

## 0. PREFACE

This book is an account of some of my experiences with the etheric world, from the first about the age of 30, to the present some forty years later. Most of what I record is from direct experience, rather than from hearsay or theory.

It tells of dowsing, movement of qi through the human body and the natural world, the presence of qi in living beings and spiritual beings, the similar properties of quartz crystals and magnets, how qi is enhanced by “orgonite”, and how it is connected with the healthy and the unhealthy body. It relates an odyssey related to a mission which took me to nearly forty countries in the space of about eight years. It describes how certain things have changed as a result of that odyssey.

Some of the material of this book was reported serially as it occurred, over a period of about eight years. A hiatus in the story interrupted publication and it seems now time to edit and rewrite. The present intent is to do this as time permits, publishing chapters as they are completed.

I shall add latest publication dates on the **book cover** as new material is incorporated.

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## 1. INTRODUCTION

This is a story about an odyssey involving contact with the etheric world, and some of the things I learned from it. It took me to all the continents and nearly forty countries over a period of eight years. Since I am not trying to sell anything, or to promote credibility, I will just try to relate what happened. The reader, of course, can believe what he wants.

To this day I do not understand the reasons for what happened, only that what happened was supposed to happen, and that a number of things, seemingly insignificant at the time of occurrence, lead up to and enabled it.

## 2. FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH THE ETHERIC

It is difficult to ascertain a precise beginning, but what stands out most clearly in my mind was in August in the summer of 1974, in my thirtieth year, when I was working on a lot I had bought in the little town of Palouse, Washington. Some friends of mine and I had obtained permission from the Whitman County Commissioners to demolish and salvage a large old building in LaCrosse, and I had bought the place in Palouse to store my share of the recycled building materials. To store this stuff I was building a warehouse, log-cabin style, out of 8"×12" by 16' timbers, salvaged from a drying shed at the Potlatch lumber company across the state line in Potlatch, Idaho. A local preacher had received the timbers as a donation, and had had them dumped in a mill pond in nearby Princeton, Idaho, prior to sawing them up for lumber. But there turned out to be too much miscellaneous iron in the wood for it to be feasible, and so he sold me the bunch (about 400 in all) for about \$4 apiece. I fished them out of the pond with an old row boat, loaded them up with a 1936 John Deere Model G tractor, equipt with a front end loader, into an old ton and a half 1948 International truck.<sup>1</sup> At 20 to the load, I spent about two weeks hauling them the fifteen miles or so to my lot in Palouse.

One Sunday my neighbor Dick Allen in Palouse came over to see how I was doing. I was not unwilling to take a break. He was an old farmer from around Potlatch, had turned his farm over to his son to run, and had taken a job at a local farm supply store in Palouse. We got to talking about one thing and another, and I mentioned how hot the summer that year was. All the grass in the area was dried up, except for a narrow strip running down hill near to where an old apple tree stood on Dick's lot. He remarked to me that there was likely an underground stream below that green grass. He led me over to the tree, pulled off a forked twig, held the forked ends in his two hands, and casually walked across the strip of green grass. I was surprised to see the single end of the twig turn down in his hands as he walked over the stip. He invited me to try it, and I was even more surprised to feel it pull down, quite involuntarily, when I held it out and re-crossed the green area.

Dick told me that many of the well-drillers in that country used that method to find where to set up their drilling equipment. But he said it was an inherited ability, and no more than 10% or so could do it.

When I went home that night I tested out each of my three children at the time, and one of them could feel the pull fairly strongly. I asked my father about it. He told me people called it "water witching" with a "divining rod", and that it was an old country method for finding underground water. He said that he could not do it, but that his father had had the ability pretty strongly.

On my mother's side, my grandparents had emigrated from Sweden, and my grandfather had left quite a few books in Swedish when he died. No one else in the family was interested in learning Swedish but myself, and so the books naturally gravitated to me. There was a set of four histories, written about a century and a half ago, about the events of Sweden in the fifteenth century in which the Swedish hero Engelbrekt Engelbrektson played an important part. They were actually historical novels, and in the first one it was told how such a forked stick<sup>2</sup> was used to find veins of silver in the the ground by miners at that time.

Of course I was interested to find more out about it. I had read Kenneth Robert novels about the American Revolution, and found that he had written some pieces about water witching – especially about the experiences of a man name Henry Gross.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Cornbinders" they used to call them.

<sup>2</sup> "Slagruta" it was called in Swedish.

<sup>3</sup> Roberts wrote three books about dowsing that I know of: Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod, The Seventh Sense and Water Unlimited.

I had grown up on a farm in the old Snohomish River valley in western Washington, and had only come to the Palouse Country back in 1970 with a young family, to teach at Washington State University. In 1971 one of my calculus students was a bright young man from Hong Kong named Lap-ping Wong. We got to know one another somewhat during that year, and kept in touch during the remainder of his under-graduate years.

My wife and I had bought an abandoned house on Military Hill in Pullman. We were fresh out of school with little money, so we could not be choosers. The house was the original farm house on the hill which had been built by the pioneer Nye family. The roof leaked, the foundations were rotten, there was no insulation in the walls but tarpaper, and the electrical wires and plumbing were all outside the walls, having been added after the house had been built back in 1906. So I spent the summer of 1970 making the place habitable, and kept working on it in my spare time off and on for most of a decade. Lap-ping, after we had gotten to know each other a bit, offered to help me, and I later helped him when he graduated and started a building project of his own in town.

After I found out about “water witching” and “divining rods”, I told him about them. He had at the time a Chinese graduate student friend Shih Hung-ying from Taiwan, who knew quite a lot about traditional Chinese culture. Lap-ping told Hung-ying about my experiences. Hung-ying was interested in meeting me, and Lap-ping introduced us.

We met on the grounds outside my office at Washington State University. By that time I had learned that there were many lines through the ground to which the dowsing rod reacted, but to various degrees, and not all of them were lines caused by water moving underground. There were several of lesser strength on the grounds, and I demonstrated to Hung-ying how the rod dipped as I walked across them.

He then had me do an experiment. He suggested that I put my consciousness at the back of my head as I crossed a line. I tried this, and found that the effect was lesser, but still present. He then told me that he thought I might learn some interesting things if I tried practicing meditation. He offered to teach Lap-ping and myself how to sit in meditation, and we agreed to try to learn.

A day or so later we met again on campus, and Hung-ying taught us to sit in the proper attitude: with one leg crossed above the other, the spine straight, the chin tucked in, the tongue resting lightly against the top of the palate, the hands cupped together with the thumbs touching and the eyes nearly closed, but not completely. He then said to imagine a soy bean in front of the forehead, and calmly to contemplate it. Due to the stiffness of my legs, I found the position quite uncomfortable, and was only able to hold it about five minutes or so. Consequently I could not calm my mind.

He told us that it was important to practice at least a little each day. I tried, but was neither a good nor a conscientious student, and only practiced from time to time.

I read more from time to time about water witching, but did not spend a great deal of time with it. Hung-ying left at the end of that year to attend another University on the east coast.

Not only was I teaching at WSU, and trying to make our house more habitable, but was trying to make a success at my profession of mathematics and to get tenure in the math department. This required research, and research in theoretical mathematics can be demanding. Furthermore, building the warehouse out in Palouse, lifting one of the heavy timbers, I suffered a “slipped” or herniated disc in my spine. This made it even more difficult to sit in meditation in the prescribed manner, and so I practiced less and less often.

In the academic year 1975-76 I was eligible for sabbatical leave. That meant I could visit another academic institution for a year, to study with people who were in the same area of specialization as myself, and to receive half-pay while I was away. It was usual at the time that during such a leave one would work half-time for the host institution. I decided to visit

the University of Oregon at Eugene for a year.

Working half-time, and now not having a house to work on, I had more leisure time than usual. I decided to give meditation, or "quiet sitting", another go. Of course I still found it painful in the legs, but gradually built up the time I could sit to about 20 minutes. However my practice was still by "fits and starts". Finally in the spring of '76 I decided that I had messed around with it long enough: that I would do it daily for about a month, and that if nothing came of it during that time, I would give it up. So each day at the same time I would sit for as long as I could, and try not to be too much distracted by leg and back pain.

Gradually I worked up to sitting for about a half hour at a time, and then one day about two weeks after I had begun regular sitting, something rather strange happened. My hands began moving of their own accord. This so startled me that I lost my concentration, and the hands fell back into my lap. I quit practice for the day.

The next day, during quiet sitting, the hands began to move again, and this time I was not startled, and so I allowed them simply to move naturally. They moved slowly, and in what I later was to learn are in India called mudras. But more to the point, what was happening was that what the Chinese call qi (or chi) was flowing through my hands and arms — and the hands and arms were harmoniously following the flow of qi. I suspect that this phenomenon is related to that which occurs when a dowser's hands spontaneously move in response to qi flowing through a path in the ground, as when following the underground flow of water. This is what happens to those who practice "tai ji quan" and reach the level where they do not have to consciously think about their practice.

This type of motion of the hands became common during practice in the days which followed, but I found that by slightly altering my concentration I could cause it to stop, or other types of motions to occur. But when my hands moved thus, I for the first time became aware of qi flowing through my body. After some days I found that I could feel not only the qi flowing through my own body, but also that flowing through the ground, and through the air, and even some months later, qi flowing through others.

It was somewhat analogous to what happens when one first moves a muscle that he has never moved before: the muscle is quite weak and one can move it very imperfectly and only for a short time. It is only with practice that one is able to use that muscle for practical effect.<sup>4</sup>



Fig. 1: The Character for Qi

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<sup>4</sup> I first had such an experience in a freshman English class in 1962 at Harvey Mudd College. This was a science and engineering school, and that year I had four classes with labs. This meant four lab reports had to be turned in each Monday, and so I frequently spent all Friday night and early Saturday morning writing them up, so as to have the remainder of the week-end free. As I recall my English class was at 7AM Saturday morning, and I would come to class having had little sleep. To stay awake I would try to wiggle my ears. Took most of the first semester until I felt the first movement. Then of course progress came much faster.

### 3. JADE

During the following five years I learnt a little more about qi, particularly during a visit I had to the San Francisco Bay area, where Hung-ying was now living, practicing traditional Chinese medicine. During that visit he took me on a tour of the jewelry shops in San Francisco Chinatown. The main items for sale were made of gold (*jin*), platinum (*bai jin*), silver (*yin*) and jade (*yu*). Each object carries its own particular qi, and jewelry is no exception to this fact. But I found that jade or *yu* was the most interesting in this regard.

While the qi of one type of metal generally feels similar to any other piece of the same type, this is not true of jade — or if it is true, it comes from the fact that, like humans, no two pieces of jade are the same. Looking at hundreds of pieces of jade on that trip through Chinatown, I found that the qi of some had unpleasant feeling and that of others pleasant feeling. Furthermore the quality of the qi was not always proportional to the price of the jade. I pointed out to Hung-ying the ones whose qi was of higher quality, and he bought those which were not too expensive. As I recall he bought about half a dozen pieces that night, but more than thirty years have passed since then, and I cannot recall exactly.

Those years were not happy years for me, as I was going through a divorce, and the “slipped disc” problem did not completely heal. Divorced in 1980 and remarried in 1982, one night after work I received a phone call from Hung-ying. He said that one of the pieces of jade he had brought home from our Chinatown trip was causing some trouble, and offered to buy me a ticket down to San Francisco if I would come and take a look.

That was the time when traditional Chinese medicine, and particularly acupuncture, were becoming well known in California, and the State had begun regulating its practice. Practitioners had to take State examinations, and Hung-ying was teaching some classes preparatory to said examinations. So he got to know many of Chinese practitioners of that time and place. He told me that the majority of them wore a piece of jade in their practice, as they felt it would provide protection against diseased qi of their patients. He himself wore such a piece of jade.

This piece of jade was one of those we had together gotten in Chinatown, a piece which had carried especially good qi. As I recall, he originally bought it as a gift for his wife. In any case, he had taken it to a jeweler, to have a hole drilled through it, and a gold mounting attached so that it could be worn with a gold chain around the neck. When he wore it to work in his practice, he found that it began to give him chest or throat problems. He began coughing up phlegm. He found that when he did not wear it, the problems would go away, but when he tried wearing it again, they would return.

So I flew in from Pullman after work Friday and took a good look at the offending jade. I first noticed that the qi had a painful feeling, and looking more closely saw that that qi was concentrated along a hairline crack in the stone which emerged from under the clasp. Hung-ying removed the golden clasp, and we saw that the crack went all the way to the hole which had been drilled in the jade. The jeweler had blundered when he had drilled the hole. Surprisingly, when the clasp was removed, much of the painful feeling went away too. Hung-ying cleaned the stone with a cloth where it had been attached to the metal, and nearly all of the painful qi was then gone. So the problem was not the crack, but the metal which had been attached to the jade. What the crack had done, was to allow qi from the problematic metal to penetrate into the jade.

So we investigated the metal more closely. It was not pure gold, but rather an alloy: pure gold being too soft to provide persistent physical integrity of the clasp. We placed a piece of pure gold on the crack, and the qi in the stone remained good. When we placed the alloy near the crack, it turned bad again. So Hung-ying replaced the gold chain and clasp with a piece of silk. The silk was strong, and had no negative effect on the jade. He began wearing the jade again, and so far as I know the jade subsequently gave him no more trouble.



What the Chinese call “white gold”, or platinum, was not so good as gold — it fact it caused qi to appear along the crack which was akin to that qi which in humans is associated with pain. Furthermore, neither silver, nor any gold alloy I tested, worked as well as pure gold or silk.

Such was my introduction to the special nature of jade. Later I was to find that jade is quite wonderful, in ways that are beyond the scope of this narrative. When I went to Taiwan and later to China I was to find that many Chinese mothers will have their children wear a piece of jade for protection. Whether it always works as they wish it to work, I do not know. What I do know is that jade varies much as to the quality of its qi, and that one may search through thousands of pieces in a jade market in the orient without finding a really good piece. But when one finds one, it is worth having.

## 4. FIRST VISIT TO TAIWAN

Hung-ying told me that if I went to Taiwan I might learn something. When the Communists drove the last of the Nationalists out of Mainland China about 1949, they set about radically changing Chinese customs. This was not easily accomplished, but they did succeed to some extent — at least temporarily. When Chiang Kai Shek went to Taiwan with his Nationalists, he in many respects attempted to do just the opposite of what the Communists were doing on the Mainland. Thus much of old traditional Chinese culture remained and was thriving in Taiwan.

In 1983-84 I was again eligible to take a sabbatical leave. A graduate student<sup>5</sup>, studying under a friend of mine in the mathematics department at WSU, knew that I was interested in going to Taiwan. He was an older student, had taught back home before coming to the US for a higher degree, and had connections within the educational establishment. He offered to get me an invitation to study and teach for a year at National Taiwan University (*Tai Da*), and I jumped at the chance. In August of 1983 I arrived at *Tai Da*. It was the beginning of what was to be by far the most interesting of my first 39 years.

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<sup>5</sup> This was Leu Hsi Muh, later President of National Taiwan Normal University (*Shi Da*).

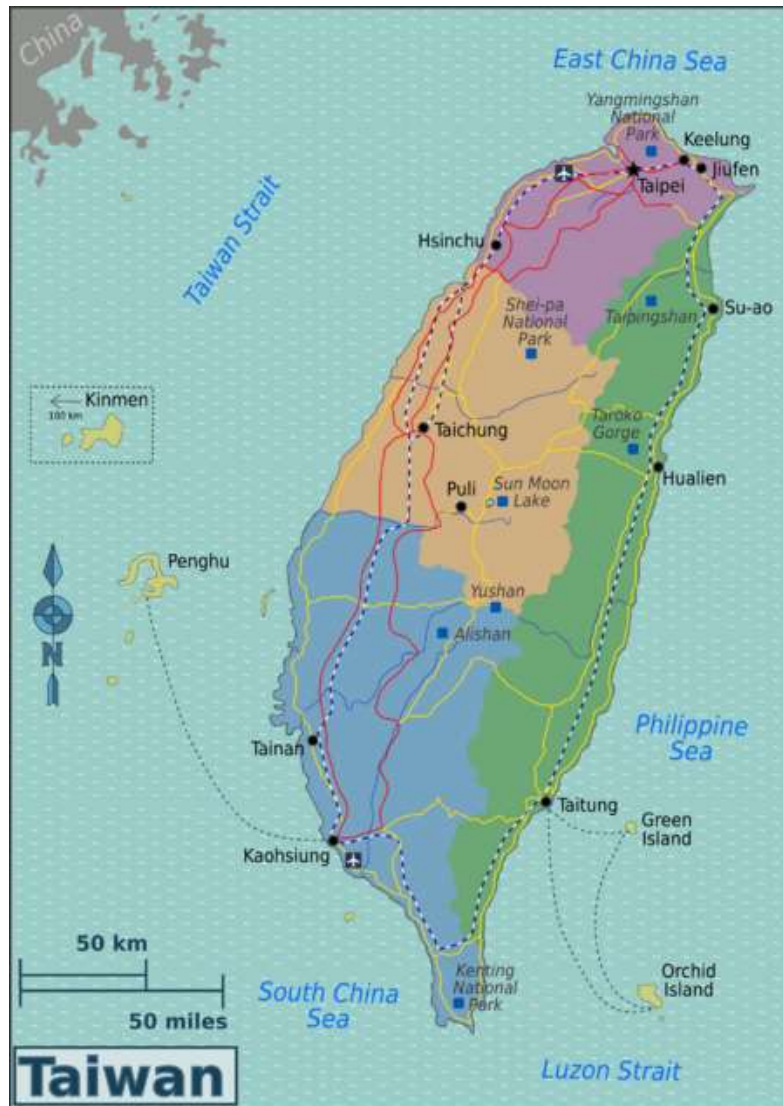


Fig. 2: Taiwan

I made many friends that year, who having an enthusiastic and curious listener, tried to teach me something about Chinese ways and culture. Early in the fall, two of them took me up north to the port of Keelung, stopping at various points of interest on the way.

There have been many religions in China, but the two formal religions which go back the furthest are probably Buddhism and Taoism. There are many temples connected with the different sects of these religions scattered throughout Taiwan. On this trip to Keelung we stopped at several of the more notable ones. At one of them I made a startling discovery.

I had known for several years that there is certain place near each person where is resident a special kind of qi. Just as no two people are exactly alike in appearance, this special qi is different for every two persons. For want of a better term, I will call this qi a person's "essential qi". Now in the Buddhist and Taoist temples there are usually one or more idols, or statues, which are representations of "gods" or famous historical figures. At this one temple I was inspecting these idols, and I found that above one of them was some of this essential qi.

Why it was there I still do not know, but its presence was quite clear<sup>6</sup>. Furthermore, it resembled the essential qi of a human being. This was my first experience of what is commonly known as the “spiritual world”.

Since then I have found through observation that there are many of these “spiritual beings” around, and they are of many different types: having essential qi which ranges from the disgusting – to the sublime. The nature and influence of these entities is vast, and I know merely a little about it. I mention it here because it will enter into this narrative at several places in the sequel.

Another place we stopped on this Keelung trip was at a Buddhist temple in Hsichih. Two students came over and introduced themselves, who were interesting in practicing their English. One of them was Su Jingsong, who went by the English name of Luke. We were to become good friends, and he was to accompany me in some of my travels years later.

Although there are many temples in the towns and cities, some of the most interesting ones are up in the mountains. This is partly due of course to the value of solitude when one is engaged in self-cultivation through meditation or quiet sitting. But it is also due to the fact that some of the places exhibiting the most beneficial qi are found in the mountains. These can occur when one good current of qi through the ground passes through or over another good current. It is common for temples to be built at just such places, for it is said that self-cultivation at these places can be more effectual. During that year in Taiwan I visited a number of these, usually guided by various Taiwanese friends.

Some of these places were in the hills outside Taipei, and sometimes these currents of qi passed downwards into the city. I observed more than once that the qi, which was lively and pleasant feeling in that part of the current which was still outside the city, became stagnant and not good feeling when it came down near the city.

Sometimes when two currents of qi crossed at the site of a temple, one or more them was not good. At the time it occurred to me that these may have changed over time. Some years later I was to come upon more circumstantial evidence that this was the case.

One of my colleagues at *Tài Dà* was Professor Chen Jin-Tse who, among other things, was quite interested in a particular form of Taoist self-cultivation. I expressed interest, and he provided me with some qi gong<sup>7</sup> manuals. These were written in Mandarin, and so I had to translate them before I could use them. So I bought a Chinese-English dictionary and went to work. It was slow going, as it is not easy for a beginner to find a new Chinese character in a dictionary containing many thousands of them. As soon as I would get a section translated, I would practice what the translation described to do. Since I already could feel the qi, I made good progress: I learned the qi gong about as fast as I could translate the Chinese. The practice involved collecting ones qi and leading it along a path in ones body. A month or so into my practice, there occurred a blockage of qi along that path, which resulted in some alarming symptoms affecting my health. I described them to Professor Chen, and he told some of the more experienced men in his Taoist group about them, but none of them could help me, and so I had to quit the practice. The symptoms immediately began to subside and within a week or so disappeared entirely. Several times

<sup>6</sup> I am not saying that I saw this qi — just that I “felt” it. And by “felt” I do not mean in the sense that one uses when he feels a material object, or even in the sense that he feels good, or feels bad. There is a “sensing” organ inside the head situated on a plane just above the eyebrows which “feels” the qi, and this “feeling” can manifest itself by effecting one of the more commonly known five senses. When one becomes aware of this sense, it is possible to learn to regulate its intensity.

<sup>7</sup> “Qi Gong” is the art of leading and working with qi. There are two main types: “wai gong” which involves moving the body (such as Tai Ji Quan), and “nei gong” which involves sitting or standing meditation. These were nei gong manuals.

later that year I tried to take up the practice again, but the symptoms arose immediately as I did so, and so I eventually left off the practice entirely (until many years later). I mention this here as a warning against studying qi gong by ones self, without having an experienced master.

Another colleague in the mathematics department at *Tai Da*, Professor Chu, had a sister who worked at the nearby Three Services Hospital, and who had a colleague quite interested in certain aspects of the “spiritual world”. This latter was Dr. Li Shi Pei, Chu arranged for our introduction. Dr. Li’s father, a retired dentist, officiated at a group which met weekly several blocks away from the university. At the meetings, members of the group who had some sort of problem or question, would write out the question on a piece of paper, and then burn the paper in a fire of sandalwood. At this point the elder Li would pick up a calligraphy brush, and then begin to write and paint on a large sheet of paper. He would write the answer to the question down on the paper. He was not conscious of what he was writing, but was rather influenced by a certain spirit in the room, which was believed by the group to be the spirit of a Buddhist saint who had lived back in the Song Dynasty.<sup>8</sup> I attended several meetings of that group, and I could clearly feel the essential qi of the spirit during the writing. After all the questions had been answered, the “paintings” were allowed to dry, and then the answers were explained to the questioners.

The younger Dr. Li made me acquainted with a number of strange and interesting things — too many to relate here.

Perhaps the most famous attraction in Taiwan is the so called “Palace Museum”, in which many of the cultural treasures taken from the “Forbidden City” in Beijing are stored. There are so many wonderful things there that when I visited it it was said that only about a seventh of them were on display at any one time. But some were special enough that they were on permanent display (or least so it seemed, as I saw them every time I visited the place). Among these was a marvelous collection of jade, some pieces over two thousand years old. Some good jade is of a quality that it attracts essential qi, and so seems almost like a living thing. Some of the pieces of the palace museum collection were of this type.

Over lunar new year, when all the schools shut down, Lap Ping visited me from the States, and we travelled together for several weeks in the Mainland (China proper). While there we visited jade markets in Hong Kong, and also a large jade factory<sup>9</sup> in Canton, or Guangzhou as it is called now. I saw several quite good pieces with essential qi in these places.

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<sup>8</sup> This was Ji Gong who lived from 1130 to 1207.

<sup>9</sup> Where jade was carved and tooled into various forms.

## 5. BACK HOME AGAIN

After about ten months in Taiwan, it was back to Pullman and a project which pretty much interrupted my study of the etheric for awhile. For I had to build a house. We had bought a lot on one of the better *feng shui* currents through the town.<sup>10</sup> It was being farmed just before we bought it, we got in at the beginning stages of the development, and so were able to get a double lot. I planted several hundred trees, mostly seedlings from the University of Idaho forestry school.

Now it is true that just as each human has his own individual essential qi, so do trees (and other plants). So when purchasing the trees, I tried, when I could, to acquire those whose essential qi was pleasant.

In that fall of 1984 there was a serious fire in one of the major lumber yards of Spokane, and being able to purchase good lumber cheaply, I hauled load after load of it on my trailer down from Spokane, storing in the garage of our old house. During the winter, when I could free myself from work at the university, I constructed wall sections and piled them up filling the back and side yard. Thus, when school was over in June of '85, I was able to begin building in earnest. For two years I had little time for anything except construction, teaching, and mathematics research. While putting on siding on the third story level, I fell about 20 feet, hitting the base of my spine on hard clay, and incurring a minor fracture. This, with the trouble I still had from the herniated disc mentioned above, made it necessary to have a back operation the next year. I elected to try an experimental procedure, which turning out to be a failure, led to a permanently pinched nerve. From then on I could not practice quiet sitting as I had been taught, but as all coins have two sides, it was later to contribute to an invaluable discovery about how qi affects the body.

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<sup>10</sup> Feng shui (literally “wind water”) involves constructing buildings and placing graves in such a way that they are most harmonic with nature. Part of it has to do with placement relative to the sun, bodies of water, and other natural phenomena. But part of it has to do with the flow and quality of currents of qi through the earth. It is believed by many that ones fortune and good health are affected by the the feng shui of where he lives, and where his ancestors are buried. It is thought that essential qi of the dead will remain for some time with the corporeal remains, and the quality of the feng shui there affects the essential qi.

## 6. AND AGAIN TO CHINA

We moved into our new house in the spring of '86, and by the time I had the inside pretty well completed, I was eligible for another sabbatical leave for the academic year 1989-1990. I had collaborated with a Chinese mathematician, and he invited me to come to his university just outside of Beijing to work with him. I accepted, and arrived in Beijing on Wednesday, May 30, 1989. Of course nearly everyone who was alive at that time has heard of what occurred on Tian An Men square four days later. The events of that week I spent in China were extremely interesting, but outside the purview of this article. When the political dissident Fang Li Zhi walked into the American Embassy on June 5 and was granted political asylum, relations between China and the US turned ugly, and my Chinese colleague told me that it would not be in his interest for me to stay and work with him. So I returned to work in the US for another year.

The next year relations were still strained, so I elected to spend the sabbatical working with one of my old friends in National Taiwan University. But in the summer of '90, before going to Taiwan, I decided to travel a little on the Mainland. I was most interested in the region about the old capital Xian<sup>11</sup>, situate in the Yellow River basin, the cradle of Chinese civilization.

The most notorious of all Chinese emperors was probably Qin Shi Huang (260-210 BC), who is credited with unifying China, building the greater part of the Great Wall, and a number of other things not so praiseworthy. For ages people had tried to find his burial place, for it was rumored to contain unimaginable riches. Not too many years before my visit<sup>12</sup>, the marvellous terra cotta warriors had been discovered and made available for public examination. It was rumored at the time, and is now generally accepted, that the emperor was buried under a huge artificial hill.



Fig. 3: Burial Mound of Qin Shi Huang

It seems reasonable to assume that such a powerful man, when having his burial mound constructed, would have had it placed according to optimal feng shui. Of course I visited it when I was in the Xian area, and climbed to the top, to better observe what qi currents coursed through it. There were two strong currents which crossed at the center: one felt

<sup>11</sup> Formerly known as Chang An, which had been the capital of at least ten Chinese dynasties.

<sup>12</sup> 1974.

quite good, and the other not so much. In the figure below I have depicted the former with a blue line, and the latter with an orange line.



Fig. 4: Burial Mound of Qin Shi Huang Showing Major Qi Currents

Why one of the lines is not pleasant, I do not know. One possibility though is that at the time the mound was constructed, it felt differently, and somehow changed over the twenty two centuries which have since elapsed. The area has apparently undergone profound changes over that time. I was told by my guide that records from the time of the Tang Dynasty<sup>13</sup> show that the area once had a more mild climate, much like that of Southern California, and oranges were grown there. It is said that prevalent forests in the hills were cut down by a burgeoning population, which led to a change of climate.

Some years before I had read of the Taoist colony on *Huá Shān*<sup>14</sup>, which had been there from time immemorial. What I had read made me quite curious. It was only about 75 miles (120 kilometers) from Xian, and I provided my Chinese friend to accompany me thither. We took a train, and then a *san lún che*<sup>15</sup> to the town of Huayin at its base, and began the climb up. This was before the trail had been much improved by the stairways (and even a gondola) which are there now. As I recall it took us about three hours of strenuous walking, sometimes pulling ourselves up by chains fastened to the mountain wall. It is said that the path was developed early to follow the natural and wonderful feng shui of the place.<sup>16</sup>

But not all of the qi on the climb up was of a pleasant nature. Closer to the summit, we saw a number of caves dug into the walls of the mountain, apparently for solitary meditation. And from some of those emanated rather unpleasant qi.

<sup>13</sup> 618-907.

<sup>14</sup> *Huá Shān* is one of the so-called six holy mountains of Taoism. There are now **many good photos of the mountain** posted on the web.

<sup>15</sup> Three wheel motorized cart.

<sup>16</sup> There will be more to say about this later in the narrative.





Fig. 5: A Section of the Path Up *Huá Shān*.

Many of the old buildings and shrines from the old days had been taken down after the Communists had taken over the country, but there was one still standing on one of the peaks.<sup>17</sup> I went in and sat down to try some quiet sitting. I could feel a quite respectable presence there, and the essential *qi* connected with that presence. Spontaneously I began talking to it in words I did not understand. Afterwards, when I came down the stairs from the little temple, an old Taoist priest walked up to us and told my Chinese friend that there was a cave that we might be interested in, and asked if we would like to see it. There was a path carved in the rock on the side of the mountain, the entrance of which barred by a door. The old priest unlocked the door and led us to the cave. Inside the cave were a number of life-size sculptures. We could not see them too well as evening was coming on, and it was dark in the cave. Again I felt a strong presence, and it was in one of the sculptures. And again I began talking with that presence, not understanding what I was saying, but feeling a response with my mind, which some part of me – not my conscious mind – seemed to understand.

At length we left the cave, and returned back up the path to *terra firma*. It was now nearly dark, and looking about for a place to bed down with our sleeping bags, we found a make-shift shed for pilgrims to pass the night. Far in the distance we could hear the beautiful music of someone playing a flute. A little later however this was interrupted by someone in the shelter playing loud rock music through a loudspeaker that had been set up nearby.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>17</sup> I did not know at the time, but on a later visit, learned that it was dedicated to Lei Shen, the Taoist god of thunder.

<sup>18</sup> When I returned to Xian, I wrote a short letter to the local authorities about this, although

The next morning we visited other peaks of *Huá Shān*. One of the more interesting sites was sort of flat area on the side of the mountain, attached to a cave which had apparently been a special place for quiet sitting for monks in the old days. It was difficult to see how they had been able to reach it, for when I was there the only access was a board walk, the boards lying on long iron spikes which had been driven into the mountain side. One had to sidle along the boards, holding onto chains about head high, attached to the mountain side. This cave was special, and I could feel the residual essential qi there, of seemingly quite a strong character of bygone days.

Just before midday we returned again down the mountain, made our way back to the small train station, and by evening back to Xian. This trip to *Huá Shān* made a lasting impression on me.

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I had little hope of any response. A year later, after having returned to Pullman, a Chinese student at WSU showed me a newspaper article from back home, quoting the letter, and saying that the practice had been stopped.

## 7. AND AGAIN TO TAIWAN

After the Xian visit it was back to Taipei to do mathematics for the 1990-1991 academic year. Taiwan had a burgeoning economy in those days, and had changed much since I first visited seven years previous. Transportation was much better, and freeways were being built from north to south. Marshal law, which had been in effect since the Nationalists had occupied the island in the late forties, was no longer in effect, and western foods and fast food franchises were popping up all over in the cities. I met many of my old friends, and made more, but it was not quite the “magical” experience I had had on my first visit. Furthermore my father was dying of cancer back in the States, and letters from back home were sad.

But my education in the etheric continued. Professor Chu had acquired a collection of quite good jade from a friend of his with connections on the Mainland. He showed me his pieces, a number of which possessed essential qi. There was one old piece in particular, of which the essential qi had a sickly feeling.

While qi gong is commonly practiced with ones own qi, there are types which involve treating the qi of others. Some of them are employed in the martial arts or as the Chinese call them, *wǔ shù*. Others are used in the healing arts, since ailments and injuries nearly always change the normal flow and state of qi in the body. I had picked up the knack of one of these latter types of qi gong, and tried applying it to the sick entity in the piece of jade. I was surprised to find that it worked, and worked better and more quickly than it usually does when applied to a human being.

When my father died in the spring of '91, not teaching any classes at the time, I came home about a month earlier than scheduled. During my final week in Taiwan, Doctor Li Shi Pei invited me over to his home for dinner. Before dinner he took me into his study and showed me some curious stones. These are what the Chinese call *shè lí zǐ*: stones taken from the cremation ashes of highly cultivated Buddhist monks. Li had several of these which had come from Nepal. To each of these stones was attached some essential qi. Two of the stones he had were clear, as I recall, but one had a color similar to those in the figure below (the photograph having been taken from wikipedia)



Fig. 6: Shè Lí Zi from Thailand

## 8. INTERMISSION

Change had been taking place in the academic world in the US, and I did not like it. When I had been in college in the sixties, universities were primarily (or so at least they seemed to me) educational establishments. From the early seventies they became more and more business enterprises, with increasing emphasis on the faculty to go after grants to fund their research, the University claiming of course a good share of each grant. With that came less student contact and larger classes. With it also came a greater push for enrollment increases. This meant accepting less prepared students, and to keep them from flunking out, attendant grade inflation and lowering of standards. Furthermore the trend seemed likely to continue.

By 1992 I had decided that I did not want to spend the rest of my working life in such an environment, and reasoning that at 48 my remaining years of physical vigor were limited, I quit the profession of mathematical teaching and research. I had a family to support so I had to find something to do. Having restored one house and having built two others, I decided to build for a living. Starting a small business and prosecuting it successfully requires effort and time. Being an only child, I had elderly family members in Washington and California to care for as well. And so, for about a decade, I did virtually nothing but attend to business and family: very little new contact with the etheric world.

## 9. THE HOLY MOUNTAINS OF CHINA

By late summer of 2001 I was through with my building project, and what I had not sold, I was renting out and maintaining. This did not require all my time and so, when I received an invitation from old friends in Taiwan to join them on a trip to visit some of the holy mountains of China, I eagerly accepted. My companions were Chen Jin Tse, Chuang Chen Lien (also a professor from *Tai Da*), Chang Pin Tsun (a fellow at Academia Sinica in Nangang) and Wong Lap Ping.<sup>19</sup>

Meeting in Beijing, we decided to head northwest first to visit the famous Mogao Grottoes (*Mògāo kū*)<sup>20</sup>, and thence to the northern *Héng Shān* mountain<sup>21</sup>.

On the way to the latter we visited a famous temple built into a cliff (*Xuán Gōng Sì*). It appears to be hanging from a cliff face, and thus is sometimes called “the hanging temple”. It was built *circa* 400 AD. When it first came into sight, it occurred to me that the feng shui of the place must be quite special for it to have been built on that cliff.



Fig. 7: The “Hanging Temple”.

So I immediately began searching for qi currents in the ground near it — in vain: I could find nothing special. As we came closer however, I became aware of qi from above in the sky rushing straight down to a place within the temple. Later, when we walked through the temple, I took care to find the exact position where this “pillar” of qi touched the ground. It was a flat piece of stone, rounded out by monks having used it for quiet sitting over the years.

<sup>19</sup> Mr. Wong appears earlier in this narrative and by this time was a good friend of 30 years standing.

<sup>20</sup> These contain Buddhist carvings which go back to the fourth century AD.

<sup>21</sup> This is in *Shān Xī* province. The southern *Héng Shān* holy mountain is in *Hú Nán* province, which we did not visit on this trip.

I have forgotten the sequence of our travels after that, but another mountain we visited was *Huá Shān*, which I had visited some 11 years before. Access was now much easier, and the number of visitors much more numerous, but the quality of the qi was undiminished. I again visited the temple where I had done some little quiet sitting, and again had conversation with the essential qi within. There was some explanation written outside in Chinese. Chang translated it for me, and told me that the temple was dedicated to the taoist god of thunder *Lèi Shén*. This time the cave in the side of mountain with the sculpted images was open to the public, and we all went in to look at them. Again the essential qi in one of the images started up “conversation” with me, and afterwards I asked Chuang if he would find out from one of the monks what that particular statue represented. He did, and told me that that one was an image of *Lèi Shén*. Chen Jin Tse and I went out along the board walk, to the cave mentioned above, and did some quiet sitting. Chen did a much better job than I of relaxing and taking advantage of that opportunity.

We visited *Tài Shān* in *Shāndōng* province, where we were nearly struck by lightning in a rain squall.

In *Shān Xī* province we visited the temple complex on *Wǔ Tái Shān*. In one of the temples I came across an entity with whose essential qi I seemed again to have some sort of connection, and we became allies of a sort.

*Sōng Shān* in *Hé Nán* province is home to the most famous Buddhist temple connected with the martial arts: the Shao Lin temple (*Shào Lín Sì*). It was built in the fifth century AD, and its most famous monk is Bodhidharma, who is said to have walked from India to China in the sixth century to bring Zen Buddhism to China. It is said that he found the resident monks in bad physical condition, and so invented a style of martial arts to improve it. He is also said to have meditated in a single spot for nine consecutive years. This spot has been preserved on *Sōng Shān*, and we hiked up to have a look at it. Here, over the spot where he was said to have sat, was another pillar of quite good quality qi pouring straight down from out of the sky.

Before visiting mountains in the southern part of China, we went to Xian for a couple days. We took a plane, and I had a large jack knife which an official at the airport was not going to let me take on the plane. Lap Ping, who can be quite persuasive at times, talked him into letting me take it. But such a thing was never to happen again, for we were still in the city on September 11, and after that of course many things permanently changed. Later that month, when Chuang Chen Lien took a plane from Hong Kong back home to Taipei, an inspector found a fingernail clipper in his backpack, and confiscated it as a potentially dangerous weapon.

In an antique shop in Xian we came across a Buddha sculpted from wood. It was old, and it had a very fine presence of essential qi. This was an entity extremely respectable, more so than that of any human I have ever met. It now is in Chang’s home in Taiwan.

After 9-11, we decided to cut our trip short, and to return home.

## 10. CLOUDBUSTERS

By 2002 I had pretty much retired from building, and had time to look into the internet, which for a number of years friends and acquaintances had increasingly been telling me about. By chance, in the spring of 2003, I came across an article about Don and Carol Croft, and some of their “orgonite” inventions. The term “orgonite” was new to me, as was the term “orgone”, from which it had been adapted.

Dr. Wilhelm Reich, formerly a noted and controversial psychoanalyst in Vienna, after immigrating to the US in the early forties, discovered what he thought was a new “force”, which he called “orgone”<sup>22</sup> He found that it comes in two forms: positive orgone (or *POR*) and deadly orgone (or *DOR*). Reich claimed that by influencing the orgone in the sky or clouds, the weather could be altered. Furthermore, he built orgone containers which by concentrating orgone, were said to have cured various diseases of people who had placed themselves within the containers containing the orgone. In the early fifties the FDA accused him of medical quackery and were instrumental in obtaining a court injunction against mailing orgone apparatus across state lines. Perhaps inadvertently, the injunction was violated, which violation led to Reich’s incarceration, the destruction of his orgone apparatuses, and the burning of most of his books on the subject.<sup>23</sup> Reich died in Federal prison, and for a time his work apparently was largely neglected.

Several decades ago his ideas were taken up again by various people. One of them was Don Croft, who invented an apparatus which he called a “cloudbuster”, after one of Reich’s apparatuses of half a century earlier. Croft’s cloudbuster depended on Reich’s orgone to function, but differed essentially from Reich’s apparatus of the same name.<sup>24</sup> One thing that attracted my eye to the article was that this man Croft was then living in Moscow, Idaho, less than ten miles from my home in Pullman, Washington.

That article described in detail the constituent parts of Croft’s cloudbuster, and how to assemble them. The whole thing seemed rather bizarre to me, but this “orgone” reminded me somewhat of qi. The ingredients were simple: 6 quartz crystals, fiberglass resin, metal shavings, 6 six-foot long lengths of 1-inch copper pipe and a couple small pieces of plywood to stabilize the pipes. Some of these I already had, and the rest was available in the local hardware store. So I built one — just to see what I would see (if anything).

The results, from an etheric point of view, were amazing. They were not uniform however, so I decided to keep a log of what I observed in that respect, and I have added them as an appendix [here](#).<sup>25</sup> This motivated me to contact Don (by email). He was out of town at the time, but responded telling me that I should check out Stuart Jackson’s cloud buster forum if I wanted to share what I was learning and to find out others’ experiences. This forum was then in its heyday, and although it was incident to most of the problems to which free forums are subject, was quite lively and informative. Georg Ritschl, Mark Davey and Sensei from those days, all later started their own forums.<sup>26</sup>

The basic cloud-buster, and the one I first made, consists of six vertical copper pipes spaced uniformly in a circle, and placed in a cylinder of orgonite<sup>27</sup>, with a quartz crystal at

<sup>22</sup> The term apparently originates from his finding that it was present in large quantity during orgasms.

<sup>23</sup> Beginning in the sixties, the books began again to appear in print and are now available.

<sup>24</sup> Reich’s cloudbuster was said to have attracted DOR, storing it temporarily in water; while Croft’s cloudbuster attracted DOR and then transformed it to POR.

<sup>25</sup> The pagination on this link now begins with 8, rather than 1, since some introductory material included in a previous publication, is no longer needed.

<sup>26</sup> Georg’s was a German language forum.

<sup>27</sup> By orgonite here is meant a mass of small metal shavings in a matrix of fiberglass.



the base of each of the pipes.<sup>28</sup> I buried my first one in the ground, because this gave it better contact with the qi which flows through the ground: a simplified diagram (only four pipes show) is as follows:

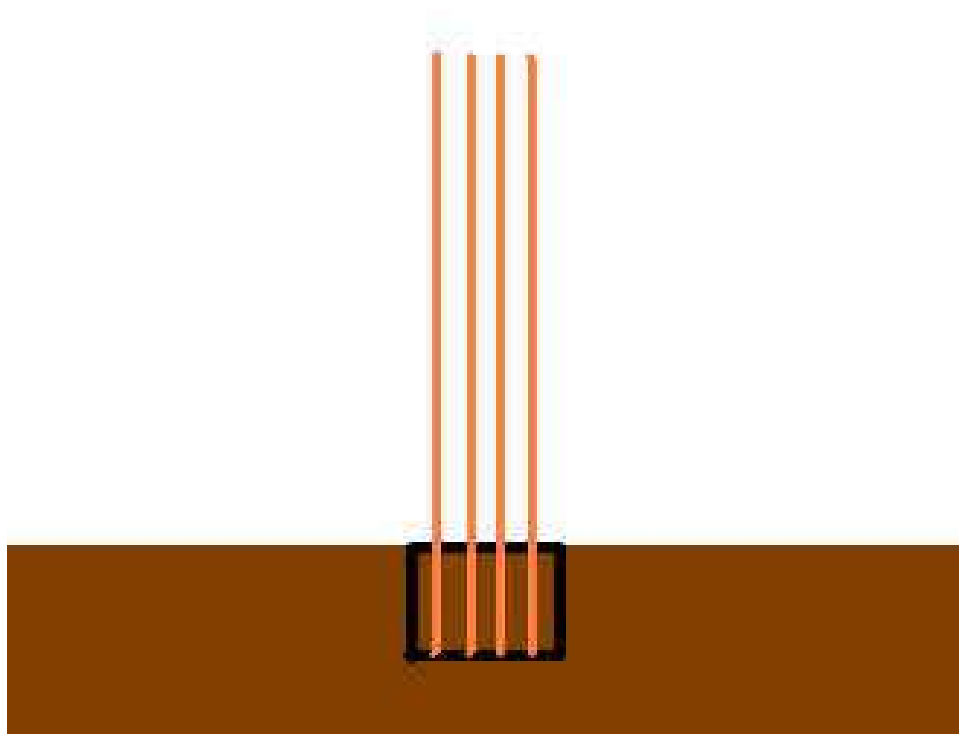


Fig. 8: Basic Diagram of a Cloudbuster with Four of the Six Pipes Showing With the Base Placed in the Earth

When it is working at full strength (under the right conditions), it pulls DOR in from the ground and from the sky. As it comes from the sky, this DOR swirls down in the shape of a vortex.<sup>29</sup> At the narrowest point of the vortex it transforms into POR, which then swirls directly up into the sky, in a cylinder, as it were.<sup>30</sup> In the crude Figure (9) I have colored the shape of the downward vortex purple, the downward swirling DOR black, and the upward swirling POR red. The DOR being drawn in from the ground, colored pink in the figure, also transforms into POR.

<sup>28</sup> The pointed end is placed upward, or more precisely, the end from which flows POR (which is usually the pointed end) is placed upwards. A healthy quartz crystal emits a small amount of DOR from one end, and a small amount of POR from the other end.

<sup>29</sup> Moving counter-clockwise when viewed from above.

<sup>30</sup> This POR is swirling up in counter-clockwise direction, as is the (drawn pink) DOR coming up from the ground (viewed from above).

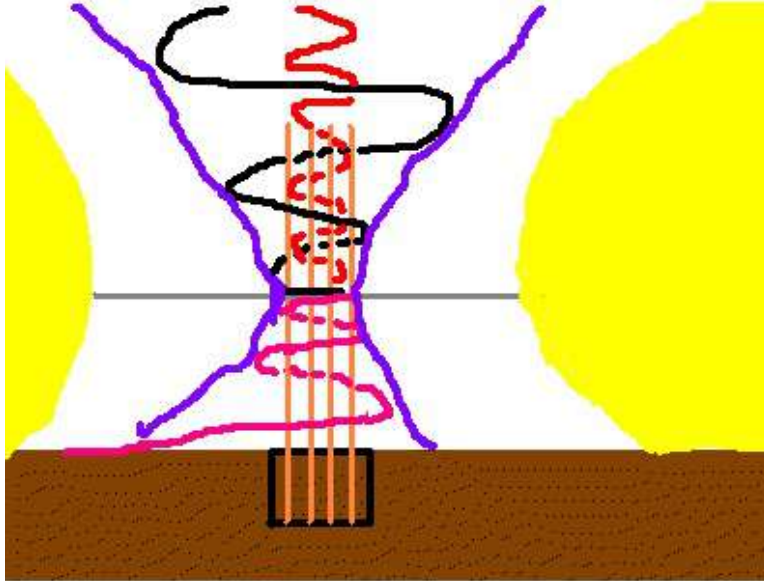


Fig. 9: Qi Movement About Fully Operating Cloudbuster

The imaginary surface (drawn purple) closely resembles what mathematicians call a circular hyperboloid.<sup>31</sup> A circular hyperboloid is the locus of points formed by an infinite number of slanted lines.<sup>32</sup>



Fig. 10: Lines on a Circular Hyperpoloid

<sup>31</sup> This is because if you look at a horizontal section you get a circle, and if you look at a vertical section you get a hyperbola.

<sup>32</sup> Figure (10) is taken from Wikipedia.

As illustrated above, there are two types of lines in the hyperboloid: one type slanted clockwise up—and the other slanted counter-clockwise up. This suggests that one try building a CB with the pipes slanted in such a way that the pipes lie completely on the circular hyperboloid on which the DOR travels (the part colored purple in Figure (9)). I tried it both ways, and found that the CB worked worse when the the pipes were slanted counter-clockwise up, and better when they were slanted clockwise up. This seems to mean that it works best when the pipes are most in line with the path of the DOR. In Figure (11) below is shown the pipes for such a “torsion” Cloudbuster before the the resin is poured into the bucket containing metal shavings.<sup>33</sup>



Fig. 11: Simplified Torsion Cloudbuster In Construction

Of course at the base of each of the pipes is placed a quartz crystal with the pointed end upwards, before it is put into use.

In such a torsion cloud buster, the place where the DOR transforms into POR is at the narrowest part of the structure. If one wants the upward POR spiral to have as small a diameter as possible (laser like), it helps to place a seventh pipe in the middle of the other six. This seventh pipe must be vertical, or nearly so, and its bottom end must be slightly above the transformation point.<sup>34</sup> In Figure (12) is a finished torsion cloudbuster, complete with seventh pipe.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>33</sup> I usually use aluminum or steel shavings for this purpose.

<sup>34</sup> It is quite important that the bottom of the seventh pipe be above the narrowest part of the structure.

<sup>35</sup> This particular one was built by John Scudamore (of [Whale](#)) and Rich Fosh (of [OrgoniteMoksha](#)), who do a better job than I at constructing these things.



Fig. 12: Finished Torsion Cloudbuster

## 11. QUARTZ CRYSTALS AND TBS

Cloudbusters can draw DOR from the sky from many miles away. What “powers” or “energizes” cloudbusters are the quartz crystals which are placed at the base of the pipes. To give them stability one can wrap them in rubber cut from a hose, wrap them in electrical tape, or even pour a little resin about them in the pipes.

Cloudbusters sometimes are referred to as CBs. Related to CBs are the so-called TBs.<sup>36</sup> A TB is commonly about the size of a muffin, and indeed the most common mold for constructing them is a muffin tin. It consists of metal shavings, a quartz crystal and fiberglass resin. The crystals used in TBs are usually smaller and radiate less qi than those placed in the pipes of a CB.



Fig. 13: TB (with tip of crystal showing on top center)

Besides the use implied by their name, TBs can be used to temporarily transform a DOR line in the ground to a POR line. I say temporarily because this use, if the DOR line is strong, can put considerable stress on a crystal: such stress that the natural qi qualities of the crystal are affected and the crystal loses its “vitality”. This loss of vitality can also occur to the crystals in a CB, over an extended period of time with normal use, and in just a few days if the CB is placed in a particularly stressful place. When this happens, the vitality of the crystals can be restored, but of course it will be lost again if the crystal is placed back in the same stressful situation.

It is easiest to restore an “exhausted” crystal if one has access to its broken end. One places the sharp end of a vital crystal in contact with that broken end, and holds it there for about a minute. This is usually sufficient for restoration.

<sup>36</sup> TB is an abbreviation for “tower buster”. It is widely believed that the many towers which have been constructed in the past decade and a half to radiate cellular phone signals also irradiate DOR, and that by placing TBs near such towers, the DOR is much reduced, and even converted in some degree to POR.

