchemists however, actually believed matter to be solidified spirit”, the ranger continued. “They tried to transform matter by ennobling its inherent *spirit*. They recognized not just three states of aggregation, but five! Earth, water, air, fire and the *quintessence* or *fifth element*.”

Knotec could no longer conceal his enthusiasm for the subject. “So what is this quintessence in your opinion?” he asked. The ranger, pleasantly surprised, answered, “Obviously, I don’t need to explain the first three states of aggregation. The forth, fiery state, symbolizes the energetic state which any substance can be transformed into. In the fifth state, a substance becomes *pure formless consciousness* again, of which it was originally formed—So called aether.

The alchemists dreamed of controlling these extra states of aggregation. They knew that if only they would penetrate the secret of transmutation, they’d be able to create matter out of aether just like the Creator.” The director blinked, astounded by the depth of what his guest just shared. He noticed how his feelings toward this man, whom he had hated so passionately before, began to slowly transmute. The ranger likewise marveled at his own apparent intuitive ability to speak the right words at the right time, without thinking. He continued, “The medieval alchemists were actually far ahead of the modern chemists who populate your factories by the thousands.”

“Now there’s an interesting thought”, said Knotec.

“My aim”, the ranger went on, “is no different. It is an actual attempt to control the life and death of matter.”

“No small aspiration!” Did the ranger detect some slight sarcasm here?

As a scientist, the director was still a long way from shaking the little voice inside that said, “This man is insane!” At the same time, he understood that a genius is someone with a limitless imagination. So he decided to keep an open mind and wait for things to come. Sensing his ambivalence, the ranger added, “It sounds more complicated than it actually is. It comes down to local transmutation of matter into aether. This creates a matter-vacuum. If done correctly, the suction that is created, can be used to empower machines.”

“*Hmm*”, Knotec said. “That sounds a bit more reasonable, or rather, it appeals more to the scientific mind. You should know that I’ve been researching the works of Max Planck, Werner Heisenberg and other quantum-physicists, and it seems that they are all looking towards the same direction.”

“They look alright, but they fail to see the obvious!”, the ranger said. “They’re far too trapped in their scientific concepts, to be able to look at nature’s phenomena without prejudice.”

“Pardon me? Well, I’m afraid that would apply to me as well”, Knotec shrugged. “And it will definitely apply to your assistants.”

“Good point. Let’s hope they have at least some imagination left!” The ranger smiled. “I can only give them scientific analogies in order to explain my insights. Somehow they will have to develop an instinct for the forces I am attempting to work with. These subtle vibrations can’t really be measured.”

“We will try. So exactly what do you plan to build?”

The ranger got up slowly and walked over to the model of the suction screw he brought with him from Austria. “This is a model of the *suction screw*, patented worldwide”, he said. “It is primarily intended as an engine for a submarine, but it could be used for other purposes, which still need to be discovered.”

“Right”, Knotec said. “I still have enough imagination left in me to see some possibilities.” With these words, the director rose. “And now I’ll introduce you to your dreaded enemies.” Grinning, he opened the door. They walked down the metal grid steps to the production hall, stacked with all types of greasy machinery. They simultaneously stepped sideways to avoid a fountain of sparks gushing from an angle grinder, as they tried to talk loudly over the deafening noise of metal on metal. At last they entered a smaller section of the hall, where a handful of engineers in stained blue overalls, sat around a table. Knotec introduced the ranger. They watched him closely, as it was clear they had heard quite a bit about him already.

The ranger decided to go easy on them. The last thing he wanted was to alienate his engineers with esoteric sounding phrases like *aether*, *life-magnetism* or *the secret of the trout*. Instead, he showed them his model and tried to explain them in the most rational way he could.

“Gentlemen. As you know, density, energy and motion have a lot to do with one another.”

“Einstein!”, one of the men exclaimed almost involuntary.

“Yes, but let’s not start with formulae right away. I want you to imagine the following: If heated energy is applied to water, it expands while moving outward. As we all know, this is enough to fire up a steam engine. It is the fundamental principle of all combustion engines. However, nature shows us that all processes are reversible. This observation has led me to apply suction rather than pressure. Implosion instead of explosion. Now imagine turning this water vapor back into liquid again, by rapidly cooling it. According to my calculations this creates a suction far more powerful than pressure! Of course the trick is to find an efficient cooling method. Nature has revealed to me such a method. It is a particular motion that doesn’t provoke friction, but rather the opposite. As you know, motion alters the vibration of molecules within a substance. Consequently its density and temperature change.”

The engineers didn’t quite know what to make of this. Even though it sounded logical, it was still totally opposite to contemporary physics. Influencing matter through motion had definitely never been a subject at their academy. “So what kind of special motion would that be?” one of the men asked skeptically.

“An *inspiring*, or *inward spiraling vortex*”, the ranger said, his index finger depicting a corkscrew motion in the air.

“Ahh, right”, one of the engineers said, replicating the motion with his finger, while pointing at his head. The men laughed as the ranger continued, “Nature showed me how this special motion cools water down and raises its vibration!”

“So how would this play out in the real world?”, one of the men asked.

“The vortex motion is unique, in that it combines both pressure and suction into a single motion. At certain locations in the vortex, so-called *neutral points* appear, where there is neither pressure nor under-pressure. At these spots, water molecules collapse spontaneously. Due to its slight weight, the hydrogen forcefully escapes upward. Hydrogen is the lightest molecule on earth, right?” The engineers nodded.

“The remaining oxygen is subsequently bound by the active carbons in the water, causing an enormous reduction in volume. This implosion is caused by a pulling suction. I intend to fire up my suction screw with it.” The engineers showed mixed expressions. He sensed their thoughts, ‘Is this utter nonsense, or should we give it the benefit of doubt?’

As per the ranger’s instructions, various models of the suction screw were designed. Out of these, he chose *one* model that seemed to possess the most fluid natural shapes. This particular model had narrower inlet slits and was equipped with a powerful Siemens electro motor, capable of high speed.

When the new prototype was completed a couple of weeks later, a test was conducted in which air served as fuel. The ranger started the electro motor and gradually increased the speed. The first measurable effects were a cooling down of the air and the appearance of condensation water. The ranger collected the water and took a sip, which produced a mysterious smile on his face. Nothing else happened however. “What a fool to be so excited about an insignificant cooling effect”, the unspoken words were obvious on the engineer’s faces. “Now watch this”, said the ranger with a sparkle in his eye, as he took the water and poured it straight into a diesel engine. “He is out of his mind?”, the engineers clearly thought. With a wide grin the ranger pressed the starter button, and to everyone’s amazement, the engine came alive, hiccupping violently. The men were thunderstruck.

“Pleased to meet you, I’m the *Water Wizard!*”, said the forest ranger, beaming like a sun ray.

From that day onwards, the engineers no longer questioned his brilliance. In fact, they tried to pick his brain as often as they could, never leaving him in peace with their relentless questions. When he started to explain some of the underlying principles to them, they were all ears.

“What I’ve done is this: I have imploded the gaseous carbons in the water, reducing them to aetheric oils. When these undergo a valve pressure of about 2,000 pounds per liter water, they return to their gaseous state with enormous force. The production of these

aetheric oils, took just 0,08 kilowatts of electricity. You can do the math. I'm sure you'll understand the immense implications this involves!" The astonished engineers started calculating.

"Have you guys ever seen a trout swimming up a waterfall?" the ranger asked. None of the men reacted. "Well, that wonderful creature does something very similar to this device. In its gills, it implodes the gas-rich water into aetheric oils. This reduction creates a powerful suction in its mouth, pulling the fish forward. As imploded water leaves the fish-body from the sides, it *explodes* once more, due to the higher temperature of the surrounding water, effectively squeezing the fish ahead like a cork from a champagne bottle." Any teacher would have envied the concentration with which the students listened to the ranger.

"The phenomenon isn't limited to the trout alone. Birds apply this same principle in their own way. The flapping of their wings mixes layers of warm and cool air, creating vortexes that pull them upwards. They don't actively fly, they are flown!"

"Incredible!", one of the engineers exclaimed.

"It's up to us now, to mimic these phenomenal examples of nature", the ranger continued. "Forget  $E=mc^2$ . We just need  $c^2$ —*comprehend and copy Nature*—as she's undoubtedly the most expert and experienced teacher around! Why build combustion engines that aren't found anywhere in nature? Name me *one* animal that has such an engine. Nature obviously has better means." He paused for a moment, glancing round the circle.

"When engineers were figuring out the mechanics of flying, they took a good look at birds. However, they didn't understand what they were actually seeing. They never figured out how swirling air causes the miracle of flight. It is very difficult to see something, if you have no concept about it. So they roughly copied the shape of a bird when designing the airplane, but they placed a propeller on its beak! I have yet to discover such a bird." Laughter filled the stuffy factory air. "Those engineers simply assumed that birds have an incredible engine power, even though the fuel tanks are clearly missing!" The engineers cracked up even more.

"Had those engineers taken the time to quietly observe nature, they would have realized sooner or later, that in nature, propellers only serve as brakes. So to be perfectly clear, they used a braking principle to propel an airplane!" The engineers could indeed see the tragedy of this historical mistake.

"To make matters worse", the ranger continued, "it never even occurred to them, that by using air resistance for lift-off, they were generating extremely intense electromagnetic friction fields. They heat up and dilute the air around the plane, requiring even more energy to overcome the enhanced gravity. Nature on the other hand, shows how it is done in the reverse way. Instead, the air around the plane should be magnetically ionized, so that the air is densified and carries the body of the plane. This can only be achieved by eliminating the air resistance with the help of the inspiring motion!"

"A kind of flying trout really." one engineer said pensively.

“Exactly!” the ranger agreed, glad he wasn’t throwing pearls before swine. “Just imagine a plane that is capable of moving about in the air as freely as a trout in water. If nature can do it, we can surely mimic it. All it takes is a genuine engineer.”

“So you’re saying that this *inspiring motion* eliminates all resistance?”

“Right on the mark.”

“I’m having a hard time seeing how a plane, or a train for that matter, would get from A to B using such a motion”, one engineer shared his concern, sounding a bit sarcastic.

“Well how does a river manage? I know it is hard to believe, but according to my calculations, it is possible to achieve a maximum energy efficiency of 96%, rather than the present day 12%, if the inspiring motion is applied.” Puzzled faces. The ranger continued, “But my suction turbine resolves more than 90% of the surging air molecules, turning them into free ions. The extremely light hydrogen and nitrogen ions are not affected by the centrifugal force, and escape upward through the central axis, diluting the air above the plane’s body, sucking the machine along in their wake. An effect that can be compared to a lorry pulling a motorbike along in the relative vacuum behind it.” He paused to give the men a chance to let their imagination draw them a picture.

“The heavier oxygen atoms *do* react to the centrifuge and migrate to the walls. Passivized by the inspiring motion, they fall prey to the activated carbons that bind them. So the volume reduction of the air causes the body of the plane to be sucked up continuously, since it is an ongoing process.” The ranger looked round the circle to figure out whether his carbon-rich words were still keeping his listeners captivated.

This seemed to be the case, since one of the engineers concluded, “So the rest of the air should be led to the bottom of the machine, where it is densified in order to help carry the body.”

“Right! You’ve paid attention! But this effect is produced only if the speed of the inspiring motion approaches the sound barrier. We’re not even close to that yet. First, we need to solve some major constructional problems. But before we continue, we could test the principles and see if they actually work, by applying a few tricks. We could artificially *ignite* or *implode* the ionized air underneath and above the turbine, using electrical spark plugs and electro-magnets.”

The engineers set out enthusiastically and it didn’t take them long to assemble the materials.

“Stand back”, the ranger said, when it was time to execute the test. He turned on the engine and immediately sparks were flying through the air. “*Craaaaaaaack*”. Lightning struck. The machine started tearing at its anchoring bolts, almost as if getting ready for takeoff. The ranger quickly switched off the engine to stop the process. They eagerly inspected the gauges and made calculations. The engineer’s calculations showed it was theoretically possible to increase the speed to an inconceivable 10.000 meters per second, thus transforming all resistance into suction. “So the theory appears to be solid”, the ranger concluded, feeling satisfied. “Now all we need to do is construct a model that is



stable enough to endure the extreme rotational velocities.”

When they made the adjustments, a follow-up test was prepared. As a precaution, the machine was placed in a heavy concrete vessel and set up with extra strong anchoring bolts. The ranger excitedly turned the switch and the machine began moving. Slowly he increased the speed, until suddenly “*bang, bang, bang!*”, a series of loud explosions was heard. Everyone covered their ears with their hands. The ranger quickly switched off the electrical engine with a worried look on his face. When the engine stopped moving, they discovered the cause of the disturbance. The copper membrane showed huge holes. Apparently, the powerful jets of air had ripped through the soft copper. Disappointed looks appeared on their faces. “How are we going to solve this problem?”

A discussion followed. It seemed the smartest thing to make better membranes out of phosphor bronze, which was stronger than copper. They immediately started on the job.

When new tests were carried out, the membranes proved a lot stronger. The men discovered that accelerating it above its border velocity, as the ranger called it, could liquefy any gas. At this specific velocity, the gas molecules simply collapsed. Nevertheless, the speed that was necessary to enabling the process to support itself was never reached.

“And none of you has any idea why, after all these experiments, he still hasn’t managed to build a successful model?” director Knotec asked his engineers, when the ranger had left for Vienna for a couple of days. “Could it be that he is waiting for his patent to come through?” he wondered.

After three months, Julius Streicher couldn’t contain his curiosity any longer. Accompanied by some ranking party members, mostly Thule people, he visited the workshop. “Hail Hitler, Mr. Spyrock, how is everything going?”

“We’re on the right track”, the ranger answered evasively. “The effect we’re aiming for hasn’t been realized yet, but by accident we have discovered a way to liquefy gas without the usually required massive energy input.” He started to explain how this discovery pointed towards fuel-less submarines and even fuel-less airplanes.

“And how do you explain the underlying principle, Mr. Spyrock?”, one of the Thule men inquired.

“Imagine that hydrogen, the lightest atom, remains captured inside its carrier, either air or water, at room temperature”, the ranger answered. “The vortical motion frees these atoms from their relatively loose-knit carrier substances, transforming them into magnetically charged ions. This *flowing magnetism* ‘sucks’ the turbine along with it.”

Encouraged by his explanation, the curious Thule men started to ask more probing questions. “Could this force be compared to the mysterious Vril power, which the Atlanteans and our Aryan ancestors used to fire up their legendary airships?”, Julius

Streicher asked.

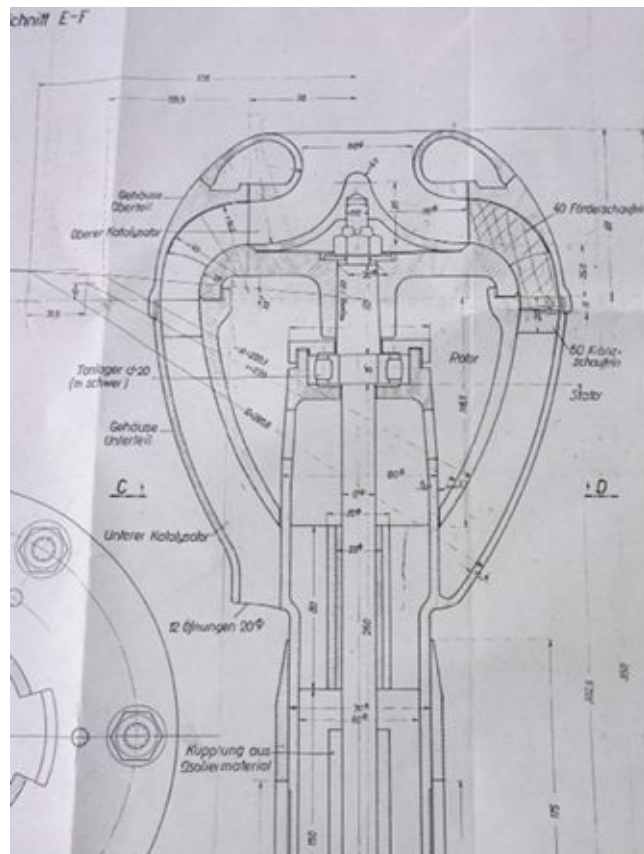
“That is highly possible!”, replied the ranger, never tiring of adding to the mystery. “Personally however, I call it *life-magnetism*. The higher this life-magnetism ascends out of the earth, the more it ennoble itself to what the alchemists called *aether*, by casting off more and more ‘baggage’. As these heavier components react with oxygen in the air, they form raindrops. These drops are the only byproduct of this entire reaction!” He paused a bit, so his words could sink in. “The purpose is to transform air into aether. If we are successful, this will result in an endless source of free energy.” He walked over to another model. “This suction screw can be modified in order to serve various purposes. It doesn’t just power-up vehicles, but it can also actuate a dynamo to produce electricity.” Bright faces all around, especially Julius Streicher, who prided himself in discovering this unusual inventor.

“With this invention”, the ranger continued, “I have almost achieved my aspiration of leaving coal, oil and hydro-power redundant. I have worked tirelessly to achieve this. I am more than aware of the importance of carbons inside the earth. They are the priceless raw materials for life itself! Burning them, will inevitably lead to food-scarcity and famines. The machine I devised, transforms oxygen-rich air into high grade, growth stimulating hydrogen and nitrogen! If this technology would be applied on a grand scale, it will even diminish gravity! Plants will grow much more exuberantly, and man and animal alike, will need far less energy to move about. Even plains will have a healthy mountain climate. Our current world economy is based on scarcity; this technology will alter that completely. Wars about raw materials and food will belong to the savage past. The fire-technicians, that burn and discharge nature’s life-magnetism so happily, have been dealt a severe blow with this invention.”

Realizing he sounded like a raving madman, he added, “Call it Utopian. The product of a derailed mind, set out to create confusion in order to promote his paranoid doomsday predictions. But I tell you that oxygen-rich air is the fuel of the future! I swear that if we don’t stop the mindless burning of raw materials that are so vital to the production of life-magnetism, we will all fall prey to the slow explosion, called *cancer*—Aryan or not.” His deliberate words didn’t miss their mark. Quite frankly, his small audience looked rather shocked.

“Well, I’m glad to hear that you are amusing yourself!”, in an attempt to lighten the atmosphere, Julius Streicher addressed the ranger and his team, without giving away the fact that he considered this research extremely vital to the success of the Third Reich. The ranger was smiling amiably, as the company took their leave. There was an air of exuberance and some of them shook his hand enthusiastically and thanked him for his time and explanation.

When Julius Streicher got home, he immediately called Heinrich Himmler for a briefing on the fortunate prospects.



Constructional drawing

# The Warm-Cold Generator

**DIRECTOR KNOTEC HOWEVER, DIDN'T ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE PERSUADED SO** easily. He was aware of Walter Gerlach's research at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. His work revealed the importance of the vortex motion and of magnetic spin-polarization, which granted him the Nobel Prize in the 20's. One of his students, Ott Hilgenberg, published a paper in 1931 with the striking title, 'About Gravitation, Vortices and Waves in Rotating Media'. He was also aware of Walter Meissner's work, who discovered in 1933 that applying a magnetic field to a super-conductor, produced a flowing white light, without any resistance. And yet his engineer's brain struggled with the wildly irrational future predictions of his guest. On top of that, he grew increasingly impatient. Where were the tangible results?

He invited the inventor to his office for a cup of coffee and a 'good talk'. "Mr. Spyrock", the director started the conversation. "How's work on the *flying submarine* coming along?"

"We've discovered something entirely different", the ranger changed the subject, "concerning the transformation of matter into radiation!"

"You mean X-ray?"

"I mean atomic radiation of a higher order", the ranger answered cryptically. "With this radiant energy, rooms can be heated or cooled in a very simple way. We're currently working on the design of a natural heating-cooling device that automatically regulates the climate of a room. In addition, it creates a refreshing mountain atmosphere, by locally ionizing the air. Coal can remain inside the earth and the forests can be left standing."

"My dear Spyrock", Knotec looked the ranger sternly in the eye, "I've heard you talk about that before! Please tell me where you get all these peculiar ideas?"

"Miraculous is a better word for nature's processes!", the forest ranger replied obstinately. "All I do, is observe and copy her processes. Have you ever wondered about the automatically underlying force that drives nature to change and evolve constantly?"

"I take it you don't mean that Jewish Einstein equation?", Knotec said rather cluelessly, taking a puff of his American cigarette.

"No, it's much simpler than that!", the ranger answered. "*Temperature!* As the earth turns, it is heated on one side alone. In a pulsing rhythm, everything constantly heats up and cools down. In some sort of temperature-driven *breathing process*, everything becomes dense and less dense again, on a daily basis. Temperature therefore, is Mother Nature's 'life-engine'."

"I can't argue with that", the director replied, thinking the ranger actually had a point

there.

“But do you know what temperature itself *really* is?”, the ranger asked defiantly. The director took a sip of his lukewarm coffee, frowned, tried to say something, changed his mind again, but finally admitted, “I only know what it *feels* like, but what it *is*?”

“Very well”, said the ranger. “I’ve learned to regard temperature as a kind of radiation. Or rather, the *effect* of radiation. Most people believe that the sun is an extremely hot, gassy sphere, with our planet being just close enough to benefit from it. Astronomers claim to know the exact degree. But think again my friend! Anyone who uses his common sense, knows better than that. You only need to climb a mountain, to find out that the closer you get to the sun, the colder it gets!”

“I have no time for mountain climbing.”

“Ask any Austrian, and they will tell you that the higher you climb, the colder it gets!”

The director noticed himself succumbing to the charms of the ranger once again. He had intended to lecture him sternly, urging him to produce some tangible results soon. But now he was intrigued. “Well, I guess air travel indeed proves that it does get colder, the higher you fly above the earth!”

“There you have it”, the ranger agreed. “So it is not very hard to come to the conclusion that heat doesn’t travel from the sun to the earth as such.”

“I guess I have to agree with you. It would be more accurate to say that infrared radiation heats up matter by exciting its molecules. It makes them vibrate at a faster rate, causing them to emit heat.”

“Yes”, the ranger agreed. “But think about it. In order for the sun to emit radiation, it doesn’t need to be hot at all. That’s simply a scientific assumption.”

“Maybe so. But what are you trying to get at?”

“I mean to say that in reality the sun could very well be an ice-cold *black hole*. An ionic hydrogen concentration, emitting radiation into space.”

This notion seemed rather absurd to the director’s mind. He offered the ranger another cigarette and said, “I haven’t a clue as to what ride you’re taking me for, but it is definitely entertaining.”

“You know Knotec, I am a lover of a good sense of humor, but in this case I’m deadly serious, unfortunately.

“But Herr Spyrock, Everybody knows the sun isn’t black! Just ask any German, and he’ll tell you that...”

Undaunted, the ranger said. “Agreed. We perceive the sun as being light and hot. But that is only the result of the water vapor in the atmosphere. The dark aether-concentration we call *sun*, emits a plethora of radiations, among it infrared, which travel the ice-cold, pitch dark universe, only to be transformed into light and heat upon impacting the resisting water molecules in the earth’s atmosphere.”

“Ok, lets assume you’re right. What does this mean?”

“It means that we can regulate temperature by regulating the resistance to radiation! My warm-cold generator copies the sun, producing a solar radiation that impacts the molecules of a local atmosphere.”

“So it is a kind of infrared generator?”

“Infrared is just the lower part of an entire spectrum of radiation”, the ranger answered. “The rest has to do with *temperament*.”

“And how am I supposed to interpret that?”

“Well, I suppose you must have had ‘warm’ feelings for a woman, or have you ever experienced cold sweat for fear of something?”

“Yes, of course.”

“So a higher temperature-radiation has to do with *feelings*! Like love or fear, they are not measurable, but nevertheless real enough. We’re talking about the non-material fourth dimension.”

“No, time is the fourth dimension!”

“I don’t care. I could also call it the fifth dimension if that makes you happier. The point is that it is a dimension that we as humans, cannot yet perceive.”

“Well alright, and what does the fourth dimension look like according to you?”

“It is the world of so called invisible energies”, the ranger answered. “I use the words, *so called*, because it is actually possible to develop certain currently dormant organs, to see this world. One who attains these faculties, enters the dimension which the alchemists called *the aetheric realm*. Do you know Goethe?”

“And you’ve obtained sight in this world yourself?”, the director asked, ignoring his question.

“Only when I’m in nature and completely relaxed. For me the problem isn’t perceiving, but to put my observations into rationally understandable language.”

“Give it a try anyway”, director Knotec urged him on. “Please try to describe your *aetheric world* to me.”

“I would call it an omnipresent ocean of pure spirit”, the ranger tried. “Influenced by the will, this *spirit* materializes, by lowering its vibration. As it vibrates at a slower rate, it starts to become visible to our three dimensional eyes. Vice versa, matter can also be spiritualized, for lack of a better word, by raising its vibration. That is the real meaning of what the alchemists call *ennoblement* or *quality-enhancement*.”

“And how is this done?”

“High priests of ancient cultures and members of certain societies achieved this magical feat with their trained and fortified will. Save for a few rare individuals, humanity isn’t there yet. Until then, it can be done on a large scale, by mechanically altering the vibration

of matter. This involves extremely rapid alternations of direction, which invoke a *polarity reversal*, loosely comparable to an alternating current. Mother Nature, our teacher, does so with the help of the inwardly winding spiral motion. In this, she subjects matter to a rapid alternation between the opposite poles of pressure and suction. This oscillation or vibration increases constantly as the molecules close in on the eye of the vortex. These are the mechanics of what I call *constructive atomic energy*. The alchemists were fully aware of this *gate to other dimensions* and called it *the chalice of the Holy Grail*.”

“So your technology actually unveils the Grail mystery!?”

“Too much honor for a simple soul like me, my friend. Nature herself revealed to me the magic of the vortex motion—The stirring motion that awakens aether from its lethargic state. The solution to the mystery, lies in the knowledge of how to accelerate the material elements earth, water and air in such a way, that their inherent gasses revert, or *implode* back into their non-material, aetheric state. Out of this pure, undifferentiated state, *new*, ennobled elements can be materialized. Water can be rendered compact to such a degree that it is able to carry ores, almost twice its specific weight. I’ve done successful tests with *inspiring* pipelines, designed for the transportation of iron ore. The invention arrived just a little too late to save the Austrian mining industry however.”

“Did you patent it?”

“Absolutely! It has cost me considerable effort to convince the patent offices of various countries, but in the end they all had to give in.” A satisfied smile brightened his face.

“Do you have any other patents”, Knotec asked inquisitively.

“Forty-two to be precise”, the forest ranger said. “My latest project, the warm-cold generator, incorporates many of them into one device! It has a vibrational increase and decrease, that produces a rise or fall in temperature, and in addition it also cures the air, by way of a life-enhancing, magnetic ionization, ennobling everything in its environment. Plants will grow so fast and plentiful, that capitalism will vanish of its own, superseded by an economy based on abundance—The rock on which humanity ought to build its culture!”

“Heil Hitler!”, the director cried. “This is what we need for the Third Reich!” Rather shocked by this nationalistic twist, the ranger said, “Don’t be such a fool to expect any healing from your Hitler. Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely! Besides that, he’s just the next useful puppet, controlled by the hidden claws of the elite. Politics is nothing more but a mind-numbing, ancient replay of an act in which the wealthy try to control the sheepish masses, on an ever so often restyled stage, with fresh actors. The real problem however, is a bit more deep-seated. A true revolution can only be born out of a new approach to reality. That’s the kind of revolution I stand for!”

“Then you are definitely the man we’re looking for”, director Knotec said mysteriously, leaving the ranger bewildered. “Please tell me, can your implosion technology be compared to the one of your fellow countryman Karl Schappeller?”

“I don’t know him personally”, the ranger answered, subtly sensing that he’d better

remain on guard. “All I know, is that after thirty years of studying nature, he claims to have built a device that copies the earth. In that respect we could very well be on the same track.” Silence. Knotec lit up another cigarette, and asked, “So how exactly, does your warm-cold generator copy the earth?” The ranger thought about it briefly, shifted position, and tried to offer a natural analogy rather than a direct explanation.

“As an engineer you probably know that during the winter, the temperature below the earth’s surface is higher then that of the air above it. Contrary to popular belief, this isn’t the result of the heat of summer being stored in the earth’s crust. This happens because the sun is closer to the horizon, enabling long-wave radiation to penetrate the earth under a weak angle, unhindered by leaves or other protective vegetation. Inside the soil, this radiation transforms itself into higher grade earth-oxygen, and is inspired by the earth’s motion, along with fermented sweet-matter minerals. The subsequent reaction produces a rising *life-magnetism*, which frees itself from excess weight by emitting a higher kind of heat. In this way, the earth is heated from the inside out.” Knotec looked bewildered. “Could you please explain it in other words?”

“Alright, I’ll try. In the summer the sun rises high up in the sky, right? The straight angle and the intensity of the radiation, cause the rising *life-magnetism* to solidify into soil-protecting plant growth. This foliage ensures the coldness and shade that are indispensable for life’s magnetic processes. In the desert, where this protection is absent, the rising *life-magnetism* is already ‘burned’ before it had a chance to even rise out of the soil. Therefore nothing will grow there.”

“So if I understand you correctly, there is a ‘healthy’ and an ‘unhealthy’ kind of heat?”

“Yes”, answered the ranger. “Healthy heat is a concentrated, infrared-like radiation that heats from the inside out. It heats a room from the floor to the ceiling, with a refreshing heat that stimulates a beneficial bacterial life. The exhausting heat of combustion consists of degrading electromagnetic radiation, that causes air particles to expand, making them lighter, which causes them to rise up to the ceiling. This *technical heat*, as I call it, not only stimulates the malignant bacteria, but leaves a person with cold feet and a warm head. That’s why it is so hard for modern man to keep his head cool!” Knotec smiled.

“There’s a grain of truth in the idea that fire is purifying”, the ranger stayed on topic. “The fire separates pure spirit from physical waste matter which it carried around in the form of a body, causing it to rise like a Phoenix from the ashes.”

“Well”, said Knotec, “and what is this whole Phoenix-business going to cost?”

“The production of *life-magnetism* is nine times more efficient than the production of *technical heat*”, the ranger answered with authority in his voice.

“I will make sure that you’ll get the necessary materials as soon as possible!” With these words the director rose and shook the rangers hand, signaling the end of the interview. The ranger thanked him, turned around and went back to the workshop in sector four.

There, he quickly gathered his engineers who were working on various components in different corners of the workshop. “Good news!” he told them. “Director Knotec has given

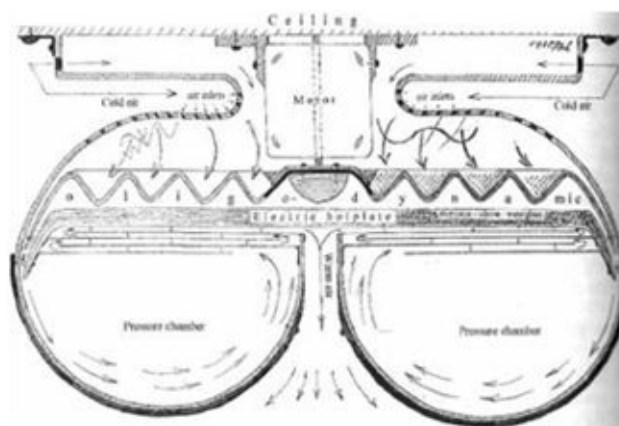


us the green light for the development of the warm-cold generator. I'll try to explain the idea, but try not to get frustrated if you fail to understand it initially. For now, just take it from me that the vortex motion is a natural *matter transformer*. Mother Nature isn't shy about revealing this to anyone who takes the time to observe it!"

After this promising introduction, he continued with the practicalities. "What I have in mind for this *warm-cold generator* is a device that regulates the climate of a room *naturally*. It is no bigger than a hat and hangs from the ceiling. Similar to the suction screw, its central part consists of a wavy, copper double membrane, producing coolness through implosion. The heating effect is achieved by leading a weak electric current, generated by the spinning membrane, into a suitable resistance. A resistance consisting of what I'll simply call *Spyrock Cement*. This substance produces infrared radiation when brought under electrical stress."

The engineers had no idea what he meant by *Spyrock Cement*, but they understood that he had to protect his inventions. Despite this rather stifling paranoia, they started to work on the various components. For the double membrane, the ranger ordered extremely expensive rolled sheets of copper, silver, messing, gold and platinum from Knotec. He thoroughly enjoyed not being restricted by lack of money, as used to be the case in the past.

"Take a look", the ranger pointed at a drawing and said, "I need a small reservoir inside the rotor, with silicon-aluminum powder. It should be designed in such a way, that during rotation, minute amounts are released and dispersed finely into the inspiring air. The powders' molecules rub against each other in the swirling air, releasing magnetic ions. Vibrating along with this radiation, the molecules in solid matter begin to resonate, emitting a radiant heat. So the key is generating resonance-waves in matter." The engineers only had a vague idea. It was often hard for them to interpret the forest ranger's words. Sometimes it was impossible to know what he meant exactly, since he seemed to clarify scientific terms his own way, sometimes even using different terms for the same thing.



*The Warm-cold Generator, or Klimator*

Four weeks later however, the test model was ready, it was the beginning of 1937. No experiments had been done as yet, because the ranger couldn't get some of the required

minerals for his *Spyrock Cement*. The companies that supply raw materials were constantly out of stock. He decided to seek help from his nephew Alois in Bad Hall once again. Alois was a well-connected pharmacist.

He wrote:

‘My dear nephew, I am currently building a *warm-cold generator* at the Siemens workshop in Nuremberg. The first model is about as big as a hat. It is designed to heat or cool an entire house through radiation. The process is ignited through a small electro motor with very little horsepower. At a rotational velocity of 4,000 to 9,000 rounds per minute, the air-molecules start imploding, producing high grade, beneficial types of radiation. It is best described as a cold combustion process, dominated by base. Lately, I’ve experimented with adding quicklime and small amounts of zinc and sodium.

I have already succeeded in intensifying the cooling, through a process in which aluminum and silicate are bound into water glass. This reaction absorbs heat. However, the ratio of 1:1, which I stuck to, is not satisfactory. It should probably be 2:3, to make sure the alkaline substances dominate. Sadly, these minerals are very hard to come by these days. I was thinking that you, as a senior pharmacist, might possibly know some back doors?’

Alois remembered the forest ranger’s lab with the spring water-device. He was quite impressed to hear that his uncle was working with Siemens. Always glad to help him, he called around and actually managed to find what his uncle was looking for.

Three weeks later, the ranger travelled to Bad Hall to pick up the requested minerals.

When he returned to the Siemens workshop, he immediately produced a new batch of his elusive *Spyrock Cement*. When done mixing, he put some inside the double membrane and started the experiment. Filled with anticipation he turned the switch of the electro motor. In no time, a subtle, refreshing coolness was felt. Smiling broadly, he flipped another switch, and suddenly everyone in the room started feeling hot, even though the air remained pleasantly cool.

The rumor that the ranger conducted a successful test with a new type of machine, spread like wild fire throughout the factory. Always careful to protect his inventions, he went straight to the patent office, cautioning his engineers not to touch the machine in his absence. “It can be very dangerous”, he warned.

When the engineers went to the canteen for their lunch break, they met with a lot of curiosity from their colleagues. Insofar as they could understand them, they bragged about all the details of the experiment. One of the construction engineers jealously said, “You guys are pulling my leg! A machine like that could never work. You can’t cool a workshop with a few watts of electricity. It’s rubbish! That forest ranger has hypnotized you guys!”

“I swear it’s true!” Moor, the chief narrator of the tale, defended himself. Giving in to the pressure, he eventually led a small group of engineers to the workshop where the strange, but beautiful machine was placed. Dismissing the ranger’s explicit warning as

overly protective, Moor boldly started the electro motor. It suddenly grew incredibly hot in the workshop. Frightened, the engineer flipped back the switch, but it grew hotter still. Frantically, engineer Moor kept flipping switches, but the process was clearly out of control. Glowing red hot, the copper double membrane melted, dripping mercilessly onto the dirty concrete floor. “*Scheisse*”, Moor swore nervously. “And we promised not to touch the damn thing!”

When he found his revolutionary machine in a multicolored puddle on the floor upon returning, the ranger turned whooping mad. Swearing under his breath, he stormed angrily into Knotec’s office.

“Molten! Totally molten!”, he exclaimed. “And I told them not to touch the piece in my absence! I’m sorry for the project, but I can’t work like this!” With these words, he turned around abruptly and left the factory, vowing never to return.

When Julius Streicher heard about the demise of the warm-cold generator because of an unauthorized test, he flew off the handle. He unleashed his bitter wrath on director Knotec, lecturing him like a naughty schoolboy. Engineer Moor even feared for his life.

The word spread quickly that some kind of an atomic reaction had occurred at Siemens, as Moor’s calculations showed a required temperature of about 4.000° Celsius to melt the alloys. Instantly, business offers began pouring in from countries like Britain, Romania and Italy, all inquiring after the construction of new drinking water systems. Or were they really after his atomic secrets? Still livid, the ranger declined all offers.

## War preparations

**WITH ENVY, THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE WITNESSED HITLER IMPROVING THE** life of his Aryan subjects. He was the first leader to grant all workers the right to holidays and a Volkswagen car, as well as highways to drive on. They might take a trip to the Baltic- and North Sea coasts of Germany, to relax in state-owned workers’ holiday homes. The tea drinking, vegetarian leader was also the first to seriously look into occupational health issues, to attack the use of alcohol and tobacco, to pass laws to protect the environment and to wage war against cancer. Scores of young adults all over Europe looked up to the German Führer with unconcealed admiration. The few who questioned the ulterior motives behind Nazis’ policies, were seen as alarmists or worse, conspiracy theorists. No one in Germany had the time or energy to think critically. The entire situation around The Führers dictatorship and his coming into power kept people fully occupied. It provided an excuse to not think so much, especially for those who didn’t want to think anyway.

As for those who were not manipulated by the media and experienced a dark foreboding, things became more and more clear. If they were going to undertake anything

at all, they had to have a reason, which would obviously brand them as troublemakers. Added to that was the uncertainty of not knowing if there were others of similar minds. So they waited and waited. But the one great event, when tens of thousands would wake up, unite and fight against this evil, never came.

To stand up against the massive media propaganda wasn't easy. It was clear from the get go that the Nazi's were given card blanche by the international elite and their string-puppet politicians. Especially when Hitler had the nerve to kick the French out of the Rhine's west bank in 1936. England, France and Italy had committed themselves to the treaty of Versailles, which meant they would interfere if a German soldier ever set foot on the west bank again. Nothing was done when Hitler re-occupied it. Quite the contrary. That very night, German diplomats in London, openly drank champagne with Britain's Prime-Minister Chamberlain. "We don't mind Germany annexing all German speaking territories in Europe", the Prime Minister was overheard saying, "every race has a right to freedom, prosperity and self determination!"

Meanwhile, the German war-machine was going full speed ahead. Hjalmar Schacht transferred one hundred trillion Reichsmarks, in British and American loans, directly to the new German military factories, providing jobs for nine million people. His colleague Adolph Eichmann travelled to Madagascar and Palestine, researching the possibility of deporting the Jews from Germany. This way the precious, genuine German blood would be protected from further degeneration by alien, deteriorated genes. However, when he asked his British friends to borrow their fleet for this purpose, it was politely declined, as was Stalin's proposal to attack Hitler together with France, Britain, Czech and Poland.



*Chamberlain meets Hitler*

When Hitler annexed Austria, 99,7% of the population voted for joining Germany. Occupying a major part of Czechoslovakia, Polish-Sudetenland and the formerly German port of Danzig was a breeze. All of this, in spite of the explicit British warning that an invasion of Poland would mean war.

As Hitler had anticipated, Chamberlain didn't lift a finger. To the contrary, the oil and weapon supplies to Germany, coming from British Petroleum, Standard Oil, British Steel, Dunlop Rubber, Dupont, General Motors and Ford, reached a new high. Hundreds of war-sensitive patents were resold to mega corporations like BMW, Siemens and IG Farben. Rather than building airplane engines for Britain, the Ford Motor-company built five-ton military trucks for Hitler. Arms manufacturer Vickers Armstrong struck a monstrous deal

with the Nazi's for the delivery of large numbers of tanks, for the 'mother of all battles' against the 'evil Russians'.

With a credit of one billion Reichsmarks from the Deutsche Bank—by and large a subsidiary of the City of London and Wall Street banks—IG Farben built the largest industrial complex in the world, in the Polish town of Auschwitz. 'IG Auschwitz', was to produce the synthetic rubber, gasoline and other vital chemicals for the Nazi-, or should we say IG Farben's conquest of Russia and Asia. The complex spanned a giant 24 square kilometers or six thousand acres, as the American Military Intelligence Service had calculated.

## The Water Jet Experiments

**"I WANT THEM TO WORK SEPARATELY"**, SAID **HEINRICH HIMMLER DECISIVELY**, in a meeting with Julius Streicher and Rudolph Hess, deputy and confidant of Hitler.

"But why not honor mister Spyrock's request and set up a grand-scale research facility?", Julius Streicher demanded, looking indignant. "Wouldn't that be the quickest way to get results?"

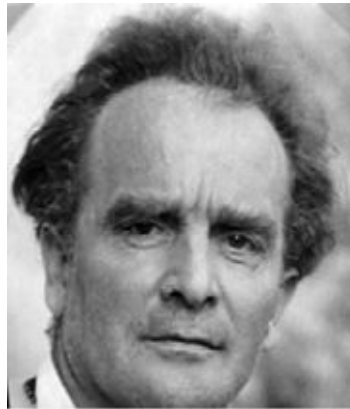
"Look Streicher, both Spyrock and Schappeller aren't National-Socialists", said Rudolph Hess. "Both of them categorically refuse to release their inventions for military purposes. As soon as they find out that their designs are secretly used for *Vril-weapons programs*, they'll refuse to cooperate. It is key to put them to work separately, in low profile facilities. This will also limit the chances of espionage. Hitler has reserved ten million marks for hydrogen research. Gentlemen, I want these projects to finally pick up some speed. We can't be lingering in the aisles forever!"

A few days after this conversation, the ranger's doorbell rang, and he was met by a rather attractive, middle aged, Swiss lady. "I've come to deliver a message from Julius Streicher", she said. "He offers you a laboratory in Nuremberg and plenty of research funding, so you can continue your research into generating electricity from water. Since you are considered an expert in that field, he would be delighted if you'd take part in the project." The ranger noticed that she seemed unnecessarily nervous. Intrigued, he invited her in and served her tea, hoping to discover any ulterior motive for her visit and the real reason Streicher had sent her.

She finally succumbed to his persistent questioning, and told him how she was sent by engineer Pushel from Munich, a friend of Julius Streicher. He had offered her a million shillings if she would seduce the ranger into telling her his secret.

Since he had not been able to do any research for months on end, due to financial problems, he decided to accept the invitation nonetheless. At least he was in on their game, and it would be easy to play along while guarding his secrets. This shouldn't be hard, he figured, since most engineers were educated to think *logically*, none of them would be able to understand the living force which is hidden in water. However, this time he would stick to scientific rules, so his results couldn't be questioned. Since he wasn't a scientist himself, he asked his son to lead the experiments; Walter had just completed his physics study in Breslau.

Although Walter didn't fully comprehend his father's insights and perceptions, he gladly accepted his proposal, as he hoped it would help his career in the scientific community.



Walter Schaubberger

"I've arranged a laboratory for you at the Nuremberg Hospital", Julius Streicher told them after they arrived. "Doctor Kotschau is at your service, overseeing all practical issues. He is in charge of purchasing all the necessary equipment and materials you require. It's your mission to scientifically prove what you described in your genius booklet *Our Senseless Toil*, about the possibility of extracting electricity from water. You should know that this research is being funded directly from the Party's treasury, so you can appreciate the importance."

In the days that followed, the Spyrocks were introduced to doctor Kotschau and their new laboratory. Meetings were held, materials ordered and preparations made. As planned, Walter took the lead while his father instructed him. Because they wanted to go by the book and follow all the established, scientific rules, Walter wrote a plan of action that was to be followed to the letter.

Once the over-sized Kelvin Generator was set up, they were ready to start their experiments. Walter opened the taps to the nozzles. Nothing significant happened. For days on end, various nozzles were tried. The pressure was adjusted endlessly. Different minerals were added to the water. It was all in vain.

The ranger felt frustrated after three days of disappointing results. "Your education was clearly a waste of money!" he scolded Walter. "After all those hours of studying, you still don't know anything about the essence of matter: *its inherent quality!*"

"I'm simply following the rules of science", said Walter to his defense. "And apparently,

your assertions don't stand up to the face of scientific scrutiny! We might as well give up!"

But the ranger wasn't ready to do that so easily. "We've exhausted all your *scientific ways*", he said. "Now let's try it my *intuitive way*."

Walter and Kotschau agreed, being painfully aware they had nothing to lose. "Okay", the ranger said. "First of all we need *living water*. Then we probably need subtler water jets. Maybe you can get us some extra fine, silver-coated injection needles?" he asked Kotschau.

The desired needles were especially produced and special water from a therapeutic spring was delivered. When everything was in place, the ranger opened the taps, reduced the pressure to a minimum and turned off the light.

Suddenly Walter cried out, "Look! The bulb is starting to flicker!" The ranger adjusted the pressure slightly, and "*ddzzzzzzt!*", the bulb burnt out. Walter quickly disconnected the electrical wires and joined the ends together. "*Tzzzzzzzpat!*", a fat spark jumped out. As he fiddled around with it some more, he noticed that this only happened at a certain distance. "Let's see how many static Volts we can generate. Normally, a spark like this would require several hundred Volts!" His excitement suddenly outshone his father's, who had already witnessed this miracle several times. Walters asked doctor Kotschau to get a couple of *Leyden Jars*, which would act as capacitors.

Once they were installed properly, the taps were opened and a few instances later the electrometer began jumping wildly. Pleasantly surprised, Walter measured peaks of 2,000 Volts. The ranger grinned. As some more adjustments were made, Walter even measured far higher charges. Kotschau immediately called Streicher on the telephone. He was very excited as he cried out: "Julius! Come quickly! We're finally starting to have results!"

When Julius Streicher witnessed the enormous sparks, he became equally excited and started calling several respected scientists, so they verify the phenomena.

The ranger meanwhile added some *Spyrock Cement* to the water and fine-tuned the jets to droplets. At this point, a wide-eyed Walter measured charges that went through the roof. "Wait until you see what happens when we direct this current into a vacuum neon tube", the ranger said. Kotschau went to fetch a fluorescent tube and Walter hooked it up. As the taps were opened, the tube began to light up at the walls, with a powerfully pulsating dark-red glow. Everyone in the room was fascinated.

Julius Streicher showed up the next day at the laboratory with an entourage of scientists and party VIP's. "Check this out", he said, urging the ranger to demonstrate his trick to the rector of the Technical Academy of Rostock and the specialists of the Ohm Institute.

"We think we're on to something big", Streicher explained as the ranger showed them the pulsating red light in the tube. "What do you think?" he asked the rector from Rostock.

"It's probably some insignificant fluorescence effect", said the professor with a sneer.

“Really? Since when is it possible to guide chemical reactions through an electric wire?”, the ranger retaliated. Before the man had time to answer, he disconnected the wires again, joined the ends together and presented the enormous sparks. “And how do you explain this?”

The rector from Rostock immediately began to search for hidden electrical wires that would lead him to the enormous generator, which was required to produce such sparks. When he couldn’t find anything, he finally said: “Okay, I give up. You’ve hidden those cables extremely well!”

“No hidden wires anywhere”, the ranger assured him.

“So where does it get its power from?”

“The power is generated by the falling water! Frankly speaking, water is a major energy source. If we were to realize that, the sky would literally be the limit.” The rector from Rostock was not quite satisfied with this answer. “That’s hardly a logical explanation”, he snapped.

“I first conducted these experiments together with doctor Winter in Austria”, the ranger continued. “We were able to determine that water generates electricity, even at a short falling distance, through its friction with the air. When falling over long distances, like rain, it starts spiraling. Since this motion knows no resistance, the water starts emitting a certain kind of magnetism. Directing the falling water through a vacuum tube can mimic this process. In that case a clear, blue-green glowing, pulsating light appears. This *cold light* is generated by the *magnetolytic dissociation* of water”, the ranger explained cryptically. He clearly wasn’t going to give away any clues.

“*Magnetolytic?*”, the professor mocked him. “Now that’s something I’ve definitely never heard of!”

“Magnetolysis is the twin sister of electrolysis”, the ranger explained, realizing fully that he would never convince the professor. “When water moves in a spiraling motion, it is demolished, immediately restructured, and becomes magnetically ennobled. In addition, an up-flowing current of magnetically charged hydrogen ions occurs, that I’ve termed *life-magnetism*, so as to differentiate it from the common lower grade *electro-magnetism*. This life-magnetism can also be guided through wires!”

“Apparently, you’re talking along the lines of Schappeller’s *flowing magnetism*”, Julius Streicher said.

“I have nothing to do with Schappeler”, the ranger replied, remaining on guard. “But just as in his case, nature herself showed me the principles of my technology.”

“That’s what they all say”, mumbled the professor, “but really, where on earth did you learn these strange concepts?”

Not easily intimidated anymore, the ranger answered, “Nowadays, we are inclined to think that light is inseparably tied to heat. Nothing is further from the truth, however. Natural light is always cold!” Noticing that the professor was unable to hide his mocking



grin, he continued. “Some species of deep-sea fish produce this cold light under water, through a natural fusion process. They *inspire* the water inside their bodies, freeing the bonding-energy that holds the water molecules together. By leading these charged hydrogen ions into a vacuum chamber, they produce cold light.”

The professor frowned as the ranger said, “I’ve merely mimicked that process. As a result of the under-pressure inside the vacuum, the ions begin to move so rapidly that they fall apart and revert to their aetheric states.” The professor had no idea what this madman was talking about, but he kept listening politely, because he didn’t want to offend his friend Julius Streicher. “While the ions accelerate”, the ranger continued, “they secrete high grade ballast material, which fuses with the extremely diluted oxygen inside the vacuum glass bulb. If the glass bulb is connected to the earth with a ground-electrode, the reaction results in cold light.

During the days of the old Germanic tribes”, he shrewdly said to the Nazi’s, “a cold light would appear when pebbles rubbed against each other in the cooling, spiraling water, they called it *Rhein Gold*. It is in fact artificial sunlight.” At this point the professor stopped listening.

Julius Streicher called out, “That’s fantastic! We should definitely pursue research on a larger scale. This technology will be the future of the Third Reich! I need to inform Heinrich Himmler!”

As soon as the company of big shots had left, father and son went to lunch. When they were seated in a restaurant, they started to chat about the new developments. At some point Walter said, “Dad, I must confess that I’ve resisted your unconventional views for a long time. Yesterday however, I clearly saw how your intuition is far more accurate than my scientific knowledge. I finally understand what you’ve been trying to tell me about *quality*—A word that never meant anything to me before, apart from its mundane meaning.”

Walter had no idea how pleased his father was by this huge compliment. Harsh words had often been exchanged between them. Not out of disrespect, but rather out of a love that had turned into bitter frustration, as often happens when two people who are close can’t understand each other.

When they were done with their meal, the ranger said, “You’ll have to excuse me now Walter, I am going to take a nap. I need to do some research into the *holy water* of the Egyptians.”

“Oh, did Streicher give you a book about that?”

The ranger’s eyebrows lifted with a smile, as he mysteriously said, “The book I’m reading is quite different. It is a book that allows me to browse into the past and the future.”

“Wow, that sounds interesting”, said Walter.

“Don’t worry about it son. You’ve probably lost that ability during your scientific education.”

As their time in Nuremberg passed, the ranger felt a growing suspicion that they were under surveillance. More and more people with vague intentions showed up in the laboratory at all times.

One day a woman entered who introduced herself as the wife of Himmler’s brother. She told him her brother-in-law had sent her, since he was very interested in his work, but he didn’t want to jeopardize his political career by admitting to it. “Schappeller’s case”, she explained, “scared him off. He sent over me to arrange a secret meeting.”

His suspicion aroused, the ranger declined.

It became clear that the Nazi regime was deliberately heading for a grand war with Communist Russia. He resolved not to contribute to this war with his inventions. When Julius Streicher suggested ideas for further research projects, he declined and quietly returned to Vienna. He intended to continue his research in private, without any publicity.

However, hoping that the Nazi’s would leave him alone was futile. Sometimes he questioned his own sanity, but men dressed in black coats were clearly following him, as soon as he left the house. “Those Nazi’s mean business”, he thought to himself and shivered.

That same year, Austria was annexed by Germany. Inspired by her friend’s enthusiasm, Maria became a member of the National-Socialist Workers Party. The ranger tried to make her change her mind, using all his powers of persuasion. As she finally succumbed and promised to leave the party, her so-called friends reported her to a party staff member for *party-dissident utterances*. She even had to defend herself in court, where she was severely reproached. “The only reason for not prosecuting is because your son Walter was recently in a motorcycle accident in Berlin. Unfortunately, one of his legs had to be amputated. He will need your care.”

Maria went home in shock. “Great! Now both men in the family are handicapped”, she thought in horror. The ranger took it more lightly and said: “At least he won’t die on the battlefield in the coming war.”

## Escape from the asylum

**IN 1939, THE RANGER FINALLY OBTAINED A PATENT FOR HIS SUCTION SCREW** for airplanes. It didn’t take long for the representatives of large airplane manufacturers to

find their way to his doorstep. Not just from Germany and England, but from all over the continent. With the impending war against Russia just around the corner, the ranger had no faith in their so-called *humanitarian* ideals and empathically declined all offers.

One day there a letter arrived in the mail, summoning him for a medical examination, in order to re-evaluate his continued right to a war pension. Except for the location, this wasn't new to him, so he took his hat and cane and stepped on the train to the assigned hospital.

When he arrived, he was ushered into a room and asked to undress himself in anticipation of the examining physician. Stark naked, he was led into a neighboring examination room, and told to wait. "*Clack*", the door slammed shut behind him. Suddenly the ranger noticed there were no door handles on the inside of the door. "Damn! Is this a hospital or a prison?" Since nothing could be done about the situation, he decided to wait as calmly as his mental state allowed.

After he sat there naked for what seemed an hour, he grew angry and started yelling and banging on the door. Total silence. He sat down again, head in hands, waiting for what was to come, but he sensed it wouldn't be pleasant. "Someone will come eventually", he tried to comfort himself.

After several hours the door finally opened. A physician in a white coat entered the room. Numb with cold, the ranger unleashed his anger, "Why the hell did you let me wait here naked, for three hours?! Do you think I'm some kind of animal?"

"Just lay down on the table please, sir", the white-coated dictator said routinely, ignoring the question. "No way in hell!" the ranger growled. "I demand an explanation!"

"Don't be difficult, sir! The examination is for your own good. If you refuse to cooperate, I'll put you in solitary confinement." Completely overwhelmed, the ranger finally did as he was told, as there seemed no way out. The man in the white coat took his wooden hammer and started to tap the ranger's frozen knees. "Close your eyes and touch your left earlobe with your right hand", he ordered.

Numbed with cold, the ranger couldn't properly perform the simple tasks he was asked to do. Diligently, the man in the white coat started writing a report about the many failures. When he was done he said, "Tomorrow you'll be examined by other physicians." Right then the ranger heard screams coming from the corridor, accompanied by a loud banging noise and the sound of running feet.

"Leave me alone! I'm completely normal!", he heard through the closed door. The screaming faded. Footsteps receded. Suddenly the ranger realized he was held captive at the psychiatric ward of a hospital. He jumped up and went for the door that had been left ajar. The man in the white coat called for assistance. Immediately two male nurses in white coats came running. They each grabbed the ranger by an arm and dragged him down the hallway and up the stairs. They took him to a large room filled with bunk beds. About seventy fellow 'lunatics' were lying on their cots. The struggling forest ranger was thrown onto an empty bed and thoroughly tied up.

“Where the hell am I?” he moaned in despair.

“With the other loonies”, one of the nurses replied sarcastically.

A few hours later they returned, untied him and took him to a special cell. “*Clack!*” again the barred door slammed shut behind him. The ranger felt so completely bewildered and confused, that it took him a while to be able to speak. He just sat on his bunk bed, smoking one cigarette after the other. He hadn’t even noticed his cellmate, who started talking to him. “So what did you do to deserve this?”

“They never told me, the *Schweinehunde!*”, he fumed. His cellmate told him his own story, “I’m just a spot welder in an arms factory”, he explained. “One day, the management accused me of sabotage, because of poor welds. The quality of the welds was really the result of the bad electrodes I had to work with. When I told them so, they immediately brought me here!”

“So not all men in here are lunatics?”

“Some of them, but most are political dissidents. Fools who thought they could keep Austria out of the filthy claws of the Nazi’s! The psychiatrists of the Third Reich have diagnosed opposition to the government as a mental illness. They call it ‘political and reformatory insanity’!”

“That’s insane!”

“Yes, as is the whole idea of psychiatry. Coming from the Darwin doctrine, it assumes that some people are more evolved than others, and thus more competent to judge others. Mental health was seen as the result of genetic health. To protect the race from pollution, they decided to eliminate the ‘mentally defected’. In fact, they are breeding a race that is completely in line with the states’ policies.”

“Do you think they will eliminate me as well?”

“See that black cattle truck over there?” he pointed to the window with a clear view of the courtyard. “That’s the *taxi to the hereafter.*”

“What do you mean?”

“My friend”, the spot welder said solemnly, “*this* is death’s waiting room. From here you will make one more trip to Munich, where the strychnine needle waits, ready and loaded—The drug that cures all the Third Reich’s diseases.” That night, the ranger completely lost his appetite, although he managed to sleep a little out of pure exhaustion.

Every morning the names of those who were being transported to Munich, were read out loud. A true death list. Those who weren’t raving mad, resisted ferociously, only to be skillfully broken by the nurses.

After two days of witnessing these horrors, the ranger realized that the Munich transport only happened after an examination by a jury of physicians, who unanimously declared the patient insane. At least there was some hope, however small.

During a period of ten days he was daily examined by white-coated ‘specialists’, until

he finally appeared before a grand jury of physicians.

“Always stay cool”, the spot welder advised him. “If not, you’ll be signing your own death warrant. Except for that jury, no one can get you out of here, they’re the ones who hold the power of life and death.”

“That sounds fair”, said the ranger.

The next morning, the ranger appeared before his judges. He noticed six physicians with sadistic and cold expressions. One of the two female physicians who apparently was in charge, mockingly asked him, “You claim that you are able to neutralize gravity. Is that correct?”

“What I do in my spare time is none of your business”, the ranger replied, who wouldn’t let himself be humiliated, even when his life depended on it. “Besides, I’ve always paid for everything myself!”

“That doesn’t mean you’re not a danger to society”, the physician snapped.

“If the Medical Trade Union hadn’t intervened, you could have poisoned thousands of people with your *spring water device*!”

“So that’s where they’re heading”, the ranger thought. He calmly responded, “The spring water I produced was anything but poisonous! I’ve cured many people of severe illnesses. I can even provide you with the phone numbers of physicians that have referred their incurables to me. If you care to do your work properly at all, you should at least call them to verify your allegations.”

The head-physician started to lose her patience, but was determined to be thorough and check all his claims, so she snapped again, “Give him a phone!” As soon as he was handed a telephone the ranger dialed his own number. He realized this was his only chance. As Maria picked up he yelled into the horn, “Help! I’m locked up in the loony wa-...” Before he could finish his sentence the receiver was grabbed from his hands.

Now the entire jury was against him. None of them had any trouble finding some fault with the ranger.

Shaken to the core, Maria immediately called their influential friend Maeda Primavesa, the famous actress. She quickly told her about her husband missing for over a week, and the dreadful call she just received. “As far as I know, he only went in to have his leg examined!”, she said.

“Which hospital?” Primavesa asked. Maria quickly went through the stack of letters on the desk, and found the one from the hospital.

“Alright! No problem”, Primavesa said. “As it so happens, I know the director of that hospital. I’ll call him immediately!”

“What have you done to mister Spyrock?!” she demanded from the director. “There’s nothing wrong with him! You need to let him go immediately!”

“We’re examining him by order of the Viennese Union of Engineers”, the director replied. “The final examination has just been completed, and he has unanimously been declared insane by a board of six independent physicians and psychiatrists.”

“That’s ridiculous!” the actress screamed into the horn. “I demand he be examined by the best psychiatrist in the Third Reich! I will pay for it myself!” After some nasty arguments, she succeeded in convincing the director of the malevolence of the Viennese Union of Engineers, and even managed to arrange for the ranger to be temporarily released in anticipation of an examination by a renowned psychiatrist, to be flown in from Berlin. Twelve days after he unwittingly entered the hospital, the severely traumatized ranger walked out.

The following day he received a phone call. He was expected at the hospital the very next day for an examination by the psychiatrist from Berlin.

Out of precaution, two witnesses accompanied the ranger, and he stubbornly refused to be examined inside a locked room. It didn’t take the friendly psychiatrist from Berlin very long to establish that the man in front of him was mentally sane. With the signed document in his possession, the ranger left the hospital. This time he felt a lot better.

Within weeks he received an additional medical report, declaring him medically unfit, on account of his flat feet. The letter stated this was a natural handicap, and thus his war pension was withdrawn.

“Those bastards!” the ranger ground his teeth. Right then someone knocked loudly on his door. Before the ranger had the chance to reach the door on his flat feet, it was kicked open, and a bunch of long black-leather-jacketed Gestapo officers marched in. “Your devices and patents are confiscated and you’re prohibited to leave the house at any time”, the headman dauntlessly told him. “You won’t even look out your window, understood!?” Then he pointed to one of his men and said grimly, “Clear a room for this man. From now on you will be under permanent guard!” With these words, the headman turned his heels and marched out, followed by the rest of the men, minus the guard.

For the following ten days, the declared-sane, flat-footed ranger was a prisoner in his own house. Another loud banging on the door, and another Gestapo headman walked in. This time he said, “You’re lucky, the guard’s been revoked, but you’re strictly forbidden to leave the house after dark. Neither are you to step into an unknown car under any circumstance. Do you understand?!”

When the men left, the ranger walked over to the window and pulled back one of the curtains. Across the street he saw a black car with a smoking, Gestapo-Aryan in the driver seat. “Great!” the ranger mumbled,

The next morning he left for the office of Weapons Inspection, to object to the confiscation of most of his patents and devices. He noticed that he was being followed everywhere he went. At the office he was informed that his patents were declared secret due to the war against Russia. You’re strictly forbidden to personally work on your

inventions.” He left the room, feeling dismayed. “Great”, he mumbled. “The heat is on.” And indeed, it didn’t end here...

A few days later he was summoned to return to the office of Weapons Inspection. The officer in charge said, “The authorities, or more specifically, a special research commission of the army, has ordered you to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt, that you are capable of producing *strong light effects from falling water*.” The officer tilted his head slightly and looked the ranger sternly in the eye.

So now the army was on his case. The ranger shuddered. He had barely survived the hospital, but now it felt like his trials and tribulations were only just beginning.

“Step into the car!”, an officer ordered him. By now, he knew that protesting was futile. He was driven in silence to an abandoned factory. However, it wasn’t an ordinary factory. The windows were barred, and there were guards in the watch towers. With the words, “You better cooperate”, he was put to work by a Gestapo officer. It felt like a bad dream all over again. Realizing he had no choice, the ranger ordered the required materials. No time was wasted. Only hours later, a set-up Kelvin Generator complete with electroscope, light bulbs and Leyden Jars had appeared.

When the ranger opened the faucets, nothing happened, which didn’t surprise him at all. But after numerous adjustments, the electroscope still did not move an inch, and he grew a bit worried. “Not funny”, he thought to himself. He was all too aware that no results meant execution. Feverishly, he kept making adjustments all night, but it was all in vain. Just when he was about to give up and accept his fate, his intuition came to the rescue once again. A single ray of morning sun shone through the barred shutters and illuminated the falling water, clearly exposing a red color. “Iron!”, he instantly knew. “I have to find out why the water has such a high iron content. Backtracking, he quickly discovered that new steel water pipes had been installed in the factory only recently. “The pipes must be rusty on the inside”, he decided. “The solution would be to add sand to the water and flush the pipes all day long.” His intuition proved correct, the rusty pipes were the problem. When he opened the taps this time, the bulbs began to flicker unsteadily. He had again been demonstrated how oxidized iron prevents the buildup of natural magnetism. Gratefully, he kept flushing the pipes all night.

The commission of Secret Service agents, Gestapo and army officials, arrived exactly at noon the following day. Much to their surprise, the completely stressed-out ranger succeeded in presenting them with magnificent light effects. Right then and there his patents were declared *top secret*—Even more secret than they already were. Then they left.

“*Pheewwww*, another close call!”, the ranger thought, as he listened to the sound of the falling water droplets.

# The Second World War

## **THE ONLY ACTION BRITISH PRIME-MINISTER NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN**

undertook when Hitler annexed West-Poland was to declare war on Germany and place a few mines in the Baltic Sea, in order to obstruct Germany's supply of raw materials from its ally Sweden. Hitler knew he had been given the green light, and he occupied Norway with only a hand full of well-armed divisions. Buckling under public pressure, Chamberlain sent in a few British marine divisions. As anticipated, they stood powerless against the well-armed Germans. The outraged public demanded Chamberlain's resignation. It was obvious that he fed the monster rather than fought it. Unconcerned, the men of the round-table brought on Winston Churchill. Riding the wave of a huge media campaign, the former marine admiral, Secret Service veteran, and great fan of Mussolini, was 'democratically' elected president.

Churchill successfully followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, fighting Hitler only in name. Without any British response, Hitler proceeded to occupy Belgium, France and The Netherlands. Even the bombarding of London was no reason for Churchill to retaliate. After all, the new darling actor should have his moment of fame, just so he could fulfill his role properly. But when the brilliant German army general Erwin Rommel virtually occupied the entire Middle-East, threatening to cut Britain's oil supply, the bankers felt the Nazi's crossed a line. At last Churchill sent a serious fleet to the Mediterranean.

Meanwhile, the British Secret Service was working overtime to prevent an attack on Hitler 's life, contrived by the Pope, of all people. Hitler was crucial to their plans, and they weren't letting anything ruin their 'holy war' between Germany and Russia.

Churchill publicly stated: "You must understand that this war isn't against Hitler or National-Socialism, but against the strength of the German people. It needs to be smashed once and for all, regardless whether the hands of Hitler or a Jesuit priest accomplish this. Germany's attempt to withdraw her economic power from the world's trading system, to create her own exchange mechanism is an unforgivable crime, as it *denies* the world of finance her opportunity to profit."

In June 1941, the bombshell dropped. With Western Europe under control, Hitler directed all his troops towards the eastern front for the biggest military operation in human history: *Operation Barbarossa*. Approximately 20.000 Russians were exterminated per day, with technological precision. The Anglo-American oligarchs were delighted and couldn't wait for America to step up.

Churchill, who didn't want them to enter the war theatre too soon, stalled the Americans, who were indeed eager to join the war. So the Americans created their own conflict with Japan. They unscrupulously provoked military retaliation by bombing Japanese villages at random. The Pearl Harbor counter attack, proved a true pearl of



Secret Service mass-manipulation. Hardly anyone in America opposed the war. So far, all was unfolding according to plan.

In the mean time, the Gestapo forced the ranger to apply his knowledge to the war machine. Wehrmacht General Ernst Udet summoned him to Berlin in May 1941, to discuss the application of the suction screw as an engine for airplanes. Their talks led to a contract with airplane manufacturer Kaempfer and co, in Berlin. Although engineer Kaempfer made a real effort to understand the ranger's explanations, he really couldn't make any sense of it.

"Look, the vortex motion eliminates the resistance of air. Instead of pushing off against the air, the engine sucks itself ahead, by transforming air into pure energy and water. In order for this to happen, the air needs to move like this through the engine", he made a spiraling motion in the air. "When a certain speed is reached, resistance is eliminated completely and the turbine continues to suck in air by itself." Engineer Kaempfer couldn't wrap his mind around the bold assertion that *resistance to motion* can be eliminated. He always learned that resistance grows when speed is increased. Nevertheless they went ahead with the construction plans according to the ranger's instructions, and started preparing for the construction of a test model.

When Kaempfer refused to provide the Gestapo with copies of blue prints, he was immediately arrested. The ranger was also taken in for questioning, as they suspected his colleague of withholding secret documents. After hours of interrogation, the ranger was released and ordered to hand over details of their experiment. From now on, he was to clock in regularly with the Technical Bureau of the Ministry of War. The ranger was subjected to all kinds of pressure to convert his inventions into adequate weaponry. He argued stubbornly as he said, "But it's useless, the forces I work with are completely different from what your academically trained technicians are used to. Their brains aren't able to conceive that a complimentary *constructive* motion exists, as opposed to the destructive explosive-motion. This complimentary motion is capable of powering machines far more efficiently."

"Do you have proof of that?"

"If this were nonsense, I wouldn't have been granted patents in all major industrial countries", the ranger replied haughtily. "Although most patents deal with the liquification of coal, the same principles still apply to transforming water into air, solid matter into gasses, and gasses into pure, nonphysical energy—And all of this without fire!"

"But...", the engineer started to object.

"Fire is destructive!", the ranger interrupted him, as he was on a roll now. He overwhelmed the engineer with such a multitude of ironclad examples, that the man became all nervous and started fidgeting in his chair. At last the twitching fellow ordered: "Just put it on paper for heaven's sake. We'll have it examined later on by one of our experts."

"Ahhh the experts", the ranger sighed.

“Yes, people that actually know what they are talking about!”, the engineer sneered. He handed the ranger a pen and paper, and gestured him to write.

The ranger quickly filled an entire page with his observations. When he was done, the engineer called in Thieringer for assistance, as he was a physics professor. The man’s appearance made the ranger’s hair stand on end. The professor took the sheet, read it and said, “I can’t make heads or tails of this, you are trying to pull the wool over our eyes!” A heated discussion followed, that quickly turned into a blazing row. “From now you either fully cooperate, or appropriate measures will be taken!”, Thieringer yelled at the top of his lungs. “At the Submarine Factory Kertl in New-Vienna you’ll get one final chance to redeem yourself!” Remembering the strychnine needle, the ranger decided to cooperate for the time being, albeit without revealing his ultimate secrets.

Production of the suction screw at Kertl, according to the plans of engineer Kaempfer, proceeded quite slowly. Because of high demands for submarine parts in those days, the submarine factory was overwhelmed with orders. They had to deal with an enormous shortage of materials. The impatient engineers tried to construct a copper double membrane from recycled copper plate, which proved totally unsuitable.

After waiting quite a long time, the ranger finally received a special permit to purchase high grade copper. But new problems were just around the corner. The German State Patent Office refused to authorize his applications, which gave the SS an excuse to intervene. They labeled the project top priority. As if by magic, the best materials and technicians suddenly became available.

In February 1942, the ranger sent a picture of a test model to the patent office, in order to clarify the principle. In caption he wrote: ‘The model is 5 feet in diameter and weighs about 135 kg. The double membrane on the inside consists of silver-plated copper. On the walls of these implosion profiles, fins are placed to induce the *inspiring motion*. On top of the membrane, a reservoir is mounted, containing silicic acid. This fuel enhancer is evaporated through a diffusion wall, before it enters the inspiring chambers. At an estimated velocity of 20.000 to 30.000 rounds per minute, the process will keep itself alive, without any additional power supply.’

Several months down the line, the turbine was ready and the ranger prepared for a test ride. His son Walter and the director of the factory were present when he flipped the switch of the starter engine. The rotor began turning. Carefully, he increased the speed, until a humming sound was heard and, “*craaaaaaaaack!*”... With a loud noise the machine tore away from its anchoring bolts, emitted a blueish glow, and crashed against the ceiling of the hall, to fall to its ruin.

“*Hooray!* It works!” the ranger cheered.

“Are you out of your goddamn mind!?”, the director shouted in shock. “You could have killed us all, you idiot! That thing weighs a fucking ton!”

“135 kilo’s to be precisely”, answered the ranger, who thought it better to make himself scarce for a while, until things had cooled down a bit.

A few hours later, the Gestapo arrived at the factory to investigate the incident. The director was still a bit in shock when he described what happened, “I am through with that nut case, no matter what!”

“Pardon me? You’re forget that we’re dealing with quite a unique invention!”, one of the Gestapo officers said, obviously disgusted by the director’s petty terror. “Anyway, you’re not allowed to talk about this with anybody, under any circumstance. Is that clear?!”



*Suction Screw, Kertl*

When the ranger arrived at the factory the next day, he was informed that the Gestapo had confiscated his machine. He was strictly forbidden to continue working on it. From that moment on, he was once again being permanently shadowed. When he submitted an addition to his patent application, he was told that his patents had disappeared.

In May 1942, the Gestapo paid him another visit. “You’re going to Czechoslovakia. SS general Hans Kammler has set-up a fully equipped, secret laboratory for your personal use. You have one hour to pack.”

In Czechoslovakia, the ranger was taken to a factory called Gablonz, a sub-division of the massive Skoda plant near Prague. He was ordered to continue working on the suction screw that fatally crashed into the ceiling at Kertl. But like all other enterprises in the Third Reich, the factory suffered a severe shortage of high-grade materials. For this reason, he was temporarily transferred to the Messerschmidt plant in Augsburg, where he was ordered to develop a cooling system for airplane engines, based on his implosion principles.

With the help of a dozen constructors, a test model was built in hangar #2. However, before any official experiments could be conducted, a Belgian engineer secretly started the turbine, instantly shredding the double membrane. There was no adequate material to replace it with. “So you’ll have to improvise by welding the membrane and do the experiments with the old piece”, the director said.

“That is very counterproductive”, the ranger protested. “When the copper is subjected to the heat of the welding, it will generate erroneous tensions within the metal, leaving it

useless for implosion. The welding-seams will also alter the weight distribution, thus making the membrane unstable. It needs to move the air with at least 500 meters per second, the *border velocity* of air. Only above this velocity, do air molecules collapse, turning into temperature-less energy.”

“Just do your best, mister Spyrock.”

When the double membrane had been welded, a trial setting was built, in order to demonstrate the cooling effect of implosion at high air temperatures. The trial setting consisted of a closed air system, incorporating the suction screw and an adjustable gas burner to heat the air. The two physics engineers in charge operated the burner, while the ranger controlled the suction screw. Initially, the engineers couldn't get the air warmer than approximately 40° Celsius. Without warning, they impatiently blasted the flame full throttle. To counteract this sudden increase of temperature, the ranger quickly increased the velocity of his machine to about 4.000 rounds per minute. “*Kbeng...!*”, a loud sound echoed through the room. In the next instant the machine was reduced to a scrap heap of twisted metal.

“I knew it!”, the ranger said. “It was far too unstable. A new one would have endured the test splendidly, I'm sure.” He pleaded with the director to supply him with new materials. The man answered rather unexpectedly, “Thank you for your cooperation mister Spyrock. We just needed to verify the principle. Our engineers have already been able to measure an unusual *heat-energy disturbance*. So a new one is not needed right now.”

The ranger shrugged and went back to Vienna, where he clocked in with the Technical Office of the Ministry of War.

A few days later he was informed that work on the suction screw would continue at a factory in Neudeck, near Carlsbad. The Wildfang factory was named after its manager, engineer Wildfang. When the ranger arrived, he was informed they couldn't start working yet, as the brand new factory hadn't been completed. Wildfang told him, “You better spend your time well and look for a suitable apartment. You'll receive 1200 Reichsmark per month for expenses, whether you're actually working or not.”

The ranger did as suggested. For the time being, he entertained himself by taking long hikes in the scenic surroundings. He checked into Wildfang's office daily, to see if they could start their work. The two men talked for hours on end, as the ranger tried to explain the principles on which his implosion technology was based. Wildfang seemed interested in every word he said, often asking detailed questions about the suction screw. Together they drew various construction plans.

After three months of waiting, the ranger walked into the office one morning, to find that Wildfang hadn't arrived yet. While he was waiting, he leafed through a stack of papers on Wildfang's desk, eager to take another look at one of the new construction

plans.

His eye caught a recent letter to the Gestapo concerning progress on the *suction screw project*. His curiosity was aroused and when he read the letter, he discovered that all this time the engineers had secretly been working on a suction screw model, in the back of the factory. During that same period, the director had been trying to pick his brain in the front office. He instantly realized that the SS was probably working on his inventions at different locations in the Third Reich, without his knowledge or consent, and more significantly, without him. “The only reason I’m still alive”, he thought, “is because they haven’t fully figured out how implosion works.

When Wildfang arrived, the ranger confronted him with this new information. He concluded by telling him boldly, “You can lick my boots, but I’m going back to Vienna! You can kiss your damned project goodbye!” Wildfang was furious and immediately called the Gestapo, who arrived within minutes to detain the ranger for interrogation. He was released after he told them his side of the story, which proved to be correct. He packed his bags as quickly as he could, and returned to Vienna.

He could read it in the eyes of the officer at the Technical Office of the Ministry of War “It’s that fool again”.

“Mister Spyrock, from now on you’re going to cooperate with us in a serious manner, or we’ll be forced to take appropriate measures!” He was ordered to go to the Heinkel airplane factories in Rostock. The ranger was no longer confused about the graveness of his situation, and he brought doctor Meditsch along with him, as his personal lawyer.

A friend of his at the German State Patent Office had warned Professor Ernst Heinkel about the ranger. This individual filled him in on the patent details of a suction screw for airplanes, which, according to the inventor, should be nine times more efficient than conventional technologies. He told him, “Mister Spyrock’s patent applications were first sent to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for review, and labeled *promising* by its professors. The patent deals with an *implosion process*, which frees hydrogen from air and water molecules, in a kind of cold fusion process. The Führer himself has declared development of alternative energy sources, especially hydrogen, as high priority. The Mercedes and Phillips conglomerates have already initiated research into the application of hydrogen as a fuel. In my humble opinion, it could be the ideal fuel for that disc-shaped airplane, which you and engineer Rudolph Schriever are working on. Attached, you will find a clandestine copy of the patent application.”

His companion Rudolph Schriever became very excited and tried to copy the suction turbine, but hopelessly failed. For this reason Heinkel decided to lure the ranger to Rostock, to personally have a crack at extracting his secrets.

When they arrived in the old university town of Rostock, situated on the Baltic sea, the ranger and his friend doctor Meditsch, checked into a hotel. Their meeting with Heinkel

was scheduled for the next day, and since the luxurious hotel room came with a phone, the ranger decided to call an old acquaintance, who worked at the Heinkel factories. “Why don’t you come over for a drink”, he offered. The engineer agreed to come over.

When the usual niceties had been exchanged, the engineer smiled and said, “So the old fox has finally managed to lure even you into his foxhole! Better be careful, because Heinkel’s reputation doesn’t necessarily include honesty.” The rest of the evening was filled with wild tales about the infamous factory and its name-giver. Rumors had it, the man said, that they were secretly working on so-called *flying disks* at the Heinkel’s factory. Taking this to be sign of warning, the ranger decided to be extra cautious this time.

Both Austrians were collected by a taxi driver the next morning, and taken to Heinkel’s office. The infamous professor was drinking coffee with his staff. It was obvious they were under special instructions.

“Welcome mister Spyrock”, Heinkel said. “I’ve heard so much about you. It seems you have invented an *implosion engine* that could be applied to power-up airplanes? Could you please elaborate a bit?”

“My pleasure!” the ranger replied. “We’re dealing with a natural principle. The conventional propeller, which is applied all over the world by engineers to drive ships and airplanes, is in reality a *pressure- or brake screw*. The seed of the maple tree clearly demonstrates this. I love nature, and I love the knowledge that shows us how nature operates. But I have never seen a single fish or bird with a propeller attached to its head. Only human beings are ignorant enough to use a brake screw for acceleration! No wonder it takes massive amounts of fuel just to overcome the exponentially increasing resistance of this motion?” The ranger had mentally rehearsed his little speech. He spoke carefully, so he could assess the effect of his words on the engineers. He was convinced they would try to steal his invention before it was patented. “This example leads to the conclusion that resistance isn’t apparently inevitable, but rather that the device used, is operating in an unnatural manner.”

“So you’re trying to characterize the *crown invention* of modern technology as a scientific fallacy?!” said the chief constructor, obviously feeling quite indignant. That was exactly where the ranger wanted him.

“A *natural* motion, causes minimal resistance”, he replied. “By using the right shapes, resistance can be reduced in such a way, that the air-flow through the engine is accelerated instead of slowed down.”

“You know very well that all acceleration requires more energy”, a senior engineer said mockingly. “Otherwise the *perpetual motion machine* would have been invented long ago!”

“So what about the universe? Doesn’t it run permanently without fresh input of energy? Or what about the magical, tenfold multiplication of a potato in the soil? Isn’t that a...”

“Gentlemen!” professor Heinkel interrupted. Addressing the ranger, he said in a sly

manner, “There is probably a lot to your assertions, but it is pointless to keep theorizing about it. Only experiments can prove if your visions are realistic. If your inventions are workable, I offer you a fifty-fifty deal. I will be responsible for the costs of production and you will provide your know-how.” He paused a while, assessing the ranger’s response, and it appeared the latter was inclined to accept the offer. Heinkel continued, “However, I would like to have your blueprints examined by some of my experts, before we sign a contract. Please send them to me tonight, so we can start on the project tomorrow!”

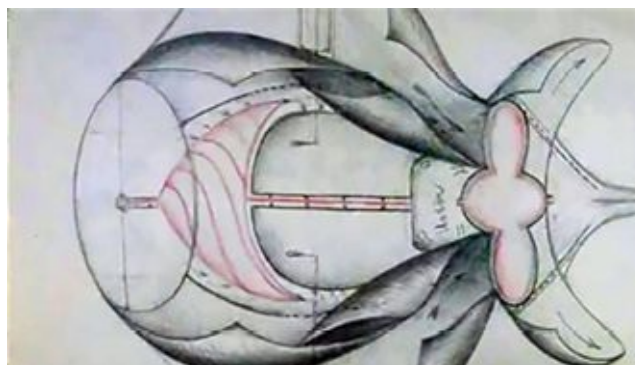
The ranger casually glanced at Meditsch, and said, “First I want to see the contract and I need twenty-four hours before I decide.”

“I would never have been the director of such a large plant, if I didn’t keep my promises”, said the professor slyly.

This didn’t impress the ranger in the least, and he had also anticipated the man’s next move. He said, “I have a blueprint on me right now, this will give you the basic idea.” With these words he handed professor Heinkel a document that he produced from his pocket.

Heinkel greedily eyed the drawings and said, “I’ll review it carefully, and return it tomorrow.”

“Very well, I am counting on it!”, said the ranger, as if he was slightly worried. Heinkel excused himself and left the room with the drawing. One of the head engineers continued the interview. Politely, the ranger answered his inquiries, careful not to reveal anything crucial. After a while, it seemed the engineer gave up, and the Austrians were free to go home.



*Schauberger original*

The next day, they visited Heinkel’s office again. “So where do I sign?”, asked the ranger with a big smile on his face. Unceremoniously Heinkel said, “Err,... unfortunately I’ve changed my mind. “I don’t think we will ever be able to produce the shapes you suggest.”

“No problem”, said the ranger, who knew enough. Still smiling, he rose abruptly, left the room and walked out into the street, leaving both Heinkel and Meditsch speechless. “What kind of behavior is this?”, they seemed to think. Meditsch for one, refused to leave before

the blueprint was returned. A few minutes later, he came running after the ranger, with the paper in hand.

“You told him way too much! He probably thinks he can do it on his own.”

“Don’t shatter his dreams”, said the ranger. “The drawing I showed him will keep him busy for months. It is absolutely useless, unless you know what to look for!”

Much later, the ranger heard through the grape vine that the engineers were conducting experiments with the suction-screw for months on end, without any useful results.

These incidents only caused the ranger to be more skeptical about engineers and professors in general, and German ones in particular. He took every chance to ridicule them and make fun of them, just to teach them a lesson. The Technical Office of the Ministry of War didn’t appreciate this very much. They had gotten nowhere with him and so they decided it was time for a new attitude towards the ranger, or ‘His Stubbornness’, as they jokingly called him.

Austrian Nazi chief Baldur von Schirach, first became interested in rangers’ theories in 1943. He was serious and wanted to get the job done. This fierce Nazi, managed to retrieve most of the confiscated devices, so the ranger could continue his work. Once again, Submarine factory Kertl was ordered to provide him with a workshop and engineers.

As soon as the director of Kertl saw the copper devices being unloaded onto his doorstep, he turned beet-red, and yelled, “No way! Over my dead body! That guy won’t set foot in my factory ever again!”

Realizing this was an impossible situation, Baldur von Schirach began searching for another venue, until he came up with a brilliant idea.

When he was on his way to the Technical Bureau of the Ministry of War, the ranger ran into an old friend. The gent was obviously proud of his ‘sexy’ SS uniform. He almost fell into the ranger’s arms, and cried out, “My dear Mr. Spyrock, I have read all your articles in the *Dew magazine*, before it was banned. You have some brilliant ideas!”

“Why thank you, and look at you all dressed up in your shiny rags”, said the ranger politely, even though he didn’t like the uniform one little bit. “Your career must be going well?”

“I’m actually a physics teacher at the SS Engineering Academy Rosenhügel”, the man answered proudly. “We’ve got the best German precision machinery at our disposal. It would be a wonderful place for you to develop your *natural technology*. If you like, I can introduce you to my superior, doctor Schroedinger, who is a biologist. Considering his subject field, he would certainly be very interested in your outlook on nature.” The ranger thanked him for the offer and promised to think about it.



At the Ministry of War, the forest ranger was informed that the SS had recruited him into one of their top-secret weapons programs.

“No way in hell!” the ranger answered with conviction.

“Choice is a thing of the past, my friend”, the Gestapo officer replied. “From now on, you will be granted the privilege of working in concentration camp Mauthausen!”

## The secret weapons of the SS

**WHEN THE BATTLE IN RUSSIA IN 1943, DIDN'T GO THE WAY HITLER WANTED** to, he blamed the generals who tried to persuade him to stop the war. He was in a foul mood when he summoned Himmler and started to vent his frustration, “Those *Wehrmacht* generals can't be trusted,” he said, “I want the SS to take over Operation Barbarossa as well as weaponry production. First of all we need an air force to fight the British, and secondly we have to go ahead full speed with the investigations into those *miracle weapons*. They will help the SS to force Russia to surrender, once and for all. I have appointed Albert Speer as Minister of Armaments and War Production.”

A discussion followed about the production of ‘miracle weapons’ and the Vril investigation. “Ever since the British started to bomb our arms factories, SS general Hans Kammler has transferred most of them to underground locations”, Himmler said. “By putting the Jewish prisoners to work, we are digging a network of over a hundred tunnels, that are impregnable to either bombs or espionage from space. The Mittelwerk, an underground V2 factory of 130.000 m<sup>3</sup>, or 13 acres, is almost completed.”

“At least I'm glad to hear those Jews are finally contributing to the German Reich”, said Hitler.

“And we're seeing to it that it isn't an enjoyable task!”, replied Himmler. “Even the bosses of Bosch, Siemens, Zeiss and AEG are complaining about the abhorrent working conditions of the prisoners. In my opinion, they don't deserve any better, but...”

“Enough about the zoo”, said Hitler who was getting increasingly anxious and was grinding his teeth. “I want to know when those *miracle weapons* that I ordered are done.” Himmler didn't want to disappoint his Führer and he elaborated extensively about the latest developments, “The SS has retracted thousands of scientists, philosophers and technicians from the army, and put them to work in dozens of secret projects. Independent of each other, they are conducting research into Vril power and anything that could be associated. Scientists that are politically disloyal have been sent to special departments in the concentration camps Nordhausen, Oranienburg, Mauthausen and Mecklenburg.” He threw the Führer a meaningful glance. These are the most efficient safety measures against espionage. Our guarantee that all this knowledge won't end up with the Jewish elite and

their Communists right away. For further research into the *miracle weapons*, the SS has confiscated the sophisticated Skoda factories, near Prague. A think-tank, established by general Hans Kammler, ‘the research group 4’, is investigating the claims of free-energy inventors like Keely, Tesla, Schappeler and others.



*General Hans Kammler*

Considerable progress has been made concerning new weapons, among which infra-red radar systems, radio-guided missiles, the V1 and V2, video-guided missiles, acoustic weapons, self guiding radar jammers, radar shields for submarines and the America Missile—the ‘Hammer of Thor’. At concentration camp Auschwitz, uranium is being enriched for experiments with the propulsion of nuclear powered aircrafts, submarines, space rockets and nuclear bombs.

Yet other research teams are working on laser weapons, artificial tornados, fusion bombs, and hydrogen powered flying saucers. AEG is collaborating with Siemens to prepare project Lucifer. Our genius physicists Max Planc, Werner Karl Heisenberg, Otto Hahn en Walter Gerlach claim that it is possible to transmute metals through extreme rotation. If they aren’t mistaken, this could even influence time.