If the crystal is such that its broken end is inaccessible, there is an indirect method however.<sup>37</sup> One places the sharp end of the vital crystal toward the broken end of the exhausted crystal and moves it back and forth...back and forth. After several minutes of this the exhausted crystal should be recharged.

Since I found later a more permanent way to change lines, I will postpone until later a proper description of how to do this.

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<sup>37</sup> The reason that this works is that the qi pattern at the sharp end of a quartz crystal is periodic in nature: from POR to DOR to POR to DOR and so on, the intensity of these nodes diminishing as the distance increases from the actual crystal. From the broken end the pattern is DOR to POR to DOR to POR and so on. The recharging occurs when the POR of one crystal matches the DOR of another. As two crystals pointing in the same direction move relative to one another, during parts of the movement the DOR portions of the field of the one match with the POR portions of the field of the other. This gradually causes the exhausted crystal to recharge.

## 12. TYPES OF QI

What Reich called DOR and what he called POR appear to be two types of qi, polar to one another in some sense. Karl von Reichenbach has discovered this polarity much earlier, in the first half of the nineteenth century, and he called it “od”, as the original meaning of “od” seems to have been connected with “primary force”.<sup>38</sup> What Reich called POR Reichenbach called “negative od”, and what Reich called DOR, Reichenbach called positive od.<sup>39</sup> Furthermore there are various Chinese names for these polar opposites.

Since they occur often in the sequel, we shall need terms for them. Reichenbach found that POR, or negative od, is associated with the north pole of a magnet — and that DOR, or positive od, is associated with the south pole of a magnet. For this reason, in the past I have referred to POR as “north qi” and DOR as “south qi”. However the Chinese have the by far prior claim to have studied and used these concepts. Reichenbach stated that his negative od came from the sun and his positive od came from the moon (and the planets). The Mandarin name for the sun is “ tai yang” and the qi coming from the sun is called

**yang:**

the Mandarin name for the moon is “yue liang” and the qi coming from the moon is

**yin.**

In the sequel we shall usually refer to Reich’s POR and Reichenbach’s negative od as **yang** and Reich’s DOR and Reichenbach’s positive od as **yin**.

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<sup>38</sup> The Scandanavian god Odin, and the old Germanic/English god Woden, after whom Wednesday was named, seem to be connected with this primary meaning as well.

<sup>39</sup> Later we shall see how this came about.

### 13. ALMOTA VORTEX

During the spring of 2003, while making daily observations of the effects of my new CB, I noticed curious behavior to the southwest. The CB was located in Pullman, Washington (USA), which is near the Idaho border, about 70 miles south of Spokane. There was apparently a source of **yin** to the southwest, and the CB was attracting qi thence, some days more than others. In early summer my curiosity at length impelled me to drive my pickup in the general direction of the source to try to locate it. After about three quarters of an hour I found myself down on the Snake River, at a location known locally as Almota. There was (and is) a grain elevator there, and the source of the **yin** was partly in the river, and partly on the ground near the elevator.

I placed some TB's on the source and found, upon returning back to Pullman, that the **yin** source had changed to **yang**. The change did not hold however. Sometime in July, after the wheat harvest had begun, the source became **yin**. Several times that month I returned to Almota, adding more TB's, but the positive effect in each case was of increasingly shorter duration, and at last there seemed virtually to be no effect. In the course of harvest, more and more wheat accumulated in the elevator, and when the storage capacity inside the structure became filled, the remaining grain was piled into a huge mound on the ground nearby. Carol Croft suggested to me that this increase of **yin** might be related to pesticide residue on the wheat. This may or may not be true. But what I do know, is that as the wheat was gradually loaded onto barges and towed downriver on its journey to Portland, the strength of the **yin** correspondingly diminished and, by the end of the summer, the qi of the area was once more **yang**.

The source on the river was actually an "earth qi vortex", as I found out later, but at the time I had no idea that such things existed, or even what they were. Later in December of 2003 the source turned to **yang** again. My guess is that the problem had something to do with the fact that the exact point where qi from below the earth reached the earth's surface was on the river bed, and could not be treated with a TB directly. Shortly before Christmas a friend of mine named Mike and I took an "earth pipe"<sup>40</sup> to the opposite side of the river, burying it where it would be out of the way and unseen. This had the effect of turning the qi positive, and to date it has stayed that way.

On the long trip home in the December night we had a bizarre accident. The rear wheel of my pickup truck caught on a train rail, flipped over on its side, and the truck was "totalled". That it happened was freakish enough, but even more strange was that both Mike and I saw an auto speeding directly at us from the opposite direction just as the pickup flipped onto its side— and there was neither a collision, nor sign of the other vehicle afterward. We both climbed vertically out of the driver's window unscathed.

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<sup>40</sup> An "earth pipe" essentially is a TB placed below a copper pipe.



## 14. STEPTOE BUTTE VORTEX

The vortex at Almota on the Snake was not typical, in the sense that the first time I saw it, it was emitting **yin**. The typical vortex is nearly dormant, in that it is seemingly "clogged up" and emitting no qi.

It was in the hot part of the summer of 2003 that I discovered my first typical earth qi vortex. One of the two highest of the the Palouse Hills is Steptoe Butte, the other being Kamiak Butte. While riding to Spokane with Don one day, he informed me that he and Carol had placed TB's on Steptoe, but that the hill still had **yin**. It was covered with towers of various sorts, including microwave towers, and these were a greater than usual source of **yin**.

I could feel the **yin** even from my home about 25 miles distant, and so one night after work, I jumped into my pickup and drove there. There is a road to the summit, and I arrived about a half hour before dark. There was only one other party on the butte at the time, and I was able to wander about pretty much unobserved. There was strong qi beneath the surface, and I found two places near the summit where the **yin** below actually touched the surface, and placed a TB in each of these points.

By the time I reached the main highway on the way home, it was dark. But to my surprise, I could already feel **yang** swirling up from the summit. By next morning the action was much stronger, and clearly perceptible from my home about 25 miles away. It swirled up in the shape of an inverted cone, the cone's vertex on Steptoe's summit. Viewed from above, the direction of the swirl was counter-clockwise. I have since found, **with no exception**, that the flow orientation of an opened vortex is always in this direction. Now, in the summer of 2014 as I write this, the Steptoe vortex is just as strong, if not stronger, than it was then. Furthermore, it is the strongest in the Palouse country.

At the time I was much impressed: that such an effect could arise from precise gifting of **two** spots, when the general area had already been gifted, was astounding. In those days I was only beginning to learn how to charge TBs to make them more powerful,<sup>41</sup> and the potency of the two I buried on Steptoe was only slightly better than a simple TB with no extra charge. It seemed to indicate that precision of TB placement could be quite powerful.

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<sup>41</sup> We shall discuss "charging" TBs at greater length in the sequel.

## 15. MOSCOW MOUNTAIN VORTEX

Moscow, Idaho is right on the border of eastern Washington, in the Palouse country. Though hilly, it is a rich agricultural region, producing wheat, peas, and lentils. The University of Idaho is in Moscow, and 10 miles away in Pullman, is Washington State University. North and east of Moscow about 10 miles lie the so-called Moscow mountains, the largest of which is Moscow Mountain.

On one of the Moscow mountains is a large array of cellular and radio towers. During the winter of 2002 Don and Carol had deposited some TB's on its slopes to try to diminish the effect of the **yin** emanating from the cellular towers. In modern parlance, they "gifted" the mountain. But snow had been deep at the time, and they had not been able to reach the summit where the preponderance of towers were located, and one could still feel **yin** on the mountain. At their suggestion, I drove up to the place in the summer of 2003 to finish the job.

On the way I noticed that on Moscow Mountain, there was a "clogged" feeling reminiscent of that which had been on Steptoe Butte, and so I took a detour to it. I found a critical point (where the qi from below touched the surface), and buried an TB there.<sup>42</sup> A earth qi vortex then opened up, similar to the way that the Steptoe Butte vortex had opened, but it took several days to reach its maximum strength. Four years later it was still pouring forth **yang** into the sky, but not so strongly as the Steptoe vortex (but more on this later).

During this summer of 2003, I was also making CB's: some of which were distributed to friends in the area: one living in Troy, Idaho, and another living on Texas Ridge near Kendrick, Idaho. Along with the original near my work place, there were also two new ones near my home. Some of these were of a new "torsion" design, with the pipes placed to more accurately match the movement of the **yin** as it is pulled into the CB's. I mention these things here, because with the CB's as the Crofts' place in Moscow, Idaho, there were now more than a half-dozen such within a region of perhaps 20 by 50 miles. What came of this concentration will be related in the sequel.

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<sup>42</sup> It was actually shaped in the form of a cone. Such a TB is sometimes called an HHG (or "holy hand grenade").

## 16. FALL WORK IN 2003

In early September a friend of mine and I drove over to Seattle to attend a lecture, and coming down Snoqualmie Pass from North Bend, it became apparent to me that there was a latent vortex in Seattle.<sup>43</sup> By the time we reached Lake Washington, it appeared to be somewhere on Capitol Hill. We had brought some TB's with us, and before the lecture started, we found it (in Volunteer Park actually), and turned it into an active vortex. Later that year, while visiting family and having more time at my disposal, I found the only other strong vortex in Seattle, and activated that one as well (near Green Lake).

A week or so later I noticed that there was a latent vortex on Tomer Butte, several miles north of Moscow, Idaho. Don and I hiked up there and opened it up. It turned out to be quite strong, considerably stronger than the vortex at Moscow Mountain, but not quite so strong as that on Steptoe Butte. One of the critical point's (where the **yin** touched the surface) was in a clearing near the summit of the Butte, on a spot containing an ash pit of some size. Evidently the place had been used numerous times for burning over the years.

In early October I took a trip to the Southwest to visit some relatives, who were then living in California. I took the coast route.

There is a strong latent vortex on the summit of Mount Rainier. I had neither the time nor skill to reach that one, but was able to activate a lesser latent vortex located on one of the lower peaks.

The summit of Mount Shasta in northern California also has a strong latent vortex, but again I could only reach one on one of the lesser peaks of that mountain, which had a lesser latent vortex.

Reaching San Francisco I found several dormant vortices within the city proper, one almost in the center (but fortunately on ground which was not covered by asphalt). The other was quite near the huge tower that now dominates the skyline in that city.

The social part of my trip took me down as far as Pasadena. Carol had told me that Sedona, Arizona, was special, and so I decided to return home by an inland route, passing through that town. There were many dormant vortices in that place, and during the space of one day I was able to visit about 7 of them, as I recall. The last one was several miles out of the city limits, and coming back over a ridge, just before dark, I was surprised and awed to see the clouds in the sky arranged in a spiral shape, above the swirl of **yang** from the opened vortices. That was one time I wished I had carried a camera.

On October 27, I made another foray into Mount Rainier National Park, this time out of Paradise Lodge, and managed to "open" a number of latent vortices in that area.

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<sup>43</sup> By this time I was becoming used to the special feeling of the **yin** of a latent earth qi vortex, and could recognize a strong one from twenty to thirty miles away. I could not tell exactly where it was located, but I could tell the direction, and so could eventually come to it.

## 17. SPRING 2004 AND SPIRITS OF THE AIR

The material of the preceding posts is mostly of “Earth” and very little of “Heaven”. This is partly due to the fact that until early 2004 I had no knowledge of the spirits of the air called “sylphs”. There had been a discussion of sylphs on the cloudbuster forum back in 2002, but having joined in March of 2003, I had missed it. In early 2004 however, sylph activity apparently increased, and it began again to be discussed on the forum — notably by an acute clairvoyant whose forum name was Cbswork. Some of his explanations and comments on the subject can be found [here](#) and [here](#) .

On Sunday, February 8, my friend Ryan McGinty visited, and we spent a good part of the day together doing orgonite experiments in my shop. Next day I got the following email from him:

Hi Kelly,

Today at 5:00pm I saw my first Sylph. I wish I had my camera with me. It was directly over your town. It must of been using the POR from your CB's. One interesting note, there was a wall of clear blue sky around it, 30 miles in diameter. On the edges you could see the chemtrails disappearing. It seemed to be watching the sunset with me while I was driving down HWY 195. It was a very beautiful sunset too.

I sure had a lot of fun yesterday I hope you did too,

Ryan

Several days later, driving down the same highway from a business trip to Spokane, I observed my first sylph. It was not far from Steptoe Butte. In my mind I wished it a merry hello, and immediately the good feeling came back to me several-fold. I have since found that instant reaction in kind from these creatures to be quite normal – and that they seem to love to abide near potent sources of [yang](#).

At a suggestion, I took a byway through Dulce, New Mexico on a trip down to Pasadena, where family was living at the time. There was [yin](#) observable in the direction of Dulce from as far away as southern Utah. I arrived at night, found and treated a few latent vortices, and continued on into Arizona. Passed through Sedona on the way west and found that the vortices there were acting pretty much as they had been after their opening the previous fall. I set up a torsion CB in Pasadena, and while there, made the acquaintance of “Cbswork”. He was suffering from a newly broken tooth, but treated me hospitably. In his back yard he showed me how sylphs could make the wind come up at their will.

## 18. HONEYMOON IN ENGLAND, SWEDEN AND SCOTLAND

Though married for over twenty years, my wife and I had never had the proper opportunity for a honeymoon, and we decided to take it that June. She had never been to Europe, though I had been to the British Isles with my parents many years before. We decided to spend a couple weeks in England and Scotland, with a few days out for a quick trip to Sweden. She wanted to spend a few days in London to begin. I recalled that Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's Cathedral were two of the more interesting sites in the city, from the etheric point of view. The **yang** in the Abbey was somber and solemn, coming from deep below: here is where coronations have been held for many generations. The Cathedral is light with **yang**: this is the place where royal weddings are often held. We visited both, and climbed the stairs in the latter to the outside gallery which gives a good view of the city. From there was observable a strong latent vortex, and we were fortunate, for it turned out that in that city of stone and concrete, the surface contact points of that vortex were such that we could gift it. I will not identify it precisely, for it would not be difficult to remove the TB's. Looking back from the train north to Stansted, whence we were to take our flight to Sweden, the open vortex was plainly "visible".

Our stay in Sweden was hectic, due to social obligations, and we had no chance to seek earth qi vortices before our last night there, in Göteborg. We had dinner in a modest vegetarian place in the old part of town, with a young man who was destined to become a good friend and valuable asset in vortex gifting. This was Cesco, who had come down on the bus from Oslo to meet us, and who had camped out the previous night in the woods. From his capacious backpack he extracted a notebook.

At the beginning of the year he had taken a twelvemonth vow of silence, and he kept that vow. So that night we spoke and he wrote. The conversation was more fluid than one would expect, for his English was good, and his writing legible (and beautiful). I had known him from internet communication, his "little secret coil" having excited my admiration.

After dinner we decided to take a walk. Upon leaving the restaurant, I became aware that there was a latent vortex on a hill not far away. So we walked off in that direction, and found a point where the **yin** of the vortex touched the surface. After gifting it, we were approached by a bird, which seemed to desire our attention. We followed it until we came to a latent vortex, at which point the bird flew off. After a bit, Cesco accompanied us to the hostel where we were to spend the night, and we had a good "talk"; during which he tried (unsuccessfully) to teach me to make his coil. He caught the bus back to Oslo in the wee hours of the morning.

The next day my wife and I took the plane back to Stansted, whence we set out by auto toward Leeds, where a meeting of British "orgonauts" was set to take place several days later. Coming into Leeds we were "welcomed" by an impressive display of sylphs in the sky. This was neither the first nor last time I've had that experience. It is almost as if they sense when one needs encouragement. We made it to the city, and two days later attended the meeting. There were representatives from Ireland and Wales as well as England, and a good time seemed to be had by all. One of the participants Marcus, who will appear again in this narrative, had come all the way from Switzerland.

The group planned to go the following day to Ilkey Moor, whereon lay some interesting

stones with prehistoric writing. My wife and I had to leave early, but decided to visit Ilkey Moor on our way. The weather turned bad, and I came down with a fever (which persisted for the remainder of the trip), which is my excuse for forgetting to bring some TBs when we visited the moor. We regretted the oversight, because there was a strong latent vortex at one of the stones. We however left markers at the critical points, and I telephoned the information back to the group at Leeds, so that they could gift the places on their outing the following day.

Thence we headed west to the spectacular Lake District, and spent the night on a sheep ranch. There was a strong latent vortex up on the hills above the farmhouse, and our hosts gave us permission to go hiking on their property. It was a bit of a job to get to the latent vortex, but the climb/walk was quite picturesque, and we managed to return just at dark (accompanied by a host of stinging midges).

Next morning we drove north into Scotland, eventually ending up in a Bed & Breakfast on the isle of Mull just across from the historic old monastery at Iona. Dunx, one of the British “orgonauts” we had met, had spoken to us of a serious experience he had had in Iona, and this had led us to visit the place. When we arrived off the little ferry the next morning, we found, sure enough, a strong latent vortex. We gifted it surreptitiously, and after a half hour or so, an array of sylphs appeared across the water over Mull:



Fig. 14: Sylph Clouds, Across the Water from Iona

We headed north, to the isle of Skye, and up near the north end of that island we found another vortex. After spending the night in the neighborhood, we turned south again. Upon crossing over onto the mainland once more, and driving 20 miles of so, my wife had me pull over so we could take a photograph. For coming from the direction of the vortex was a singular array of wispy clouds: these were not sylphs, but still an interesting sight:



Fig. 15: Clouds When Leaving Skye

Thence south to England, where our last stop of the trip was Avebury. It was only a couple days after midsummer, and we were told that there had been quite a crowd there on Midsummer Night's Eve. When we arrived at the prehistoric site, the weather was stormy: such wind and rain that nobody was out in the open. This was good for my purpose, for I was able to walk out to the site at the end of the old path, and unobserved gift the latent vortex there. It was actually some yards distant from the remains of the ceremonies which had been held on Midsummer's Night.

## 19. DISCOVERY OF THE POSITIVE CANOPY

Some weeks after returning from Europe, I was helping a friend to construct a pole building up on a ridge near Kendrick, Idaho. Some months previous we had placed two torsion CB's on his property, about a hundred yards apart. Due to the success I had had extending **yang** using TB's placed in a triangle, I was curious to see what the effects of a triangle of CB's would be. So I made a third, and brought it to work with me one morning.

There was a line of **yang** running through the ground not far from the building site, and since I had not tried placing a CB on such a line previously, I decide to place it on the line overnight, to test the effect. Next morning, early, I found that the CB was working more strongly than usual. A little later a helicopter appeared, which for a half hour or so, circled about the boundaries of my friend's 400 acre place.

We removed the CB from the positive line, and took it down the ridge to where the other two were located. Now the three formed the vertices of an equilateral triangle, each side roughly 100 yards.

Several days later, on July 21, 2004, about a half hour before dark, just as we were finishing work for the day and picking up tools, I happened to glance up at the sky. I saw a sylph, and glancing around, saw a number more. Here are some photos:



Fig. 16: Sylphs at Texas Ridge





Fig. 17: More Sylphs at Texas Ridge

I saw that night, as I drove home, more true sylphs than I had ever seen before, or since, at one time, in one sky.

Next day they were gone, but on the 23rd appeared something which seemed to be related, but which was clearly different. High in the heavens (considerably higher than the domain of both clouds and sylphs) was a broad and long collection of yang, and inhabiting that sea of qi seemed to be a great number of very positive beings.

Nearly two years later, while returning into South Africa from Zimbabwe, Georg Ritschl and I made a rough calculation, using elementary trigonometry, of the height of a similar sea or canopy of yang, and found it to be about 30 kilometers (or 18 miles) above the earth's surface.

This “canopy” of yang will appear many times in the sequel. For brevity therefor, **I will in the sequel restrict the use of the word canopy in this restricted sense.**

It has been discussed elsewhere how sylphs seem to enjoy the presence of CBs, and perhaps use the issuing yang as “breath” or “food”. I have no direct information on this, but it has been my experience that high-level positive entities seem to be attracted by good yang. Perhaps the canopy I first observed on July 23 offered a thriving habitat for these positive beings in the vicinity of earth, which they had not had before? I do not know for certain, but that is my guess.

After several days I was able to make a reasonable estimate of the extent of this canopy : it was about 60 miles long by about 15 miles wide. It was roughly the shape of an ellipse and, interestingly, it was approximately the smallest ellipse which contained all of the previously

opened vortices.

About 50 miles north of the northern boundary of the location of the [canopy](#) at that time, lay the city of Spokane, and on the southeastern boundary of the city was a latent vortex located on the top of a mountain called Mica Peak. I had frequently noticed this latent vortex on trips to Spokane, but had not known of an easy approach road. This vortex was perhaps the strongest I had observed up to that time, and so it seemed a good site for an experiment. My hypothesis was that the [canopy](#) was a result of the [yang](#) rising from the opened vortices. To test that hypothesis it seemed reasonable to open the Mica Peak vortex, and to observe if the positive [canopy](#) would extend accordingly. On the afternoon of August 14, I drove to the base of Mica Peak. The main road up was blocked off, and so I searched for more accessible avenues. Eventually I parked the car by a trail entrance, and hiked up. About a half hour from dark, I found several men shooting “clay pigeons” not far from where the trail branched off in six different directions.

Fortunately one of the men was able to tell me the correct one for reaching the peak, and I set out at top speed to try to beat the sinking sun. Just before it was too dark to see, I reached the top, and was able to find the critical points. Coming down without a flashlight, I lost my way, and decided to sleep on the ground in the warm summer night. But the insects kept me awake, and eventually I found my way back to the right trail in the moonlight, arriving back to the car at about 2AM. At that point I looked back at Mica Peak and observed that the [yang](#) was whirling up into the sky.

Three days later I drove up to Spokane for business reasons, and [yang](#) was swirling up out of Mica Peak at an even greater rate than that coming out of Steptoe Butte. Although the [canopy](#) had not changed perceptibly in size, the region between Steptoe Butte and Mica Peak had a lighter and more positive feel than before

On August 21, just one week after the Mica vortex was opened, I returned to Spokane again to pick up a friend at the airport. The [canopy](#) of [yang](#) had now extended up to cover Mica Peak. It seemed that my theory was correct.

## 20. EXTENSION OF THE NORTH QI CANOPY

In late September of 2004 I decided to try to estimate the then extent of the [canopy](#) . I drove over to the Lewiston Grade, which has an excellent view of the valley of the Snake and Clearwater Rivers; then up US 95 (most of the way to Spokane), and back home on US 195.



Fig. 18: Early Progress of the [yang canopy](#)

The area in the red oval in the map above is roughly the extent of the [canopy](#) when it first appeared in July. The area enclosed by black is where it was on August 24, after the vortex on Mica Peak near Spokane was opened. That part of the orange curve on the left, and the curve on the right indicated by the orange dots, indicate roughly the extant of the

canopy on September 27. The complete orange curve indicates the canopy at a later date.

I had been told about a possible vortex in Clarkia, Idaho, so I decided to drive up there and investigate. On the way up, I found that the town was on the eastern boundary of the then canopy. There was in fact a latent vortex about 9 miles east of Clarkia. It is now open.

On the way back, several miles north of town in the woods, was a pleasant tower of yang. Hiking up into it, I found that the patch of ground out of which it rose was singular, in that qi was slowly flowing into it from all directions, and nothing seemingly flowing away.

## 21. A CANOPY EFFECT

I was still helping the friend with his pole building near Kendrick, Idaho, and early on the morning of October 12 I set out toward the work site in my pickup. About half way between Pullman and Moscow, my eye happened to catch the tip of a pine tree, which felt a bit out of the ordinary. Looking more attentively, I noted that within the tops of all the living trees, was a concentration of yang. Depending on the tree, the depth of penetration was from a few inches to slightly more than a foot. This was true for the entire trip to Kendrick.

Two days later the penetration of the yang from the top was roughly three times as far. There was no penetration into dead trees, telephone poles, or other non-living vertical objects. Furthermore, the yang did not seem to be entering the tips of the horizontal limbs or branches. It entered through just one branch: usually the highest vertical one.

By the following day, October 15, the yang penetration was twice as far again. It was now more than a fifth of the height of most of the trees.

On the 17th it was roughly a third of the way down.

On the 21st, on a trip up to Spokane, I found that the yang had penetrated about 45% of the tree trunks. There was some penetration back from these parts of the trunks into the branches. But this did not originate from the extremities, only from the trunks.

I was curious to see whether this phenomenon was occurring outside the area covered by the canopy. On the 23rd I travelled to the west. Reaching the edge of the covered area, I observed that there was still yang in the trees. Continuing west, I observed that the depth of penetration gradually diminished, until after a couple miles, there was none. Evidently, the phenomenon was a consequence of the canopy.

On several trips to Seattle over the previous year, I had observed a strong latent vortex on a mountain in the central part of Washington State. This trip brought me close to that mountain, so I decided to treat the vortex while in the neighborhood. There was steep sandy terrain, and the jeep I was driving came near to getting stuck. I had to retrace my route, and travel an additional 30 miles to reach the vortex from the other side of the mountain. After opening the vortex, being temporarily at a high vantage point, I looked around for other vortices. I became aware of a strong emanation of yin far to the southwest towards the Columbia River. This was later to lead to an interesting discovery.

Three days later the yang at home had reached 50% of the way down the trees.

Six days later, the canopy had extended about a third of the way to the newly opened vortex, and at home yang reached two thirds of the way down the trees.

Below is a photograph of a birch tree, taken on October 31. I have drawn red on the

photo to show the yang penetration — the brown shows the penetration five days later.



Fig. 19: Penetration of yang into a Birch Tree 19 Days after It Began

By November 13 yang had penetrated all the way to the base of the trunk.

As time progressed, the yang eventually entered into the surface of the earth from the trees, although to date, not too deeply. Subsequent observation has shown that yang entering

any given tree seems to come into only one branch, and that branch is almost always the upper central one that is most nearly vertical. Except for that single branch, [yang](#) only reaches other branches from the trunk, and then only slowly moves out to the tips.

This phenomenon has turned out to be helpful when observing later extensions of this canopy, or other canopies, to estimate how long the [canopy](#) has been present in a given location.

## 22. RIVER OF QI

In early November of 2004, I had a knee operation which would seriously limit my physical activity for a week or so. It seemed a good time to make a trip to visit relatives in California. It seemed also a good opportunity to locate the source of the **yin** I had seen from the mountain in central Washington a week or so earlier.

I drove down from eastern Washington through the Tri Cities (Richland, Pasco, and Kennewick) and then across the Columbia River into Oregon. At some point, I drove under the **yin**, and crossed to the west side of it. That night I stayed at a motel in northern Oregon, and unfortunately the knee began to bleed. This meant that I could not get out of the car to walk the next day. However I did drive around the area for the best part of the morning, trying to find the **yin** source. I would get close to what from a distance seemed must be the source, and upon reaching it, could feel the **yin** in some other direction. It was quite frustrating, like trying to catch the end of a rainbow, and I finally decided I would give it up for the time being, and try again on the return trip back home.

Driving down through southern Oregon along Highway I-5, I could still feel from time to time the **yin** off to the east. I stopped paying attention after crossing the California line. Eventually I reached as far south as Pasadena. While there, I visited Cbswork again, the man who had showed me something about the sylphs on my previous visit. I mentioned something to him about the **yin**, and he suggested I take a look at a specific location near Mount Lassen.

While in Southern California, I observed that there was a second **canopy** above Los Angeles. I attribute this to the CBs and the enormous number of TBs that Cbswork especially, and others, had deposited in the area.

I took an inland route back north, which would take me near Mt. Lassen. The road to the higher slopes was closed for the winter, but fortunately, just west of the closure, on a hill, I found the **yin** source. It required a hike across a mountain meadow, which ordinarily, would have taken about 10 minutes, but with the healing knee, and sometimes hip deep snow over a rocky terrain, it took about an hour to cross. The source was quite similar to a latent vortex, but there was already qi issuing from it. I treated it with TBs, as if it were a latent vortex. It again took some time to get back to the car, and by that time, the qi coming from the source had turned to **yang**.

I drove back west to I-5 and turned north. A stream of **yang** was observable from Lassen moving north. As I drove into Oregon, it was clear that the stream to the west was continuing north into Oregon as well. By the time I had reached into northern Oregon, I was convinced that this stream of **yang** was identical in route to that of the **yin** which I had observed on the trip south.

Near Portland I turned east on I-80, just south of the Columbia River, and passed under the stream of **yang**. It was quite narrow, less than a hundred yards wide, and not high. I could tell that it continued north, across the river, but I no idea how far.



After a few days rest at home, curiosity got the best of me, and I drove west to see how far the stream, or river, of **yang**, reached. I took the route which crosses the Cascade Mountains over White Pass. I found that the **canopy** had extended over that pass. In fact, it reached as far as the river of **qi**.

This was not to be the only river of **qi** I was to find. There were later to appear ones in Europe, in South Africa, in Malaysia, in Argentina, and elsewhere. They were all to be similar in the following ways:

- they flow relatively low to the ground, normally below ground level, while the **canopy** is above all clouds;
- they are not wide;
- they can flow for quite long distances;
- they tend to be **yin** until treated, and they then turn to **yang**;
- if there is a **canopy** within a hundred miles or so, the **canopy** will extend to a river of **yang** , but not farther.

The date I crossed White Pass was November 17th. The **yang** had already penetrated into the trees about 40% of the way from the tips.

The river of **yang** was west of I-5 when I reached that highway. I turned north, and found that the **yang** river ended somewhere in the area of Centralia. I drove to the end point, and back-tracked a bit, until I was exactly under the stream of **yang**. Beneath it, I found that the trees and plants seemed to be filled with **yang**.



Fig. 20: Flow of Rivers of Qi



Fig. 21: Flow of Rivers of Qi in California

I returned to where it ended: it came down from above and disappeared into the ground at that point. I treated it here, just as I had at the source. Within a very short time, the stream ceased coming down into the ground, and continued on north overhead.

I drove back to I-5 and continued north. As I did so, I found that the [canopy](#) to the east began receding back away from the highway. But then, nearing Lake Washington from the south, I found that the boundary of the [canopy](#) approached again. It actually reached the eastern side of Lake Washington, just south of I-90, the main east-west route between Seattle and Spokane. My suspicion that this had something to do with the fact that Seattle at the time had two open vortices (on Volunteer Park and in Green Lake), and at least two CBS.

## 23. WITH CESCO IN THE WEST

Cesco, whom my wife and I had met in Sweden in June of 2004, was now living in Iceland, and had decided to see the US. He flew into Boston in February 2005, and after a few days in New England, took a bus across country to visit me. I picked him up in Spokane, and brought him to my home.

After a few days rest, we decided to drive over west of the Cascades, and see what the situation was with the river of yang river of qi. Reaching Seattle, we drove north, towards the Canadian border. I found that the river of qi continued all the way through Washington, passing into Canada over Vancouver Island, somewhere in the vicinity of the city of Victoria.

On the way up we found a latent vortex on a peak in the North Cascades and transformed it.

On my last road trip up from southern California, I had found that one could sense the presence of a remote latent vortex, using a part of the mind, the use of which I had previously been unaware. One could not tell the type of qi, only the strength of it using this particular sense, so it was useful primarily for long distance location.

One day while speaking of this to Carol Croft where she and Don were then living in Moscow, Idaho, I looked around in each direction, to see what, if any, latent vortices were remotely observable from there. There was a particularly strong one, off to the southwest. Referring to a map, it seemed to be in the general direction of Missoula, Montana. I mentioned this to Carol, and she remarked that she had soon to make a trip to Missoula, to visit some friends Steve and Dooney there. We decided to make the trip together, with the intention of trying to locate this latent vortex. We drove over the beautiful Lolo Pass, and upon reaching the Bitterroot Valley, I found that the location was on a peak east of both Lolo and Missoula. Unfortunately, there was already too much snow in the area to attempt to it.

That was in the autumn of 2004, and now in late February of 2005, it seemed that it might be accessible. So Cesco and I drove over Lolo again. It was a sunny day, and we found a good road to the mountain, and a path to the top. We came into a certain amount of snow and ice: just enough to make the climb interesting, but not a serious impediment. On the way down again, my Norwegian/Icelander companion "skied" down on his boots, while I staggered down far to the rear.

This newly opened vortex was definitely the strongest I had seen up to that time, and still rates as one of the strongest half dozen I have seen.

We spent a week or so doing experiments with various etheric phenomena: some successful, and some not. But that is another story. When it became time for Cesco to continue his US tour, I decided to drive him down through Oregon, California, and Arizona.

We commenced our trip driving south out of the Palouse, through Walla Walla, over the Columbia River and into Eastern Oregon. Crossing into Oregon, we became aware of a strong latent vortex on a mountain southeast of the city of Pendleton. We could not see our object directly, due to the plentitude of high hills in the vicinity. The first mountain we

climbed, was not the right one, but it took us high enough that we could view the correct location from its summit. So it was down again, and up again: over rocks, streams, meadows and steep slopes. We had all kinds of weather that afternoon, from sunshine (a little), to stormy rain, gusty winds, drizzle, and fog. We met a fair sized herd of elk, not far from the latent vortex, and they only fled upon our near approach. Eventually we reached the site and opened the vortex, at which point several eagles flew up, and circled about us for a time.

We were elated, but weary. About half way down the mountain, Cesco slipped, spraining his ankle: not seriously, but it prevented any serious vortex hunting for a few days, pending healing.

On this trip south I needed to deliver a CB to a friend Steve Wisner who lived south of San Francisco along the coast route, so we took US 101 instead of the freeway. Somewhere on 101 I became aware of a river of **yin**. Due to previous experience, I recognized this as a second river of qi. This one was also running north. We followed it through southern California, and found its source in the mountains, not far north of the prison town of Lampoc.

I had corresponded with a man Jon Horrocks in Lampoc concerning etheric phenomena, and so we made a point to look him up on the way through. Actually we met him for dinner in Ventura, where he was employed at the time, and told him about the source of **yin**. Cesco's ankle was still not ready for serious hiking, so Jon agreed to accompany me, and to show me how best to reach the place.

Several days later I left Cesco with an acquaintance in LA, met Jon in Lampoc, and we headed for the **yin** source. That was a spring of unusually heavy rains in Southern California, and it turned out that at the time the dirt roads into the mountains were all too sloppy to drive on. So we ended up hiking in along the railroad tracks. It was a several mile walk, and then a hike up through the hills. Eventually we made it to the source, after using up the better part of a roll of surgical tape on blisters. We enjoyed the view, as well as treating the source of the river of qi. Arriving back at the town, I realized that there was a latent vortex on a hill just a short distance off, but we were too weary, and there was not enough time to attend to it that day.

After a brief stay with family in Pasadena, Cesco and I continued on into Arizona. His ankle had healed to the point that we could pursue our vortex opening once again, and we worked our way up to the Grand Canyon, which he and I saw together, for the first time. We came there ready to gift, but the place was so spectacularly good, we decided any additions we could make might perhaps only "muddy up the fountain".

From there we travelled on to Sedona, where we gifted a vortex in Boynton Canyon which I had missed on my previous trips there, and then back to Flagstaff, where Cesco boarded a bus towards the South Carolina and more adventures.

While in Los Angeles, I had observed that the second **canopy** was still over that city, but did not extend as far east as Pasadena. Since I did not travel below LA, I could not tell how far south it extended.

On the way back to the Palouse from Arizona, I took the inland route north through Utah and the eastern part of Idaho, nearly to Butte, Montana. This was to observe what effect the opening of the strong vortex near Missoula two weeks earlier had had. I found that

the [canopy](#), which we had earlier found to have stretched as far west as Seattle, now was as far east as Butte. To the north at this time, it extended into British Columbia (Canada); and to the south, into the northern part of Oregon.

Going through Dear Lodge west of Butte, I checked the penetration of [yang](#) into the trees, and did the same again in Missoula. In the first instance it was about 30% down from the top, and in the second, about 40%.

After a few weeks at home, fate led me back in Southern California again. I found out that the [canopy](#) which I had observed over LA during the previous trip, had apparently extended up and to the west, and now covered highway 101 from somewhere south of Santa Barbara, to about 26 miles north of Buellton.

When my business was completed, I met again with Jon, and we treated that vortex near Lampoc mentioned above. It was on the top of a hill covered with a thicket of brush, which was as thick as continuous hedge. Jon led the way with his trusty cudgel, and we eventually made it through. Turns out the thicket of brush was poison oak, and I had worn loose shoes with no stockings. The effects did not appear until returning home a day and a half later, but then they made up for lost time. Jon was similarly hit, and we both know now, what poison oak looks like, and that it merits great respect. For the readers information, here is what it looks like in each of the four seasons: spring, summer, fall, and winter:



Fig. 22: Poison Oak

On this trip I had the opportunity to observe the course of the second river of qi. This second river of qi was much more curved than the first.

In May I drove down to Las Vegas to meet an old friend Su Jingsong from Taiwan, whose company had a garden tool display booth at an exhibition there. I told him something about vortex opening, and he invited me to come to Taiwan for that purpose. He offered to pay my way there and let me stay in his home while there.

When the exhibition closed and Mr. Su returned home, I spent a couple more days in the city, in the home of Lilly and her husband, the "Count" (he and she are from Romania). We planned to open a strong latent vortex on a mountain on the outskirts of the city.

Lilly and I made an attempt on a Friday, but the terrain was rougher, the sun hotter, and the approach longer than anticipated. We found that we were not appropriately dressed. I had to lie down from incipient heat exhaustion, and I am obliged to Lilly for sharing her water with me. We decided to give it up, and try again the next day. On the way back to the car, Lilly had to jump over a rattlesnake that appeared in the path before her, and we were both glad to get back home in good condition.

Next day was Saturday, so the Count was home from work, and he accompanied us. We set out early in the morning, and were better prepared. When we eventually reached the top, we were rewarded by a spectacular view of the area, and sat down to rest and enjoy it. That was likely where I picked up a mess of sand fleas and some spiders.

By the time we arrived back at the car, it was nearly noon, so we went to a local restaurant for lunch. Waiting at one of the tables for our food to arrive, I felt something crawling in my hair, and instinctively reached up to bat it off: I saw some little spiders scurry away. But the time we had finished our meal, the diners at a nearby table were scratching and batting at their heads. I did not feel proud of it, but the old adage "It is better to give than receive" popped into my head.

After lunch I headed north through Nevada towards the Idaho border. It was a long drive, and I soon found I still had plenteous company: sand fleas. It was a jumpy ride back. Just over the Idaho border near Twin Falls I became aware of a strong latent vortex to the northwest. Continuing on, I could eventually identify the part of the mountains where it was located. It seemed to be still in Idaho, just south of Western Montana. But there was still too much snow on the mountains to attempt reaching the vortex, so I had to leave it for another day.

## 24. BACK IN TIME A MILLENIUM

While visiting the Crofts once that spring of 2005 in Moscow, Idaho, I met an American sojourner in Japan named Ed, who was on holiday in his native land. We hit it off at once, and before I left that day, he had invited me to come to Japan to open vortices. Also during that spring, I had become acquainted via the "web" with John Scudamore and Rich Fosh in England, and they both encouraged me to visit them in the UK. In addition I had made friends with several members of Georg's German language forum. Availing myself of these opportunities, I decided to visit England and Germany in August, and Japan in October. Cesco, my Norwegian friend, was willing and able to join me for the European trip.

Cesco arrived in England the day after myself. Rich picked me up at Heathrow, and we opened up several latent vortices on our way to John's place on the Welsh border. John's land has been in the family since the Norman coming nearly a millennium ago, and a significant part of it must look much as it did back then. The ancient and majestic trees, the woods, fields, and red deer are wonderful. John was out mowing when we arrived, and he showed us around the place. The next day he drove to Stansted to pick up Cesco, who had flown in from Iceland, and so Rich and I spent the day opening latent vortices in the neighborhood.



Fig. 23: Kentchurch Court





Fig. 24: View of the Court from the Hill



Fig. 25: The Deer Park at Kentchurch

The following day, when everyone was rested and up, we made some CBs and did some experimenting.

I had known about **yin** lines in the earth (as well as **yang** lines ) for many years, but had assumed that there was no effective way to change them. I had seen evidence in China that **yang** lines had turned into **yin** lines over time, but not *vice versa*.

On our first day at Kentchurch, during our tour of the place, we entered a field through which ran a **yin** line. John asked if the qi in such a line could be changed. While discussing this, someone came up with the idea burying a CB on the line. But next morning, before going to Stansted to pick up Cesco, he transferred a CB he already had, to the line, and when we four checked it out that evening, the line had turned positive (at least as far I could perceive in either direction). The following are John's words:

“Timely and inspiration visit from Kelly and Cesco. Kelly discovered that a CB placed on a black energy line would convert it to positive, which a TB, HHG and Earth Pipe wouldn't do, not to this nasty line anyway. It remains to be seen if this lasts. This, incidently, is the holy grail of geopathic dowzers, who seem to rely on a copper rod up to now.

This line passed through the corner of the cellar where two nasty spirits were in residence, one in this corner by the window, taken 2-3 days after the CB was placed on the line: (photo unavailable at this time)

When the CB was put on the line they changed from being like hissing alley cats into grim silence, and the last time Kelly looked they were crying , so I hope the line was the reason they were there, or the anchor for them. Also that, IMO, is another holy grail of house/geopathic dowzers, being able to remove nasty spirits (and I don't see how you can clear a house effectively without dealing with negative lines) One friend refused to go in the cellar, so not something to have in your house.”

Since then, we have made other tests placing CBs on **yin** lines , with the lines turning positive afterwards. At this time I cannot answer the question of how far from the CB the effect extends. However we do know that when another negative line crosses such a line, not far from the CB, it also will often turn positive. Later we found another, and easier way, to change a **yang** line to a **yin** line , using 6 TBs.

Cesco and I owe many thanks to John and Rich for their wonderful hospitality during our brief sojourn in England, and for picking us up at the airports and driving us to vortices about Herefordshire.

John's place is like no other I have seen. It is as if it were taken out of an illustration of a fairy tale book, or as if one were taken back to the England of the early 11'th century.

Besides our experimenting, John took us around the region in which he lives, discovering and opening latent vortices. By the end of our visit, we had covered quite a fair piece of territory, but our stay was too brief to see if our work would bear fruit in the sense of igniting a new **canopy**. Creating such always takes longer than extending one. It would be the better part of a year later, before I would have an answer.

## 25. THE FIRST PETAL OF A FLOWER OVER EUROPE

Our plan was to induce a **canopy** in Central Europe, which might subsequently be extended in any direction. We flew from Stansted into Frankfurt-Hahn airport in Germany, about 120 kilometers west of Frankfurt, and drove south to Heidelberg, where we were to begin. Von Grauenstein, who lived there at the time, kindly invited us to stay in his (and his mother's) apartment for the night. Next day he drove us to several latent vortices in the neighborhood, and to the remarkable holy mountain Heiligenberg, which is situated within the city. One can drive up to within several hundred yards of the summit, and near the parking area is an amphitheater constructed by the Nazis, back in the 1930s as I recall. When we got out of our car, I could clearly feel a very positive presence up on the top of the mountain. We climbed up above the amphitheater to the remains of an old cloister, or monastery (dedicated to St. Michael), which had stood abandoned since about 1500. It was easy to see why the monks had originally put their cloister at this place, because of the strong holy presence there. It was a place of power, which is why, perhaps, the Nazis used it.

Lower down, in the focal point of the seats of the amphitheater, was a nasty feeling negative entity. Cesco asked me if there were any lines of qi in the ground, and sure enough there were two. These were **yin**, came down from the left and right sides of the amphitheater in a symmetric manner, and crossed at the focal point, or speaker's place.

Von Grauenstein invited two other German gifters in the area, Hunting-Vegi and Rainer, to dinner with us, and we had quite a pleasant and informative evening. Rainer lived not far from Stuttgart, which was the next good-sized city on our route, and he graciously invited us to spend a night with him.

When we visited Rainer, he showed us a CB planted in the ground just outside his house. It was on a **yin** line. Given our experience in England, this seemed quite strange, so we decided to remove the CB and see what, if any, changes would occur. Rainer began to remove the soil from about the CB and found four very strong magnets which he had forgotten he had placed in the ground about the CB to increase its power. As soon as he had removed the magnets, but before he removed the CB, the line felt immediately better.

There was another **yin** line in his house, through his living room, but there was nowhere outside on that line which was suitable for placing a CB. Cesco suggested that we try placing TBs in a circle on the line. After some experiment we found that 6 was the optimal number – indeed, with this number, the line turned to **yang**. It did make a difference what the diameter of the circle was, as to how strong was the power of the TB-configuration. In this case, the optimal was about a foot, as I recall. Just putting the 6 on the circle in the house helped somewhat, but the line remained a bit negative. So we went outside and buried them in the ground on the line, in the circular configuration, and with the proper diameter. The result was a **yang** line.<sup>44</sup>

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<sup>44</sup> I found some years later that the stress on the TBs used to change a **yin** line to a **yang** line is so great that it will in a relatively short time cause the TBs to lose their vitality (or polarity) and the line would revert. I did however find a way to offset this, which will be described later.

Rainer took several days off from his job and drove us about the region hunting vortices. It was then that we learned about Germany's excellent road system, and that if one knew the way, he could drive to within about a quarter mile of nearly anywhere he wanted to go. This of course speeded up our progress. Several of our targets were old castles on mountains, and many of latent vortices were in quite picturesque locations. We gifted quite a few places in the few days we were there, and were both surprised and elated, to find that on our last day there, a **canopy** had shown itself. I say elated, because it meant that we now had only to extend it, and so did not need to gift so densely (frequently).

On our own again, we travelled east from Stuttgart, staying with the hospitable Roland and family in Munich, and eventually reaching Salzburg in Austria. We then turned back west, driving along the southern boundary of Germany. We stayed a night near the Bodensee with our friend Grey Owl, who drove us to a vortex nearby.

When I first began posting on Georg's forum, my German was even worse than it is now, and one Swiss member Hans took pity on me and sent me an electronic German dictionary. When Cesco and I reached northern Switzerland, Hans very graciously hosted us at his home near the town of Äsch, in the vicinity of Zürich.

Not far from Äsch is a monument honoring the Swiss soldiers of World War I. It is on a pyramid shaped base, and there is a metal sculpture resembling a flame standing on the middle of the base.

Hans thought it was a bit strange, and so brought us to take a look at it. He was correct. It was strange. At right angles to each of the sides of the base were **yin** lines running through the ground. From each of the four sides **yin** was moving toward the center. Furthermore **yin** was entering into the metal sculpture from above. And there was a negative being within the sculpture at the bottom, seemingly absorbing all this **yin**.

So we buried six TBs, in the shape of a circle of the proper radius, on the worst of the **yin** lines leading into the monument. Not only did that line turn positive, but so did the others, and **yang** began flowing into the monument from all four directions. Furthermore, **yin** no longer flowed from above into the flame.

From the base I saw a latent vortex off in the distance, so we left to attend to it. After about an hour we returned. By then there was **yang** entering into the top of the sculpture, the negative being had gone, and there was a positive being there.

It was now becoming late, so Hans led us through Zurich and set us on our way toward Bern, where we hoped to find the town where Marcus lived, and to see the Continental CB (or CCB) he had built.

We found Marcus' house, not without a bit of work, and next day he took us to the farm where the CCB is located. There was a **yin** line through the farmhouse, which we treated with the 6-TB method. There was a latent vortex on a hill not too far away, to which Marcus later led us. But of course the most interesting thing was the CCB. There is a group of four CBs, with huge crystals in the center. It did not seem to be working quite as well as it should. After we arrived, we looked at it carefully, and noticed that in each CB the six pipes were connected at the top by copper bolts. This was interfering with the operation, so Marcus and we removed the bolts, and the structure became considerably more effective.

Our trip had been undertaken to create a [canopy](#) over central Europe. But although the [canopy](#) had now been created, it had not yet extended to the area over the CCB. However, when we left the premises that afternoon, there was a disk of [yang](#) high in the air above the CCB. Thus the CCB, after being slightly altered has produced an independent [canopy](#) in a very short time.

Marcus and his family had us to their home, and his talented wife gave us our best meals of the trip.

From there we turned back towards Germany, passing through Basel and Karlsruhe, completing a circuit by returning to Heidelberg.

On this leg of the trip, in Southwestern Germany, we found and gifted a third river of qi. It flowed west toward France, and we were to pass under it later in the month.

We rested a day in Heidelberg with von Grauenstein and his mother. Due to our rapid pace, we were getting low on TBs , and so we made more with von Grauenstein's help, along with a couple of torsion CBs. Rainer drove over for an afternoon to assist. We had accomplished what we had set out to do in half the expected time, so we decided to make a second circuit, north and back to attempt to spread the [canopy](#) over the heavily industrialized Rhine-Ruhr region.

## 26. THE SECOND AND THIRD PETALS OF A FLOWER OVER EUROPE

The second leg of our search for vortices was somewhat circular, from Heidelberg up north and east towards Hanover, north and west into East Frisia, and back south again along the western German border. The plan was to circumvent the great industrial cities of the Rhine-Ruhr region.

Many of the old castles and churches were constructed on high ground, mainly for defence I presume. But it is also the case that vortices of qi coming up from below tend to surface on high ground. And so one sometimes finds both in the same location. The old churches and monasteries were frequently placed on places of power, as well, and this power commonly manifests itself where two lines of qi cross. In a cruciform church, the longer member was called the nave, the shorter member the transept, and the place where these two crossed was the crossing. It was not unusual for one line of yang to run along near the middle of the nave and one along the middle of the transept: thus the crossing was the place of power. One sees this at St. Paul's in London, for instance, and in the great cathedral in Cologne or Köln.

On this second leg we came upon the ruins of one of these old churches – built on not such a grand scale as the two just mentioned, but neither was it small, and the plan (with respect to the qi earth lines) was executed quite nicely. At this period of the trip we were trying to find a latent vortex every 40 kilometers or so. It was a gray overcast day, and we were coming down towards a village, having just visited a vortex about 10 kilometers back. Behind the village was a small mountain and it was plain that somewhere on the mountain was a latent vortex. Normally we would have passed it by, since it was so close to the previous one, but for some reason we decided to look for it anyway. Cesco found a road behind the village leading up the mountain, and we were able to drive up quite near to the latent vortex. Near where we parked the car was this grand old cruciform church, with roof still intact but with no glass in the windows and obviously long abandoned. While I was tying on my boots, preparatory to finding the the exact location of the vortex, Cesco walked up to inspect the church. He told me later, that after he had entered the structure, a positive being within approached him, asking for help. As I walked up the incline, I found to my surprise that the latent vortex was somewhere inside the church. Upon entering, I found that there was only one critical point, and that exactly at the crossing. Furthermore, there were lines of qi running along the nave, and along the transept, crossing at the critical point. This was the first time I had ever seen a vortex situated on the crossing of two qi lines.