Another approach to modifying gravity includes manipulation of the quantum-vacuum field, or *Zero Point Energy Field*, found in the vacuum of space. It involves irradiating a magnetized vacuum with ultra high-intensity lasers.” Himmler’s eyes sought those of the Führer. “If any of these experiments turn out to be successful, they will resolve the world’s energy problem permanently, not to mention alter our relationship with the universe by allowing us to travel deep into space.”

“Very interesting!”, Hitler said as his face lit up. “Soon we’ll not only rule the world with our Vril power, but space as well! Tell me more about *Project Lucifer*!”

Himmler continued, “Preliminary research conducted at the mine, involved spinning of mercury at ultra high speeds, in a giant super conductor called *The Bell*. The bell is made of heavy metal, and has two contra-rotating cylinders filled with mercury, which is spun into a vortex. According to eyewitnesses, the machine emits a strange phosphorescent blue light, and produces a buzzing sound. Apparently it has a strong ionizing radiation, and produces an even stronger magnetic field, that leaves a metallic taste in the mouth. Tests on inmates have indicated that the magnetic field causes severe disorders within the

nervous system. This includes short-term memory loss, sleeplessness, muscle cramps and equilibrium disorders. I've been told that live plants were reduced to mere fats in a matter of seconds."

"And this stuff is meant to drive airplanes and submarines?" Hitler asked, shaking his head. "So are they going to be driven by prisoners?"

"No, no of course not! But the implications are clear. This research only reveals the very nature of matter, but there is much more." He wanted to go on, but the Führer seemed to have a sudden brain wave. "Where exactly is our mister Spyrock in his *implosion* research?", he wanted to know. "What ever happened to his promising suction screw for airplanes?"

"Well, he isn't being very cooperative", Himmler sighed. "No amount of pressure seems to work. He consistently refuses to reveal essential details. However, we have other teams working on hydrogen-powered, vertically rising flying saucers as well", Himmler tried to adapt his Führer's interests, as he knew this concerned him a great deal. "Since 1941, three teams have been working on the discs, under the guidance of general Ernst Udet, The Schriever-Habermohl team in Pilzen near Prague, the Miethe-Belluzo team in Breslau and the Heinkel-Epp-von Braun team in Peenemünde, near Rostock. So far, they have successfully developed seven different circular models. Most of them have a conventional power system like the BMW centrifugal gas turbine, which rotates around its cockpit. This model has already been tested in Prague, but there were issues with the navigation system. The aim of the Peenemünde project, *Vril 1*, is to power such a craft with hydrogen, in order to make it suitable for space travel.



RAF Bomber, trailed by a German 'Foo-fighter'

The Kammler Group has laboriously researched relevant works of John Worrel Keely, Karl Schappeller, Nikola Tesla, Walter Gerlach, Thomas Townsend Brown and even mister Spyrock. Despite their *vortex-compression*, *rotation-polarization* and *rotation-resonance*, they haven't made any breakthroughs. Every familiar *antigravity technology* makes it impossible to fire bullets or drop bombs. So for now their use is limited to space travel. The only military application that appears promising, is the *Fireball*." The Führer gave Himmler an inquisitive look.

"The Fireball is a small, round, remote controlled flying saucer, that jams airplane radars and shuts off the electrical igniters to their engines. This cutting-edge weapon is produced at an airplane factory in New Vienna. Further plans are made for a staffed version, by the name of *the Lightning Ball*." Lost in thought, the Führer was staring in front of him. After

a while he said:

“I want serious pressure to be exerted on the ranger. His idea of the *flying submarine* should finally be realized!” He emphasized his words with a banging fist on the table, causing a black, sideways-combed lock of hair to fall onto his forehead. It gave him a frightening look.

## Concentration camp Mauthausen

**BEFORE HE LEFT FOR MAUTHAUSEN, THE RANGER WROTE A LAST WILL FOR** his relatives. He hoped it would provide them with enough information to continue his work after his death. He hid the document in the back end of a bookcase, and placed some important catalyst substances inside a hollow table leg.

The dreaded moment arrived when they came to take him away. Precisely at four o'clock, the black car arrived at the gate of concentration camp Mauthausen. Slowly, the car came to a halt in front of the barrier. “Hail Hitler! What do you want?”, a young guard demanded, with his automatic rifle at the ready. “Commander Ziereis expects me”, the ranger replied. The guard turned around, walked into his cabin and made a phone call. Then he shouted to an aide: “Allow them through! Take him to the officers casino.”

A few moments later the ranger entered a large room. Some twenty SS officers were celebrating commander Ziereis's birthday. At four in the afternoon, they were completely drunk. The aide led the ranger directly to commander Ziereis, who was seated at the head of the table, his eyes slightly out of focus. “Well my friend, you are finally here!”, he said. “This is what happens when you refuse to cooperate with the Third Reich, *haha*. But here we don't play games. Either...” he paused dramatically, “you work with diligence, or... you'll be hanged!”

After this brief introduction and the barked command to give his guest wine and cigarettes, he started to ask questions, that is to say, as far as his drunken stupor allowed. When the ranger quietly answered him, the commander said in a confidential tone, “I've got orders from Berlin to clear up the *Flying Submarine* situation, no ifs, ands, or buts about it. It is your task to build an implosion engine to power a seven-ton, armored *flying submarine*. Other patents in your name need to be further developed. The Gestapo guarantees, that you won't be disturbed in any way. Although you aren't a prisoner, you have to follow orders like any other drafted soldier. In return for your services, you'll have our best engineers and professionals at your disposal”, he paused, with a sarcastic grin, “who will be executed when we are convinced your concepts are viable. And don't ever think you can fool me, because that would be the end of you. Right then the commander's wife walked over to her blond Aryan, and said:

“Alright, the party is over!” And to the ranger: “I’m taking him home now.”

Supported up by his wife, commander Ziereis stumbled out of the room. A bunch of slammed SS officers flocked to the ranger and started asking him the most outlandish questions. Before he could answer, he was whisked away by the aide and shown to his quarters.

The ranger laid down on his bed and assessed his situation. Half hour later the aide knocked on his door to tell him that he was allowed to eat in the officer’s canteen, provided he didn’t speak to anyone about his inventions.

The following morning he was woken up by an SS officer. “I have orders to provide you with everything you need for your research”, he offered in a surprisingly friendly voice. “Please follow me. I will introduce you to fifty prisoners, out of whom you are to select your co-workers.” They walked into a large room and the officer clapped his hands. A group of fifty prisoners marched



*SS commander Franz Ziereis at Mauthausen*

in and lined up in three rows. “Take your pick”, said the officer.

The ranger was completely at a loss. “My research requires intuitively gifted people”, he said. “How can I choose anyone without talking to them? Most of them don’t even speak German!”

“Not my problem”, said the SS officer with a shrug. The ranger paced back and forth along the rows like a troops inspector, trying to follow his intuition. Among the lucky ones, were three engineers, a machine constructor and a Master of Science. The SS officer designated a sixth prisoner. Looking dejected, the six chosen ones walked towards the left side, as the others departed to the right. “You will start tomorrow morning”, the SS officer said, “You can go now.”

The next morning, the ranger was taken to the actual detention camp. Thick steel doors opened into a room where his six prisoners were waiting. Although the room appeared clean, the air was thick with a most horrible smell. “To begin with, we need to open up a few windows!”, the disgusted ranger said to one of the guards.

“That is strictly forbidden”, came the reply, “since this is a top secret project.”

“Then open up one of those small transom windows”, the ranger demanded. “Or I won’t

stay another minute!” Right then commander Ziereis walked into the room.

“I want those windows open”, the ranger said.

“Open the windows!” Ziereis ordered. “But beware”, he added, addressing the prisoners, “should anyone try to contact the outside world, you will all be hanged!” And to the ranger: “You can order any supplies you need, through this officer”, and he pointed towards the secretary who sat by the wall. He turned around and left the room.

Two soldiers with drawn pistols guarded the door. The ranger said to them, “You two better stand outside, this is a top secret project!”

“Our orders are clear, we are to guard you permanently”, said one of them. “And not abandon our post under any circumstance.” The desperate ranger rolled his eyes. “My god, where will this end?”

As soon as he composed himself, he started to order drawing boards, paper and pencils. “To begin with, you need to get a sense of the shapes we will be working with”, he said. “This is all about the *Golden Ratio*, which permeates all of nature.” As he explained the subject in detail, the Master of Science excitedly scribbled some formulas on a piece of paper. Everyone left at the end of the day, a day entirely spent on this one exercise.

When the ranger came to the workshop the next morning he noticed something strange about the Master of Science. His clothes were ripped and his face swollen. “What happened to you?”, he asked. The man wouldn’t speak.

When the ranger persisted, he finally broke down and admitted, “They beat me up. Yesterday I had scribbled some formulas on a piece of paper. When we left the workshop, the secretary found it in my pocket.” With a fearful look he glanced at the SS officer in the corner, who was recording all they said. “He thought it was a secret message and that I had plans to smuggle classified information about the project.”

Thoroughly disgusted, the ranger realized he had to intervene. “You idiot!”, he yelled at the officer. “How dumb can you be, if you mistake a scientific formula for a coded message?! Just keep your hands off of my prisoners! They are my responsibility and nobody else’s. Do you Understand?! I don’t want you in this room any longer!” The SS officer gave the Master of Science a nasty look, decided to give in, and left the room. When he was gone, the ranger whispered, “I’m under tremendous pressure myself. You guys can trust me. We’re in the same boat. But I really need to know if you are going to work with me or not.”

One of the prisoners was honest, “What do you think? It’s a top secret project, which means that we will be liquidated the moment we have success.” The ranger noticed that the most senior prisoner signaled him behind another man’s back, as if to warn him. “He must be a spy”, the ranger realized. He abruptly changed the subject, and continued with his explanation. “You see, contemporary science does everything back-to-front. It uses shapes and motions that generate resistance. A good farmer has a yield of 30 or 40 times what he sowed. The scientist barely has a yield of 20%. If the farmer was thinking along

the lines of the scientist, most people would go hungry!” The engineers realized he was referring to men as themselves and looked troubled. Even in the worst of circumstances, they weren’t prepared to surrender their most precious possession, the only one they had left: their academic worldview. One of them even said indignantly, “To tell you the truth, we don’t want anything to do with a dangerous utopian such as yourself. Your kind has only ever brought us misery.”

Without thinking twice, the ranger dismissed three reluctant prisoners, as he realized it would be impossible to work with them. Feeling frustrated he thought, “How can I ever get any work done with people who constantly fear for their lives?!”

On the way back to his quarters, the ranger saw hundreds of terrified, half naked prisoners at work. Leather whips and sticks made sure they didn’t lag behind. Those who collapsed were mercilessly shot. The young guards radiated pure fear. Just like the prisoners, they too feared for their lives constantly. Any minute the prisoners could rebel and attack their tormentors. They anxiously clasped their automatic rifles, always at the ready, prepared to shoot at any irregularity. It was written all over their bleak faces, that they’d rather fight at the front then stand guard to these ‘criminals’, even if their nation’s future depended on it.

One of the prisoners was a Polish constructor named Jezirsky. The ranger got on well with this man, as he seemed to genuinely sympathize with his ideas. He often took him aside when the others were busy. “It’s all about the fusion of carbons and oxygens—Sweet-matter and sour-matter. This *chemical wedding* only happens at a certain oscillation frequency. At that particular frequency, a buildup of energy takes place that levitates upward with tremendous force. That’s why the important part of the suction screw is the wavy *double membrane*, in which this process is initiated. The gap between the two plates mimics the movement that happens when a stone is cast into water. With an estimated speed of 15.000 to 20.000 rounds per minute, the air molecules implode into water and pure energy. The shape of the *inspiring chambers* causes the air-resistance to be transformed into increased acceleration. This process keeps feeding itself. A suction evolves, as in a cyclone, that vertically sucks up the device in its wake. That is why I call it a *suction screw*.” Jezirsky nodded. “Apart from the natural shape, the material is of great importance as well, since it plays a catalyzing part. The top of the hull is made of nickel-plated messing.” As they were talking, he drew some sketches with a pencil, to clarify and elaborate on the subject. On the basis of these sketches, Jezirsky constructed a model in wood that reflected his understanding of the ranger’s explanations.



*Wooden model of the Suction Screw*

The next day they received proof that Götz, the sixth prisoner, was in fact a spy. Ziereis walked in with a smile on his face as he said, “Spyrock, I take it you’re finally ready to start construction?” The ranger nodded. Ziereis added, “I’m having a new workshop set up for you, fully equipped to the highest standard. Come.” He signaled the ranger to follow as he took him to a large, well-illuminated underground room, located directly behind the crematorium.

“I could never work here”, the ranger protested.

So far, Ziereis had been humoring the ranger, treating him with unusual leniency, but now he was ready to explode. But before his volcano could erupt, the ranger said, “Both the air and the water inside this camp are far too polluted to serve as fuel for my machines.” Ziereis was quiet for a moment and then yelled, “Aide, get my car!”

As the car arrived, he yelled, “Out!” The aide jumped out from behind the wheel. “Get in!”, Ziereis barked at the prisoners. He got into the drivers seat and signaled the ranger to sit down next to him. He drove into the valley like a maniac.

Minutes later, Ziereis stopped in front of a brand new arms factory. He was clearly calmed down when they walked into the production hall and he asked the ranger, “Is this better? Tell me what you think of the machines.”

They went from one machine to the next. Knowing that he took a risk, the ranger passed the question on to his workers, “What do you guys think? Could it work?” Of course the engineers unanimously answered with a ‘yes’ and nodded enthusiastically. Ziereis seemed to make up his mind. “Ok, I will have a brand new workshop built for you right next to the camp.” The ranger kept quiet. Silently he prayed to be rescued from this horrendous camp as quickly as possible. Once again he remembered the offer of his friend at the SS Engineering Academy Rosenhügel.



The next morning he bravely visited the dreaded camp commander Ziereis. “I need your permission to travel to Vienna to pick up some parts”, he said.

As he anticipated, Ziereis agreed to his request, although obviously reluctant. “But only because your work is so important to the Third Reich! What a different world we would live in, if your assertion that science is mistaken, would prove to be correct. To think that common resistance to motion can actually be transformed into additional power!” A rare smile adorned his face. “But please join me”, he said, pointing to a chair. He told the guard to not disturb them and shut the door. Amiably, he pushed a pack of cigarettes across the desk towards his guest. Then he said, “Right. Let’s take a moment to talk intimately about your inventions. Tell me”, he went on after he was lost in thought for a while. “Let’s assume you’re right. But how in the world was it possible for science to make such a huge mistake?”

“Colonel!” the ranger replied, taking the direct approach. “Have you ever seriously thought about politics?” Ziereis looked a bit self-conscious, so the ranger continued. “In the past, when people weren’t blind to the truth yet, politics was referred to as *being cunning*. The only objective was to fool the people with false visions, and estrange them from their own nature to such a degree, that they could easily be manipulated. By teaching them the wrong principles, people were led to think and act in terms of scarcity. That’s how the *cunning ones* enslaved modern man, leaving him completely dependent and insecure. From then on, the two-legged beasts of burden were required to *earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow*. The bankers and politicians used fear as a means to transform man into a remote-controlled slave. His God-given intuition was already uprooted in the embryonic phase, by being instilled with unnatural, intellectual world views, laws, dogmas, norms, values and technologies—Values that are only real to nature-alienated professors and religious dogmatists.”

“Say”, Ziereis interrupted. “Didn’t you say the same thing to the Führer about ten years ago?” The ranger nodded. “Against all odds, he is actually your biggest guardian angel. Without him, you’d have been pushing up daisies a long time ago!”

“Yes, that much was clear to me”, said the ranger, “since he has me shadowed by the Gestapo 24/7!”

“Are you a National-Socialist?”

“No.”

“Are you otherwise politically active?”

“No. To the contrary”, the ranger answered. “I reject all forms of politics, as I consider it a grand deception of humanity.”

Ziereis nodded. “Are you religious?”

“No. I only believe in Nature. My purpose has always been to try and serve her in her ceaseless effort at creation. *Nature-service as religion*, if you will.” Commander Ziereis puffed on his cigarette, listening with amusement.

“I’ve had the honor to speak with truly über-intelligent Jesuits, philosophers, theologians, professors and politicians about this topic”, the ranger added. “But they all had to yield in the end.”

“Were your studies that extended? I heard you are just a simple forest ranger.”

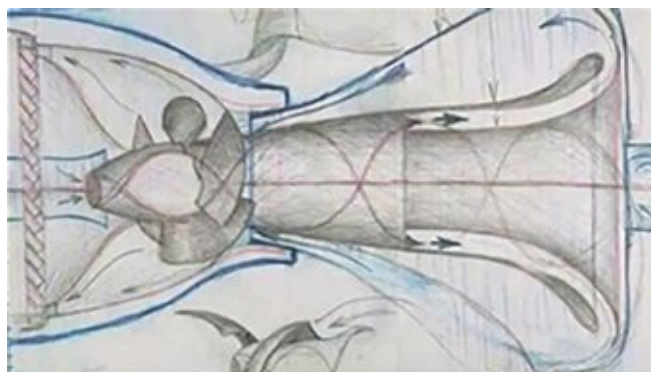
“Even as a youth I rejected education!”, said the ranger with a grin. “But these days I actually consider academic study a serious *crime against humanity*! All worldly and religious teachers are nothing but *deceived* deceivers. Politicians hiding behind ‘science’ for all their laws and rules are nothing more than collaborators who have no clue what they force upon the unsuspecting and naive public.” While enjoying the occasional cigarette, the discussion went on for a while.

Suddenly, out of the blue, Ziereis told the ranger that his entire case had been transferred to SS Marshall Keitl. Shaking his head in frustration, he mumbled, “I could have gotten the whole thing on the right track, but they just allow me to be their hangman.” With a sad look on his face he stared out of the window. Then he said, “They can all go to hell, those damn Aryan assholes!” Surprised at his honesty, the ranger listened closely. “But tell me the real reason you are going to Vienna”, Ziereis inquired amiably.

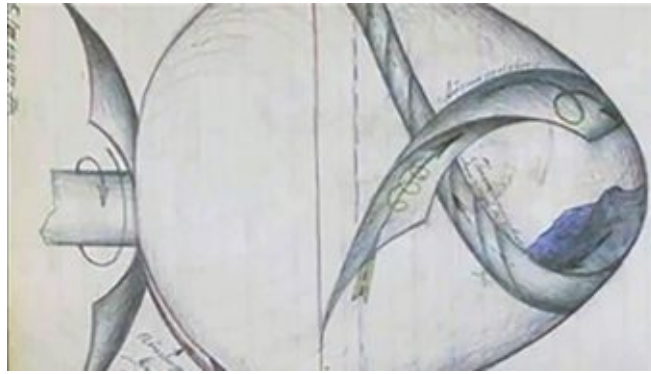
“I really need to get out of here!”, the ranger said frankly. “I can’t take it one more day!”

Ziereis got up and walked to the window, for a while he seemed lost in the far distance he was staring at, and finally he said, “Thank you for your sincerity. I’ll do the best I can to get you out of here.”

The ranger could hardly believe his ears. “Could reality get any more surreal?” he thought. Then Ziereis said, “The only way to get you and your team out, is for you to register as an entrepreneur and give the prisoners a paid job. I’ll try to convince my superiors.” With that, he let the ranger go.



Original Schauburger



*Original Schauburger*

Feeling extremely relieved by this unexpected change of fate, the ranger travelled to Vienna. Without wasting any time, he went straight to the SS Engineering Academy Rosenhügel.

After locating his friend, he was introduced to the rector, professor Schrödinger. The rector proudly took him on a tour of the facilities. Again it occurred to the ranger how unfit the academics were, unable to think out of the box or expand their scientific horizons. How they lacked the presence of mind to cast off their academic blinders and explore new ways. When they had seen the facilities, the ranger said to Schrödinger, “I think this place would be perfect for my research. But I can only come if I can bring my prisoners-team from Mauthausen.”

“Not necessary at all!” Schrödinger replied. “We’ve got the best technicians, constructors, statisticians and draughtsmen in the entire Reich.”

“I must insist!” the ranger maintained. It was clear that he was in a position to make demands, as young Schrödinger foresaw a promotion within the near future. For a moment he gave the ranger a suspicious look, and gave in.

When he returned to Mauthausen, commander Ziereis informed the ranger that Berlin had granted permission for the transfer.

## The New World Order

**THE BRITISH EMPIRE WAS QUITE DEVASTATED BY THE WAR. THE GOVERNMENT** was borrowing the sum of \$ 1,5 billion on a monthly basis from Wall Street and City of London bankers. The population was exhausted, the factories were outdated and the treasury was empty. The few things still in tact were their powerful fleet, worldwide control of the oil fields and a tyranny fully capable of running an empire. Of course these plans were made years ago. The time had come for them to relocate their center of gravity—world domination—to the American continent. Surprisingly enough though, the king wasn’t pleased. “Look at

this proud country!", he moaned to Montagu Norman, head of the Central Bank, during one of their Round Table meetings.

Montagu Norman—tall, cold and manipulative—tried to cheer him up, "America is just a temporary façade, a new body for *our* spirit, if you will. Ultimately the New World Order will be an Anglo-American enterprise. After the war, Europe and the rest of the world will be divided into two opposing economical and political systems—Capitalistic and Communistic, our own *c*<sup>2</sup>. We'll play them off against each other through the media. Massive fear for the opposing system will be instilled. The threat will be life-like and unavoidable, and will serve as a diversion from the fact that we are controlling them. In these circumstances people won't object against draconian tax increases, required for an arms race that will once more fill the treasury of our military-industrial-complex to the brim!" This prospect cheered up the king's mood. Norman continued, "Both these systems will be controlled by us, with dollars that *we* print, and loans that *we* provide. Ultimately we control all world events." The corners of his mouth distorted into a devious little smile. "But most importantly, the 'evil' that we call Communism, will give us the perfect excuse to expand our Secret Service. We will cause such agony and stress on both sides, that people will long for a secure 'world government'—*Our* world government." A triumphant smile now illumined his pale face. "The only serious threat would be the development of alternative energy sources. Not only would this mean a huge loss of income, but *free energy* would give people economic and spiritual independence. It seems that some types of *free energy* stimulate mental clarity and vitality. I think we would rather reserve those perks for ourselves, don't you?" The company at the table nodded in agreement.

In the summer of 1944, the allies organized an international monetary conference at Bretton-Woods, US. Besides dividing the spoils of war, its main purpose was to completely restructure the global financial system. The Round Table Group would ensure themselves of implementing their own vision of the *New Anglo-American World Order*.

"We let the Red Army occupy almost half of Europe" Prime Minister Winston Churchill recapped. "The border that divides Germany and the rest of Europe, will run roughly from here to here", he slowly drew a line with his finger across the large map on his desk. "We will remove all advanced technology from the Third Reich and transfer it to the US. From now on they will be the key player of the capitalistic West."

In an adjacent room, JD Rockefeller addressed a group of American Round Table men who called themselves the Council of Foreign Relations:

"Most of our major bankers and captains of industry sympathize with the Fascist model", he said. "This is our most promising social experiment yet. So I suggest that we take the model, strip it of its tainted image, and gradually implement it in a disguised, new form. This means we will defeat and eliminate Nazism in appearance only while at the same time we secretly facilitate its escape to the West. From now on, America will be the new Head Quarters. The British Pound—our international reserve currency—is collapsing, and it needs to be replaced with a new Dollar system. Montagu Norman, please take the

floor.”

“*Ehem*”, the man with the grey face cleared his throat. “If we want to achieve our goal of total control through a One-World-Government”, he said, “It is of the utmost importance that we design a new international monetary system that can easily be controlled. For this purpose we will establish several international bodies like the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, to be controlled by our agents.” He elaborated a bit more and concluded by saying, “This artificially created dual world is temporary. Eventually we will cause it to implode. This will create such financial chaos, that the people will beg for a centralized financial and political ‘governing body’—the New World Order. I don’t need to explain the basic operating principle: first create the problem, then offer the solution.” The gentlemen nodded in agreement.

Over the next few days the United Nations were founded, ‘democratically’ authorized by 730 representatives from all over the western world. It was to serve as a façade for the New World Order. To give it teeth it needed a military division, a financial organ, and an economic leg. Thus NATO, IMF and GATT were created. These organizations were supposed to facilitate the integration of all capitalist nations. The real icing on the cake was the fusing of British, German and American Secret Services, into one Central Intelligence Agency. This organization would officially serve to protect the capitalist half of the world against the evil Communists. In the mean time however, they were secretly building the foundation for the much debated New World Order.

In august 10<sup>th</sup> 1944, almost simultaneously, the Nazis held a secret conference at hotel *Maison Rouge* in Strasbourg. All ranking industrialists and bankers of the Third Reich attended, as well as the heads of the German Secret Service, the Nazi party, the SS and officials of the navy and the Ministry of Armaments. Many ranking Nazis, such as Hitler’s secretary Martin Bormann, the second most powerful man in the Third Reich, accepted that the war was lost, but were not ready to give up their dreams. During this meeting they discussed the evacuation of the essence of their ideology.

Bormann began to speak. “Gentlemen, we have lost the war....” He looked at his shoes with a look of dismay, then he said, “But our ideology and technology, will prevail!” Applause from the audience. “And though it is true that for now we need to go underground before we can establish a Fourth Reich, we definitely *will* succeed! This time our success will not depend on military conquest, but on economic and political infiltration. Our ideology will survive, deeply hidden inside a myriad of commercial enterprises, backed by a European economical and political system—A European Central Cartel Office, modeled after our successful IG Farben conglomerate.”

Herman Josef Abs, director of IG Farben and chairman of the Deutsche Bank, took the floor to elaborate on *Operation Eagle Flight*.

“Industrial Germany must realize that the war cannot be won. Therefore it must prepare itself for a postwar, commercial campaign. Our cartel includes hundreds of companies from all over the continent. This cartel will secretly be maintained through a network of IG Farben agents, who will frequently meet in secret. We will quietly work on rebuilding

our multinational German business empire, which will eventually rise to govern all of Europe!” A standing ovation followed.

During the coming months, Bormann legally established 750 foreign front-companies, in neutral countries like Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Turkey. Large, fenced-in plots of land were purchased in Argentina and Chile. The largest one, Colonia Dignidad, measured about half the size of Switzerland. A subterranean submarine base was quickly constructed in Fuerteventura, one of Spain’s Canary Islands. This base was to facilitate the evacuation of Nazi Germany’s key enterprises, technological research programs, scientists, patents, strategic materials and funds to south-America, by submarine.

IG Farben’s agent prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and attorneys John and Allen Dulles of IG Farben’s American backer, George Herbert Walker Bush, assisted in executing the Nazi capital-flight, with the help of Dutch and Swiss banks.

From now on, SS general Hans Kammler, *the pope of secret technology*, always carried a locked briefcase with him that contained the Third Reich’s biggest technological secrets. He knew he might have to escape at any moment.

## SS Polytechnic Academy Rosenhügel

**THE RANGER RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM THE ARMY, ORDERING HIM TO** register with the military barracks in Breslau. He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry, as he was just about to move to the Polytechnic Academy Rosenhügel. “The German troops must have reached rock bottom, to enlist a retired and handicapped forest ranger.”

It turned into even more of a joke when he reported himself in Breslau. They said to him, “Since you are a war veteran, you’ll be sent to Italy as commander of a parachute-hunters platoon.”

“Impossible!”, he protested. “It’s been thirty years since I was in combat and I’m still handicapped! Moreover, I don’t know any commands in High German.”

“These are our orders. Tomorrow you will take up your post of command as colonel!”

The forest ranger reported the following day, heavily armed with eight stars on his uniform.

“This is your company”, the major said, as they walked to the inner court. He was met by 140 curious young men, who were staring at their limping and bearded commander. He made his first mistake by saluting the old way, instead of bringing the Hitler salute. The major shook his head looking worried. The platoon smirked. “March, Right!”, the major

shouted. The platoon, which consisted mainly of young Dutch, Belgian and French volunteers, turned sideways and marched off in a goose step parade. “Tomorrow morning at the Vienna train station, you will officially take command of the platoon. Dismissed!”

The next morning, the ranger arrived 15 minutes late at the station. His platoon waited in front of the building, but the train had already left. The next one would depart at ten o’clock in the evening. “What to do?”, the ranger pondered, looking slightly embarrassed. “I can hardly leave them standing in the street all day.”

As if they read his mind, the platoon officer and three soldiers walked over to the ranger. “Please give us permission to explore the city, most men have never seen it before.”

“Okay”, the ranger agreed, glad the situation was solved so easily. This would give him a chance to explain himself at the Polytechnic Academy Rosenhügel, and say goodbye to his wife. “Swear to me that you’ll be back at 9:15 pm sharp. We can’t afford to miss another train!”

“We promise!”, the three said in unison.

“Dismissed!”, the ranger commanded.

A few moments later his men seemed to have vanished into thin air. Feeling slightly doubtful in the back of his mind about the wisdom of his decision, he dropped his gear in the station-vault and boarded the train to Rosenhügel.

When he arrived at the Academy, he ran into his old friend, the teacher who had originally introduced him to the rector. The man burst into laughter when he spotted the ranger in uniform. “You look at least twenty years younger wearing that!”, he shouted. “But you didn’t really join the army, or did you?”

“They made me commander of a parachute-hunters company. I’m on my way to Italy with my platoon!”

“Your platoon? What do you mean?”

“Yes, they’re sightseeing in Vienna as we speak. I gave them the day off, because we were delayed.”

“What? You must be out of your mind!”, his SS friend cried out, looking shocked. “This will ruin you! Vienna is swarmed with deserters. You probably won’t see any of your men again. You better disappear as fast as you can!”

“They’re all volunteers, so I highly doubt they will desert.” But when the ranger left Rosenhügel, he felt anxious with a sense of foreboding.

He arrived at the station as early as 6 pm, and nervously paced up and down the street. He kept looking for a glimpse of his platoon, which was futile anyway, since he couldn’t recall any of their faces. Time took an eternity to pass, so it seemed. Finally the clock struck nine, fifteen more minutes.

“*Clack!*” His heart skipped a beat when three pairs of heels knocked together right next to him. He snapped out of his daydream. A big smile of relief brightened his face as he

identified the platoon officer. “The platoon reports for duty!”, the young officer shouted, his arm stretched forward in proper Hitler-salute.

“Where are the others?”

“In front of the station, sir!” Sure enough, his entire platoon stood perfectly in line, like a wall. The ranger felt moved and tears welled up, when 140 pairs of innocent and brightly beaming eyes met his.

“Did you guys have a good time?”, he asked, trying to sound casual.

“Great Sir!”, the platoon answered as one. The company boarded the train to Italy at 10:00 pm. The ranger stayed awake throughout the entire journey, as he took his responsibility rather seriously.

At 9:00 am the next morning they reached the last town before the border. The ranger was informed by the station commander they were to take a detour. “The rails have been damaged. Partisans blew up the last train, the one you were supposed to have boarded. Most passengers died.” The ranger swallowed. “*Phewww*, that was a close call.”

Back on the train he informed his platoon about the situation. “Better unload your ammunition, we might have to deal with the partisans.” The train entered Italy by a different route, and no partisans were seen.

When they disembarked in Italy, the ranger immediately noticed an air of hostility. The platoon marched from the station to the garrison, followed by disapproving looks. Its commander limped behind with his walking-cane and was barely able to keep up. The ranger kept shaking his bearded head at the absurdity of the situation.

The next morning he reported to the garrison’s physician, who established with a single glance that the ranger was completely unfit for the job.

Relieved, the ranger boarded the train back to Vienna that same afternoon, leaving his platoon without a commander.

The ranger went back to Rosenhügel the very next day, where he received a warm welcome from rector Schrödinger. Before questioning him about the nature of his implosion technology, an amused Schrödinger listened to the story of the Italian mission. Then he asked, “I have been thinking about it for a while now. How am I supposed to understand *implosion technology*? Could you please give me a fundamental outline?” The ranger nodded.

“The force generated in most of my devices, is a natural magnetism”, he said. “You could also call it *life force*. All plants, animals and humans have and use it. All, except the scientists, who still don’t have a clue when it comes to life and death.”

“What do you mean?”, Schrödinger frowned.

“Matter is nothing but slow vibrating energy.”

“Didn’t Einstein prove that already?”



“Only partially”, the ranger answered. “Modern science fails to realize that the structure of matter can be altered without heat!”

“And how does that work?”

“By *moving* it in the right way.”

“Which is?”, the director kept probing.

“By giving it a spiral pathway. If you guide water into a spiraling motion, its molecules are reduced to hydrogen, carbon and oxygen. The extremely lightweight hydrogen particles escape, spiraling upwards. The carbons and oxygen react with each other at the bottom of the vortex. If the hydrogen is ionized in the correct way, the result is an up-rising magnetism, which powers-up my engines.”

“Which genius taught you this?”, the rector asked, still not quite convinced.

“The trout!”, the ranger shouted, and he told the director of the trout and of the vision in his younger years.

“So if I my understanding is correct, the air above the flying submarine is somehow rapidly condensed, and thus creates a sucking vacuum?”, the director recapped.

“That is correct”, the ranger answered. “Birds generate a small tornado with the flapping of their wings, which allows them flight with minimal muscle power. I have mimicked this tornado.”

“Genius indeed!”, Schrödinger admitted. His fascination grew by the minute. “I hope you will start your research soon.”

“I will start when my co-workers from Mauthausen arrive”, said the stubborn ranger, determined to get his prisoners out of the camp.

Schrödinger picked up the phone, called Mauthausen and asked for commander Ziereis. “Everything is arranged”, he told the commander. “He’s just waiting for his team. Please act quickly.”

“I’ll do my best. Heil Hitler.”

The prisoners arrived the next day. When they were locked into a cold, damp bunker, their happy smiles vanished quickly. Furiously, the ranger called Ziereis. “I refuse to do anything when my legal workers are treated this way!”, he shouted.

“Give me Schrödinger!”, Ziereis roared into the phone. The ranger handed the receiver to the rector.

“What’s wrong with you?!”, he could hear Ziereis’ thundering voice. “We have no time for games. Don’t you realize that the future of the Third Reich depends on his *Wunderwaffe*? Take those prisoners out of there immediately, and give them cigarettes and wine!” Startled, Schrödinger put down the receiver and carried out the order. Cigarettes were indeed handed out, but wine was refused, as the rector considered it too noble to

waste on an *Untermensch*.

A special workshop was equipped to suit the forest ranger's research. When all the materials from Mauthausen were unpacked, the team immediately set to work. They progressed quickly at first, due to the high-tech machinery and measuring equipment, and a major breakthrough was soon expected. But it was difficult to acquire the right materials. The ranger wrote a letter to Albert Speer, the new minister of Armament and Munition, requesting high-grade gold, silver and copper. He received word that the minister would try his utmost.

It still took weeks before the materials were delivered, regardless of their priority status. In the meantime, the team worked on less delicate parts. Even high-grade steel was hard to come by, so they were forced to work with old tank-parts from the scrapyard. The toughness of the steel made it very difficult to weld. To maintain the rector's enthusiasm, the ranger decided to build another Kelvin Generator.

The entire Board attended the demonstration and Professor Schrödinger was indeed very impressed. The ranger placed some fresh leaves next to the generator, and when they witnessed the effect of life-magnetism on living things, they were in awe. Like early morning dewdrops, the leaves rose vertically and moved along with the rhythmical discharges of the generator. These demonstrations generated the ranger a lot of goodwill at the academy. Rector Schrödinger even proclaimed this *organic technology* to be the spearhead of his academy. He had gradually become convinced that he was dealing with *the* technology of the future.

But soon the goodwill took a dramatic turn for the worst. The rector began suspecting the ranger of sabotage. He was under orders from Hans Kammler himself, to copy all blueprints, and send them to the flying saucer project of Miethe and Habermohl near Prague, and they weren't happy with the delayed progress. No matter what Schrödinger tried, nothing could make this particular horse run faster. On top of that, the ranger refused to reveal his most important secrets. Prisoner Jezirsky, his closest ally, seemed to be in on this little conspiracy. The more impatient Berlin became, the more irritated Schrödinger grew.

Meanwhile the first American bombs were dropped on Vienna. The team's actual working hours reduced to only a few per day. This was due to frequent air-raid alarms, cleaning up the mess afterwards and recurring power cuts. To stay on the good side of the rector, the ranger presented small successes on a regular basis.

An example was the incorporation of light-filters into the hull of the suction screw that only allowed UV-light to pass through. This enhanced the ionization of silica gel, and accelerated the implosion process in a spectacular way. With an input of no more than half a horsepower, a speed of 3.000 rounds per minute was achieved. The engineers and professors couldn't wrap their brains around it. Yet it was obvious that the ranger had somehow successfully eliminated air resistance—The academy buzzed with predictions and speculations.

Out of the blue, a lightening bolt of disaster struck. Götz, the one-armed prisoner and spy, travelled regularly to Mauthausen, under surveillance. Officially he was to deliver dirty laundry, but the real reason was to report to Ziereis on the progress of the project. This time however, the routine was broken. Bored by the monotony of his prisoner's life, Götz had bribed his guard to let him visit a hooker in Vienna. But in a stroke of bad luck, his urge drove him straight into the arms of an SS officer's wife. She discovered that his artificial arm was filled with gold. It didn't take her long to figure out that the gold came from the mouths of wealthy Jews in Mauthausen. The whole thing caused quite a scandal within the Third Reich. Heinrich Himmler, accountable for the camps, was heavily pressured into solving the problem immediately.

One of the ranger's prisoners committed suicide preemptively. It was inevitable that the Gestapo suspected the forest ranger to be part of the conspiracy. He was arrested on the spot and immediately taken to Mauthausen for interrogation.

Ziereis was furious. His career was on the line and they were looking for a scapegoat. His saving grace appeared in the form of Upper-Austrian Nazi leader and SS general August Eigruber. He eagerly defended the man who had built world famous log flumes, nearly 20 years ago in his birth town Steyr. "So Germany will miss out on *Wunderwaffen* because of a stupid sex and corruption scandal?!", he demanded from the congregated Nazi leaders. As he anticipated, they all cried "*Nein!*"

When the ranger strolled into the Polytechnic Academy Rosenhügel the next day, as if nothing ever happened, they looked at him as though he were a ghost. When the rest of the team arrived in the afternoon, and went back to work, they all felt they had witnessed a miracle.

A few days later, an SS officer showed up in the workshop who introduced himself as Himmler's brother. "Heinrich is afraid to jeopardize his political career", he explained, "so he sent me over to evaluate the *Wunderwaffe*-situation. If we don't reach a breakthrough soon, it will mean the end of the Third Reich", he said with a touch of drama. Addressing the ranger he said, "Please tell me a bit more about the conceptual basis of your *Vril Technology*? I have to admit I am not well informed."



*Himmler and Ziereis inspecting Mauthausen*

The ranger frowned. "I know nothing about your brother's *Vril Technology*", he replied.

“However, my *Implosion Technology* is based on the observation that motion determines the kind of energy that is radiated by an ionized atom—constructive, or destructive.”

“In reality, there is no law of conservation of energy”, Schrödinger joined the conversation.

“Conservation of energy would indeed mean balance”, the ranger continued. “Or rather *a status quo*. Development and growth can only take place when there is a slight imbalance or disharmony. Only the *imperfect* has the ability to develop itself further. *That’s* the essence of nature, and therefore of my *organic machines*.”

Not knowing what to make of this, Himmler’s brother glanced back and forth from the ranger to the rector, trying to determine if they were putting him on. He took Schrödinger by the arm and walked him to the other end of the room.

As they occasionally glanced towards him, the ranger understood that he was asking Schrödinger some questions. He could not make out what was being said, but judging their body language, he gathered that it was about his credibility. As Schrödinger seemed relaxed, and Himmler gave him a friendly smile when he left, the ranger realized the rector was still in his corner.

A few weeks later, Schrödinger joined the ranger for lunch. After politely inquiring after his wellbeing, he quickly came to the point; “Berlin has decided to promote you to the rank of SS major.”

“Not on your life!”, the forest ranger exploded. “I would never conform to any political system, and least of all National-Socialism! I won’t let myself be dragged into their inevitable downfall. Accepting that position, is like choosing the tree to be hung from. Believe me. I’ve seen more than enough in Mauthausen, to want to have anything to do with the SS!”

Schrödinger hadn’t anticipated this reaction. He was lost for words and annoyed as he left the table. This settled the SS matter, but their relationship was ruined for good. Out of spite he forced the ranger to work through Christmas.

## Camp Leonstein

**WITH IMMINENT COLLAPSE LOOMING AHEAD, THE NAZI COMMANDERS TOOK** an increasing interest in the ranger’s work. After all, the SS regarded this project as one of the most promising *secret weapons* programs.

As the American bombs were dropping on Vienna, Nazi district leader and SS general August Eigruber impounded a smithy in Leonstein, near Linz. He successfully convinced

his superiors to transfer the entire project to this smithy, and to bring in hundreds of additional men, to try and prevent their dreaded downfall.

In February 1945, the implosion devices and necessary equipment were transported from Rosenhügel to *Camp Leonstein*. However, if the smithy was to serve as a concentration camp, it needed drastic remodeling.

With his position firmly in place, the ranger felt confident enough to issue orders. The disabled, veteran guards, obeyed without a word. He told them in a very self-assured manner that he didn't want barbed wire, watchtowers or prison costumes. "We're in too much of a hurry, and besides that, it's bad for their attitude." The camp commander couldn't tell the prisoners what to do and the guards were permanently banned from the workshops. It looked more like a commune than a concentration camp. Prisoners, SS guards and their wives shared dinner at the same table. Everyone pitched in equally for the tasks at hand. Side by side they were cutting wood, assembling workbenches, painting rooms and cooking food.

When rector Schrödinger visited the new camp, he was shocked. "Where are the watchtowers and the barbed wire?", he demanded, throwing his hands in the air in a gesture of despair. Ignoring his questions, the ranger immediately started talking about something he knew the rector couldn't withstand. And indeed, he forgot his outrage and listened to the ranger talk about the nature of plant growth. "So what do you think of artificial fertilizers?" he asked after a while.

"That question isn't easy to answer", said the ranger, pleased that his strategy was working. "The basic slag that is used for fertilizer these days—a byproduct of the steel industry—is definitely catastrophic. The furnace burns the ore's essential oils. These oils are the essence of matter, like the name suggests. They are natural energy depots. These fatty components produce organic molecules. So when the molecule doesn't have *soul*, it is actually sick, and starts to roam about, seeking what it needs. This is how artificial fertilizer *discharges* the *life-magnetism* of water. Stripped of its soul and levitational force, the water retreats deep into the ground, inaccessible for vegetation. Ultimately the fields are reduced to barren desert soils."

The rector smiled, "Here in Austria that could be a while! But tell me more about those essential oils. If we produced them artificially, we should be able to boost and improve plant growth, if I understand you correctly?"

"Very true! The essential oils I am speaking about could also be called *aetheric oils*. These oils, retain the *aetheric seeds* of a substance, in this case soil. They only need to be liquefied and activated by farm equipment that moves the soil the *inspiring* way!" Surprised, Schrödinger halted in the dirty snow. "You mean to say that modern farm equipment moves the soil the wrong way?"

"Right. Their motion prevents the buildup of nature's own fertilizer." They embarked on a lengthy discussion. When it was time to leave, the ranger accompanied the rector to the train station. By the time they got there, Schrödinger had completely forgotten his anger.

Still thinking about the fertilizer problem, he left the ranger in a friendly mood.

“Poor fellow”, the ranger thought as he walked back. “One of those young, idealistic SSers, who sincerely believe they’re fighting for a good cause, and are foolishly willing to go to any length!”

As the Americans advanced from the south, the camp guards were doubled. Seemingly the SS secretly hoped for a sudden technological breakthrough to avert the Reich’s downfall. The high-ranking SS officer who visited the camp unannounced, looked quite desperate. Judging by the questions he asked, the deeply troubled and anxious officer wanted to know if the ranger was indeed capable of saving the Reich, as some of his peers claimed.

“What do you actually mean by *biogenesis*?” he introduced his inquiry. Apparently he had read the ranger’s booklet *Our Senseless Toil*.

“Biogenesis springs from the *life-awaking* motion”, the ranger replied. “This miraculous motion generates a metaphysical, time- and spaceless energy.” The tall, blond SS officer nodded eagerly, trying to impress the ranger with his knowledge of the *Vril Power* research. He continued: “I call this motion the *inspiring motion*, because it follows an inward spiraling path. This is the only motion capable of transforming matter at room temperature, because it eliminates resistance. This way solids are liquefied, liquids gasified and gasses *aetherified*, leaving them all *non-material*.” The officer listened intently. “All nature’s organisms first transform their food into pure life energy. This is how they vitalize their blood. It is specifically this life force that grants those organisms the power of the relative levitation, which we call *life*.”

“Please go on!”

“Human blood, like water, is a *life force accumulator*. When it implodes, the blood radiates a life enhancing force into its environment. Being attracted by the sun—its opposite pole—this force moves upward, as long as it is shielded from direct sunrays. When it eventually *does* touch the sunrays, it solidifies into blood or sap and later on into physical growth. This *materialization*, or skin, protects the magnetic life force against the harsh, direct sunrays. Plants and trees are channels through which the earth’s magnetic energy flows up towards the sun. When its inner and outer filters start to fail, the body disintegrates and reverts back to the womb of the earth. Her inspiring processes transform it back into oils, gasses and aether, preparing it for new incarnations caused by the sun’s fertilizing rays. If we could truly comprehend these processes, we would be able to construct implosion devices that simulate them, and artificially generate this life force. By accelerating water or air above their *border velocities*, we would defeat gravity!” Visibly moved, the SS officer took in his words.

“So you say gravity is not a constant?”

“No. It can be regulated!”

“And have you managed to generate this *life force* already?”

“Yes”, replied the ranger without batting an eye.

Then the officer asked, “How much does it cost?”

“Once the research phase is completed, it would be virtually for free.”

“And how much longer will this research-phase last?”

“That depends on the delivery of the required materials.”

The SS officer knew what needed to be done. Almost in tears, the troubled Aryan shook the rangers’ hand, profusely thanking him before he left.

A few days later a truck with all the requested materials and precision cutters arrived. The ranger felt moved, as he realized he must have been the man’s last hope. Nevertheless, it was too late. The firing American tanks could be heard in the near distance, it would only be moments before they arrived. The camp commander ordered the burial of all test models. “If we’re too late, just blow them up!”

That didn’t go down well with the ranger. “That’s not your decision to make!”, he fumed. “I paid for them, and I won’t allow my property to be destroyed! Besides, they aren’t weaponry, to the contrary. These devices will free humanity from war forever!”

“That’s not the point”, the commander replied. “They can’t be allowed to fall into enemies’ hands so they can be used against us later on.” The ranger shook his head. “That will never happen, because I won’t give up my life’s work under any circumstance. Without my knowledge, no one can operate these machines. If they were to try any way, they will instantly self-destruct, as has happened before!” With this mysterious statement he walked off, leaving the commander bewildered.

At three in the morning, there was a loud banging on his door. A haggard looking Jezirsky said with a choked up voice, “Chief, those who are about to die, salute you. I wish you all best with the machines.”

The ranger jumped out of bed, ran down the stairs in his pajamas, and into the inner court. A couple of SS officers, held a group of prisoners at gunpoint.

“What the hell is going on here?!” , he hollered.

“None of your damn business!”, the commander replied coldly.

“You bastard! Who gives you the right to point a gun at perfectly decent, hardworking people, and treat them like criminals?!”, the ranger was shouting.

“Hurry up!”, the commander ordered the guards, and they marched the prisoners off. The others started to ransack their belongings. Aiming his gun at the ranger, the commander grunted, “You’re under arrest! We’ve discovered illegal weapons in the camp, which means mutiny! Tonight you and the others will be taken to camp Mauthausen to stand trial.”

“Are you insane?!”, the ranger was besides himself. Everyone started shouting at each other, but their rant was disrupted when a heavy motorbike entered the gate. Through his bloodshot eyes the ranger recognized an acquainted lieutenant.

“What’s going on here?” the fellow demanded to know, as he got off his bike.

“I’m being accused of mutiny!” the ranger replied. “Please hurry to Linz and contact my nephew, tell him innocent lives are at stake!” The lieutenant immediately jumped on his bike, and sped away, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

The camp commander still had the ranger covered. The latter screamed in outrage, “Call Ziereis and tell him that you made a mistake!”

“No way in hell!” the infuriated commander yelled back, his eyes distorted, as if he was about to pull the trigger.

“You murderous cowahhh-...!” The ranger grabbed his heart and he collapsed into a black abyss.

“Call a doctor!”, the commander ordered, suddenly concerned.

After a while, a doctor arrived on the scene. “Heart attack”, he concluded. “He needs to take rest and stay in bed. Don’t let him move an inch!”

## In American hands

**WHEN HE WOKE UP AND LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW, THE RANGER SAW** soldiers from all over the camp abandoning their positions.

A few hours later, six huge American tanks left a trail of black smoke as they rolled through the gate into the courtyard and came to a crunching halt. Twenty heavily sweating soldiers came crawling out, like sardines from a tin. They ran across the square to the house where the ranger was staying, and he heard them ask Maria: “Where is he?”

“Sick in bed”, she answered in German, pointing upstairs. Two heavily armed soldiers charged up the stairs, kicked open the bedroom door and yelled, “Where are the weapons?!”

The ranger slowly raised his hands above the sheet and said in German, “There are no weapons.”

“Take us to the weapons!”, the soldiers insisted. When the ranger kept staring at them in silence, they called for an interpreter. “Where are the *Wunderwaffen*?”, the man reframed the question.

“Oh, those, they’re downstairs in the workshop.” The soldiers ran out, and meticulously searched the workshop. A secretary joined them to take notes.

After a while they came running back, “Where are the blueprints?”



“Excuse me sir, but those are my personal property, just like the devices, by the way”, the ranger stubbornly refused to give way.

“Bring them!”, the Yankee officer demanded pointing his index finger.

When the Americans finally found what they were after, the commander ordered the ranger: “You are not to leave the house under any circumstances. Mark my words, no stupid games! The entire premises are in American hands.”

The ordeal seemed over for now, and the soldiers ran off to climb back into their tanks. Groaning and billowing thick black smoke, the monsters rolled away.

From his window, the ranger saw a Polish and a Russian prisoner crawl out from their hiding place and run into the workshop. Moments later they re-emerged, their hands filled with precious gold and silver parts, ripped from his devices. “Keep your hands off my stuff!” he yelled. The Polish guy drew a gun, so the ranger wisely kept quiet. Seconds later, the thieves were out of sight.

At Mauthausen, Jezirsky and another prisoner, had dodged execution by hiding under a pile of dead bodies. When they heard the American tanks roll in, they broke cover. The first question they were asked, was, “Where are the *Wunderwaffen*?”

“At Leonstein”, Jezirsky answered.

“So you guys worked for *mister Spyrock*?”

“Yes.”

“Was he a member of the SS?”

“No”, Jezirsky answered. “He was forced by the SS to work on the *Wunderwaffen* in secret. He risked his life by purposely delaying the research as much as he could, and he always kept crucial details to himself.”

“*Hmm*, and did he abuse you?”

“He always treated us friendly and fair, and once he saved our lives. We are forever in his debt.”

It didn’t take the Americans long to figure out that Jezirsky was the one best informed, so they kept him in custody for more interrogation by the Military Secret Service. The other two were released. Before they returned to Czechoslovakia, they visited the ranger at Leonstein, to thank him for saving their lives.

“On the contrary”, the ranger brushed aside their thanks, “I should thank *you* guys! Please forgive me for not paying your full wages. But at least allow me to cover your train fare to Czechoslovakia,” he said as he handed them some money.

In the middle of the night, the door of the house swung wide open, and an American committee of inquiry marched into the room. The commander, a high-ranking police

officer, sat down at the dinner table and gestured the ranger to join him. Two soldiers with automatic pistols guarded the door. Next, the ranger was ordered to empty the contents of his briefcase onto the table. Every little scrap of paper was thoroughly examined, and they made a list of the documents.

“We know the SS were developing an atomic weapon”, the interrogator said. “According to our intelligence, you were one of the researchers involved. Is that correct?”

“I only researched the artificial generation of *life force*”, the ranger replied. “You could indeed call this an atomic force, but in reality it differs quite a bit from Einstein’s low grade atomic force.”

“But you know how it works?” the officer asked.

“All atomic energies are the result of refinement processes”, the ranger explained. “Their main difference is in how they move. One type of motion generates constructive vibrations inside the atom, while the other type generates destructive vibrations.” It was clear that the interpreter had trouble following the ranger, as he was stumbling with his words. Visibly annoyed, the officer snapped, “Tell us briefly and to the point about the difference between familiar energy, and your own atomic energy.”

“The *American* atomic forces are *destructive*. Mine are *constructive*. It doesn’t get any more to the point than that”, he said. “Unlike the first, the second one also improves plant growth.”

“Yeah right”, the officer smiled with contempt, so the ranger added, “It is impossible to build a healthy economy with American atomic forces. All they do is destroy the blood, and ultimately cause all living beings to die of cancer.” After this, the irritated officer motioned the ranger to shut up. “According to the Military Secret Service, the SS also worked on *flying saucers* at a site near Prague. What do you know about that?”

“I know nothing of *flying saucers* near Prague”, said the ranger bluntly, “All I know, is that they pressured me into building an engine for something called a *flying submarine*. I knew the Gestapo was spying on me; I always kept the vital details to myself. It is quite possible that they achieved some minor results after copying my work, but I am convinced they were never successful!”

“How does a flying disk function, based on your principles?” the interrogator frowned, and the ranger knew he captured his interest. “The most obvious feature is its suction, generated by fusing the centripetal and centrifugal forces into one motion. Part of the air is imploded to its fourth-dimensional state, which sucks the device upward or forward. A different part of the air is densified, and guided towards the bottom of the device, pushing it up or ahead. Inside the implosion vacuum, a blue-white glow appears.” Not wanting to reveal anything else, he added, “This very process can be observed everywhere in nature. Personally, I received my tuition from a trout.”

Partly amused, but also partly intrigued, the officer ordered the secretary to write everything down, even if it made no sense. He knew his specialists would review all information in great detail. He addressed the ranger once more, “And what about your

political life?”

“Clean as a whistle”, the ranger answered. “I consider politics to be the stench of a rotting economy. I have never been a member of any society in my life. Not even the local bowling club!”

“But wait a minute... You were with the *Waffen SS*, is that correct?”

“Yes, but only to get my co workers out of that hell of Mauthausen”, the ranger replied, realizing they were extremely well informed.

“You also visited Hitler personally, correct?”

“Yes”, he answered, without offering an explanation.

“In addition you kept personal correspondence with several ministers, including Albert Speer, correct?”

“Yes.”

“What do you know about the case of baroness Mauthner-Eppstein?”

“She was poisoned.”

“Why?”

“Because she pressed State Secretary Hermann Göring into defending my case and alerting Hitler to the dangers of modern technology.”

Suddenly, the officer was done with the questions, and after a brief silence he said, “Your statements are solid and reliable. Do you know a Jezirsky?”

“Yes. He was my foreman.”

“Count your lucky stars, he made a very positive statement about you!” With these words, the interrogation was over. The ranger sighed with relief.

Then the officer added, “All materials are to remain here. Your foreman Jezirsky, will arrive shortly, so the two of you can continue your work.” The officer glanced at his watch. Noticing it was past twelve o’clock, he jumped up and walked out without a word.

The guards and interpreter followed suit. He heard doors slamming, an engine starting and wheels grinding. Slowly the sound receded and complete silence returned.

“Nazi or American”, the ranger said to Maria, “it makes no difference. They’re just different names for the same vermin. Without exception, they are all out to abuse my inventions for their own filthy, political aims, rather than humanity’s wellbeing!”

Around the same time the next day, the door was pushed open again, and the interrogation continued. This time around, they were analyzing the ranger’s biography. Apparently the Americans knew things about him that he could barely remember himself, including the smallest details.

The interrogation ended hours later, with the same verdict as the day before: “Your

stories add up, so we have no grounds to incarcerate you. However, in order to keep you from Russian abduction, you'll be guarded around the clock. Under no circumstance are you to leave the premises, or step into an unknown vehicle."

Turning to the guards, he ordered, "Make sure that nobody enters the house, save his close relatives. Visits are permitted in your presence only. Anyone who neglects these rules will be shot. Even though this ranger is a free man, you can't let him out of your sight!" The officer looked around to make sure that everyone understood his orders. Then he turned around, left the room and drove off.

"Great!" the ranger thought. "The war is over and I'm still a prisoner." He said to Maria, "The restrictions don't concern you. Would you please go to Vienna and check out our apartment? My *catalytic agents* are hidden in a hollow table leg, and I also would like to have the building plans which I hid under a loose board." Maria was eager to go, as she was curious to see their apartment.

The first thing she saw when she arrived was the knocked down front door. Once inside, she witnessed a terrible scene. The place had been ransacked. Papers fluttered through the air, on a draft from the open door. Maria walked right out again and rang her neighbor's doorbell.

"Maria. I'm so glad you're still alive!" her neighbor exclaimed. "The SS has ravaged your apartment just before the end of the war. Later on, the Russian Military Police also paid a visit. When they realized they were too late, they forfeited the house on account of your husband's *war crimes*. Looting soldiers did the rest."

"War crimes?" Maria asked incensed.

"Well you can't deny that he worked for the SS at Mauthausen, can you?"

After visiting a friend's house where the ranger had hidden several other blueprints and parts, Maria heard how the SS had found and confiscated all hidden parts and drawings.

The ranger was highly disappointed with this new information. He even worried that the thieves might have acquired enough information to use his technology.

"Thirty years of unselfish research, and this is my reward? Loss of all the fruits of my labor, my house and even my freedom!" He felt desperate. The situation was driving him mad. Loneliness was consuming his good spirits. Apart from Maria, he hardly spoke with anyone. Finally, the world had completely forgotten about him.

As the weeks turned into months, all that was heard in the house was the ticking sound of his old typewriter—His ultimate *secret weapon*. He tirelessly addressed the authorities through long letters, demanding his freedom.

One morning, he went outside for a little stroll and a chat with the guards. They were listening to the radio, when suddenly a contest was announced with a very handsome reward. The contest was about the solution to a grave situation: to find enough fuel to prevent millions of people from freezing to death during the approaching winter.

The ranger ran back to the house and sat down at his typewriter:

“A similar situation occurred right after World War One. Acute shortage of coal will lead to deforestation of the remaining woods. If at all there are enough animals to pull the load, there is no time to dry the timber, so all will be in vain, no matter what. The following year will face the exact same problems. The destruction of these valuable assets will eventually lead to a chain-reaction of extremely negative events. Chopping down the trees lowers the groundwater table, which leads to a dramatic decrease of food production, ultimately resulting in famines and epidemics.

I offer a truly sustainable solution, in the form of my patented *warm-cold generator*, which was developed at Siemens before the war. The only fuel it requires is fresh air mixed with silica-powder—Raw materials which are abundantly found in Austria!

At the end of the war, I improved the concept and built a test model. It generated 200° Celsius easily. The model was stolen from my home in Vienna, either by the SS or the Russians. For the sake of the Austrian people, I am prepared to give up my patent rights, should the government decide to start mass production of the *temperature generator* before winter. Half a million pieces would get people through the worst. All I need in return is a well-equipped workshop, and some competent technicians. I request you to put Leonstein Castle, the abandoned military headquarters, at my disposal.”

His words didn’t fall on deaf ears. All of a sudden the place was swarming with influential people, from the minister of Agriculture and Food, to a well-known priest, professors and politicians of various denominations. Everyone was full of good intentions, but no one had any money.

The ranger was visited by a small band of three socialist party leaders, who listened closely to his sermons. In an attempt to exploit him, and to have him dance to their tune, they organized for him to give lectures, with permission of the Americans. Eventually they resigned. The ranger never passed up an opportunity to call politicians ‘*dangerous parasites of the worst kind*’, so in the end he was nothing but trouble.

Engineer Malzacker, sent by the government, visited to assess the viability of the *Warm-Cold Generator*. “Show me a model at least, and give me a rough explanation of the principles”, he demanded.

“This partially demolished model is all that is left after they pillaged my house. The most important parts vanished during the war, as they were made of precious metals. Tests have shown it to emit ‘cold light, like the sun”, the ranger said without further explanation.

“Cold light like the *sun*?” the engineer frowned, as he curiously inspected the strange configuration of metals, “I’m afraid that’s beyond me.”

Without offering an explanation, the ranger said, “We tested it when it was completed. When the machine reached the required rotational speed, the engineers and the director suddenly began sweating profusely. It was winter and cold air was coming in through the

open window. They thought the bearings were overheated. But the bearings were cool to the touch. The director then thought he must have caught a fever, so I urged him to go to bed, which he did. After he left, I quietly snatched the device and hid it in my apartment. It took the Gestapo a while to get over the fact that the thing had disappeared, while the director was in bed, drinking tea!” Laughing, engineer Malzacker shook his head. “But tell me please, where on earth did you get the idea to copy the sun?”

“Because it’s nature’s only heat source, isn’t it? In my opinion it is utterly absurd to spend so much effort and money on burning carbons, while the sun clearly shows us how heat can be generated in a much healthier and cheaper way.”

“If you have the same gasses that make up the sun, I suppose”, Malzacker retaliated.

“That’s indeed what ‘science’ says”, the ranger said in a condescending way. “But what do they know? Have they been to the sun?! They claim to know the sun is a fiery gas orb of about 6.000° Celsius. But the closer one gets to the sun, the colder it gets. Just climb a good-sized mountain, take a good look at the eternal snow on the peaks and think again! Or better still, board a plane and stick your hand out of the window. That’ll cure you of your false belief faster than you can pull back your hand. Even a simple ranger like me can understand that it is wildly illogical to think that the sun is hot. If that were true, the sun’s heat-radiation would have to cool down in space and turn back into heat, inside the earth’s atmosphere. Or am I missing something? To my unscientific rangers-mind, it is more likely that the sun is an icy-cold sphere, emitting a radiation that turns into light and heat upon impacting the earth.”

Malzacker rolled his eyes in disbelief. For an instant, he thought the ranger was raving mad. Trying to overcome his scientific prejudice, he slowly started to accept this theory as a possibility.

“By studying ancient science and nature itself, I’ve come to the conclusion that the sun is an ice-cold, pitch dark vacuum. A black hole, or an aether concentration, that sucks in mainly hydrogen ions, as hydrogen is the lightest atom. Because of the intense cooling, the hydrogen particles fuse, and generate an outward radiation. After their long journey through dark space they’re finally transformed into light and heat, through the resistance of water molecules within earth’s atmosphere.”

“That would be like saying the earth is round, when flat is the norm!”, Malzacker said. “I’m not entirely convinced as yet, but please continue”, he smiled a bit awkwardly.

“High up in the atmosphere”, the ranger went on, “the sun rays splice up water molecules into oxygen and hydrogen. The negatively charged hydrogen flows up into space, attracted by the positively charged sun. The positively charged oxygen particles move down, attracted by the earth, causing what we know as air pressure or gravity.”

“I don’t know what they’ve done with you during the war”, Malzacker said, “but you seem to see everything up side down!”

“There’s more”, said the ranger with a grin. He always enjoyed these kinds of discussions. “Tell me, have you ever seen a shooting star?”

“Of course!”

“The trail of light in its wake is another example of *cold light*. Contrary to scientific belief, the light-trail dies out as soon as the meteorite hits the earth’s atmosphere. This is because cold light can only be generated inside a vacuum. The meteorite creates just enough vacuum in its wake, to generate this effect. I’ve proven this with the Kelvin Generator.” Malzacker’s face looked doubtful.

“Consider this: by the time a meteorite hits the earth, it is barely lukewarm, which wouldn’t be possible if it were burning hot just moments before. Moreover, a meteorite shows crystalline structures which aren’t caused by heating.” Not knowing how to counter him, Malzacker simply said, “I don’t concern myself with meteorites and such. But tell me more about *cold light*.”

“Cold light is in fact a special form of magnetism, generated when matter exceeds its own *border velocity*, inside a vacuum. At this particular speed, the vibration of material atoms is increased to such an extent that the soul, or *astral body*, is forced out of the physical body, only to return to Nirvana at incredible speed. Cold light is *soul-vibration* made visible.” Malzacker remained skeptical, but the ranger was on a roll.

“In my Warm-Cold Generator, I try to accomplish something similar. I raise the molecular vibration, generating either a rising type of coolness and darkness, or in the reverse way, a falling type of heat and light. But keep in mind these are different from the *technical* types of heat and light that we keep producing, in these days of modern ignorance. *Natural heat* however, has a concentrating, growth-stimulating effect.”

Malzacker was sure that the ranger referred to infrared light. “Perhaps he *actually* made a revolutionary discovery”, he wondered. He pondered a while, took a sip of his coffee, and asked, “Provided it works, could we strike a deal on this Warm-Cold Generator?”

“I think we should develop and produce the device as independent entrepreneurs”, the ranger said cautiously. “I have no faith in commercial enterprises anymore. They simply can’t be trusted with anything.”

“And how soon would you be able to produce a new test model?”

“I need money, craftsmen and a big workshop!” the ranger replied.

“Well alright, I’ll see what I can do”, Malzacker promised, still a bit skeptical.

Within days, the ranger received a phone call from Malzacker, “I found a wealthy investor who is prepared to finance the project!”

Negotiations that followed were quickly terminated, for the ranger severely disliked the conceited backer. But that didn’t stop Malzacker. He owned several companies and was part of a vast network of important acquaintances. Soon he reported back, saying he found a large machine factory willing to start mass production of the Warm-Cold Generator. This time the negotiations were more successful. They agreed to start mass production as soon as the ranger provided a working model.

Once again, the ranger started a campaign from behind his typewriter. But all was in vain, no-one felt like sparing even a single penny for his wild ideas. “We don’t need another Schappeller”, the minister of Economic Affairs stated in a formal reply.

Shortly afterwards, Malzacker was arrested by the Americans ‘for political reasons’, and put to work in a soup kitchen, peeling potatoes.

The ranger’s request for the allocation of Leonstein Castle, was politely declined: “We regret to inform you that Leonstein Castle will not be available for your purposes, as it has been designated for a weaving plant and children’s day care center.”

“Well, well, what great political vision!”, the ranger thought. “At least a few children will be warm this winter!”

Stress, financial worries and chain-smoking his homegrown tobacco, led to a massive heart attack in the fall of 1946. Gabelmann, his attorney, came by for a visit and to pass a message from the Russians. “They will return your apartment if you move to Vienna permanently and they also offered research facilities”, Gabelmann said with a grin. “But when I asked the officer who reeked of vodka, to give it to me in writing, he said: ‘Russian do as promise’.

‘That’s not enough’, I told him. Then he threatened to take you before a war tribunal, accusing you of supplying *secret weapons* to the SS. When I told him you were under extreme pressure, he yelled furiously: ‘Remember he was friends with Hitler!’ When he



tried to convince me that promoting a machine that ‘artificially stimulates growth’ was illegal and punishable, I realized I couldn’t take the man seriously any longer.”

“Nazi, American or Russian, it’s six of one and half a dozen of the other”, said the ranger, shaking his troubled head in disbelief.

One dark and rainy evening, loud noises were heard in the inner courtyard. The next moment, the door was flung open and an enormous black figure appeared in the doorway; his outlined silhouette magnified by the headlights of his still running car. His appearance was frightening, and with a jerk of his head he dismissed the guards, who needed no other encouragement to leave the room.

A dark voice came out of an invisible mouth, “It is useless to introduce myself, besides..., I have no time for playing games. I can assure you that my superiors are prepared to give you everything you need for your research, should you decide to step into my car.”

“I wouldn’t touch your car with a ten foot pole!” said the ranger.

“Alright then, advice, when most needed, is least heeded.” With these words the ghostly apparition turned around and left, ignoring the trembling guards with their outstretched, gun clenching fists. They watched him step into his black diplomatic car and drive away. The ranger almost couldn’t tell if he was dreaming or this actually happened. “What would you guys have done if he’d just dragged me into the car?” he asked the guards.

“We would’ve raised our hands up in the air, ‘cause no one can beat a mean dog like that”, one of the guards said jokingly, as he settled back into his card game. However, surveillance was intensified after that night.

One day, while looking out the window, the ranger saw a military jeep arrive with three passengers. An American officer stepped into the house, walked straight into his room, threw a bunch of keys on the table and left without a word. He jumped into his jeep and drove off, leaving the other two men, looking rather awkward. The ranger went to inquire after them, when he saw it was Jezirsky and one more of his former co-workers.

“Jezirsky, my friend!”, he exclaimed, tightly squeezing his ‘brother-in-arms’. “I’m so glad to see you’re alive! So I’m gathering they want us to finish the project?”

“Yes! I have managed to get some high ranking American officers interested in our work!”, Jezirsky said with excitement in his voice. But the ranger wasn’t thrilled, as Jezirsky added, “We are going to continue our work, funded by the Americans!”

In fact, he was instantly alarmed. He decided to play along, hoping to get some more information.

“The Americans knew the entire time what the Waffen SS was up to during the war”, Jezirsky continued, “Through their network of German-American industrial cartels, which precedes the war, they had full intelligence about locations and development of the *secret*

*weapons* programs. General Patton's Third Army was assigned the special task of capturing those secret teams all in one piece. They drove into Prague ahead of the regular army and captured several teams that worked on secret weaponry under general Hans Kammler. Just a few days before Czechoslovakia was handed over to the Russians, containers filled with patents, constructional drawings, models and even complete research teams were shipped off to the States. Rumor has it that the SS was working on flying saucers near Prague. The same rumor states that towards the end of the war, a test flight was performed with a disk of fifty square meters. Witnesses claim that it reached an altitude of fifteen kilometers, emitting a blue-green, silvery radiance. Apparently, it got out of control and crashed."

"Well well, it sounds like they've attempted to perfect our implosion technology! The color of the glow is a sure sign of ionization", said the ranger, still probing. Jezirsky nodded eagerly, "I've heard that the Russians found disk-nozzles, meant to be destroyed, by orders of field marshal Wilhelm Keitel. Rumor has it, that they built a new model with Soviet funding. It worked for about twenty hours before the nozzles melted."

"I'm not surprised at all", said the ranger, while thinking, "Jezirsky must have been bribed by the Americans. How else could he know all this?" Nevertheless it was a welcome diversion from the usual rut, to have his friend's company again, although serious research was out of the question.

During the weeks that followed it was as hard to find materials, as it was during the war. Even if they did manage to locate some materials, they couldn't be transported for lack of fuel. Jezirsky could only bear this situation for a few months, and decided to return to Poland for the time being.

When the ranger noticed that Jezirsky wasn't arrested when he left the camp, he decided to try taking some liberties as well. It almost seemed as if the Americans had forgotten about him. Gradually his walks outside the abandoned camp became longer. One Sunday morning he walked all the way to the nearby village of Leonstein. As he calmly drank his coffee at the station's kiosk, the train to Linz arrived. The ranger couldn't resist the temptation to board and decided he wanted to visit his nephew in Kirchdorf.

Just as he sat down with his nephew for some steaming hot soup, the door swung wide open, and an American officer in uniform stood in the doorway. "Well, well, and what do you think you're doing mister Spyrock?!", he thundered, sounding like a schoolmaster.

"Right now I am enjoying my newfound freedom", the ranger replied bravely. "It is impossible to work on any of my devices. I have no house, no money, no co-workers, no materials and no test models. Everything has disappeared."

"Dear mister Spyrock, you can have everything you need, if you show us something real for once!" the officer sighed.

"Then tell me, mister officer, what is *real* to you?"

"That is very simple. Something real is something we can touch!"

With a devious smile the ranger said, “In *reality* everything you perceive around you, is just a brief materialization of the underlying, subtler *realities*!”

“You can run that by the atomic expert that will visit you soon. Unlike you, I am an honest businessman, with both feet on the ground. I deal in *concrete* realities”, the officer said sarcastically.

“Ooooh, an *honest* businessman, huh?! Why aren’t you honest for a change, and admit you are only out to enrich yourself at the expense of your fellow man?!” That’s when the ranger’s little clandestine trip came abruptly to an end and he was driven back to Camp Leonstein.

The atomic expert did indeed show up several days later as promised by the officer. He was smart looking, young, and clearly a regular bookworm. “You actually came”, said the ranger blatantly. “Are you an ordinary, disease producing technician, or one that acknowledges the *higher* realities?”

“My orders are to find out what you mean by *higher atomic energies*, sir”, the engineer replied cold, yet polite. “Kindly elaborate.”

“I’m afraid you won’t understand me anyway.”

“Don’t tell me that *higher atomic energies* refer to the obscure *life force* of yours you always go on about, the one that empowers your imaginary devices!”, the engineer said with swift retribution.

“Apart from the word *imaginary*, it’s actually well phrased”, said the ranger. “But I won’t have anything to do with your worthless American atomic energy!”

“*Worthless*?! Atomic energy is the crowning achievement of a long scientific quest!”

The ranger shrugged. “What can you teach an expert? Your atomic energy can never become the foundation of a healthy society. ‘*Realities*’ such as blood cancer, will take a while to emerge, but these ‘*realities*’ will eventually kill more people than the last World War itself!”

“I can’t... no, I *refuse* to understand you”, said the expert stubbornly.

“If you want to stick to your ostrich policies, and bury your head in the sand in spite of all the proof, then this conversation is completely superfluous”, the ranger lashed out. “Every single government so far, has tried to abuse my inventions for the sake of warfare. If we really want peace, we need to learn how to generate high-grade life forces, which will eradicate all reasons for war!” The young American looked at the ranger with contempt and said, “You always go from one extreme to the other.”

“Not at all!” the ranger counterattacked. “But in order to accomplish the goal of your visit, we would have to talk for months, if not years. As money is the only thing that talks to you silly Americans, you consider this a waste of time! Besides, I refuse to cast my pearls before swine any longer. Why would I reveal my ‘utopian’ ideas to individuals who have lost their intuition when they were academically trained?”

The engineer was speechless and decided to stop wasting his time with this idiot. He abruptly ended the conversation and thanked the ranger politely for his time.

The next person sent by the Americans, was a philosopher, with whom the ranger had an even worse encounter.

The ranger told him that, “True *realities*, are in fact mental powers, forgotten and neglected by modern man. The elders used these mental faculties to build remarkable, noble cultures!” Hearing this, the poor fellow suffered an emotional outburst, “But when you say that our ancestors were more intelligent than us, you turn it all upside down!” Before long, this gentleman was also gone.

Months dragged by, and the ranger became more and more depressed. Sitting at the typewriter, he desperately launched a final offensive against his oppressor—the American Military Secret Service, the CIC. Deeply distressed, he committed his indignant words to the blank paper:

“To the Commander of the Counter Intelligence Corps.

Dear Sir, I urgently ask you to suspend the continuous surveillance. I can no longer physically or psychologically endure this violation of my personal freedom. Numerous witnesses can testify that I wasn’t an accomplice to the crimes of the Nazi’s, therefore my captivity is illegal. I would also like to point out that the atomic forces I am working with, diverge hugely from the ones the Americans so desperately try to keep a secret. My work concerns an atomic force of a higher order, which is based on *implosion* rather than *explosion*. It makes sense that the Americans want to keep their atomic powers a secret, because this is how they prevent more wars. However, I consider it my unwavering duty to expose the grave crime of suppressing *natural* life forces. Should humanity’s desire to survive be sincere, right *now* would be the time to cause a breakthrough in natural atomic energies and use them as the basis for power production—Even if it is considered illegal! These higher atomic forces will eradicate all hunger from the world, in a way that is cheap and painless.

Obviously I prefer to reside in my own country to pursue this goal. I would never dream of presenting my discoveries to Communist Russia. I am a sick, old man, who always respected nature as his superior. I never lusted after fame, and I deserve a fair chance to finish my life’s work—My gift to humanity. I hope you will grant me this gift of freedom. Whether the suppression of life forces is a deliberate crime or a major mistake can be discussed at another time. But we should stop generating energies that create disease and illness, and start healing the earth with *implosive atomic forces*. I will spare you the details, since you being a legal counselor, wouldn’t be able to understand. However, these forces are very real. I therefore ask you urgently, to call off my imprisonment. I have no problem signing a contract that forbids me to ever researching secret American atomic forces. In conclusion I would like to state that *atomic forces of a higher order*, aren’t discovered on a daily basis. I hope you understand that I’m very sincere about the matter at hand!”

For some reason, the ranger managed to appeal to the head of the CIC's compassion and humaneness. The general discussed the issue during the next staff meeting: "Mister Spyrock is demanding his release. I do agree with him that it is quite senseless to continue his surveillance at this point. The Russians have retreated behind the Czech border long ago. And the only hope to ever get him to produce working models, is when we quietly allow him to do his thing. The Nazi's have demonstrated very clearly that pressure doesn't affect him." Murmurs of approval arose.

By the end of 1946, the ranger received word that he would be released if he signed a contract, stipulating that he would never work on his suction screw or the Warm-Cold Generator again. In addition, he was asked to write a paper on his theories concerning 'higher atomic energies', for review by specialists of the CIC. Reluctantly, the battered ranger accepted this offer. He immediately started to write an article with the title *The discovery of first class atomic energies*. In this document, he recounted the tale of the trout and what he learned when trying to copy this process in an artificial way:

'Similarly to the generation of second class atomic energies, the generation of first class atomic energies starts when the base material is centrifuged. As a young boy, I was always fascinated by the milk centrifuge, which separated the heavier and lighter milk particles. I realized later on, that any tension building is preceded by a separation of particles. Every base material consists of *acid matter*, producing an electrolytic effect, and *sweet matter*, producing a magnetolytic effect. Nature herself continuously demonstrates us how these two atoms can be separated inside a vortex. The main difference with a *technical* centrifuge, is that oxygen and carbons are subsequently fused back together in the eye of the vortex. From this perspective, the vortex could be considered a 'bio-centrifuge', in which a rapid dissociation and association occurs. Above a certain velocity, the enclosing pressure on the molecules is eliminated, causing them to fall apart into charged, single atoms—so called 'ions'. As these ions are simultaneously cooled down to 4° Celsius or 39° Fahrenheit, a magnetic force is freed up, which I call *life-magnetism*, because of its constructive, life stimulating properties. A more scientific term would be: *first class atomic radiation*. When these ions are heated on the other hand, oxidation occurs rather than fusion, causing a destructive radiation, which I call *second-class atomic radiation*. The reason that nature grows and blossoms in spite of the electrolytic sun rays, is that the earth itself acts as a giant bio-centrifuge, generating life-magnetism!'

After submitting the article and signing the contract, the ranger was finally released.

Without a home to go to, he went to stay with his nephew in Kirchdorf, near Linz, bringing with him the only two models that survived the war: a spring water generator and a half demolished Warm-Cold Generator. Maria also moved in with a relative.

Free to go where he pleased once again, the ranger thought about the little time that was left of his future. On the one hand he dreamed of spending his last days as a ranger, quietly enjoying nature, but on the other hand he was incapable of abandoning his life's work.

One day he wrote a letter to his nephew Adolph who worked as a civil servant, asking if he could arrange a job for him as forest ranger. The next day he changed his mind and decided to establish a Bio-technical enterprise called *Visomontana*, with his children Walter, Margarethe, Huberta and nephew Fritz, to conserve his life's work for posterity. However, both ideas abruptly came to a halt, when the ranger became acquainted with a wealthy Anthroposophist, the owner of a sanatorium in Salzburg. Fascinated by the story of the spring water device, this gentleman offered him backing and research facilities in his Engleiten Castle—A family estate that would be vacated to house the Implosion Project.

## Operation Paperclip

**THE CHEERING THAT ECHOED THROUGH THE LAUNCHING PAD DURING THE** first moon landing, emerged largely from German mouths. The 'military industrial complex', as president Eisenhower would refer to it, had successfully transferred most top-secret Nazi projects to the US. An ignorant onlooker could easily think that the Nazi's and Americans had always been the best of friends. This of course, was no coincidence. Even though it took the greatest war in history to stop an 'unspeakable evil', the cutting edge of that very nightmare, was now deliberately being relocated to America, through Operation Paperclip.

At the same time, the German Operation Eagle Flight, an elaborate plan to evacuate the essence of the Third Reich to Argentina and some other countries, came into effect. Top Nazi's like Hans Kammler, Hitler's secretary Martin Bormann and Reinhard Gehlen, head of the Nazi Secret Service, had negotiated this escape with the Americans, in exchange for Nazi-Germany's atom bombs. Before America dropped them on an already defeated Japan, all they had to do was paint the tail fins over with the American flag. Of course the American scientists involved with the Manhattan Project took credit for inventing the atomic bomb. But in reality credit should have gone to the German theoretical physicists Werner Heisenberg, Max Planck, Friedrich Hasenörl—the founders of *quantum mechanics*—and gaseous uranium expert Paul Harteck, atomic bomb physicist Kurt Diebner, uranium enrichment expert Erich Bagge, nuclear chemist Otto Hahn, and physicist Walter Gerlach—All of them formerly employed at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. Obviously the money that Rockefeller invested in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, was money well spent. Its broad research, ranging from psychology to technology, now offered the Anglo-American tycoons the prospect of ruling the world with an atomic fist, and a scientific propaganda machine to take control of man's dulled, down-trodden minds.

For Operation Paperclip to succeed, the technological goods had to be seized from under the Russians' noses. A meticulous preparation preceded the mission of general Patton's *tech-units*, charging deep into Czechoslovakia. Thanks to accurate espionage information,

they generally succeeded in reaching the camps and factories in full operation. On instruction of the military Secret Service, they captured all scientists and technicians, irrespective of their status or nationality, packed all models, patents and equipment into containers, and shipped everything back home. A paperclip on their passport, guaranteed thousands of Nazi scientists a smooth passage into the new world, no questions asked.

In a monstrous operation, tens of thousands of Nazi scientists, industrialists, bureaucrats and military brass, were incorporated into the new world power. Even torture experts were welcomed with arms wide open. It was obvious that the American industry would profit for decades to come, from the roughly 340.000 stolen German patents, worth an estimated 10 billion dollars. The alternative, nonlinear physics of Nazi science was way beyond the frame of reference of most American scientists.

However, the looting troops didn't always arrive on time. Sometimes faithful SS officers had already liquidated prisoners and scientists assigned to the projects, and concealed blueprints and models in mines, caves, lakes, hospitals, farmhouses and churches. In those cases, the looting troops would meticulously search the area. In other cases, the projects had already been moved to Argentina, with help of the American Secret Service and Argentina's right wing president Juan Peron, who delightfully welcomed the brilliant Nazi's into his country. Not only did he provide them with fresh identities and large plots of land, but he also appointed them to high posts in his government. More than a few German teams continued their work in Bariloche, where president Peron built them a cutting-edge research facility. Via this route, SS general Hans Kammler, head of the *secret weapons* programs of the Third Reich, vanished with his special briefcase into the fog of the Argentinian pampas.

Over sixty major American companies that belonged to the military-industrial-complex, went on to employ Nazi's in their research facilities. So did a score of universities.

The incredible legacy of psychological research conducted at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, was fervently carried on in new Rockefeller-funded institutes like the Stanford Research Group and the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations. Elaborating on the Nazi's groundbreaking work, those institutes conducted massive research into controlling the human mind giving it a Freudian twist, they developed methods for mass-hypnosis or crowd control and pioneering Trans-Humanism—the merging of man and machine.

The most well-known research team captured in Nazi Germany, consisted of Major General Walter Dornberger and SS General Werner von Braun, two brilliant rocket scientists of the Peenemünde facility—the world's first space program. Their claim to fame were the winged bombs V1 and V2.

Although their facility was situated far into the designated Russian zone, Patton's looting troops arrived ahead of the lingering Russians. They captured the entire team and quickly shipped them to the Arizona desert, rockets and all. With a delay of just a few weeks, tests were continued with such a zest, that it seemed the war never ended. It became crystal clear that the German rockets were far superior to the American ones.

They were extremely well balanced, boasted an ingenious control system and were fueled by a mixture of alcohol and liquid oxygen. According to eyewitnesses, the rockets easily reached a height of an astounding 114 miles.

Another Nazi toy that was played with in Arizona, was the Austrian-made *Lightning Ball*—The manned successor of the mysterious *Foo-fighter*. This craft was in fact the first genuine *Flying Saucer* in modern history.

In his spare time, Werner von Braun, a good friend of the late Heinrich Himmler, was drinking Martini's with his new friends. They included ex-president Herbert Hoover, vice president Lyndon Johnson and head of Project Paperclip and banker, Allen Dulles.

Before von Braun established NASA, he studied the work of the electrical genius Tesla, in-depth. After the latter's death, he secured the bulk of his work by declaring it 'top secret' and burying it deeply in the FBI's vaults.

Rudolph Schriever and Giuseppe Belluzo—Another Nazi anti-gravity research team—also fell into American hands. They had been working on flying disks at the Skoda plant near Prague. Like many other projects, this one was continued under cover. In a typical move, the former German aviation company A.V. Roe was rechristened Avro, continuing its research into flying disks in Canada, jointly financed by the US and Britain.

In 1946, the ranger read in a newspaper about multiple UFO sightings in South-America. In particular Venezuela, where an entire fleet of disks had scared the public out of their wits. In 1947 he read about similar sightings, but this time over Washington. The ranger was fascinated. It wasn't so much the sensational side of the story, but it proved to him that the transplanted research programs had obviously been successful. Therefore he wasn't surprised at all, when soon after, he was approached by an American aviation consortium, offering him 3,5 million dollar for his patent on the Suction Screw. A similar one from a Canadian consortium followed the offer, which he declined. The West-German government even offered him a job as a mentor to a *secret, civilian aviation project*. In all cases, the ranger demanded a clause to be added to the contract, prohibiting all military applications of his inventions. Just as he anticipated, all companies declined, reinforcing his suspicion that they were only interested in abusing his work for less noble purposes.

Unlike the Americans, the Russians didn't have detailed intelligence at their disposal. Yet they captured a number of Nazi science teams, even though the Americans considered these less important. A common joke at the time, depicted a fighting Russian and an American shouting at each other, "*Our* German scientists are better than *your* German scientists!"

Stalin, the fierce Russian dictator, assembled a team of an estimated 2.000 scientists and translators in a Siberian camp, in response to the provocative American Manhattan Project. They were instructed to scrutinize old German and American science magazines, on the lookout for important loose strands that were neglected. The dictator with the



prominent mustache addressed his highly regarded scientists:

“Comrades!... Our beloved Russia is in chaos, as you very well know. Our civilian infrastructure is almost completely destroyed and the economy is in shambles. On top of that, the American atom bomb greatly frustrates international communism. But I promise you that the next worldwide scientific breakthrough will be Soviet-made! And *you* are the brilliant minds to make this happen within the near future. Should you fail, you will all be hanged, under my personal supervision. Did I make myself clear?”

The only Nazi flying saucer team the Russians managed to capture, consisted of Klaus Habermohl and Andreas Epp. With their know-how, a Soviet disc was constructed in Eastern-Germany. However, Epp became thoroughly frustrated with the East-German system after a while, so he mustered up his courage and fled to the west. From photographic memory he built a copy of the Soviet disk in West Germany, but it remained unsuccessful. Finally, like many others, he submitted to American seduction, and started to work for Bell Aircraft, under air force Major General Walter Dornberger. His former Peenemünde boss was enjoying a meteoric rise within the company.



*Epp's disk*

With the bloodthirsty Communists, the Anglo-American bankers had created the perfect pretense to fuse British, American and Nazi Secret Services into one joint CIA of considerable proportions. Allan Dulles was cleverly appointed as first director. In his former career as attorney of the ‘Skull and Bones’ Bush-dynasty, this man had been instrumental in financing Hitler’s rise to power. After the war he was head of the American Occupying Forces in Europe and coordinated Operation Paperclip. General Reinhard Gehlen, former head of the Nazi Secret Service, was granted the second highest position within the CIA. The official justification for the merger was the fact that the Nazi’s still commanded a vast network of spies in Eastern Europe—An asset too valuable to waste in the battle against the new monster called Communism. This brand new CIA’s mission statement was *to combine the information of all government agencies, to be condensed into a strategy of general safety*. Nothing was allowed to stand in its way, and almost anything was permitted. This is how this organization reserved itself the right to take action against any nation it deemed a threat, either covertly or openly. Its strongest weapon was to purposely spread lies through the media, not unlike Nazi Germany’s war

propaganda. To keep the western world 'protected', the CIA was basically granted unlimited funding without having to be accountable to the public. Neither were they required to reveal anything about the internal organization or the number of people on their payroll.