The local Lions Club had erected a sign on one of the walls of the church relating its history. From earliest recorded times (in this case the times of the Romans), there had been a building at this location. At the beginning of the Crusades there was a castle, apparently owned by a robber baron, which was torn down by the King Frederick Barbarossa. I have forgotten when the present building was established, but it was abandoned early in the 18th century. The paving stones or bricks on the floor were gone, leaving the floor dirt, but the walls and ceiling were still in good condition. Normally at places of power, whereon religious edifices are built, there is yang. And the qi running along the transept here was so. But

that running along the nave was not. It was **yin**, and so we walked outside to investigate. Someone had placed a stone on the qi line, just outside the main entrance to the church, and a date was engraved on it: eighteen forty something. So this stone had been placed there over a century subsequent to the abandonment of the church. We used the the six TB Method to try to heal the qi line, and it worked. And now, both lines were **yang** lines.

We walked back into the church to the opposite end of the nave, to look around. There, at that end, where I suppose in former times the altar had been located, was a picture of Jesus and two women, presumably the two Marys. Here were old and new flowers, showing that some pious people still visited the place for worship. Near the picture was a positive being – perhaps the one who had appealed to Cesco when he had first entered the church. But between this positive being and the crossing was a powerful negative being. And it was quite angry. For the time being, I ignored it, and with Cesco, climbed up the spiral staircase of a tower which led up to the roof. After we had looked around, we returned below — and found the inhuman unpleasantness yet quite strong.

And then there was manifested another non-material being, but this one had a much more human feeling about it. It was stern, strong, and yet showed reverence and respect for the positive being already mentioned. It had come to help me dispense with the negative being. Through my person, it attacked it, and as nearly as I can tell, destroyed it – or at least removed all the qi from it, so that it was no longer detectable. It was to me the most interesting experience of the trip. Unfortunately, I have by now forgotten many of the details. But when it was over, and the stern entity had departed, the qi in the church had become light, and bright, and joyous.

And so we left to seek the next vortex.

In Hanover, a kind lady Iris and her daughter graciously put us up overnight. She invited a number of others in the city with similar interests over to meet us, and we had a generally good time. Next it was up into East Frisia, where we met the Tapiers, at whose very nice house we rested for a day. And then we turned down south again, through the flat country.

In hill country, it is relatively easy to pinpoint vortices, for they are most often on the high places, and one can see from afar where the qi touches the surface. On the flat it is more difficult, because the vortices are also on the flat, and though the direction be apparent, it is difficult to tell how far away they are. So one must sometimes drive around a bit until he can home in on the target. One latent vortex turned out to be on a dyke, bordering Holland and Germany, and was actually on the Dutch side of the border. This led us through a small Dutch village, quite different in character from the German towns of East Frisia through which we been passing.

Healing vortices in the industrial areas further south was more difficult because of the urban setting, but we made our way back fairly rapidly to Hahn, finishing a second circuit.

We still had the better part of a week remaining, so we decided to attempt a third circuit into France about Paris. So it was off through Luxembourg, into France, around the capital, into Belgium, down through Aachen, and back to the Frankfurt area.

In Luxembourg or France, I don't recall which, we found a latent vortex in an old aban-

doned fort. I suspect it was on the old Maginot line, built after WWI to guard against German invasion. It was a creepy place, and the usually intrepid Cesco was not too enthusiastic about sleeping there. I agreed, and we drove somewhere else for the night.

On our trip north from Paris to Belgium we crossed under the third river of qi, and so we knew that it flowed at least two thirds of the way through France towards the Atlantic.

One night we slept in the car in a parking lot near a school in Versaille. Some police came in the middle of the night, flashed their lights inside our car, apparently coming to the correct conclusion that we were harmless, and drove on.

Our only other contact with police on the trip was in Germany, just the day before we left. We were both pretty scuzzy looking at the time, having not had a bath or change of clothes for some days, and I drove into a service station to have the car filled up with fuel. After paying I went into the washroom to clean up a little. Coming out, I saw that Cesco was speaking with a couple men and a woman. Turns out they were plain clothes police, who had picked us out for possible drug peddlers. They warned us to show them any contraband we might be carrying, saying they had a dog which could smell it out. We of course had nothing to show them, but they painstakingly searched our stuff. I felt sorry for the woman who had to go through my dirty clothes. They were curious about the TBs we had left, but we told them they were feng shui devices, and they seemed satisfied with that explanation. Eventually they figured we were harmless, if a bit odd, and sent us on our way.



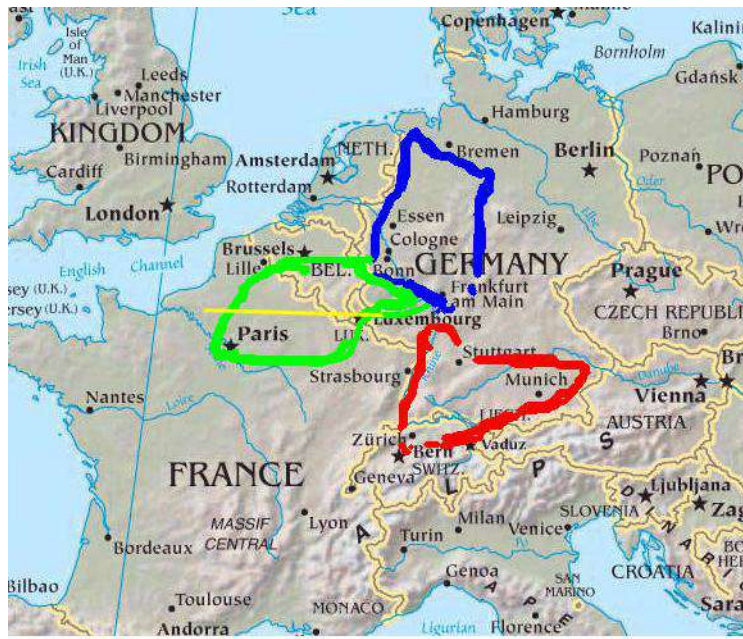


Fig. 26: The Three Petals of our Flower Over Europe

## 27. THE SKY OF JAPAN

After catching up with work at home, I left in mid-September 2005 to meet Ed in Japan.

Japan's island of Honshu contains two of the most densely populated areas in the world: the Kanto area, which includes Yokohama and the present capital Tokyo; and the Kansai area, with Kobe, Osaka, the ancient capital Nara, and the old Kyoto (the capital from the eighth century to the Meiji Restoration in the middle of the nineteenth century). It was the latter region into which my plane entered, from the Pacific into Osaka Bay, and thence to Kansai Airport.

When my plane neared the coast of Japan, I was struck by the negativity of the qi in the skies: worse than I had ever seen before. It was not just slightly negative, which seems to be the common condition before formation of a [canopy](#), but negative to the point of causing pain to the non-material sky entities.

Ed put up with me in Kyoto for a full month, while we worked to gift the southern half of the island of Honshu. Ed lived in an old-style wooden Japanese house, built in the early part of the 20th century, with tatamis, an indoor privy, spiders, a loft, and shoji doors. It was part way up a hill, and required a bit of effort to reach, so anyone living there was likely to be in reasonable physical condition. Ed's CB was further on up the hill, and when he took me up to see it, he surprised me by holding up a stick to push spider webs out of the way. "What a sissy!" I thought. But I was using the same technique myself within a day's time. The spiders were large, ugly, and numerous along the wood-paths.<sup>45</sup>

To the north of the Kansai lies mountains, then the Wakasa Bay region with its many nuclear plants, and then the Sea of Japan. Because large metropolitan areas seem to be a magnet for [yin](#), and because nuclear reactors create [yin](#), this whole area from south to north seemed to be a desirable place for creation of a new [canopy](#), if possible.

There are many Shinto shrines in the region, and forests of cedar and pine in the mountains which come down to, and intermingle with, the cities. Vortices tend to surface in the high places, and so Ed and I were to be much among these things during the first two weeks.

Most of the shrines housed respectable [yang](#) beings, some holy. One of these was just by the second vortex Ed and I opened. This one was special, just as was the church Cesco and I had visited a month and a half earlier in Germany. In that case, as this, the latent vortex touched the surface at only a single critical point.

We commenced work in the Region west and north of Kyoto, and thence to mountains further north and to the west of Lake Biwa, Japan's largest lake. One experience which will stay with me for as long as my memory remains intact, occurred on one of these mountains.

<sup>45</sup> There were also spiders in the house. Ed explained his philosophy about them thus: "They don't bother me, – I don't bother them."

Eddie, a Japanese friend of his, and I, took a gondola car to the top of this mountain, only to find that the latent vortex sought was not there, but rather on a neighboring peak. So we climbed down the one, and up the other, the last part of the trip bushwhacking with no trail. By the time we had found and opened the vortex, and retraced our steps, the gondola was shut down for the day, and so we had to walk all the way to the bottom of the large mountain. It took about an hour and a half, the last half hour in near darkness. Finally the trail opened up onto an old road and we could relax our concentration on the ground somewhat. Above was a full moon: huge and orange, with its reflection on Lake Biwa down below, long, rippling, and beautiful. The Japanese friend said that this was unusual, and in olden times would have required composition of a heiku. While they were looking for their cameras, I turned around toward the top of the mountain we had been descending, to check out the qi of the new vortex behind. Simultaneously, a tall yang being appeared at the top of the mountain, apparently looking down upon them, with presence commanding great respect.

It turned out that that vortex was not the usual kind that swirls qi directly up, but of that sort that sends a river of qi off in some direction. Here it flowed south, over Kyoto and Osaka towards the Pacific. The next morning, there was in the sky the beginnings of a canopy, in the shape of a narrow triangle, one of whose sides was bounded by this river of yang.

Next, Ed and I journeyed north to the Wakasa Bay region, opening enough vortices along the coast to surround most of the nuclear plants. The last one was a mountain on a peninsula, and we began the climb just before dark. The trail petered out about three quarters of the way up, and the slope increased to about 45 degrees. Earlier in the day, Ed had found at one vortex site a snake skin about 7 feet long. I thought on the snake as I crawled on all fours up this slope, piercing big spider webs with my head. Ed waited below at the end of the trail with his friend, building a small temporary fire to discourage the mosquitoes which had come out for dinner. It was utterly dark by the time I reached the latent vortex. Fortunately I sense these things by feel, and so was able to open it. I was thankful however for Ed's fire, for direction, as I made my way back down the slope.

Next day the sky was a little less negative and the sky entities less in pain, but it wasn't until the region to the east of the Kansai, including Nara, had been gifted, that the canopy really opened up and the painful yin in the sky disappeared. The last few days of this process involved opening vortices on both sides of Osaka Bay, including an island off the coast across from Kobe, which we reached by ferry.

The final sortie was to Mount Kokko north of Kobe and west of Osaka, where the latent vortex turned out to be on a golf course. Fortunately the vortex was out in the rough, where I could dig the in TBs (I also picked up a couple golf ball souvenirs).

The next day I noted that yang was just entering the tips of the trees, penetrating about an inch. The timing for this to happen (relative to the appearance of a canopy of qi) was very similar to that which I had observed in Heidelberg a month and a half previous.

On the day after that, the morning was wonderful, for there were real sylphs out, all over the sky above Kyoto, and to the east: wispy clouds with yang beings in such number as I had not seen since that day on the Palouse fourteen months before, the day previous to the formation of the first canopy I had ever witnessed.

Why had the skies above Japan been so negative? I had thought often these past few weeks about what might be the reason for these bad skies. One possibility which occurred to me, was the heavy industrialization, combined with the concentration of population. But there were similar conditions in the Rhine/Ruhr region in Germany, and the sky there, though clearly negative, had been not nearly so bad as that above the Kansai. It turned out that I had to go to Hiroshima to learn the answer.

A clever Japanese inventor named Tetsuzi has been working with orgonite. He had posted about his agricultural experiments with it several places on the web. He invited Ed and myself to come visit, and so this week we travelled to Hiroshima where Tetsuzi-san lived. When we arrived in the city, I was surprised that the qi in the heavens was even worse than it had been in the Kansai.

Tetsuzi-san met us the morning after our arrival in the city. It is the custom, when visitors come to Hiroshima, for their hosts to take them to the the Peace Park downtown. The major part of the Peace Park is a permanent exhibition of the history and effects of the first atomic bomb dropped upon a human population. And it was thither that we were taken. It is difficult to comprehend how anyone who visits this place could ever be quite the same afterwards.

At the beginning of August of 1945, the Japanese were fighting a losing war against most of the rest of the world. Their allies Italy and Germany had surrendered in Europe, and eventual defeat was all but inevitable. To insure that the Soviet Union not be part of an invasion force into Japan, and thus that it be excluded from post war occupation, the US decided to shock Japan into capitulation by dropping an atomic bomb. Supposedly Hiroshima was chosen out of a group of possible targets by the fact that there were no American prisoners of war interned there.<sup>46</sup>

There were however Korean and Chinese enforced laborers present, and a number of these, along with Japanese Junior High School children, were out working in the city at 8AM on August 6, busy demolishing buildings, so that fire lanes would be open in the event of fires being started by possible American bombing. At 8 o'clock also, the city's elementary schools had begun classes for the day. At 8:15 the US bomber Enola Gay dropped an atomic bomb over the city, which exploded about 650 yards above the main hospital in downtown Hiroshima. A pressure of several hundred thousand atmospheres was created, and about 550 yards from the hypocenter it struck surfaces with a force of 19 tons per square meter. Most buildings were crushed and people thrown through the air. The temperature at the center was about 2,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit at the instant of detonation, creating a fireball which reached a diameter of about 300 yards. The temperature at the surface was about 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and people subjected to it turned to ash nearly instantaneously. Those people not killed by the concussion or heat within about 4000 feet from the hypocenter, were subjected to such extreme radiation that most died within a few days. By the end of 1945, the death toll had reached to about 140,000 out of a city which had had a population of about 350,000. And many more died later of after-effects, such as various cancers and leukemia.

Most all of this was explained at the exhibition hall, along with much other detail, models, and photographs. But what was not explained, because it is not generally known, is the damage that was done to the etheric realms and their resident entities up in the heavens above. But I had observed, before entering the exhibition, that the entities in the sky were in considerable pain. And so I noted with care and curiosity the photographs taken of the

<sup>46</sup> Although different sources differ about whether there were Americans there or not. There are various theories as to why Hiroshima was chosen.

sky before the explosion, during the explosion, and afterwards. The pain was not present in the "before" photos. In fact the sky felt much the same as it does now in most places where there is no [canopy](#) overhead. And just after the explosion, when the mushroom cloud was expanding, there was still no visible pain in the sky above the clouds. But in the photographs taken after the fireball had consumed itself, and the destruction was complete, the sky was horribly negative, much like it appeared when we entered the city, 60 years and two months later.

So it seemed that the bad skies over the Kansai, and the worse skies over Hiroshima, may have been effects of the atomic bomb explosion over Hiroshima, and that later over Nagasaki.

In the afternoon Ed and I visited Hiroshima Castle. This castle was a national monument which had been destroyed by the blast, but it was later rebuilt by the Government in the early '50s. While we were on the grounds heading for the entrance, several sylphs appeared, their bodies in pain, but their heads in [yang](#) , as is usual. It seemed like a greeting. Ed later sent me a good photo of one of the sylphs:



Fig. 27: Sylph over Hiroshima Castle

From the top floor of the castle<sup>47</sup> was visible most of the city and its suburbs. In particular there were visible two latent vortices, on opposite sides of the city. Later that day, at dusk, Tetsuzi-san drove us to one, and on the morrow, to the other. Thanks to Tetsuzi-san's knowledge of the city, and his kindness, Eddie and I were able to initiate the process of returning [yang](#) to the city's skies. On the way back to the Kansai, we stopped every so often to open a latent vortex with the intention of extending the [yang](#) begun earlier, back to Hiroshima.

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<sup>47</sup> In the castle there was also an interesting display of old Japanese swords. On several there were "spirits" connected with them. One which I still recall was situated right along the sharp part of the blade.

Ed and I visited a friend Larry in the Nagoya region after our return, and the [canopy](#) had now extended over that area. Larry was an excellent host, permitting me to stay at his home overnight, driving me to a critical vortex site northwest of the town of Toyota, and setting me on the train to Nagasaki. I wanted to visit this town, first because the second atomic bomb exploded for destructive purposes had been dropped there, and second to see if our attempt to extend the [canopy](#) to Hiroshima had been successful. Nagasaki is actually in the southwestern island of Kyushu, but one passes through Hiroshima on the way from Kyoto.

Since the sky over Hiroshima had been the worst I had ever seen, I naturally wondered if that over Nagasaki would be as bad. I was rather surprised to find that it was not. The sky was negative, more so that one would expect to see in the US or central and western Europe, but not nearly so negative as that which I saw in Osaka when first I arrived, and much less that it had been over Hiroshima. The Nagasaki bomb, dropped three days after the Hiroshima bomb, was somewhat different: it was based on plutonium instead of uranium. Also there were fewer immediate casualties: about 70,000 I believe. This is not meant to understate the gravity of the destruction of Nagasaki. The photos in the museum near the Peace Park there are surely horrible.

I found a latent vortex in the city, and since I was on foot this time, that one was all I could handle. It's was on a small mountain, not all that far removed from the hypocenter of the explosion. Some hours later, after visiting the museum and boarding the return train, I observed that though the state of the lower sky had not changed much, the upper heavens had already begun to turn positive. The [canopy](#) had reached Hiroshima from the Kansai, and so had extended nearly 70 miles west.

On my last full day in Japan, Ed and his friend took me up a beautiful trail, to the top of a mountain some distance west of Lake Biwa. The weather was also beautiful and the sky blue, with any new chemtrails dispersing rapidly.

As we emerged out of the woods onto the summit, we saw directly overhead, extending several miles in each direction, a company of sylphs. It seemed almost like a farewell gathering:



Fig. 28: Farewell Sylphs

The extent of the [yang](#) in Japan, as nearly as I could tell when I left, is outlined on the following map in red:



Fig. 29: [canopy](#) Over Japan at End of Trip

Following is a part of Ed's take on our time together:

Most of the information that i'm posting now was lost on the ethericwarriors site, so i'd like to get it back in the public record.

Before Laozu arrived in Japan, I had only met him for a grand total of 10 minutes at Don Croft's place in Idaho. During that brief conversation, I invited him to Japan, and thankfully, he took me up on the invitation. In preparation for gifting the vortices of Japan, he shipped off 2 boxes of TB's well in advance of his arrival. Neither box arrived by the time he did. Fortunately I had enough TB's around to get started, and it seemed as if there was an endless supply to draw from, and I kept finding just enough before each new gifting day. When those ran out, we made more (and 2 TCB's as well). Laozu would spot a vortex (or rather, feel it) on top of a hill or mountain and we would be off trying to get as close as possible by car, and then on foot, usually scrambling through dense brush, but sometimes following a well-marked path to a Jinja shrine or Buddhist temple where the vortex would be conveniently located right on the temple grounds. When we came across a shrine or temple, Laozu sometimes would feel the resident Spirit of that place. He startled me and my friends on several occasions when he would break into beautiful song in respectful communication with this local Spirit. The language of the song was unknown to me; it seemed to contain elements of both Chinese and Japanese phonemes, but Don posted that it might be

an Andromedan language. On Laozu's last full day in Japan, my Japanese friend and I showed him a series of beautiful waterfalls where I have hiked, camped, and gifted many times before. I had been meaning to take him there since he first arrived, but circumstances seemed to prevent it until the last day. As luck would have it, he felt the presence of a vortex at the top, and we were off on the hardest scramble so far through dense brush. We were rewarded with a parade of Sylphs at the top and the photos are already part of this thread. On the way down, we stopped at a waterfall where I have camped and gifted before. Laozu felt the presence of an Undine, so I asked him to ask this water Spirit if my TB gifts were appreciated. I saw Laozu almost get bowled over with the reply, a forceful, joyful "Yes!" That for me was a wonderful confirmation.

During his stay in Japan, we spent nearly every day gifting vortices in both remote areas and downtown urban areas. I'd like to express gratitude to my Japanese friends (who prefer to remain nameless) and to Larry in

Nagoya for their wonderful generosity in helping Laozu. The skies above Western Japan are no longer in pain.

On the trip home from Japan, my plane flew into San Francisco, and so I was able see the state of the skies there as of mid-October 2005. The skies there and then were covered by [yang](#).

Later, on October 23 I crossed the State of Washington to Seattle on I-90 and so had opportunity of observing exactly where the second river of qi passes south to north. It crosses I-90 a short way west of Ellensburg on the way to Cle Elum.



## 28. TAIWAN IN THE AUTUMN OF 2005

Home safely from Japan, my thoughts turned to Taiwan. My friend Luke (Su Jing Song) had suggested I visit, and the weather in November is usually good in Taiwan.

My good friend Wong Lap Ping, originally from Hong Kong, had become interested in helping with the vortex opening. He had personally helped me open a latent vortex not far from Ryegrass, above the Columbia River, in 2004. In 2005 he bought my airline tickets to Europe and Japan. Now Su bought me a ticket to Taiwan.

I landed in Taipei on the first day of November, with the goal of generating a [canopy](#) over Taiwan. The qi in the heavens when I landed was not so bad as it had been in Japan a month and a half earlier, but perhaps a little more negative than that in the sky above most of the US.

Many people helped me with this project. Besides Luke, an inventor and ME professor at China Institute of Technology in Nankang, there were Professor Chuang Chen Lien of National Taiwan University (Tai Da), Chang Pin Tsun of Academia Sinica in Nangang, and Professor Chen Jin Tse also of Tai Da.

Luke drove me around Nangang, up north to Geelong, down along the east coast to Hualien, up over a typhoon damaged road to Alishan, down south inland to the southern tip of the island, and then back up again along the western coast.

Chang and Chuang picked me up at the airport, put me up at Taizhong, and drove me around that area to open my first vortices on the island. Chuang took care of my lodging for six nights in Nangang.

Chen drove me around Taipei and the Yang Ming Shan area of Northwestern Taiwan, and put me up for the rest of my stay in an apartment he owns in Taipei.

It would be difficult at this point to give a sequential history of my activity there. By the end of the first week, there had appeared a [canopy](#) in the heavens over Taipei and environs. By the end of the trip, the [canopy](#) covered all of the Taiwan except the extreme southeast part of the island. I will mention a few vortex-hunting episodes:

There was in particular one important latent vortex which would not have been opened without Professor Chen. It was at the top of a hill in a gated community in a wealthy area of Taipei. We drove to the two separate entrances, and were turned back by the guards at both. Finally Chen demanded to speak with the President of the building association, and persisted until the guard phoned him up the President, and persuaded him to come down to the entrance. Chen identified himself as a Professor at Tai Da (which is quite prestigious in Taiwan), and presented me as an American expert in feng shui, who had come all the way to Taiwan to treat certain places having special qi. Finally the President agreed to take us up to the top of the hill. In retrospect it was a good thing he was with us, for there was a high chain-link fence around the summit of the hill, and the President had a key to the gate. I rushed up the remaining slope and began placing TBs on the critical points. The building

association President reached the top just as I was planting the last one, and wanted to know what I was doing. So I told him. Surprisingly, he believed what I said, and thanked me for coming to his island to open the vortices.

In the Yang Ming Mountain area there was a latent vortex just where the jungle met a mountain meadow. Chen and I tried the meadow first, but the grass was taller than ourselves, and so thick that we could make little headway, even with machetes. So we took the dense jungle option, the lesser of two evils, and eventually made it to the vortex.

Once, traveling with Luke on the western coast, we stopped at the beach to treat a latent vortex. Eagerly running down a sand hill toward a latent vortex, I tripped on a root, and after a short but abrupt flight, had the wind knocked out of me as I hit the beach.

Driving down the eastern coast with Luke, we came to a latent vortex north of Hualien, just before dark. It was on a steep hill in the jungle, and I underestimated the time needed to reach it. Halfway there, it became so dark I had to give up and head back. Couldn't find the return trail, so had to keep to a ravine and work my way by feel. Unfortunately what I was feeling was nettles, and by the time I reached the road, I was so covered with welts, I slept very little that night. Next morning in the daylight, we found another, more easily accessible latent vortex.

In the south of the island one late afternoon, I felt a latent vortex from the highway. After some wandering about awhile on country roads, we eventually came to it. I was elated, for this vortex was on a medium-sized hill, and not too far from the road. Luke stayed with the car at a parking spot on the side of the road, while I took off. It would only take fifteen or twenty minutes I thought, so I did not bother with a long-sleeved shirt or a hat: it was hot and muggy that day. When I reached the hill, I found it was an old grave yard. I hadn't seen the graves from a distance, because the hill was covered by thorny vines: the thorns gripped any flesh with which they came in contact, almost as if they were sentient beings. I had to climb very slowly up the hill – both to keep from making a false step and falling onto a grave, and to avoid having my skin torn away by the vines. It was an hour or so before I reached the vortex near the summit, and by then dusk had begun to fall, and the mosquitoes had come out. With no hat and shirt, blood all over my arms, and an inability to move quickly, I was at their mercy (of which, of course, they had none). By the time I got back off the hill, my skin was pretty much equally divided into bloody cuts and insect bites — another night with little sleep.

During my stay, Luke and I built what may have been the first CB on the island. Now there are more. I know of one in particular, in the yard of another professor friend of mine near Tai Da.

I had spent two years on the island in former times: the first back in 1983-1984 and the second in 1990-1991. It was good to see so many of my old friends again, and once again enjoy the good food.

The return flight to the US had a stop-over at Tokyo. I found that the [canopy](#) over the

southern half of Honshu in Japan had extended north as far as Tokyo. The yang was weaker here than over Osaka, but it was present.

When the plane took off from Tokyo/Narita, I intended to watch carefully to see how far this high canopy of yang would extend into the Pacific to the east. I was rather surprised to find that it wasn't until the plane reached a region southeast of the Kamchatka peninsula of Russia that I could detect the edge of the canopy to the north. In the map below, the approximate plane route is indicated by a red line. The solid yellow line approximately indicates the observed northern boundary of the canopy, and the yellow dots indicate the area where yang was observed on the flight back to the US:



Fig. 30: North Qi over the Pacific in November 2005

Thus the yang over Japan was now connected to that over the Pacific Coast in the US. I cannot say at that time what had caused this to occur.

## 29. SOUTHERN AFRICA

It was now the latter part of November, and it was snow time was on the Palouse Hills. Vortex opening would be on hold until February, when the weather would become milder again. Georg Ritschl, who has done so much for Africa, had several years earlier invited me to visit his family in Johannesburg. It came to me that it was about time to take up his offer.

So in mid-February 2006 I set out for South Africa. I had to change planes in Amsterdam, and the Amsterdam-Johannesburg flight passed over France and the Mediterranean.

I observed that that the European [canopy](#), which had been in the shape of a three petaled flower a half year earlier, now extended as far as Nice on the coast.

Over North Africa the high qi of the sky was more negative than it had been in Europe before advent of the [canopy](#), but less negative than that of Japan had been.

Georg picked me up at the Joburg airport, and we began work the next day. For about five days, he drove me about the greater Johannesburg-Pretoria area and suburbs, opening latent vortices, and near the end of that period a [canopy](#) appeared over the region.

Now we began to travel a bit further away from town, and it was at this time that we visited the most interesting vortex of the trip. Georg knew the owner of a rock and gem store northwest of the city, and he stopped to see what the man had on hand.

The owner told us a story about some Peruvian shamans, who had a school in Capetown. They brought their students from time to time up to the vortex in the area, because of the strong qi there. They had told him that it was even stronger than anything they had seen back in Peru. They had described to him where the vortex was located, and he drew a map for us.

We found what we thought was the place: a natural amphitheater on a mountain in the Magaliesberg range. There was already a swirl of qi around the amphitheater (clockwise looking down at it), but beneath the ground there was a feeling that was not entirely good. While we sat resting from our climb, a [yang](#) being appeared and directed me to place TBs in appropriate places on the site. Georg remarked on the immediate increase of "energy" directly afterwards.

There was, however, still quite a number of negative beings about. A second positive being came to assist with their removal.

Typically, when a latent vortex is stimulated with TBs , a swirl of [yang](#) rises into the air spiraling up. With this particular vortex, [yang](#) poured from the sky above directly into the ground near the center of the amphitheater—not spiraling. The shape of the space in which the [yang](#) was pouring down, was conical, but the sides were considerably steeper than those of the cone of the up-spiraling [yang](#) of a normal open vortex.

Eventually it came time to leave, but we left with the intention to return again sometime

before I left Africa.

The extent of the canopy was now such that we had to plan for a trip farther away from home. Three years previously, Georg had been up to Zimbabwe, and his stories of the area excited my imagination. We decided to take a circle route: west to the southern boundary of Botswana, north through Botswana into Zimbabwe, east across Zimbabwe, and south again past Pretoria and back to Johannesburg. It would take ten days or so, and we bought provisions for the trip, including corn meal for trade and gifts, and fuel cans for carrying extra diesel. Georg's pickup truck used this type of fuel, and he knew that then diesel was likely to be unavailable in Zimbabwe. The latent vortices visited on this trip were too numerous to describe here, and I will only mention the more interesting ones.

Not too far west from Joburg, we found a latent vortex situated on a high hill in the bush, on private property. Georg stopped the truck just off the road. I had just climbed over a locked gate, when the owner of the farm and his wife drove up. Fortunately the farmer and his wife were gracious, unlocked the gate so Georg could drive Tata II (Georg's pickup) onto the property, and closer to the hill. He left the key to the gate with us, requesting that we lock the gate when we left later. We parked in some woods near a kraal, and after opening the latent vortex, ate lunch there. This was somehow characteristic of the trip to come, in the kind treatment we were to receive throughout (with exception of our crossing into Zimbabwe).

On this first leg of the trip, the vortices generally required more effort to reach, since the country was hilly, and vortices tend to be on hills, when such are present in the landscape. Georg however, perhaps from his many missions gifting towers, has a gift for getting his vehicle where he wants it to go, and that saved us considerable time. One of the high points, from my point of view, was meeting with a Kudu in the bush, on our hike into one vortex. We crossed the South Africa/Boswana border near Lobatse about dark, and passed the first night in a motel on the Botswana side.

The people in Botswana were friendly, and seemed to be on the way up, economically. The capital Gaborone was busy and growing. Somewhat north of that city we found a latent vortex on a hill not far from the road, but the place was gated and fenced. We drove in and found workers preparing to go out to work in the fields. It was a Government farm, and strictly speaking, visitors were not allowed there; but Georg spoke with several of the workers about the vortex mission, and a couple of those who seemed to have more responsibility than the others, told him that we could climb up the hill. It turned out that the latent vortex was not far up the hill, and upon return, a number of those still at the farm's living quarters, came out, curious to see the two white visitors. Georg explained about what the TBs do, gave one of the men a TB , and soon most of them wanted them. We had not enough for everyone, but he gave out quite a few.

In general we made good time through Botswana. The terrain was somewhat more level than it had been in South Africa, and it was often possible to find vortices not too far from the highway. And when we had to leave the main road, there was frequently a farm road with an unlocked gate.

The last vortex we opened one evening was out in the bush, but there was a nice open

flat space, and we decided to exploit the good weather, and camp out. It had been raining off and on since my arrival, and only that day had the weather been really fine. Georg cooked us a good dinner over his cook stove, and set up the tent. I tried to start a fire, but the wood was too wet, so Georg poured on a little diesel, and we enjoyed a campfire into the evening. Just before bedtime, the wind came up a bit, and a thunder and lightning storm blew up off to the south, where the opened vortices were strung out. After enjoying the spectacle for an hour or so, we jumped into our sleeping bags. I, at least, fell asleep immediately. Sometime later I was awakened by the tent flapping, and the sound of heavy rain drops. Gradually it turned into a downpour, and by morning, water was under and in the tent, and in the sleeping bags.

The dirt road outside was a mess, we high-centered and got stuck on the way out, and Georg had to walk to the highway for help. Fortunately, he found a couple in a 4x4 truck who came to try to pull us out. But the 4x4 almost got stuck as well. After an amount of digging (with only a trowel), and various other unsuccessful muddy expedients, more people showed up with a regular shovel. About five huskies (including Georg) lifted the left rear quarter of the pickup off the ground so that tree branches could be thrown under the wheel. Eventually we got out and back to the road. The rest of the day it rained, but we managed to get several latent vortices opened (though in one cornfield I had to wade in up to my knees). The conclusion of the day was a three hour border crossing into Zimbabwe. The Botswana side was no problem, but the Zimbabwe side was bad. One of the problems was the currency. Inflation had been so severe that Georg had to pay 482,000 Zimbabwe dollars just to purchase obligatory highway insurance. And the exchange did not even issue actual currency – just checks for the currency, checks which had already expired formally at the end of 2005. This inflation was to increase in later years, and by spring of 2008 the number of Zim dollars for this insurance would have been about 5,000,000. A few years later it would near a trillion.

Not far from the border we found a motel where we could stay the night, and try to dry a few clothes.

In the morning we drove into the city of Bulawayo, to make a few purchases, and then we headed into the Matopos Hills, which Cecil Rhodes had liked so much that he had had his remains buried there. It was drizzling as Georg drove into the hills. The first lengthy stop was the huge rock formation which contains the graves of Rhodes and his friend Leander Starr Jameson.

Several years before, Georg had made friends with a noted Matebele rainmaker in the area, and we had with us in the pickup a CB which was intended as a gift for him. Luckily, one of the attendants at the grave-rock knew the man. He told us that he had died sometime back, but agreed to take us to where his widow lived, later in the afternoon when he got off work.

The rain and wind had turned stormy, and the guide-gatekeepers were more than willing to let Georg and myself climb up to the graves unattended, and indeed we had the place to ourselves. Georg had gifted the place when he had visited before with TBs, but this time, with no observers, we were able to secrete organite quite close to the grave.

I noticed that there were two lines of qi in the ground, crossing over the rock. One, a **yang** line, passed close by Jameson's grave. The other, a **yin** line, came from a sort of valley in the distance, but crossed the first some twenty meters or so from Rhodes' grave.

I also observed that there was a latent vortex not too far away in the hills.

After descending the grave rock, we found an inconspicuous place on the **yin** line where there was sufficient soil to bury a ring to 6 TBs and so change the character of the line.

After getting permission from the caretakers to roam about the hills, we headed off in the direction of the latent vortex. We found it on the top of a hill some distance away. The top of the hill was ringed by a circle of rocks, which made it look like a fortification, or a ceremonial place. And indeed after opening the vortex, we were visited by a high-level positive being, who assisted in doing some cleaning of the place.

Afterwards we slogged back to the pickup through the high wet vegetation. Georg decided he should go see about getting us a room for the night at the nearby Motopos Hills Lodge, since there was no other reasonable place available for many miles. I decided not to go with him, but to go back up to the grave site to see if our ministrations had effected any change. Sure enough, the **yin** line was now a **yang** line.

When I arrived back at the caretakers' shelter, I found it unoccupied. While waiting for Georg to return, I noticed that there was a collection of photographs showing Cecil Rhodes at various times in his life, and photographs of Jameson, and of Alfred Beit. I walked over and inspected them with considerable attention. The photos of Rhodes as a child, and even as a young man, show a hard, determined person, who feels some inner pain. In the photos of the mature and older man, the determination had changed to ferocity, and the pain had intensified.

In the late afternoon, after Georg and our guide had returned, we drove off into the countryside, to the home of the rainmaker's widow. The road ran over the a dam and, because of the recent unusually heavy rains, the reservoir behind the dam was overfull – several inches of water were flowing over the road and down the dam face. I was glad it was Georg at the wheel instead of myself (especially later, on the return trip in the dark).

The woman was pleased to see us, but did not speak English, and the guide had to interpret. She invited us into her house, a 6-sided 1-room building of mud and poles, with a thatched roof. In the center was a circle of stones for the fire. She took out some reddish powder and burned some of it, invoking several non-material beings into the building above us. She spoke aloud to them, but I did not understand what she was saying. There seemed to be no hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, and so the air became thick and hard to breathe – I understand the purpose of this is to keep the mosquitoes out.

Later we took the CB out to the edge of the cornfield where the rainmaker's corpse was interred, and set it up. A number of the neighbors joined us, and the CB was ceremonially dedicated to the deceased. There were non-material beings also present during this time.

When we left, Georg gave the lady the greater part of the corn meal we had brought with us. She was very thankful. She said that she had had nothing to eat but field corn for about a month, and that with the corn meal they could have a real dinner that night. We found this to be characteristic of Zimbabwe at the time. People could not afford to buy food, and many of the males with which we spoke asked us if we knew where they could find jobs in South Africa.

It was nearly dark by then, and so we drove back to spend the night in the bungalow

Georg had rented. There was water leaking in from outside onto the floors, and there was no cold running water, since the pipes leading from the dam had broken. But the electricity was working and so our wet clothes could be dried at least partly by a small electric heater in the place. Next day was the one day spent sightseeing on the trip, visiting cave paintings, a museum, and places of etheric interest. After another night without running water, we packed up and headed east.

Several years earlier Georg had given a CB to a man in rural Zimbabwe, and he was interested in driving to the man's home to visit and inspect the CB. Due to the muddy road, we could not drive all the way, but had to walk the last half mile or so. When we got to the place, the man was not there, and the residence seemed abandoned. But the CB was still set up, even protected by a small fence, and was working quite well.

With all the rain, the rivers through that part of Zimbabwe had water, and Georg made sure they (as well as whatever towers had not been gifted before) received TBs.

One of the latent vortices which we opened on our way east, was on a small mountain not far from the road. Here there was no way to drive off the road, and quite a few pedestrians were using it. Since we could not afford to have anyone walk off with our cans of diesel, Georg remained in the truck while I climbed over the fence and took off toward the mountain. After a short distance, there appeared out of the bush a couple of ragged looking guys, who approached me and asked me what I was doing. I told them I wanted to climb the mountain. One of them told me he would take me to a trail up the mountain, which he proceeded to do. When we came to it, he continued with me on up. He asked me if I were carrying a gun, to which I replied in the negative. Then he asked me why I was climbing the mountain. It took a little time, but I explained to him about opening vortices, and the [canopy](#) and so forth. I don't know how much he really understood, but by the time we reached the summit, he was convinced I was sincere, and not a threat. At this point the second man, who had been following us out of sight the entire way, appeared out of the bush. The two explained to me that they were gold miners, that gold mining was illegal, and that they had been afraid I was a government inspector. They then asked me if I knew anything about mining, and showed me some of their nuggets. I opened the vortex, and we walked back down the mountain together, and to the pickup. I gave them a TB to place in their hut, and we parted friends.

For the rest of the day, progress was rapid and successful, and we reached the town of Masvingo by nightfall. In the morning we drove to the Great Ruins, and engaged a guide who told us about the history and former uses of these ruins. Their name "Zimbabwe" had been adopted by the Shona as the new name for their country, after they took over political control of Rhodesia. "Zi" means "great", "mbab" means "house", and "hwe" means "stone".

There was a great stone house on top of a steep hill, the stones being granite blocks, partly hewn, and partly broken by heating and cracking. The ascent was interesting, designed so that any unwanted visitors could quite easily be disposed of, by enemies above dropping rocks, or shooting arrows. On the hill was a cave with singular acoustics, such that words spoken there could be heard down on the the plain below the hill. In that cave were two non-material beings, one quite happy and the other quite sad—the guide explained that the place had probably been used for ceremonial purposes.

From there we climbed up to the higher part of the hill, where public dances and cere-



monies had been performed in front of the kings, in times past. As I recall, the place had been used for such purposes from the 12th to the the early 16th century. There was a high concave rock, near to the king's seat, where a strong positive being still lingered. It reminded me of the being in the old monastery ruins on Heiligenberg in Heidelberg, which Cesco and I had seen the previous summer. In both cases the positive being appeared and inspired me to do some work. I suspect that the presence here of the the positive being was the reason that that particular hill had been chosen for the location of the Great Zimbabwe.

Later we came to another part of the ruins down on the plain, surrounded by a great circular wall. Georg had told me that there was something special about the place, and indeed there was a latent vortex there. By that time, the guide had developed sufficient confidence in us, that he permitted us to open it. Georg told me that he would have been surprised if there had not been a latent vortex there.

It was afternoon by the time we left the ruins, and we just managed to reach the South African border by nightfall. Again there was trouble "jumping through the hoops" on the Zimbabwe side, but it was not so bad as it had been when entering the country.

In Botswana and Zimbabwe, gates into rangeland had been mostly unlocked, and fences had been low enough to climb easily. This was not the case in South Africa. Especially difficult were the high game fences, often ten feet tall, with barbed wire and hogwire on one side, and sometimes electrified on the other. When confronted with these latter, I either looked for vortices elsewhere, or asked permission to enter. On one occasion when permission was requested, it was refused on the grounds that there was a tiger inside. We were fortunate in being given permission sufficiently often, and finding enough non-game fences, so that latent vortices could be opened with the necessary frequency to successfully complete the circuit.

Riding south, I observed that the [canopy](#) had already spread along our previous route north through Botswana some three hundred kilometers to the west. Turning my attention to the far south, I became aware of a large swirl of [yang](#) far to the southwest. I could feel that [yang](#) was dropping downward into the swirl, but rather than depleting the [yang](#) above, the [yang](#) seemed to be stronger there than elsewhere. Georg had a GPS device, by the aid of which, it was determined that direction of this [yang](#) swirl was quite close to that of the Magaliesberg vortex mentioned above. The closer we approached to Pretoria, the more we became convinced that it was indeed that vortex. I was able to confirm this about a week later.

Somewhere between 150 to 200 kilometers from the Pretoria/Johannisburg area, we drove under the edge of the [canopy](#). I found it unusual that the [canopy](#) had spread so far north from the vortices originally opened, which were the source of that part of the [canopy](#). I speculated that the special Magaliesberg vortex, visible from so far away, may have been some part of the reason.

After entering under the [canopy](#), it was no longer necessary to gift vortices with such frequency as before, and we reached Georg's home not long after dark.

Georg fell ill when we returned, and he felt worse the next day. He in fact was suffering throughout the remainder of my stay, and when I returned to my home, I came down apparently with the same thing. At first I suspected malaria, but later it seemed more likely

it had been tick fever, for I did get quite a few tick bites ranging about through the bush. At any event, due to his illness, and the many duties which had piled up for him during our trip north, Georg decided to stay home for a few days.

For my final trip in South Africa, I borrowed Georg's TATA II pickup, and set off to the south, intending to extend the [canopy](#) parallelogram further. When I left South Africa it covered an area approximately 300 km by 1250 km. The corners of the parallelogram were roughly Bulawayo (Zimbabwe) in the NW, Masvingo (Zimbabwe) in the NE, Bloemfontein (South Africa) in the SE, and Kimberly (South Africa) in the SW. I say "roughly" because the [canopy](#) actually extended a bit further. Here is a map, provided by Georg, with the vortices we opened indicated by stars:



Fig. 31: Vortices Opened on the African Trip

The area on the map colored orange, is my estimate of the extent of the [yang](#) when I left South Africa.

The only time I was interrupted by the "authorities" during the trip, was by a couple of private patrolmen near the Harmony Gold Mine (owned by the Oppenheims I believe), not far from the town of Welcom. Just before they showed up, I had opened a latent vortex. The soil there was toxic and pretty bad. I had to scrub my trowel hard the next day to clean it. When they learned I was on the way out, they lost interest and drove on.

About a hundred kilometers south of Kuruman, I found another unusual vortex. It was almost as if a number of vortices were together, for, instead of there being several critical points in a small area, there was an extensive area throughout which the qi felt much as what the qi in a critical point usually feels. After I gifted just one place, the resultant expansion of the [canopy](#) was about 80 kilometers, occurring within the period of only one night. Later I was to find more latent vortices of a similar nature: in Poland, in Ireland, in Argentina, and elsewhere.

On the way back to Johannesburg I drove through the town of Magaliesburg, not far from where we had opened that special vortex several weeks before. It was still the case that [yang](#) was pouring down straight into the vortex, but rather than all of the [yang](#) being sucked out of the area above, paradoxically, the sky here had more [yang](#) than normal. It had actually spread south to the town of Kuruman, before I had come upon it driving north.

Coming back to Georg's house after my circuit, I drove through a district of Johannesburg in which a minor riot was taking place. Strangely, many of the participants, as well as the police, seemed to be having a good time.

It was now nearly time to return home. I looked at the tree tops to see if [yang](#) had begun to enter them yet from above. In Germany in August of the preceding year, the process had begun in less than two weeks; in Japan in September/October of that year, it had begun in a similar period of time; and in Taiwan in November, it had actually begun more rapidly. But here in South Africa, after nearly three weeks, it had begun only slightly, or not at all. I have wondered if the [yang](#) pouring into the Magaliesberg vortex may have had something to do with this.

I owe Georg and his family many thanks, for providing the TBs and all they did for me during the trip.

On the return journey, due to a missed connection, I flew directly from Amsterdam to Seattle, and passed over northeastern Canada. About the middle of Hudson's Bay, to my surprise, I observed the edge of a [canopy](#). As the route of the plane turned southerly over the Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the [canopy](#) receded from view. I only observed it again when entering southern British Columbia.

### 30. BRITAIN IN JUNE OF 2006

Cesco and I had planned to go to Europe again in the summer of 2006, to extend the [canopy](#) there. For various reasons, our original plan was to go to France and Spain. However, observations made on my trip back from South Africa seemed to indicate that visiting Scandinavia might lead to a more productive outcome. So we determined to begin in Copenhagen, drive down to meet the [canopy](#) which we had brought to East Frisia in Germany in August of 2005, and then turn back and head north into Norway.

Not knowing the results of our work on the Wales border in early August of 2005, we decided to spend some time in Britain first, before heading on over to Denmark. The best time to travel in Europe seems to be June, before school has let out and the Europeans embark on vacation. So we came to England on June 3rd.

John Scudamore picked up Cesco at Stansted, and Rich Fosh met me in Gatwick. Since Cesco arrived in the evening and I in the morning, Rich and I took a side trip to a gem show near Heathrow. Lena, Tracey, and Dunx met us there and we had a good visit. Lena, a Swede, had just come from Stockholm, where she had erected a good CB. Tracey had helped me with prognosis when I was suffering after the South African trip, but I had not had opportunity to meet her before. Dunx I had met in the Leeds meeting in 2004, and it was he who had persuaded my wife and myself to visit Iona. Rich picked up some good inexpensive CB crystals at the show, and I found a good cheap piece of Chinese jade. It seemed a good beginning.

I was mildly surprised, and pleased, to find a [canopy](#) over Gatwick and Heathrow, and it extended all the way to John's place at Kentchurch on the Welsh border.

We spent the following day overcoming jet-lag, working on orgonite devices, and meeting some of John's interesting friends. One of John's dogs played soccer quite well (hitting the ball with his nose), and it was fun watching Cesco match skills with him.

Rich had generously offered to provide car and driver (himself) for a vortex-opening trip through Britain, and on the 5th we set out north toward the "Midlands".

The [canopy](#) continued overhead until somewhere on the M6 motorway between Bromwich and Walsall. At this point we began opening latent vortices.

A bit north of Preston, I believe, we drove under a second [canopy](#), probably originating from the work my wife and I had done back in June of 2004. Since I knew this one likely extended up into the isles of western Scotland, we took a route into central Scotland, and came outside the [canopy](#) again. Once more we began opening vortices, and worked our way up to Inverness on the Moray Firth.

Inverness is roughly equal in latitude to the most northerly part of Skye, where my wife

and I had reached two years before, so I was somewhat surprised to find that just north of Inverness a [canopy](#) appeared again. We crossed Moray Firth and opened our most northerly latent vortex of the Scottish trip, on the Black Isle.

We drove a bit more north, but observed that there were vortices some miles yet further north already open. These were the first vortices on my trips that I had found already open, before treatment. Whether they are left over from an earlier era when perhaps most vortices were open, whether someone else had opened them recently, or whether from some other purpose, they were there spewing forth [yang](#). So we turned around and headed south again – this time along the eastern coast of Scotland.

There was no [canopy](#) here, so we worked as we travelled south. We had had e-correspondence with Paddy Imhof, who had a farm just south of Aberdeen, and he had invited us to drop by if we came into his neighborhood and had time. We arrived at the farm one day just at noon, and Paddy's wife invited us in for lunch, along with the extended family of young people the Imhofs care for during the day. Paddy showed us around the farm, and demonstrated his well-functioning CB. There was a latent vortex up in a tree farm not a great distance away, and Paddy led us up to it.

After together opening the vortex, he offered to show us one of the many megalithic stone circles in the neighborhood, which offer we gratefully accepted. This one was/is called "the nine stanes", and most of the stones of the circle seemed to be still intact. It was in a clearing on the edge of a woods.

It was special, among similar sites I had visited. It seems likely that the place has not been used regularly as a place of worship or ceremony since the beginning of the Christian era in the region (*circa* a thousand years ago). My experience is that in such places, so long abandoned, the erstwhile resident "deity" of the place is no longer present – or at least whatever traces persist of it are so weak as to be unidentifiable. For whatever reason, however, this stone circle was an exception.

Perhaps folk worshipped here long after other places had become neglected, perhaps its purpose was more vital, perhaps the deity was special in some way, perhaps the feng shui of the site was stronger, perhaps the array of stones was less disturbed,.... I simply do not know the reason, but when I entered the enclosure of the stones, there was present up above, a quite powerful and respectable positive being. I offered to help set things to rights, and it directed my movements for a half hour or so in restoring the proper movement of qi in, among, and around the various components. It could not be a perfect job, given that a few stones were missing and one or more displaced, but I don't recall ever previously having had more specific or active help in such an enterprise. Unfortunately, I got so caught up in what was going on, I neglected to note what, if any, significant lines of qi passed through the configuration.

Later Paddy took us past and to three other stone circles. They were all of note for one reason or another, but none was nearly so vital or powerful as the "nine stanes". As I recall, at least two of these three had depressions in their centers, where there were feelings of pain or other unpleasantness. But the center was clear within the "nine stanes".

Concluding our peregrinations, Paddy took us home where his wife had prepared an excellent supper. Northern Scotland at that time of year has a long evening, so after eating we decided to continue further south towards Edinburgh. We were running a bit short of TBs, and anticipated being even shorter later in Scandinavia (since at the time it looked

like some of the packages we had sent might not arrive). Paddy generously offered to donate to the cause the supply of TBs he had accumulated in his shop, and they being of excellent quality, we thankfully accepted. Paddy's TBs now lie in vortices along much of eastern Scotland, eastern England, and the coasts of Cornwall.

So we resumed our way south, and opened three more vortices before dark. The third one turned out to be rather interesting. It had been palpable from some miles off, and Rich drove up towards the hill on which it was located, just about 11PM. We went up a long driveway with a lighted cottage at the end, and got out and knocked on the door to request permission to climb to the top of the hill behind the cottage. A lady came out, and asked why we wanted to go up there. We explained what we were doing, that there was a latent vortex on her hill, and that we wanted to open it up. She was much more understanding than I had apprehended, and gave permission. She told us that the place was a portal, and that there was a very old powerful being in charge of it, and warned us to be careful if we came in contact with it. There is more to the story, but it seems best to respect her privacy and say no more for the present. Later her friend came home, and they offered to let us camp out in their back yard for the night. We gratefully accepted. In the morning when we awoke, they had already left for town, so without further ado, we set off on our day's work.