Within no time, the agency turned into an uncontrollable wild bull, charging at the communist red flag. It had its own paramilitary army, air force and network of secret jails. It organized coups against democratically chosen, socialist presidents in South-America. It financed *death cadres* that brutally killed communist party members and union leaders. It manipulated elections, organized terrorist attacks and riots, spied on its own citizens, spread lies through the media, created false flag incidents to justify wars, developed secret technologies for private use, and conducted vast experiments with mind control technologies, elaborating on research conducted at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute during the '20s. It didn't hesitate to conduct mass-hypnosis experiments with the gullible American public either. Great progress was made when it came to erasing and reprogramming human minds, resulting in the ability to induce personality changes in people at will.

The Anglo-American bankers kept the energy business under tight scrutiny. As part of the Marshall Plan, they provided large loans to Western European governments, to repair their infrastructure—An infrastructure they themselves had thoroughly destroyed during the war. The loans were also intended to buy oil from their *Seven Sisters* cartel. Depending on the level of economic growth the bankers seemed fit for a particular nation, they simply dictated oil prices. Sometimes resulting in oil prices in one country being twice as high as oil prices in a neighboring country.

The bankers bribed their corrupted politicians into constructing a vast network of roads and highways to accommodate their factories' oil fueled cars. They purposely neglected public transportation, such as railways, which was far more economical. Their official excuse was that the population should be able to quickly leave the cities, should the communists launch an atomic attack.

From now on, free energy inventors were visited by men in black from Permindex, a special branch of the CIA, dealing with the suppression of alternative technologies. Not only the work of Tesla was declared secret, but through the Food and Drug Administration, a merciless smearing campaign was directed at 'communist' Wilhelm Reich, the inventor of the *Orgone Engine*. In order to set an example, his books were publicly burned in America.

Nations that disagreed with the policies of the New World Order, run by the elite bankers, were economically strangled through trade boycotts and artificial riots.

In short, the Anglo-American elite had brilliantly succeeded in creating the bogeyman of the century, justifying a monstrous, permanent arms race. The mere mention of the word *communist* was enough to send the American public running, begging its masters for protection.

# Modern agriculture

“SO YOU BLAME MECHANICAL PRODUCTION OF DESTRUCTIVE FORCES FOR cancer growth?” asked the Anthroposophist from Salzburg who had offered the ranger his family castle.

“There are in fact a number of causes”, the ranger answered carefully. “In general you could say that all *academic methods*, which don’t take nature’s subtle forces into account, obstruct the build-up of *life-magnetism*. In the olden days these forces were still regarded as nature spirits, and great care was taken to accommodate and appease them. So there was no cancer.”

The Anthroposophist nodded in agreement and offered the ranger another cup of herbal tea, before he inquired, “I assume you’re familiar with *Anthroposophy*?”

“You mean that Swiss cult, right?” the ranger said jokingly. “A few of them are on the loose here in Austria as well!” Both men laughed. “So yes, I know a little bit, but why do you ask?”

“There is a biodynamic farm located nearby, where they attempt to work with these subtle forces of nature”, the Anthroposophist replied. “I think it would make sense to introduce you to the farm manager. He is an exceptional person, deeply interested in these so called ‘nature spirits’. You’d probably get along with him very well.”

“Of course, I don’t have much else to do anyway.”

Accordingly the ranger was introduced to Liebermann, the manager of a large biodynamic farm, especially dedicated to research *nature spirits* and *aetheric forces*, as suggested by the late Rudolf Steiner.

As opposed to his regular colleagues, this farmer was more of an artistic type. His beret and silk shawl gave him the appearance of a gnome, albeit a large one. Every morning he made the rounds of his fields, and asked the nature spirits what they needed. The ranger couldn’t help but like the man, and he never tired of alerting truly open-minded people to nature’s subtle phenomena. Therefore he happily accepted the invitation to join the eccentric farmer on his early morning walk.

A lively discussion followed. Pausing at a beautiful wheat field with golden ripples, the farmer explained, “We’ve sprayed this crop with a *silica preparation*, to take the grain into the ripening phase. The soil has been enriched with six specifically mixed *compost preparations*.” The ranger wanted to know all about these extraordinary preparations, aimed at attracting the appropriate nature spirits. He was pleasantly surprised to hear that before being applied to the soil, these preparations were blended inside a wooden water

barrel.

“That’s an old Germanic custom, which only survived in the mountains of Northern-Austria”, he said. “As a junior ranger, I once came across an old farmer who still did this. Miraculously, he grew the healthiest crops of the entire area.” The ranger told him the story of the ‘*mad farmer*’.

When he was done talking, the farmer asked, “How do you explain the effects of this *inspired* water, as you call it?”

“It’s difficult to convert intuition to an intellectual concept”, the ranger warned. “Sometimes these things can only be grasped through images and analogies. I regard modern science, or more generally speaking, the intellect, as the culprit. It inspired a loss of communication with nature, in most human beings. You probably know the story of Adam and Eve and how they were evicted from paradise for eating from *the tree of knowledge of good and evil*. That gives you an adequate picture right there. With their reasoning mind, they left the intuitive oneness of creation and began discerning between good and evil. Due to this separation, things no longer happened naturally and spontaneously, so hereafter they had to *earn their bread by the sweat of their brow*.”

“Great analogy!” the farmer said. “It is actually one of my favorite stories in the bible.”

“Another revealing story”, the ranger continued, “is the one about Cain and Abel. God doesn’t accept Cain’s offer, because he has annexed land and built the first city. The subsequent murder of his brother Abel, the *uncivilized* hunter-gatherer, demonstrates clearly what civilized man has done to his ‘wild’, still intuitive brothers—the Celts, the Germanic tribes and the native Americans, just to name a few. If my memory serves me well, Cain lost his way after that!”

A smile lit up the farmer’s weathered face. “I think I know what you mean, you can’t communicate in a rational way with nature’s spirits.” Glad he made sense, the ranger nodded, as they strolled through the fields of green.

“In the world around us, we can observe the effects of a stimulated intellect on a daily basis!” the ranger continued. “At some point, man started regarding his mother—in the form of Mother Nature—as his enemy! So called ‘expert’ agricultural engineers, advised farmers to remove all trees and hedges from their land, as this would prevent the shrubs from absorbing water in competition with their cultivated crops. They fooled farmers into believing that the trees took advantage of them!” The farmer chuckled at the ranger’s erudite remarks.

“The subsequent decline in fertility brought about extremely bad harvests and caused a great deal of stress to the farmers. But lo and behold! Just as they were about to give up farming, the chemical engineer came to the rescue with salts, formulae, graphs and studies. The farmers were deeply impressed with the prospect of abundant yields.

And indeed, the following year brought them enormous harvests. Glad not to be entirely dependent on God any longer, the farmers blessed their fields with copious amounts of chemical fertilizer. With time however, their crop started to behave more and more like

drug addicts. Progressively, they needed more fertilizer, and if the farmer didn't administer an extra dose, they immediately fell ill and withered. Not just that, the drugs destroyed the arteries of the soil, the capillaries, which became more and more clogged. Good counsel was hard to find now. Desperate, and deserted by all kind spirits, the farmer stood alone in his field. Intuitively searching for life forces inside the earth, he took out his trench-plough and destroyed what was left of his soil capillaries." It was very unusual for the ranger to talk with someone who actually understood him. His words came effortlessly. "*Biologically* speaking it is unavoidable for agriculture to end up in the same downward spiral as forestry. The excessive volume of the crop is nothing more than fake blossoms, derived from rotting bowels. More and more, the grains begin losing their baking quality, the pastures acidify and the fields are infested with weeds. The only thing that actually increases is the amount of work. In the end this will lead to loss of soil, hearth and home!

If the farmer could only become aware of the importance of the forests and the hedges, he would use his calloused hands to rectify the harm he caused his poor old mother!" Silence... What more could be said after this?

The farmer was impressed with the ranger's passion. He intuitively sensed that the ranger wasn't being pretentious, but was rather exposing a number of fundamental flaws.

"Intuitive knowledge doesn't just return over-night", said the ranger. "Fortunately, organic agriculture is advancing. Yet I wonder, how many farmers intuitively understand the real meaning of growth? A mainstream farmer will explain growth as the result of photosynthesis, where earthly minerals are transformed into plant matter, under the influence of light. The biodynamic farmer however, realizes there is more at play. He understands the fundamental importance of organizing his farm in such a way that these processes are facilitated. But in spite of his fine tales of *elementals*, genuine compost and cosmic influences, he doesn't know much about the real nature of growth either. I can only deduct that across the board, farmers in general are completely in the dark when it comes to the essence of the growth process. And as long as this is the case, the credo *natural farming*, is a hollow phrase."

"So what is the solution?"



*Justus von Liebig, inventor of Chemical Fertilizer. Note the hidden hand.*

“To keep asking questions”, answered the ranger. “The most essential one being, ‘how do *aetheric form fields* influence lower realms’? The next one is, ‘What are these invisible form-fields actually made of’? A farmer, who can’t answer these questions, simply isn’t a practical person. He shouldn’t be surprised at being blessed with a rich harvest one season, and a crop failure the next, in spite of his well intended measures. Blaming the weather or the soil quality is all too easy. Many experiments have indicated that ultimately the quality of growth isn’t determined by weather and soil. We can only conclude that crop failures occur because of the farmer’s failure to fully understand the process of natural growth!”

The farmer, who started to feel increasingly inadequate, remembered the many instances he had blamed the weather for poor yields. “That’s a tough conclusion!” he finally said.

“Well, it isn’t easy”, the ranger said, trying to take of the edge a bit. “It requires a kind of non-linear thinking. Thinking in terms of *indirect processes*. Everyone knows how hard it is to change age-old thought patterns. The mind goes its own way, like the Titanic. Only extreme willpower can divert it from its deadly course.”

## What is growth?

**LOST IN THOUGHT, THE NATURE-LOVING MEN STOOD AT THE EDGE OF A LARGE field.** Rows of onions tenderly reached up towards the sun with their stalks, in long parallel rows. Finally the farmer asked the one question that remained unasked. After everything the ranger had been saying, it could only be asked with great humility, “So tell me please, what is the essence of growth?”

The ranger was pleased with the farmer’s honesty and said, “Earthly growth is literally a *byproduct* of energetic reactions. Everything alive emits aetheric radiation, including the earth and celestial bodies. When differently charged radiations cross each other, an interference pattern appears at the intersection that slowly solidifies under the influence of the rays of the sun. You are probably familiar with Paracelsus, the famous 16<sup>th</sup> century alchemist. He described it as follows:

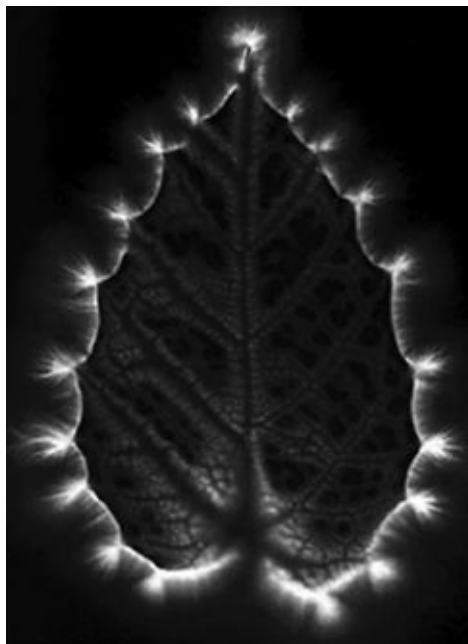
‘In its growth, every crystal, cell and sprout, magnetically draws their essence from astral light. When centripetal accumulation around a neutral center takes place, an astral body is formed, which slowly solidifies into a distinguishable crystal, plant or any other body. So before the plant starts growing, the energetic body of the leaf already exists. Radiant essences that *involute* from within and *evolve* from without, conjunct on the astral plane, causing a disruption within the energetic balance. This disruption primarily creates a separation of essences, which is then followed by a reunion of essences into a new form. Solidified energy, groups together within the boundaries of the *astral* leaf, it crystallizes and forms the visible leaf’.”

“Doesn’t Goethe describe it in a similar way?” the farmer asked.

“Judging his work, it appears that Goethe perceived the fourth dimension. He described it as *the liquid crystal world behind matter*.”

“Yes, I remember that”, said the farmer, “So the radiances that intersect are generated inside the earth and the sun?”

“The invisible sky arches above us. An infinite kingdom of a paternal god, that inspires and brings everything into being. This is the realm of aether, where we came from and to which we will return. An icy cold, bright kingdom of heaven, filled with an almost inaudible *harmony of the spheres*, vibrations of angels, planets, sun and moon. Without the tension between the two poles that leads to motion, aether would remain eternally unchanged. Each day the sun appears within this *no-thing*, laughing at the physicists and technologists, who still don’t have a clue what he really is, and how he manages to awaken the blossoming vegetation from the dormant soil in the spring.



*Matter is solidified energy*

This radiating laughter travels an immeasurable distance through an aether-filled universe, until it hits the water vapor of earth’s atmosphere. The intersection of these positive sunrays and physical matter molecules is where heat is generated and atoms are activated. At the same time, these *electrical* sunrays intensify gravity, by binding earth’s rising life-magnetism.

Being the counter pole, mother earth contracts into a material ball below our feet, giving us the resistance we need to move and change. Influenced by her inspiring orbit through aether, the soulless remains of stones, plants, animals and men are fermented within her bowels, and transformed back into *spirit*. On its way to the sun, this spirit re-incarnates on

earth, by solidifying its radiance.”

The ranger’s words sounded like poetry to the enraptured farmer. “Wow! A soul that arises from the earth. I must admit, this is an interesting take!”

“It’s a parable of course, but the earth is truly a giant *bio-centrifuge* that liquefies solid bodies, gasifies them and finally turns them aetheric. Whatever arises independently from inside the earth is permeated with negatively charged *sweet matter*, or alkaline carbons. These *carbon essences* continuously rise up towards to the sun, pulling water from the earth in their wake, connecting it to fertilizing *oxygen sun rays*, and giving birth to plant growth which levitates towards the sun-polarity.”

“*Levitating* life! Beautiful”, the farmer was mesmerized. “You’re right. Everything that lives resists gravity!”

“And *gravitation* is the force that pushes into the *grave*! When united, these two forces form a whole. Like yin and yang fishes, which bite each other’s tails, they perform their perennial balancing act. Either one predominates at appropriate times. The harmonious junction causes an up-and-down and a to-and-fro movement. This pulsation can be observed in the rising and falling groundwater table and the sap-stream in plants and trees.”

“And the moon? Doesn’t it play a role in this scheme as well?”

“Yes, the moon is another aspect. As you are probably aware, every planet contributes to this power play.”

“Yes, it’s a well known phenomenon within biodynamic farming, even though it remains somewhat of a mystery to me.”

“If unlike a scientist, you learn to see oneness within diversity, you’ll notice that nature, in all its countless manifestations, always follows the same principles. All around me I see maternal and paternal forces interacting with each other. In reality, only the energies of these substances interact, causing the slower material substances to transform. So *sweet matter* or carbon, is a negatively charged, maternal substance that emerges from the earth. Oxygen is densified, positively charged sunrays that emerge from the paternal sun. Oxygen is *solidified* sunlight, so to speak.”

“Amazing. How did you come up with all this?”

The ranger smiled. “I didn’t invent it. These secrets are revealed to anyone who is prepared to search, to ask the right questions, and to observe nature with unprejudiced eyes. The material world only mirrors the mind, the *solidified* result of energetic processes. The more subtle and celestial these processes are, the more powerful their effect will be on the denser planes. However, there is one condition. Heavenly and earthly energies can only interact productively inside the *reaction chamber* or *resonance chamber* of a water droplet. More scientifically explained: Water in all its various forms, is the bridge between heaven and earth, due to the hydrogen bond; the impartial *virgin*, accumulator and sender of all influences it encounters on its way.



In ancient myths, water was depicted as a virgin, producing new life through parthenogenesis or self-fertilization. Before the suppression of the Christian church, the cross—the junction of maternal and paternal essences—was still adorned with a sphere, an image of a water-droplet, in which this holy process takes place. The Egyptian cross, the *ankh*, is capped with the shape of an egg! In the olden days, people were still aware of what goes on in nature. They observed the sun's electrical rays, as they fertilized the moist, passive, magnetic *earth egg*. Few people realize that water is the key to all earthly life processes. It is the *carrier of the soul*, perceived by sensitive people as the *aura*."

"Fascinating!"

"Let me explain self-fertilization. Through her inspiring motion, the earth transforms matter back into spirit. Spirit rises up from the protective, maternal body, and collides with the densifying sunrays on planet earth's surface. At this point, part of the aetheric carbons solidifies into carbonic acid and other gasses." The ranger slackened his pace, to look the farmer in the eye. "Try to imagine this: When oppositely charged aether-forces fuse, the higher-grade aether rises up rapidly, and the byproduct, lower-grade aether, solidifies into a bodily form. This is an entire chain reaction in which gasses subsequently react with each other to form liquids, and liquids react with each other to form a solid skin. Inside this protective skin, aether forces continue to rise up, until finally the sunlight coagulates them. The vertical trunk of the tree clearly shows how earthly radiation initially flows upwards. Within that flow, it constantly casts off byproducts in the form of carbons, constructing the trunk. The higher this life-magnetism rises, and the more it is exposed to light, the weaker its upward drive becomes. It starts bending sideways, forming more delicate branches, and finally the leaves, as the more solid particles were cast off closer to the ground. The trees show us beautifully how this life force keeps ennobling itself, while journeying its upward path, forming ever more delicate tissues. A flower of course, is the ultimate example. It shows in an amazing way, how life-magnetism spirals in a horizontal way into the surroundings, until it evaporates. In Christian terms one could say: *the purer the spirit, the higher it rises up in heaven*."

"I like the way you put it!" The farmer still listened with great intent. He thoroughly enjoyed the ranger's 'unscientific' language and it reminded him the work of his teacher, Rudolf Steiner.

As they walked past a beautiful, almost fluorescent green field, the ranger continued, "Nature's *perpetuum mobile*, the cycle of birth, growth, maturation, fertilization, reproduction, aging, extinguishing of the life-force, and the final relapse into mother earth's lap, is governed by the invisible aetheric realm—the fourth dimension. Since this dimension can't be measured or perceived, we can only recognize its nature, quality and scope-of-action indirectly, through the material bodies that it forms. A harmonious body implies a noble spirit! You could see the farmer as an aether-electrician, who only needs to generate the right tensions, for noble matter to form upon its discharge. What happens in his field isn't merely a sexual process, but a process of spiritual renewal as well. *Temperature-motion* is another important factor. Directly opposed to modern science, I maintain that heat causes matter to become heavy, by extinguishing its levitational force.

Coolness on the other hand, stimulates life force. For the same reason, a hothead needs to keep his head cool, or he can never produce inspired thoughts. When the soil is kept cool through the shade from leaves and mulch, plant growth will be a lot healthier.”

“Is that why plants grow faster in spring and autumn, when the nights are much colder?”

“Exactly. In that case the levitational forces that cause vertical growth, gain the upper hand. In the heat of summer, growth becomes more horizontal, and the heavy, earth-bound fruits emerge.

Shade is also very important because it filters the direct, *tough* sunrays. In this scattered form, the voluptuous *sweet matters* are able to bind the pacified *sour matters*, and produce life-magnetism. Just like love, this doesn’t develop openly in public, but rather in secret. That’s when it is most powerful.”

“This is what I would call *living science*!” the farmer said passionately. “Why would we even bother with the lifeless, isolated and out-of-context data of academic science?!”

## Aether and nutrition

**THE MEN KEPT WALKING. THROUGH A SHADY PATCH OF FOREST THEY FOUND** their way into a lovely meadow, where healthy brown cows with glossy hides quietly grazed. The sounds of birds and the tearing of grass were the only sounds that broke the silence.

After having observed the peaceful animals for a while, the ranger spoke again. “Do you see how they tear off the grass with an inspiring motion of the tongue? This is how they stimulate the life force within their food!”

“Interesting.”

“Food should be appraised primarily by its life-magnetic content. As long as man consumes low quality food, it will be impossible for him to have sophisticated, harmonious thoughts.”

The farmer nodded and said, “Steiner also said that the development of higher spiritual faculties, can only be fueled by high-quality food.”

“He is not the only one!”, the ranger smiled. “*You are what you eat*, is of course an old saying. In the olden days, people still knew that the body can’t be separated from the soul. They never explained the reason, however.”

“It’s wise to give that a good thought”, said the farmer.

The ranger nodded. “All digestive processes in living organisms, follow the same principle. They produce life-magnetism, but all in distinctly different ways! When a cow chews on grass, part of its life-magnetism is already transferred to the body through the

teeth. As in the earth, the solid carbon compounds are first liquefied, then gasified—you know what that smells like—and finally aetherized. This aether-radiation is subsequently transferred to the blood, from where it stimulates the organs through resonance. If the intestinal wall is well structured, it only permits passage to the finest, most aetherized substances. These subtle ions are the base materials from which the inspiring blood generates its life-magnetism.

Besides the quality of the raw materials, temperature also determines the proper filtering function of the intestinal wall and the lungs. If the temperature is too high, the meshes enlarge, allowing larger particles to enter the blood. This translates directly to lethargy. In warmer, more acidic blood, demolishing-bacteria come to life in massive volumes. This causes a form of decay that eventually leads to cancerous growth. If the temperature is right, life-magnetism and new blood are formed in the dark recesses of the gut. This high-grade fermentation process is the common denominator that occurs in various ways inside plants, the earth and even rivers!

Growth is nothing more than the constant resurrection of carbon! Therefore it is totally insane to dig up immature carbons—the *bread of the earth*—in order to burn them. How can mother earth ever construct her life force without them? To make things worse, burning carbons generates a harmful, and life threatening type of radiation!”

“Hmmm”, the farmer said, suddenly feeling less proud of his tractors. “So in light of what you said, it isn’t advisable to afflict the fields with combustion-engine-driven tractors, since their radiation harms the plants?”

“Exactly so. But what farmer takes that seriously? I bet even biodynamic farmers wouldn’t.”

“They mainly have economical reasons.”

“It only appears to be an economical problem if one doesn’t realize which natural forces are at play! Modern science has forced us into a vicious circle. We don’t generate enough life force in our fields, and therefore we don’t have enough food. This scarcity calls for trade, which is bad enough in itself. But it gets worse. The free market system suppresses the prices in such a way, that only farms that mechanize, can survive. And those are exactly the farms that produce too little life force. Thus the circle is complete, or rather, the downward spiral has begun.”

“Right. Farmers no longer have time to bother about high quality products”, the farmer agreed. “So what do you think of chemical fertilizer?”

“Is that a rhetorical question?” Both men laughed.

“Chemical fertilizer is the worst thing imaginable for a plant! Especially blasted furnace slag is dreadful. This slag has a completely inappropriate tension, caused by fire. It scorches the *water eggs* at the tip of the roots.”

“*Water eggs*? What are water eggs?”

“Water eggs are minuscule cysts at the root tips of healthy plants”, the ranger explained.

“Their shape already suggests their function: generation of life-magnetism. They filter substances that rise up from the ground along with matured water, and only permit the finest, most aetheric particles to pass into the plant. The water inside these cysts, takes on the frequency of those particles and transfers them to the plant. Inside the plant, the different radiations react with each other, and amazingly enough, they produce new water. When the cysts are scorched however, the plant lacks genuine filters and starts sucking in water directly, instead of producing it from subtler energies.”

“I’ve never seen such cysts.”

“That’s not surprising. They burst open as soon as they are exposed to light or heat rays. This happens for example, when you transplant seedlings. The plant lacks its essential filters and is incapable to construct its own refined, vital ‘soul’. In that case, the field is in effect crowded with living corpses—Sick, inflated, and no longer capable of reproduction. The reason why a plant shields the soil with its leaves from direct sunlight, is to enable these *soul cells* to evolve in a suitably moist, cool soil.”

“I imagine you aren’t very pleased with monoculture farming, which is spreading everywhere, these days.”

“No, of course I’m not pleased with that. It’s for good reason that Mother Nature arranges her plants in a disorderly fashion. This way, they protect each other’s vitality. Every species penetrates another part of the soil with its roots, creating a thick layer of life-magnetism-emitting water eggs. That explains the enormous vitality of a mixed forest.”



*Root cysts*

The men strolled around the entire grounds, absorbed by their animated discussion. Sometimes they walked in silence for a while, as if to digest what had been discussed. After one of those silences, the ranger spoke again, “The thesis of aether being the real food, and the effect of organic filters, can be demonstrated easily. When you place red alp roses in a vase filled with calcareous water, the flowers will turn white after a period time, because the stomata absorb the calcareous water directly. When there is no production of life-magnetism, the production of red blood corpuscles is disabled. The plant begins to suffer from leukemia, if you will. It isn’t any different in humans. Bad filters cause high

blood pressure, which prevents aetheric forces from reacting with one another in the correct way. Instead, they create blood-destroying energies.”

“Amazing! I’ve never heard anything like that.”

“Something similar happens to the germinating force of seeds. This force depends on the quality of the hide, the right temperature and the amount of light. Most seeds only germinate in the dark, below a certain temperature. Generally speaking around 9° Celsius. An arising life-magnetic tension can only develop when the seed has a genuine, finely meshed skin. Under correct atmospheric circumstances, the vacuum of the seed only absorbs the finest hydrogen ions. These ions react with the minerals inside the seed and generate magnetic tension. This tension discharges after contact with the sun, causing sprouts to emerge.”

“That is truly amazing!”

“Indeed it is! But the sun can only fulfill its fertilizing role when a genuine skin prevents the aggressive electrical rays from entering and burning the inside of the seed or plant. In that case the sun’s changing intensity, contributes to the magnetic pulsation of the plants’ ‘blood’. Sensitive people can observe this life-magnetism emanating from the crown of a tree, when the air temperature is lower during the night. In the morning, when this radiation hits the low-angled sun, they witness it densifies into physical growth. They can actually see the trees grow!”

“I’d like to train myself to see that!”

The men came to edge of the field, where the forest began. The abundant foliage caused the sunrays to become separately visible. The ranger saw a broad oak and continued his explanation of natural filters. “The inside of a tree is cooler during the day, because the tree absorbs oxygen-aether-forces, through its filtering bark. At night, it breathes out. This illustrates how temperature determines the direction in which aether-forces move.”

He was reminded of another curious phenomenon. “Did you know that crystals grow, when the surrounding air is cool, dark, and saturated with aetheric forces?” The farmer shook his head.

“As soon as they are placed in the sunlight, they instantly stop growing!” The farmer looked surprised.

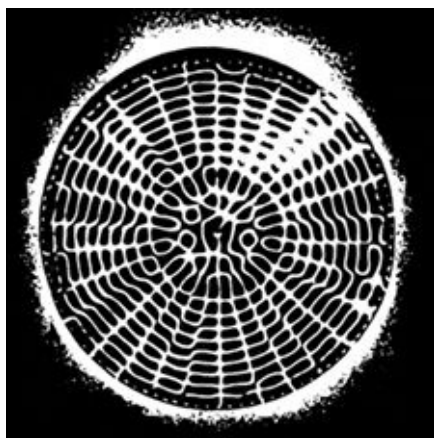
“The problem with modern technology”, the ranger continued, “is that it generates an electrical radiation that heats up all natural tissues, diminishing their filtering function. That’s how the old Hopi prophecy will eventually come to pass. It predicts that the white man will die by his own hand, staring at a full plate, while perishing from starvation!”

## Form and vitality

“LET’S SIT DOWN BY THIS BROOK FOR A WHILE”, SAID THE RANGER, WHO didn’t walk as fast as he used to. When they sat down in the lush grass, the ranger took off his shoes and put his feet in the cold water. “Ahhh, wonderful!”

After a while the farmer said, “Let me ask you again. How did you arrive at all these incredible insights?”

The ranger turned to the farmer and replied, “Simply by observing natural shapes. I learned to see how nature’s subtle energies move. It’s really an ongoing process of moving back and forth between energy and matter, in a kind of oscillation. Energy in motion creates form, and in turn, form stimulates the energy.



*Sand rearranging itself to a resonance pattern*

The life-magnetic current of the river, which wants to zigzag back and forth, forms a meandering riverbed. At the same time, this bedding guarantees the water’s liveliness by rocking it to and fro. This generates pulling life-magnetism—nature’s own bricklayer. But the bricklayer can’t do his job as long as the wrecker hasn’t preceded him, demolishing the old. Similarly, electricity and magnetism need each other, but the bricklayer needs to have a slight upper hand when it comes to building a city.

But what does modern man do? He creates unnatural, *technical shapes* that generate electricity with their resistance to motion. Therefore it’s the wrecker, not the bricklayer, who has the upper hand in our culture! A river that has been canalized for example, emanates a disintegrating radiation into its environment, which has a sickening influence on the riverbank-vegetation as well as nearby agricultural crops.”

“So with *technical* shapes you refer to rectangular shapes?”

“All shapes that resist the life force that flows through them”, the ranger answered. “Life itself, always chooses to move in a spirals, resonating with the *Golden Ratio*. Every other form obstructs the flow of life—the *Panta Rhei*—causing pressure, heat and frictional electricity that *redeem* matter, if you catch my drift. Electricity literally dissolves the life-magnetic resonance pattern, the aura that keeps the atoms together. This causes matter to

*disintegrate*. I therefore call it a *molecular splicing* force, as it causes the cells to slowly ‘explode’.”

The ranger saw that it took the farmer some effort to understand his words. “Imagine that all organic matter carries aetheric *seed cells*. These cells either develop into health promoting bacteria, or into pathogenic bacteria, depending on the type of motion. The connection between electrical tensions, magnetic tensions and microbial life, was recently ‘scientifically’ proven. The researchers discovered that bacteria are electrically charged. Since all of life is ultimately based on aetheric forces, this only makes sense. It has also been proven that these charges directly influence the brain and the nervous system.

Science of course, couldn’t see the *bigger picture*. It simply attributed rapid growth to the presence of ‘beneficial’ bacteria that pre-digested the minerals. But this is all topsy-turvy. Bacteria themselves are the result of the digestive energies of the plant. They are the byproduct of the effect, not the cause. Disease doesn’t result from bacterial infection, but bacterial infection results from the energetic imbalance between soil and groundwater, in other words, the blood!” He produced a book from the small bag he was carrying.

“I can recommend Julius Hensel’s book *Bread from Stones*”, he said, as he showed it to the farmer. “As you can gather from the title, he campaigns for the use of rock dust as fertilizer. He describes that the inherent spirit or *aether substance*, which he identifies as the *hydrogen ion*, is *trans-form-at-ion*, or *meta-morph-osis*, giving rise to all organic life on the planet. Let me read you some passages:

‘Owing to the aether-spirit, plants always morph into more complex species and into animal life, as if set in stone by nature.

We know that in the days of Noah, epidemics arose from the phosphate-rich root sap of the grape vine itself. Similarly, the nectar of dandelion flower heads produces bugs. Worms originate from the nitrogen-containing phosphates inside manure, which transform themselves, proteus-like, under certain energetic influences. Parasites therefore, are simply Mother Nature’s teeth, faithfully crunching everything that has inadequate life force, and no longer resonates with its environment. They are simply preparing it for a next phase. But the manure-professors say: ‘oh, how terrible, this epidemic is causing so much damage. Let’s destroy it!’ But they themselves are the real danger, and it is them who should be destroyed. They rob us of our grape vines, by advising the government to burn them, in order to prevent the epidemics from spreading. They also rob us of our money, by convincing us that the plants need Chile Saltpeter as a source of



*The Golden Ratio in nature*



*Matter is solidified energy*

nitrogen, forgetting to mention that we have an endless nitrogen-filled ocean of air above our heads. They only spread disease with their flawed theories, to cattle and man alike. The epidemics don't concern the professors really. They fail to acknowledge that the plants are sick, because they are fed with phosphates instead of rock dust.

Until the different science fields are organically united, these issues won't be solved. Ultimately they will be fully re-integrated, and science will have to realize that the self-imposed separation between the organic and non-organic world, matter and spirit, is inexcusable. When that realization dawns, electro-magnetism, which obstructs the natural fermentation of proteins, acidifying our air, water, food and minds, will be revealed as the hidden cause of cancer—Mother nature's terrible way of disposing the incorrigible rascals, who still dare to call this cultural decline '*progress*'."

"Now that's pure poetry!", said the farmer with delight.

"Yes", the ranger continued, "Only a fool sows the seeds of degeneration, and expects to reap life! Once we realize these causes are of an energetic nature, we can learn how to revitalize our seeds, soil and plants, with the use of proper shapes and motions! The epidemics will disappear, and the nobler species will return of their own. The question isn't whether or not this is possible; nature demonstrates this beyond a shadow of a doubt.



The question is rather: Will humanity be ready to admit these facts, before it is completely bestialized?”

## The egg and its shell

**THE FARMER WAS LOST IN THOUGHT. “IN ORDER TO INITIATE LIFE PROCESSES,** we need to create appropriate, organically-shaped bodies, is that correct?”

“Yes. And nature shows us how to do it all the time!” the ranger answered. “Have you ever noticed how life universally evolves out of egg-shapes? Not round balls, nor squares or disk shapes. Only slightly asymmetrical egg shapes!”

“Never thought about it.”

“Do you have any idea why this is so?”

“Not exactly.”

“Let me tell you. Owing to its asymmetrical shape and curving surfaces, the liquid content of an egg starts to move independently when the temperature of its environment is higher than its own. Odd but true. The semi-permeable shell is the key to this phenomenon. Because the surrounding temperature is higher, the egg’s contents start to gradually evaporate. Due to its asymmetrical shape, the rate of evaporation varies slightly from top to bottom, resulting in a slightly increased cooling on one side of the egg. This imbalance causes the liquids to move, in an attempt to harmonize the internal temperature of the egg.”

“Incredible! God sure consulted some brilliant engineers, while working on His creation!” They both laughed.

“But there’s more. Like I said earlier, the semi-permeable shell only allows substances in their aetheric state to enter. This simple, temperature-driven breathing process, enables aetheric oxygen to fertilize the strongly negatively charged sweet-matter contents. Once again it is obvious that the permeability of the filter-skin is a crucial factor. The connection between the shell’s permeability and the quality of life is illustrated nicely by the history of the egg—the culmination of life’s urge to move ever closer towards its counter-pole, the sun. This evolution led from fish, to mammal, to bird.

The shell-less eggs that fish originally laid inside the water, only had a thin membrane, thick enough to keep out aggressive oxygen. Out of nature’s inherent urge to evolve, some salamanders grew small paws, and crawled ashore. As they spent more time outside the water, the female began laying her eggs in moist holes on land, rather than inside the waters where countless predators roamed. This was only possible by increasing the thickness of her egg’s shell. Initially, she simply positioned herself across the eggs and

regularly sprinkled them with urine. Later on, she began to cover her eggs with a special, more solid secretion from the skin of her abdomen. The thicker the egg-skins, the further evolved the amphibians. The birds living closest to the sun, in the realm of sky, produce the thickest egg-shells.”

“That is very interesting”, said the farmer, “I bet Darwin never took the permeability of eggshells into account.” He smiled.

“*Ha ha*, no. He couldn’t even solve the old chicken-and-egg-question. But let me give you another example that illustrates the generation of life force in vesicles.

I’ve read that Australian and South-American lungfish, have egg-like air bladders, which are erroneously called *swimming bladders* by our ignorant biologists. During the rainy season these fish live in shallow pools, breathing through their gills. But in summer these pools dry up. The fish in their dry mud holes, now start breathing with their so called ‘swimming bladder’. They hibernate throughout the summer, like a prolonged siesta. In this period their metabolism is dramatically reduced, causing the body temperature to drop, creating under-pressure inside the bladder. The skin of this bladder is so finely meshed, that the under-pressure only absorbs oxygen of the finest quality. This aetheric oxygen fertilizes the aetheric fat reserves of the fish, located inside its bladder. This process generates enough life-magnetism to keep the fish alive until the rain returns.”

“Fascinating.”

“I’ll tell you one of the best examples of aether in egg shapes. Apart from the eggs they hatch, birds also have egg-shaped vacuum vesicles in the quills of their feathers. With the inspiring motion of their wings, the birds create the suction of a tornado, and the gas-content of these vesicles implodes into aether. Like helium balloons, these vesicles enable the bird to float effortlessly on the heavier air. The golden eagle—the king of the air—evolved this ability to such a degree, that he merely needs to circle with stretched wings, to activate aether inside his vesicles. If these vesicles are perforated and seared with a hot needle, preventing the skin to heal, the bird permanently loses its ability to fly.”

“What a terrible experiment. Have you tried it?”

“No, never, but I assure you that it is true!” He smiled. “I am only telling you this to illustrate the importance of permeability and pore-size of the egg shell, in this life-force-generating breathing process. It’s remarkable that a living being’s life-magnetism, which the Greeks called *the soul*, depends on the quality of its skin or husk! The ‘soul’ of migratory birds is developed to such an extent, that a low external temperature, generates pressure inside their bodies, forcing them to move to warmer regions. Their soul is, as it were, remotely controlled by the atmospheric temperature.”

“So this principle is at work everywhere in nature. Do you have more examples?”

“Yes, you see them all around you! Look at a dewdrop. Dew is a beautiful example of life-magnetism inside egg-shapes. Have you ever observed early morning dew drops up close?”

“No, not really”, the farmer admitted.

“Dewdrops form when the early sunrays densify carbon-aether that emanates from the earth, into soap-like bubbles, filled with water and magnetically charged noble gasses. These gasses keep the bubbles upright on the tips of grass blades for a surprisingly long time.

When you’re just out of bed early in the morning, and you walk through grass that is wet with dew, you can often experience an invigorating tingling. This happens because the life-magnetism contained within the dewdrop, discharges itself into your warmer body. Heating sunrays also discharge the carbonic gases, and they solidify into fats. The now heavier dewdrop slowly slides down the blade of grass. When the sun has discharged the droplets, and you would walk through the dry grass, your shoes would be coated with a shiny layer of fat, leaving them waterproof. These high-grade fats are highly suited to strengthen the husks of seeds. They improve the magnetic sprout-force, and prevent fungi and other diseases from developing.”



*Dewdrop on grass blade*

“*Hmm*, it’s all becoming crystal clear. In order to produce life force, we need to use egg-shaped chambers.”

“Yes, and remember to pay attention to the skin that protects the subtle life-magnetism from the electric rays of sun, as well as from modern electronic technology!”

## Living compost

**AS THE FARMER REFLECTED UPON THE FEASIBILITY OF EGG-SHAPES** in agriculture, the two men got up and continued their tour. The farmer proudly pointed at a dung heap, and his face grew bright. “Endowed with all the correct *compost preparations!*” he said, and plunged his hand inside the heap, to feel its temperature. “What do you think?”, the farmer asked, after retracting his dirty hand.

“I don’t want to disappoint you”, the ranger answered honestly, “but there is a much better way to do this. The modern industrial farmer, who is only acquainted with his soil to the extend of laboratory-samples and whatever sticks to his tractor tires, thinks that he just needs to calculate cleverly, in order to grow splendid crops.” The farmer smiled. “He

thinks he only needs to replace the minerals that his crops withdrew from the soil. Everything else is ‘airy fairy humbug’. He can’t get it through his thick skull that he is actually destroying the quality of the soil and his crops with his electrically charged chemical fertilizer.”

“Right.”

“The organic farmer is a bit more intelligent. He is aware that the earth isn’t just a large container filled with chemicals, but rather a living organism with its own life processes. Therefore he mixes his organic waste material into a heap, and calmly waits until the bacteria have decomposed everything into lovely, loose soil. He carries this compost to his field, thinking that only God could have done better. In return, nature rewards him with fine crops and constant yields. But an increase in yield or quality fails to happen, and furthermore, his crops are still inflicted with disease and epidemics. At first the farmer wrecks his brain to find out what he did wrong. He attends some expensive training programs and eagerly studies cultivation manuals. But when the diseases return the next season, in spite of all his efforts, he appeases himself by thinking that diseases and epidemics are simply natural phenomena.” The farmer looked a bit demure, as he realized that he actually belonged to the last category.

The ranger continued, “The farmer doesn’t need to engage in an elaborate study, or read considerable volumes to find out where he went wrong. He doesn’t even have to leave his yard, since the best and most inexpensive teacher is Mother Nature herself. If he just observed her quietly, without listening to his reasoning mind, he would notice that she has created special ‘lovers’ for each living being, ready to consume them as soon as their life force begins to dwindle. The goose has her fox, the fly her spider, the mouse her cat and so forth. Uneducated and strictly voluntary, all these creatures perfectly play their part of liberating the life force from their old bodies. If this farmer observes closely, he will notice that the subtle difference between eating and being eaten is ultimately determined by temperature!”

“What do you mean?”

“Inside a hot compost heap, an army of pathogenic bacteria springs to life in search of a meal. Distributed throughout the shadeless fields, they mingle with the soil, going about their job of removing all weak specimens. To protect his income, the farmer harvests his crops just before they start rotting and quickly delivers them to the unsuspecting consumer. Misled by their glossy appearance, the consumer eats these obscurely diseased products. Subsequently, he falls prey to his lover as well, who happily assist his transition to the hereafter. The confused doctor tells him to rest, and tries to poison the bacteria, determined to be successful where the farmer failed. This is how the organic farmer eagerly breeds the very enemy of his crops, inside his own beloved compost heap. Imagine his perplexity, if he would realize that life is created in exactly the opposite way of how he was taught in his school and his church! Actual growth and quality-increase will only be achieved through *cold fermentation* of life’s litter. This process of cold fermentation breeds health-promoting bacteria, rather than pathogenic bacteria!” Feeling rather unpleasantly surprised, the farmer looked at his beloved compost heap, which was

apparently crawling with enemies.

“So making compost is wrong then?”

“No, on the contrary, but only through *cold fermentation*, and never through a *hot oxidation* process!”

“So how do I go about that with my heap?”

“I’ve already given you the building blocks”, the ranger answered, “Anaerobic fermentation, life-magnetism, shade, egg-shape and a proper skin. For example, you could dig a half of an egg-shaped hole in spring time, on the shady side of a big, deep-rooted fruit tree, making sure the soil isn’t too moist.” Listening closely, the farmer nodded.

“I advise you to start the heap with a thick layer of chopped up grass or hay, about 2-3 foot high, topped by a large variety of organic waste. In an ideal situation, you would make a special batch of compost for every single crop, using its own transformed ancestors.”

“But that would be hard on crop rotation.”

“No problem. After a while you won’t need crop rotation anymore, since diseases and epidemics are non-existent in a healthy field”, the ranger said smiling. “Then add some catalysts, in the form of minute amounts of copper and zinc filings to this thick layer of chopped up material, as well as some high grade carbons in the form of salt and raw sugar. This should be mixed, trampled and covered with royal amounts of soil. The heap shouldn’t get wet, so it needs to be shaded. Can you imagine it so far?”

“I think so.”

“This entire set up is designed to attract earthworms, hence the moist materials and shaded heap. For this exact same reason, ranking Church Fathers were usually buried behind a west-facing wall and covered with a tombstone!”

“I see, worms like to hide underneath stones.” Pausing for a moment, the ranger took his pipe from his pocket and started stuffing it with tobacco.

“Then you leave it alone for a while”, he said, “When you have accumulated more organic waste, you can add it to the heap. Mix it once again with grass, but this time you use *dry* grass. This fresh layer of plant refuse should be covered with a thick layer of dirt, about one foot thick. Even better to mix the dirt with crushed gravel, and some marl and gypsum. *Bread from Stones* will explain the reason why. This is how you slowly construct the egg shape. Make sure that you only add dry material to the heap, so it won’t heat up. This needs to become a *cool sanatorium* for the earthworms, inviting them to multiply. Using the back of a wooden or copper spade, you can flatten the outside of the heap, creating a semi-porous hide that is somewhat water resistant. When this is done, you leave the heap alone again, until the coming fall.

When the time has come, the compost heap will slightly heat up. This signals the approach of the *hibernal digestive* phase. Because of severe oxygen deficiency, the worms disperse themselves throughout the heap, looking for fresh air, and will ultimately die. In a

large heap of about 15 m<sup>2</sup>, their combined weight can add up to a staggering 500 kg—An abundant source of high-grade carbons.

At the end of the winter, when the water pipes start to burst, the heap will suddenly grow colder. During this phase the actual buildup of life-magnetism begins. The cool heap absorbs high-grade oxygen through its robust, porous skin, from the warmer surrounding air. These aetheric oxygens, fertilize the remains of the earthworms, which have been transformed into aetheric oils.

When the heap's temperature approaches the 'zero point' of 4° Celsius, it starts to 'blossom'. This *blossoming period*, lasts for about two weeks. At that point the energy buildup has reached its peak, and the composting process is completed. The organic waste has now been transformed into loose, bacteria-free humus, permeated with a powerful ionic *sprouting tension*, ready to energetically feed a new generation of plants.

To prevent the life-magnetism from discharging prematurely, you should remember to distribute the compost a quarter of an inch thick, with a wooden or copper shovel. It needs to be blended with the soil right away with an inspiring plough, before the morning sunrays discharge its life-magnetism. Inside the soil, this life-magnetic tension attaches to the humus, which has grows more and more carbonaceous over the years.

If you've been meticulous, the job is done and the sowing can begin." He turned towards the farmer and added only half-jokingly, "A farmer who isn't fond of hard work, will dip his seeds into high grade oil on a cloudy day, in order to fortify the filters in the skin. At last, the true-to-life farmer will carefully sprinkle his soil with life-magnetically ennobled water, before he reclines in his rocking chair. After that, he faithfully leaves it up to Mother Nature.

Acid-loving weeds or vermin don't bother a farmer, who can farm like this. He can expect a yield increase of about 30%, for years on end. His fruit harvest is of such abundance, that his wife does nothing but prepare the finest jams and wines."

"Not a bad prospect!" said the farmer delighted.

"Over time the soil becomes increasingly vital. Letting fields remain fallow, is no longer necessary, and multiple harvests a year could happen. These are just some of the possibilities, if man learns to stimulate aetheric life forces." He took a matchbox from his pocket and lit his pipe, while the farmer was lost in thought again beside him.

The ranger continued, "In ancient cultures this was common knowledge. The Egyptians had good reasons to mummify their dead and bury them in special tombs, with gems and jewels made of precious metals. They knew that in this way they preserved the bodies' *Orenda*, the supernatural force, emitted by the dead, that feeds current generations! Since ancient times, this natural knowledge has inspired cultures to climb to staggering heights.

History also shows us, that cultures that destroy the aetheric forces by cremating their dead, are doomed to fall into decadence. With each consecutive generation, mental capabilities are diminished, until eventually man will fall prey to a deadly superficiality—A tragic decrease of his mental faculties."

# The Vortex of Life

**THE FARMER TOOK OFF HIS BERET AND SCRATCHED THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.** It took him quite a while to digest all this fresh food-for-thought, as they walked in silence.

The ranger spoke first, “Only a few Greek philosophers realized that healthy thought forms beget healthy physical forms. But even though they were correct, they failed to ask themselves an important question: ‘Where do genuine and healthy thoughts come from’?”

To me it is crystal clear that healthy thoughts can only come stem from healthy food —*rich in spirit*. Without good food, humankind won’t succeed in producing high-grade, noble thoughts, capable of transforming this earth into paradise. Like I explained before, this benevolent spirit originates from the cold-fermented remains of life. Without this spirit, the body simply dies.”

They stood at the edge of a large potato field. Contented insects buzzed from flower to flower. The chubby potato plants displayed a beautiful deep green color.

“So you think that the world is in such a mess, because people eat unhealthy food?”, the farmer asked, obviously agreeing with this idea.

The ranger answered sincerely, “Perhaps it sounds extreme, since no one has ever proven the connection, but I am convinced of it. ‘Heavy’, food which is poor in spirit, reduces mental vibrations, causing man to fall prey to feelings of fear and slavery. The lack of this *spirit quality* causes him to lose interest in his fellow human being, and be primarily concerned with his own survival. Instead of a bright spiritual idealism, he develops a shady brand of materialistic egotism.

A truly liberated humanity can only arise from a liberated earth. If we choose to live in a healthy symbiosis with her, she will serve us with abundance. If we don’t choose this path and continue to subdue and plunder her, we clearly don’t resonate with our surroundings, and will perish according to her unfaltering laws.

Only when we shed our egotistic vibrations, are we able to participate harmonically in the evolutionary process. But spiritual and cultural development starts with the farmer who guarantees that his crops have received the appropriate energetic inspiration. That isn’t easy, since these processes are yet invisible to us, and are literally beyond our comprehension. This doesn’t bother the plants themselves. The part of *our* thinking that has individualized is still common to *them*. Plants don’t think, but are *being* thought by their parents, the earth and the cosmos. But even for them, the physical form depends on the purity of aetheric form fields, from which they are born and nourished. In a way these form fields could be regarded as *plant promoting thoughts*, out of mother earth’s *psyche*.”

“Amazing, please go on!”

“This soul of the earth, or psyche, is formed by groundwater which absorbs all subtle radiations from below and above.” The ranger paused, not sure if he should speak his deepest thoughts. But he said it anyway, “One could say that the electrical and magnetic radiation which we are referring to, are in reality fifth dimensional beings in their highest form. Forces of will that direct neutral aether. These opposing forces dance around each other, intersect with each other and construct a slower vibrating, fourth-dimensional interference pattern. The pattern out of which the visible, three-dimensional growth appears.”

“Incredible! Tell me more about the earth’s *psyche*”, the farmer pleaded. “Is this *psyche* magnetic in nature?”

“Yes, because the earth saturates all life with life-magnetism, through its inspiring motion.”

“I must confess that I find your knowledge of these subtle realms truly inspiring!”

“Something highly unusual transpires within this inward spiraling path, similar to the one the earth follows. This is in fact the only motion where pressure and suction move together in the same direction, the suction being slightly predominant. However, its balance is very unstable, causing it to shift and move around like a spinning top, creating a magnetic pulsation. This is the beginning of life. The spiritualization of matter, by *inspiring concentration*.”

“So this is where earth’s magnetism originates from?”

“Without a doubt. This magnetism emanates from the earth, until the electrical sunrays splice and solidify it into a myriad of energy canals, gradually growing into a physical organism. Mother earth is the Great Alchemist. With the most simple ingredients, temperature and motion, she manages to transform matter into spirit, which reincarnates after being fertilized by the sun. However, we can’t exclude humanity from these processes entirely. Man can become an alchemist himself, by properly nourishing the earth’s psyche, stimulating plant growth. The farmer needs to learn how to harmonize his growth-stimulating substances with the life-rhythm or vibration of the earth. He needs to learn how to imitate the natural fermentation processes, which free aetheric life forces from their earthly matter—their refuse. These aetheric life forces have left their earthly realm, and their vigorous levitation-vibration turns them into the ultimate fertilizer.

When they start to apply this knowledge, nature loving people can finally become the creators that they were destined to become, from the beginning of time. They will become God’s right hand again, instead of his two left feet. Whoever learns to control these forces, can grow any material, enhance all quality and eliminate all weight. One can quite literally create *everything* out of the great *no-thing*.”

“If this is true, then why isn’t the entire planet doing it?”

“Don’t be naïve my friend. The elite—merchants, bankers and oil barons—do everything in their power to keep this sacred, fundamental knowledge a secret. If the



science of life-production were to become public knowledge, their entire hideous, scarcity-based trade imperium, would collapse all around them! People wouldn't need their fossil fuels and chemicals any longer! If not for *their* interference, people would grow into highly functional human beings. Elitist mass-murderers and war-mongering bankers wouldn't be allowed to exist. 'Overpopulation', would be a thing of the past, since the deserts that cover a major part of the earth, would soon be transformed into lush, green paradises. People, animals and plants alike, would become healthy and rejoice in this higher frequency that permeates their being. To summarize it, this small, natural *vortex of life*, would grow into an actual cyclone, that could shake the foundations of their powerful empire!"

"Amen to that!" said the farmer.



*The vortex is a force transformer*

## The mechanical production of life force

**THE FARMER HUNG ONTO THE RANGERS' EVERY WORD, "SPEAKING WITH YOU** has given me a whole new perspective on agricultural *preparations*, as suggested by Rudolf Steiner", he admitted as they continued their conversation. "These especially prepared *sweet-matters*, as you call them, are stirred inside a wooden water barrel, before you spray the fields with them. But in my experience, even farmers who use this technique, have no clue what they are doing."

"It isn't easy to understand alchemical ennobling processes with the rational mind. The production of life-magnetism, even with primitive means, can't be compared to contemporary science. Do you have any clues yourself, about the essence of alchemical transformation?"

"I'd say purification", the farmer tried.

"Not bad. But what does purification really mean?"

"I guess separating the higher-grade substances from the lower-grade ones?"

"Correct! The higher frequencies are to be separated from the lower frequencies. These lower frequencies no longer harmonize with their surroundings, and become toxic. The toxins need to be excreted in the form of waste matter slag, to allow the higher part to continue its development. According to me that is the real essence of evolution.

To stir water into a vortex is a certain sexual evolutionary process, where a higher will is born out of two lower-grade wills. Of course I'm not talking about ordinary lust, but about a higher willingness for spiritual renewal and for accessing the higher quality, hidden behind the material veil. This *evolution* exceeds the satisfaction of bodily needs, since the body is but the shell of the soul. The sexual process however, can only take place through separation of two opposite poles. The further these poles are apart, the stronger the tension—the force of attraction between them. This principle of separation and combination on a higher level—death and rebirth—can be seen everywhere in nature. The rhythmical separation and reunion, giving and receiving, materializing and dematerializing, produces the heartbeat that is typical of life. And all of this takes place within the vortex! Like a *bio centrifuge*, it separates water into two poles, raises a pulsing tension between them and powerfully fuses them into a more subtle and complex substance. Owing to the combination of centripetal and centrifugal forces, a neutral zone emerges inside the vortex, in which water and air molecules collapse. This happens because the electrical and magnetic forces that bind the molecules are nullified. The molecules basically collapse into sweet-matter ions, and sour-matter ions. The binding force, ionic hydrogen, is freed and forcefully flows upward, as what I call *life-magnetism*.”

The farmer felt inspired by his explanation and said, “That places mixing *preparations* in an entirely new perspective! Could you please talk more about the importance of rhythmically changing directions, during the mixing process?”

“Of course. Rivers demonstrate clearly that water needs to meander to stay healthy and charged. The rhythmically alternating current polarizes the atoms, creating a growth-enhancing tension inside the water”, the ranger explained. “So a farmer who wants to generate these growth tensions in his *amniotic fluid* needs to rhythmically alternate the direction of stirring. When creating a new order, the old one has to be destroyed first and plunged into ‘*chaos*’. Every time this chaos emerges, the atoms ‘forget’ their old order and *remind* themselves of the new, ennobled resonating pattern, taking up their new position with dedication.”

“Magical”, said the farmer.

“I would say that *miraculous* is a better word. Unlike humans, nature is totally transparent about her course of action!”

“So by stirring the water, molecules with a higher frequency are created?”

“That’s right. The farmer’s challenge isn’t to feed the plant-body the appropriate fertilizers, but to generate the right metaphysical forces to enhance its *willingness to grow*. This willingness to grow, is nothing less than the *life-magnetism* itself that is generated within water by the cooling inward spiral.”

“And do you also suggest adding certain *sweet-matters* to the water, as happens in biodynamic agriculture?”

The ranger nodded. “The best way is to start out with oxygen-rich, sunlit water or rainwater. During the process, the high-grade carbons that are added to the water, bind the oxygen. The ultimate result of the preparation depends largely on the added *sweet-matters*.”

These determine the frequency and wavelength of the emitted signal. Apart from that, it is also crucial to add the appropriate catalysts to the water, in the form of minute amounts of precious metals. If you want to enhance the vegetative, horizontal, female forces, the additives should be limestone, copper and gold. If you want to enhance the generating, vertical, male, seed-forming forces, the elements silicon, zinc and silver should be added. Ideally, the farmer has familiarized himself with the various elements, and intuitively combines the ingredients that he feels are right for his crop.”

The farmer smiled and said, “To be honest, I could have never intuitively discovered the ingredients Rudolf Steiner suggested for Bio-Dynamic agriculture!”

“Well... perhaps you shouldn’t use them”, the ranger suggested, smiling. “The mad farmer, which I told you about, used to crumble some clay from his field into the water, while producing rising and falling frequencies with his voice. Good clay is rich with silicon and aluminum. The farmer would also bend over the barrel, breathing high-grade carbon-dioxides into it, with a whole range of high frequencies that were transformed inside his body.”

“He must have thought himself to be God, breathing his breath-of-life into clay”, the farmer chuckled. The ranger smiled. “Actually you’re quite right about that! In the olden days, people used to think in a more pictorial way, much more than we do.”

Noticing a steel irrigation pipeline, the ranger said, “By the way, you should be cautious with iron, because it depletes the life-magnetism of water. It is important not to deplete the freshly stirred *amniotic fluid*, as it was called in the days of old, with iron hoops of a barrel, or steel pipes of a sprinkler. The barrel shouldn’t be too close to a working electric engine either. When that happens the electromagnetic fields from the engine will discharge the fluid’s life-magnetism.”

“Thanks for the good advice! Most of these matters are overlooked, even within biodynamic agriculture. No wonder that the *preparations* are far less effective than Steiner predicted.”

“Possibly”, the ranger agreed.

“It’s also important to stir during the evening when the sweet-matters are activated by the cooling temperature. When the stirring is done, this aetheric fertilizer should immediately be sprinkled across the field with a wooden rod. This is how an extremely delicate *filtering skin* is created, also called *the hymen of the earth*. Having turned *nymphomaniacal* by the strong life-magnetism, the voluptuous soil absorbs oxygen from the air, through this filter.” The ranger smiled. “Figure of speech, of course. When the first morning sunrays hit the yearning, radiant earth, an uprising life-magnetism solidifies into unprecedented quality growth. The plants inherit the character of the skillfully generated life-magnetism—Their soul allows them to overcome gravity and grow. I have estimated the growth-stimulating effect of this fertilizer to be nine times as strong as artificial fertilizers.”

“Rather worth the effort!”, the farmer said. “It is unbelievable that throughout the ages, we forgot about all these things.”

The ranger nodded gravely. “Hermes Trismegistus said in his *emerald tables*, the Tabula Smaragdina: *Combine heaven and earth wisely, and health will be thy reward.*”

Intentional stimulation of the intellect in churches and schools, led people to lose their natural sense of confidence. They no longer trust their intuition. Instead, they look to their technical measuring equipment for information. Mental frequencies however, can’t be measured, as they are *supra-material*. The properties of this radiance can only be determined by observing its influence on living beings. Unlike measuring devices, living beings in fact *are* sensitive. Water, I should add, is a living being as well. She can react entirely different to different types of radiation. I once put fresh water from a mountain spring inside a marble dish, and placed it in the blazing sun. I suppose the sun’s radiance must have hit the exact right angle. To my surprise, a white, soil-like substance appeared on the rim. I administered this substance to my houseplants, and they began to grow incredibly fast! A laboratory test indicated the substance to be potassium.”

“Interesting. Wouldn’t it be wonderful to establish an academy for this kind of ancient knowledge?”

“We already have one... Mother nature!” The farmer smiled.

“You’re absolutely right of course, but I’m afraid I can’t spare the time to observe her as closely and calmly as you have. So please be kind to me and share what you can about these ancient customs!”

## The soul of the soil

“ONCE WE LEARN TO DISCERN THE SUBTLE FORCES OF NATURE, WE WILL create our own ‘magical’ customs. Frankly speaking, I have never tried it myself, but based on my observations I do believe that agriculture would greatly benefit from the installation of *life-magnetic ‘ground eggs’*.”

“Hmm, a *ground egg*?”

“Yes. An egg-shaped *manure fermentation chamber*”, the ranger started to explain. “You can compare it to stirring preparations inside a barrel, only this particular chamber is situated inside the ground, as a kind of life-force-radiating *soul*.”

“Tell me more.”

“Compare it to a human being”, said the ranger. “The body is nothing more than a living reaction chamber, in which we mix filtered, earthy and cosmic radiations. The result is a force, a vibration that enables thoughts and images to appear within the resonating chamber of the brain. Those images aren’t physical, and therefore invisible to others. If we fertilize these resonating patterns with the rays of our will, then this pattern starts to

crystallize within the earthy realm. Our dream comes true.

For example, if we want to build a house, we imagine it first, right? As soon as we attach our will to this image, we automatically begin collecting bricks, and perform the labor necessary to affix this image. In fact, this happens all day long, but we're usually not aware of it. Let's say we're thinking of someone. If this person happens to call us a moment later, we are pleasantly surprised and say, 'What a coincidence!' Yet other manifestations of our mental pictures thoroughly irritate us. *Accidents* however, don't exist. Only *incidents*—Movements that are generated by our mind. If we seek a different reality, we need to purify our thoughts."

"Yes, I agree, but how does all this relate to the ground-egg?"

"A ground-egg operates similarly. The plants are being *thought* by this resonating chamber. Initially the resonating pattern only exists energetically. Then gradually, like a sculptor, the sun carves the physical from the aetheric plant."

"It sounds amazing, but have you ever seen such a ground egg anywhere?"

"I read a book by an explorer, who describes how desert people of Turkmenistan grow the most splendid grains in the desert, with the help of an extended system of subterranean water corridors."

The farmer thought for a moment. "So it's actually a water-egg?"

"Not exactly. I imagine it more like a manure-egg", the ranger answered. "Something like this." He took a twig, cleared a patch of soil and started drawing in the dirt.

"The egg should be buried about six feet underneath the surface, in the 4° Celsius temperature zone. The semi-permeable wall of the egg should be made of aluminum-rich clay. Heated materials, like cement, need to be avoided at all cost. Wood could be a viable material. The tip of the egg should be level with the ground, and have a small opening. Since the content won't be stirred later on, it's extremely important to have the correct egg-shape, because it will start moving the content by itself. I've already told you how.

When the egg is ready, about two thirds should be filled with oxygen-rich water. Rainwater would be most suitable for this purpose. The remaining one third should be filled with manure and possibly some compost and other organic materials. Finally, some catalysts with opposite charges should be added. Gold, copper and lime are negative catalysts, and zinc, silver and silicon act as positive catalysts."

"Just as in the *amniotic fluid* which you described earlier?"

"Correct. A Russian acquaintance once told me about South-Russian Tartars. They have an ancient custom of hanging straps of hammered copper and silver inside their wells, just before watering the fields. According to legend, this brought them astounding harvests. In Spain and other Southern-European countries it is an old custom to throw copper and silver coins into wells, to invoke fertility."

"Yes, I remember that from my travels", the farmer said.

The ranger continued, "The ground-egg should have a small opening on top, covered

with an organic linen or canvas skin, that only permits the finest oxygen to pass through. If the content starts to acidify and rot, it means that the hide isn't meshed finely enough. Now the egg is left alone for some time. If all is well, the content will start fermenting and circulating gradually of its own accord. During the cool season this process should only take about six weeks to be completed. In hot weather it takes a bit longer. You could compare it to winemaking." Surprised, the farmer smiled.

"If you want to speed up the process, you can add an *inspirator* to the configuration."

"An inspirator?"

"An inspirator is a stirrer, equipped with small horn shaped, *inspiring* pipes." The farmer smiled again.

"That's genius!", the farmer said. "Horns stirring the manure."

"Right. Make sure that the horns are positioned in the lower third of the egg, and it would be best to construct them from precious metals. Copper or zinc for



*Simple Impeller*

example, covered with a thin layer of silver. The *inspirator* can be controlled manually, or through a small electric engine on the lid of the ground-egg. In that case, the lid should be made of radiance-reflecting material. It will be hard to have the stirrer rotate in both directions, as you can't have inspiring horns spin the other way, unless they are mounted in such a way that they can turn around, like a weather vane. In any case, care should be taken that no oxygen enters the egg via the bearings, and the rotor should only be switched on at night, when the air starts to cool down."

"How long does the content need to be stirred?"

"I suspect it will take a few days before the carbohydrate-rich manure is transmuted into a cool, clear, odorless, life-magnetically-supercharged liquid! By way of the cool groundwater, this invigorating, growth-stimulating life-magnetism, emanates into the environment in longitudinal waves. Across hundreds of meters, this *life dynamo* feeds the similarly formed root cysts by resonance, infusing them with a powerful *willingness to grow*. In contrast to electromagnetic radiance, which heats up all natural resistance, life-magnetic radiance cools down the plants, consolidating them. The ground-egg could be regarded as a miniature copy of the earth itself. Inside the earth, similar processes take

place, albeit far slower. Depending on the quality of the process, there will be an enormous increase of growth potential that builds up every year. Gradually, the astonished farmer will realize that he can intentionally regulate the growth of his crops! Spreading manure? What a waste!", he'll say, once he has figured out that he only needs to ennoble his manure *homeopathically*, to raise and strengthen its growth-stimulating vibration."

"So you predict a growth increase of nine times the average?"

"In alchemist's terms yes. But there really isn't any limit, since aetheric life-magnetism is non-spatial and therefore doesn't abide by laws of gravity or conservation of energy!" He smiled and added humorously, "If everyone would start doing this all at the same time, we'd perish in plant growth! But seriously, there are some inherent dangers in generating too much life-magnetism. According to legend, that's exactly what happened to the continent of Atlantis." The farmer nodded. "I recall reading something to that effect by Steiner", he noted.

The men walked in silence along the edge of a rather messy looking pasture that led them back to the farmyard. Finally, the farmer said. "The function of the stirring of what you call sweet-matters, is familiar to some extent within biodynamic agriculture. But the idea of adding precious metals is completely new to me."

"Even when they are the most essential ingredients!" the ranger said, puffing out clouds of smoke. "Since time immemorial, Indian farmers have buried clay pots with precious metals and precious stones in their fields. Why do you think people from ancient cultures adorned themselves so abundantly with gold and silver jewelry? Metals are very important catalysts to all life-processes. For example, you could try to *sweeten* this acidified pasture", he said, pointing his cane at the meadow, where moss grew abundantly among the grass. "You should stick pieces of copper and zinc wire into the ground, in a ratio of 3:1. This will ionize the groundwater and raise its pH level.

And the next time you sprinkle, hang straps of copper and silver inside your well, which has been pounded on oak wood. Some carbonate will help bind the carbon dioxides in the water. Previously, people used to toss leek or stonecrop into their wells, to keep the water cool and tense. As long as wooden or leather buckets were used everything was fine, but when they replaced them with steel pumps to draw up the water, the once healthy water became contaminated, but was still applied to the soil."

The farmer grew more desperate by the minute as he concluded, "So I'll have to turn the whole damn farm upside down."

"Well, you *did* ask", the ranger chuckled, "and by the way, the milk barrels shouldn't be made of steel either!"

## Natural harvesting

**“SO IRON IS AN ENTIRELY WRONG MATERIAL FOR AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, I suspect?”** the farmer asked the forest ranger.

“Generally speaking, I would say yes, but there are exceptions. The first question should always be, *‘How does nature do it?’* And the second one, *‘How do we copy her best?’*”

For example, if you want to mow grass in a *natural* way, you should take a look at nature’s specialist, the cow. Keep in mind that grass is a living extension of the soil’s capillaries, through which the life-magnetism flows upwards. When the skin that protects these channels is destroyed, the meadow energetically bleeds to death. Therefore you must seal off the wounds as quickly and effectively as possible. Although the cow doesn’t have a clue about energetic charges or chemical reactions, she still does exactly what’s needed to close the grass wound. She wraps her tongue around the stalks, turns them around their axis and tears them off, with an inspiring motion of her tongue. This motion generates coolness within the grass stalk, causing it to draw in oxygen. The cow nuzzles the wounds, subtly altering the constitution of the gasses in the air around it. This polarizes the energetic tensions and creates an electrical charge that cauterizes the wound. Quite the opposite of modern, motorized grass mowers. Often with blunt blades, they forcefully crush the grass rather than cutting it. The wounds are often so large and frayed, that the meadow loses a lot of energy before the wounds are healed. Ultimately, this acidifies the meadow, decreasing the quality of its soil.

In olden days this was done in a way that conserved energy. The iron scythes were whetted the night before, on a wooden oak block. With every stroke of the hammer, the electrical charge of the sharp cutting edge grew. Then the scythe was hung in a cool, dark barn, to preserve its charge.

The next morning the farmer would get up before dawn, ready to pull his scythe in long, wide hauls through the cool grass, wet with dew. The electrically charged iron would sear the grass stalks, instantly sealing the smooth cut surfaces. Even though the farmer hardly used any force, you could often see sparks flying around. As the morning-air became warmer, the scythe would gradually lose its charge, and each stroke became heavier. This was the signal for the farmer to stop. In this way, the farmers of old preserved the energy of the meadow as well as the crops. This is also why it’s always better to fell a tree with an axe, rather than a saw.”





“These are very unique observations, I must say!”

“The falling of leaves in autumn is another example. Have you ever noticed that the leaves swirl to the ground massively at sunrise, in the fall—and they stop as soon as the sun heats up the air?”

“I can’t say I have.”

“This happens because at this time of day, the intensity of the sun rays causes a peak production of oxygen. This aggressive oxygen burns the last remnants of life-magnetism that hold the stem together. The leave drops and the wound is sealed instantly.”

“I guess I should pay closer attention”, said the farmer.

The ranger nodded and said, “If you take the time to observe nature patiently, it will become crystal clear why the quality of life has degenerated in all areas, ever since World War I.”

## The Golden Plow

**AT LAST THEY RETURNED TO THE FARMYARD, WHERE A RANDOMLY PARKED** tractor stood outside the barn, surrounded by chickens, looking for seeds that had fallen from the sowing machine. The proud farmer wanted to show the forest ranger his farming equipment, before the latter went on his way again. He walked to one of the barns where he stored his equipment, and with the exact amount of force, he thrust aside the large door. Both men stepped inside. The ranger had trouble adjusting his eyes to the poor light and was blinking rapidly. Shaking his head with disapproval, he walked from one rusty, tentacled iron beast to the next.

“I see you aren’t very impressed with my tools”, the farmer said, already anticipating the next proverbial slap on the wrist.

“You guessed it”, said the forest ranger. “I really hate to break it to you, but all these tools have to go, if you’re serious about stimulating the life forces on your farm.” The farmer sheepishly glanced at his beloved machines, not quite ready to get rid of them.

“When I visited Bulgaria”, said the ranger, “The King asked me to discover the reason for the agricultural decline in the north of his country. I intuitively arrived at the conclusion that steel machines deplete the groundwater’s life-magnetism.

I was familiar with the fact that iron is a magnetic material that attracts and discharges life-magnetism. Years later, when I experimented with the Kelvin Generator, I was able to

prove this discharging phenomenon. I noticed that water is discharged instantly, when you stick an iron needle into the water jets. This experiment almost cost me my life. Rusty steel water pipes prevented the accumulation of electric and magnetic forces within my Kelvin Generator, while a commission of the Wehrmacht was on its way to verify my claims.”

The farmer’s aversion towards his equipment grew by the minute, especially the tractor. “Plowing isn’t necessary anyway”, he said, trying to comfort himself, although the idea of a painful, but apparently inescapable divorce, loomed ahead.

As if he read his mind, the ranger said. “I agree. Farmers really have no idea how they hurt mother earth when they tear open her skin, and deplete her blood of its energy. In China it was forbidden to tear open the soil, for quite a long time. Nature-loving Indians didn’t use the plow either, as they regarded the earth as a living being. But for us, the plow became the ultimate symbol of our culture!”

“I guess nature doesn’t use any tools to grow plants”, the farmer agreed, glad he actually didn’t need his plows and harrows.

Leaning against the farmer’s plow, putting down his cane, the ranger said, “Not only are these plows manufactured of the wrong material, but they are also faulty by design. Although they aren’t square, which is a good start, their shape still provokes too much resistance within the soil. This resistance generates frictional electricity. Some farmers told me they saw enormous sparks, jumping from their plows into the ground.

In the olden days, the accumulation of electricity wasn’t an issue, because the plowing itself, done by man, ox or horse, was a very slow process. With the introduction of the tractor, the accumulation of electricity grew exponentially. I claim that this positive charge causes [electrolysis](#) in the groundwater. The magnetic bonding force disappears, and the water-molecules break down into oxygen and hydrogen, dehydrating and acidifying the soil. The oxygen, which became aggressive through pressure, heat and electricity, corrodes the soil’s sweet-matters, causing millions of minute explosions. The agricultural expert, in his cultivated ignorance, calls this a harmless ‘*rumbling of the soil*’. In reality however, it is much worse. The raw materials required for life, located in the soil, are brutally exploded! Not to mention the ‘humanitarian disaster’ that happens to the beneficial bacteria, springtails, worms and other micro-organisms inside the earth. Their place is rapidly taken by acid-loving, destructive bacteria and parasites.” The farmer shivered involuntarily.

The ranger went on to paint an even bleaker picture. “It’s as if an atomic war is raging inside the soil! And yet people are surprised that one out of six Austrians contracts cancer!”

“I don’t know if I’ll ever dare take my equipment into the fields again!”

“So don’t do it. It is a downward spiral, in the negative sense of the word. These machines unfurl a deadly, rusty coating across the soil, that catalyzes the *tough, electric* sunrays. They enter deeper and deeper into the earth, discharging the groundwater. As the water retreats, the plowshares are no longer lubricated by the fatty carbons in the

groundwater. Friction increases, as well as *electricism*. Therefore deep-plowing is disastrous.”

“But isn’t iron naturally present within the soil? How can it be as bad as you say it is?”

“Good point”, said the ranger. “As long as it’s left in peace in the form of iron ore, it serves the noblest of purposes. It only becomes dangerous when man starts to meddle, when he rips it out of the earth’s flesh and heats it to the extreme in blasting furnaces. The fire burns the carbons that are incorporated in the metal, reversing the molecule’s poles, leaving the metal hungry for carbon and magnetism. This extremely positively charged metal, strongly discharges the sweet-matters, where ever it bumps into them.

None of the scholarly agriculturists seems to realize that the oxygen which is present in the soil under normal circumstances, is very different from atmospheric oxygen. When oxygen enters the soil unfiltered, it brings a whole world of parasites to life. Not a very healthy nursery. These days plants suffer from all kinds of diseases and epidemics, from their earliest childhood on—because they lack the necessary life force. The more we try to end this with positively charged chemicals, the stronger they become. To make matters even worse, the plants can no longer reach the high-grade nutrients with their roots, since they were deposited too early on by the rising, negatively charged groundwater.” He drew on his pipe.

“But the torture isn’t over yet. The harrow now mutilates the seeds that survive the steel-sowing machine, exposing their roots to direct sunlight and atmospheric oxygen, With a lot of effort, the plants are able to keep themselves upright, only to be hit once more by the grubber. You’ll understand that this can only lead to one thing, a sad farmer, alone in his field, deserted by all good spirits, as he destroyed the one thing on his farm in which God dwelt *in statu nascendi*.”

The farmer was silent. After a while he said, “So just about everything needs to be done differently.”

“It may feel like a disillusion, but that’s indeed the truth of the matter. If a farmer wants to work truly organically, he needs to develop totally different tools. These tools should be made of a non-magnetic metal. Their shape should mimic natural motion, as it happens in animals, plants and water. The accumulation of life force is an electrical process of a higher order. Just like generating electricity, it requires certain materials and motions in a specific configuration. In a way it is the reverse of the process inside a dynamo. Through centrifugal motion, this device actually divides the air into oxygen and carbons. The rising temperature turns the oxygen aggressive, and binds the carbons. The force that escapes is collected in the form of electricity.

The bio-dynamo also separates oxygen from carbons, which respond differently to centrifugal and centripetal forces. Owing to the absence of friction inside the egg-shape, the gasses cool down and the excited carbons bind the passivized oxygen. Through this process life-magnetism is released.”

“So what is true for air is also true for water?”

“Certainly. The soil also consists of hydrogen-, oxygen-, and carbon bonds. The life force can be generated inside the earth, similarly to how it’s generated in air or water. While a regular, pressing plow produces more electricity, as it rips faster through the soil; the inspiring plow produces more life-magnetism instead. Rather than being oxidized, the fatty life-remains are rapidly fermented within the soil. This generates a higher vibration in the soil, causing the plants to grow more vigorously.” The farmer started to regain some of his enthusiasm. He began imagining new designs for his farm equipment.

“Before the war, I designed a *spiral plow*”, the ranger explained. “It pulls itself through the soil with minimal effort, like a deathwatch beetle. This plow consists of an elongated frame, bearing five brass rollers, mounted parallel to the direction of traffic, and driven by the tractor-engine. Every 8 foot long roller, consists of an axis with a spiraling blade, mounted transverse to the direction of traffic. Can you picture it?” The farmer nodded slowly.

“Every roller has twelve windings. They start off narrow, then rise to just under 2 feet in the middle, and decrease again towards the end of the axis. In order to prevent pressure in the direction of traffic, the tractor has to cover a distance of 8 feet, while the rollers turn around their axis 12 times. In this way, the plow pulls itself forward like a corkscrew.”

“I get the idea...”

“During the war, this plow was tested somewhere near Munich”, boasted the ranger. “In order to further decrease the resistance of the soil, we moisturized the blades with thinly dispersed water from a tank, mounted on the tractor. When the plow was configured like this, it dispatched negatively ionized water and copper particles to the soil, amplifying the earth-magnetic field, and radically stimulating plant growth.”

“And were the Nazi’s interested in this?”

“Yes. To the Nazi’s, especially Himmler, it was crystal clear that a genuine *Übermensch* requires noble foods. Did you know that they even started to search for old Germanic grain varieties?”

“And were these experiments successful?”

“The results were baffling!” said the ranger. “The rye grew man-high in record time, and developed half a foot long spikes. A documentary was made about it that created quite a stir in the Third Reich. After the war everything disappeared without a trace. Perhaps the Americans shipped it back home, or the plow is simply collecting rust in an old shack. Who knows.”

The farmer got very excited. “I’d love to do experiments like that!”, he cried passionately.

“Great, that’s a good idea! All we need are some backers. Copper and bronze don’t come cheap!”

“Don’t worry, I know a wealthy Anthroposophist”, said the farmer. “I’m sure he will love the idea!”

“Perfect. It would be a good idea to begin with studying the way animals move through the soil, and copy them. The mole would be a good starting point. Through the inspiring motion of his claws, he moves several times his own weight in soil every second. But various types of construction are worth experimenting with. Trial and error will finally reveal the correct shape. The main thing to keep in mind, is that carbons in the soil should be moved through an inspiring motion, because this ionizes them. Ions are easily absorbed by the plants and recombined into new substances.

Because plows are usually made of metal, they automatically have a catalyzing effect on the soil’s processes. That is why farm tools should be made of a non-magnetic precious metal. The best choice is a copper-alloy, copper itself being too soft. It would deform and wear off too quickly, depositing too much copper into the soil. But bear in mind that only copper particles with the wrong charge, act as a poison. In Bulgaria, I saw soils that were rich in copper, with exuberant vegetation. More so than soils rich in iron. Soil experts of the ministry of Agriculture told me that copper-bearing minerals have a much greater capacity for absorbing water than iron-bearing minerals. Soil that is rich in malachite for example, has a water-storing capacity of around 40%. I should add that the soil normally contains precious metals in the form of liquid acids. When the soil dehydrates, these growth-enhancing catalysts are lost. Only the electricism-promoting *lime metals* remain. Stimulated by the *tough sunrays*, they emanate a destructive electrical radiance into their environment. The neutrally and negatively charged metals inside the soil react by switching poles and becoming toxic. The soil dehydrates further and acidifies, parasites come to life, and before you know it, it’s a desert!”

“I see”, said the farmer, “I’d have to study chemistry full time, just to choose the proper metals!”

“And this is indeed chemistry of a higher order”, said the forest ranger. “One that considers the subtle life force within the atoms!

One thing I discovered when conducting tests with the *spiral plow*, was that this motion energetically screws together the oppositely charged calcium and sodium atoms, forming potassium. It is interesting to note that the blood of grain-fed chickens, fertilized with this agent, becomes in-coagulable. This is caused by the magnetic *life seeds*, incorporated in potassium because of the plows’ *inspiration*. When these magnetic ‘life seeds’ are non existent, the blood coagulates while the organism is still alive, and begins to rot until the body is riddled with cancer.”

“So life-magnetism stimulates a healthy blood circulation?”

“Right. And the same goes for the soil.”

“But if all this is true, then why is it so hard to prove?”

“The correct shapes that generate the required vibrations are the hardest to find,” said the ranger.



*The Bio Plow*

They arrived at the farmer's dwelling and continued their conversation, while enjoying a steaming cup of coffee. The farmer was exuberant, and he promised to do everything in his power to find backers for their research "I have some good connections at the Agricultural College in Linz", he said optimistically.

"Great", said the ranger, "let me know if anything interesting comes up." He got up from his chair, grabbed his hat and cane, and left the farm in a good mood.

A few weeks later the ranger received a message from the farmer. He had successfully contacted someone at the Agricultural College in Linz. He wrote:

'Dear Spyrock,

I am happy to let you know that I have managed to convince engineer Roselius and some of his students of the importance of our project. I suggest we invite Roselius for an introductory meeting'.

This meeting was quickly arranged, and was attended by the three men. Engineer Roselius said, "I suggest we start with some basic studies, to establish the effect of precious metals on plant growth. We could, for instance, line a regular steel plow with copper. What do you think?"

"That's a good place to start ", answered the ranger, "although the results won't be as spectacular as with a spiraled plow." As they discussed all the pro's and con's, they decided to conduct the testing on poor soil first, to get some clear results. Roselius picked up the phone and began lobbying.

He was quite successful. The municipality of Salzburg issued permission to conduct the experiments at a mountain farm it owned. This farm had been leased for years by neighboring farmers, who seriously neglected the soil. Subsequently, the farm's

production figures had hit an all time low.

Accompanied by three students, the men boarded engineer Roselius' car, and drove to the farm. It was a sorry sight. "I am sure this can be fixed", said the ranger optimistically, but Roselius and his students seemed less convinced. "Only a massive spraying of fertilizer could save this soil", said one of the students. The ranger wisely kept quiet.

"So according to you, the important thing is to add copper to the soil?" Roselius initiated the conversation.

"The plow should be lined with a non-magnetic material, that is the most important issue", explained the ranger. "I don't need to tell you agriculture students which metals are magnetic and which are non-magnetic, now do I?" He looked around the circle, but his gaze was met with puzzled faces, so he continued.

"The elements iron, nickel and cobalt are magnetic metals. The non-magnetic or *diamagnetic* metals are bismuth, antimony, zinc, tin, lead, copper, silver and gold. In theory, other non-conductors, like glass or carbon disulfide, could also be applied. The trick is to generate as little frictional electricity as possible, as it disturbs the earth's magnetic field. The most obvious choice is ordinary copper, because it's relatively affordable and has all the desired properties. The drawback, of course, is the fact that copper is rather soft." At this point Roselius suggested lining a regular iron plow with plated copper.

"It's far from ideal", said the ranger, but it still might produce a sizable difference. It would be much better to construct a new plow, made of sturdy phosphor bronze, although it would be quite expensive. But no matter what, the metal shouldn't be overheated.

For now we'll have to resign to using plated copper. This copper has undergone cold milling, which generates a favorable energetic tension. The copper-plated plowshares could also be hammered, to enhance the copper's ionization. Only the active parts that touch the soil need to be lined with copper. The rest should be covered with a non-conductive material, to prevent frictional electricity, generated with air."

In the following weeks, a common steel plow was lined with a thin layer of copper, in the academy's workshop.

Trials were conducted in the spring of 1948. A few plots of land were divided in half. One half was worked with a steel plow, and the other with the copper-plated plow. Some plots were fertilized, others weren't.

After harrowing with a regular steel harrow, the plots were all seeded. Any other task that might require steel tools, such as weeding, was avoided as much as possible. "From here on we let mother nature take over", said the ranger, looking quite satisfied.

Roselius and the students monitored the crops regularly and took notes. The difference was astonishing, right from the start. The copper-plowed crops sprouted a lot better and developed a healthy, dark-green color. Throughout the remainder of the summer it became

obvious that the copper-plowed plots produced much healthier crops. Naturally the question arose if this was simply a matter of copper-deficiency inside the soil. Expensive laboratory research that could have determined this was not approved. The rector of the school was acquainted with the ranger's speech at the Academy of Soil Science. He needed a controversial scandal at his academy, like he needed a bullet in the head. Therefore the students had to content with simply comparing the yield results. This in itself was an almost hopeless task, as it proved to be virtually impossible to empty the combine harvester completely, before moving to the next plot.

Despite these scientific discrepancies, the yields of the copper-plowed plots were clearly and significantly larger. In most cases, a yield increase of up to 50% was measured. With 60 to 90 grains per spike, the rye was obviously the most excellent in the entire district.

"Quite remarkable", Roselius mumbled indistinctly, as he read the results. He called the ranger and said, "I have to admit that this test exceeds all my expectations! I anticipated an increase of a few percent at the most, but this? The excellent quality of the copper-plowed crops has been consistent throughout the season, which I find highly remarkable. The plants were clearly less diseased and a lot sturdier. I suggest for the coming season that we expand our tests to other farms, to include different soil categories."

"Good idea. And we should also copper-plate the other equipment", suggested the ranger.

"Great", Roselius concluded.

The copper-trials were expanded to other farms during the following spring. Plots were again divided into half, and plowed with either steel or copper plows. This time they used bronze prongs for harrowing. Apart from several types of grain, additional crops like silage corn, carrots, potatoes and silage grass were also sown.

And once again, the difference was enormous. The copper-plowed plots excelled the steel-plowed plots by a landslide. The iron-worked patches suffered from an overgrowth of acid-loving weeds, while the crops grew slower and produced fewer roots. Later on in the season, the tractor tracks in these fields were much deeper.

When the yields were weighed, the yield increase of the copper-worked parcels once again exceeded all expectations. With an increase of 27%, the silage corn scored lowest. The carrots and silage, each exhibited an increase of 50%. The potato harvest was enormous, with a score of 12 times the local average of 30.000 kg per acre. A civil servant of the municipality of Kitzbühl, who wasn't aware of the experiments, declared the grains to be 'the best in the entire district'. Engineer Resh, chief agronomist at the Department of Primary Industries at Salzburg, announced a genuine increase in baking-quality, after laboratory research.

Without a doubt, the results were baffling, which is why they didn't go unnoticed. Sensational articles appeared in Salzburger newspapers, citing the ranger who predicted yield-increases up to 90%. The farmers in the pubs were telling each other wild stories about '*the golden plow*'. It didn't take long for a manufacturer of agricultural machines, Mr. Rozenberger from Salzburg, to jump to the opportunity to do business. He contacted



the ranger, and visited him soon afterwards.

During their meeting, the ranger elaborated on the impressive results that were booked with his *spiral plow* during the war. Drawing sketches, he tried to show the director some of his ideas for farm-tools that were shaped in a different manner. Rosenberger was impressed and signed a preliminary contract for the production of a collection of new models.

Not long after their meeting, the ranger was visited by another gentleman...

A shady character in his mid-forties, dressed in an elegant suit, stepped out of a fancy sports car, parked across the road. He took off his sunglasses, re-adjusted his tie, strutted towards the door and rang the bell. The ranger got goose pimples even before the man opened his mouth.

“Good afternoon”, he said. “I work for the municipality and I am in charge of Agricultural Affairs. Could I have a talk with you about the *golden plow*?”

“Of course” The ranger opened the door to let the stranger in. “Coffee?”

“Yes please”, the councilman said, as he sat down, visibly uncomfortable. “Mister Spyrock... I heard some stories about the *golden plow*, could you please tell me a little more?”



*Imitating nature*

“I just signed a contract with the Rosenberger firm, agreeing to the production of various new models”, the ranger said, being straightforward, yet on guard. “If tests with these models prove successful, they will be taken into production before long.”

The councilman's face grew grim, as if to forebode his next sentence, "If you manage to strike a deal with *me*, that is."

"What do you mean *strike a deal with you*? I already *have* a deal with the factory."

"You clearly misunderstand me, mister Spyrock", said the councilman in a menacing way. "You should know that the fertilizer industry provides me with a substantial financial *reimbursement*, in exchange for promoting their product. If your project proves to be successful, not a farmer will need artificial fertilizer, and I shall lose my compensation. If you want me to promote your product instead, you should offer me a better deal. Do I make any sense?" After the man dropped his bombshell, the ranger lost his self-control.

"Get out, you filthy *swine*!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "How dare you call yourself a *representative of the people*, while taking bribes and driving around in fancy sports cars!" Without batting an eye, the councilman rose, and headed for the door.

Before he exited the house he turned around and said, "It is up to you, mister Spyrock, but don't underestimate me, I'm a force to be reckoned with!" He left the house, stepped into his car and drove off with screeching tires.

Several articles were published in Salzburger papers in the next few days, warning farmers for the *golden plow*. The huge yield-increase would cause food prices to plummet dramatically, they predicted, and would force farmers off of their land.