History records that the Order of the Poor Knights of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon, later known as the Knights Templar, was formed in Jerusalem in 1118 by nine French Crusaders, and granted permission by King Baldwin of that city, to dwell in the ruins of King Solomon's Temple. Ten years later at a specially convened council for Catholic dignitaries in Troyes, France, the group was officially recognized as a military and religious order. Its rise in power and prestige was meteoric, until Friday, October 13, 1307, when France's King Philip, with the blessing of the Pope Clement V, secretly and successfully moved against, and extirpated that Order from France. It is almost certain that some of the leaders had warning, and of those, a few escaped ahead of the King's men. Tradition has it, that some sailed to Scotland, which was then fighting for its freedom from England. Soon other kings moved against the Templars. In 1309 Edward II of England moved aggressively against them, and in 1312 the Pope officially dissolved the order.

It is thought by many that Freemasonry inherited much of its lore from the Knights Templar, and Masonic tradition has it that in the Battle of Bannockburn, fought on June 24, 1314, the Scots' cause was much helped by the appearance of a band of Templar knights led by one Saint-Clair, who held lands near the town of Roslyn, situated somewhat south of Edinburgh. Victory by the Scots in this battle preserved the independence of Scotland from England, and that independence persisted until the death of Queen Elizabeth I, when the Scotch King James was made the first Stuart king of England, and the two countries were joined in peace. There is speculation that the Templars enjoyed protection in Scotland, through the offices of the Saint Clair family, and that Templar documents, objects, and lore were placed in the family's protection.

In 1441 the head of the family began construction of a small cathedral on a hill above the family castle. Upon his death, the son, apparently from economic considerations, elected to cease construction of the building. There are carvings on the walls, made prior to 1470, which appear to picture Indian corn (maize) and aloe cactus. Of course these were products of the New World, and Columbus did not make his discovery until 1492. Throughout the church are carvings of Masonic or Templar significance, and the whole has been considered to be somewhat curious.

We visited this church after crossing the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh. The cathedral was to have been in the shape of a cross, with a nave (lengthwise) and a transept (crosswise), with the altar near the top of the cross. Just the upper part was completed, the present church consisting of the altar at one end, and where the transept would have crossed the nave at the other end. As mentioned before, the old cathedrals in Europe often have strong lines of qi running through the middles of the naves and of the transepts. In Roslyn Church, there is a [yang](#) line through the earth, just at the end of the church, where the transept was to have been constructed. Furthermore, it extends down the hill and through the ruins of the old castle, seat of the Saint Clair family for hundreds of years.

Next we headed east along the coast route south. We passed through Northumberland, into Anglia, and as I recall, were somewhere in the vicinity of Norwich, when we entered once more under a [canopy](#). What we eventually learned, was that the [canopy](#), begun the previous summer in Europe, had spread across the English Channel and had connected up with the one which had formed in Herefordshire and South Central England. My guess is that the third river of qi, which began in southwestern Germany and flowed through northern France, induced this connection.

Whatever the reason, our work was temporarily done, and Rich was free to drive more or less directly to his home in Bournemouth. Here we had opportunity to take much needed baths, and the next morning, to sleep in a bit.

After breakfast we drove west along the southern coast of Devon and Cornwall. As I recall, it was somewhere in the region about Exeter that we drove out from under the [canopy](#) again and had to resume our vortex opening. The weather was beautiful, as it had been during most of our trip in Britain thus far, and I found it a quite pleasant. At one point, after traversing a couple fields and a bit of woods, I came upon a huge well-kept up mansion: perhaps the seat of a wealthy Peer. Anyway, the vortex was in the woods off to one side, and the place now has [yang](#) swirling up next to it.

We continued working our way east, and late in the evening, some miles west of Penzance, I could feel a cloud of [yin](#), near and to the west of the city. Rich and Cesco felt the same, and we set out to follow it to its source. It was more or less in the direction of Land's End, but several miles from the latter. After visiting Land's End, we back-tracked, and found the source in a field, about a mile or two inland from the beach. Rich remained with the car while Cesco and I hiked across a couple of fields. Between two fields was a hedge growing upon a wall of earth and stone. The source was in the wall, and two [yin](#) lines crossed just at that point in the wall. While the remainder of the earthen wall had foliage, it was bare at the negative point, and a stone at ground level had somehow become dislodged just where the source came up from below into the wall. Cesco placed one of Rich's powerful orgonite pieces into the hole, thereafter replacing the stone. Then we took 6 TBs and placed them on one of the negative lines (in a place where they would not likely be disturbed by future plowing) in the usual configuration calculated to change the line from [yin](#) to [yang](#). Cesco buried them and subsequently, not only the qi of that line, but also that of the crossing line, became [yang](#). By the time we had gotten back to Penzance, where we ate dinner, the [yin](#) in the area had become considerably weaker.

We camped out in a field, and next morning headed north along the coast. Again, somewhere north of Exeter, we entered under the [canopy](#). My guess is that when we left Britain a few days later, the whole was under a [canopy](#), except western Wales and Ireland. In particular, the two separate [yang](#) canopies had joined together, and were quite likely now also connected to the [canopy](#) on the Continent.

It was now time to head back to John's place, and we decided to drive through Glastonbury on the way. Tradition has it that Glastonbury was connected with King Arthur's headquarters and, among other things, it is the site of Glastonbury Tor, a tower high on a hill above the town. The town itself reminded me a little of Sedona, Arizona, having so many New Age shops, though it had not proceeded quite so far in that direction. The Tor was no disappointment, though it does take a little effort to reach. I found three strong [yang](#) lines crossing under the tower. Cesco tried doing some quiet sitting at the spot, but there was a little girl who seemed to take it as a challenge to "wake him up" by stomping and generally making noise nearby. If persevering under such difficulty shows degree of attainment, he must be at a high level.

Checking the points at which the lines crossed the horizon, in both directions, and comparing their positions to the center of the tower, I found that two of the lines were not straight, but that one of them was. There was a latent vortex, not up on the Tor, but not far from the path back to town. This was the last vortex we opened in Britain on that visit.

After buying some pasties in Glastonbury for lunch, we proceeded on, arriving in Kentchurch early in the afternoon. Meanwhile, acting upon our request, John had been busy making TBs , and had several hundred and more ready for us to take with us over to the Continent. He also made us a good dinner, and after a shower, Rich drove us to Stansted, where we were scheduled to take off early the next morning to Copenhagen.

Our stay in Britain had been for ten days. I owe John much appreciation for his hospitality and TBs , and Rich much for giving up his vacation time, and for his transportation and patience over the long drive.



## 31. SCANDANAVIA IN JUNE OF 2006

Cesco and I had a 7PM Monday morning flight out from the Stansted airport, and so tried to get a few hours of sleep on the airport floor. We were nearly first in line for check-in, and arrived at the airport in Malmö, Sweden, without a hitch. From there we took a bus over the bridge to Copenhagen, and thence a train to Kalstrup airport, where we picked up a rental car

Two years previously, my wife and I had met a Dane "Sitting Taoist" in Malmö, and he had agreed to let me mail a box of TBs to Denmark via his postal address. Just before leaving England, we had learned that the box had arrived. So we drove to his home in the Copenhagen suburbs, and then went to the local PO to pick up the TBs. We had intended to drive south from there through Denmark into Germany, to the northern boundary of the [canopy](#) created the previous year. However, we found that the [canopy](#) had already extended north into Denmark, and even into southern Sweden.

So we retraced our route back to Malmö, and north along the western coast route in Sweden. Since we did not have to open vortices along the way, we made good time, arriving in the city of Göteborg (or Gothenburg) about supper time. The latitude of Göteborg is about that of the most northern part of Denmark. After eating, we continued north, and not far from Göteborg, we drove out from under the [canopy](#), and began our work. Roughly halfway between Göteborg and Uddevalla, we found a latent vortex near some large exposed rocks, in some woods, bordering a hay field. It was time for bed when we got there, and so we parked the car by the side of a gravel road, carried our sleeping bags across several fields to the vortex, opened it, and lay down to sleep. That was one of the least comfortable nights of the trip – for us that is. The mosquitoes and other insects had a feast, and from that night on, we mostly slept in the car. As we walked out of a field the next morning, lumpy and unkempt, the farmer (whose woods we had slept in and who was walking out to get his mail), grinned knowingly at us.

After several hours, we crossed into the part of Norway which is Cesco's back yard. He grew up in Oslo and his family has a cabin on a little lake east of there, not too far from the Swedish/Norwegian border. We drove in that direction, opened a vortex not far from the lake, and stopped at the cabin. Neither one of us had had too much sleep the previous two nights, and it was good to get some rest.

The next morning we found that the [canopy](#) had caught up with us. We proceeded west to Oslo, driving out of the [canopy](#) again on the way. Driving into the capital city, I spied a latent vortex on a hill and so, putting business first, we proceeded to that hill. Turns out it was near the big urban ski jump, and we had little trouble accessing the critical points.

In the middle of the city there is a famous park featuring the work of the sculptor Gustav Vigeland. Cesco took us there, explaining to me something about the man and his creations. One can feel that the essence of the man is reflected in his art. Towards the rear of the park stands a large monolith which, due to the line of qi flowing through the ground beneath it, reminded me somewhat of the monolith in Switzerland that Hans had shown us in the

summer of 2005. There were differences, but they were alike in that **yin** was flowing though the ground in both places. Due to the large number of visitors at the Vigeland monolith, we had to go away quite some distance (indeed out of the park) to find a place suitable for changing the character of the line.

In the afternoon we visited a quite nice photo exposition by Cesco's brother, and then resumed our journey, this time to the south along the coast, stopping for the night not far from Kristiansund. Next day we continued along the coast, through Stavanger, and visited an old Norwegian monastery near Haugesund in the afternoon. We followed some other people there inside (though we found later it was not open to the public at that time), and found it quite worth the visit.

The next large town along the coast was Bergen, but due to the high cost of ferries and the fact that Cesco was interested in visiting a special place inland, we headed northwest instead.

In March of 2005, while walking and admiring the feel and view of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, Cesco was moved to tell me something of the gifted Norwegian clairvoyant and healer Marcello Haugen, who had worked very hard over the years to assist the many who came to him for help.

He had a cabin named Semeti, built near the top of Pillaguri Mountain in central Norway, on a small piece of land given to him by a man for whom he had once performed a service. Cesco somehow knew where it was located on the map, though it was only after a kindly clerk at a hotel en route looked up the location on the internet, that we learned he had guessed correctly. Pillaguri is near the town of Otta, and it was evening when we reached there. After making our way to the top via gravel and dirt roads, we found a wooden sign directing us to a path leading to the cabin. After about a half-mile walk we reached the cabin, situate on a small hill. There was a spirit inside the structure, which I suspect was Haugen's, and it seemed to be pleased that we had come visiting. It was a handsome simple place, built early in the 20th century, and all the construction materials had been carried up the mountain by hand. We stayed there for about an hour. The spirit seemed to have a special connection with Cesco. I suspect that it was because of this that later during the trip the spirit tipped us off about a particular vortex that it seemed concerned that we open.

It had been some distance since we had opened a vortex, and so next morning we carefully scouted around for one. There was quite a strong one on top of a higher mountain, several miles from Pilliguri. This one was not easily accessible. It took us about a 30 minute drive looking for a reasonable trail access, and then about a two and a half hour hike up over open ground and rocks. This vortex was right at the peak of the mountain, and the soil was thin there. Fortunately one of the critical points was in a small crevice, in which we could hide a TB. The view was majestic, and we spent a half hour or so resting there enjoying it, before heading back down the mountain.

We drove north through Trondhjem and Mo I Rana up across the arctic circle, opening latent vortices as we went. Thence east and south, reaching the Baltic Sea at Ume in Sweden. We were not sure how much further south we would have to travel before coming under the **canopy**, so, having more time remaining than anticipated, we elected to take the ferry across

to Vasa<sup>48</sup> in Finland.

Finland has many lakes, and many (and large) mosquitoes. We did not even try to sleep outside here, and often Cesco would wait in the car while I went vortex healing, we having only one mosquito net between the two of us. From Vasa we drove east and south towards Helsinki. Returning from one vortex, away out in the woods, I jumped in the car and began backing down the dirt road without paying sufficient attention. I high-centered on the edge of a ditch, and so had to hike out to find help. First man I encountered was a farmer working on his tractor. I was amazed to see him with only underwear on, taking in the wonderful sunshine, and apparently immune to the mosquitoes. He only understood a few words of English, and I knew no Finnish, but he eventually figured out what the problem was, and drove his tractor up to pull us out. He did have enough English to tell us, with a grin after the car was once more on solid ground: “Don’t do it again!”

It rained just before nightfall, but that did not prevent about two dozen mosquitoes somehow getting in the car before we moved our stuff to the front seat, and ourselves into the back for sleeping. We had to hunt down and kill the rascals before we could doze off. Cesco was the better hunter, having killed about three times my number.

Next day we make it to Helsinki, and thence we turned east towards Turku (or Åbo, as the Swedes call it). About forty or fifty kilometers from Turku, we drove under a [canopy](#). This meant that the [canopy](#) had likely spread over the Baltic after us into Vasa, and had rapidly spread south. We stopped seeking latent vortices at this point, and drove directly into town. Next morning we took the ferry again, to Sweden, only arriving in Stockholm in late afternoon. There was a [canopy](#) overhead all the way over the Baltic and, in fact, for the rest of our trip south along the eastern Swedish coast.

When we reached Stockholm, it was raining. It was also a Sunday and a national holiday, so we had a difficult time finding dinner. Eventually we succeeded, afterwards driving out of the city to find a place to park and spend the night. As we emerged from the suburbs, the sun came out again, and Cesco directed us to an old church by a beautiful little lake. It was called Salem Church, and Cesco sensed that somehow we were needed there.

He was quite correct. There was quite a nice [yang](#) being in the church, but also a much stronger negative being that was feeding off a [yin](#) line that flowed through the church up the hill from the lake. We took out six TBs and Cesco planted them, changing the line to positive. We then went back up the hill and did what we could to persuade the negative being to leave the other alone. We slept in the parking lot in the churchyard, and by next morning the church was bright and positive. I have no idea how Cesco knew we should go there.

Next day we drove south, reaching the small city of Ystad, just about dinner time. From Ystad we took the ferry over to the Danish island of Bornholm, to the southeast. It was late when we arrived at the island town of Ronne, so we drove up a weed covered country lane and parked for the night. We opened a latent vortex near the middle of the island the next morning, and then drove to the old castle ruins at Hammershus on the northern part of the island. There was also a latent vortex there, and we were able to open it, ducking behind a wall where we could not be seen. There was a [yin](#) line through a tower there, which needed

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<sup>48</sup> Spelled Vaasa in Finnish.

changing, which we could not work on without being seen. The line came from the sea, and passed near a light house about a mile away. Fortunately we found a road to the light house, and we were able to take care of the problem there, in privacy. We found a much appreciated public shower on the island, and took the ferry back to Ystad in the afternoon.

We did not visit them that day, but later before leaving Sweden, we saw the Ales Stenar, a ring of stones on the coast west of Ystad, formed in the shape of a ship. The stones on the left side were more regular than those on the right, in that the qi in them alternated negative, positive, negative, positive, etc. There were two places in the earth, about a third of the way from each end, where there was concentrated **yin** in the ground inside the circle. And there was a **yang** line that came from the field on the left, entering through one of the positive stones, crossing through the enclosed area, and coming out of that area through a gap in the line on the right, continuing on and flowing into the sea to the right.

The night before we left Sweden, we slept in the car on a dirt road by an abandoned farm house not too far north from Malmö. Or tried to...— shortly after we had gotten comfortable in the back of the car, we were visited by men with flashlights. I pulled on my pants, got out, and was told that we were NOT allowed to sleep there, that they had locked the gates, but they would let us out without calling the police if we left immediately. We did, and so have no Swedish police record, to date.

Next day we headed home. On the way out, we passed through Hamburg and Blankensee in Germany, and thus I know for a fact that the **canopy** was above those cities. At that time, the end of June, I estimated that the **canopy** extended from Nice in the south, to the arctic circle in Scandanavia in the north; and from Helsinki in the east to Wales in the west.

## 32. ICELAND IN AUGUST OF 2006

I had observed in March, during the Amsterdam-Seattle leg of the flight back from South Africa, that a **canopy** stretched from west of the Northwest territories in Canada to about half-way across Hudson's Bay. By late June the **canopy** on Continental Europe had been joined to that in Britain and extended as far north as the arctic circle in Norway. The next logical target for a vortex expedition seemed to be Iceland, situate as it is between the two.

On Thursday morning, August 10, I arrived at Cesco's apartment in in Iceland's capital of Reykjavik. He took me on a long walk, showing me the points of etheric interest in the city.

One of these was the Icelandic Parliament Building. There was a little garden in the back of this building, and two **yin** lines crossed just through the center.

We found one latent vortex in the city, near an old water storage area which is now a restaurant, called Perlan (the Pearl).

Walking back from opening that vortex Cesco, directed our course to a sculpture behind the library of the University of Iceland, and next to the main cinema. Cesco had noticed that there was something wrong with the feeling around that sculpture. Sure enough, there was a **yin** line there, which we treated.

Cesco enlisted his good friend Gustav, who had just finished a forestry job preparatory to attending college that fall, to drive us around the island. Gusti turned out to be a great asset, and we owe him and his car much for our successful journey. We set off that Thursday evening, opening a second vortex just east of the city on our way out.

Our first major stop was Thingvellir. This is the site of the world's first parliament, and is where the Icelandic parliament, the Allthing, was held from 930 until 1798. It is also the site of a recently opened vortex. It is a special place, both geologically (being on the meeting line of two major tectonic plates) and etherically. There is an old church nearby, built shortly after the country turned Christian in the year 1000, and there is a quite strong **yang** line running through the church at right angles to the fault line.

Down from the church, across from the actual meeting site of the Allthing, is another strong **yang** line – much wider and somewhat softer feeling than the one through the church, but roughly parallel to it. It passes through a spectacular falls nearby, and in the falls is a quite cheerful undine.

We set out again, and hunted vortices until dark. We were now not far from the forest, in which Gusti had been recently employed, and so we spent the night with some of Gusti's hospitable former co-workers.

Our first vortex next day was on a small mountain east of the town of Borgarnes. As we were coming down, the guardian entity of the mountain joyfully made itself known to us.

One of the vortices was on a rather steep and gravelly mountain. We had to travel on all fours for about a third of the way, and the round trip took us about three hours. But there was a beautiful view at the top, and the strength of the vortex when opened, made it quite worthwhile.



Fig. 32: Climb Over Shale

Toward the end of the day we arrived at the glacier Snæfellsjökull. The glaciers in Iceland have been melting at an unusual pace these past years, but there are still some large and impressive ones on the island. Snæfellsjökull is not large, but it is impressive. We climbed up on it just before dark, to gift a special vortex. Usually there is a cone of qi coming up from below, but on Snæfellsjökull, the shape was more like a narrow cone rising up (although it did not come up straight all the way, bending at right angles twice). It was dark when we got back down to the town below, Arnarstapi, but with aid of a flashlight we managed to get the tent up.



Fig. 33: Snæfellsjökull

On Saturday we headed east until we reached the main ring road around Iceland, Highway 1, where we turned north following the road clockwise around the island. Nothing extraordinary occurred that day, other than I observed, when getting back to Highway 1, that the [canopy](#) had appeared for the first time. That night we put up the tent again, this time in the daylight, in a farmer's field, and with better results. We were of course outside the [canopy](#) by then, but by next morning it had once more overtaken us.

Iceland has many hot springs. Reykjavik is the first city I have visited where two water lines go into each house from the street: one hot, and one cold. On Sunday we visited one of the more spectacular hot springs sites, which was not far from a latent vortex.

This was just west of the Icelandic "badlands", which is an area in the north where little grows and few people live. We gifted one strong vortex there, on a desolate mountain in the rain (it had been overcast or raining most of the time since my arrival). By the time our clothes had dried, we came to Akureyr, the largest town in the north of the island. Cesco treated us to dinner, and I had my first taste of Iceland fish, which was delicious. That night we slept near another farmer's field, once again just ahead of the [canopy](#).

All day Monday we drove east, still with poor weather, hunting vortices along the way. After opening a vortex on the outskirts of the town of Egilsstaðir, we turned off Highway 1, continuing on to the coast to the small seaport of Seyðisfjörður. Here arrives once a week a ferry, bearing tourists from Norway, and here live two friends of Cesco and Gustav: Helgi and Thorun, and their two small children. They graciously invited us to spend a couple nights there. It was good to take a shower and scrape some of the whiskers off.

Tuesday we slept in a bit, and then drove north to Borgarfjörður. There was a vortex on the edge of the town, and a little restaurant which serves wonderful fish soup. But these were not the reasons we drove there. Many Icelanders express belief in the unseen people: the

trolls, the giants, the dwarves, the elves. And the area around Borgarfjörður was supposed to be elf country. I was interested in finding out what the qi of an elf felt like. We had to drive in-country a couple miles, and then hike another three or four up into the hills to reach a big rock which was called “elf-church”, because in the past, elves had been seen by the country folk going in and out of that rock. It is said that elves do not often make themselves visible to people, or invite them into their domiciles – nor did they to us that day. But on the way up the trail we passed a rock which was said to be the haunt of an elf in former times. There was an entity inside, and I tried to get a feel for its qi. It was much more like that of a human being than that of a sylph, or one of the mountain spirits. It seemed to spiral up where one would expect the body to be, which is not the case with a human, but the feeling around the head area was more similar to that of a human. And the emotion around the head area was a little sad, which emotion seems to be that most common for humans.

After some time hiking along the trail, it became quite foggy, which is the state they say elves prefer. When we got to the large rock after about an hour’s hike, there seemed to be about four other similar entities in the rock. The qi in the rock itself was not as it should have been. I spent about a half hour, with help, trying to rectify things. Of course I asked first if it were acceptable, and there was a short but sharp argument, before I was given permission. I was a party to the argument, but I was not really one of the adversaries – it was rather queer. During the treatment some things were forced out of the rock which should not have been in there: it reminded me a bit of the experience I had had with Georg at the Megaliesburg vortex the preceding February. As in that case, after the treatment, a “mopping up” operation was required, to insure that the negative things did not afterwards return.

Cesco suggested I look for qi lines going through the rock. Sure enough, there were two of them. One was a good one, which went up the hill behind and through a large cylindrical shaped rock. There was a similar entity in it. The other was negative, and came down from another direction passing along the base of the large rock. We went up the hill to a place where there was enough soil over the rocks that we could bury six TBs, and Cesco buried them, turning the line positive. The big rock seemed quite fine afterwards. Cesco felt that the entity in the cylindrical rock wanted something, which was correct, and we took care of it.

I was quite energized on the way back, and covered the ground in about half the time as would normally be the case, stopping only for a short time at the smaller rock, where we had seen the first entity, to do a little work there.

Reaching the car, we drove back to Seydisfjörður, and spent a second night at Helgi and Thorun’s place.

When we had driven into Seydisfjörður on Monday night, I had noticed that the mountain across the fjord to the northeast from the town, had unusual [yang](#) in it, and that there was a latent vortex on top. Because it was so high, we put off climbing it until Wednesday morning.





Fig. 34: View on the Climb Up



Fig. 35: View from the Top



Fig. 36: View from Below

Gusti stayed back to have some work on the car done, and Cesco and I set off about 8:30 in the morning. The climb was not difficult, but it was long and tiring; we arrived back in town at 3PM. It was the strongest vortex we gifted on the trip, and there were several confirmations of this:

First, by the time we left Seydisfjörður at about 4:30, there were many sylphs in the sky, and their procession centered above the gifted peak.

Second, the [canopy](#) had not only caught up with us, but had spread as far as could be seen in every direction. We were to find during the next few days that the [canopy](#) had extended over the entire island at that time, and as far as could be seen over the ocean, to the east, to the south, and to the west. My suspicion was that it had now joined up with the [canopy](#) over Europe, and perhaps with that over northern Canada as well.

That night we took a short detour off the main highway and drove to Stðvarfjörður on the coast, where is located one of the finest of rock collections. It had, among many other things, specimens of Iceland fellspar. Most fellspar that you see is striated, but here were some clear pieces, and one in particular was quite clear. I noticed that the feeling of the clear pieces was better than that of the common pieces, and that of the best piece was quite good.

We found a nice spot by the sea to put up the tent. Beginning that day (Wednesday), the weather turned sunny, and it continued nice, more or less, for the remainder of the trip.

Next morning we back-tracked to Highway 1 and drove south, continuing to open latent vortices, even though the [canopy](#) , with its incident positive beings, was now everywhere above. Our thinking was that Iceland, being only a modestly large island between two continents, needed to be well-stocked.

The largest glacier in Europe, Vatnajökul, in is southeast Iceland. One vortex we gifted that day was on a little ridge, overlooking a tail of that glacier. Besides a quite tall positive being that greeted us there, after opening the latent vortex, there appeared a number of birds, including two falcons, circling the newly opened vortex.



Fig. 37: Vatnajökul

We spent the night further down the road, erecting our tent near a beautiful little chapel close to a famous old cliff called Lomagnupur.



Fig. 38: Lomagnupur

One of the most famous of the old Icelandic sagas is Njalssaga, which has a good translation into English. I recommend it to anyone who is interested in the old history of Iceland and the customs of the Vikings. One of the characters in that saga had a dream of a giant coming out of Lomagnupur speaking to him a prediction which later became true. The little chapel had quite a nice feeling inside, and Cesco had a chance to sit there undisturbed for a time, before the next tourists arrived. There has been a chapel there likely since before 1200.



Fig. 39: Little Church at Njupstadir

On Friday morning we stopped at an old nunnery Kirkjubjarklaustur, which was close by a latent vortex. On the way to the cloister was a hill with sheer sides called Systrastapi (Nuns Rock). On one side was anchored a cable which extended over the top of the hill, and which ended in a small chain coming down just above a trail that ended about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the way up the hill. The chain extended down only far enough that a reasonably tall adult could reach it, and to get the rest of the way up the hill, one had to pull himself up the chain hand over hand.



Fig. 40: Nuns' Rock



Fig. 41: Climb to Nun's Rock

At the southernmost part of the island is a beach Dyrholaey at which we stopped. Cesco had long wished to swim in the ocean, and he and Gustav did so here. I stayed in the car. Afterwards a warmly dressed woman came up to them and told them they were heroes, and that the newspaper should have been informed beforehand so that photographers could be present.



Fig. 42: Dyrhólaey Beach

Further down the road was an impressive waterfall, with a latent vortex nearby. The sun was out, and when I walked into the falls, a beautiful double rainbow appeared. One could walk right to the foot of the rainbow, which was my first such experience.



Fig. 43: Skogafossur Waterfall

The last vortex of any particular note was up on a high headland. It turned out to be

directly below the cairn of one of the first viking settlers of the country, buried in 875. There were other graves up there as well, and considerable effort must have been expended to carve and carry up the rocks necessary for their adornment.

We arrived back in Reykjavik that night, our cycle complete.

Next day Cesco and I went back to the Parliament Building, and followed one of the **yin** lines passing through the garden, until we found an inconspicuous place where it could be transformed. It turned out that the same line went under a large public statue elsewhere in the city.

On the flight back from Iceland I was naturally keen to see how far the positive **canopy** extended to the west and south. The first leg of my flight was to Minneapolis, and I was surprised that that **canopy** continued all the way to that city, over Greenland and central Canada. The second leg was to Las Vegas, and somewhere not far south of Minneapolis, the plane flew out from under the **canopy**.



### 33. TWO VORTICES IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

In the late spring of 2005, driving back home from Nevada, I had noticed a strong latent vortex. Because the snow in the mountains was still deep at the time, I did not attempt to reach it. Now seemed to be a good time to repair that omission. On Saturday, September 9, I loaded up some TBs in my old jeep, and headed north for I-90. Driving east and south from Spokane, the target latent vortex was somewhat obscured by the etheric glare of the Missoula vortex, but after Missoula, I got a fix on the direction, and headed south on US-93. At Salmon, Idaho, I had to turn off 93 to the east, and eventually found the vortex up in the Beaverhead Mountains. I found an old rough mountain road which lead to within a few miles of the mountain top where the vortex was situate. I was driving with the windows closed, due to the smoke in the air from the many forest fires in the region, but when I exited the car to begin the climb, the first rain in several months began to fall. Other than having to hurry to avoid being caught in the woods in the dark, the climb was uneventful, and the requisite TBs were placed at the critical points. It was dark when I finally found the car, and with the new rain, I decided to sleep there in the mountains, and wait for morning to negotiate the steep mountain road. This vortex was likely the strongest I'd seen in the Pacific Northwest to date.

I woke up about 3AM and found that the moisture had pretty well been soaked up by the soil, and the road was in good shape. So I turned on the lights and made my way down the mountain. I was lucky, for later in the day my electrical system went out, and had it done so up on the mountain, I'd have been in trouble. I had to see a man in Ely, Nevada about other business, and so headed east toward Idaho Falls and Pocatello. It was light when I reached the latter town, and from there I noticed another strong vortex to the south. Later that morning, I found it on a mountain somewhat north of Malad City off of I-15, north of the Utah border. It required about a 20 mile drive on country roads and then a bit of a hike to reach it, but it was a good one. I found on the way home, several days later, that it, along with the big one in the Beaverheads, had extended the [canopy](#) over the whole State of Idaho.

It was on the road from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Wendover, Nevada, along the salt flats, that my alternator gave out, and I had to flag a (good samaritan) driver down to make a phone call to a tow truck. I managed to get towed all the way to Ely, where I found a good repair shop. Next morning, while the car was being fixed, I found my friend.

Years before he had tried to show me an old Shoshone camping ground he had lived in for about six weeks. It was out in the desert and the Indians had used the place for making arrowheads, since they had a flint mine there. It consists of a quarter mile long array of huge rocks (most of them larger than buildings). It is a maze of paths, natural corrals, caves, and lookout spots. There is a trail through it, used by coyotes and wild mustangs, but otherwise abandoned. The name for the place in the Shoshone language is "City of the Rocks". Back in January of 2001 when we tried before to reach it, we failed due to the deep snow. I could feel a vortex out in that direction, so when the car was done, we drove out there. It was quite a place: more interesting than I had imagined it, and the latent vortex was indeed on a high spot in the "City of the Rocks".

Next day I drove back home, passing through southern Idaho and northeastern Oregon this time. I located another good vortex in Oregon, but had to leave it for later.

A week later I attended to another latent vortex I had long planned to visit. It is at the top of Mount Si, on the outskirts of the town of North Bend, Washington. For several years, every time I had driven to Seattle, I was reminded of that vortex, and finally my sense of obligation drove me to take care of it. Drove over early in the morning and met Edward (who has been posting on various orgonite forums for about three years) in North Bend, and we made the climb. He is from the area, and was familiar with the trail, having climbed it a number of times in his youth.

One of the points was right at the top of the “haystack”, and it took a bit of seeking to find a secure depository. Fortunately there was no one else up that high at the time, and the search was successful.

It was a good strong vortex. Edward mentioned several times on the way down how much better the mountain felt with the vortex open.

### 34. CHINA IN OCTOBER OF 2006

Spent a day in transit in Hong Kong (September 26) on the way to China, with friend Lap Ping Wang. Another friend Tsang Wai Wan drove us to two latent vortices: one on Mount Butler, and one on a mountain popularly known as Dog's Belly.

Wai Wan told us that Dog's Belly is actually called Nine Bellies now, due to political correctness and the fact that "dog" and "nine" have the same pronunciation in Cantonese. It is the name of some small mountains near the Chinese University of Hong Kong. This was the more difficult of the two latent vortices, for a couple reasons. Just as we began our climb we met some police cars, who were investigating a robbery of hikers by illegal immigrants from over the border. Seems that people come into the New Territories, skulk in the hills, rob hikers, and flee back over the boundary with their takings. So we had to keep an eye out. Furthermore, the hill the vortex was on had no good trail from where we set out, and the vines and trees were so thick, we had to go on hands and knees part of the way.

Mount Butler is on Hong Kong island itself, and there was much easier access: first a road, and then stairs to the top. The latent vortex was a little way down the other side, but accessible. We got there just before dark, and in time to find the critical points. We planned to return in several weeks to see what effects, if any, had been made on the Hong Kong sky.

Lap Ping and I left Hong Kong for Beijing on September 27. I had been in Beijing several times before: first in 1989, and then again in 2001. The place had changed considerably. In '89, on the way into the city from the airport, we drove on an aging road shared by trucks, cars, three-wheeled carts, and donkey carts. Now the place is ringed and pierced by modern freeways, and the traffic is a caution. I wouldn't like to drive here even if I could rent a car, (which is not easy for a foreigner anyway).

We had to rely on public transportation, and the occasional taxi. In the beginning, our progress was slow. In ten days we reached only 7 latent vortices. For comparison, last year with Cesco on our expedition in southern Germany and Switzerland, we averaged about 4 per day, and that count increased during the latter part of our trip. On that trip, and on the trip to South Africa, the [canopy](#) appeared after three days: this time it took ten days.

Three of the vortices in the Beijing area were in the countryside out in the suburbs: near the towns of Sanhe, Langfang, and Fangshan. One was in the Forbidden City, and one on a hill near the Ming Tombs, north of the City. This last was the most difficult of the five, due to a thorn thicket covering the hill.<sup>49</sup>

Several times we travelled to latent vortices, only to return disappointed, due to inaccessibility. One such place was a mountain near the Great Wall (in Ba Da Ling). We progressed along the wall as far as we could, until we could see in the distance a section of wall which

<sup>49</sup> A Problem in the Forbidden City is that there are few places to dig and also it is quite difficult to avoid observation there.

had been destroyed, lying in a rather difficult pass. If we'd had more time, we might have tried it, but it would have carried us into the night, and we weren't prepared for that.

The Mid-Autumn Festival took place during our trip, and Beijing was overflowing with people on vacation. This made getting around even more difficult than usual, and so we took a bus and spent three days in neighboring Shanxi Province. Without a car, we had time only to attend only to the most strong vortices. There were two such in Shanxi.

One was on a hill some distance east of Taiyuan. A friend of a friend there had a new car, and he drove us back to the vortex site. It was an exciting drive: he hit over 160 kilometers per hour on the freeway, and nearly high-centered on the rough hill roads after we left the freeway.

An memorable vortex was over the border in Inner Mongolia. We took a bus to the nearest town, then hired a taxi (with Mongolian driver) to drive us further north to the closest point to the vortex from the road. Here Lap Ping, a friend Qui from Da Tong, and I started climbing. Several hours later we reached the vortex on a high mesa, after passing several flocks of sheep. We caused one of the herders a bit of trouble, as his sheep kept following us away from where he wanted to keep them.

This vortex was special: not only because it was strong (visible from over 400 kilometers away), but beginning about 50 kilometers away, you could feel the presence of a strong cheerful welcoming spirit there. After we reached the vortex, which was on nearly the highest point of the mesa, and opened it, the positive being made his presence known, and directed me to do some cleansing and other work on the place. This attracted quite a number of other positive beings.

Leisurely walking back along the Mesa, and then down, in the sun and cool breeze, through the occasional flocks of sheep and herders, far from teeming cities and pollution, with my spirits high from contact with the wonderful guardian spirit of the place, and the [yang](#) billowing out from the newly opened vortex, was a treat.

We reached the highway just before dark, and after a period of fruitless hitch-hiking, an old van pulled over and took us to the nearest town. From there, we found a bus to Da Tong over the border, to spend the night.

Next day we travelled to the ancient taoist center at Hengshan (Mount Heng). There was a vortex up on the neighboring mountain, but the way was blocked off – for fire prevention, the soldiers told us. There is quite good feng shui at the place, and some of the old positive beings survive, in spite of the Government commercialization of the mountain. That night we took a train back to Beijing.

Having finished our work near Beijing, we decided to continue the strategy we had adopted in Shanxi of just opening the strongest latent vortices.

Years ago I had read the Chronicles of the Tao by Deng Mingdao, and was moved to visit Huashan. This is one of the five holy Taoist mountains in China, and from time immemorial the site of a taoist community. Only 120 kilometers from the ancient capital of Changan

(now Xian), it had been visited by many renowned men (including emperors) over the past three millennia. This heritage was interrupted during the Great Cultural Revolution, when the monks were driven away, and many old buildings destroyed. Now there are Taoist monks on the premises again, but the place is commercialized as a tourist and cultural attraction, and at least some of the monks seemed to be there mainly to add color.

My first visit was in 1990. At that time there was only one way up the mountain: a path dangerous at places, but equipped with chains driven into the mountain sides for relative safety, and rather steep. The climb took about five and half hours, from base to the top of the highest peak. As might be guessed, the trip was taken mostly by those who were serious in wanting to visit, rather than by casual tourists. I found the place wonderful: primarily for the outstanding feng shui, but also for the beautiful and breathtaking scenery, and the glimpse it offered into three thousand years of history. Some of the taoist gods still keep a presence on the mountain, most notably Leishen, the god of thunder.

Some years later, when another opportunity presented itself, I returned, and was unpleasantly surprised to find that a gondola had been built to carry passengers the greater part of the journey up. The number of visitors had now increased greatly, and many of this new increase behaved not as pilgrims, but like immature children, tossing about refuse and yelling, just to hear their voices echo from the mountain sides.

But the beauty and wonderful qi of the place was still there, and so I decided once more to revisit Huashan, suspecting that it might harbor a vortex. I was not disappointed: the only other location where I have seen so many together is Sedona, Arizona. Due to the steepness of the mountains, we could not reach many of the vortices, but we took care of what we could reach. The old main trail has now been completely replaced by a concrete walkway, and steps cut into the side of the mountain. But the climb still required more than 5 hours, from bottom to top.

The train from Beijing to Xian had gone south to another old capital city Luoyang, and thence west. Passing Luoyang in the night, I had noted another quite strong vortex, somewhat to the south. So after descending Huashan, we took a train to Luoyang, and next morning set out for that vortex.

The town on the map most nearly in the direction of the latent vortex was Yiyang, so we boarded the Yiyang bus from Luoyang. When the direction of the vortex became perpendicular to the road, we got off the bus and began hiking: first across paved country roads to a village, then along dirt roads to a smaller village, and then along a path through the fields, until we reached a river. From the river we could see our destination through the hazy sky, but neither up nor downstream could we see a crossing.

So we headed south along a dirt road bordering the river. After a kilometer or so, we found a farmer with a three-wheel cart cutting twigs from brush. Lap Ping asked him where the next bridge was, and was told, "about 30 kilometers upriver." For a fee, he was willing to drive us in his cart (with his two year old boy on his lap). We bumped up and down on that cart for about ten kilometers, at which point we came to a ferry. Great luck! We paid the driver and waited for the ferry to come across to our side of the river. The craft was steel, and hooked to a steel cable which was strung across the river. The captain/crew was a young lady who pulled the boat across the river by pulling on the cable hand-over-hand. When she got to our side, besides ourselves, her passengers were a bicycle and a motorcycle, with drivers of course. Lap Ping and I helped things along by pulling on the cable too, and we recrossed the river rapidly.

From the river bank we hiked to a nearby road and found a car willing to drive us ten kilometers back upriver. From there we took off again toward the vortex hill. Finally, we came to railroad tracks, another road, and a village at the base of the hill. We found a trail following terraces up the hill, and eventually reached our destination.

This vortex was in Henan province: “he” means “river”, and refers to the Yellow River. “Nan” means “south”. Beijing is in the middle of Hebei province: “he” is as before, and “bei” means “north”. The Yellow River, second in importance in China, has changed its course a number of times, so the names are not entirely accurate, but they give a general geographical idea.

I had hoped that on the way back to Beijing, we could pass through Shanxi Province and learn whether the positive [canopy](#) over Beijing had extended thither, aided by the vortices we had gifted over a week before. But train tickets were scarce, and we had to take the east route back.

We left Beijing on the 15th, to spend a day and a half in Hong Kong, before setting off for the States. As related above, we had opened two vortices three weeks earlier in Hong Kong/New Territories, and I was rather curious to see if there were now any effects. I was surprised upon flying in, that the region was now covered by a [canopy](#). This is the first time I saw that happen with only two open vortices. My suspicion is that the distribution of 600 or so TBs by the gifter Didier in greater Hong Kong, contributed much to that effect. On Monday, the 16th, Waiwan drove us about and we opened two more vortices, to “ice the cake”: one on Big Hat Mountain and one near the big Buddhist statue on Lantau Island.

The weather for our trip back on Tuesday was nearly perfect for observation, once the plane climbed out of the extreme smog which had been present in Hong Kong the previous few weeks. The [canopy](#) did not extend much into the ocean to the east, as I had expected.

When we flew over Taiwan, however, I found the the [canopy](#) there last autumn had expanded somewhat over the intervening year. It extended into the ocean some miles south of the island, but the expansion to the north was even greater. And in fact, there was a belt of [yang](#) some 30 meters wide or so, which extended from Taiwan all the way to the large southern island of Kyushu of Japan. In fact all of Kyushu was now covered by the [canopy](#), which was surprising, given that I had only opened one vortex in Kyushu the previous fall: that, in Nagasaki. Now a single [canopy](#) covered all of Taiwan, Kyushu, and the southern half of the big island Honshu. In the corridor of the [canopy](#) connecting Taiwan and Japan, the qi was flowing northeast, toward Japan from Taiwan.

Japan’s most famous mountain, Fujiyama, was clearly visible from the airplane. It is home to a quite strong latent vortex. The channel of [yang](#) from Japan across the north Pacific to the Puget Sound area was still there, the qi flowing east, so in that sense, the [canopy](#) of Taiwan/Japan was linked up to that of the Pacific Coast.

Since the land was so clearly visible on the trip, it gave me good opportunity to view the effect on the ground of the “trickling down” of the qi from the [canopy](#) back to the ground.

It has earlier been described how, in particular, this [yang](#) enters living trees through the highest branch, and passes down the trunk into the earth. The highest concentration of [yang](#) that I now viewed from the air, was indeed, in the trees.

But there was surface [yang](#) in areas without trees: more in grassy areas, and lesser, but still considerable amounts, in bare earth. So the process of falling qi from the [canopy](#) seemed to occur most everywhere beneath it; but the amount of retention or absorption appears to vary. There was very little of it over concrete or asphalt surfaces.

Due to the corridor of qi extending from Taiwan to Kyushu, it was possible to observe the effect on the sea beneath the [canopy](#). The water seemed to be even more positive than most of the land. With one curious exception: the water along the coast line, from 1/2 to 2 kilometers out, depending on depth apparently, was not positive. The [yang](#) would extend down to the coast line from the interior, and then cease, beginning again only some distance off in the ocean. I should mention that this [yang](#), both on land and water – at least as yet – does not seem to penetrate much below the surface.

We had a stopover in Narita (Tokyo Airport), and it was nearly dark when the plane took off from there. Traveling against the sun, it was daylight again when we reached the US Pacific Coast. The Pacific Coast [canopy](#) now extends 30 or so kilometers out into the ocean in the San Francisco Bay region, at least as far down as San Jose, which was where our transcontinental flight ended. It extended as far east as I could see from the airplane.

The next leg to the trip was north, to Seattle. The broad extent of the [canopy](#) continued into northern California, and then gradually narrowed to 30 kilometers or so through southern Oregon, widening again in northern Oregon. From southern Oregon up, unto Puget Sound, the region immediately along the coast had no [canopy](#) above it.

## 35. MALAYSIA IN NOVEMBER OF 2006

The previous spring my friend Hari kindly offered to guide me around Malaysia. I gladly accepted, and he advised that late fall would be a good time to come. I arrived on November 2, and after a night's rest, Hari, his father Siva, and I, began work in and near the capital Kuala Lumpur.

Our first latent vortex was behind a secured apartment building on a hill, not far from the center of the city. Hari initially asked the guards whether we could go in to take photos. They let us speak with the manager, and Hari explained that we were really going to improve the feng shui, by turning a negative spot into a positive one. We showed him, and the assistant manager, some of our TBs. The direct approach worked. The manager didn't totally believe us, or at least he said he didn't, but he did let us bury a TB at a critical point.

The next stop was on the outskirts of town, on an army base. The vortex was on a high hill with a cellular tower, in the middle of the grounds. The soldiers at the entrance gate directed us to some officers in a nearby office. The first man with whom we spoke there, asked us for IDs, and when he found that I was from the US, didn't want to let us in (for security reasons). But when Hari explained we were going to change a bad feng-shui place to a good one, his superior officer decided they could stretch regulations a little, and let us onto the base, strictly enjoining us only to go to the tower on the hill, and nowhere else. We complied, and so were able to kill two birds with one stone, as they say.

The third (and final) vortex of the day was on a hill in a more remote area in the suburbs. We had to park on the side of the road, walk down a steep incline to a pond, and then up a jungled hill behind the pond. No problem on the way up, but on the way back, I took the lead, got off our old trail a bit, and wound up in a place where we had to wade through the water and mud. Got my first look at leeches, when one fastened itself on Siva's arm. He calmly plucked it off. It wasn't until the next day that I had my own intimate encounter. Those little rascals are quite small when hungry, but when surfeited, reach amazing proportions. Mine just reached full size on my leg before dropping off, prior to which, I hadn't even known he was there. Now I carry a small sack of salt in my pocket – apparently they withdraw after the first touch of salt on their bodies. They would serve as an excellent logo, for some organizations I can think of.

On the second day we travelled north and west of Kuala Lumpur, to complete a ring of opened vortices about the city. Siva had been our guide the first day, since the road system around KL is a bit complicated, and he had grown up with the city. This day we were accompanied by one of Hari's friends, Yvonne, who had hiked up many of the hills around the city, and knew the country roads. The first latent vortex was on a jungle-covered hill again, and it took us awhile to beat through the tangled growth to the top. It was then we decided to purchase a couple of machetes. The other two vortices were within palm oil plantations, and so were subject to much easier access. Those plantation roads were good, and we were able to approach relatively close by car.





Fig. 44: Palms on the Plantation

Next day (Sunday) our first target was a vortex I had spotted on the plane trip in. It was the strongest in the northern half of the country, and being near one of the curves on a major river, was fairly easy to locate on the map. It was in the mid-part of the peninsula, and so we had to drive some distance to reach it. After minor difficulty, we found the proper access, and came upon the latent vortex on a hill, again in a plantation.

I had spotted a second strong vortex from the plane, and we tried to reach that one as well. It turned out to be more remote however, and after high centering and nearly getting the car stuck in a ditch, we had to give up on it. On the way home we noticed that there was a latent vortex up in the direction of the Genting Hills. Malaysia is officially a Muslim country<sup>50</sup>, and so gambling establishments are generally prohibited. Somehow there is an exception, which exception is a huge casino in the Genting Hills. Siva and Hari told me that many bad things (suicides and such) have occurred there, and were pleased at the excuse to go up there and gift. We did not have time to make the trip before dark, and so postponed it until Monday.

Next morning we drove up to the Genting Hills. There were actually two vortices in the area: a stronger one a couple of miles from the casino, and a weaker near an ugly cell phone tower near the casino. The latter turned out to be inaccessible, due to a high fence and two

<sup>50</sup> Although Buddhism, Hinduism, and Taoism flourish there as well

guards with orders to let no one in. We drove around however, and Hari gifted the perimeter well with TBs.

I must state here that, as a gifter, Hari is intrepid, ingenious, and indefatigable. I will not go into his methods, as that would be telling.<sup>51</sup> Several days before we had visited the famous Batu caves, where millions of pilgrims go annually to visit the resident Hindu god. The god was quite strong, positive, and respectable, but some of the approaching paths were polluted with **yin**. We did what we could to change this around, and it was while doing this, that I observed some of Hari's ingenuity. One of his ideas did not work out so well however: he gave a TB to a monkey, hoping the little fellow would carry it whither Hari could not go. But the monkey just tried to eat it, and then disgustedly tossed it to the ground.

The stronger vortex of the Genting caves was accessible, but required several hours to reach. The last part of the journey consisted of a jungle-covered hill, and the thick growth in this case was not all bad. For the hill was on about a 60 degree angle, and there is no way we would have been able to climb it without trees, roots, and vines to latch onto, pulling ourselves up. We both looked rather disreputable afterwards.

That afternoon, when we drove back down into Kuala Lumpur, I found that a **canopy** had appeared over the city. The first phase of our job was complete.

Hari and I set out south from the capital on Thursday the 12th. We planned to go around the southern tip of the island, and then back up the eastern coast.

We wasted several hours hacking through jungle up a hill, only to be met at the top by a tropical downpour, along with the realization that the latent vortex was not on that hill at all, but on one some distance away. Fortunately we found a much easier way back to the car, but after a fruitless hour and a half search for an access road, we had to give up on that vortex. We did manage to dry off during the process, and our luck changed: we found a good one on the way to Melacca, close enough to the freeway that we could park, hop a fence, climb a cleared hill, and open it.

In Melacca there was a strong vortex in a high-security police compound. There was no way we could get in without being observed, so we applied directly at the gate for admission. The guard was sympathetic, but told us we would have to come back the next day and speak with his superior. It was raining hard by then, and nearly dark, so we found a cheap motel for the night. Next day we saw the man's superior – this lady was also sympathetic, and she spoke to Hari about feng shui and such, but at the end, said she did not have authority to let us up where the vortex was, and sent us with an officer to see the Chief. The Chief was too busy to see us, and sent us away peremptorily. Things turned out alright though, as we found a vortex just as strong by the beach, when we drove out of town. By this time, the **canopy** had extended down to Melacca from Kuala Lumpur.

As was the case last year on Taiwan, I found that vortices tended to occur fairly often near the beach. My guess is that this has something to do with the fact the beach is a high point relative to the ground level under the sea. For the remainder of the trip, we kept to the coast route as much as possible. We continued south, and our last vortex for the day was near the southern tip of the peninsula to the west of Singapore. Hari could feel the strength of the qi of that vortex as we neared it: indeed as the trip progressed, his degree of perception seemed to gradually increase. We did not enter Singapore, partly because Hari's passport

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<sup>51</sup> As Cesco is wont to say.

had run out, and it would have required some delay to procure admission documentation. So it was good to have such a strong vortex just across the channel from the island. The ground was mucky, and one of the TBs went down a sand crab hole.

We began the third day by driving down to the tip of the Malay Peninsula, just to the east of Singapore, and opening a strong latent vortex there. When we woke up the next morning, I noted that the [canopy](#) had extended down to Singapore on the west from Melacca. Sandwiched between two vortices, the city should very soon have been covered by the [canopy](#).

The southwestern part of the peninsula turned out to have beautiful beaches, relatively small population, and good weather – it was for me the most enjoyable part of the trip.



Fig. 45: Beach on the Eastern Coast

Next day we got into some swamp country, which was not so enjoyable, due to mucky terrain, ants, and mosquitoes. We did not have to go far into the swamp for the latent vortex, which was good, because going in just a little causes one to lose sense of direction.