Before the forest ranger had time to read all the sad articles, engineer Rosenberger called him on the phone, and said, "Mister Spyrock, I'm so sorry, but our license for the acquisition of plated copper has just been revoked. I've been threatened with even harsher sanctions, should I continue to work with you." The speechless ranger hung up. "Please not again..." he mumbled behind his beard.

## The Green Front

**APART FROM CORRUPTION, THE AFFAIR WITH THE GOLDEN PLOW CLEARLY** exposed the powerful influence of the media on public opinion. The forest ranger was retired by now, and he could only arrive at one conclusion. After years of trying to introduce a radically different technology to science, governments, and the corporate world—in other words, *the establishment*—he realized it had been futile and totally pointless. "There was no other option," he thought. "All these institutions stand to gain by preserving the status quo."

Gradually the ranger's health started to fail, and he was contemplating the steps he could take in the time that was left to him. He wanted to convince humanity, once and for all, of the senselessness of their toil, and warn them for the unavoidable consequences they

would soon be facing.

He confided his innermost feelings to his son Walter, during one of their long talks, “I can only see one more option”, he said. “We need to inform the unsuspecting public on a massive scale, about what is going on. We need to arouse their suspicious and give them reason to revolt. Not because I take a perverted delight in being an agitator, but because I consider it my goddamn duty to wake people up. Considering the horrors of World-war II, I think the time has come for humanity to start questioning its actions, and consider the direction we are taking as a culture. People need to realize one thing: An economic system that is founded on scarcity, and focused on competition, can only lead to war. Serious doubt should fill everyone, rich or poor, official or commoner, or whatever class they are from; doubt about the honesty of the power elite that forced this bloodsucking system upon us.

Why is it so hard to admit that the world is in much worse condition since the triumph of modern technology? Isn't it painfully clear that this technology has only brought us war, lack and disease? Who on earth, can seriously maintain that the so called *primitive people* of Africa or America, are better off today, than before the arrival of the intellectual westerner with his destructive machinery?” Walter nodded meekly. The experiments with the Kelvin Generator had shaken his solid scientific beliefs, and since that time he regarded his father and the world itself, in quite a different way. Sipping his tea, the ranger said, “Walter, you've seen the enormous influence of the media on the minds of men. I think we can turn this fact to our advantage. We should mobilize that very force to inform the ignorant public of the biggest crime in human history: the suppression of their spiritual development. It's an abomination that we have legions of penalties for petty crimes, but leave such diabolical conspiracies unchallenged.” Walter nodded again.

“Until it becomes clear to everyone that things can't go on this way, even president Truman is powerless. Despite the fact that it almost cost me my life several times, I fully agree with Louis Kühne. He said: ‘Whoever wants to change the world, should speak openly of her vices’.” Rather sadly he added, “Walter, you have no idea how many cowards will call you a pessimist, if you lecture them on the mishaps and negligence that are going on in the world. And promise me you won't ever let these so called *positivists* bully you. They are the weakest of weaklings. Too scared to face themselves in the mirror, they bury their heads in the sand instead. And even when they innocently ask, “*but what can I do about it?*” it is nothing more than a smokescreen, to conceal their self-imposed ignorance and apathy. It's not an easy road”, he continued. “More than anyone else, do I know what it feels like to be a lonely cry in the desert. Yet this apparently futile whistle-blowers-mission needs to be carried out. Someone needs to do it. The millions of people dying of cancer and starvation, have a right to know they are not the victims of a *cruel mother nature*, but of a life-threatening *culture*, controlled by a greedy elite!

The ‘specialists’ are all worked up about trashing such a self-appointed *world psychiatrist*. Nonetheless, self-reflection through a mirror is often the only way to shock a mentally ill person out of his apathy. I am still convinced that it's possible to rip the blinders off from reasonably sane people, and embark on a joined rescue attempt.

Especially young people, once they're informed, will be very concerned, as *their* future is at stake. They will be the first to make themselves heard, when they revolt against this artificial, plastic society that constantly exploits them. They have nothing to lose, and everything to gain. Like a stone cast in the water, this awareness-ripple will expand outward, further and further. Within more and more people this will trigger the natural urge to self preservation, required to bring about a radical change."

Walter was impressed by his father's earnestness. This wasn't just a frustrated old man complaining about his fate, this was a genuine, heart felt outcry of a compassionate man, who spoke from his personal experience of a lifetime of hardship.

"When the deeper roots of this crisis are finally exposed, a far reaching People's Movement will automatically arise, and will force the world's politicians to change towards a positive and wholesome direction. When people are fully informed, they will no longer trust the hollow promises of the elite. The real criminals will be punished for their part in this fabricated, worldwide catastrophe!

Every man needs to make a fundamental decision. Either we radically reject the upsetting outcome of intellectual thinking, and strip the dominating intellectuals of their power, or we sit back while they rob us of our personal strength and have us walking on thin ice—The same ice incidentally, that will keep us frozen for ages to come, as a dire warning to all future civilizations.

If enough people begin to understand nature's simple, yet profound logic, their morale will expand, humanity will begin to grow morally, and they will stop relying on outer appearances. Only then, will mankind recognize water for what it *really* is: the true bringer of life." The ranger's monologue gave Walter goose bumps. He understood in his very marrow that this appeal concerned him personally. After all, his dad was nearing the end of his life, and he had no other sons to carry on his work.

When his father asked him to help establish a society for the purpose of uniting *all people of goodwill*, for a final media offensive, he wholeheartedly said, "Yes!"

In the course of 1950, they consolidated their idea, and the *Biological Institute* was founded.

The Institute's aim was very concise, 'To urge humanity to revert to natural approaches to water-management, agriculture, forestry, science, energy production, technology, and the entire social structure'. It also aspired to warn humanity for the dangers of over cropping, desertification, and atomic energy—*Nature's* deadliest enemies.

As the ranger predicted, their initiative didn't go unnoticed. Eagerly, the papers printed his passionate appeals. The Second World-war, with its discovery of atomic energy, provided him with ample ammunition. For the first time in his life, the general public seemed to pay attention to his concerned voice. Heated discussions could be overheard in market squares and in cafes, where people discussed the dangers of deforestation and atomic energy.

In an effort to give this movement a political voice, the colorful activist Oscar Huemer, founded the League of Free Socialists in Linz, and persuaded the ranger to accept the position of chairman, despite the latter's aversion for politics. In committing himself to this organization, the ranger hoped to spread his ideas about a natural social order, and apply pressure to the powers that be.

Sadly and quickly, this turned out to be a disillusion. Because of his provocative language and uncompromising attitude, the ranger turned out to be completely unsuitable for the position. Numerous arguments and disagreements compelled him to withdraw from the position, barely a year later. From now on he decided to focus his energy entirely on the Biological Institute.

A letter arrived from his British friend Finlayson, a well-known occultist and activist, requesting him to address the *World Congress on Natural Forestry*, in London. Another speaker was the famous politician and captain of industry Richard St. Barbe-Baker, founder of the action group *Men of the Trees*. This group intended to plant millions of trees all over the world, in a joint human effort to turn the planet green again.

Even though he loved the idea, the ranger decided against it, as his health was failing him. Instead, he asked his son Walter to represent him. To his joy, Walter agreed to deliver the speech on behalf of his father, even though he wasn't a forest ranger himself.

In the summer of 1951, Walter travelled to London and read his speech to a large audience of scientists, diplomats and forestry specialists, from over twenty-four countries. The title of his speech was: *The Bio-physical Function of the Forest and Vegetation at Large*.

Afterwards, Richard St. Barbe-Baker, who already knew a great deal about his father, and was curious to learn more, personally complimented Walter. During their conversation, the idea arose to establish a sister-organization to *Men of the Trees* in Austria.



*Walter waiting in the wings*

Back in Vienna, the ranger eagerly listened to Walter's account of the endeavor, "We

should convert the Biological Institute into an environmental action-group”, our friend suggested. “Something along the lines of Men of the Trees. They focus on educating the public about environmental problems through the media. We should help St. Barbe-Baker muster an army of volunteers, planting trees worldwide. He suggests to strategically leaving out *Implosion Technology*, since it is too easy a target for our opponents. All they need to do is highlight some of the failures in this field, to discredit the entire message.”

“That is a good idea”, the ranger agreed. “We should mobilize armies worldwide, to unite in planting trees. From here on, we will send our soldiers to the *green front* in order to fight our true enemy!”

“Fantastic!” Walter cried. “We’ll name ourselves ‘*the Green Front*’!”

“Great idea! I’ve never been a good commander though, so perhaps you should take the helm.”

The Green Front was founded in 1952, and was showered with media attention right from the start. In one of his interviews, the ranger declared:

“People become uncomfortable when confronted with an inconvenient truth. The Green Front isn’t out to point an accusing finger; it just wants to expose the current state of affairs. Everyone needs to know that the forest is the mother of all streams and rivers, without whom a healthy soil-hydrology is impossible. Water withdraws into the ground while our farmlands waste away. Ultimately, entire regions of this globe will be reduced to sand and poverty. Cities and cultures will perish, to the point where only their ruins reminisce of their former splendor. If the withdrawal of groundwater doesn’t come to a halt soon, the entire earth will eventually be transformed into a dry, treeless desert. An outbreak of dreadful wars over food and drinking water will sweep the globe. People should be thoroughly aware that this time, human civilization itself is at stake! The time has come to stop fussing over petty political issues, racism, the latest fashion and fancy cars. Those are just background noise, because without water there is no nature, and without nature, there is no life!”

One of Green Front’s first actions was the introduction of *Arbor Day* in Austria. The ranger clarified, “April 10<sup>th</sup>, 1878, was declared *Arbor Day* in the American state of Nebraska. On that day, every local of the state would plant a tree. Can you imagine what the world would be like if everyone planted a tree each year? This would certainly restore our lost connection with the environment. The tree has been a symbol for fraternization worldwide. Richard St. Barbe-Baker proved this in Africa, where he managed to reconcile rivaling tribes through joint tree planting.” When his father concluded, Walter took the stand in his role of chairman.

“I would like to appeal to everyone in our nation to join us and plant at least one tree on *Arbor Day*. Governments and other organizations can’t cope with this on their own, so we urgently call upon all youngsters, teachers, children, sportsmen and other nature lovers, to

take responsibility and carry out this task. Let's plant trees in the mountains, and allow rivers to meander their detour. Not only will your effort help restore the Austrian forests, but the future of all of mankind!"

During a press conference Walter suggested that governments from all over the world purchase impoverished districts, and recruit the army to plant mixed deciduous woods. "Instead of fighting each other, the people of the earth should join in conserving the remaining forests, and re-cover our mother's naked, sunburned skin."

The cleverly executed campaign generated an enormous amount of publicity. Walter even received an encouraging letter from the FAO, the agricultural department of the United Nations.

In an open letter to the Austrian authorities, for the first time in history, Walter suggested forming a 'ministry of Environment'. He clarified his point by saying, "Our generation is robbing the earth of its forests and fresh water supply. Will man have forgotten the concentration camps and other recent war crimes, in a hundred years from now, and blame us, when discussing the biggest crimes of history? If we honestly care about our earth's future, we must establish a *ministry of Sustainability* for the management of natural resources. This ministry would manage our resources, like the ministry of Finance manages our expenses. It should design a hundred-year plan to guarantee the conservation of forests and soil-fertility for the following generations." Even though this idea received a lot of public support, the government didn't show any intention of launching the initiative.

"Please tell us what happens to the soil when forests disappear?" a journalist asked the bearded ranger on another occasion. Grateful for the opportunity to address this topic publicly, the ranger said, "The forest is the skin of the earth. Due to the coolness and shade it provides, a tension accumulates within the soil that raises the groundwater level. If the forest is cut down, this tension is discharged, and the water withdraws deeply into the ground. The fine and fertile humus washes out, and over time, all that remains is a barren desert.

During the early 1900's, the American state of Tennessee was entirely covered with forests, preserved by a maze of laws that prohibited clear-cutting on a massive scale. It didn't take major timber merchants long to collaborate with their associates in Congress, and amend these laws for their benefits. They procured the forests for next to nothing and almost entirely cut them down. Across the entire state the groundwater table sank. Several months later, neighboring states like Kentucky and Carolina were forced to exterminate their cattle due to an extreme drought. For the first time in history, farmers in Tennessee were forced to irrigate their fields from deep wells. But irrigation only worsened the problem. Year after year, the salts of evaporated water accumulated in the fields, until they were completely barren. Relentless sandstorms blew away the final remainder of the once fertile soil. These days, this former *water basin of the Central States*, is no more than a barren steppe, alternately afflicted by droughts and floods. I would like to draw your attention to the fact that these two are always intertwined. Destruction of the forest not

only causes droughts, but also brings about floods that wash out fertile clay. Rivers like the Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi that used to run clear and be rich in fish, were transformed into dangerous brown mud streams, virtually overnight.”

“And no-one is aware of this?”

“No, not really. Although president Roosevelt won the elections of 1933 carrying the slogan: ‘*Back to the land and forests—A nation that can’t protect its natural resources has no future*’.”

“Really?”

“Yes, but I forgot the exact wording. However, there are plenty of similar examples in our own back yard. A major flood recently hit Northern Italy for example, which was a direct result of clear-cutting in the Italian Alps. But you know how things progress. Everyone is briefly concerned, and then they forget. Over time, people start to believe that things have always been this way.”

“But why is it so difficult for people to see the connection?”

“People always need proof before they believe anything. And guess who’s providing the evidence? Exactly. The very same ‘experts’ that caused the problems in the first place!”

“But why should people need proof of something they can observe for themselves?”

“It’s all about shirking responsibility, I’d say. People have become lazy. They expect the state to solve everything for them. They forget that we actually owe the farmers of previous generations for our food. They considered it their duty to look after the countryside. They intentionally planted trees for their grandchildren, because they saw themselves as part of a larger race. They were acutely aware of the fact that you can only harvest if you have sown. That sense of responsibility needs to return if we want to spare our grandchildren a horrible future. A future where they will have to dig for water, like we dig for oil and diamonds.

We consider it a normal occurrence, that millions of people can’t even earn their daily bread in a humane fashion. It has become commonly acceptable that some people are forced to scavenge for their food, reverting to begging, robbing and even killing! As our only response, we cut down more forest to produce newspapers through which we advertise the misery we’ve created.” Not knowing if he should feel challenged, the journalist simply nodded.

“But things will get worse”, the ranger continued. “Besides droughts, floods and wars for water and food, the entire climate will change!”

“Climate change?” The journalist was intrigued.

“Perhaps it never occurred to you, but we could very well enter a new ice age. If we don’t stop destroying forests, pumping out water and burning coal or oil, it will first get warmer before it starts getting colder. The atmosphere becomes more and more saturated with dust and vapor particles, converting the sun’s radiation into additional heat. As the earth dehydrates, less water evaporates and the temperature drops. Within just a few



decades this could turn into a full-blown ice age!”

“But isn’t there enough water in the oceans, to guarantee a sufficient amount of water-particles in the atmosphere?”

“That’s correct”, the ranger admitted. “The oceans form a huge buffer. But even relatively small disturbances can easily disrupt the subtle balances of nature, with far-reaching ramifications. The forest not only regulates the earth’s water balance, but also the atmospheres. When this subtle balance is lost, extreme weather situations will begin to occur. Like any other organism, mother nature will become increasingly unpredictable.” The journalist jotted down every word the ranger spoke.

“But in any case, massive disruption of nature will lead to famines and poverty on a grand scale. It’s precisely this impoverishment that could be the necessary incentive for reconstruction. A tough lesson without which we would never come to our senses. We can only break with the familiar old concepts that led us into this dead-end-street, when there is nothing left to lose. At this point, a new awareness will arise, one that acknowledges the earth and nature as living organisms.”

“I’ve heard you are strongly against atomic energy, is that true?”

“Ahh, don’t get me started”, the ranger sighed. “As soon as the oil has been depleted, the elite will start selling atomic energy to the population. This will prove to be a big mistake, as the toxic waste will eventually pollute the air to such an extent, that mere breathing becomes lethal!”

Similar articles to this one caused a great stir across Austria. Very quickly, the small association grew into a widely supported environmental movement that managed to apply considerable pressure on politics through the media.

But all their efforts were to no avail. Ten years after its foundation, the Green Front concluded that in spite of political promises, the total forest area of Austria had decreased, and rivers were still subjected to concrete imprisonment.

Meanwhile, a memo circulated at CIA headquarters: ‘the general public is taking an increasing interest in the forest ranger. He joined the Free Socialists, and successfully launched an action group with his son Walter, ‘the Green Front’. State commissions of various countries, amongst which Argentina, recently visited him. A delegation of the Vacuum Oil Company has offered him millions for his patent on the suction screw.’

## The Spiral-pipe Study

AUSTRIA’S MINISTRY OF WATER MANAGEMENT STARTED TO GET WORRIED about the ranger’s

growing popularity. In 1952 they commissioned professor Franz Pöpel of the Technical Academy of Stuttgart, to scientifically discredit the ranger and chuck his theories to the dustbin. The ranger received a letter asking him to travel to Stuttgart, to assist professor Pöpel in conducting the intended experiments. Knowing that the experiments would turn out disastrous without him, the ranger decided to concede, asking Walter to accompany him as his witness.

Upon arriving in Stuttgart, they booked into a hotel and enjoyed their supper. The next day they took a taxi to the Technical Academy and arrived unannounced at Pöpel's laboratory. "Hello mister Spyrock, what are you doing here?" Pöpel grumbled rather unsympathetically.

"I am here to direct the water pipe experiments, which you are about to conduct", the ranger replied. "After all these are *my* theories."

"No way!" barked professor Pöpel angrily. "I'm not conducting any work with you watching over my shoulder! Go home. Nothing will come of these experiments anyway, as your ideas completely defy all established laws of physics. Make no mistake, these also apply to water, in spite of your fantasies!" Angry about the awkward situation, professor Pöpel called engineer Kumpf, advisor to the ministry of Water Management, who had ordered the experiments. "Look mister Kumpf", he said. "This wasn't part of the deal. The charlatan himself is right here in my laboratory, together with his son! They demand to be present at the experiments, but I don't want them here. The whole thing is asinine anyway, and a waste of my precious time."

"But that's the whole point, my dear Pöpel", Kumpf replied. "I personally sent him to you. Just execute the experiments exactly as he says, so that he can never claim that we committed errors. This is the only way to silence the old fool."

Reluctantly, Pöpel started the experiments in the presence of the ranger and his son. Unable to hide his annoyance, he said, "So you claim there is less friction inside the pipes, when water is allowed to move through a spiral curve?"

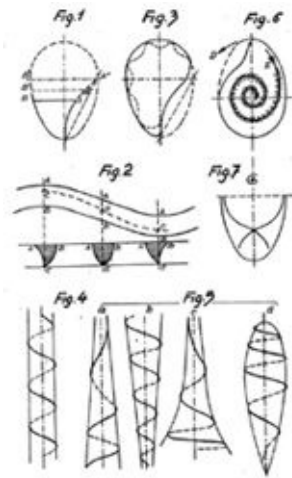
"That is the path of least resistance. Just observe your bathtub when the water drains away!"

"I know, I know. It forms a vortex", Pöpel sounded irritated.

"But do you know what happens after that?", the forest ranger asked. Briefly he saw a tiny sparkle in the professor's eye, almost as if he had aroused his scientific curiosity. Turning to his assistant, professor Pöpel ordered, "Go ahead and build a set-up according to this man's instruction." As they discussed the set-up, the forest ranger noticed that the professor slowly started to thaw. "Alright", he finally said. "So these are the questions we seek to answer." He took a piece of paper and wrote:

1. *Does water in a pipe prefer to move in a multiple in-winding spiral motion?*
2. *Does the material of the pipe influence the water's behavior?*

3. Does the shape of the pipe influence the water's behavior?
4. Are there any changes in the molecular structure of the water?
5. Does the in-winding motion of the water prevent depositions on the inside of the pipe?



Possible shapes



Vortex in water

“Perfect”, said the ranger, pleased with the professor’s cooperation. According to his instructions, an egg-shaped reservoir with pipe connections was constructed, and a variety of spiral shaped water pipes of various materials were manufactured. The first pipe to be tested was a straight, glass pipe. By adding colorants to the water, they hoped to learn how water moves inside a pipe, *after* it has left the sink. Pöpel started to frown, as he witnessed how the water kept on spiraling inside the pipe. His frown grew deeper, as he observed the intensity of color being much greater at the center of the jet. Feeling humbled by the ranger, he said, “I have to admit that I underestimated you.” Enthusiastically he started throwing sand and iron filings into the reservoir, in order to study the motions of solid particles in whirling water. His eyes nearly popped out of his head, when he saw that the particles didn’t move chaotically at all, but stayed as close as possible to the axis of the flow. Astonishingly, they even ‘screwed’ together into little egg-shaped balls. Walter picked one up and crushed it, which revealed a complete absence of moisture on the inside of the egg.

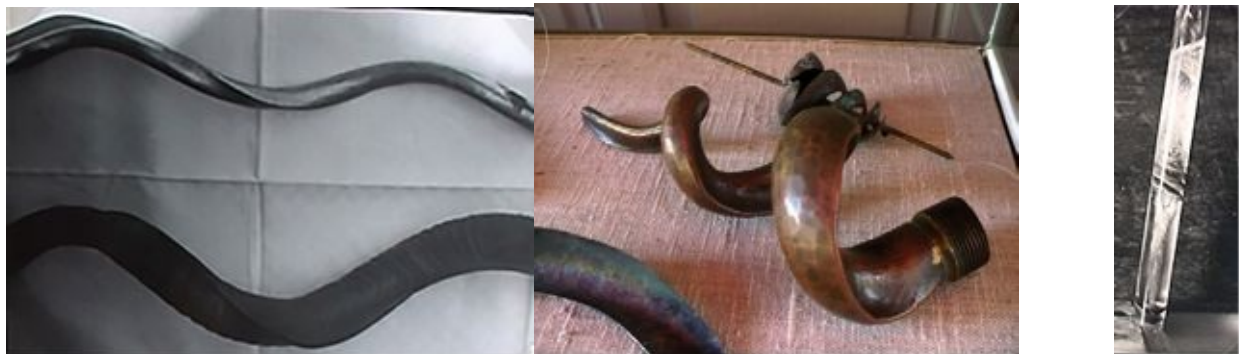
“Unbelievable!” Pöpel stammered, thoroughly impressed.

“Nature is indeed more wondrous than scientists could ever imagine!”, said the ranger. “Look at this...” He fiddled around with the valves, controlling the flow velocity. After some fine-tuning, he managed to create an up-right wave, with the small eggs threaded like pearls on a chain. By adjusting the water’s flow-velocity, he could gently move this pearly string up and down. Pöpel was bewildered at first, but then he started to look troubled, as the realization dawned that in spite of his education, he clearly knew nothing about water at all. Out of the blue he was suddenly forced to drastically re-consider his worldview. Excited as he was, he tried to formulate the principles at the root of this extraordinary phenomenon. Finally he concluded that a water stream moves with a threefold motion: A vortex motion, a vortex within in a vortex and a vertical motion along

the longitudinal axis.



*Pöpel in action*



*Copper spiral pipe Pöpel experiment*

Conducting further experiments, they witnessed the effusion of a strange glow, much like northern lights. Professor Pöpel was baffled. He couldn't wait to carry on with the experiments, for he had read about research conducted at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute that had shown superconductors emitting white light, when placed inside a magnetic field.

The next experiment involved the effects of various materials on the flow velocity of water. Once again Pöpel was pleasantly surprised, as indeed the copper pipes appeared to offer less resistance than the glass control pipe. "I wonder what the spiral pipes have in store for us!" he said excitedly.

When the ranger brought with him a Kudu-antelope horn the following day, by way of a natural example, the professor turned skeptical again. "That might be a little too farfetched my friend", he said.

"Well this is the ultimate original form of the inspiring motion", said the ranger without batting an eye.

As the tests continued, they observed how water in straight pipes tries to meander and swirl, but runs into a wall of resistance from the straight pipe walls. Then they witnessed how water moves much more freely inside spiral pipes, even detaching itself from the walls. They also discovered that at certain velocities, resonance points were formed, turning the resistance of the pipe walls to a minimum. "I can't believe my eyes!", Pöpel was astonished. The resistance inside the copper Kudu-pipe first hit zero and turned negative after a while. The two men carried on excitedly.

Eventually, after several weeks of experimenting, they were able to answer all their scientific questions affirmatively. The ranger was grinning from ear to ear. Finally his theories were scientifically proven!

Meanwhile Professor Pöpel realized he had a problem. Supporting the forest ranger would undoubtedly destroy his career. Therefore his final report stated the following: 'Preliminary tests have shown the shape and material of the pipes to be of great consequence to the flow-velocity of liquids. Under certain circumstances, resistance can be reduced significantly inside copper spirally formed pipes. However, further research will be necessary to determine the shapes and materials most suitable and practical for this purpose'.

## The Home Power Generator

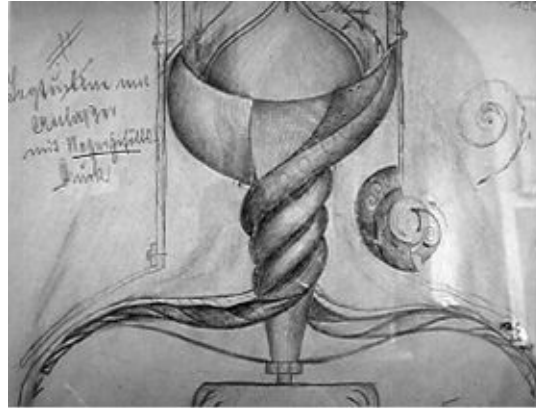
**IT WAS NO SURPRISE THAT THE FOLLOW-UP RESEARCH WAS NEVER CONDUCTED.** But even so, the spiraling pipe tests inspired the ranger to such an extent, that he proceeded to design an entirely new type of implosion machine: *the Home Power Generator*.

As its name implied, the generator was designed to produce Free Energy at home. Unlike the suction turbine and the Warm-Cold Generator, this implosion device used copper spiraling pipes to implode the water. The model consisted of a hermetically sealed, cylindrical vessel, filled with water, and a rotor onto which the spiraling pipes were attached like the rays of the sun. Towards their ends, the pipes became narrower. A clever combination of suction and high pressure was supposed to supply the horsepower. At a certain rotational speed, the water would keep circulating through the device on its own, due to massive suction. Inside the pipes, the water would be screwed together extremely rapidly, before being propelled, in a 32-degree angle, under high pressure, at the fluted reservoir-wall. The ranger estimated that this process would be powerful enough to drive an electrical generator. The water that circulated through the machine like blood through the body would simultaneously be transformed into high-grade drinking water.

This time, the ranger resolved to strictly follow his intuition, at least in the developmental stage. "Physics has no formulae for natural shapes and motions anyway", he said to himself. Instead of taking his plans to a machine factory, he went to see a common coppersmith. After an elaborate explanation of his ideas, he begged him to simply follow his intuition, without the use of any constructional drawings or calculations.

Though the forest ranger was rather content with the final result, the new model didn't quite work as anticipated. The shapes were too rough, the material too soft, and the generated pressure was built up too early, causing the pipes to burst. But at least he could show potential investors, the media and the technicians, an actual model.

Engineer Daniel Swarovsky owned a machine factory in Innsbruck that carried his name. Somewhere in 1954 he heard about the Home Power Generator and its inventor at a business meeting. It sounded kind of promising, so he decided to look into the matter. He brazenly sent the ranger a letter, and promptly received an invitation to come to Salzburg to see the model.



*The idea of the Home Power Generator*

When Swarovsky arrived, the ranger proudly showed him the machine. “Research conducted by professor Pöpel, has proven that my intuition was correct. Water, moved inspiringly above a certain speed, implodes, causing suction, by the omission of resistance. In this particular design, I tried to convert this suction into a mechanically applicable force. Of course, this piece is much too crude to attain the high rotational speeds it requires for the process to run independently.” Swarovsky listened fascinated. The ranger noticed that this captain of industry was different from all the others he had ever met. He sensed that this man was sincerely interested in his environmentally friendly technology, and wasn’t merely driven by personal gain. Before he left, Swarovsky generously offered him a workshop with all the desired materials. This time the ranger decided to accept the offer.



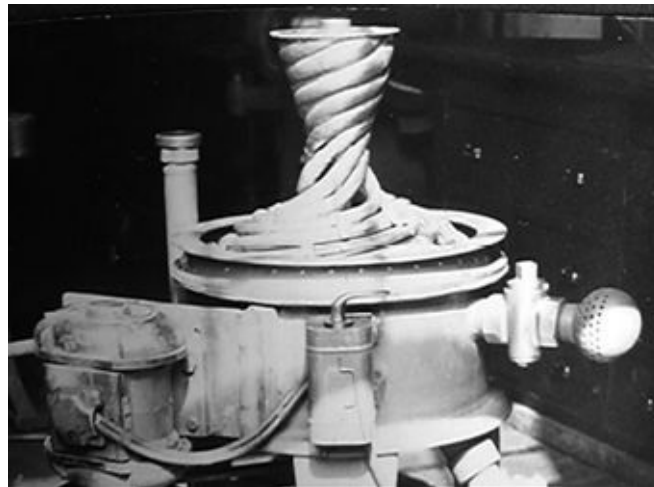
*Viktor with model*



*The inside*



*Advanced Implosion technology, with copper horns.*



*Various metals combined*

In order to prevent any conflicts of interest, the ranger hired an independent aerospace engineer, to draw the plans.

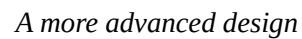
The first test model was built, but when the pipes blew up, despite the fact that the machine had been designed to withstand high rotational speeds, they were quite disappointed. The frustrated ranger concluded that the shapes were still too crude. “Engineers are useless when it comes to implosion technology”, he muttered.

Stubbornly he went to see his coppersmith, who had a much better feeling for the desired shapes. He checked in with him regularly, to check on the progress of the new model, and to give him further instructions.

One afternoon, the coppersmith was having a drink in a nearby café, when suddenly two strangers sat down next to him. “So you work for the forest ranger?” one of them said rather crudely.

“Well yes, why?”

“Look, my friend, don’t underestimate us!”





“But who are you and who is threatening me?”

“None of your business”, the first man hissed.

The coppersmith rose angrily, and left the bar without a word. One of the men yelled after him: “You’ll regret this! We will keep an eye on you!”

The coppersmith was shaking, nothing this creepy had ever happened to him. He called the ranger as soon as he got home. “You won’t believe what just happened to me!”, he said gravely. “I was in a bar having a drink, and two very creepy men threatened me” and he told the ranger the whole story.

“The pigs!” cried the ranger in outrage. “I have been going through this sort of thing for over 30 years!”

“So who’s behind it?”

“I can’t tell you for sure”, the ranger replied, “although I do have my suspicions, I’m sure that one day the truth will come out.”

A few days later, the coppersmith’s wife received a disturbing phone call: “Tell your husband that he will lose everything if he keeps working with that forest ranger”, the voice said. “But if he is willing to pass us the secret of the patent, he will be rewarded with a big house and a well paid job for the rest of his life.” Once again the coppersmith called the ranger right away, to tell him what happened and that he would never consider their offer.

The forest ranger thought for a while and said, “Perhaps you should pretend to accept, just to see who is behind it.”

“I’ll think about it”, the coppersmith said reluctantly.

In the mean time Daniel Swarovsky told all his business associates about his project with the unusual forest ranger. Two of them were the director of Fagerts Stahl AG, and engineer Voith, owner of a large German turbine factory with his own name. Inspired by the champagne, Swarovsky talked about the project in such a prolific way, that both gentlemen spontaneously decided to send an expert to the ranger, for some more in-depth investigation. Voith’s flow expert Theodor Schwenk, visited the ranger soon after.

The ranger immediately took a liking to Schwenk. “Please explain to me the fundamental principles of the implosion machines”, Schwenk asked after the forest ranger had shown him several models of the Home Power Generator.

“They are all based on a special motion which is found everywhere in nature, and particularly in water.” The flow-expert sharpened his ears. “Einstein wasn’t too far off with his formula  $E=mc^2$ ”, the ranger continued. “Energy is the sum of mass, times the speed of light squared. However, neither mass, nor the speed of light are constants, but are dependent on the inner vibration of atoms. This inner vibration can be adjusted intentionally, which is my main discovery. After all, mass is nothing else than congealed

kinetic energy, as we can so beautifully witness in river beddings. After years of observing natural motions, I learned that water charges itself inside a vortex. The amazing thing about the swirl, is that it unites the inwardly- and outwardly directed forces, within one motion. Thus, a bracing-zone emerges, in which the oxygen is bound by the cool *alkalines*—the carbons. A molecular restructuring takes place, in which part of the magnetic bonding-force is released. This untapped force is aetheric in nature, and thus non-physical. Modern science has completely overlooked this unique motion.” Schwenk nodded agreeably. “Part of the water implodes into pure energy”, the ranger continued. “This creates a vacuum, which sucks up matter—in this case more water, which again partly implodes, and so on. It’s up to the engineer to convert this suction-force into an applicable motion- or energy-form. All living beings do it, but to actually make a machine *breathe*, is easier said than done!”

“So you are trying to copy living beings?”

“Indeed I do. Implosion devices produce similar aetheric life forces to the ones we generate inside our bodies, by breathing and eating. These forces consist for about 90% of consolidating magnetism, which keeps the molecules in our body glued together. Some people are able to perceive this force in the form of the human aura. The other 10% consists of expanding electricism, which is responsible for bodily excretions. Without this electricism the body would poison itself. So once again you get to see how suction and pressure work together as a team. In order for the body to stay alive, the constricting force needs to be pre-dominant. This is the underlying principle of all my implosion devices. The alkalines always play a dominant role in the implosion process.”

“And how do you make this happen?”

“It can be controlled by temperature”, the ranger answered cryptically. “Temperature itself can be regulated through motion. By fine-tuning the motion, the temperature is adjusted. Left to itself, water inside the vortex keeps cooling down to its *zero point* of 4° Celsius. This stimulates the negative alkalines, and leads them to dominate the passivized positively charged acids. As a result a polar reversal takes place, which rejuvenates the water. For this reason the spiral has always been the symbol for increased life force. As you can see, the spiral forms the heart of all my devices.” He opened the lid of one of the machines. “I create tornado vortices in the water, by leading it through *inspiring* pipes at extreme speeds. Check it out. Here you see the copper spiral pipes.” Schwenk examined the model closely, trying to detect some kind of logic.

They walked around the laboratory looking at all the machines with their organic shapes. The ranger elaborated, “Inside a well-formed body, like a riverbed or pipe, water recharges itself magnetically by the way it moves. Like a skier, constantly shifting his weight, it accelerates in the curves, converting the ‘resistance’ into additional speed.” Schwenk took a moment to consider this. It did make sense. After a while the ranger added, “We all know that screwing takes up less energy than hammering, yet science never exploited this phenomenon.”

“*Hmm...What does an ideal inspiring pipe look like?*”

“Just like nature does, you have to work according to the *Golden Ratio*. The length, narrowing diameter and ‘rhythm’ of the pipe, need to be in perfect harmony. Other decisive factors determining the process are: tension, temperature and light incidence.”

“Is the direction, in which the water swirls, of any consequence?”

“Definitely! The inspiring pipes should be mounted under a sharp angle of 32°. They should swirl the water into a counterclockwise spiral. Inside the central feeding pipe, the water should spiral clockwise. It’s important that implosion devices never use one-sided motions, you see. Just like in the respiratory process, the direction needs to be altered. Life is always a rhythmical pulsation between two extremes.”

Schwenk was lost in thought for a moment. “So one could say that magnetism has a contracting effect, and sets fusion in motion?”

“Absolutely. That is exactly what happens inside the vortex. Matter is rapidly dissociated and then fused together on a higher level, thanks to the generated life-magnetism. It is rather amusing to see how scientist try fusion at very high, or very low temperatures, whereas it can be done with a simple motion.”

“Then what exactly happens inside this vortex?”

“The secret to fusion is the ‘screwing together’ of two otherwise inactive atoms. When they are brought together close enough, their electrical resistance is overcome. The magnetic atomic force, activated by the spiral motion, ‘fuses’ those atoms together into a new atom. This new atom takes up less space than its parents, as part of the matter reverts back to energy. The lighter the initial atom, the more energy is released. You know that hydrogen is the lightest atom with the weakest electrical field, which makes it highly suitable for atomic fusion. The hydrogen bomb, a fusion bomb built by the Americans in 1952, is fifty times more powerful than the atom bomb!”

“They know how to use it for a bomb, but not for energy production?”

The ranger smiled and said, “It makes you wonder, doesn’t it? However, inside the vortex, neutral points are created between the reciprocally balancing force fields. Inside these energetic vacuums, the water or air molecules fall apart, due to the absence of tension. During this process, singly charged atoms, or *ions*, are created. The vortex motion pulls these differently charged ions apart, which jacks up the tension. Science would probably call it *plasma formation*. Subsequently, part of the ions is fused into newborn water or air. Part of the super lightweight, magnetic hydrogen atoms escape, spiraling upward with great force. Like the cool eye of a tornado, they suck up the strongly magnetized water. This is in fact the essence of all plant growth.”

Schwenk took a while to contemplate this.

The ranger continued, “An added bonus is the fact that fusion is a lot safer than atom splicing. Should the reactor blow up, the fusion process simply burns out, while the vacuum is cancelled.”

“That sounds pretty incredible!”, said Schwenk, imagining the possibility.

“It is the most powerful, safe, renewable energy source available on the planet.”

“And why isn’t this model working?”, Schwenk asked, pointing at the model of the Home Power Generator.

“It requires some serious adjustments. The rotor needs to be a lot more stable in order to withstand the high rotational speeds.” He walked around the machine. “I also want to figure out the correct spiral curves for the pipes, allowing the water to pulse rhythmically, raising its frequency. I intend to conduct experiments with valves, made of various precious metals. Ideally, these nozzles adjust their diameter automatically, according to the pressure. This would prevent the process from escalating and keep the pipes from bursting. I’m also considering guiding fins on the bottom of the water basin, to guide the water back to the suction pipe at the central axis. This suction pipe should be equipped with a valve, to adjust the flow-velocity.”

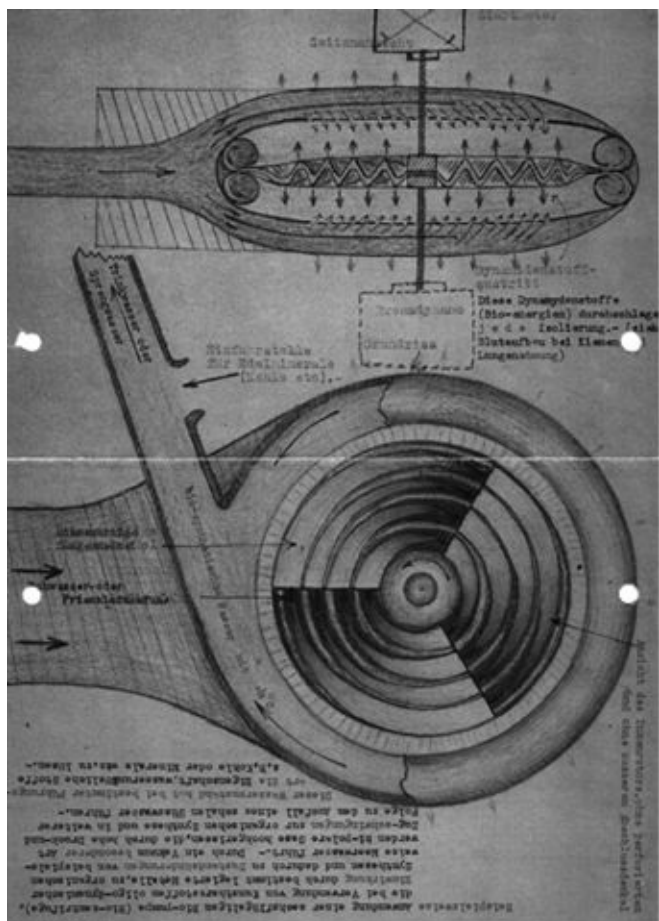
“If I understand you correctly, this electrical engine only serves to power the process initially?”

“Yes and no. The device isn’t intended to be a *perpetuum mobile* or anything like that. I’d rather call it an *energy multiplication device*. If nature is copied in the correct way, the energy output will be nine times greater than the input. This particular model was designed to produce about 50 to 100 hp. The unit measures no more than 2 cubic feet, weighs 30 kg, and can easily be placed in any household kitchen!”

“So larger ones could power industrial plants?”

“They don’t necessarily need to be bigger”, the ranger explained. “Increasing the rotational speed or stretching the spiral pipes would be enough. Both these measures require an extremely stable rotor, however. According to my calculations, a rotor of roughly 10 foot in diameter, carrying 100 spiral pipes, could generate 10.000 hp.” Unable to believe him at face value, Schwenk asked, “How exactly did you arrive at that particular figure?”

“An airplane engineer did the calculations”, the ranger grinned, “so take it for what its worth. A rotary speed of 1,200 rounds per minute would eject water from the pipes at a speed of 1,290 meters per second. That’s close to 4 times the speed of sound. Finding a material that is able to withstand such a force is not easy.”



*Original design Bio-pump*

“That’s incredible! And you just use water?”

Cautiously, the ranger said, “Yes, but I do add minute amounts of a specially prepared *energy concentrate*, which is rich in compounded aetheric seeds.”

“What do you mean by *aetheric seeds*?”

The ranger replied with a question, “What do you associate the word *aether* with?”

“I happen to be well versed in Anthroposophy”, Schwenk replied.

“*Very well.* Then you might have heard that every physical stream has a non-physical, aetheric counter stream. This is especially true for water. If water is ejected at a certain angle, an aetheric counter flow is created, moving in the opposite direction, sucking and pulling along the inspiring pipes like a magnet.”

“I’m not sure if I can picture that. I’m afraid I can’t skip thirty years of studying nature that easily.” The discussion continued well into the evening, until Schwenk left.

Thrilled by the raving reports of his flow expert Schwenk, director Voith tipped off some friends about the ranger, setting off a buzz of rumors concerning the mysterious *Home Power Generator* in Germany's industrial circles.

Soon, the ranger began to get uninvited visits by shady engineers, who were fishing for

details of his revolutionary device. One of them claimed to have worked on this problem for years. Despite their conniving flattery, none of them succeeded in getting one word out of the ranger. Because of all this unwanted attention, the ranger grew more cautious by the day. In order to protect his patent, he started to manufacture various components of his models at various locations.

Little by little the models grew more professional, which was proven by their tests. The devices produced more power than was consumed. Daniel Swarovsky was convinced by now, that the concept of the Home Power Generator was nearing a mature phase. Initial contracts were signed, and the ranger braced himself, until the hurricane would come forth from the energy industry.

## Implosion versus Explosion

**THE RANGER WAS HIT BY A STORM ALL RIGHT, BUT IT CAME FROM QUITE AN unexpected direction.**

Austrian author Leopold Brandstätter was an environmental activist as well as an occultist. He contacted the ranger for some interviews and explained that he intended to write a book on Implosion Technology as a possible alternative to nuclear energy. The old forest ranger cooperated gladly.

The intrigued journalist fired several rounds of questions at the ranger over a cup of coffee, and because of his remarkable understanding of the occult, he could easily keep up with the latter's philosophical explanations. Eventually, these interviews led to a booklet with the title: *Implosion versus Explosion*, which was published in 1956, through Spiral Publishing.

However, Brandstätter's well-intended endeavor had a flaw. Delighted with the extraordinary predictions the ranger made, he foolishly overlooked the fact that there weren't any working models to show for as yet. Thus the booklet became a combination of fact and fiction. Scientists rejected it, put off by the use of occult language, while less critical minds believed it to be the onset of an energy-revolution. Unintentionally, a lot of public pressure was exerted on the ranger for the presentation of a working model.

In his desperation he pulled out all the stops to find the perfect implosion shape for his machine, plunging himself further into debt.

Following the publication of his book, Brandstätter was invited to address several congresses. Once he asked the ranger to accompany him, so he could explain *Implosion Technology* in his own words. The forest ranger walked to the lectern on the stage and started his address:

“My dear listeners. Physical nature consists of an endless string of dualities. Because of the tension between these opposites, *life* itself emerges, moves and evolves. Essentially, there are two kinds of motion in this world, *explosion* and *implosion*. *Explosion* is chaotically expanded heat, which causes particles to move fast and hit each other with great force. The aggressive energy, which is generated through this process, is called *electricity*.