Another vortex that day was on a high hill with a large guarded cell tower installation. Fortunately this time, the vortex was not within the fenced compound, and we were able to open it. We gifted the last latent vortex for the day on the coast near the town of Marang, where we spent the night. An hour or two before reaching Marang, I had observed a [canopy](#)

towards the northeast, in the direction of the strong vortex we had gifted the previous week (the one I had observed from the plane flying in).



Fig. 46: Swamp Near the Eastern Coast

Next day the [canopy](#) behind us had joined with this last one, and we were driving under a cover of [yang](#) for the first hour or so.

That last day of that part of the trip it rained more or less from morning to night. All the vortices that day were on the coast, and we finished the last one not far from the Thai border. At this point we had just enough time left to turn around and drive directly back to Kuala Lumpur, arriving about 10PM. I estimate that about 3/4 of the Malay Peninsula (including Singapore), was then under the [canopy](#). Thus far our procedure of opening just a few unusually strong vortices in the interior, along with a string along the coast, seemed to be successful.

On November 16th Hari, Yvonne, and I headed north to cover the western coast north from Kuala Lumpur to the Thai border. I found that the northwestern coast of the peninsula is not nearly so pleasant as the eastern coast: instead of sandy beaches, here we had muddy beaches or hills which reached right to the water. Somewhat south of the island of Penang, I sighted some [yin](#) in the sky, which I mistakenly took to be coming from a latent vortex. It was to the north and somewhat to the east, but the source was not clear. We continued on its trail to Butterworth, the town on the mainland just across the bridge from Penang, at

which point darkness and rain overtook us.

Next morning, after a brief visit to the island, we set off on the trail again. But, frustratingly, like the end of a rainbow, the targeted **yin** source appeared yet farther north, the farther north we travelled. We finally had to seek out other vortices on the way, so as to not put too far a distance from the northernmost edge of the **yang** and our opened vortices. Eventually, a similarity to the search I had made in western Germany with Cesco last year registered in my mind, and I began to think that what we were seeking was not a vortex, but the source of a river of qi. This realization was a bit disconcerting, because such a search can extend quite a distance before the source is found. The first river of qi I had come upon, had had its source nearly a thousand miles from where I had first sighted the attendant qi. This time however, we were lucky, and we found the source on a hill just south of Thailand. Hari and I hiked through sugar cane fields



Fig. 47: Sugar Cane

and a rubber plantation



Fig. 48: Rubber Tree

before reaching the hill. At the top we had an excellent view over into Thailand.

The [yang](#) from this source now runs southerly, roughly parallel to the coast. Since we did not return further south than Kuala Lumpur on our trip back, I am not sure how far further south of that city it flows. Like the previous ones I have come upon, this one flows low below the clouds, and is of limited width.

When we turned back south, the northern edge of the [canopy](#) was in sight – I would be quite surprised if the entire Malaysian part of the peninsula were not covered by the [canopy](#) the next day.

Our trip was completed a day earlier than my scheduled plane flight out, which gave us opportunity to spend part of a day making CBs. One was a full-sized one, of the torsion variety, and one was a standard Don Croft model, except that we scaled it down so that Hari could have it in his office at work. We used 3/4 inch copper pipe for it, and the end product was about a meter high (so the whole thing required two 10 foot lengths of copper pipe). We made the ring of copper pipes of sufficient diameter that a bottle of water, or large coffee cup could be placed within the pipes upon the upper stabilizer (for charging).

On the morning of the 20th, Hari and Yvonne saw me off at the KL airport. It was light,

and reasonably clear, when the plane took off, and so I had some opportunity for observation. The plane flew first south some hundred miles or so, then more or less directly to Taipei (Taiwan). I was surprised to observe that not only was peninsular Malaysia covered by the [canopy](#), but a broad path from there to Taiwan was also covered. So now a positive [canopy](#) extended from Malaysia all the way to central Japan. I was unable to tell for sure from the airplane, but it appeared that it was also hooked up to the [canopy](#) over Hong Kong.

## 36. THAILAND IN FEBRUARY OF 2007

During the flight back from Kuala Lumpur in late November (2006), I had found it curious that the [canopy](#) over Malaysia had already connected with that over Taiwan. I wondered how far it extended east, and when I learned that Eddie (from Japan) would be in Thailand during February, I asked him if he would like to join me in an excursion through that country. Not only was he willing, but he had a good Thai friend Eck, with a small Suzuki 4-wheel drive, who would go with us.

On the 14th of February I landed in Bangkok. Ed met me at the airport, and we took the bus into the old city, where he had engaged a room for the night. Next morning I was surprised to find that the [canopy](#) was visible to the east. This meant that it was not only over part of Thailand, but likely over Vietnam and Cambodia as well, if as likely, it were the extension of the one formed last November.

Ed had some business in town, but we opened one latent vortex in Bangkok, and that near the original temple of the city, the famed Wat Po. It was a bit tricky opening it without being seen, but Ed acted as scout while I did the spade work.

Eck lived up north, so that night we took a sleeper on an old train up to Chiang Mai. On the way, we had gradually moved closer to the [canopy](#), and upon arrival, its edge lacked but little of being directly overhead. We arrived in the city in the morning and, from there, we rode in a pickup bed to the town where Eck lives, and he picked us up with his Suzuki 4-wheeler.

Eck's wife fixed us lunch, after which we headed west over the mountains to a town where Ed and Eck have a building project. On the pass, we found two more latent vortices, one accessible. It must have been a strong one, for when I awoke the next morning, I found that the [canopy](#) had spread past us to the west, at least as far as Burma or, as it is now called, Myanmar.

Next day we manufactured a supply of TBs.





Fig. 49: Thailand TBs

I had brought some with me, but not enough for the extent of country we planned to cover. In the evening we drove to a small village



Fig. 50: Karen Village in Thailand

in the neighboring mountains of the Karen hill people (who had been there before the Thais). Ed and Eck knew a shaman there, whom they wanted to visit. On the way we stopped to climb and gift one special hill, where lived a quite strong positive being.



Fig. 51: Hill with a Strong Good Spirit

When we arrived at the village, we were invited into the house of the shaman's family. Later we visited the neighboring village where his mother lived, and then came back to eat there. It was a quite good, but simple meal, consisting of fresh and lightly cooked green vegetables grown nearby, with rice.

That night on the drive down the mountain, the sky was perhaps the clearest I have ever seen it. When we got out of the car part way down, the stars were so many, that they literally looked as though they formed clouds.

For about half of the distance south toward Bangkok, the [canopy](#) was present as far as the eye could see in all directions; and so for some time we could drive without interruption. We started late in the afternoon, but this day we could travel at night. Nearly as I can recall, we stopped to sleep somewhere south of Sukhothai.

Sometime in the morning of the next day, we drove out from under the [canopy](#), and so began once more to watch for vortices: in that part of the country, they were on the tops of hills.



Fig. 52: View from a Hill in Central Thailand with a yang Vortex

That night we bedded down somewhere northeast of Bangkok.

Ekk wanted to attend a family reunion down in the South, which was scheduled for the following night, so we decided to drive straight through that day, and leave the vortices over that part of our route for the return trip. We reached Ekk's home town (east of Krabi on the map) shortly before dark. Many of his extended family were there, and a good time seemed to be had by all.

Thailand is mostly Buddhist, albeit with a sizable Muslim population in the south. But, as in China and Japan, the people still honor the traditional folk gods and spirits. Outside in the yard at Ekk's brother's place, where the reunion was held, were three shrines: one to the spirit protecting the house, one to the spirit protecting the immediate area, and one to the spirit protecting the greater area around the farm. One of Ekk's sisters is a medium, and several spirits visited that night, speaking through her. The most impressive of the bunch was the yang being whose job is managing a nearby mountain: what the Chinese call a "tu di shen". These matters are not strictly germane to the subject of this thread, but one thing the yang being said that night bears reporting, because it agrees with what I have heard elsewhere, and because, if true, implies that present times, and how we act in these times, are of more importance than usual. The yang being spoke in Thai through the sister, and so I did not directly understand, but Ekk translated. He said that more and more yang beings are showing up, but that equally more and more yin beings are coming too; that there is a

struggle going on between the two groups as part of a more general struggle; and it is not clear which group will win.

I neglected to mention earlier that there are two CBs up in northern Thailand, courtesy of Ed. There had been three, but we dismantled one of them and took it with us down south. It now stands among the rubber trees behind Ekk's younger brother's house.



Fig. 53: CB on the Rubber Plantation

Next day we went vortex hunting, opening one on the beach of the Gulf of Thailand to the east, and one on a mountain not far from Ekk's place, on which there was a large television transmission tower. The [canopy](#) over Malaysia, which Hari and I had worked on last November, stretched now up to us from the south, except on the far west. So on the following day we headed south and west to the city of Kantang, where one of Ekk's sisters lived.

Perhaps the strongest vortex we found on the trip was located on an island west of Kantang. Ekk's brother-in-law showed us where we could hire a boat, and for about \$25 the skipper took us out to the island. He said he would only wait for an hour, and the vortex was up on a hill, so we had to hurry to get up and back in time. Fortunately most of the hill was covered with a rubber plantation, and so we did not have to bushwhack. On the way out to the island we were welcomed by several sylphs (it is remarkable how these creatures seem to know what one is intending to do).



Fig. 54: Thai Sylphs

As the boat motored back away from the island, the swirling yang coming up from the vortex was already palpable.

By the next morning, the canopy extended as far as I could feel, in every direction. We headed back north that morning, reaching sufficient vortices much difficulty. Some, which we neglected, would have required more than our mountain climbing skills.



Fig. 55: Latent Vortex

One particularly interesting vortex, was at the base of an old tree, on the coast where the big tsunami of 2004 had hit. There was a mangrove forest on a nearby island which had provided enough resistance to the wave that the tree had not been destroyed. The tree was on a boat charter site. The owner, like nearly everyone in the tourist trade in the area, had lost much business in the aftermath of the tsunami. He was happy to have us bury our TBs on the place, hoping they would bring good luck to his business.



Fig. 56: Storm Defier

He had been present when the big wave had hit, and described it to us. He said that before it appeared, water from the bay was sucked out into the ocean (which had never happened in his experience before), and that before he saw the wave, he heard a sound like that which a large animal makes coming through the forest.

In two days time we arrived back in Bangkok. When we had passed by the city driving south, the country to the west was not covered by the [canopy](#). Now the sky was covered in all directions, so far as I could feel.

Next morning (February 28, 2007) my plane left Bangkok at 6:45AM in clear weather. I had a window seat, the more easy to observe. The flight was east over Thailand, Cambodia, and Laos toward the Philippine Islands, and thence north over Taiwan to Tokyo. There was nowhere during that first leg of my return home where there was not a [canopy](#) overhead, and it stretched as far as the eye could see. This means that most of southeast Asia is covered, and likely the east coast of China up to Beijing. At this time, I do not know how far inland into China it extended. The coverage from Tokyo to Seattle appeared much as it had been on my trip home last November.

The photographs in this post are all due to Ed, for whose generous help in every facet of the trip I am sincerely grateful. I must also thank Ekk, for use of his vehicle and kind help.



### 37. GERMANY AND POLAND IN APRIL OF 2007

By the end of our trip in 2007, Cesco and I had found that most, if not all, of Scandanavia was under a [canopy](#). In addition, the [canopy](#) which had formed over southern and western Germany in June of 2006, had extended up through the northwestern part of Germany, as well as into Denmark and eastern Sweden so far north as Göteborg. I was curious as to whether this [canopy](#) had crossed the Baltic, south into the eastern part of Germany and Poland.

Merlina, who was posting on Georg's German language forum at that time, offered to drive me about and show me some of the prehistoric megalithic sites on the way. She had some business in Poland as well, and so the eastern part of the trip would be compatible with her work schedule. I flew into Frankfurt on April 19, and took the train to her home town in the German State of North Rhine-Westphalia. The [canopy](#) was already over that part of Germany (as I had known before coming), but together with EO, known as Wasserbrun on the German forum, we opened several latent vortices in the neighborhood. EO helped us much by working with Merlina in making the excellent TBs for use on the trip, and by pouring a new base for a CB , which made its way into Merlina's yard. Actually we worked together on the CB, but EO did most of the work (more skillfully than I could have).

It was not until Tuesday that Merlina could get away for our trip east, so we had time to visit various interesting sites in the neighborhood.

One such place was a forest of beach trees, which for years had been used as a source of firewood. The practice had been not to cut a tree completely down, but to cut part of a tree off for the wood, and let the rest of the tree grow up again, once more to be maimed for further wood some years later, in a repeating process.



Fig. 57: Firewood Beech Forest

The feeling of the qi in those trees was not happy, and it was not exactly a pleasant stroll that we took through that forest. Merlina, who has a remarkable ability to communicate with the elementals of the trees, first asked, and then received permission to walk through, but that still did not mean that the trees were happy about it. Merlina led me to the area where the deva responsible for that forest was wont to dwell. She was at home when we arrived, and we tried to do what we could for her.

We visited several megalithic sites in the area, in which Merlina told me that troubled old souls lingered, and through which various *yin* lines passed. We used the 6-TB circle method to treat the lines, and to remove the ingrained negative feel from the places, and then Merlina employed her skills to help many of the souls to leave. In most such cases, she told me, the souls rise when leaving. But there was one site, comprised of a large field of burial mounds in a peat bog, where the old souls went down, instead of up.



Fig. 58: Ancient Burial Mounds

This may have had something to do with the old heathen view, that while those slain in battle went to Valhalla, most men and women went to the domain of Hela inside the earth via a ship made of nails (Nagelfar). This hell was not a place of eternal torture such as is the modern view, but a place where the souls could find peace.

The megalithic site which I found most interesting, was a place not notable for a plethora of old souls, but for the presence of an old old [yang](#) being which, although unattended, had survived the centuries. It reminded me much of the circle of "stones" to which Paddy had taken Cesco, Rich, and myself in the Aberdeen region of Scotland the previous year, in that in that place also, the [yang](#) being was still present. But here the stones were not set in a circle – rather in two parallel lines, perhaps forty yards in length, and ending in semicircle. Midway between these two lines of stones flowed a line of qi through the earth, which was not of positive feeling. We buried a circle of 6 TBs on this line to make it so. There was what appeared to be one old grave on the line, with a ghost, to which Merlina gave succor.

The [yang](#) being was a very respectable and powerful spirit, and gave instructions on how to rejuvenate the stones, as well as the passage of qi through them. This part of the process was quite similar to the treatment of those stones in Scotland a year previous. Though few of the stones here were missing, some were tipped over on their sides, and into these in particular it was necessary to deposit some special qi. The process of restoring the natural flow of qi through the stones, involved, among other things, moving the qi rapidly through the stones in a continuous manner for a period of time, perhaps about five minutes. And this required rapid whirling about in one place, in a counter-clockwise direction near the center of the semicircle at one end of the stones. It seemed remarkable to me that at the

end of this process, I experienced no dizziness, though the centrifugal force persisted for a half minute or so after the whirling, holding my back pressed against one of the stones. This whirling had also occurred as part of the treatment in Scotland, where it had been of even longer duration. As we left, the presence of the spirit appeared much stronger, and the place more powerful, than when we had come.

Another remarkable place of power to which Merlina took us, was a configuration of large rocks on a hill, called “das hochende Weib” or “the squatting woman”.



Fig. 59: Rocks on “das hochende Weib”

The power of this place was more subtle, and seemed much to be contained in the stones themselves. Here is Merlina’s description of our experience there (translated from her German):

The rocks make up part of a sandstone formation in the Teutoberger Forest, a mountain range about 120 kilometers southeast of the Externsteine. The name "squatting woman" derives from an old saga, concerning a woman who lived during those prehistoric times, when the sea reached up into the mountains. She is said to have saved her children during a fast rising flood by placing them up upon her shoulders. When at last the waters had subsided, the children were safe, but the woman had turned into stone.

The part represented to tourists as being the "squatting woman", actually lies behind the rocks which we visited, and exhibits little power, along with a somewhat dreary atmosphere. The real power center, fortunately, is less well known. It seems to be in a continuous state of flux. Although the place is not large, it is easy to lose oneself therein, due to a lack of orientation. Ever new figures seem to appear in the stones, much as they do in the Externsteine, but here they are not of human type: rather they are predominantly of primordial animal form, such as turtles and lizards. Only shortly before Laozu's visit did I first see three recumbent human figures, wearing crowns.

During our visit, Laozu discovered a number of spiritual entities, some of which were negative. He distributed qi using various movements, back and forth and round about, until the entities became satisfied, now giving a positive impression. It was strenuous work, as dark beings began (and continued) to crowd in from all sides, some seeking healing. Apparently word had spread through the neighborhood rapidly. Finally however, all seemed to be satisfied, and the place surely will be better for this work.

On Tuesday we headed east. I knew that the [canopy](#) stretched at least as far in that direction as Hannover, since Cesco and I had been there two years before.

We reckoned that if the [canopy](#) held, so that we did not have to stop to open new latent vortices, we might make it to Ravensbrück by nightfall. And so it turned out. Ravensbrück, a small town near Fürstenberg in the northeastern part of Germany, was the sight of a WWII concentration camp which mainly had housed women and children.



Fig. 60: Camp at Ravensbrück

Merlina felt that this place in particular needed work, and she made no mistake. Many of the old buildings, fences, etc. have been preserved, and there is now a youth hostel on the edge of the grounds above a lake. We spent the night at the hostel, but had an hour or so before dark during which we could explore, pretty much by ourselves. There were two **yin** lines which intersected the grounds of the camp, and which contributed to the pain of the place. Though we were not permitted within the surrounding brick walls and barb wire fences, we found good places outside on the lines, to bury the 6-TB circles. Afterwards, Merlina did work with the spirits.

Next morning morning we crossed into Poland near Szczecin, or Stettin, as the old German name for the city is spelled. This part of Europe was part of Prussia, before the end of WWII. Many of the towns in northwestern Poland have two names, one Polish and one German (though in these days the German name usually appears on the maps only in parentheses). These towns often had both a Catholic and a Lutheran church. Since so many Germans fled the area at the end of the war, with the advance of the Russians, those Lutheran churches are much less used, and some no longer open at all. The Catholic churches, on the other hand, are flourishing, and to a remarkable degree (not only there, but throughout Poland).

About 300 kilometers east of the border we passed out from under the **canopy**. That it had spread so far east over Polish territory, I attribute to its moving down from Scandinavia in the north. Our first vortex in Poland was located in the countryside, some distance outside the city of Brodnica, in some woods on private property. We drove up the private road, and Merlina parked some distance from the house, so as not to impose on the owner's privacy. The owner and his family spoke no English, no German, nor could he even understand the few words of Russian I know. So it was with difficulty I tried to let him know I wished permission for a few minutes walk in the woods behind his house. He viewed me with some suspicion; his son with much curiosity. After about five minutes his facial expression began to change from suspicion to resignation, and he indicated with his hands that I could go into the woods, but only by myself. Ten minutes later I was back and the vortex was open. Just the boy was in the yard now, and I thanked him – he repeated the same words back to me with a smile. Merlina comment: *While I was waiting in the car for Laozu to come back from the woods, I got an idea that perhaps I could help release the tension of the situation. As appreciation for permission to open the vortex, I began to invoke a positive energy of thankfulness, of quiet, and of trust, into the house and its owners. At any event, the dog stopped his nerve-killing barking, the grownups went into the house, and no one was bothered now about the strange car in the driveway. Tranquillity had returned, and the boy went back to playing in the yard. It was just as if the grownups had forgotten about the matter, and had gone on with their normal daily affairs. It's not too far-fetched to imagine, that it was just at this time that Laozu opened the vortex.*

We reached our destination for the day, a small town near Olsztyn, just at dark. Here was where Merlina had business, and we spent the next two days in the neighborhood. We were staying with a member of the Ermland-Mazur Society of Women of German Ancestry in Poland. The family of the people at whose home we stayed, had lived on the property for over a century, and our hostess was able to give us some sense of history of the place. The area was charming, with lakes, woods, fields, and storks;



Fig. 61: Stork on House Ridge

and all the trees and plants were bursting into life with spring.

By next morning, the [canopy](#) had caught up with us: it was overhead, its boundary being just a short distance to the east. After Merlina's business in the morning, we were given a tour of the area and introduction to the history of the region. One interesting stop was in Rastenburg, where the ruins of the Nazi command headquarters in East Prussia are located. It was here that von Stauffenberg's abortive assassination attempt on Hitler's life took place in July of '44. Later that year, with the advance of the Russian army, the site was abandoned and destroyed, and what we saw were what was left of the concrete bunkers.



Fig. 62: Concrete Bunker at the “Wolf’s Tail”

It was not a nice place, but its feeling was nowhere nearly as bad as that of the concentration camps we had visited.

During the drive back to our quarters, I noticed a rather strong latent vortex, not far



from Lake Sniardwy, the largest lake in Poland. Merlina's next meeting was not until the afternoon of the following day, so in the morning, we drove around the lake and found the vortex. She called it the "Buddha Vortex", because it was in a muddy swamp-like area, and reference is often made in Buddhist teaching to the beautiful lotus flower, which often blooms in the midst of a muddy (and sometimes foul smelling) location. This Buddha vortex was strong, and by the next day, had extended the [canopy](#) eastward into Russia.

On the morrow we continued our trip in earnest, finding another vortex near a beautiful and smaller lake in the region around Augustow, about 30 kilometers from the Lithuania-Belorus-Poland border. Thence we turned south, and found another latent vortex south of Bialystok, off in the woods by a field. Driving away, we were cheered on by sylphs.



Fig. 63: Sylphs by Bialystok

Further south, northwest of Brest, where the Belorus border juts into Poland, we came across a type of vortex I had only seen a couple times earlier, the most notable northeast of the Kalahari in South Africa, about a year before. Most vortices come to the earth's surface in a small area, and there are from one to a dozen or so points, usually within a circle of less than a 20 meter diameter, where they can be opened with TBs. But a few, like this one, can be opened over a larger area, perhaps a few kilometers in diameter, and here it not necessary to find precise points. These can be sometimes misleading, until one recognizes their character, for one thinks they are in one place, and then another, and then another. This one ran along the ridge of some hills, and it at one place crossed the road, and so it was simple to reach and open. It has been my experience that the result of opening these, when they can be found, is greater than opening the more normal type. However in this case, we

did not have the luxury to stay until the next day, to confirm this.

We had decided to visit the death camp in Lublin, if we could, and so drove in that general direction. At some point I became aware of a particularly strong vortex, quite a distance to the south, which turned out to be located in the suburbs north of Lublin, on a country road. It was not easy to navigate to that particular point, and when we finally arrived, it was nearly dark. Having done our work, and driving back towards the city looking for quarters for the night, we found that most places were either filled, or too expensive. Finally we came to a sign indicating a hotel some distance off the main road, and so drove in to investigate. We (especially Merlina, who had been doing all the driving) were pretty weary by that time. A young man (of foreign, not Polish, appearance) showed us what they had. It was a suite, with one large room, a medium room, and a large bathroom. There were several large beds, a large eating table, and was furnished in luxury. Oh oh, I said to myself: this is surely not in our budget. But the price the man quoted, after he spoke with his boss, was 100 zlotys, or about 25 euros. Both of us felt something was fishy here, but we were willing to try most anything at that point, and so we paid our money and spent the night. We ate our usual cheese sandwiches in luxury and left next morning, without mishap, bound for the Lublin camp.

We changed two **yin** lines on the camp grounds to positive – though in this place and time, we had to be more circumspect due to the many other visitors, and a policeman patrolling the grounds. Both the Nazis and the Russians had used this camp, and there were considerable information and photographs illustrating what it had been like in those times. Here is Merlina's description of the camp, somewhat freely translated from the German:

In the course of Laozu's and my Polish trip, we visited two concentration camps for the purpose of eliminating accumulated negative energy. In his post about the trip, Laozu has already written something about the Ravensbrück camp, in which women and children were interned. Here, I mainly report on our work in the Majdenek camp.

Majdanek, a district of the Polish city Lublin (located rather far to the east, and today not far from Poland's eastern boundary), was the the first concentration camp of the SS in occupied Poland and, after Auschwitz, the second largest extermination camp. It was in existence from October 1941 until July 1944, and during this period, according to official figures, there occurred about 78,000 executions. Unofficial figures are much higher, even if the high estimate of 1.5 million is discounted.

When it became clear that the war was lost and the Russians were advancing, about 17,000 people were executed within just a few days near the end of 1943. I have forgotten the exact number. A mausoleum was built for the ashes of the dead, and these are presently on display under its dome.

Russian propaganda has done a good job in creating a concrete representation of this abstract number, but it should not be concealed that these same Russians continued operation of this camp, though it is not well known exactly what they did there.

We arrived at the camp early in the morning, since (to our good luck) someone in our luxury hotel about 6AM switched on the TV above my room. Thus, there were not many other visitors when we arrived. The site was situated originally in the outskirts of Lublin, but the city has since grown up around it, and now this frightful memorial intrudes into the midst of normal city life. The people of Lublin, however, seem to live with it.

At first I was nearly sick from the presence of accumulated pain over the area. I observed uncounted souls, still present and apparently completely disoriented in a condition of absolute shock and hor-

ror, having not yet realized that all was in the past. This is what made the camp different from the one we visited earlier, and from other concentration and work camps I had formerly visited. In Ravensbrück there were no souls, only a negative spirit and much negative energy -- and in some other camps it was similar. In recent years, many groups have brought much useful energy to such places, even though they had no orgonite and could not neutralize all the negative energy. I have personal knowledge of such groups, in which have been some quite able people -- experienced and with spiritual power -- who have been active in Auschwitz and other locations. However I am reasonably certain, from what we found at Majdenek, that no one had previously dealt with it. It lies far to the east, and out of the ordinary way.

As said, I was seriously affected by the impressions of the place, and while Laozu worked changing a negative energy line to positive with a circle of TBs, I tried in my own way to bring help to this overpowering press of pain. Many spiritual helpers came to my aid in this process and, after some time, relief began to take form. The reversal of polarity of the energy line (from negative to positive qi ) had made the task much easier. The energy line, by the way, ran through the administration center on one side of the camp, across the grounds containing the barracks and, as we subsequently determined, through the execution grounds and the crematorium.



Fig. 64: Camp Grounds

One suspects, as in many other cases, that those who built the camp were aware of the properties and potential influence of these energy lines, and misused them for their own purposes, and for increasing their own power. If this is correct, then the design of the camp, in relation to those energy lines, shows that the unmistakable purpose of the camp was for extermination. One can imagine that the camp was constructed so that power structure could profit from the energies (fear, hate, despair, life energy etc.) released from the burning and killing. These are shocking thoughts, but plausible, and provide

warning concerning responsible use of energy methods.

As we pursued our investigations further into the camp, I became aware of a gathering of ravens, crows, and the like, all in one place. I have found in my work that such birds are always an indication of negative energies. My attention was particularly sharpened by a text message that had only just come in, from a friend who works with me in such matters: “in front of my window the ravens are cawing as if they were crazy. Where are you, and what are you doing?”

Laozu and I both noted a tall deva moving about this place. She had no contact with the ground, but seemed to be continually trying to make such contact. On the energy plane, this ground appeared as an almost inconceivably horrible sight. I had never before seen such dry, warped, and foul energy, as was present here. For a second time that day, I was nearly knocked to the ground. We experimented with laying a circle of TBs on the spot, but this only rendered the pain stronger, and we were left to confront the problem with just mental methods. I don't know the reason for this reaction to the orgonite: we had had a similar experience at the Ravensbrück camp, at a place occupied by a woeful spirit, and the effect of placing the orgonite was, in both cases, nearly unbearable.

When we had completed our work, the deva (a very high being charged with the administration of a large area), was able once more to anchor herself in the ground. Penetration commenced through the earth in all directions, but the process seemed that it would require some time, and we found that no further effort on our part was required. When, at the close of our tour we viewed various exhibits showing the plan of the camp, we found that that had been the place chosen for the countless executions.

Finally, we found one more negative energy line, and gifted it with a circle of 6 TBs. The reversal in energy polarity was immediate, making the whole area positive. It is amazing how effective these giftings can be when one puts them in just the right places. I found this also clearly to be the case with the qi -vortices.

In the afternoon we headed for Krakow, which Merlina told me was on one of the earth's chakras. There was a strong latent vortex there, in a park on the outskirts of town, which we opened, but after the work at Lublin, we (especially Merlina, who was doing all the driving) were too tired to do much there. There was a religious celebration in the region, and we were fortunate to find a place to stay for the night, in a town southwest of Krakow.

Next day the [canopy](#) stretched as far as we could see in every direction, and for the remainder of my trip in Europe, we never came out from beneath it. It now stretched into Russia on the east and into the Slovak and Czech Republics on the south. In late afternoon we passed back into Germany near Görlitz. That evening was Walpurgis Nacht, the night before May Day, when tradition has it that the witches are said to be out flying on their brooms. As we drove west through the countryside, we saw many bon fires celebrating the occasion.

Merlina wanted to visit the Harz mountains, a special area, early in the morning, so we drove late into the night, sleeping for a few hours on the way at a rest stop by the side of the Autobahn.

Early in the morning we found a vortex on one of the Harz mountains, and opened it. The ground was quite rocky, and we had some difficulty burying the TBs. On the way back to the car, Merlina stopped by herself to speak to the tree spirits. When we met back at the car, she told me that an elf had approached her and spoken. Two things in particular he had mentioned: One was that we should have been more thoughtful before opening the

vortex: that we should have explained to the spirits there, what we were going to do before doing it. The other was that further into the Harz, there was something which we should take care of.

Merlina suggested stopping first in a small town though which we drove, to get a cup of coffee. But we could find no place suitable – it was as if we needed to do our business first (though I didn't realize it at the time). Several kilometers outside the town, I felt high up on one of the hills through which we were passing, some of the most disgusting qi I had ever experienced. We found a place to park the car on the side of the road, ate a quick lunch, and then started hiking up an old road in the general direction of the **yin**. We passed a huge rock quarry, finding an old road up around the back of it, and after hiking off-path through the woods some way, we came at length to the source of the qi. It was a mighty, but unhappy, spirit. Merlina told me afterwards that it came from deep underground, that it was not supposed to be above ground, but that it had come up anyway, due to some activity in the ground which had annoyed it.

We began by making a **yin** line through the area positive, and then we commenced to address the spirit. After some time it left, perhaps back into the ground, and the qi of the area became sweet. I was led to walk in a closed path, or circuit, around the area, after which help came, in the form of a very respectable strong **yang** being, to cleanse things. For there were still many **yin** beings hanging about the area, perhaps having been attracted by the strong **yin** which had been prevalent before our arrival.

Several days later I flew home. The flight home was in two parts.

The first, from Frankfurt west, across Britain and Ireland, south of Iceland into Canada, and then south along the Atlantic seaboard into Washington DC. We flew out from under the **canopy** somewhat west of Ireland, and stayed out during the remainder of that leg of the trip.

The second part was from Washington DC, more or less along a great circle, to Seattle, passing just south of Minnesota, through South Dakota, Montana, and Idaho. The **canopy** became “visible” to the north in Minnesota, and we passed under it about half-way through Montana, remaining under it the rest of the trip.

## 38. THE BALKANS AND ITALY IN JUNE OF 2007

My friend Rich had suggested in the winter that he, Cesco, and myself take a trip through the Balkans to see if we could bring the [canopy](#) over that so often unsettled region.

This seemed like a good idea to me, which is one of the reasons I went with Merlina through eastern Germany and Poland in April: to bring the [canopy](#) as close as we could from the Baltic down south toward the Balkans. We brought it down and across the southern border of Poland, but I did not know how far had it extended into Slovakia and the Czech Republic.

On June 2, Cesco arrived in England from Iceland, as well as myself from America. The next day, with Rich, we flew from Stansted to Ljubljana, Slovenia. At the suggestion of Rich and Don Croft, I had written to Meta Kumer several weeks earlier, to ask if she would like to get together with us when we came. She had done much to publicize orgonite in Slovenia, and had made and distributed many good orgonite devices in that area. She met us at the airport, and graciously opened her house to us during our stay in Ljubljana. She lives in a wonderful place, up in the mountains in the outskirts of the city, with a stupendous view, a garden, and an orchard, in which latter she gave us free access to pick cherries, strawberries, and raspberries. We could not have asked for a better hostess.

The place was special in other ways as well, for two quite positive lines of qi crossed in the yard under a tree, and two [yang](#) beings were present nearby. On the mountain, higher up, was a latent vortex just waiting to be opened, to which task we attended early the next morning.

So it seemed an auspicious start. On the 4th Meta drove us, opening latent vortices to the Slovenian coast on the Adriatic Sea (though she said that in Slovenia it should be called the Jadranskaya Sea). Besides the one near her home already noted, we gifted three other vortices: one in the forest on a mountain overlooking a Slovenian valley, one on a hill over the Adriatic (in a heavy cloudburst), and one on a mountain ridge with an imposing monastery on one end, and a statue of Saint Francis on the other.

On the next day we took our leave from Meta and drove north into Austria, opening latent vortices as we went, intending to continue until we reached the boundary of the existing European [canopy](#). We reached Vienna by dinner time, and although that city was not beneath the [canopy](#), the latter was visible both to the north and to the east. So after our meal, we turned east, reaching Hungary by nightfall, and sleeping in the car (in the rain), close to a rest stop just over the border.

We were now under the [canopy](#), but gifted a latent vortex some way into Hungary, barely avoiding getting stuck in the mud after going a little off-road.

Shortly before Budapest, we turned south again, entering the northern boundary of Serbia. I was surprised and pleased, to see a freeway in that country, though we found

the tolls rather high. We of course had to leave the freeway to pursue vortices, and due to the unexpected appearance of rivers with no bridges, were not always successful in reaching them.

I recall that in one small town, there was a pole with a stork nesting on a platform at the top, and on the base of the pole was written KLINTON in Cyrillic letters.<sup>52</sup>

Early in the evening, about an hour before dark, we were overdue for finding an accessible vortex. Finally I spotted one on a hill on the side of the freeway. Cesco and Rich stayed with the car on the side of the road, while I took off up the hill. Part way up were a number of orchards and vegetable gardens. Not wanting to seem an arrogant trespasser, I walked up to an elderly man hoeing one of the gardens. He was extremely pleased to see me. He shook my hand, and placed his hands on my shoulders. Even though we could neither of us understand a word the other spoke, he smiled, showed me his garden, and led me over to a small bench under a tree, and offered me a drink out of a bottle of liquor he had there. I had to refuse, so then he brought me some water. I think he would have been glad to keep me there till dark, but I had to excuse myself and he showed me to a trail up the hill. When I came down after opening the latent vortex, I was looking forward to greeting him again, but he had gone home for the night. Afterwards, I heard that Serbian hospitality is famous throughout the region.

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<sup>52</sup> It had been but eight years since NATO (with the blessing of the US) has bombed Serbia.



Fig. 65: A Shy Serbian Turtle

Next day we headed on south, and eventually entered Macedonia. Our money went



further there, than anywhere else on the trip. The car we rented could not be driven into Greece, but we wanted to bring the [canopy](#) as far south as possible, so we drove right down to the Greek border, and gifted a latent vortex not far by. Driving north again, and finding that we were once more in need of finding a latent vortex, not long before dusk, we stopped near one on a mountain next to the freeway. As I began climbing up, I happened to turn around and notice that a police car had stopped next to our rental car, and that the officer was speaking with Rich and Cesco. I hoped that they would still be there when I got back, but there was not a lot of light left, and so I kept climbing. Fortunately, I soon found a marked path and reached the vortex much more easily than I had anticipated. When I got back to the car, they had eaten dinner, and while I was consuming the leftovers, they told me that the officers had only been friendly, and were checking to see if there was any trouble.

We had no good place to stay, and since it was raining off and on, we decided to drive into the evening. Rich did most of the driving, and I appreciate all the stressful work he cheerfully did that night. We were under the [canopy](#) now, and could drive without stopping to gift, so he drove all the way back to the Macedonian-Serbian border, over into Serbia, and up onto a road which our map said would take us to Montenegro. This road was a challenge, especially in the dark: part gravel and dirt, and what pavement there was, replete with potholes. We kept moving slowly up into the mountain and, somewhere about midnight, were stopped at a checkpoint, by Serb police.

The police looked at our passports, assured us that it was simply a checkpoint, and let us go on. Just over the hill was another group of police, who stopped us again. Turns out we were at the *de facto* Serbian/Kosovo border, and the Serbians didn't officially recognize Kosovo yet, so they did not mention that they were actually on border patrol. The Kosovo police were quite friendly, freely gave us plenty of information and advice, but ... charged us 50 euros for additional auto insurance. We had either to pay it, or go back and around *de facto* Kosovo (which would have cost us much more). So we paid it, and drove on into the night. Eventually we stopped at the side of the road, and picked up a few hours sleep in the car. I found it curious how much new construction we saw in Kosovo, especially of new homes. Of course there had to have been considerable destruction in the recent conflict, but whence did the new investment come?

Next morning (Thursday the 7th) we woke up just after daybreak, and drove (sleepily) through Kosovo, back into Serbia, and then over the border into Montenegro. We drove south,



Fig. 66: Towards the Sea in Montenegro

along mountain roads, and stopped for lunch at an interesting



Fig. 67: Moraca Monastery

Greek Orthodox monastery named Moraca. Its chapel housed a quite respectable [yang](#) being, and was situated on the edge of a high cliff over a river. Afterwards, we continued back to the mountain road, in the rain and behind slow trucks, down to the coast. At the coast, the weather turned sunny, and we found a latent vortex on a small mountain, just a few miles from the beach.

It is generally easier to find and reach vortices near the coast. Finding them is easier there, partly because vortices seem to occur on higher ground in a given area, and the beach is higher than the water. But it is more than this – I cannot ever recall sensing a vortex under water close to the coast. I do not know the reason for this – just that it is so.

We spent the night in the town of Kotor:



Fig. 68: Kotor Town in Montenegro

and had a good cheap meal at a restaurant in the old town (within the old city walls). This is a vacation port, with plenty of tourists, but luckily we found a room to spend the night for 30 Euros (though some of us had to sleep on the floor).

Fortified with a good night's sleep, on Friday we drove north into Croatia.



Fig. 69: Croatian Donkeys

Little of special interest occurred that day, and we slept in the car again, at a road stop. Actually two of us slept in the car, as Cesco found a miniature house in the children's play area, in which he could insert his sleeping bag (and self).

We had covered a considerable distance in four days, and it seems appropriate to mention a certain change. When Cesco and I began opening latent vortices in Germany two years before, we had to find a new vortex every 40 kilometers or so, in order to create, and keep advancing behind us, a new [canopy](#). On the trip to Thailand in February, and the trip to eastern Germany and Poland in April, I found that that minimum distance had increased to about 100 kilometers. In this Balkan trip we were gifting at about 100 kilometer intervals, and found that each morning the [canopy](#) had passed us up and moved some distance ahead of us. It may be that the intensity of the [yang](#) in the [canopy](#) had increased to the point that it now increases more easily: or it may be that there is more [yang](#) now in the sky, even where the [canopy](#) has not yet spread, which makes extension faster. I simply do not know the reason - but the fact is certain: that it had become less difficult to extend the [canopy](#) than formerly.

On our entire journey north through Croatia we were under the [canopy](#). It had moved down from Austria through that part of Slovenia near the sea coast (which we had gifted Monday with Meta), and west from Serbia, to cover all of Croatia. On Saturday we travelled

north to the Slovenian border, thence to the Italian border, past Trieste, and turned south again.

We bypassed Venice, Padua, and Florence, and spent the night sleeping outside in a farmer's yard (with his permission) in a area somewhat north of Rome. The weather ever since Kotor had continued to be sunny, and I found it much better sleeping out on the soft ground than in a car seat.

Next day was slow, due to traffic congestion and road repair. In the evening we tried an experiment when opening a latent vortex on a hill, just before dark. But to explain the experiment necessitates a little background.

Manfred, who was writing in the German forum, emailed me about the beginning of May concerning a discovery he had made. He made some TBs, placing them above a CB while the resin cured. He found that these TBs had a special effect: **yang** swirls up above them similar to the way it comes up from a CB. He said he would send me some photographs when he could. A week or so later I received the photographs, and from them it seemed to me that indeed he was correct. I repeated his experiment in my shop and obtained similar results. I made 12 TBs in a muffin tin, and cured them by resting the muffin tin on top of the pipes of a CB (my first one, constructed 4 years previously). The five which were above the space encircled by the pipes were all special: the others were not.

It then occurred to me that perhaps these special TBs could be used to charge water. I placed one of them several inches under a wooden plate, poured two glasses of water, placing one to the side, and one on top of the wooden plate. After some hours I found that the water in the glass over the TB was charged, as if it had been charged over a CB. The other on the side was not charged.

This all occurred shortly before the Balkan trip. I also wanted to do a couple more experiments as well: one was to see if a single special TB could change a **yin** line in the ground to a **yang** one, the way a carefully placed circle of 6 TBs will do; the other was to see if opening a latent vortex with a special TB would produce any unusual results.

We did the first experiment on a **yin** line at Meta's place, and found that the single special TB failed to change it to positive.

We did the second experiment that night in southern Italy. I used three special TBs, which I had brought with me from home, in the critical points of the vortex. We slept near the vortex that night, and next morning **yang** was swirling up into the sky strongly. But several days later, on our trip back up north, I had a chance to view the opened vortex once again, and though working properly, it did not seem better than vortices opened by ordinarily charged TBs.

The morning after opening that latent vortex we headed on south. The **canopy** was not over southern Italy the day before, but now had proceeded ahead of us to the south, even over Sicily. I felt that to bring the **canopy** as far south as possible during this trip, we should cross into Sicily, and gift a latent vortex near its southernmost coast. This would stretch it far into the Mediterranean at that longitude, since the southern coast of Sicily is more south than the northern tip of Tunisia, in North Africa.

We crossed by ferry, and made it about 2/3rds of the way through the island before

nightfall. By then, the **canopy** had likely been over Sicily for 12 hours or more. Consequently, we could not check to see how the sky above the island had been before the advent of the **canopy**. But we could feel the trees, and lesser plants, and without exception, their elementals all expressed painful stress. We slept on the ground that night, in a camp site. Next morning the trees felt somewhat better, but were still under very palpable stress.

For a good part of the trip south through Sicily, both Cesco and I could feel a strong latent vortex far to the south. Mount Etna, which is a volcano in the northern half of the island, felt quite negative driving past it, but I felt that it was not the right time for us to try to do anything about it. The latent vortex far to the south also felt quite negative, and this I had a clear feeling that we should treat.

So next morning we proceeded south and eventually found the vortex. It was on the coast, and on one of the southernmost points of the island. There was one especially strong critical point where it surfaced, and about this point we placed a circle of 6 TBs, in the manner one uses to change a **yin** line to a positive one. Almost immediately, a very tall **yang** being appeared on the spot. Before and after we had gifted the vortex, Cesco had felt a huge **yin** being out in the sea, not too far away from the shore,



Fig. 70: The Mediterranean on the Southern Coast of Sicily

to whose presence I can attest.

We walked back to the car, and began to backtrack. When we had found the correct road north, Cesco directed my attention to the trees. In the upper branches, you could feel a huge expression of relief, and thanks. The feeling was so strong, it made one want to weep. And this was within 20 minutes of opening the vortex. This feeling in the trees persisted strongly for some time, relaxing to just a positive feeling by the time we had returned half way up the island. Here are sylphs celebrating:



Fig. 71: Sicilian Sylphs

Our trip back north up Italy to Slovenia was without special incident, although it took us more than two full days of steady driving. Our good weather finally deserted us when we crossed the mountains west of Ljubljana, and we drove into the capital through heavy thunder and lightning. Meta met us in the city, and took us to her house for one more night of Slovenian hospitality (including an excellent soup made from her garden and some apricot Knödel). Here is a photo of a hole in the clouds above her CB :



Fig. 72: Hole in the Clouds over Meta's CB

The [canopy](#) now covered all of western and central Europe, with the possible exception



of parts of Spain and southern France.

### 39. IRELAND IN JUNE OF 2007

I had made Ireland flight reservations before the German/Poland trip, and it was only on that trip that I learned Ireland was already under the [canopy](#). Cesco and I considered altering our itinerary, but after consideration that Ireland is one foundation, as it were, of the [canopy](#) "bridge" over the North Atlantic, it seemed best to go through with our planned trip and to open some latent vortices on the "Emerald Isle".

We landed in Dublin on June 19th. Upon disembarking, Cesco remarked that he felt something unpleasant coming from away off. Upon consulting our compass, we found that the source was nearly due south. So we drove south, along the coast, reaching the beach near Rosslare (south of Wexford) at dusk. We sought out and found a place to park for the night, just off the beach. It rained that night, just as it rained at least a part of every day we spent on the island: we slept in the car. In the morning, after several false starts due to dead-end beach roads, we eventually found our way to the latent vortex. Observable from 180 kilometers to the north, it was rather strong. Returning along the sandy beach, Cesco called my attention back to the vortex, now about 100 meters behind us:



Fig. 73: First Latent Vortex in Ireland

A strong positive entity had appeared above it.

The next strong latent vortex was to the west. I wanted to visit the crystal works at Waterford, so we detoured through that town, but eventually wound up back on the coast, just east of Skibbereen. This vortex surfaced on the beach as well, but on a small remote section, not so easy to approach. There were 40 foot cliffs above, steep and inhabited by a **yin** being: and to each side were rocks projecting out into the ocean. We backtracked, and found a place to park about a kilometer or so away, hiked up the beach, and then waded around the rocks to reach the small piece of beach with the critical points.

On the way back, after reaching dry land again, some nymphs showed themselves off in the waves. I asked what they thought of the opened vortex, and they seemed in high spirits with their positive response. Then I asked if it might be of some help in the coming conflict. Once more the response was positive, but much more restrained, and given in sombre attitude.



Fig. 74: In the Waves

I had read of a large circle of stones located south of the city of Limerick, and wanted to see it. We proceeded north, through Bantry, Kinmare, and Killarney. Somewhere along the way, we became aware of another latent vortex. While not intentionally following its spoor, we did eventually come to it, as was located within a stone circle. Just as we drove in, a large party was leaving and, to our good fortune, the place was left to us (and about a half dozen Holstein heifers) for about an hour.



Fig. 75: Old Stone Circle

The circle, which was unusually complete, contained many stones. I suspect however, that it had been long out of operation, for virtually every rock required some revitalization.

It is my experience that when these "neolithic" circles are operating, qi flows along the circle. The process of getting it going again is something like turning the flywheel of a car or tractor, but requires considerably more rotation than the latter before it "kicks in" and commences to move by itself. Of course there is no actual flywheel to grab, or crankshaft to turn – one must use his "mind" or "middle eye" to turn/move the qi. Since the mind is doing the work, it might seem as though no actual physical action is required: but this is not the case.

Imagine that you are standing within a circle, that you move your mind out to that circle, and that you move it in one direction continuously around that circle. If you try to keep it focused directly away from the center all the way, you will at some point feel considerable stress. It becomes necessary at some point along the circuit to permit your mind to rotate on its own axis. But when moving the qi along a stone circle, it seems necessary to keep your mind fixed upon the qi, and so you cannot let it rotate on its axis. Consequently, if you are standing within the circle of stones, and moving qi around the stones, your head must turn in concert with the qi as it moves. And if your head turns, your entire body must turn, so you must whirl "like a dervish". This requires footwork, and resistance to dizziness.

One begins slowly, and the stones appear individually as one turns. But the speed gradually increases and the stones melt into a blur. The appearance or "feeling" of the qi, as it moves around the stones, reminds me of flowing mercury. The speed at which this "mercury" will flow seems only bounded by how good ones whirling footwork is.

In this case, I ran out of breath twice, and it took three separate attempts to get things going well.

When we left the circle to eat our lunch sandwiches, there were two cars of tourists just arriving. And these were followed by a seemingly endless stream of others. One lady came with a drum, and she had to wait awhile for sufficient solitude to commence her work. It reminded me somewhat of Merlina and her friends in Germany, who drum to the spirits in special locations there.

The most interesting site of our Irish trip was a church in the countryside between and south of the cities of Derry and Coleraine. The oldest part of the present structure is known to have been constructed in the early 13th century, but one tradition has it, that there has been a church at the site at least as far back as 474 AD, in St. Patrick's day. Another tradition is that the site was discovered by the Irish Saint Muiredach O'Heney, who was led there by a white stag.

It is situate on a vortex, and I have only seen this before with a handful of other churches. The first I recall happened during the second leg of our trip through Germany in 2004. In that case, as well as the present one, there was present at the time of our coming, a strong **yin** being. In both these cases, when the latent vortex was opened, the beings were much weakened, and in the present situation, it even left of its own volition.

Outside the church were two smaller buildings, one reportedly housing the remains of O'Heney. Certainly a very respectable ghost was there. As is often not the case, this ghost did know that his physical body was dead, and that he must leave at some point. It lingered there to protect the church in some way, and seemed to be determined to remain until it was no longer needed in this regard. Near the end of our visit, Cesco had an intimate quiet time with this ghost saint.



Fig. 76: Muiredach O'Heney and Cesco the Mortal

We ate lunch outside the church, and while sitting there, a large band of some 50 to 100 crows flew over us, circling many times around the church and surrounding ground.

Many years ago I had visited Ireland with my parents, and one place which had lodged itself in my memory from that time, was the megalithic mound at Newgrange, in the Boyne River valley. In those days one could just drive up to the site and inspect it freely at ones leisure. By 2007 it was designated as a protected area, and one was permitted to visit it only by driving to a building about a mile away, buying tickets, and riding a bus to and from the site. One could only to enter the passage into the mound in the presence of a tour guide.

But it is still worth a look. First it is very old: constructed about 600 years before the Great Pyramid at Giza, and some 1000 years before Stonehenge. Second, as one might expect, its construction exploited some singular qi configurations, still extant and observable.

The mound is a huge manmade hill, about 11 meters high, and perhaps 100 meters in diameter. The hill was constructed from flat stones, placed so that they sloped away from the center: any rain seeping into the earth would drain away to the base of the hill, leaving the interior perfectly dry through the past 5 millennia. A tunnel penetrates the hill, about a third of the way through, and at the end of the tunnel are three vaults, each having a flat stone at its base. Contiguous to these is a larger vault, some meters high, into which the tunnel enters. Above the tunnel is small passage way, just large enough to permit a beam of

light, and at only one time on one day of the year (winter solstice) does the light penetrate completely through this upper passage, to reach the middle vault at the end of the main tunnel.

A ring of stones, each perhaps about the size of a man, and transported from many kilometers away, serves as the boundary at the base of the hill. Above them is a wall of white quartz stones, which has been restored as well as possible to its original state.

On some of the base stones are carvings: in particular the stone at the tunnel entrance, and the stone directly opposite on the back of the mound. On these two stones are carved sets of swirls, some swirling towards their centers clockwise, and some counter-clockwise. On each stone is exactly one spot where a clockwise swirl contacts a counter-clockwise swirl. If one could push the tunnel entrance stone directly through the mound to match it with the stone at the back, so that these contact points coincided, he would find that the direction of these swirls would exactly match. Here is the back side:



Fig. 77: Engraving at Rear of Newgrange Mound

There is in fact a strong [yang](#) line , straight as a string from horizon to horizon, which runs through the mound, directly under said swirl contact points. The direction the qi flows through this line is such that it passes from the back to the mound to the front of the mound: roughly from northwest to southeast. This means that the tunnel of the mound

was built so that the beam of light penetrating to the uttermost vault inside, on winter solstice, would be in exact alignment with the [yang](#) line. Furthermore, the light from the sun would shine in the exact opposite direction to that in which the qi was flowing. I believe it would be quite interesting to be present at that point at the appropriate time on winter solstice. Unfortunately only a few people can fit inside at one time. Some thousands of people annually draw lots for these few positions, and even the lucky few cannot be sure that the sun will not be obscured by clouds when the time comes.

There is a second strong line of qi which passes through the mound. It is not perfectly straight like the first, but runs roughly from south to north. It is in a way more interesting than the first line, because the qi does not flow straight along it, but rather in a swirling way, as if along a coil. This second line intersects the first line, nearly as I could tell, through the vault directly at the end of the tunnel.

The people who constructed the mound are thought to have come to Ireland about 4000 BC, and the flat rocks at the base of the vaults within the mound are thought to have been in place long before the mound was constructed.

Also in the Boyne Valley is the Hill of Tara, home of the old kings of Ireland. When we arrived here, there were tents, caravans, and people protesting a proposed freeway which is planned to run through this old historical area. Tara is a sheep run now, though you can see outlines of the old ruins. It was worth the trip to see it, but perhaps more interesting was a rath some distance down the road.<sup>53</sup> This one serves now as a farmer's pasture, and one must actually get inside it to appreciate it. As the definition indicates, it is a large circular earthen wall, surrounded by a ditch (likely formed when the earth was dug out to form the wall). Cesco preceded me out into it, and found that near the center was a latent vortex, something which is not to be found on Tara Hill proper.

The final latent vortex we treated on the trip was in a peat bog. This was one of those vortices, like one I found last year in South Africa, and one a month or so ago in Poland, near the Russian border, where rather than touching the earth's surface in several points, it spread out over a larger area and could be gifted anywhere on that area. We of course chose a place where it seemed the peat would not be harvested (dug out) in the future.

We returned the rental car in Dublin the night before our departure. Since Cesco had to check in for his flight at 4 AM the next morning, we tried to catch a few hours sleep on the airport floor. Due to repeated loud warnings from the loudspeaker not to leave our baggage unwatched, we didn't succeed too well. My plane to America was delayed and did not get away until 7:30 the next evening, and by then I was pretty drowsy. I only managed to stay awake until the plane had passed over Greenland, but up until the time I fell asleep, there was never a time on the Atlantic flight that I did not see the [canopy](#) in every direction. When I awoke, we were in northwestern Canada, and there was again the [canopy](#) in every direction.

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<sup>53</sup> A rath is [Oxford English Dictionary] "an enclosure (usually of a circular form) made by a strong earthen wall, and serving as a fort and place of residence for the chief of a tribe; a hill fort".



## 40. A TEST AND TRAVELS IN THE SUMMER OF 2007

Throughout the western United States are many towns which have nearly disappeared, or are much smaller than they were in their thriving years. This is due to several reasons.

Many of these towns grew up with mines or lumber camps, and the ore or timber has either been mostly, or totally, used up in the surrounding areas. A second reason is that, with the construction of the national highway system in the 1950's, and the increase in ownership of automobiles, people could drive farther to make their daily purchases, and so many of the businesses and shops of the small towns died for want of customers. And a third reason was the mechanization of agriculture which led to larger farms and a much reduced number of farm workers. And so, for some forty years and more, there was been a continuing supply of abandoned buildings in the West – and these have been a source of used building materials for those who wished to build, but were without financial resources to buy new material.

Some thirty five years ago a couple of friends of mine and myself were in that situation, when one of us heard of an abandoned building in the small town of La Crosse, Washington. It was a brick building which had been constructed back in 1906, and had once been the largest and most impressive structure in town, but eventually had become property of Whitman County, due to non-payment of back taxes.

So we three petitioned the County Commissioners to sell us the building for \$5 or some such token amount, the advantage to the County being free demolition of the building. They agreed, and for two summers, we (with the help of some of our boys) worked dismantling the structure, de-nailing boards, chipping the mortar off bricks, and transporting lumber the 50 miles or so to our resident town. I estimate that we took home about a quarter of a million brick among the three of us. I traded much of my brick for lumber, and the rest eventually ended up stacked in my garage, where most of it remained for twenty years collecting dust, taking up space, and providing a refuge for the cat when he felt he needed it.

In the year 2007, I finally concluded that it was unlikely I would ever use it, and so offered it for sale. In the spring, a buyer appeared, who by chance owned the land around and including the summit of Moscow Mountain. His property is inaccessible due to snow 5 months of the year, and by the time the roads had dried out sufficiently for trucking in brick, it was June. So it happened that only in mid-July, after my return from the June trip to Eastern Europe and Ireland, was I able to assist the new owner to truck his bricks up to Moscow Mountain.

I had some years before opened a vortex on Moscow Mountain. It was a good vortex, though it lacked the strength of others in its vicinity, such as that on Steptoe Butte and that on Tomer Butte. On my visit to the mountain this time, I discovered why. I had not found the main vortex back in 2003: but a lesser one of easier access, and closer to the road.

The owner Mark, took me up a trail to the actual summit, and not too far from the summit, was the main vortex. I happened to have one TB with me in the car, and so I buried it on the strongest critical point.

Later, after I had returned home, I found that the vortex on Moscow Mountain had

become considerably stronger, and now was, if anything, more powerful than that on Tomer Butte.

People had asked me numerous times over the past several years, and I myself had wondered, what would happen to an opened vortex if the TBs were removed from the site some time after the opening. Always before the TBs placed had been too numerous, or the vortices too remote, for it to be convenient to make the experiment.

Here now seemed a good opportunity. So in mid-August I drove back up to Moscow Mountain, and with the help of the owner Mark who had previously accompanied me, found the single TB which had been placed on the vortex, and removed it, taking it back home with me.

I observed the vortex from my window at home, some 15 to 20 miles away, and over the course of a week found virtually no change in its strength.

However, with this more careful and exact observation, I found that there was some roughness to the qi, right where it emerged from the ground. The roughness bordered even on pain. Then qi was pure and positive below the surface, and up above the surface: only at or near the surface was there roughness. On the week of August 20 through August 26 I was away on a trip, and upon my return, I found that the vortex on Moscow Mountain was still strong, and the painful roughness still present.

So I decided to drive up the mountain one more time to see what, if anything, I could do about it. I e-mailed Mark, and he gave me his blessing to come. He was putting windows in his new house, and after giving him a hand inserting one of them, I set out up the trail by myself toward the source of the pain.

After a short hike, I found it – not exactly where the vortex was, nor on the actual summit, but in a small grove of trees nearby. There was a quite respectable yang being, some 15 to 20 feet tall, in considerable pain. My guess is, that it was the spiritus loci<sup>54</sup>, which had responsibility for the region about the mountain. I have no idea how it came to be in such an uncomfortable condition, but there it was.

My heart told me I should help, and I gave the yang being a qi gong treatment, which lasted perhaps 20 minutes. Afterwards I was led up the trail some distance to give just a little help to something else up there, and that was the end of it.

When I was back home several hours later, I looked again up at the vortex on the mountain. There was no more roughness and no more pain: just pure yang swirling up out of the ground. And such is still the case as I wrote this paragraph, some seven years later.

My week-long journey had been to the Southwest. Some five and a half years previously, I had spent several days down on the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, with my friend Steve Kelley.

Except for motels along the road run by the Dines (as the Navajos call themselves), non-tribe members without special permission are not supposed to stay overnight on the reservation. However Steve had become close friends with a Navajo man Dale, had lived some years with Dale's family on the "Rez" near Cameron, and so an exception was made for us.

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<sup>54</sup> Or *tu di shen* in Mandarin.

That is special country. There are four “holy mountains” which mark the traditional four corners of Navajo country. One of them is in the San Francisco Peaks group north of the city of Flagstaff. This group is holy to the Hopis as well, an older tribe, whose Reservation is a small enclave within the Navajo Reservation. Steve had taken me there back in 2002, when we were looking for pine pitch to prepare some traditional Navajo healing cloths.

Back in early spring of this year (2007) Steve and I had decided to take another visit, but on the way to Ely, Nevada, where Steve was staying at the time, I ran into a bad snow storm, and had to give up on the trip for the nonce. Now in late August, something told me that it was time to try again.

I left on Monday afternoon (August 20), staying the first night near Twin Falls Idaho. Nearly a year earlier, I had visited Steve in Ely and had opened a latent vortex in the old Shoshone “City of the Rocks”. On Tuesday, as I crossed over into Nevada, I observed that the [canopy](#) extended strong and pure as far as the eye could see, in all directions. I had returned home from Nevada the previous year before the vortex had reached its maturity, and so had not appreciated its power at the time. Now I saw that it was of the strongest.

I picked up Steve in Ely in early afternoon, and we continued south and east together, spending the night at Cedar City, Utah. It was only Wednesday morning, on the spectacular pass via US 14, that we drove out from under the [canopy](#). We continued on through southwestern Utah and into Arizona. A short distance over the state line, we stopped at a good view point to have a look toward the south. There were several powerful latent vortices to be seen, by far the strongest was on a jagged looking peak off toward the horizon. Steve told me that was probably in the San Francisco Peaks, which is the highest land in Arizona. We found later that he was correct.

We reached Cameron about two in the afternoon. Dale was still at work, and I could see a latent vortex off to the west, so we decided to dedicate the remainder of the afternoon to opening it. It was up not far from the Grand Canyon. I had visited the Grand Canyon with Cesco back in 2005, but it was a different site, which had not needed any improvement. This latent vortex was somewhat back in the brush and not on the Canyon edge.

That night I told Dale what we were up to, and gave him a nice HHg which I had gotten from Cbswork several years before. Strictly speaking, the San Francisco Peaks, whither we were headed the next day, was on Federal land rather than tribal land, but I knew something of the place the Peaks occupy in Navajo culture, and I thought it only common courtesy to run it by him before we did anything. He thanked me for the HHg and invited us to stay with him and his wife the next night again, when we returned from our outing.

Next day we set out just after daybreak, since the weather was hot. We were able to drive about 2/3rds of the way up, and the rest of the way required about a three hour hike. There was a spiritus loci on Mt. Humphries, the highest peak, but it came over to the nearby mountain where the latent vortex was located, after it was opened. It was beautiful climb, with deep blue sky, lovely aspen and spruce trees, and a cool breeze.

When we returned in the afternoon, it was hot on the high desert, and we were tired from unwonted exertion. I went to bed early, while Steve stayed up late with Dale and his wife Lula talking over old times.

Next morning I awoke at dawn, and went out to examine the sky. The [canopy](#) had arrived overnight, pure and sweet, and it stretched as far as the eye could see in every direction.

We left for home about 7AM, and during the next two days on the road there was no place that I could see not covered by the [canopy](#). I reckoned that the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Nevada, were all covered; and that California, Montana, Utah, and Arizona more than half covered.

## 41. CHINA IN THE FALL OF 2007

There was reason to believe that the entire East Asian coast region, from Singapore in the south to somewhere north of Beijing, was covered by the [canopy](#). In the south this region extended west to the Indian Ocean, covering all of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, peninsular Malaysia, and Burma. To extend this [canopy](#) in Asia, it seemed logical to begin in southwestern China, north of Thailand, and to work north through western China.

The cheapest flights to China at that time were via Hong Kong, so Cesco and I flew there, meeting on October 11. We slept that night in the home of my friend See Hoi, and next morning we took the bus over the border into Shenzhen.

When I first visited China in 1983, Shenzhen was a fishing town of some 30,000 population. That was about the beginning time of the great Chinese economic liberalization, and Shenzhen was selected as an experimental town: to test what would develop if a free economy were permitted in China. Now Shenzhen has 6.5 million people, and an airport that services all the major cities of China.

We boarded a flight there, to the capital Kunming of Yunnan Province. The [canopy](#) endured overhead throughout the entire flight, which meant we would have to travel further north to begin our vortex opening work.

There was however a location in the west of Yunnan, which I wanted to visit first. I had learned of it on the web, several days before leaving America. This was Jizu Shan, or Chicken Foot Mountain. It is revered as one of the holy places of Buddhism, and I had looked carefully at some of the photographs of the mountain posted on the internet. In one of them could be seen an entity in need of help, and my heart told me that I should go there. And so, upon landing in Kunming, we took a bus to Dali, the nearest city of any size to Jizu Shan.

In the morning, we boarded a local bus to Binchuan, a town more or less at the foot of the mountain. From there, a road runs about two thirds of the way up, just past the Zhusheng monastery. Looking for transportation thither, we met two pilgrim nuns with the same destination, and we decided to hire a small van together for 60 yuan (about 8 dollars). It was understood that, for this price, there would be no other passengers. About half way up, the driver pulled off to the side of the road to pick up another rider. Our incensed nuns however, told him in no uncertain terms, that this he could not do. After feeble argument, he was cowed, and drove us on up to the monastery.

On the drive up, one of the nuns, who was from Singapore and spoke excellent English, told us of the the ancient legend of the mountain: that one of Sakyamuni Buddha's students named Jiaye, had come to the mountain from India, in the old days; that he had meditated in solitude there many years, waiting for the next Buddha to come, that he might render service in those coming days; that the mountain took compassion on Jiaye and opened up to let him enter and pass the intervening years safe inside itself; and that the pious Jiaye meditates yet in the heart of Jizu Shan.

Arriving at Zhusheng, we entered the gates of this monastery, passing first through an

introductory temple, and then to the principal temple of the place. In both places resided quite worthy yang beings, and Cesco and I paid them due respect.



Fig. 78: Monastery Deity at Zhusheng

A monk there was impressed by our seriousness, and invited us to stay the night, and to partake of the vegetarian food of the place. We accepted, paying a small fee for the

accommodation. Cesco told me later that he considered the food there the best he had in China.

We had still a good part of the afternoon at our disposal, and so went out into the surrounding woods, looking for the distressed entity I had seen in the photo. We found it on a hill in the forest, not too far from the monastery. After burying six TBs to change an offending **yin** line to a **yang** line , we both worked to heal the entity, and seemed to have some success.

Later, after we had returned to the monastery, the monk who had invited us to stay for the night told us something of a famous Boddhisatva named Xu Yun who had sojourned at the monastery many years earlier. Xu Yun was born in 1830, had begun serious self-cultivation at the age of 15, and had reached enlightenment at the age of 55. From this time on, he had devoted himself to teaching, founding new temples, and generally helping those intent on following the Buddha's Path. At age 65, he was granted an audience by the empress Zi Xi, who was so impressed by him, that he was granted means from the imperial treasury to carry on his work. He lived to see her death, the end of the Ching Dynasty shortly thereafter, the years of the warlords, the war with Japan, and the final victory of the Communists, only dying at age 120, in 1950. There is a room in the temple devoted to his memory, and a pagoda in the back of the monastery housing a shi li zi taken from his remains. A shi li zi is a relic taken from a holy man or woman's cremation ashes, and it often contains something of the deceased's spirit. It was so in this case, and the qi of the spirit seemed to be identical with the qi in photographs of Xu Yun, which hang in the temple.

In the morning we set out with the nuns, up the path to the summit. It was cloudy, drizzling at times, and a bit uncomfortable for the nuns dressed in the thin brown robes of their order. At the summit we found a rather large flat area, upon which was built three major structures.

The smallest, but most impressive one, was dedicated to the Boddhisatva Guan Yin.



Fig. 79: Guan Yin Temple on Chicken Foot Mountain

Guan Yin, the Bodhisatva of compassion, is perhaps the most popular of all China. The qi that rises out of the ground into that temple is unique. It was evident from a hundred miles away, and when on the mountain in the neighborhood of the temple, its brilliance was comparable to that of the sun. When you open your mind to feel it, any more than a very slight degree, there is an immediate blinding effect. Cesco was much taken with the place, and entered it to pay his respects to the deity within, remaining there for quite some time.

But there was yet a blemish in the feeling of this temple. While Cesco remained inside, I walked back a short way from the building, seeking a more objective view. Then I became aware that there was a line of **yin** qi passing through the ground under the temple, that contributed a minor sickly addition to the qi of the place.

The second building was the famous Lengyan Pagoda and the third a large hall, housing three huge Buddha statues. The strength of the qi, however, of these statues, was not commensurate with their size. Moreover, there was some pain observable in the faces of the two flanking Buddhas. So I prayed before the one in the center, and asked if there was anything I could do to help. The only response was for me to remove some of the qi from my dan tian (the qi center below the navel), and send it into the statue. I asked if I should not try to help the Buddhas on the sides: but no.

Cesco was now back, and it was nearly noon. The monks living on the summit invited our two nun friends out of the rain into their dining hall for lunch, and our friends managed to extend the invitation to Cesco and myself as well. The monks and nuns eat but twice a day, the second and final meal coming at noon. It was our observation that they took that meal seriously, and did not stint on their portions. We finished a bit sooner than the rest, and, when the monks brought some warmer clothing for the nuns to change into, we left the dining hall. Outside we found few others present, and so it was a good opportunity to find a secluded place on that **yin** line which passed under the golden temple. We found what we were seeking in a little grove of trees, and Cesco played sentry while I buried the 6 TBs. It



had an immediate effect on the qi of the temple, which now seemed to partake of no negative admixture.

When the nuns came back from lunch, they entered the hall of the three Buddhas, and we decided to go in again. After standing there a minute or so, I suddenly felt a call to hurry to the back behind the great statues. Arriving there, I found a smaller image: this again of Guan Yin. I knelt down to show due respect, and I could feel some sort of communication passing between the spirit of the statue and my own. I rose quickly, hastening to the great Buddha on the right. I could feel something inside myself directing my motions to treat the ailment of that Buddha, after which I hurried to the Buddha on the other side, where transpired a similar remedy. Thence it was back to the Guan Yin idol once more, to pay respect.

We left the great hall, and it was time to head back down the mountain. The rain was light but steady now, and we all put up the umbrellas which we had borrowed early in the morning, when we had set out from Zhusheng. Part way down, we came to that area of the face of the mountain which was said to have opened up to accommodate Jiaye. There were a number of Buddhist pilgrims setting up camp there in the rain, planning to remain several days to conduct certain ceremonies. We paused long enough to try to get a sense of the place, and it did seem that there might something inside the mountain.

We stayed the night at Zhusheng Monastery again, and in the morning, returned with the nuns via bus to Kunming. It was still afternoon when we reached the city, so we bought tickets for an evening flight, north to Chengdu in Sichuan Province, hoping to get started on our real job in China.

Landing in Chengdu, I found that we were still under the [canopy](#). The only other place I had set my intention on seeing during the trip, was Emei Shan or Highbrow Mountain. I had heard of it from many people, both as being spectacularly beautiful, and as being a place of considerable power. It lay west of Chengdu, and we took the advice of a young lady scouting for a taxi company, to go on to Emei City that night. Cesco was not enthusiastic about taking her advice, but I was suffering from mild food poisoning, and didn't feel like shopping around. So we went ahead with it and arrived at Emei around 2AM, with no hotels open, excepting a few with "No Vacancy" signs. Our driver banged on several doors, and eventually found a place for us to stay the night.

We slept in a bit the next morning, and took a bus up the mountain. In better circumstances I would have preferred to hike up the mountain, for there are said to be many interesting places on the ascent. But I was feeling bad about not having opened any latent vortices yet on the trip, and so elected to ascend the fast way. The bus terminus coincided with the terminus of a gondola line, and we rode a gondola car the rest of the way to the top. On the summit stand various stately structures, notably a huge outside Buddha statue, and an impressive temple.



Fig. 80: Emei Shan Upon our Arrival

The statue had a **yin** line running through it, and there was a strong latent vortex nearby.

Taking care of these was somewhat more of a challenge than was our work on Jizu Shan shan. For it is much more of a tourist center. There were people wandering nearly everywhere on the summit, soldiers ostentatiously marching about to overawe any potential evil doers, plain clothes caretakers skulking about, and electronic eyes prominently displayed. Fortunately, one place on the bad line was left unattended just long enough for application of the 6 TB cure, and several of the critical points were close enough to some protective foliage, that we were able to open the place up. Transmuting the qi of the line had



Fig. 81: Emei Shan After our Arrival

an immediate positive effect on the Buddhist statue, and, within a few minutes after the latent vortex was opened, a strong and brilliant concentration of [yang](#) appeared over the statue.

Cesco mentioned hearing the [yang](#) , as it formed. Here is a satisfied monkey we met on the way down:



Fig. 82: Monkey on High-Brow Mountain

We were weary when we arrived down from the mountain, and decided to spend another night in Emei City, rather than go back immediately to Chengdu. Somewhat refreshed the next morning, we took the bus back, and discussed our next move. We were still under the [canopy](#) and, having opened a rather strong latent vortex on Emei Shan, we surmised that the [canopy](#) would likely have extended itself somewhat. So we decided to fly all the way to

Urumqi in Xinjiang Province, on the old Silk Road. This was far to the northwest in China, but we felt that we could work back east and south, gifting in stages, until we reached the boundary of the [canopy](#).

So we boarded a plane in Chendu for Urumqi. The weather thitherto had been overcast with intermittent rain, but now it turned sunny and beautiful.



Fig. 83: Cloud on the Flight to Urumqi

Most of our flight was in daylight, and so I was able to observe the sky from my window seat. We never came out from beneath [canopy](#), nor did I see an end to it anywhere! So it appeared that we would not be staying long in Xinjiang.

Xianjiang has a large non-ethnic Chinese population. Most of these are called Uighurs, and believe in Islam. The Chinese Government fears separatist sentiment, and rules for foreign visitors are more strict there than elsewhere in China. There were only certain hotels where non citizens could stay, and so we had to pay a bit more for our room than elsewhere. The next morning we found an internet bar several blocks from our hotel, and I went in to check my email. While sitting at the computer, a young woman came up and struck up a conversation. She was a teacher, wanted to practice her English, and invited Cesco and I to visit her home for lunch. She offered us bona fide Xinjiang noodles and mutton. We had to turn down the mutton due to our diet, but the noodles and vegetables were good, as were the apples she gave us from her family's orchard.

After lunch she guided us to some points of interest in the city. One was the famous Red Hill, on which sits a Buddhist temple and an old pagoda.



Fig. 84: The Red Hill Pagoda in Urumqi

We were not able to obtain much information about the latter, other than it had been there for a very long time. It did not feel good at all, due to a **yin** line through it. Fortunately, the line passed behind some bushes on the side of the hill, and we were able to fix it. The pagoda had been negative for some time. There was a photograph in a building nearby showing the area as it had been back in the 1930's, and the pagoda was in it, looking just as old as it does now. Presently the hill is covered with trees and plants, due to China's great

tree planting program of some years ago: in the photograph the hill was utterly barren. Here is an Urumqi butterfly:

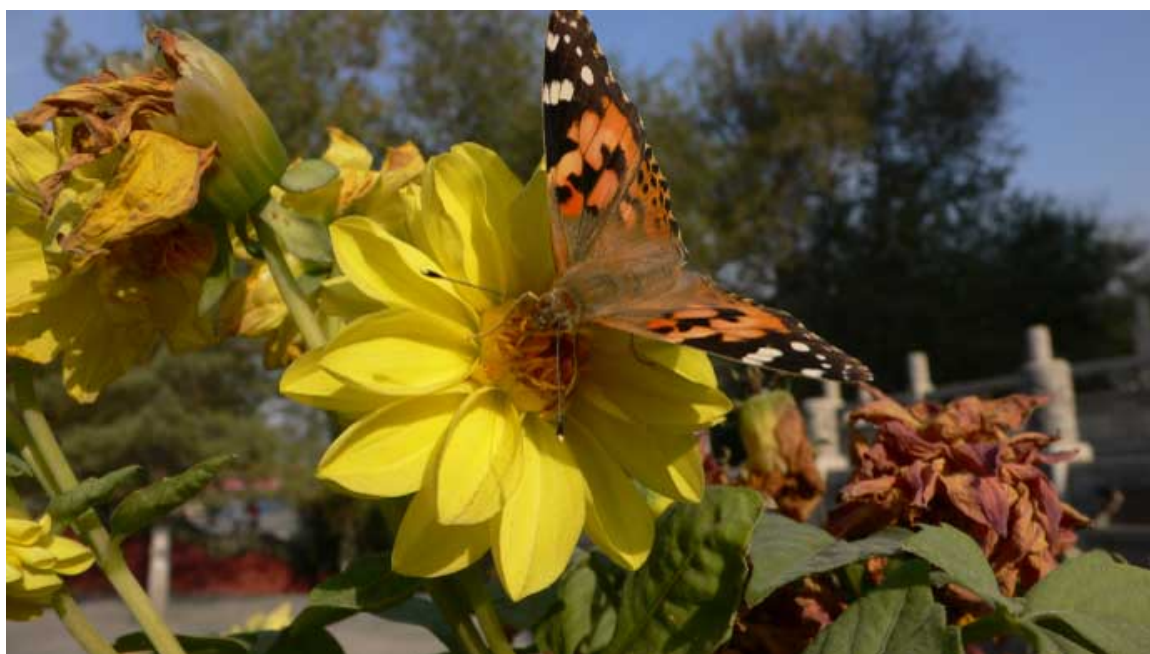


Fig. 85: A Butterfly on the Old Silk Road

In the evening we took the girl Maria to dinner, and were joined by her boy friend, a traditional Chinese doctor. Walking back to our room from the restaurant, he noticed that I was walking irregularly and asked me about it. I told him about my bad back, and though he had already worked 9 hours that day, he offered to give me a message. He was quite skillful, and gave me relief which lasted for many days.

Now, however, we had to plan our next move. I knew, that with high probability, the [canopy](#) covered all of China except perhaps Tibet and Manchuria. It was probably a bit late in the season to go to Tibet, and going there required a special permit, so we opted for Manchuria. Maria called a contact in Urumqi and purchased tickets for us, to Harbin in the northeast province of Heilongjiang (River of the Black Dragon).

From Urumqi to Harbin is a long way, and we had a short lay-over in Beijing. Though we left Urumqi in the morning, it was dark when we arrived in Harbin. Some distance south of Harbin, at last, we flew out from beneath the [canopy](#). Harbin was a little rougher, and the people less used to foreigners, than other places we had visited in China. Stepping out of a shop our first night there, having purchased a bottle of drinking water, someone brushed by me. As I turned in his wake, I was hit harder by a cop making a flying leap to tackle the young man. And then a second policeman appeared out of nowhere to sit on the tackled fellow's head. We had no idea what the provocation had been, but we were glad we were not the man on the bottom of the pile. A few minutes later we went into a small cafe on a side street to get a late meal. The owner was quite amiable, asking all sorts of questions about where we came from, but the owner's boys and others in the place stared at us as if we were from another planet.



Next morning, after purchasing a typical northern Chinese breakfast of shao bing and you tiao, I bought a map of the province, dug out my pocket compass, and took bearings on the strongest latent vortex I could feel. It was to the north, and I located a good sized town (on the bus route) in that direction on the map. We bought tickets, and after bus ride of several hours, got off at the town. Taking bearings again, I found the latent vortex to the north and east. Referring to the map, I found a small town in that direction, the characters of whose name I recognized and could pronounce. We found a taxi driver who was willing to give us his (and his car's) afternoon for about 160 yuan (about 20 dollars), I told him the name of the town, and we started off.

I could tell from his look that he had not seen many foreigners before, and probably none who had wanted to go where we indicated; but he drove off in the direction we wanted. There were stretches of rough and bumpy road, but as long as we stayed on the county roads, the ride was not bad. However, before we came in sight of our designated destination, I saw the latent vortex: a grove of trees on a small hill off near the skyline. I got the driver's attention, pointed to the trees, and told him we wanted to go there. At this point I think he was thoroughly confused, but he obediently turned off the county road into a dirt road through the fields.



Fig. 86: Burnt Fields in Heilongjiang

Several times he stopped, asking directions of farmers working in the fields, as the condition of the road grew steadily worse and more narrow. Finally, after almost high centering, he brought the car to a stop, and walked off about a 100 yards to a farmer working in a neighboring field. When he returned, he was glowering, and he wanted to know if we wanted to go to the small town I originally had named, or not. I told him we had changed our minds, and needed only to go to the grove of trees off over the fields,



Fig. 87: Toward Our Final Latent Vortex in China

and after that, we could go back to his home city. This mollified him a little, and he started out again down the road. A short distance later we came upon another vehicle headed in our direction, and our driver simply pulled in behind it, and followed. This road was by no means smooth, but at least not dangerous to the car, and we eventually pulled in to a small village near the grove of trees. We did not want the driver to go with us, so Cesco stayed in the car with the driver while I with my backpack of TBs took off through the fields. The driver had never had raisins before, and Cesco had a sack of them (imported from sunny California), which he fed to the driver as I navigated my way to the vortex. Fortunately there were a couple of critical points which were not in the fields (and subject to disturbance by subsequent tilling thereof), and I was able to bury TBs in them without being observed. Back in the car, Cesco told me that he could hear the [yang](#) rise up out of the ground as this vortex was opened. Just after the opening:



Fig. 88: No Longer Latent Vortex

Now the driver had raisins in his stomach and an open road for home, so we were all in good spirits. As usually is the case with vortex hunting, the road back is shorter and easier than the road there, and we arrived at the driver's home city before dark. Unfortunately, it was after 4PM, and at 4PM the last bus for the day back to Harbin had already left. By now the driver's original suspicion had mutated into a sort of affection. He asked me questions about the US, of which he had very little knowledge, and I asked him about his neighborhood, of which I had even less. He mentioned that he would love to be paid in US money, which he had not seen before. I had a \$20 bill in my wallet, and offered it to him, but after some thought, he decided that he could not afford so expensive a curio, and so I paid him in yuan instead. But I also had a \$1 bill with George Washington on the back, and added it as lagniappe. He was delighted, and by now felt a sort of responsibility for our welfare. He drove down the main highway south in the direction of Harbin till he overtook a bus, and rapidly turned his headlights off and on until the bus driver pulled off onto the roadside. Then he gestured us to get onto the bus, while he haggled with the bus driver on price. Before we found seats however, he motioned for us to get off again, which we did, and watched the bus go on down the road without us. He said that the bus people wanted 60 yuan apiece to take us to Harbin, and that that was twice what the price should be. But now it was dark, and we would gladly have paid the 60 yuan (about 7.5 dollars) apiece for a several hour bus trip, especially since there were no more scheduled buses that day. But our taxi driver had a different perspective, since his daily wages were only about 40 yuan.

So he drove to a nearby fuel station, and commenced to ask the automobile drivers who were stopping there for refueling, if any of them would take us to Harbin for 30 yuan. No luck. Finally he told us he might have to take us to the train station where we would have to pay a higher price, and he looked nervous and apologetic. Then suddenly a bus pulled in at the other end of the fuel station. His face lit up and he jammed his foot onto the gas pedal. Unfortunately it was now totally dark, and he had not noticed a large piece of concrete on the parking lot ahead of us. "Wham" went my head into the roof. And "wham" went the floor boards of the taxi onto the concrete obstruction. Cesco told me he smelt exhaust fumes in the car afterwards, and I sincerely hope he did not damage the car much. He apologized

while continuing across the lot to the bus. Here we got on, and got tickets for less than 60 yuan. Just before the the bus pulled out I heard someone banging on the side of the bus below our seat window. I looked out into the dark, and saw our driver's beaming face looking up on us waving. We waved back, also smiling.



Fig. 89: Our New Friend

Several hours later we were back at our hotel, eating dinner and discussing that by morning, very likely all of China (except perhaps Tibet, if Tibet be considered part of China) would be under the [canopy](#). The job we set out to do there was finished, and though there was still time allotted on our schedule, we decided to return to Hong Kong next day and take our separate ways: Cescio back to Iceland, and myself to Taiwan to visit old friends. So we took a flight back the next day to Shenzhen, via Changsha, thence by bus to Hong Kong airport to arrange early passage away from China.



Fig. 90: Our Route Through China

Cesco made it back without special incident, and while I had some adventures in Taiwan, they are probably better left untold here. On October 31, I took plane from Hong Kong to Tokyo (Narita), and then on to Seattle. Three weeks earlier flying over, the northern half of Japan had not been under the [canopy](#). Now it was, which fact I attributed to our opening the latent vortex in Manchuria. The [canopy](#) did not continue overhead all the way back to

Seattle, and it seemed that a trip to Alaska, and perhaps Siberia, sometime in the future, might still be required.

One thing seems to have been affirmed by our trip, which phenomenon had already been indicated by earlier trips in this year 2007. This was the fact that it is becoming easier to spread the [canopy](#). Whereas two years ago one had to open a latent vortex every 20 kilometers or so, now the the distance had increased to hundreds of kilometers. My guess (though it is only a guess) is that somehow the condition of that part of the sky which is not yet covered by the [canopy](#) has changed somewhat, so that it changes subject to slighter contact with [yang](#) than before.

A photo for "good night" (in Sino-Scottish dialect), taken by Cesco in a hotel in Urumqi:



Fig. 91: Good Night!

## 42. STATE OF WASHINGTON IN THE FALL OF 2007

On November 8, I drove across Washington State to Seattle, and had opportunity to observe the spread of **yang** in the surface of the earth along the way. The sky above the route had now been entirely covered by the **canopy** for several years, and the effect along the route seemed to be rather uniform.

The trees still seemed to be the major conduit of the **yang** from the sky into the ground. The **yang** entered the tip of the tree's most prominent branch, usually the one most centrally located and tending to be vertical, and flowed down through the trunk into the ground.

But this was not the sole path of the **yang** into the ground, for there was a thin layer throughout the surface of the earth, even where there were no trees.

The **yang** was also present in living plants. Here is a very partial list, written in descending order of strength:

1. leaves or needles in trees;
2. green foliage on bushes;
3. green leaves of grass;
4. living wood in trees.

The earth just under asphalt and concrete roads was more positive than the roads themselves.

In a pond or small lake, the earth just below the water, was much more positive than the water itself.

### 43. CHILE AND ARGENTINA IN JANUARY OF 2008

Except for the trip to South Africa in early 2006, I had neglected the Southern Hemisphere. Ale and Javi, who lived in Santiago, invited me to come to Chile. Ale planned to buy a pickup truck before the end of 2007, and wrote that we could use it to make a circuit from Santiago up to Peru and Bolivia, and then south again through Argentina down to Tierra del Fuego at the southern end of South America, and then north again to Santiago. Such was the plan, and in September I purchased tickets for the trip. In a tale of struggle and airline fraud too involved to be included here, together with carelessness on my own part, I arrived in Santiago on January 9, six days after leaving home.

Flying south out of Los Angeles, I had observed that the [canopy](#) had ended just south of the Mexican border, and there appeared no more of it thereafter along the route to Santiago. We hoped to generate a new one so soon as possible. On Thursday the 10th we climbed a hill near where Ale and Javi were living, at the top of which slept a latent vortex of about average strength. Sometime biologist Ale told me that when the [yang](#) began to come out of the ground, his eyes observed something like bacteria under a microscope. This first hill was typical of many we were to climb afterwards (with the exception of those in the sandy desert), in that we had to deal with a plethora of burrs and/or thorns. Poor Javi had on only shorts, and due to the high thorn bushes, had to turn back after a rough start.

Next day pursuing our second vortex, although it was on a higher hill, we were able to follow a trail the greater part of the way, and so made better time. This vortex was somewhat stronger than the first.

By Saturday morning, the [canopy](#) had already formed over Santiago, and it was now time to commence our road trip. Since we were setting out a week later than originally planned, we reluctantly decided to omit Peru and Bolivia from our itinerary. Just after lunch, we set out in a packed pickup. About 50 miles or so north of Santiago, we drove out from beneath the [canopy](#). About 40 miles further north we opened up our first latent vortex of the trip on a hill, not far from the highway.

Several hours before dark, we halted at a shop on a dairy farm, where we ate some quite good cheese empanadas, and not far from there, we left the highway to open a second vortex. It was on a beach, without public road access, and we had to drive to the northernmost part of the nearest town, and hike an hour or so along sand dunes:





Fig. 92: Tracks on a Chilean Beach

The shadows were now growing long, and after a short rest, we strode vigorously back to the truck.

After continuing north a short distance along the highway, we turned east on a country road, toward Qualitapia, to stay the night at the home of a certain Lorenzo, a friend of Ale and Javi. This man owned a quartz mine in semi-desert country. We arrived sometime after dark, and Lorenzo invited us inside to eat something, after which he took us out into his yard to show us some quite large crystals. I had not seen any of that size since several years previously, when John Scudamore had showed us one he had buried in one of his fields. There was a presence in each of the stones, and each of them was in need of a bit of help. After the qi-gong treatments, I turned in, wearily laying my sleeping bag out on Lorenzo's living room floor.

On Sunday morning the [yang](#) was overhead, having caught up with us. Lorenzo took us out a short distance from his house, to show us a really huge 4 ton crystal which he was placing in a special arrangement. Here is the rock with Javi astride, the picture having been taken during a previous visit:

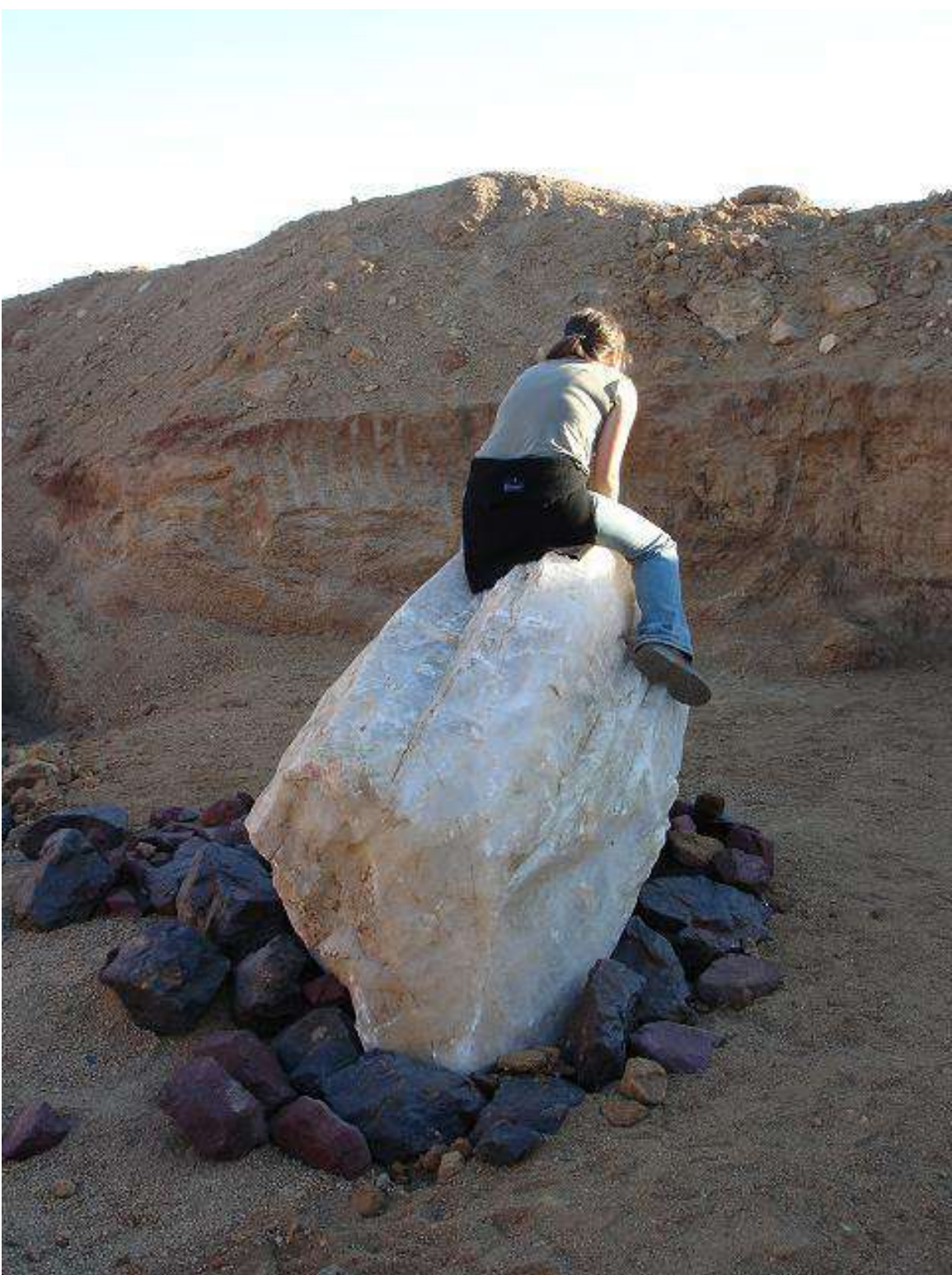


Fig. 93: Javi on a Crystal

This stone also needed some treatment, after which, with with the hot sun and my lack

of condition, I was glad to take a rest.

Next we drove on to a place on Lorenzo's property which had been a ceremonial site for the Molle Indians back in the pre-Spanish Inca days. There was a circle of stones, set within a natural amphitheater of hills, open on one end. The stone setup reminded me of the stone circles I had seen in Ireland, Germany and Scandinavia. In every previous case, when I had attempted to renew the function of a stone circle, it had been necessary to undertake some preparatory adjustment of the qi of individual stones – and this was no exception. Before it had been necessary to reactivate the circular flow of qi through the stone circles: but with this site in Chile, it was the the surrounding circle of hills in which the flow of qi had to be renewed.

The ground within the stone circle was not level, and so it was difficult to whirl about and avoid being drawn to the downhill side. In my first attempt, I gravitated too close to the edge, the centrifugal force driving me into one of the stones and slightly spraining one wrist. In the second attempt I whirled more slowly, succeeding in maintaining a central position, but after a time grew tired in the hot sun, and had to rest for a couple minutes. Finally in the third attempt came success, and the qi through the hills became alive once again.

After a short rest, that which had been directing my work moved me to rise and begin a clockwise walk out of the stone circle in an ever-widening spiral towards the surrounding hills. Near as I can recall, it took three circuits before I reached the base of the hills, my progress ending about three quarters of the way up to the top, in a place opposite the opening of the amphitheater.

The area hereabouts had many vortices, and in this respect reminded me of the land about Sedona, Arizona, and that about Mount Hua in Shaanxi Province in China. We picked what seemed the most accessible latent vortex, which was on a hill several miles away. Lorenzo was able to show us the way to drive somewhere near the base of the hill, whence Ale and I climbed to the top.

In spite of Javi and Ale buying me a good local hat, I had a bit more sun than was good for me that day, and picked up an unbecoming sunburn. Javi loaned me some of her sunburn lotion, which I liberally applied to my cracked lips. While dozing in the car as we made our way north, the lotion combined with saliva dribbled down my chin, creating a rather singular imbecilic look. Of course Javi captured this on film, and it is in the interest of suppression of publication, that the characters of my companions are treated with consideration throughout the present report.

That night we stopped in Punta de Choros, at a little inn belonging to another friend of Ale und Javi, whom they called Dogui. On Monday morning Doqui took us (along with other tourists) out on his boat to see the dolphins and sea lions. I had seen many of the latter in caves along the Oregon Coast, but this was my first opportunity to meet dolphins in the wild:



Fig. 94: Dolphin off the Chilean Coast

We halted for a few minutes on an island having a good latent vortex, but the boat did not pause long enough for us to make a trip to reach it, so we had to be content with an alternative one, situated on a point of the mainland.

The [canopy](#) had once more caught up with us. It remained overhead throughout the day, and continuing north, we stopped to gift latent vortices from time to time.

On Tuesday we drove through Caldero, and the highway extended along the coast for some way. It being generally easier to reach latent vortices along the coast, we took advantage of this while we could. At Chanarai, the road turned out into the great Atacama Desert, but returned to the sea again at the City of Antofagasta, where on Wednesday morning we paid a short visit to another of Ale and Javi's friends, planting one of the CBs we had brought along in his front yard:



Fig. 95: Torsion CB in Antofagasta

Further up the coast we stopped at Tocopilla, where we had a contact Fernando, who

was also interested in setting up a CB. There had recently been a destructive earthquake in the area, and the site for the CB was in the yard of a place which had been destroyed by the quake, on which the family was now rebuilding. We had forgotten to bring a stabilizer for the CB, but one of the the builders quickly cobbled one together from building scrap.

The country about Calama and San Pedro inland was said to be special, so we decided to drive east out of Tocopilla.

Ale is perhaps the best locator of Haarp arrays that I have met. Time and again during the trip, before I had even been able to see a tower, he had seen and identified the typical layout. His passion for gifting them after finding them is ardent. Driving east through the desert, he descried an impressive Haarp array off to the north. It turned out that there was a latent vortex on the way as well, and so he elected to turn off road and drive to the vortex. Fortunately for Javi and me, there were grab bars over the windows in the pickup cab, and we hung on as he wound through gullies and over bumps for five miles or so, stopping at last about halfway up the vortex hill.

In December, Manfred Hotwagner in Austria had made a discovery: that planting six pipes along a circle in the earth, and placing TBs over the pipes, caused a quite strong concentration of **yang** to appear in the surrounding area. I reasoned that if this apparatus were turned upside down, it might act somewhat like a CB, attracting **yin** and transmuting it into **yang**. On this South American trip we had decided to test out these ideas to some extent. We had prepared enough TBs and pipes to make about twenty of these devices, and had been burying the inverted ones at various locations across the Atacama Desert. The pipes were about a foot long, with the consequence that burying them required a hole about a foot in diameter and 18 inches deep. Thitherto, the hills on which we had gifted vortices, had been too rocky to bury the pipe devices. This one was different: the top of the hill was soft and sandy. And so we decided to experiment.

After burying the device and retreating down the hill to the pickup, we paused to observe. Normally after a latent vortex is opened, **yang** begins slowly to emerge from the ground, and begins swirling up into the air describing a curve along an inverted cone – only gradually does the strength increase until it reaches a more or less constant flow after some hours. In the present instance, there was a strong rush of qi from the sky in a column directly down into the hill. While we sat watching for about five minutes, this flow seemed to pause and renew several times.

For some time previous to our arrival at the vortex hill, the sky had been overcast from a dense Haarp cloud cover. Now the sky was as below:



Fig. 96: Vortex on a Hill in the Atecamba Desert

I would have liked to remain and observe for a longer time, but it was getting along toward dark, and we had to be on our way. The only other instance I can recall of qi coming directly down out of the sky into a newly opened vortex, was when Georg and I opened the Magaliesburg vortex in South Africa. Since the vortex hill was within a half-mile or so from the Haarp Array, we decided against proceeding out into the desert any further, but rather to return to the road and observe how the newly opened vortex would affect the towers.

After getting back onto the highway, the sky looked as follows:



Fig. 97: Back Toward the Vortex on the Hill

Driving ahead far enough that we could get another view of the Haarp towers, I found that these were now positive. Continuing east, I kept looking back to observe. The qi-action around the vortex was quite strong, stronger than with any vortex I had observed before.

The next day (Thursday) we drove through a small oasis town Chiu Chiu, which Javi told me had the oldest church in the country.





Fig. 98: The Oldest Church in Chile

It was built on two quite pleasant **yang** lines, which crossed just at the altar inside. The **yang** beings within the church were quite nice as well. We took the route to San Pedro passing through Caspana. On the way, we found a latent vortex on a hill not far from the road. We were now in the Andes proper, and the elevation of that hill was about equal to that of Mount Rainier in my home State of Washington. I found that I could not walk too fast without causing my lungs to labor. We buried another device at the top, but the result was not so sensational as that of the day before.

We opened one more latent vortex, in the normal way, before reaching San Pedro, where we spent the night. Looking back at sunset, in the direction whence we had come, I found that the **yang** was especially strong in the direction of the special vortex we had gifted the previous day.

Early on Friday morning the pass across the Andes was closed, but later it reopened, and we set out for Argentina. Due to extreme elevation, the pickup did not have its usual power. We passed through an area of dense fog, but eventually made it to the border. As we passed through the vicinity of Mount Licanbur, I felt considerable **yin** in the volcano. However, as had been the case the past summer near Mount Etna in Sicily, gifting it did not seem advisable.

The Argentine police were pleasant to us at the border crossing, which treatment we

found during our trip through that country to be rather typical. And it seemed that we were welcomed into Argentina by the high spirits of the sky.

It was dark when we reached Jujuy, the first Argentine city of any size. We arrived in a thunder and lightning storm, but it subsided while we ate dinner, and we decided to stay the night. It was high tourist season, and there were no rooms available, so Ale and Javi pitched our tents at a campground. My tent had been purchased in Malaysia more than a year before, and this was the first time it had been out of the box. It performed well up until the time the rain storm recommenced, and even through the first hour thereof. But when the water began to run down the hill in waves, it entered the tent, and the sleeping bag began to feel wet and spongy. I quickly donned my clothes and beat it to the nearest shelter, which happened to be the bath and shower room for the campground. I spent the next two hours in the mens' section, accompanied by two sleeping dogs, one of which was apparently visited by ticks. At the first decent hour, I woke up Ale to let me have the truck keys so I could rest more privately.

Next day we continued eastward, stopping once to gift a latent vortex on a hill close to the highway. After Javi buried the last TB at one of the vortex points, she observed that the birds in the woods there began to chirp. We reached the town of Tucuman at lunch time. We were now travelling south and the [canopy](#), which had followed us over into Argentina from Chile, was extending south as well.

The arterial we were following had few crossroads. Due to the large size of the farms/ranches in the Pampas, most of the roads coming into the highway were just private driveways. Consequently we had some difficulty accessing latent vortices, but we were able to find a few within walking distance from the side of the road. There was one vortex which seemed ahead and slightly to the right, that we never seemed to reach – like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow – and like the the river of qi Hari and I had followed north in Malaysia all the way (almost) to the Thai border. So, my educated guess was that we had another river of qi to deal with. These normally flow within a few hundred yards of the ground, and can go hundreds, even a thousand or so miles, from their source. This river was flowing from south to north, and since we were headed south, we could at least hope eventually to come to the source.

We reached the town of Recreo about the time we were ready to halt for the night. Ale had noticed many towers in the town while we were driving in, and there was also a vortex within the city limits. We left the car in a small field, and took a trail that seemed to be leading in the general direction of the vortex. It actually led to one of the cell towers, but the vortex turned out to be on the same hill, and only about 20 or 30 feet away. We opened the vortex, and purposely left alone all the other towers in the town, that we might see what effect, if any, the opened vortex would have on them overnight.