*Implosion* arranges the atomic orbits into a vortex around a single common axis. Inside this vortex, particles are organically ‘screwed’ together, compelling them to fuse and merge, instead of collide. A harmonizing, cooling energy arises inside this lively swirl, where particles no longer wage war on each other. I call this *consolidating life-magnetism*. This energy neutralizes gravity and increases vitality. Generally speaking it has a lot more potential than our modern, toxic death technology. My proposition for this valuable *life technology* can be realized, if enough people will commit themselves to supporting our endeavor.” The audience cheered the ranger as if he were a rock and roll star. Journalists queued outside his door and various magazines published his articles. Among them were *New Europe* and *Dew*, the revived magazine of his Swiss friend Werner Zimmermann. Zimmermann was successfully giving lectures to large audiences about the *inspiring motion* in his own country.

The entire German speaking population was enthralled with the implosion theory. Technical assistance was offered from all directions, as tens of thousands of people were ready to join the fight against nuclear energy. Their movement, which had grown considerably with the help of the media, pressured the government into banning nuclear energy and supporting research into implosion energy. The Austrian military top feared a national revolt, if their demands weren’t met.

Ironically it was a different kind of army that threw a spanner into the works. The forest ranger was selectively and splendidly quoted, in a plethora of papers and magazines, by an army of echoing writers.

He himself added insult to injury by publicly declaring that all political and economical conspiracies would be abolished, as soon as they had gathered the required funds. “At last those nuclear reactors will be banished to history’s garbage dump!”

Judging by the media hype, it seemed as if a new world based on implosion technology, dawned at the horizon. In all his euphoria, Brandstätter suggested to establish an International Implosion League. This league would oversee fund-raising as well as technological transition. Moreover, this technology would only be provided to governments that would guarantee strictly peaceful intentions.

Finally, after decades, the old forest ranger felt appreciated for his work. But the pressure of fame began taking its toll on his health. He often suffered from asthmatic attacks and heart palpitations. His efforts to get the implosion train on the right track before it was too late, grew more and more desperate. Simultaneously, he was haunted by a nagging doubt whether he could entrust humanity with this wonderful, but ‘vulnerable’ technology. Wouldn’t man instantly abuse it and destroy his ‘enemies’ or even the earth

itself? Whom to trust in this matter? Definitely not Krupp Stahl or Siemens, who were offering him millions for his patents. Experience had taught him to remain cautious when people were over-friendly, or filled with good intentions. His paranoia grew even more when he deduced from newspaper-articles that the weapons industry was covertly trying to gain control of his technology.

A deluge of American newspaper articles proclaimed that anti-gravity technology was only months away from becoming a reality. *Interavia Aerospace Review* published an article with the title, “Flying Without Stress, Strain or Weight.” The article stated the following:

‘Our research into electrogravitics, focuses on the source of gravity and its control. We are now approaching the phase where implications emerge that will profoundly affect the entire human race. The most astonishing and immediate implications involve aircraft, guided missiles and free space flight of various kinds. Every major country in the world conducts gravity research projects. Some of these projects were initiated over thirty years ago’. The article also mentioned that empirical research was conducted into the study of matter in its super-cooled and super-conductive state. It was laced with terminology like ‘jet electron streams’, ‘peculiar magnetic effects’ and ‘electrical mechanics of the atom’s shell’. Furthermore it stated that the weight of certain materials in this research had been reduced by 30%, through a process of ‘energizing’. As if caught in a foreboding of what was to come, it also said: ‘Security prevents disclosure of an explanation of the term ‘energizing’, or which countries are involved with this work.’

Celebrated atomic experts like Robert Oppenheimer, Edward Teller, John Stewart Bell and Burkhard Heim, successfully developed atom- and hydrogen bombs. Through the grapevine, the ranger learned that they were rushing headlong into the ‘anti-gravity problem’. Supposedly they had unlimited government funds at their disposal. Their aim was to stay ahead of the Russians in outer space. A litany of major companies like Martin Aircraft Company, Bell Aircraft, Sperry Rand, Clarke Electronics, Convair, Lear Incorporated, General Electric, Lockheed, Curtis, Boeing and NASA, was rumored to support secret research into anti-gravity. During the inauguration of a new research facility devoted to *breakthrough technologies*, the CEO of Martin Aircraft said in his speech:

“The world is on the threshold of a new era where free, clean energy will be the common standard. In future times this energy might take us to the stars. It will also be exploited for fuel-free heating, instant healing and artificial acceleration of plant growth.”

The ranger learned through yet another newspaper article, that the head of the FBI had informed president Eisenhower that flying saucers were not of extraterrestrial origin.

However, something strange was going on, and the ranger felt puzzled. After the massive media coverage of 1956, and the publication of *Implosion versus Explosion* in the same year, the media suddenly seemed to maintain a scornful silence. Nothing was ever published again about anti-gravity-research. “The research has probably been marked secret, like they did with my patents during the war”, he thought.



Another alarming incident concerned Wilhelm Reich. Reich was a Viennese psychologist, and inventor of the *Orgone Engine*. In 1957 most of his publications perished during a court ordered book burning in the US. As far as the ranger knew, Reich had only discovered a new energy source, which he called *orgone*—A life force that is released when energy-bubbles in the air, *Bio Photons*, are accelerated in the appropriate way. Reich described this as a ‘de-materialization process’. He explained that when bio-photons are moved incorrectly, and exposed to radioactivity, *orgone* converts into DOR—*deadly orgone*—causing desertification. A few months after his books were publicly burned, Reich was found dead in his cell under suspicious circumstances. The ranger couldn’t stop shaking his head when he read this disturbing news.

Meanwhile, illegal pictures of the interior of his Home Power Generator were circulating among German industrialists, for big money. As it turned out, they were taken by Gustav Staats of Swarovsky, who had been bribed.

The ranger’s paranoia compelled him to take preventive measures. He intentionally incorporated minor faults into various parts of the Home Power Generator, and he consistently excluded crucial details in his patent applications, such as the exact shape of the inspiring pipes.

One day, his old friend doctor Meditsch called, informing him of a design-contest in America, for a silent helicopter engine. “The reward is a hundred million dollars. We should submit your patent of the suction screw”, he said enthusiastically.

“Go ahead if you must”, was all the ranger said.

Determined to help out his depressed friend, Meditsch decided to go for it. ‘No pain, no gain’. If they won, they would finally secure the funds the ranger so badly needed for his research. “And if nothing else, it might generate some interest for implosion technology in the United States.”

Doctor Meditsch succeeded beyond his wildest dreams.

“I’ll be damned if it isn’t that strange Austrian inventor!” NASA advisor Gerschheimer cried when he reviewed the entries together with multimillionaire investor Robert Donner and Allen Dulles, head of the CIA and former director of Operation Paperclip.

“Right!” said Allen Dulles. “He was one of the inventors involved in the flying saucers project of the Nazi’s. I’m not kidding!”

“I know”, said Robert Donner, “because I was working for the American Counter Intelligence Corps in Switzerland at the time. In fact, that forest ranger was one of the biggest authorities on the subject of anti-gravity in the Third Reich. One of his machines apparently crashed through the roof at a test facility in Austria.”

“If we seriously want to stay ahead of the Russians in outer space, we need to get him here”, Allen Dulles suggested.

Back in Austria, Walter was singularly devoted to establishing an international research center for Implosion Technology. He quite successfully lobbied various professors at the Technical University of Vienna. Because of his scientific background, he managed to outsmart most of his opponents. But when he proudly reported these successes to his father, the ranger said, "I'm afraid I lost my trust in academics a long time ago, my son. Their brains simply aren't suitable for these elevated ideas. Unknowingly, they will always manipulate matters to their own advantage, regardless of how convinced they are of their own good intentions!"

Similar remarks had prompted Swarovsky to scold the ranger, "My friend, you're always cursing and castigating science, but I tell you quite honestly that your real enemy comes from an entirely different department!"

## The priest and the World League

**ERNST JOHANNES UDE**, WAS A WELL KNOWN **JESUIT PRIEST**, **AUTHOR**, **PEACE** activist with four doctorates to his name. Albert Schweitzer nominated him for the Nobel Prize in 1947. He ran for president in Austria twice, but apparently the local elite wouldn't support his radical ways. He was a *life-reformer*, and fervent follower of the *Free Economy Theory* of Silvio Gesell. Gesell preached abolishment of all private property, including land, interest, the state and the army. He suggested self-government through councils.

The priest's latest project was to end worldwide hunger, and so he organized an international conference to address this problem. Since he deeply respected the ranger, and recognized him to be a kindred spirit, he wrote him a letter asking his opinion and advice. "Would you be so kind to take a look at our plan of action?", he asked.

Naturally the ranger welcomed this initiative, even though he didn't quite agree with most of the priest's solutions, which he found far too superficial. He acknowledged that the priest wasn't capable of letting his scientific mind penetrate the underlying core of the problem. He wrote him back:

'I mostly agree with your political and economical stance. But unlike you, I believe that the roots of evil are profoundly deeper. A large part of all this misery is caused by an ill-conceived technology. This technology depletes all healthy organisms of their natural life force, through generated electromagnetic fields of vast proportions. This also applies to the magnetic life force of our planet, that supports all of life.

The monster of modern technology is chomping at the very pillars of our existence, causing cancer and degeneration on a massive scale. And it doesn't end here. This technology destroys the earth's carbons, necessary to generate life-magnetism, thus obstructing our evolution! In reality these so-called super-intelligent scientists are the

biggest fools ever. This is hard to admit, because modern technology provides us with a level of luxury that we can no longer live without. We live easier, and we die easier. But are we truly happier amongst all this decay? This technology originated from a science solely based on materialism and gain, and if we were to truly open our eyes, we would be able to look at it from a different perspective. We would come to realize that it hasn't improved the fundamental quality of our lives. We'd notice that we still have to work hard to survive, and hunger and disease have only flourished. One-sided application of pressure within technical processes is the real cause of hunger. This pressure burns down the life force in living organisms, including the plants that nourish us. This force is also referred to as prana or Panta Reï. When the life force in our food is reduced, we need more food to nourish us. Ultimately this will lead to global famine. An Indian acquaintance of mine, a scientist, summed it up perfectly with his equation: *pressure=repression*.

Surely you understand by now that famine can only be eradicated down to its root, through the implementation of a *superior technology*. A technology that uses life-force-stimulating *suction*. This Implosion Technology will create an abundance of food. The myth of overpopulation, the elite's argument for not sharing resources, will be exposed as an outright lie. I trust that a logically thinking scientist like yourself, will understand that I have no respect for the ignorant engineers who caused world wide food shortage. Engineers who still have the audacity to continually rebuke me.

The only justice I acknowledge is that of the common people. They won't let the criminals get away easily, once their eyes have been opened. The foolish scientists seem to think that if they stick their heads in the sand deep enough, the problem ceases to exist. The same is true for the politicians. They rely entirely on the very scientists that have been causing the problems in the first place. They won't be able to offer any solutions for this miserable state of affairs, because it is impossible for them to comprehend that this crisis is simply the result of the faulty motion of the divine *primal substance*. Wouldn't you agree, that as an unprejudiced observer and faithful taxpayer, it is not only my right, but also my sacred duty to attack this unnatural, undemocratic, atheistic science, by thoroughly questioning it?! As mankind, we are coming to a historical crossroad. The temptation to just carry on along the same lines is hard to resist, so we rather continue digging our own graves and those of our children.

If humanity wishes to survive, it needs to regain consciousness, and demand a radically different technology. There is simply no other way to avoid an alarming scenario, in perhaps a few hundred years from now. People could be standing on the ruins of New York City, lamenting about the sheer stupidity of the *electrical age*. I assume that as a priest, you are deeply concerned with humanity's fate. You are well connected and have enough funds to publicly announce this inconvenient truth on quite a large scale. If you are courageous enough, then take this opportunity to expose the bankruptcy of modern science! Or would you perhaps prefer to piously fold your hands and refrain from any action as humanity destroys itself? How would you face God on Judgment Day?

I wouldn't make any claims about the viability of Implosion Technology, if I didn't have irrefutable proof, in the form of my numerous patents. The reason my technology hasn't

been applied so far, is because I refuse to cast pearls before swine! Capitalists aren't idealists, and even purported idealistic socialists and communists are mistaken. I hope you will make the effort to visit me, so we can follow up on this discussion in person."

The priests' reply arrived within a few days. "Thank you very much for your elaborate commentary. I have passed on all your remarks to one of my delegates, and the matter is in his hands now. I totally agree with you that modern technology hasn't made us any happier. I also agree that we must prevent this new technology from falling into the hands of capitalists and communists, who only keep the world divided. You are absolutely correct in saying that people need to be *willing* to be confronted with scientific errors, and the greedy and power-hungry elite. There is a painful lesson to be learned here! Hopefully this will come to pass one day, so help us God!" The priest ended the letter with a date for his visit.



*Priest Ude, the Schaubergers and the Americans*

A few weeks later, the priest came to see the ranger. The two freethinkers took a great liking to each other and talked for hours, covering various topics of common interest. At some point the priest asked the ranger about Implosion Technology. "Could you please tell me some more details about the nature of your technology?"

"Yes, of course. Nature doesn't think logically, like us trained monkeys. It thinks *biologically*, *indirect* instead of *direct*, through invisible energetic fields and vibrations. It is absurd and even dangerous, to apply human *logic*, which originated from *direct* thinking, to nature. It is unwise to assume that a river should flow in a straight line, because it is more efficient and cost-effective. There is a good reason why not one single river flows in a straight line!" The priest nodded.

"Man's ego grew in direct proportion to his arrogance, as he concluded he could out-smart Mother Nature! An evolving humanity should respect Mother Nature, and regard her as an elder. Or do you believe God intentionally created an erroneous world?"

"God is perfect and so is his creation", the priest replied. "Nature belongs to him."

"Why then, is a human being so flawed?" The priest remained silent.

"I'll tell you why", the ranger said. "It wasn't always like this. Man has only recently learned to think along these defective lines. To re-create paradise on earth you don't need to run around naked like a caveman. All we need to do is recognize our scientific errors and develop a technology that enhances and ennobles life instead of destroying it. The time has come to free humanity of fossil fuels by generating natural *charge differences*!"

The priest shook his head in agreement.

“So you claim that our current technology is like a house built on sand?”

“The Church wasn’t far off when they established a connection between hellfire and damnation. Look at the world around you, we based our entire technology on fire, and we damned ourselves to a living hell. If we were to learn how to base our technology on water, life would flourish like in the Garden of Eden. This water-technology will quench the soil’s thirst and stimulate and improve all plant growth. It will solve the problems of food shortage as well as insufficient natural resources, killing two birds with one stone. All materials will be produced ‘artificially’, by inspiring hydrocarbons. War will belong to the past. People will become sensible enough to stop working for a small group of people who lust after power and self-gratification. Such abundance would emerge, that crime would become redundant, eliminating the need for police or the army. Vast deserts, with a combined surface of six times the size of Europe, will become inhabitable once again, by condensing water from air. The abhorrent food trade business will finally come to an end. This could become a full-blown revolution, which would cause capitalism to implode of its own accord. Finally people will be freed from the financial slave drivers and their political minions, and live their lives autonomously, according to their own wishes.”

The priest was completely lost in the vision, day-dreaming along with the words of the ranger.

“The time has come for society to acknowledge that it is infected with a parasite called capitalism. The bankers’ wealth increases exponentially with crises, war, disease, and lack. The rich hoard the money and the poor die quietly. They don’t die from shortage of food however; they die because they can’t afford to buy it! We need to recognize that this heartless capitalism is the direct result of a science based on materialism. I am 71 years old, and I’m not letting them smooth-talk me any longer. As long as humanity keeps running after money, possessions and power at the expense of nature and his fellow human being, I will not divulge my secrets. As long as the elite keep spending billions of taxpayer’s money on weapons instead of solutions, a powerful new technology won’t solve anything. To the contrary, it would immediately be manipulated and commercially exploited. Even so, I believe it’s very important to circulate these ideas.” The priest had no trouble imagining such an apocalyptic scenario.

“But if man aspires to be God, I say: Let him learn to make water instead of hydrogen bombs! This would grant him such a sense of satisfaction, that it will naturally inspire love for his fellow human being. A natural kind of communism would emerge, one without any pressure, comparable to Jesus’ *feeding the multitudes*.”

So far so good. The two men got along just fine, and they enjoyed conversing while using biblical terms. Their inevitable clash happened simply because Ernst Ude was a Catholic priest. The fatal moment struck when Ude asked the ranger what he meant by *life force*.

The ranger replied, “*Life force* is the resurrection of metaphysical forces out of naturally discarded life-byproducts—Aetheric sweet matter in naturally matured water. The motion

of this holy, aetheric-carbon-rich water, determines whether good or bad *spirits*, or *vibrations*, are generated.”

“And how do you apply this *constructive* motion?”

“It’s a motion you are very familiar with my friend. You perform it every Sunday at Mass with your incensory! This symbolic figure-of-eight gesture, can turn water into wine in just one hour!” The priest leaned forward a bit.

“This *inspiring motion*, as I call it, initiates a superior metabolism in substances. Being God’s chosen motion, it endows matter with spirit. The Sacrifice of the Mass is actually an alchemical process, in which an atomic transformation takes place inside the sacred, egg-shaped vessel.” With his hand he described the motion of the censer.

“Could that be true?”, the priest was quiet, obviously thinking hard.

“Whether we create heaven or hell, depends on this motion. The priests in the olden days were still aware of the magical properties of the spiral. Contemporary priests have no clue about this creative motion, unless they abuse it intentionally, to lead man into bondage and slavery!” With eyes aghast the priest stared at the ranger. This madman had managed to transform the sympathy he felt towards him, into utter contempt, with just a few sentences.

Haughtily he said, “Your utopian ideas are wide of the mark, completely out of touch with reality!”

“Quite the contrary”, the ranger replied. “The life-force I am speaking of, originates from the highest realities!” But the priest was no longer listening. Feeling deeply offended he rose and walked to the door. For a brief moment he appeared to consider reconciliation, but changed his mind and left the house of this ‘Judas’ without saying another word.

## The American dream

**SEVERAL DIFFERENT MODELS OF THE HOME POWER GENERATOR WERE BUILT** at Swarovsky’s, in 1957. The problem of the imbalance of the rotor at high speeds appeared to have been solved in the latest model. When the ranger went to collect the device, eager to show it to Schwenk and director Voith, Swarovsky refused to hand it over, and demanded compensation for increased production costs.

“Look, we’ve agreed upon the price in our contract”, the ranger said, “and I’ll happily pay it, but you can’t just raise the price because your costs have gone up!” A heated argument followed. Finally they reached a new agreement that allowed the forest ranger to collect the machine.

When he saw the Home Power Generator in action before his very own eyes, director

Voith was instantly convinced of the development and marketing possibilities. A contract was signed, guaranteeing the ranger his patents. In addition, he would receive a generous salary and 5% of turnover. Before the project was well on its track, Voith was suddenly called to America and mass production had to be postponed.

One drizzly morning the ranger was enjoying a moment of peace at home, when he was disrupted by a loud knock. He opened the door and saw two well dressed, older American gentlemen wearing cowboy hats.

“Karl Gerchsheimer, nice to meet you”, one of them said, offering his hand, “attorney Dodd”, said the other. “We’ve come to make you an offer you can’t refuse. May we?” Karl Gerchsheimer asked, as he wanted to enter the house. The ranger indicated the men to follow him.

They all sat down at the table, and Gerchsheimer started to talk, “I am acquainted with your work, and I’m very impressed.” He took off his hat and placed it on the table, before he came straight to the point. “We’d like you to come to the United States and lead a major Implosion Project. We offer unlimited research funds, and the best equipment and technicians in the world.” Industrialist Gerchsheimer and his attorney skillfully enthralled the forest ranger, who proved to be one tough cookie. But it didn’t take them long to detect his weak spot: his financial debt of 15.000 schillings to Swarovsky. Without blinking an eye, they offered to pay off the debt if he agreed to negotiate with them. To remove any further doubts, attorney Dodd extracted a wad of 5.000 shillings from the pocket of his light-grey jacket, and put it on the table.

The ranger, who usually wasn’t impressed by such behavior, stared at the money for quite a while, as if he was making a very difficult decision. He was acutely aware that his life was coming to an end, and the thought of leaving behind his family with a bad reputation and considerable debt, was unbearable. With a sigh he capitulated to their offer, but he insisted on adding his own terms. “Firstly, I need to be guaranteed that the research won’t be used for military purposes. Secondly, the results are to be publicized. Under no circumstance are they to become the property of a single company. Thirdly, a media campaign needs to be set up, to warn the public about the dangers of explosion technology. Lastly, I want you to lobby for lawful prohibition of explosion technology.” When they heard his list of terms, their buoyant response bore a slight cynical undertone, “No problem! Steel-tycoon and multimillionaire Robert Donner, who is generously putting his fortune at your disposal, back us. As for the publicity: we are on good terms with several chief editors of independent newspapers, who support our cause.”

The ranger had to admit it to himself: it all sounded too good to be true. But he was backed into a corner and there was no other option. Trying to ignore the premonition that Gerchsheimer was probably a secret agent, he agreed to travel to the States. After all, wasn’t this the country where dreams came true?

He soothed himself with the idea that this might be his last chance to be involved with the project, since the Americans were secretly heading for a breakthrough in Implosion Technology. When the ranger raised the issue of his poor health, they promised him he

could bring his personal physician.

He could no longer argue with them, or oppose their promises and so he surrendered. With a deep sigh, he signed the document on the dotted line. Because of his declining health, it was agreed that the ranger would return home after three months, while his son Walter would continue working on the project for another year.

From the moment the ranger signed the contract, both father and son were thoroughly sealed off from any outside contact. Thus preventing any intervention from friends and acquaintances, and guaranteeing the secrecy of the project. Even close friends were denied private access. To shape up the ranger, the Americans sent him away for a health treatment at a spa in Salzburg.

Finally the day arrived to prepare for transportation. According to the ranger's instructions, all his machines and devices, even the ones that were incomplete, were packed into sea containers and shipped to the United States. Gerchsheimer jokingly advised the ranger to leave his Bavarian Lederhosen behind, as they would attract far too much attention in the Texan desert.

Anxiously, the ranger bid his wife Maria farewell. She handed him a small jar with a four-leaf clover for good luck. With tear-filled eyes the ranger stepped into the car and they drove off to Frankfurt airport.

He was thoroughly searched at customs, and the four-leaf clover was brutally pulled from its jar, in search of illegal substances—A clear sign: this trip would end badly. Silently he boarded the airplane. The doors closed and they took off. Feeling troubled, he stared at the dark waters of the Atlantic Ocean beneath him.



*Viktor boarded the airplane*

When they arrived in New York, Gerchsheimer and Dodd took them on a sightseeing tour, hoping to cheer up the depressed ranger. They threw him a big birthday party for his 73<sup>rd</sup> birthday at the New York University Club. To his dismay, the ranger was introduced to some high-ranking military officers. His paranoia skyrocketed and he could barely take a bite of his birthday cake.

After recovering from jet lag, they continued their trip to Texas. With a heavy heart, the ranger looked at the endless treeless landscape passing beneath him. When they flew across Colorado, he said to Walter, "I finally see with my own eyes what I've only read about so far. The dying landscape of Western America. The earth is completely desiccated,



and burns like a hot plate. The water has retreated, the topsoil is gone and the forests have vanished. The few remaining trees are dying.” He pointed at the shiny stainless steel water towers deep below them. “The only water that remains is stored above ground in steel water tanks, fully exposed to the burning sun! Such foolishness, water belongs inside the earth, not in tanks on top of it!

When they arrived in Houston, the entire company went out to dinner. Before they had a chance to sit themselves down, a Swiss waitress called out to the ranger in German, “*Ach*, you must be that famous Austrian forest ranger, I’ve seen your picture in the newspaper!” Glad to speak his native tongue, the ranger started a friendly chat, but was rudely cut short by Gerchsheimer.

The next day the Spyrockers were accommodated at a hotel in Sherman. They had never stayed in a more luxurious room. Services included a private cook, a chauffeur, television, air conditioning and a telephone. As soon as they were alone, the forest ranger tried to call Erich Boerner, an acquaintance from the Nazi era and also an accomplished atomic expert. The operator was unable to connect him on several occasions, and the old man’s suspicion deepened.



*Viktor in Texas residence*

A few days later, Walter and the ranger were transferred to Robert Donner’s desert ranch, in the vicinity of the dried up Red River. To his dismay, the ranger discovered that the ranch was thoroughly disconnected from the outside world. Everything seemed to indicate that he was kept as prisoner. He desperately started writing letters to old friends, but no response ever came, and he realized that his letters were never sent.

Even the climate was hostile. For many days on end, they just hung around the air-conditioned ranch, as it was over 40° C/104° F outside. The ranger was eager to replace the air-conditioning with his Warm-Cold Generator that would naturally ionize the air, instead of this sickening technical chill.

“I demand to know when we start working on the project”, the ranger said to Gerchsheimer when he finally showed up.

“Don’t worry my friend”, was his answer, “we’re not in a hurry.”

This remark almost sent the ranger off the deep end. After all that had transpired, it was unbearable to be imprisoned yet again. But what to do? The only visitors were

Gerchsheimer, Dodd and Robert Donner, the financial backer. Just like many businessmen before him, Donner did his utmost best to extract the ranger's secret key to Implosion Technology. The ranger embarked upon an elaborate argumentation, riddled with such occult terminology, that the steel tycoon couldn't make sense of it.

Frustrated, he said, "Just write it down in your own words, and our experts will decipher it later on." The forest ranger was handed a typewriter, with the request to write a report, using his own terminology. Without a word the ranger complied and set himself to the task of typing quite a long report. When he was done, he proudly thought, "There. It will take a true modern alchemist to make sense of this account!" He harbored no illusions about the fact that his report would be thoroughly exploited, and most probably fall into the wrong hands.

His suspicion was confirmed when he learned that it had been forwarded to Erich Boerner, whom he had tried to contact earlier. As it appeared, Boerner had been appointed to a top-secret military space program called *The Cosmotron Project*, at Brookhaven facility, New York.

Boerner managed to decode the ranger's concealed language surprisingly well, as it wasn't the first time he dealt with the latter's theories. He reported to Donner, saying, "The ranger's claims are authentic. The scientists of the Third Reich came very close to perfecting his *technology of the future*, as they called it. I reckon it would take us about four years to fully develop this technology, as long as we have enough engineers and sufficient funds."

The next time Gerchsheimer came to visit the ranger, he informed him that a major Implosion Research Project had been launched in the Arizona desert, backed by an initial capital of 650 million dollars, and supervised by Erich Boerner himself. To the ranger this was the last straw, and he decided to cease all cooperation. "What if the Pentagon is behind all this, trying to build a second-generation hydrogen bomb?"

The suspense was killing. Following his father's advice, Walter dodged a preliminary conference on the Implosion Project. When questioned, he claimed to have forgotten about the meeting. All this pressure took such a toll on the old ranger's health, that he needed to be hospitalized in a private clinic.

It was hard to say whether it was the drugs they administered, or the peaceful environment of the clinic, but little by little the ranger started to improve and regain some of his vitality. However, nothing could heal his burning homesickness. Deep in his heart he couldn't stand this dry country with its dehydrated soil. "Thank God", he said to himself, "the three months are almost over."

Finally the containers with the test models arrived. Renner, the Austrian constructor who was supposed to accompany the devices, was nowhere to be found.

The containers were quickly unloaded and the devices were displayed in Donner's steel

factory. A few models hadn't survived the trip in one piece. Curious engineers began carefully disassembling the models in an attempt to uncover their hidden secrets. When it appeared that the central implosion-pipes couldn't be disassembled, and they couldn't understand the ranger's explanation, they took out an angle grinder and brutally cut the devices to pieces.

"For heaven's sake no!", screamed the shocked ranger in agony. But the technicians, gladly hiding behind the fact that they didn't speak German, continued their barbaric operation as instructed. With tears running down his weathered cheeks, the forest ranger witnessed his life's work being destroyed, right before his very eyes. "I demand that you take me back to Austria immediately!" he yelled at Gerchsheimer.

"But we've only just started, my dear mister Spyrock. Without you, the entire Implosion Project can't be accomplished, and according to our good friend Boerner it will only take about four years to bring it to completion. Wouldn't you agree, that an important cause like this deserves a sacrifice?" The speechless ranger demanded to be taken back to the ranch. When he came to his senses, he bitterly threatened his host, "I'll sue you for breach of contract."

Gerchsheimer started to back down a bit. "At least stay for the three-day conference we've organized for all parties involved", he pleaded. The ranger shook his head in disgust.

It hurt Walter to see his father's paranoia and it didn't leave him unaffected. When he was invited by his hosts to visit a nearby military base where they would show him a real *red telephone*, 'as in the movies', he politely declined. "They'll probably detain me, as per *national security regulations* for having been privy to *military secrets*", he thought.

When the Americans finally realized that neither seduction nor pressure could persuade the ranger to cooperate, they decided to let them go home. "Alright mister Spyrock, we'll honor our agreement. However, from now on you are strictly prohibited to ever speak about Implosion Technology with anyone, under any circumstances. Do we have an understanding?" The crushed and homesick ranger mumbled "yes."

Father and son hurriedly packed their bags and were relieved to be taken straight to the airport. When they arrived, they were ushered into a small room, quite similar to the examination room at the mental ward in Vienna. The door was locked, and he was presented with a contract, with the instruction to sign on the dotted line.

"You know very well that I don't speak English", the ranger protested. "I will only sign a German contract!"

"But mister Spyrock, your plane leaves in thirty minutes, we have no time for foolish games!" Since the ranger didn't budge, the attorney finally agreed to a brief verbal translation. "There is a section about securing patents, but the main subject matter is your statement of never again joining forces with anyone concerning implosion technology. The ranger had no clue whether he was told the truth or not, but he finally surrendered and

signed. The ink was still wet, and suddenly all he saw around him were grinning American faces. They vigorously shook his hands, obviously relieved. Suddenly, there was no hurry to board the plane.

A moment before they embarked, Walter was discretely taken aside and given a warning. "Make no mistake. If you ever talk out of turn about this project, we'll know where to find you!"

## Intentional deception of humanity

ONCE THEY BOARDED THE PLANE AND WERE ASSIGNED TO THEIR SEATS, THE full magnitude of what had just happened started to sink in. The ranger said with bitterness in his voice, "I have sold out to the Donner-Gerchsheimer consortium. From now on I'm doomed to live on as an empty shell. At last, the *hidden hand* has silenced me."

"What hand are you talking about?" Walter asked, wondering if his father was delirious.

"The hand of the kings in the land of the blind", the ranger answered. "It isn't a coincidence that every single endeavor I undertook was sabotaged in one way or another. They've been keeping an eye on me since the 30's!"

For the first time, the tragedy of his father's life fully dawned on Walter, and he realized that his time with him was limited. The following nine hours, from New York to Frankfurt, he listened carefully to his departing father.

"Walter my son, believe me, I am not trying to blame others for my failures. What I'm telling you is the mature fruit of a life dominated by my struggle against the Church and the educational system. Now that I'm nearing the end of this instructive life, I think I can permit myself the luxury of telling the naked truth. I do this for the sake of a better future, and in order to open the eyes of young people who are still willing to dedicate themselves to a better world. Before you can come up with appropriate solutions, you need to clearly map the problems. A physician can only prescribe a cure, if he has thoroughly examined the disease, and determined its cause. If the patient refuses an examination in order to ignore the problem, his life will come to an end quickly." Staring into 'no-thingness', the ranger seemed to have forgotten his surroundings.

"The new generation shouldn't deceive itself. The *hidden hand* belongs to the rich and powerful of this earth, but in reality, they are the morally poor and spiritually weak. They fell prey to a very powerful illusion, when they convinced themselves they could find happiness and fulfillment without sharing. This illusion holds such a power, that its victims won't hesitate to manipulate all of humanity into mental slavery! They have crippled mankind, and robbed it of the possibility to elevate itself to staggering spiritual heights, by withholding and obscuring the essential knowledge of the production of the

life force.

Life-magnetism was used to build a noble culture in Atlantis. It powered their mythical airships, the *Vimanas*, levitating and floating through the atmosphere. Finally this virtuous culture came to an end when they over-stimulated this life force for egotistical reasons. A massive implosion vacuum that caused a deluge of freshly formed water sucked up vast parts of the continent. Several groups of Atlanteans, who foresaw what they were headed for, intuitively retreated into the high mountains in the eastern and western regions of the continent.

After surviving the deluge, these refugees were the founders of new cultures like the Indian, Persian, Egyptian and native-American ones. Their leaders still remembered the secret of generating the life force, but they decided to keep this secret hidden, until humanity would be mature enough to receive it—Until man finally discarded his ego.

But over time they gradually forgot they were human themselves, and their priesthood nothing more than an illusion. Blinded by personal successes, they abused the life forces for their personal goals. By stimulating their mental faculties, people were intentionally distracted from their awareness of the spiritual world, and their focus was re-directed towards the material world. As a result, people were no longer in touch with their intuitive connection to nature. They became helpless and dependent like domesticated animals. As yet, the priests kept their cultures alive through ritualistic stimulation of growth forces, and by burying their dead in a specific way. But soon enough they completely stopped generating the life force, and artificially created *seven lean years*. They figured no one would need them anymore when prosperity and abundance were the norm. A clever side effect was that it called for a food trade that filled the treasuries through taxes. In the meanwhile the temples grew bigger and more impressive. Priests sprinkled sacrificial animals with ‘holy’, imploded water, right before dawn. With the first rays of the morning sun, this *firewater* would ignite spontaneously and consume the animals—The deceived masses fell to their knees before the holy miracle.” For an instant, the ranger seemed to awaken from his trance, wondering if his son was listening at all. When that appeared to be the case, he continued. “In other words: As long as the aetherical primal substance was stimulated incorrectly, profits would continue to flourish. This became profitable to such an extent, that the elite decided to exalt the incorrect motion into the ruling dogma. They backed scholars to proclaim that the destructive motion equaled the ultimate truth. Less ‘developed’ tribes like the Celts and the Teutons did not mess with such black magic, but instead preserved their telepathic skills, aided by certain plant concoctions, for a remarkably long time. But the Church Fathers couldn’t tolerate the fact that they didn’t worship any gods other than the moon and the sun, acknowledging them as the embodiment of living spiritual entities. They were attacked, because their knowledge of generating life forces, posed a mortal threat to their ‘religious’ empire. In order to enslave the last of the free peoples, the Romans brutally cut down their forests, knowing that it harbored the source of their strength.” Suddenly the airplane shook due to some turbulence, and Walter looked around in terror. The ranger however, continued as if he was no longer aware of the physical world.

“Controlled science and religion proved to be far more effective than all the weaponry the human mind ever invented! My hero, Goethe the great poet, already said it, ‘Due to its intellectual indifference, science has managed to thoroughly deceive mankind. Just a few shepherds with dogs are sufficient to control the spiritually neutered work slaves in their subdued state. Like work oxen they are led by the nose, through an increasingly barren meadow. This vile manipulation was executed in such a subtle way, that the general public completely disregarded its own mass-hypnosis’.” For a brief moment he paused as if to savor the moment. He always enjoyed citing Goethe.

“Oddly enough, people have no problem believing that leaders from the past, or in far-away countries were tyrants. But they refuse to acknowledge that their contemporary leaders are merely flowers from the same garden. To exchange temples and high priests for churches, universities and parliaments, was like putting on a different mask. The reason why people were so easily manipulated, is because their intuition had been cunningly disjointed. Under the pretext of education, they were intentionally kept away from the Divine. It wasn’t coincidental that a school was always built right next to the church. Like a couple of harnessed horses, science was tethered to the chariot of the hidden rulers, who shamelessly steered it onto a path of certain destruction.

Academies and universities became effective breeding grounds for the mass production of human robots, staffing their factories and offices. Reduced to wearing a parochial straitjacket, man lost his creativity. He constructed a dull and predictable, linear world, in which nature was reduced to a mere decoration. A subdued humanity faithfully followed the rules of the new high priests who were wielding their theoretical and mathematical logic—the new ultimate truth.

Philosophers like Immanuel Kant suggest that knowledge is worthless if mathematics can’t be applied to it. Such dogmatic minds will never discover the dynamic, metaphysical origins of life. Their linear way of thinking has deformed their brains and left them permanently unfit to process higher vibrations. Even when a healthy thought occurs in such a mind, it instantly goes astray, because it doesn’t meet the refined structures required for a healthy evolution. In this stage, healthy thoughts are experienced as unpleasant and dismissed. They settle down in the body as unhealthy calcium deposits. Instead of God’s equal, man became a shallow theoretic, estranged from nature—A foreign body within an otherwise harmonious whole. He forgot that he creates the world around him with his thoughts, and he blindly clings to the academic curriculum that was drilled into his head. He is utterly incapable of letting his thoughts roam freely with nature’s flow. Instead, he listens to misguided intellectuals, who arrogantly mock the old *primitive cultures*. Meanwhile, this is what they preached from their academic pulpits:

‘The primordial, illiterate man still thought it possible to simulate the celestial *perpetuum mobile* in order to generate energy. Unfortunately he wasn’t familiar with the law of conservation of energy. But these days even children know that it is impossible to create something out of nothing’.” The forest ranger chose his words carefully.

“A *law*, my son, is simply an agreement between the collective members of a society. It’s not an ultimate truth. But scientists discredited all knowledge with their newly found

laws.

Whoever has an ounce of intuition left, knows that *no-thing* doesn't exist, because everything, even the void, is permeated with life. Without having considered it, he knows that what we call *space*, is in reality an agglomeration of metaphysical energy, *aether* that penetrates the body from without, bearing the gifts of awareness, sight and motion. These higher realities don't play by the rules of scientific pipe dreams like *the law of conservation of energy*. Unconcerned with formulae, they play their eternal game of creation and dis-creation." He paused and slowly shook his head. "What else can you expect from students, handcuffed by such dogma? Of course they would develop a dangerous, estranged technology! If you put blinkers on a horse, it will just walk straight ahead! Naturally these students were oblivious to the results. Like everything else in nature, these results appear indirectly, at a much later time.

The real criminals cleverly managed to stay out of sight. Up until today, no one realizes that for ages, they were the ones who have been concealing the inspiring motion of the planets from mankind. By over-stimulating their intellect, man was pushed deeply into the swamp of materialism. This resulted into a diseased society that became the breeding ground for a multitude of parasites, known as politicians. Under the pretext of health and safety regulations, modern science destroyed the quality of our food, by adding chemicals that extinguish its life force. The healthy water that remained was shamelessly bottled by the capitalists and sold at high cost. If someone had the courage to manufacture their own medicinal spring water to heal others, they were sued for piracy. This is how the ancient knowledge of life forces was eradicated to its roots. Birth and life of water became a mystery to modern man.

But it didn't stop there. Modern technology required a more permanent blood sacrifice, and it greedily sucked the oil out of the living planet. Not once, did the bankers wonder whether this substance could have possibly had another function, other than lining their pockets. The army of bloodthirsty, steel monsters mushroomed. Tribes that once lived in freedom, enjoyed prosperity and good health, became stupid, poor and sick. Combustion engines destroyed the quality of their air, food and water. Modern technology cut them off from a higher spiritual development and converted them into remote-controlled slaves.

There are no words harsh enough to publicly expose this monstrosity called science. Let's face it. This is what modern technology has done to us. It coerces billions of people into a miserable, enslaved life. Our food is genetically damaged by radiation, we drink cancerous water, we breathe polluted air, our forests are dying and our children blindly march to their death on battlefields. How hard is it to see the obvious?

We should knock those scientists' heads together, to make them realize they are obstructing evolution. That there is no hope for humanity as long as they keep promoting the wrong motion. 'Efficiency', is useless if it destroys the quality of life.

What would you do if you boarded a train, and learned from a fellow passenger that it's going into the wrong direction? You'd panic a bit, and jump off at the next stop. Humanity has been riding that very train for a long time now, and the scenery is becoming more and

more desolate and barren. Isn't it time to jump off of the train?

Mankind needs to reconsider its values very thoroughly. Does it make sense that a machine that destroys nature's life force costs a fortune? Nature manages everything peacefully, noiselessly and sustainably, so why is she considered to be worthless? Could there be a reason why nature does everything apparently in-efficiently? Is it really impossible to follow her lead? I know very well that I sound like a mad man when I say that the high priests of science are striving for world dominion, by destroying her quality. If all that I say should be nonsense, then it's all right that this old fool was only mocked for his efforts to improve the world. But God have mercy on humanity if it turns out I am right when I say that science is destroying our life forces! If that should be the case, I'll step into my grave unburdened, knowing that I did all I could to bring this slavery to an end."

Walter was deeply moved by the raw moral force of his father's words.

"God knows it hasn't been a pretty life when I was dealing with others. Yet I wouldn't have missed it for the world, because my quest for truth has been answered. Internal development requires external resistance."

The old man appeared to be exhausted. With a lump in his throat, Walter looked out the window. If he didn't know him so well, he might have thought him psychotic. "But how can one ever call to question such a life?!"

## Redemption

**WALTER HAD EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HIS FATHER WAS DEPARTING** from this world. He couldn't help repeating the same question in his mind, again and again, "What the hell did they give him in that hospital?" At the same time he realized there was nothing that could be done to reverse the situation. "Every action, no matter what the intention, has a reaction", he thought, remembering his father's life. After a while he asked him, "Do you still believe that everything is going to be alright with the world?"

The old ranger's face lit up with a big smile. "I have faith in the younger generation! Their rebellious spirit shows me that humanity still has enough morality left, to change direction. They are absolutely right to mistrust the old dogmas that have born such bitter fruits. They're fearlessly showing the world that it's still possible to stop walking down the path of destruction, like brainless zombies. For changes on a massive scale, they need to come up with *inspiring solutions* for the mistakes that have been made. This should be the holy, altruistic task of everyone who fully realizes what is going on. I think I provided them with enough examples.

But it won't go down quietly. The politicians are extremely addicted to power and they



won't surrender their thrones easily. Neither will the career-hungry scientists or the loaded oil barons. They will resist with all the means at their disposal. The road to an earthly paradise will only open if people are determined to wake up, to unite and to revolt against their slave masters.

Since this state of apathetic sleep was induced by fear, waking up will require much courage and faith in one's own judgment. Whoever succeeds in waking up however, will be doing his fellowman a huge service. These people are paving the way to a society where man again understands the purpose of his existence. A society where man learns to use his divine gifts, freedom of subjective thinking, feeling and acting. Evil will prove to be the resistance that is required for the ability to voluntarily perform good deeds and to act out of kindness. The egotistical extremes of today will lead us to the golden middle-ways of tomorrow. Ultimately everyone will come to see that the true savage is in reality the civilized *Homo Intellectualis*, who wanders about in his artificially created consumption paradise, because he is completely out of touch with reality.

The knowledge of generating the life force will prove far more valuable than anything money can buy. Rather than a bunch of greedy thieves, man will once more become the crown of creation—the sacred link between heaven and earth. A carefree unemployment will arise, that has nothing to do with an economical crisis. The only joyous job that needs to be done, is serving nature by regulating her subtle processes, and organizing a fair distribution of the resulting abundance! Pseudo-communism will disappear and be replaced with the true brotherhood of man that Jesus preached 2000 years ago. With this spiritual renaissance, humanity will start to care again and nurture all living things that unselfishly emerge from the earth. It was my life's work to rediscover this possibility." He paused to emphasize his words.

"Most likely, some sort of intuitive science needs to develop first, before these noble atomic forces can be handled securely. To safely use implosion-forces, you need to be intuitively connected to nature. Let this be your task Walter." A penetrating gaze accompanied his words. "It isn't very difficult!" the ranger said with a kind voice. "Most people really don't require a technical measuring device to determine whether something is alive or not. Of course you will meet with great opposition. The tree of knowledge that is so deeply rooted in our culture won't be felled in one swoop.

If they tell you it's all your imagination, just remember that imagination is a fantastic impulse, and very real to one who has fully comprehended these metaphysical processes. Great thoughts are initially seen as utopian, subsequently resisted and rejected, then they are stolen by some smart ass, and finally accepted as fact. It is utterly unimportant that there are people who don't believe in Free Energy. The only thing that matters is the fact that *you* believe in it, and that *you* are determined to make it happen, together with other like-minded people."

Five days after his return to Austria in 1958, the forest ranger died of a heart attack. From his grave near Linz, his fermenting remains inspire anyone who dares to follow

boldly in his footsteps...



# References

This book is based on situations and people, as described in Viktor Schaubberger's own articles and letters, supplemented with information from the following works and organizations:

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