Sunday morning found all the towers in the town positive, and the tower near the opened vortex radiating [yang](#) extremely strongly.

We continued following the river of qi, gifting whatever latent vortices we could access from the road. One of these was of the type which touch the earth, not just at a few points on the earth's surface, but in an area extending a mile or more in diameter. Merlina and I had run across a similar one along the Russian border of Poland the previous spring, and I had seen another in South Africa heading north from the Kalahari a year before that.

These types of vortices, though rare, are usually stronger than average, and this one was no exception.

We had lunch in Santa Rosa and continued south. About 50 miles north of Bahia Blanca on Route 36, we came upon an anomaly. There was a tower of qi not far from the highway. The qi in the tower was neither moving up nor down, but was visible from some distance. It seemed right to gift it, so Ale drove off the highway to it, and I placed a TB directly on the spot from which it emerged from the ground. We drove back a way, and paused to watch what would occur. North qi began swirling up about the tower, but not in an extended cone vortex – rather in a very narrow vortex within the confines of the original tower: if anything, the vortex became narrower as it rose, instead of wider. High up, the qi was quite positive: of a degree that normally emanates from a being of high degree, but I don't believe there was such a being then present.

We slept in Bahia Blanca, having outrun the [canopy](#). However this was the last time we were to do so: for the remainder of the trip, the sky was always covered by it.

On Monday we finally reached the source of the river of qi, not far from the Atlantic Ocean. It was not particularly striking, being in a flat dry field. But shortly after gifting, the flow of qi in the “river” turned from negative to positive.

Nothing of special interest occurred the next few days as we continued south. Near Punta San Juan we gifted a latent vortex, and the towers in the town turned positive the next morning.

On Thursday evening we reach Punta Arenas, the southernmost city of the world. The ground beneath the city, as well as the ground on the large island of Tierra Del Fuego across the bay, was quite negative. It seemed like an ideal place to test out Manfred's device. So on Friday morning Ale drove us to outskirts of the city, and we found a secluded spot in the woods where we dug a hole, planted 6 pipes (one foot long and one inch in diameter) in a circle of about 1 foot diameter, placed a TB on top of each pipe with the crystal pointing down into the TB, and filled the hole up again with soil. Four hours later, we returned for a look, and found that the ground below was filled with [yang](#). As we drove back to town, we calculated that this [yang](#) in the ground had extended about a mile from the pipes. Unfortunately, I cannot say at present, how far it eventually spread.

We now began the long journey back north to Santiago, passing back and forth across the Chilean-Argentine border enough times to nearly fill what was left of my passport visa pages. There were much really beautiful country and animals

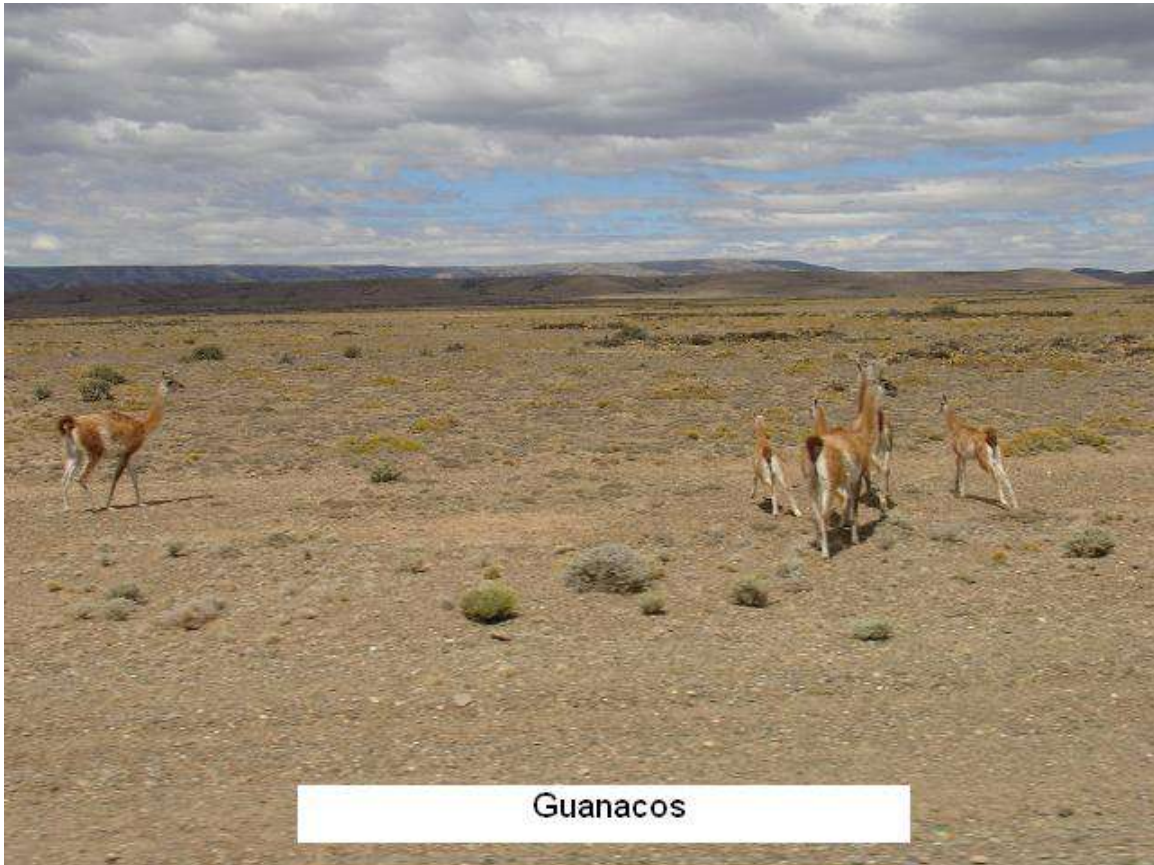


Fig. 99: Near the Border

but for some time not much of interest to write concerning the latent vortices we gifted.

On Wednesday, eighteen days after we had left Santiago, I noticed that [yang](#) had begun to enter the tips of the trees along the road. Javi kept a record of the depth of penetration into the trees from the top versus the distance from Santiago to the north: 3 inches at 421 miles, 1 foot at 360 miles, 2 feet at 311 miles, 3 feet at 249 miles and 6 feet at 121 miles, the last measurement being actually taken on Thursday.

We had planned to do some experimenting in Santiago before I left for home, but due to Copa Air unexpectedly cancelling my trip home, and me having to make other arrangements to get back to the Palouse, where my wife was coping with heavy snow, I left the following Tuesday, several days earlier than planned.

We did however do a few experiments, one which impressed me enough that I will mention it here. There is a hill Cerro San Cristobal in the middle of the city, rising about 300 yards from the flat, and on which stands an impressive statue of Saint Christopher. On one peak of the hill though, has been erected a large number of ugly towers: cellular and otherwise. Close to the hill lies a narrow strip of greenbelt, stretching between major thoroughfares, and hosting a famous UN building. The hill and surrounding area, including the greenbelt, was suffused with [yin](#) .

On February 2, at about 2PM, we placed six pipes and TBs , just as we had done in the little woods at Punta Arenas on the trip. Several hours later Ale and I drove downtown for a different purpose, and had opportunity to observe the hill. The ground of the hill, from just below the summit about a third of the way down, was now filled with [yang](#).

The next day about 7:30PM, we all drove between the hill and the greenbelt on the way to the airport. Now the [yang](#) reached all the way down the hill, and as far into the ground as I could feel. Furthermore, this effect extended about the hill in a radius of about a mile and a half (including the greenbelt).

We did not just gift vortices on the trip. As indicated before, largely due to Ale's enthusiastic and indefatigable efforts, a large number of cellular towers and Haarp arrays had been Javi has described this elsewhere in more detail.

I must thank both of them for their hospitality and help on this trip, and in particular for the photographs above.

On the flight back, I stayed awake to see how far the [canopy](#) had extended north. Surprisingly, the plane flew continuously under the [canopy](#) up to the Mexico/Guatamala border. I am speculating that this may have had something to do with the river of qi. If it did continue far to the north of South America, it might have pulled the [canopy](#) north with it. I did not know what the situation was in the northeastern part of the continent.

## 44. BALI IN LATE SPRING 2008

The next logical destination in the Southern Hemisphere, after Chile and Argentina, seemed to be Australia, but my work kept me at home until mid-May.

Dan Daum in Bali (Indonesia) had been reporting some strange phenomena regarding buried orgonite, and I felt it advisable to make a side trip to investigate this. After a search on the net, I found that the cheapest route was Seattle, Los Angeles, Auckland, Brisbane, Sydney, Denpasar.

The trip was long, but without special incident, and Dan met me at the airport about 10:30 Sunday night, May 18, and took me to his home.

In the morning, after a look at Dan's CBs , other orgonite, and crystals, we reviewed some history.

A CB attracts **yin** from its environment, transforms it into **yang** and sends the **yang** up into the sky. The greater part of the **yang** normally comes from the sky, but some is attracted from the ground as well. The latter seems to flow in more readily when the base of the CB is buried in the ground. Of course this course makes it more difficult in pointing the CB at various targets, or moving it about for other reasons; and in some places it is just not practicable to bury the base. Consequently one often sees them both ways.

Shortly after he built his first CB , Dan buried it in the yard by his house. After some days however, he and the other members of his household began to develop headaches and other discomfort. When the severity of these symptoms gradually increased over time, he removed the base of the CB from the ground, the symptoms disappearing almost immediately. He experimented again several times, burying other orgonite devices with pipes, always with similar unpleasant results.

One of these experiments consisted in burying 6 TBs about 16 inches deep, placing vertical pieces of copper pipe over them centered over the crystals pointing up in the TBs. The depth was such that the tops of the copper pipes were just below the surface of the earth. When after the appearance of the usual negative effects, he simply removed the pipes, leaving the TBs buried, the negativity immediately disappeared. Thus the pipes seemed somehow to be crucial to the negative consequences.

This was a novel phenomenon for me, and I was keen to investigate what was going on.

Wishing to avoid unnecessary discomfort to the family, I decided to look over the place somewhat before trying any sort of new experiment. There was some **yin** related to the drain line of a swimming pool. After treating the line using the 6-TB method, a **yin** being rose up out from the center of the pool and hovered above the pool, gradually losing strength, but never completely disappearing (reminding me of a similar experience in Kentchurch). But none of this turned out to have much to do with the main problem.

Next morning we repeated the 6-TB with pipes experiment, which Dan had done several months before, but this time we buried the apparatus closer to the house. Presently yang began forming in the ground about the pipes, and I walked into Dan's work shop to help him with an orgonite building project we were beginning.

Perhaps 15 minutes later I stepped outside to take a look, and found the ground around the apparatus had turned disgustingly negative, and there was now no trace of yang. After a short time, when the yin seemed, if anything, to be strengthening and expanding, I pulled out the pipes and dug out the TBs. Directly the yin receded and gradually disappeared.

We had planned an outing for the next day (Tuesday), which temporarily interrupted our investigation, but which gave me opportunity to mull it over a bit. Dan, his son Edo, and I, went up to the famous Hindu temple Pura Besakih on Mount Agung. It turned out that a virtual necessity for entrance into the temple grounds was the hiring of a guide. He did give us a good basic introduction to the gods of the temple, and some of the history of the place. He told us that not only do the priests there make offerings to the gods, but also to some of the demons: not because they honor the demons, but to dissuade them from causing trouble. He showed us the altar of a particular demon which had been so placated several years before, and so I had opportunity to feel the qi of that sort of a yin .

After lunch we drove to several of the surrounding mountains and opened two latent vortices, six year old Edo doing the honors with one of them. He quite enjoyed tramping about in the woods.

Next day it occurred to me to see if the yin -appearance phenomenon was limited to Dan's yard, or if it would occur elsewhere in area. Dan sought, and received, permission to repeat the experiment in the yard of a friend who lived a mile or so away.

So that morning we buried the apparatus in the friend's garden, and once more the ground nearby initially turned positive. I watched for about 20 minutes or so, observing no change. We decided to leave it there for a few hours, and returned home to lunch. Some time later in the afternoon we returned, and found that the TB-apparatus was still positive. Thus it seemed that the problem was particularly connected with Dan's property. We extracted the pipes, filled in the hole, and left.

It was now time to make a more thorough search of Dan's place, so I took a seat in the middle and began with inspecting the underground. I shall not make a detailed report, but there were three particular places in the ground with disgusting qi : one near the driveway, not far from where we had buried the apparatus two days before, and two in the old part of the house.

Dan then joined me and told me that the previous owners and others had told him that they had been bothered while sleeping in the room over one of the places suffused with disgusting yin , and that annoying "ghosts" in that area had been observed.

Accordingly I examined that part of the house closely, and found in the shower room, just behind the bedroom, an extremely fierce yin being.

That night, my better self suggested I evict the rascal. Early next (Thursday) morning, before the rest of the family had risen, I asked and received Dan's permission, and with invaluable help, did the job.

After breakfast we buried the 6-TB apparatus once again, in the same place as we had on Tuesday. Again **yang** was created almost immediately, and this time it was not supplanted by **yin** . Furthermore, the device began drawing in qi from the nearest of the three bad **yin** -blobs. When this was gone after a few minutes, it went on to the second (under the bedroom), and then the third, eventually extinguishing all three. At this point **yin** from the sky began flowing into the ground over the apparatus, the resulting **yang** being sent up into the sky.

I still do not know how the **yin** being had managed to turn the buried organite devices negative, but the phenomenon ceased with the departure of that **yin** being.

Here I must thank Dan and his family for their wonderful hospitality in Denpasar.



## 45. AUSTRALIA IN JUNE OF 2008

Flying into Brisbane, Australia on the afternoon of May 18th, on the way to Bali, I had observed that the qi in the sky was more negative than what I had come to regard as the pre-[canopy](#) norm. On the Denpasar connection north that evening, we entered under the [canopy](#) before passing away from the Australian Continent. As reported in the previous chapter, there was evidence that Bali had been under the [canopy](#) for some time.

On the evening of the 23rd I flew back south, into Darwin, on the northern coast of Australia. On Saturday morning, after sleeping (more or less) the rest of the night in the airport, I found that Darwin was also under the [canopy](#). So I scrapped plans to hunt for latent vortices in the area, and took passage on the Ghan train south.

The Ghan is the north-south rail line through the Australian continent, from Darwin down to Adelaide on the southern coast. Nearly in the center of country, on this line, is the town of Alice Springs, and it had been only within the previous few years that the northern part of the line from Alice Springs to Darwin had been completed.

It began back in the early 19th century as a wilderness road, traversed by camels and their Afghan drivers, imported from the other side of the world for this purpose. In time some of the camels escaped and went wild. It is estimated that the wild camel population in the outback doubles about every eight years (without culling at any rate), and that now they number about 100,000: probably a greater number than the human population in their range area.

The last town of any considerable size along the northern part of the line was Katherine, and the train stopped there for several hours before entering the great outback. We were still under the [canopy](#) at Katherine, but sometime the following morning, somewhere in the middle of the Northern Territory, we passed out from beneath it.

When I woke early Sunday morning and peered out the train window, I could still feel the [canopy](#) above, but in the sky away to the south I could feel sickening [yin](#) in the sky, which reminded me of that which I had felt when first driving into Hiroshima, Japan. And such was pretty much the sky when about 10:30PM the train pulled into Alice Springs, and I disembarked.

I found a bunk in a backpackers' establishment, deposited my baggage on it, and looked around. There was a reasonably strong latent vortex off to the southwest, so I stuffed some TBs in my backpack and headed to the center of town. There I found a road leading off in the general direction of the latent vortex, and after about a two mile walk, I found and opened it. A half mile later, I was back at the town center, got some liquid in my body (it is dry in central Australia), and located an internet bar.

I had heard that there had been atomic testing in Australia after World War II, but I did not know much about it and, in particular, where the tests had been made. I found an informative source



Fig. 100: Australia

on the internet. The main testing areas had been at Emu Field and Maralinga which, as can be seen on the map, were southwest of Alice Springs.

About 270 miles south-west of Alice Springs is the Uluru-Kata Tjuta National Park. I was able to get tour bus tickets at the backpacker quarters and left early Monday morning. The first day we made a digression to Kings Canyon in Watarrka National Park, in which was an accessible rather powerful latent vortex. There is a beautiful four mile loop trail around the canyon, which I recommend to anyone in reasonably good physical condition, provided he or she carries a couple quarts of water and a fly net.

I spent the night at the motel in the small settlement of Ebenezer, and the next morning saw the [canopy](#) once more coming in from the northeast. It was actually overhead by mid-morning, but did not extend much to the south at that time. That day we drove on to the great rock Uluru, also known as Ayer's Rock, the [yang](#) of which being observable from quite some distance. In the old days it was a gathering place of aboriginal tribes from various parts of Australia, and there are a number of old traditional stories about the place.

About 12 miles away are the Kata Tjuta Rocks: also known as the Olgas. These were (and are) yet more sacred to the aborigines, and though the stories of these are even more numerous and deep, the aborigines keep them to themselves: none but the initiated are allowed to tell them. There are 36 individual rocks of various sizes, and each of them seems to have its own resident [yang](#) being. Most of them are off-limits to tourists, still serving as sacred spots for rites and celebrations.

After watching the sunset from a sand dune not far from Uluru, we rode back to Alice Springs, arriving just about midnight.

Next morning the [canopy](#) filled the sky in every direction, which meant it was time to leave. I took the morning plane out, to the city of Perth on the west coast, planning to rent a car there to open up vortices in the area. It was raining at the airport when the plane touched down. We had not come out from under the [canopy](#) on the flight.

So I boarded another plane, this one to Adelaide on the southern tip of the country, arriving about 10PM Wednesday night. The [canopy](#) was over Adelaide, but I was a bit weary from steady travel, and rested up the next day drying wet clothes and opening a latent vortex on the beach.

Thursday morning I boarded the train for Sydney. It was a two-day trip and I had good opportunity to view the beautiful countryside. Nowhere did I see an end to the [canopy](#), and there was evidence that the country hereabout had been beneath it for some time.

It seemed that the greater part of Australia had been beneath it before my arrival, but that a wide swath through the middle part of the continent, extending over the east coast (and Brisbane) had been under negative skies.

The plan at this point had been to fly over to New Zealand, and directly after leaving the train in Sydney, I went to the airport.

My tickets were with Air New Zealand, and the ticket counter was temporarily closed, so I located internet access in the airport and checked to see if there were any communications from home.

There was: it seems my house was on fire at the time, the fire department would not let my wife inside, so she had telephoned a daughter to send me an email to that effect.

When the ticket office opened at 1PM, I told the agent that my house was on fire and that I needed to exchange my ticket and get home fast.

I was quite positively impressed with Air New Zealand. Their agent believed my (true) story had me on a plane by 3:30PM headed back to the US. They could legally have charged me hundreds of dollars for the ticket exchange, but only charged a \$50 booking fee. I had checked the internet at about 11:30AM Saturday morning, and was back in Seattle by 9PM Saturday night. Of course, crossing the International Date Line helped those figures.

The first leg of the flight was from Sydney to Auckland, and we flew under the [canopy](#) the whole distance. The second leg was from Auckland to Los Angeles, and the flight was under the [canopy](#) about half the way across the Pacific. From Los Angeles up to Seattle,

the plane was under the entire way. This was not a surprise of course, for that had been the case my last trip up the Pacific coast. But this time the [canopy](#) extended all over Puget Sound, which had not been the case before.

Next morning when I had a chance to see the damage in the daylight, I found it was not as bad as it could have been. The fire had been caused by a faulty propane grill, and had not penetrated inside the walls. I reckoned that a month of work on my part should put it back into its former condition.

## 46. INDIA IN OCTOBER 2008

My thinking in the summer of 2008: if the whole of southern Asia were not under the [canopy](#), the largest gap would seemingly be the Indian sub-continent. I had been told that October would be one of the best times to go there.

Hari, my guide and companion in Malaysia, had traveled there before, and had offered to accompany me at the appropriate time. My friend Lap Ping had offered to subsidize Cesco if he wished to go as well, and so Hari, Cesco and I came together in Chennai<sup>55</sup> in early October.

As usual, we had to consider the problem of transportation. The railroad solution had worked reasonably well in Australia, and so we decided to try it in India: we bought month-long India rail passes. The modus operandi with these, once one decides when and where he wants to go, is to queue up in the appropriate line at the local train station, and obtain reservations (or be put on the waiting list), opting either for a sleeper (if the trip is to be at night), or a seat. There were minor problems with late trains, and one major problem when floods occurred during the Dinali holidays, which delayed a train for several days. But the method worked generally well.

Chennai is in the northeastern corner of India's southernmost State Tamil Nadu. In India the States are subdivided into Districts. Chennai is in Tiruvallur District, and two Districts to the southwest is Tiruvannamali District, the district headquarters of which is Tirvannamali town. The word "tiruvannamali" means "fire", which in Hindu lore is associated with the human chest. The Hindu god Shiva is said to have manifested himself in five specific places in southern India – in each of these places as one of the five natural elements: ether, wind, water, earth, and fire. Shiva's fire manifestation was on Arunachala hill, next to Tiruvannamali town. The most famous object of the town is the large Arunachaleswar Shiva temple, which has been in existence since pre-history. Arunachala hill is a pilgrimage site, venerated as a healing place, and a source of spiritual knowledge.

This seemed a good place to start, so we boarded a train to our destination's nearest railroad station at Villapuram, and took a bus thence to Tiruvannamali, arriving in the late evening. Next morning we hired an auto rickshaw (the ubiquitous three wheel motorized open-air cart, which serves as the common man's taxi in India) to take us to the temple.

Upon arrival at the main gate, I observed that there was a rather strong vortex on a high nearby hill. So we circled round the outside of the temple walls, asking for directions as we walked, and eventually made it to the trail which leads up that hill. This, we learned later, was the famed Arunachala hill.

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<sup>55</sup> Formerly known as Madras.



Fig. 101: Arunachala Hill

On the way up the trail, a young boy offered to lead us by direct route to the top. The way up was somewhat long and steep, and Hari offered to stay with what we did not need

to carry, at a small temple along the way.

Following a fire which destroyed one wall of my house, I had decided, rather than just to repair the damage, to reside the whole structure, and had spent the summer in that activity. As a result, I thought I was in reasonable physical condition, but the climb up caused me to question that assumption. Eventually we reached the top, and immediately found and gifted the vortex: first things first. There were a couple other people on or about the summit: one painting, and one reciting some scriptures, so we had to be discrete.

After completing work and catching my breath, I surveyed the surrounding countryside – and found that there was a **yin** line passing directly through the center of the great temple and continuing on through a small hill several kilometers out of town.



Fig. 102: Tiruvannamali Temple with **yin** Line before Correction

As is often the case, the journey down the mountain was more taxing on the muscles than climbing up, and both Cesco and I were a bit sore when we met up with Hari again at the small temple near the base of the path. After resting up, we gave our little guide a tip, and walked back into town for much needed water and food. After lunch, we took another auto rickshaw to the small hill we had seen from Arunachala hill (though it wasn't quite as small when we got there as it had seemed to be from above). At the top of the hill we located the **yin** line, and placed an appropriate distribution of six TBs to transform the line. From the top of the hill we had a good view of the great temple, and were gratified to see how the general feeling of the place had become more positive.

Wed returned back via bus to Villapuram, where we spent the night: thence via rail to Chennai.

I had flown into India out of Shanghai, and from Shanghai to the Arabian sea across the Indian border of Assam. The [canopy](#) had been unbroken, except for a moderately sized hole above southwestern China. But from Assam to Mumbai (formerly Bombay) on the west coast of India, where I changed from an international to a domestic flight, and then again across India to Chennai, there was no sign of a [canopy](#). And such was still the case overhead, when we visited Tiruvannamali.

We judged it would be better to travel in the cooler north earlier in the trip, and after arriving back in Chennai, where Hari had relatives, we set off north and west, taking a sleeper to the city of Mangalore in Karnataka State on the west coast, which we reached on October 8. After detraining, I took a fix on the nearest strong vortex, and we hired a taxi, directing the driver toward our target.

These situations are always a bit tricky, since we are unable to tell our drivers our exact destination, nor often even the distance to our destination: only the direction. The situation is further confused if a driver has small understanding of English. During the days just before our coming, and periodically throughout our trip, India was suffering from miscellaneous terrorist bombings, so inquiring taxi drivers' minds wanted to know.

On this particular outing, we ended up in a suburb of Mangalore called Ulal. The vortex was on a hill, and we had the driver park at its base. Cesco stayed with the driver while Hari and I walked up the hill along the side of a road. This was not open country: everywhere were homes and gardens, and when we neared the vortex, there were several people just up the road eyeing us curiously. Hari walked over, engaging them in conversation, while I ducked behind a tree to treat the appropriate spot. Hari brandished his camera like a true tourist, but we were still regarded with curiosity as we returned down the hill. Later we learned that the neighborhood was an area of friction between Christians and Hindus, which may have had something to do it.

When we returned to the car, the cabby took us to small place for a good Indian breakfast, and thence to the a nearby beach,





Fig. 103: Beach, near Ulal, on the Arabian Sea

where I had my first view of the Arabian Sea.

Back at the railway station, we purchased tickets for Goa to the north.

The old Portuguese colony of Goa was only returned to India in 1961, and has long been a tourist center. This meant we could expect better accommodations, but also higher prices. We arrived weary, late in the evening, without sufficient energy to hunt for a cheap hotel, and took what our driver presented.

Next morning we hired an auto rickshaw and pointed the driver in the direction of the nearest strong vortex. We ended up on the beach, which was not surprising, given that vortices near the coast tend to be most often on the beach (albeit sometimes on a nearby hill). It was a beautiful site, and the immediate vicinity being unoccupied at the time, we had the rare experience in India of being able to plant our TBs unhurriedly and unobserved.



Fig. 104: Near a Beach in Goa

North of Goa is Maharashtra State, and our next target city was Ratnagiri, about half-way up the coast towards Mumbai. The vortex in that place was again on the coast, but here there was no sand, only rocks bordering villagers' houses. So we had to place our TBs surreptitiously between the rocks.



Fig. 105: The Coast near Ratnagiri

Having finished our work, the rickshaw driver showed us a few places of general interest. One was a temple atop a hill overlooking the site of an old fort. The temple is dedicated to the Bhagwati Devi. Bhagwati is the avatar, also known as Durga, of the major goddess Devi of the Hindu trinity (the other two being the gods Vishnu and Shiva). Legend has it that there was once a demon asura named Mahishasur, invincible to man and god alike, raging destructively through all creation. The Gods went down to the sacred River Gunga (Ganges) to beg Devi to create a goddess that might destroy Mahishasur. Bhagwati, or Durga, was born out of Gunga, and it is said that she did destroy the asura, and is still revered for her fierce compassion.

When Cesco and I entered the temple, we were impressed by the high quality of the spirit therein. After showing due respect, I was led to walk three times around the temple, clockwise.



Fig. 106: Bhagwati Temple

We were stopping at places near the coast, since these typically offer relatively convenient access to latent vortices. We were still south of Mumbai, did not wish to enter that huge metropolitan area, and the town of Roha appeared to be the last good railway stop on the coast south of the Mumbai area. It was on this next stage of our journey that the [canopy](#) appeared from the south and overtook us. From that day on during our trip, we were never without the [canopy](#) above us.

Roha turned out to be only a very short train-stop, and much to the subsequent amusement of our fellow passengers, we missed it. We had no alternative but to continue and detrain at the next station Nagathani. It was dark when we arrived, but I sensed something in the vicinity which might be a vortex, and we found a place for the night not far from the station.

Next morning we went for a walk in the direction of the qi source, and found it was not a vortex, but a large cellular tower. This was not the first time I had made such a mistake. Back in 2006, when John Scudamore was driving Cesco, Rich, and I about the English-Welsh border looking for latent vortices, I had (much to my mortification) made a similar one.

After breakfast, we took a bus north to Panvel, the next good-sized railroad city.

There was sign of a strong latent vortex when we reached Panvel, and we hired an auto rickshaw to follow it. We wound up some kilometers outside of town, on a small mountain from which rock was being excavated. Because of danger from dynamite detonation, the rickshaw had to remain at the base, but Cesco and I walked up the road to reach and treat the latent vortex site.

North of Maharashtra is the State of Gujarat. Looking for a city in that State, along the railroad with coastal access, we settled on Surat. This was partly due to my curiosity

concerning the Zoroastrian faith, for there was a Parsi temple in Surat.

The origins of this faith are known to be pre-Christian, but hidden in obscurity, and it is not known when the founder Zarathustra actually lived. He taught the concept of *asha*, meaning “truth”, or order (as opposed to chaos *druj*). Zarathustra said that God (Ahura Mazda) left to man the choice of whether he would use his time on earth to further *asha* – or *druj*.

Zoroastrianism was the dominant religion of Persia for nearly a thousand years, until it made contact with Islam, after which it declined in that country. Today in Iran it is practiced only sparingly, and usually in secret. In the 7<sup>th</sup> century, many believers fled to India, where their descendants (presently about 70,000 in number), are known as parsis. In their temples are kept a holy fire, said to have been brought from Persia in the old days, and kept continuously alive by their priests.

When we visited the temple in Surat, we were not permitted inside the temple proper – only practitioners of the religion could enter. We were told that even among the membership only a few were permitted into the sacred room containing the fire: just the priests, who after many years of training, could witness and tend the fire.



Fig. 107: By the Entrance to the Parsi Temple in Surat

But the spirit of the temple was much less exclusive than were his devotees. As we stood across the street, looking into the main entrance, he appeared to us in welcome: as strong and joyful an entity as I have ever come across in a place of worship.

After passing some time immersing our minds in the wonderful ambience, we decided it was time to go to work, and so we set out via bus and auto rickshaw toward the coast. Here,

on the Arabian Sea, we found and opened our sixth vortex.



Fig. 108: Camel on the Arabian Sea Coast

The next morning we visited the Parsi temple again, and again the temple spirit came out to greet us. He seemed to have a particular connection with Cesco. There were several proofs of this, but the most overt one was that the spirit encouraged Cesco that he should purchase one of the pieces of sandalwood which were for sale in a booth across from the temple. The particular piece he was to purchase had a quite strong and positive entity associated with it, the qi of which strongly resembled the qi of the temple spirit.

We had thought to journey next up to Bikaner in the Great Indian Desert, but found that tickets were not to be had. This alerted us to the imminent approach of the Hindu holiday Diwali. The week of Diwali is homecoming week for millions of families in India, and public transportation is reserved for this period months in advance. So for the coming week we just had to take what was available, and for the week after that simply just not travel at all in India. We were able to get tickets to Amritsar in the Punjab, on the Indian-Pakistan border. This was Sikh country, and their famous Golden Temple is in Amritsar.



Fig. 109: Guards with Miscreant Malaysian Captive on Golden Temple Grounds

A couple of Indian university students, whom we met at a transfer train station, kindly guided us to this impressive temple. One has to remove his shoes, wash his feet, and cover his head to enter the grounds. Non-Sikhs were permitted to pass through the sacred shrine in the center of the lake within the temple. However the traffic was so heavy, one could not stop to appreciate the holiness of the place, but had to hurry along.

Next day we hired an auto rickshaw to find the strongest vortex in the region. Our target turned out to be in the countryside, some 20 kilometers outside of town. The weather was beautiful, and the the land even more so. The farmers and field hands were uniformly friendly, which we found to be pretty much the case elsewhere in rural India as well. There was no difficulty in treating the vortex once we found it, and on this occasion we were visited by joyful sylphs.



Fig. 110: A Welcoming Punjabi Sylph

We thought it prudent at this point to buy tickets for the remainder of the coming week. Our plan was first to visit Allahabad, which was the home of a temple housing a nearly two thousand year old tree; thence to Buddhgaya, where Gautama Buddha had reached enlightenment under the Bodhi tree; from there to travel up to Gang-Tok in Sikkim, at the foot of the Himalayas and then go south again, through Calcutta, back along the eastern coast to Chennai.

In Allahabad the Yamuna River flows into the holy Ganges, and the temple with the ancient tree was located in a fort near the confluence. All three of us had digestion problems at one time or another during the trip, and Cesco's turn was in Allahabad. Consequently he rested up in our hotel room, while Hari and I went out to see the temple. We hired a rickshaw to get out to the place, and the driver deposited us with some people who ran a ferry business. These led us to believe the temple was across the river, and offered to ferry us for 500 rupees. We agreed, sat down in the boat, and looked around as our hosts began rowing us out into the river. In a short while we caught sight of the temple, on the same side of the river from which we had set out. So we had been scammed. This was annoying, but not nearly so much as it might have been, had I not also noted that there was a vortex on the other side of the Yamuna. So we had the boatsmen let us off on that bank for about 20 minutes, while we made our way to the vortex and back. Once back in the boat, we directed the oarsmen to return to the side of the river with the temple. But they indicated that since we were so near the Ganges, we should at least let them row us there before going back. We declined, but they persistently kept at us, and at length we acceded. Scammed



again it turned out, for when we reached the confluence of the rivers, our boat drew up next to another anchored at the spot, and they had us remove our shoes, and board the other boat. Here was a Brahmin priest, with assistants. These latter wanted us to buy a couple of coconuts placed in paper boats, so that we could present them as a gift to Mother Gunga, the goddess of the Ganges. I declined, but Hari, who comes from a Hindi family, did purchase some offerings. Now the Brahmin led Hari through a ritual speech prior to placing the offerings in the water: the Brahmin dictated, and Hari would repeat after him. When it was done, the priest demanded a thousand rupees for his service! Hari gave him a few, but nowhere near what he was demanding.



Fig. 111: Brahmin Plying his Trade on the Ganges

And so the experience of coming to the Ganges, which should have been a positive one, was disappointing.

Finally back on shore, we walked to the fort, entered the walls and approached the temple. Even here, and within the temple itself, we were ceaselessly accosted by people asking for money: there was never a chance to simply stand quietly and enjoy the place itself. We did get to see the famed tree, which was suffering from old age, and I tried to help it a bit, but under the circumstances I suspect I did not do much good.

The next stop was Gaya, the closest rail town to Bodhgaya. This is one of the poorer parts of India, and indeed there seemed more beggars here than elsewhere. They were even organized, with native English speakers bringing tourists to beggars, getting kick-backs. Buddhists visit Bodhgaya from all over the Buddhist world, and have built numerous temples there – but the chief tourist attraction is the Bodhi tree. The present tree is in the same spot as the original, where the Buddha sat in contemplation some two and a half millennia ago. A seedling from the original was brought to Sri Lanka, and it is a cutting from that seedling which is the present tree.

We visited the spot, and it is indeed holy. Some distance beneath the tree there is a concentration of joyful qi. After paying our respects, we walked through the business district of the small city, and out into a suburb where was a latent vortex on the bank of a small stream. We had to bide our time, sitting on the bank, until the villagers no longer paid attention to us, before we could treat the vortex. On the way back I slipped and fell into the stream. I did not obtain enlightenment, only muddy pants, and so I can vouch that it was not the famed stream created by Gautama Buddha's arrow so long ago.



Fig. 112: Stream at Bodhgaya

From Bodhgaya we traveled via auto rickshaw to Gaya, and thence by bus to the city of Patna on the north-south railway line. Patna was likely the most dirty city through which we passed in India. We were scheduled to board the train north to New Jalpaiguri at 10:30PM,

but it was about 1:30AM when it finally arrived. We passed the time swatting at mosquitoes and observing various other insects,



Fig. 113: Denizen of Patna Station

and rats.

It was afternoon the next day when we reached New Jalpaiguri, and took an auto rickshaw into the city of Siliguri, whence we boarded a 4-wheel drive recreational vehicle up into Sikkim, arriving in Gangtok about 10PM.

Next morning it was Hari's turn to be ill and remain at the hotel. Gangtok is a picturesque town on a mountainside,



Fig. 114: View from Gangtok

with adjacent parallel streets differing in elevation by perhaps 20 or 30 feet. Fortunately there was a vortex in town, and Cesco and I set off to find it. On a map it would not appear more than a mile from our hotel, but in actual distance it must have been several times that distance. It was on the crest of a hill, and as we climbed the hill it looked to be an easy catch. But as we neared the top of the hill, the way was barred by a steel fence and door. We roused the gatekeeper and requested admittance, but he would not let us in. We feared it was some sort of military installation. Walking round to the other side of the hill, we found the entrance to the 200 year old Enchey Monastery, housing about 90 Buddhist monks. The site is said to have been chosen by Lama Druptob Karpo, who is said to have flown thither from Maenam Hill in South Sikkim. A soldier was on duty at the entrance, with whom we struck up a conversation.

The monastery occupied about half the mountain top, and its grounds were separated by a fence from the other half. It was on the other half that the vortex was to be found, and we asked the soldier if we could pass through the gate in the fence. He said that the grounds and house on the other side were the headquarters of the old Raja, that it was private property, but that we could go in for a few minutes to take a look. We did so, and though locals were passing by us coming up the hill, we were able to find opportunity to open the vortex.

Coming back to the monastery grounds, we visited the temple, in which dwelt a fine respectable spirit, to whom we paid our respects. Coming out of the building I found that

worshippers were walking three times around the temple, in a clockwise direction. This recalled to mind my own circumambulation of the Bhagvati temple in Ratnagiri a week earlier.

Later that day we visited a renowned museum in Gangtok, where ancient paintings, artifacts and scrolls were on display. Some of these bore quite interesting spirits, but not all good.

That evening Cesco and I did some shopping, and in an antique shop I happened across a good piece of jade. By good, I refer to the qi of the piece, rather than its jewelry value. Jade, as a stone, is unique in its receptiveness to qi and spirits. But a good piece can literally be one in a thousand. I have visited the huge jade markets of Taipei and Hong Kong several times without finding a single good piece. But just here in Gangtok was one. The tell-tale positive qi was in a small fragment of a carved fish. The store owner was surprised that I was interested in a broken piece, and tried to interest me in something whole. But I persisted, and after searching, found the completing fragment. Placing the two together resulted in a piece much better in feeling than either of the two separate parts. Since it was broken, the cost was only about 250 rupees (just under 4 dollars). It is not so unusual that good stones, when they can be found, are not expensive.

It was now nearly time for the Diwali holidays, and we had to decide what we should do. The [canopy](#) was overhead, and we had good reason to believe it was over all of India. Thus further work in India might be somewhat redundant. All three of us were suffering illness to some extent, and we felt a break would be welcome. Cesco opted to return early back to Europe, Hari decided to pass the holidays in Chennai where he had kin, and I chose to accept an offer by old friends to spend a few days in Taiwan. Hari took the train back south to Chennai, but Cesco and I got off at Calcutta. Cesco's plane actually was out of Chennai, but he feared the train would not get him down south in time for his flight. I felt he was being unnecessarily careful, as he had the better part of a day in extra time between the scheduled arrival of the train and the scheduled plane departure for London. But it turned out that he was right, as floods caused the train to be delayed by over a day, and he would have missed his flight, had he had not flown down from Calcutta. This was not the first such case in which Cesco's intuition had proved more effective than reason.

As with nearly all travelers from the West who spend any time in real India, we had our intestinal problems. There is a solution, to the effectiveness of which I can personally attest. A century ago, when the Japanese and Russians were going at it in Manchuria, the Japanese Army suffered seriously from dysentery. An herbal pill was developed, which cured the problem, and in after years it became known as (translated roughly into English) "Beat the Russians Pills". Taiwan was under Japanese occupation for 50 years, from 1894 until 1944, and traces of Japanese culture live on there. I bought my bottle in Taipei:



Fig. 115: Conquer the Russians Pills

After Diwali, I met up with Hari again in Chennai, and we we took the train down to Madurai in the south of Tamil Nadu. There is a famous Hindu temple in that city, and Hari had had an interesting experience there on a previous visit to India. So I was curious to see it. Unfortunately, not being a Hindu, I was denied admittance into the interesting parts of the temple. During Diwali there had been more terrorist bombings in India, and security was again more strict than usual.

So we gave up on the temple and hired an auto rickshaw to search out a new vortex. This took us out beyond the airport into the countryside. As usual, the driver was suspicious of our intentions, and as Hari and he had a common language (Tamil), he finally asked Hari what our purpose was. Hari explained, and when he had acquired a measure of understanding, was happy to wait for us, while we hiked off-road to reach the vortex. We passed several people in the fields though which we passed, whose photos we took, and generally had a good time in reaching the vortex. This was number 11:



Fig. 116: Site of last Vortex we Opened in India

Hari remarked that in this trip we had been able to gift every vortex we had tried to gift. I believe this was a first for me.

My trip back home took me from Chennai across the country to Mumbai, thence across mid- and north-India, over Assam, over south-western China, into Shanghai, along the coast of eastern Asia, and over the Pacific to San Francisco. This time, along the way home, we never flew out from under the [canopy](#).

The weather was good, and I had opportunity to observe the qi on the earth's surface in various places. Where the [canopy](#) had been present overhead for some time, [yang](#) had built up on the ground and ocean beneath. The only exceptions were the water along the coastlines, where for some reason for some distance from the edge of the water out into the ocean, the [canopy](#) was not present on the water's surface. I could feel it in the ground below the water, but not on the surface until a mile or so away from the coast.

Much Indian food is highly seasoned, by US standards at least. But one could order something more mild off the Chinese menu, which many restaurants in India carry. Here is one from a Siliguri eatery at which we dined several times:

## **CHINESE : MAIN CURSE**

**Veg Chowmein**

**Spl. Veg. Chowmein**

**Chicken Chowmein**

**Egg Chowmein**

**Mix Chowmein**

**Veg. Giner Chilli Garlic Chow**

**Chicken Ginger Chilli Garlic Chow**

**Veg. Fried Rice**

**Egg. Fried Rice**

**Mix Fried Rice**

**Chicken Fried Rice**

**Veg. Chopsuey**

Fig. 117: Chinese Menu in Siliguri



## 47. HANFORD IN JANUARY OF 2009

At the confluence of three rivers, just north of the Tri Cities [Richland, Kennewick, and Pasco] of Washington State is the world's first site for mass production of plutonium.



Fig. 118: Columbia R (purple), Snake R. (green), Yakima R. (yellow), Hanford (white).

Its name Hanford derives from a town on a bank of the Columbia which, along with the town of White Bluffs, was demolished during preparation of the Hanford Site. Development was begun in 1943 and by 1945 regular shipments of plutonium were being delivered to Los Alamos Laboratories in New Mexico. The bomb dropped on August 9, 1945, over Nagasaki, Japan, was made with plutonium from Hanford.

Eventually there were built nine weapons-production reactors on the site, the last working one having been shut down in early 1987. There remains a huge amount (53,000,000 gallons) of liquid radioactive waste, stored in 177 underground tanks. About a third of these tanks have leaked waste into the groundwater. It is estimated that about 270,000,000,000 gallons of contaminated water are now present in nearby aquifers and that 1,000,000 of these are traveling toward the Columbia, expected to begin entering the river some time about or after 2020, if not intercepted by cleanup. In addition to the liquid, there are about 25,000,000 cubic feet of solid radioactive waste buried on the site. Various cleanup operations have been undertaken and scheduled, but cleanup has proceeded behind schedule, and there have been continuing efforts by the States of Washington and Oregon to keep the Federal Government on task.

Alejandro who, along with Javiera, accompanied me on my trip last year through Chile and Argentina, was visiting my home for about a half week, and he suggested we make a trip to Hanford to try to improve the qi there. The area had been gifted before, but with the amount of nuclear waste present, there was almost certainly need for further attention. I thought it was an excellent suggestion.

We poured 31 EPs and a good sized batch of TBs on Saturday the 17th, and the following morning set out for Hanford. Reaching the city of Othello about 11AM, we turned south on State Highway 24, crossing the Saddle Mountains, and turning east again, drove along the northern end of the Hanford Reservation.

About midway across, when the **yin** underground began to feel rather strong. We stopped among the frosty sagebrush, and planted our first EP . This spot was also chosen because a **yin** line crossed the road there, and we were able to bury a 6-TB circle and transform the line to a **yang** line . Ale remarked to me that he experienced here the same curious visual phenomena he had the previous year, when we opened our first vortex in Santiago.

Several miles further east, the highway angled to the southwest, running closer to the Columbia River, across from the world's first two large-scale plutonium reactors (known as "B & C reactors" on the Hanford Reservation). We stopped the car and took a good look. Here is a photo found by Ale, obviously taken during the summertime taken from within the Reservation:<sup>56</sup>

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<sup>56</sup> "B" Reactor with Gable Mountain Behind and to the Left.



Fig. 119: Hanford Nuclear Reservation

The following two photographs were taken a week after our visit, when I returned to see what, if any, change had occurred.<sup>57</sup>



Fig. 120: Two Views of Hanford in January 2009

The large hill to the right of the photograph just above is Gable Mountain, which is the highest geologic formation on the Reservation. Although it was not a latent vortex, it was quite negative when we first observed it, and there was at least one **yin** line passing through it. An additional **yin** line, roughly at right angles to the first, if not directly through the mountain, passed nearby – there was visual obstruction which prevented me from determining the exact crossing point. Three or four miles south of where Highway 24 bridges the Columbia, prior to coursing around the end of Untamum Ridge, the first **yin** line crossed the

<sup>57</sup> On the left is a view across the Columbia toward the original reactor sites “B” and “C”. On the right is a view from the west of Gable Mountain and Gable Butte.

road. At this point we pulled off to the side and did two things: (1) placed a 6-TB circle to change the line positive, and (2) buried a PM .

Further south the highway forks, with 24 turning west, and Highway 243 continuing southeast through the Reservation. We followed along 243, placing EPs when the ground felt particularly negative, until we came to where the second **yin** line crossed the road. Here we placed another 6-TB circle to make it positive.

Eventually, as we neared the city of Richland, we realized that we did not have enough pipe for all the EP -inserts we had brought. So we found a building materials store (Home Depot), purchased a couple long stainless steel 1-inch pipes, and had them cut to size (which was done at no extra charge). After this and a quick lunch, we headed up the west side of the Reservation, along roads open to public access, attempting as before to cure the worst feeling places.

At one point we had the good fortune to find a public-accessible latent vortex, which I was able to open. This rapidly created a positive feeling in that area of the Reservation, which gave us encouragement.

Shortly after opening the vortex, with evening coming on, we headed back. We decided to return the way we had come, partly to see if any change could be observed, and partly because there were several places we had omitted earlier, which were good candidates for EPs .

By the time we reached the Gable Mountain area, it was too dark to accurately identify qi-sources, but it felt much better in the general direction of the mountain.

We placed our last EP in the dark, not far removed from that place where the first has been placed that morning.

A week later I drove to Seattle for a family gathering, and on the way back altered my return route so as to take Highway 24 from the east: to pass again along the northern edge of the Hanford Reservation. This time I brought my camera and took photos shown here. Though the ground beneath the Reservation was still negative, Gable Mountain was quite positive. This seemed to be good evidence that transforming two crossing **yin** lines will have good influence on the crossed area.

In all we placed three PMs on the Hanford Reservation. I intend to go back around the area later this year to witness what effect they will have had on the **yin** underground, being constantly emitted by the radioactive waste.

## 48. THE MIDDLE EAST IN APRIL OF 2009

With the global financial crisis ever worsening, and trouble imminent in the greater Middle East, I felt some urgency to extend the [canopy](#) over that area. When the unusually long winter receded from the Palouse in the beginning of April, I set off toward Dubai on the Persian Gulf.

The trip did not begin well, as I misread my plane schedule and arrived at the airport of my home town just ten minutes after the plane had left. My good friend Clare Wiser drove me up to Spokane, where I found a flight to Seattle. Here I just missed the second phase of my regularly scheduled flight to London. Several hours later I made it onto a flight to Vancouver, and thence to Calgary, where I finally did board the third stage of the London flight. In London I found that my baggage had not fared so well, and said baggage, while later spotted variously in Dubai, Nicosia, and Malta, never did catch up with me on route, turning up at my home about three weeks after my return.

The result was that I was for nearly a month with only two shirts, two pair of underwear, one pair of pants, one pair of socks, and no shoes (just a pair of sandals). Much more important however, was that all my TBs were in that baggage, and I had nothing with which to open a vortex on the Persian Gulf. I located a latent vortex on the beach near Dubai, in the hope and expectation that the baggage would arrive before I had to leave. But that was not to be.

Since this was the last time I was to see that area without a [canopy](#) above it, I should record that at this time the qi in the sky was slightly worse than normal, but not the worst pre-[canopy](#) I had seen. It was similar the the qi in the sky I was to feel when I first arrived in Israel and Egypt, but as I recall, it was a bit worse than that which I felt when first flying into Cyprus and Turkey.

On the 12th I left the United Arab Emirates for the island of Cyprus in the eastern Mediterranean. I was met at Larnaca Airport by the doughty Antoine, who had gifted many towers on the island. The next day we created many TBs , as well as two new CBs , and opened up a latent vortex in the suburbs of Antoine's home city of Nicosia.

The day after that we headed for the mountains, where Antoine's grandparents have a summer cabin. Within a mile of the cabin we found and opened a good latent vortex, and within a hour's drive from there, near a weather ball on one of the highest mountains of Cyprus, we found and opened a quite strong latent vortex.



Fig. 121: Weather Ball Near Strong Vortex

The following day Antoine drove us along the southern coast to the east, and we opened

up several more latent vortices. The most interesting of these was on the site where the main temple of Aphrodite had stood throughout antiquity.



Fig. 122: Site of Temple of Aphrodite

It was one of those semi-rare sites where the qi of a latent vortex comes to the surface not just at a few points, but over an area of several acres, and one can open the latent vortex by placing a TB anywhere within that area.

On the 16th Antoine drove me to the de facto Greek-Turkish border crossing in Nicosia, whence I took a taxi to the Ercan Airport on the Turkish side, for a flight to Istanbul. The [canopy](#) was now over Cyprus, likely having come down from the Balkans to the northwest, which had been under a [canopy](#) since the summer of 2007.

Cesco, who had come down from Oslo via Baltic Air, met me at the airport with a goodly supply of TBs . The first day we found and opened latent vortices on both sides of the Bosphorus, which connects the Mediterranean to the Black Sea.

Next day we found a third latent vortex in the city, but it being in rather a crowded and well-watched area, we had to hang around a couple hours until we had opportunity to secrete our TBs undetected. On the way back to our room downtown, someone filched my passport on a busy streetcar. This was on a Friday evening, and the US Consulate being then closed until Monday, we were unable to take the trip to eastern Turkey we had planned. During the weekend we did however take several ferry trips and opened several more latent vortices on the eastern part of Turkey. It was during that weekend the the [canopy](#) first appeared overhead in Istanbul.

On Monday I obtained a new passport, as well as a new visa (from a quite efficient and helpful Egyptian Consulate in Istanbul).

On Tuesday the 21st we left Istanbul for Tel Aviv, flying directly over Cyprus. We continued under the [canopy](#) all the way, until about a third of the way from Cyprus to Israel, where we flew out from underneath.



Fig. 123: Flight Map

After learning that my baggage had not reached Israel, we hopped the first bus to Jerusalem, and at the bus station there searched the internet for a suitable place to pass the night. We wanted an inexpensive place in the Old City, and found it in the New Swedish Hostel, on King David Street. This hostel was not new, being a warren of rooms within ancient stone walls, and the only thing Swedish about it was a blue and yellow sign above the entrance. It was said to have been founded by a Swedish woman many years before,



as safe and modest accommodations for single women visiting the Holy City. Now it was run by a bluff frank Arab, who seemed not much to care if his visitors stayed or not. The small common kitchen was upstairs and adjacent to an even smaller office. Other guests for the night included a Romanian French teacher on holiday who hospitably insisted that Cesco and myself share each part of her evening meal with her; a German man working in visual arts who took us to a small but good restaurant in the Arab quarter, where everything was relatively inexpensive; and a retired circus performer from the Ukraine, with a gold wig and purple nails, accompanied by her elderly father. The conversation around the kitchen common that evening was bizarre but hilarious, with a mix of languages including Arabic, Hebrew, Russian, German, and English. With the exception of the manager, who was something of a polyglot, most of us only understood about a third of what was said, but that did not diminish the good feeling. I however slept the night in the common sleeping room, with my passport and wallet under my pillow.

Many of the streets of the Old City are narrow, and the walls meet overhead so that one does not see the sky. We were told that this is in part because it makes it difficult for visitors to find their way about, and so gives employment to guides. In the morning we left the Hostel with all our possessions on our backs, and made our way eventually to Temple Mount, or Mount Moriah as it was known in the Days of Eld. The old stories have it that it was hither that Adam was led when turned out of Eden; that it was here that Abraham was told by the Lord to sacrifice his son Israel (which in the end did not come to pass of course); that it was here that Solomon built the temple containing the the Holy of Holies (sanctum sanctorum) in which was deposited the Ark of the Covenant; that it was here that the remains of Solomon's architect Hiram Abif were deposited by his murderers under the roots of an Acacia tree; that it was here that the Romans, after destruction of the second temple, left standing as an admonition to the Jewish people, what later became known as the Wailing Wall (or Western Wall, as it was called when we visited it); and it was here, whence Mohammed is said to have ascended to Heaven to colloque with his predecessor prophets, and over the rock from which he was said to have departed, and on which he was said to have returned, was built that golden dome: now known as the Dome of the Rock.

In these days, to approach the Western Wall one must pass through metal detectors and a search resembling that which Homeland Security subjects those boarding an airplane in the US. We of course had our TBs, and the guards were more than a little suspicious that these might be bombs or something else nefarious. At length however, we so far persuaded them that the TBs were harmless, that we were permitted admission onto the square to the west of the wall. There were many orthodox Jews next to the wall reading aloud from the Torah. I walked over to see it more closely, and found that there was a holy entity about three fourths of the way up on the right hand or southern half of the wall. I knelt to offer condign respect, and asked if there was anything with which someone with physical presence could do to help. An answer came in the affirmative, and directions came to perform a sort of (mental) scrubbing and spreading of the qi throughout the wall. At some point in this process I felt I should enter the shelter on the northern end of the wall to continue. As I entered, an elderly Jew dressed in black with broad-brimmed hat approached me, and asked if I were Jewish. After receiving my answer, he asked consecutively if my mother were a Jew, if my father were a Jew, or if any of my grandparents were Jewish. All of which questions being answered in the negative, he then told me that if I were to enter, I must first give him some money. This seemed strange to me, but as I had a duty to perform, I emptied my pockets of change, gave it to him, and entered.

Afterwards I found Cesco, and we entered a line of people queued in front of the single

entrance to the top of the Temple Mount. Here again we had to pass through strict security with our back packs. Upon entrance, we found that by far the most impressive structure was the Dome of the Rock, above and within which could be felt a quite strong and holy presence.

One thing which sets Old Jerusalem apart from any of the other cities I have visited on my trips, is the omnipresence of people in uniform with guns. It may very well be necessary to protect the innocent, but at the same time it is rather disconcerting. One such soldier, apparently a Muslim rather than a Jew, from the manner in which he answered our questions, was seated opposite to the entrance on the west side of the Dome. I asked if it were permitted non-muslims to enter the building, and he said, "No Way!" I learned later that others had been permitted years ago, but that some zealot from Australia had set fire to the place, and since then only believers of Islam have been permitted inside, except in special cases. Cesco went off to the side to show his respect in private, and I walked around the building once for examination. Coming back to the western entrance, and wishing to show my respect to the holiness within, I removed myself back a distance from the entrance, laid down my pack, and faced the place in an attitude of prayer. The armed guard became immediately incensed, jumped out of his seat, and ran over to me, angrily demanding I pick up my stuff and follow him. I told him that I had not known prayer was not permitted from without. This mollified him no whit, and he forcefully escorted me off the Temple Mount, depositing me at the Western Gate, earnestly enjoining me, never to come back. I told him that my friend would not know where I had gone, to which he replied, "Tough luck!"

There are two yang lines which cross under the Dome of the Rock. Below is a photo showing how this goes, the arrows showing the direction of yang-flow:



Fig. 124: Lines of Qi Through Temple Mount

After a couple hours, Cesco and I eventually connected back together at the New Swedish Hostel on King David Street, but we both felt that we had had our fill of Jerusalem. We found a place for breakfast, and by good fortune made acquaintance there with a young man whose brother owned a car.

I thought that it was quite important that we open up a number of latent vortices in Israel, and suspected that the Dead Sea would be a good place to do this: the area was centrally located, it was near a body of water, and it was sparsely populated.



Fig. 125: Map of Israel

However, like other places in Israel, there were Security Guards to avoid, and so we felt it would be good for someone who knew his way around to drive us. With his help we were

able to open five latent vortices that afternoon, on or near the Dead Sea shore, and the driver, in due time, deposited us near the border city of Taba, not far from the northern coast of the Gulf of Aqaba.

When Cesco had had his passport photo taken, his beard and hair were both rather long. On this trip they were trimmed short, he passing often as a clean cut young muslim. As we crossed into the Egyptian side of the border and showed our passports to the mustachioed guard on duty, he looked long and hard at Cesco's photo, then at Cesco, and gravely shook his head. The guard asked me if I knew Cesco, and of course I vouched for him, saying I had taken many trips with him. The guard stared at the photo again, then at Cesco, and shook his head again, quite dolefully. "What is then to do?" exclaimed Cesco, looking worried. The guard burst into a huge smile, laughed, embraced Cesco, and waved us across the border.

It was now nearing dusk, we had had a long day, and so we hired a car to take us on to our next stop, the small town of St. Catherine, in the middle of the Sinai desert.

Several years before, Cesco had come upon a book The Ladder of Divine Ascent, written by one Saint John Climacus, living as a hermit about 600 AD. This work was written to guide monks along the path of religious perfection. Climacus lived only a few miles from the monastery of Saint Catherine. This monastery is situated at the foot of Mount Sinai, where Moses was said to have received the Commandments from God, and a bush said to be a direct descendent of the "Burning Bush" of Scripture, grows within the monastery walls. Due to the historical location of the site, it had been the destination of pilgrims from early times, and the monastery was constructed in the 5th century by the order of the Emperor Justinian.

Cesco had been much impressed by The Ladder of Divine Ascent, and suggested that Saint Catherine's might be an interesting place to visit.

We arrived after dark, and in spite of our representation to our driver that we wanted a cheap place to stay, he took us to a rather fancy hotel in town. Fortunately for us the place was already full, and so he took us to a much more suitable place called Fox Camp, where we found accommodations for 25 Egyptian Pounds (about \$5 US) per night, per person. The clientele ate together in a Bedouin tent around an open fire. The bathrooms were outside, but functional, and we ended up staying four nights.

Fox Camp was about a 20 minute walk from the Saint Catherine Monastery, and we arrived at the monastery's the only public entrance, just before opening time at 9 the next morning. There was quite a large gathering of tourists there ahead of us, they having arrived mostly on buses. We decided to open a latent vortex first, and come back later when the crowd had dissipated somewhat. The latent vortex we had located was on a mountain not far away, which we later learned was named Mount Jethroe. One of the monks told us the next day, that according to old lore, Moses climbed that mountain each day during the time he and his people sojourned in the area. The vortex was special, in that it fed a river of qi, which passed directly over the valley of the monastery. Here is one of the sylphs which appeared to us as we sat resting after our ascent:



Fig. 126: Sylph by Mount Jethroe

From the top of Mount Jethroe, Cesco and I gazed down over the Monastery,



Fig. 127: Toward the Monastery from Mount Jethroe

and he asked me what I thought of the qi about the place. There was a line of qi passing down Mount Sinai, through the basilica, across the small valley separating the monastery from the mountain on the opposite side, and up that mountain. It was a **yin** line and there was a massive negative entity feeding on it, beginning at the monastery and extending all the way up the opposite mountain. We decided to climb that mountain, to try to do something about it.

So we made our way down Mount Jethroe and up a trail which extended about halfway up the other mountain (lying to the right in the photo above), ending at a small uninhabited complex of buildings in a locked compound. Cesco found a way to circumvent the complex, and we slowly made our way up without a trail. The mountain was actually cleft in its upper part into two parts.



Fig. 128: Cloven Mountain

This made the climb much less difficult than it would have been otherwise, and it also

made us nearly invisible from anywhere but inside the cleft. Not far from the top we came to where the **yang** line crossed. The **yin** being feeding off the line was quite annoyed. In fact, it seemed as if it somehow knew we were about to cause it trouble. Fortunately there was one spot on the **yin** line over which had accumulated soil sufficient that we could bury and conceal a circle of 6 TBs . After setting the circle up optimally, and burying it, the **yin** line became a **yang** line quite rapidly. The dominant emotion of the **yin** being changed from anger to pain, and within a short time we could feel no more trace of it. Cesco directed my attention up to the sky, where there were quite nice sylphs displaying good cheer.





Fig. 129: Sylph on our Way Down the Mountain

By the time we had made our way back down, it was late afternoon, and the monastery

had long shut its doors to the public for the day. We were weary, and headed back to Fox Camp for a rest.

Next morning was Friday, and the monastery would only be open to the the public for an hour in the morning. We took care to arrive on time, and this day we saw the bush and the beautiful basilca. But more that this we felt the positive river of qi flowing above and the [yang](#) line flowing through the monastery. Below was made from a lithograph of the place made by one David Roberts in 1839, with a Mount Horeb in the background.



Monastery of St. Catherine with Mt. Horeb (1839)  
Lithograph by David ROBERTS

Fig. 130: Saint Catherine's Monastery in 1839

That afternoon I noted that there was another latent vortex part way up the mountain at the northern side of St. Catherine town, and climbed up to open it. Coming down, and turning back to check it out, I noticed that away to the north, just above the crest of the mountain, was visible the edge of a [canopy](#) flowing rapidly our way, perhaps 30 kilometers distant. Within an hour or so it had arrived, halting just above river of qi. We remained in St. Catherine another day and a half, but the [canopy](#) did not advance further south during that time.

Our plan had been to take a bus north and west to Cairo, thence to inspect the pyramids. However events had transpired over the past weeks which demanded my early presence both in Taipei, and back in the Palouse. Furthermore, it was reported that Taliban troops were fighting Pakistani Government troops only 60 miles from Islamabad, and rumor had it that American troops would be sent into Pakistan if the Government turned out to be unable to handle the situation. Cesco and I talked it over, and we both felt that as we had completed most of what we had set out to do, we should leave Egypt. We modified our travel schedules, and two days later left St. Catherine for the nearest international airport at Sharm Al Sheik.

We left Fox Camp early in the morning by auto, and spent a couple hours at the town of Dhahab, on the Gulf of Aqaba, waiting for a bus. Here we found another latent vortex, which we gifted.



Fig. 131: Map of Sinai Peninsula

At Sharm Al Sheik we found a strong latent vortex on the seashore, but this was more difficult, for the shoreline at this resort town is mostly not open to the public, taken up by various hotels. We were denied entrance by one hotel (for security reasons they said), but one of the guards was sympathetic, and showed us where we could climb up and follow the fence between his hotel and the neighboring one. Cesco watched our bags while I followed the fence, and fortunately was able to pass by the guard of the other hotel without hindrance, to reach and treat the vortex on the seashore.

That night when we flew out to Cairo, the [canopy](#) was overhead, and it continued overhead for the the remainder of my trip. Reaching Cairo, Cesco and I parted ways, he for Oslo and I for Vienna, where I hoped to catch a Monday flight for Taiwan.

I did not make the Monday flight, and the next was not until Wednesday morning, so I phoned up my friend Manfred in Pinkafeld, and he graciously agreed to put me up for the interim. His family, especially his wife and daughter, was quite gracious in feeding me and

giving my clothes a much needed washing. Manfred took off work for Tuesday, and took me around to various interesting places in the vicinity, including a latent vortex on a hill, which we opened, and the remains of an old Nazi temple on a hill commemorating the Anschluss (or incorporation of Austria as part of Germany in 1938). At one time there was a great golden eagle on a pedestal in the center of the temple, but that had been long gone when we visited it.



Fig. 132: Temple Commemorating the Anschluss

There was a **yin** line through the temple, and Manfred and I made it positive using 6 of his good TBs .

I much enjoyed my time with him, as I found his sensitivity of qi rather similar to mine, and we were able to discuss and compare things with each other, which we seldom have opportunity to do with others.

The first leg of the flight from Vienna to Taipei was over Turkey, Syria, and Iraq to Abu Dhabi, which city is less than 100 miles from my first stop of the trip Dubai, where due to non-arrival of my baggage, I had been unable to open a vortex. However the **canopy** was overhead throughout the flight, and I was gratified to learn that this **canopy** was now over the entire area.

The next leg of the trip passed over the gulf of Oman, and Karachi, before heading east over India and China to Taiwan. We were ever under the **canopy** , from which I inferred

that the European canopy is now connected to that over East Asia. Since I know that, as of the previous November, the latter was at least as far north as Amritsar on the Pakistani border, I surmised that it was then over the remainder of Pakistan and even Afghanistan.



Fig. 133: Map of Initial Part of Trip from Vienna to Taipei

Thanks are due to Antoine, Cesco, and Manfred; and recognition to Google Earth and MSN Encarta; for the illustrations in this report.

## 49. RUSSIA IN JULY OF 2009

To extend the [canopy](#) to northern Asia required a visit to Russia. Travel is relatively difficult there, with the long distances and low population density in Siberia. There are eleven time zones in Russia.

I decided to buy tickets on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Most commonly, the American or European visitor travels from west to east, beginning at St. Petersburg or Moscow, and riding to Vladivostok or Beijing as an eastern terminus. Thus it seemed it might be less crowded and more interesting if I took the other direction.

I left home on June 3, stopping in Taiwan for about a week to help a friend. My plane out of Taipei on the 11th had a mechanical problem in flight, and so had to return to Chiang Kai Shek Airport for brief repairs. When it finally arrived in Korea, it was too late to make my connection to Vladivostok, and so I had to stay in Inchon overnight. I found an inexpensive room not too far from the airport, and close enough from a latent vortex to reach it on foot. There was already a [canopy](#) overhead, but as there had previously been no latent vortex opened in Korea, it seemed right to open one.





Fig. 134: Travel Route Through Eastern Russia

The flight next day arrived in Vladivostok about 4PM. I had been warned that taxi drivers might lie and tell me that there was no train into the city – and that turned out to be the case. Nor did the station attendant contradict the driver, when I appealed to him for confirmation or contradiction. It was a Russian holiday, and the only currency exchange office at the airport was closed. However the taxi driver’s friend exchanged some dollars for rubles for me, at a not good, but acceptable rate. When we got out of the building, I saw a bus quite a distance off, and although the taxi driver objected, saying that that bus did not go into town, I walked over to investigate. It did in fact go into town, directly to the train station, and the fare was much lower than the proposed taxi fare.

When the bus arrived at the train station, I immediately went to the proper window to exchange the vouchers I had received by email for physical tickets. I was lucky, in that the office was scheduled to close less than a half hour after I arrived, and my train north to Khabarovsk was to leave that evening.

I had planned to spend a day in Vladivostok, but because of my stop-over in Korea, I

only had a couple hours, and there was no latent vortex close enough to reach during that time interval. However, the [canopy](#) was overhead. I bought some bread and cheese and sat down on a bench near the port side docks to eat a leisurely dinner waiting for departure time.

I had purchased second class tickets, which meant a sleeping car with compartments containing four bunk beds: two above and two below. This was the only leg of the trip where I had a fluent English speaking companion in my compartment. He was a surgeon, teaching at the medical school in Khabarovsk, and had been to America in some sort of medical exchange program. He told me that his monthly earnings in Russia were the equivalent to about \$1000 per month.

We arrived in Khabarovsk early in the morning, and the surgeon kindly took me up to the area in the train station called "resting rooms". Not all the stations on my journey, but the majority of them, had these rooms, which contained from two to ten or so beds. For about the price of a hostel bed you could purchase a "resting room" bed for a day, or a day and a night, if you had a ticket for a trip out. The room in Khabarovsk had five beds, of which three were vacant. I choose one near the window, and settled down to rest for an hour or two.

Once people had begun to move about in the streets, I walked down through the town to the Amur River, where there was a pleasant public path along the bank through the city. A mile or two south there was a latent vortex, so I hiked down there and opened it. On minor problem in Russia is the dearth of free available toilets. There are sometimes pay toilets in public places, but they are invariably locked, and it is not always easy to find where to go to pay and get the key: especially when you don't speak Russian and you are in a part of Russia where few speak English. Fortunately I could read Russian a bit, but few could understand what I attempted to say, nor could I understand most of what was spoken to me.

On the way back to the station I found an internet cafe in the basement of the post office, and so was able to let my wife know I had made it to Russia intact.

There was no [canopy](#) over Khabarovsk when I arrived, nor when I left the next morning. The edge of it was visible to the the south, moving northward, when the the train left for Chita with me on it. About a quarter of the way from Khabarovsk to Chita the [canopy](#) passed overhead. I was never again during the trip to move out from beneath it, nor to see any sky where it was not present.

My train had arrived in Chita at just before 2AM, and Chita Station had no "resting rooms". So I had to sit up in a chair until daylight. About 7AM I checked into a hotel, so as to get my entry card registered. It rained most of the time when I was there. This was uncomfortable since I had no rain gear, but the bad weather made it easier for me unobserved to open the latent vortex I found off in one quarter of the city. That night my train left at 1AM, and I wanted to walk to the train station in the daylight, so I had about a 3 hour wait before departure.

After waking in the morning, and very haltingly greeting my sleeping compartment companions in Russian, I realized that I was likely going to have many hours of time on the train by myself, without conversation.

The scenery was interesting from time to time, but for long stretches the tracks were lined with birch trees, and it was not easy to see the countryside behind them. I found it singular that in Siberia, especially eastern Siberia, nearly all farms and settlements, and even towns, were surrounded by solid fencing. It made me appreciate somewhat why the original meaning of the English word town, was fence.

The next stop was Irkutsk, and we rode a considerable distance alongside spectacular Lake Baikal on the latter part of the trip. The train station lies on the one side of the Angara River, and the city on the other. Coming in on the train, I espied a latent vortex on the town side, and after checking in at a youth hostel, went out and found, and opened it. I then sat down on the river bank, made myself a sandwich of bread and cheese, and “splat”: a direct hit from a bird above in the middle of the sandwich!

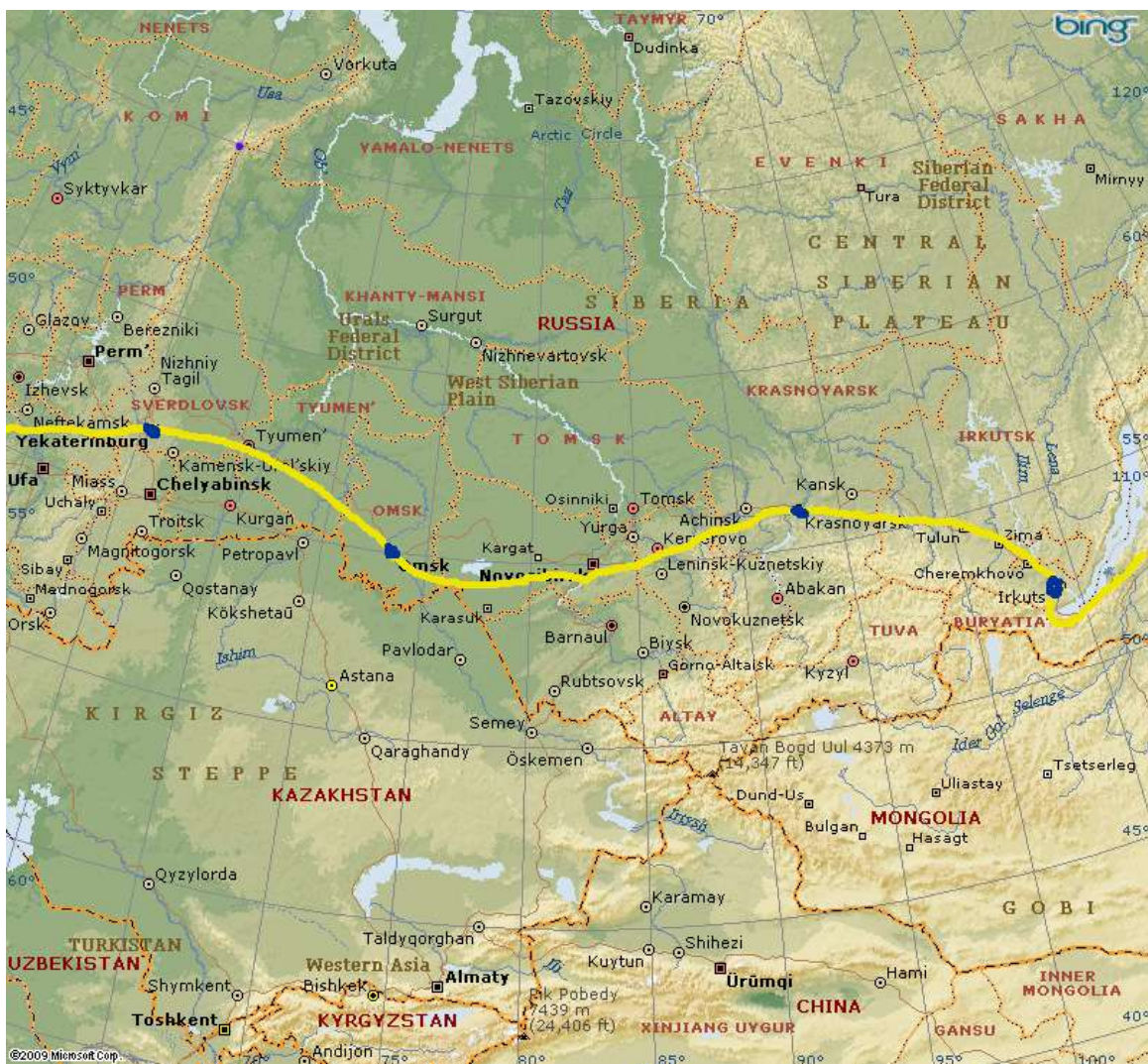


Fig. 135: Travel Map Through Central Russia

From Irkutsk the train took me to Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisey River. Here I was able to find another “resting room”. Coming in on the train I had seen a latent vortex down river, but after about a two mile walk from the station, I found that the approach road was heavily watched by guards. Hence I headed back up river, and eventually found another latent vortex in a park within the city. It was a gray day, and early enough that few people were around. I was able to open it with little difficulty.

Boarding the train the next day, I inadvertently dropped a wallet containing my entry card, but little else. When I discovered it a couple minutes later, I rushed out to try to recover it, but it was already gone. For the only time in Russia, I spoke to a policeman, but he seemed only annoyed that I should be worried about something so petty – he said I could pick up another when I left the country. I did not quite believe him, but was to find out at the end of the trip, that he was correct. This train took me to Omsk, where the Om and Irtysh Rivers join. Here again I was able to stay overnight in a “resting room”. The vortex in Omsk was downtown, and I had take a bus several miles to get within walking distance. It was on a river bank, as were all the vortices I opened on this trip, except for the one in Chita.

From Chita I journeyed to Yekterinburg, known as Sverdlovsk in Soviet times. There I stayed in a youth hostel, and opened a latent vortex in a park on the Isel River.

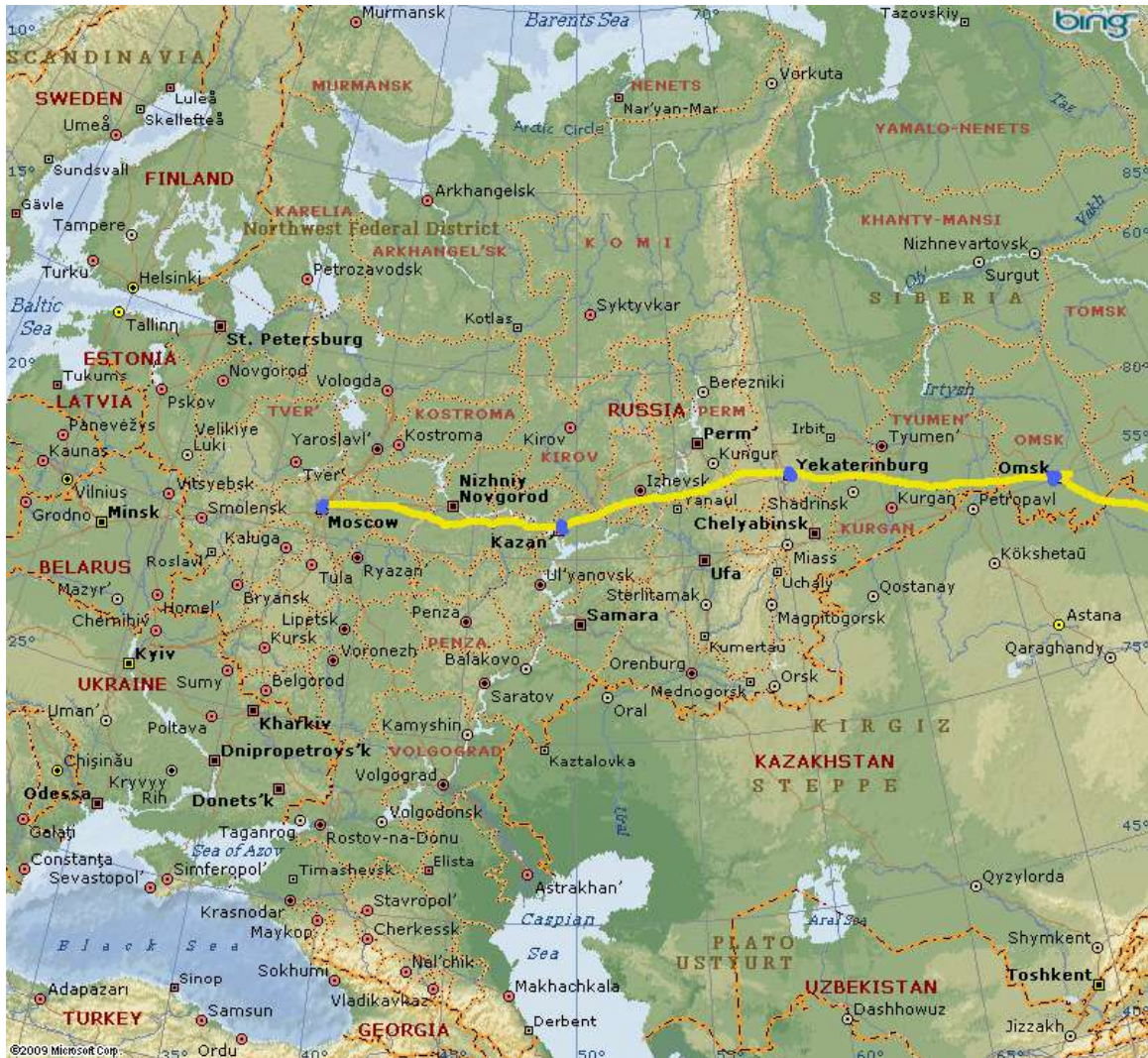


Fig. 136: Travel Map Through Western Russia

Thence to Kazan on the Volga, where there was a latent vortex not far from the train station. The river was beautiful, and there was a beach not far from the vortex, where young and old were soaking in the sun. I did not spend the night there, having arrived in the morning and being scheduled to leave that night. Shortly before dark I went back to the area of the vortex, where I witnessed a curious phenomenon. In a radius of perhaps a 100 yards or meters, the qi was flowing circularly about the vortex. Furthermore around each of the telephone poles in the area, qi was flowing circularly in a radius of about a yard. For most of the poles, the flow was the same orientation as that around the vortex, but for a few it was opposite.

The final stop was the capital city Moscow. I had reserved a bed in a hostel within walking distance from the railroad station, and after a little trouble, found it and took a shower. I could feel a latent vortex in the general direction of where my map indicated the Kremlin was located, and so set out on a hike. After going some way, I found that it was not in the Kremlin, which was probably just as well. It was in the Moscow River some way off, and I had to be a bit careful to open it without exciting notice. When the job was done,

I walked along the river bank, crossed the river on the Bolshoi Moscowretski Bridge, and took a look at Red Square and the buildings about.

Russia is a huge and interesting country, and I have here said quite little of what I saw in it. But after all, this is a report mainly concerning the etherial, and there are many other sources treating the wonders of Russia.

The trip back was rather uneventful: Moscow to Prague to New York to Seattle to home – everywhere under the [canopy](#) .

## 50. EVENTS IN THE AUTUMN OF 2009

By late summer of 2009, the only place in Europe which I was not reasonably sure was under the [canopy](#), was the Iberian Peninsula. Cesco and I had penetrated into France south of Paris in 2005, but I had never been so far south as Spain, and I felt I needed to know if that country were under the [canopy](#).

I still had a ticket to America from London, since I unexpectedly had had to return from the Middle East trip via Taiwan. Friend Richs wedding was on September 5, so it seemed right to attend the wedding, and then fly down to Gibraltar and back before going home.

After returning from Russia, I received an invitation to attend the IWONE conference in Hr, Sweden, held during the last few days of August. The conference was inspired by Viktor Shaubergers work, and was about non-standard energy sources and vehicle propulsion, and the extraordinary properties of water: subjects of which I knew little, but for which I had some curiosity. So I decided to begin my trip a week or so early and attend the conference.

Furthermore, I had enjoyed my too short stay with Manfred last spring, and wished to follow up on a few things with him.

All these matters in fact went well. A new friend Marcus Gullberg, whom I met at the IWONE conference, invited me up to Helsingborg afterwards, and we found a strong latent vortex on a small mountain on the coast, near Höganäs, as I recall.

The visit to Gibraltar came after visiting Manfred in Austria, and when I reached the island, I realized that the [canopy](#) was already over the area. Not on the “Rock”, but on a nearby hill, was a strong latent vortex, and after a several hour hike from the airport I was able to open it up.

My trip home was through London, New York, Vancouver, Seattle, and Spokane. Nowhere did I come out from beneath the [canopy](#).

My work in Taiwan was still not completed, and I flew there on October 1, returning on the 8th. I brought the flu back with me in the form of a sore throat which by the 10th had grown more serious and forced me to go to bed for a couple days.

The trip back from Taiwan was through Tokyo (Narita), San Francisco, and Seattle. On the San Francisco-Seattle leg the weather and visibility were good, and my throat keep me sufficiently awake that I looked somewhat closely at the etheric phenomena along the way.

I saw that there were various spots with a quite a positive feeling, such spots as I had not noticed before. One was in a large lake, and they seemed to be in lower ground rather than higher ground in general.

I decided to hike up Kamiak Butte when I got home, to get a stationary panoramic, view before I came to any conclusions.

The flu hit me reasonably hard, and it was several days before I felt up to climbing Kamiak, but I did so on Tuesday afternoon, October 13. Seated on an old log I could see the hills and mountains for an area of about 500 square miles. I counted roughly 20 such places in that area, where the yang caught the eye or senses. Looking closely I found that yang was swirling down from above to these places (counter-clockwise when viewed from above), and then moving directly down into the earth, so far as I could feel.

For some time yang has been falling from the canopy , concentrating in the beginning through the trunks of trees. Looking closely at the conifers on top of Kamiak, I could see that this was still the case, but that the yang was moving much more rapidly through the trunks than before.

The cycle of qi from the opened vortices up to the canopy and then back down again into the earth seems to have increased in speed: now there were actual vortices going down as well as up. At least I knew this was true in the areas on the Pacific Coast and in the Palouse where the canopy had been in existence the longest.



## 51. GUATEMALA IN JANUARY OF 2010

On my trip back from Chile in 2008, the [canopy](#) was overhead from Santiago to about the southern border of Mexico, and then from about San Diego on home.

But since then the strength of the [canopy](#) , where present, had increased; it would extend further than formerly with each newly opened latent vortex, and had even been extending on its own. I suspected that it had spread over Mexico in the interim, but needed to find out for sure. Ale and Javi had told me that they would join me in Mexico at some later date, so in the winter of 2009 I wrote Ale if early 2010 would be a convenient time for them.

He said that they would have time in January, but that due to unrest in Mexico, Guatemala just to the south might be a better place to travel. I agreed, and he recommended Tikal in particular as an interesting place to visit.

The ancient Mayan city of Tikal dates back nearly to the time of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and during the Golden Age of ancient Greece was a great city of pyramids and temples. This was the beginning of the classic period of Mayan civilization, and it continued as an important city for another millennium and a half, until sometime in the tenth century AD, when it was abandoned to the jungle. Archeological restoration was begun in the mid 1950's, and it is now a national park, located in the northeastern part of Guatemala, west of Belize City.

There was good cheap communication by land from Belize to Tikal, so we elected to meet in Guatemala City, fly to Belize City, and take a bus thence to Tikal.

My flight to Guatemala City left from Chicago at 2AM, and as I fell asleep shortly after take-off, still did not know upon arrival, whether the [canopy](#) covered Mexico. Our flight to Belize (formerly British Honduras) had been moved up two hours, which prevented me from making connection.

We were forced to stay in Guatemala City for a day. Ale told me that the travel in the city was somewhat dangerous outside of the hotel area, due to roaming gangs of robbers.

Across the valley of the city however ranged some impressive mountains, on one of which was arrayed an extensive group of cellular and other types of towers. We decided to hire a ride up there, and see what we could do about reducing the [yin](#) . There was a [yin](#) line going through the towers. We found and exploited a good place on the line to place an array of 6 TBs , with the result that the whole area of the mountain turned positive. It was a good feeling that afternoon, walking back along the road through the trees to where our driver was parked.



Fig. 137: Map of Guatemala

Next day we flew west to Belize City, whence we took a van/bus east, across the Guatemala border, on to the Tikal National Park.

We arrived just before dark, and the park was closed for the night. Years before, Javi's father had seen the sun come up from the top of the highest temple, and she wanted to repeat the experience. The park opened at 6AM and sunrise came at 6:15. Since the temple was too far into the park to reach and climb in 15 minutes, she inquired if there were any way we could enter earlier. Turned out that there were some professional photographers which had hired one of the park guides to take them in early, and for a modest contribution, the guide offered to let us come along too.

Shortly after our bus had left Belize City that afternoon, I had noticed the presence of a strong latent vortex far to the west, and throughout the trip it continued more or less to be in our direction of travel. When we drove into the Park somewhat after 5AM the next morning, I noted that it was right in the park, but due to the dark and fog could not pinpoint it as we drove along.

We made it up to the crown of the temple before daybreak, but the fog was so thick that morning that we could not see the sun rise.

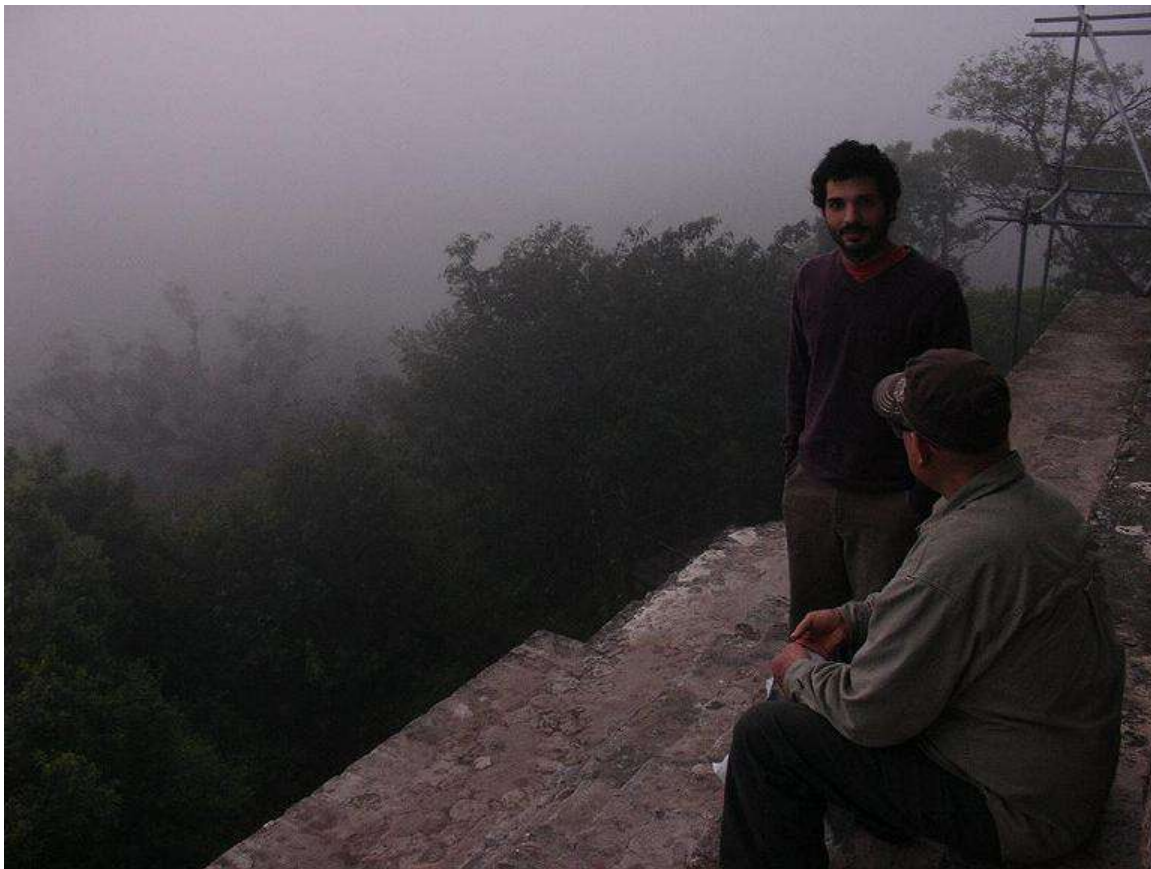


Fig. 138: Ale and I on the Crown of a Mayan Temple

We descended, deciding to use the time during which we still more or less had the park to ourselves, to locate the latent vortex. We found it, in the middle of Temple #6.<sup>58</sup>

Fortunately one of the critical points was not on the temple itself, and so I was able to treat it, and open the vortex.



Fig. 139: Mayan Temple in Tikal

I was somewhat in a hurry to complete the opening before other visitors should come in from the park entrance, and so omitted to first feel down in the earth below the temple structure.

Quite soon after placing the TB qi began to bounce up and down within the structure, and it was only then that I observed the situation down below.

There were two distinct thin levels of **yin** below, the qi in the structure repeatedly bouncing off the upper one up to the top, and then back down again.

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<sup>58</sup> This may or may not be the correct number of the temple. I give the temple a number here merely to remind myself, should I have need in the future.

This continued for just a short time, until the two negative levels were pierced, and then yang surged up from the large reservoir reaching deep below, up through the top of the temple into the sky.

The only vortices I recall that perhaps matched this one in strength and volume were the one in Magaliesberg in South Africa and one in the Atecamba in Chile.

By now there were other people exploring the park and we wandered about among them, viewing and marveling. When we came to the main square of the city, the feeling was rather negative, which turned out to be due to a yin line flowing through it. There was no secluded place on the square to repair the line, so we went outside the square, and I climbed partway up a hill between the square and the path leading into the park, to find a place on the line where one could position 6 TBs. After burying them, I started back downhill. It was somewhat steep, I lost my footing, and had to stop a headlong descent by grabbing a tree. From the tree I came clumping down fast again, startling a new visitor coming up the path. When we returned to the city square however, we found the feeling of the place quite positive. Ale in particular noticed it: his sensitivity of these things had increased markedly since I had met him some two years previously.

At one point we came to bowl-shaped site, which reminded me of somewhat similar places I had seen in Africa and Chile. Here, as in some of the places in northern Europe surrounded by stone circles, I was requested by a respectable entity to re-initiate a circular flow of yang around the natural boundary. As before, I had to position myself in the center, fix my gaze on a point of the boundary, and turn about in a counter-clockwise manner (as viewed from above). After several minutes, when the turning had increased to somewhat of a whirl, I could feel the yang moving rapidly around the upper part of the boundary. Now however something began to interfere with the process.

I slowed to a stop and looked around. There were several people coming over the top of one of the hills which formed the boundary, so I paused to let them pass on through.

Ale and Javi had been standing over on one side quietly observing, and one of the people who had come over the hill walked over and struck up a conversation with them.

Meanwhile I was engaged in running from one place along the boundary to the next, arranging the qi in various places preparatory to another turning session. When this phase was completed, the man who had been speaking with Ale and Javi walked over to me. He stared at me in a quite serious way, and in Spanish, asked if I spoke Spanish. I said that I did not, only English, and noticed that he wore some quite curious objects about his neck.

Ale told me later that the man was apparently a Mayan shaman, and that he was concerned that I was practicing some sort of black magic. Since I could not speak Spanish, I spoke to him in that curious language that ones soul sometimes uses to speak directly with another soul. I suspect that his conscious mind did not directly understand the words, but on some level he did understand, for his attitude lightened, and he went back to the side while I finished the process of getting the yang whirling about the boundary of the area: now turning below as well as above.

When done, I walked over to the three of them, and with Ale and Javi acting as interpreters, explained that my actions were not of my own initiation, but at the request of a quite respectable entity there. I do not know how much he believed me, but he did invite me to visit a special cave nearby. I accepted and we all walked a little way off to where there

was a chamber in the rock in which a candle was burning.

There was a strong respectable entity inside, and the shaman invited me to go in and meditate. I went to the entrance, knelt down to pay respect, and asked if there were anything I could do for it. There was, and afterwards, I turned back and we four spoke again.

I will respect the privacy of the man and the place, and not speak more about that here.

The shaman was some sort of groundskeeper for the park, and said that he had been looking for us to show up.



Fig. 140: Tikal Overview

We left the park just before noon, and spent the night in the Guatemalan city of Flores, traveling back to Belize the next day. Several days later I left the country, flying north to Houston, in clear weather. During the first part of the trip the vortex in Tikal was easily detectable from the plane. During the entire trip, over Belize, Guatemala, Mexico, and Texas, the [canopy](#) was present overhead and strong.

On all of the the plane trips of the week, whenever the visibility was sufficient to observe, I noted that there were plenty of swirls of [yang](#) coming down from the [canopy](#) into the ground,

as described in the previous chapter.

## 52. THE RICHEST HILL ON EARTH (JUNE AND AUGUST 2010)

In mid-June my wife and I drove from Washington, near the Idaho border, to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and back. The [canopy](#) was overhead the entire way, as I expected.

Both going and coming we passed through Butte, Montana, in some ways the most interesting city of Montana.

It was settled as a placer mining camp in 1864, and in 1870 its population was 241. In 1875 quartz mining was introduced, which stimulated growth and prosperity, and the 1880 census shows population to have been 3363. Successive censuses show 10,723 in 1890, 30,470 in 1900, and 39,165 in 1910.

Though the state capitol was (and is) Helena, it was said that the most important political decisions during days of the copper kings were made in Butte. Its population peaked at about 100,000.

For many years, beginning with the discovery of gold in 1862, mining was the leading industry of Montana. The prospect of finding gold and silver brought in people in the early years, but it was the discovery of rich veins of copper in Anaconda and Butte in 1882 that brought real wealth to the state. By 1900 Butte was producing half of the copper in the United States. Mines were dug beneath most of the city, and the city flourished until 1940, when mining declined and increased use of machinery caused the population to diminish.

When the big copper deposits were discovered, Butte was given the nickname “The Richest Hill On Earth”. By 1955 most of that hill was gone, and the Anaconda Copper Company began pit mining, in what became known as the “Berkeley Pit”. When I saw it about 1970, the pit was so deep that you could not even hear the motors of the huge machinery at the bottom.

The pit eventually engulfed a good part of the old city. My grandparents, mother and uncles had lived there in the 1920’s, during the heyday of the city, and Iron Street, where their house had been, was one of the streets which was no more.

In the late 1970’s the pit was closed down, and water began to fill the mammoth hole. The water became extremely toxic – so much so that by the early 1990’s any birds which had the bad luck to rest on what had become a toxic lake, were likely not to survive the experience. It is now America’s largest Superfund<sup>59</sup> site.

The larger of the early copper companies in Butte combined into the Amalgamated Copper Mining Company under the ownership of early copper king Marcus Daly, and financiers William Rockefeller, Henry Rogers, and Thomas Lawson. It later changed its name to the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and in the 1920’s had a virtual monopoly of mining in Butte. Anaconda Copper became part of ARCO (Atlantic Richfield Corporation) in 1977, and in 1982 ARCO ceased operations in the Berkeley Pit.

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<sup>59</sup> The Superfund is a US Federal fund designated for cleaning up hazardous waste material.



Other pits have been dug in the area since, but the great days of mining in Butte are (apparently) gone.

What are not gone are the toxins left from the mining and smelting of the ore. Much arsenic, lead, and sulfur came out into the air and ground from the smelting process. This was so deadly that, as my mother told me, most of the smelting was moved from Butte to Anaconda. It has been estimated that at that time 36 tons of arsenic and 1540 tons of sulfur were released by the Anaconda smelter. Pollution from mine tailings extended 150 miles downriver, almost to Missoula (home of the University of Montana).

But this is by way of background. The point is that before the "richest hill on earth" was mined away, one of the strongest latent vortices of the earth was present on that hill. The image below is prepared from a contemporary NASA photo taken from above:



Fig. 141: Location of Vortex at the Toxic Lake in Butte

Butte city proper is in the lower right corner of the photo. The black area to the left of the city is the toxic lake inside the Berkeley pit, and just below the pit is the suburb of Walkerville. To the left and slightly above the pit is what seems to be a holding area, to prevent runoff from the surrounding hills into the toxic area.

I have enclosed the area from which the vortex now rises out of the ground by an irregular red circle. When it was still dormant, the points where it touched the surface were irregularly spread around the outside. I was only able access a few of them, but that turned out to be sufficient. When it opened, the results were spectacular, as it was "visible" all the way from my home nearly 400 miles (600 kilometers) away. The only vortex which I had previously observed which was visible from nearly such a distance was the Magaliesberg vortex in South Africa.

It was in June that the vortex was opened. On August 10 I passed through Butte again and had opportunity to observe reasonably closely the dynamics of the qi connected with the vortex. Below is a schematic sketch of the qi dynamics of the area:

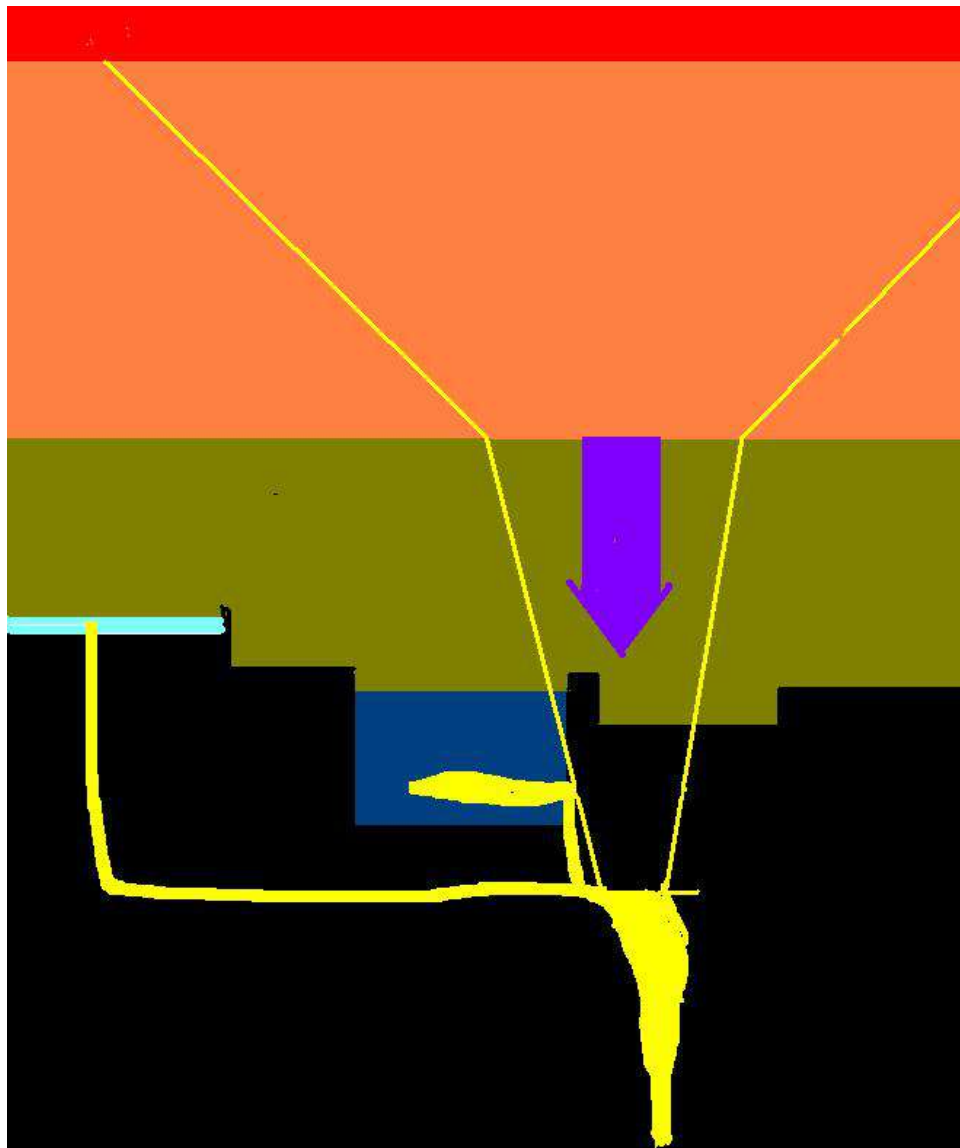


Fig. 142: Qi Dynamics Near the Toxic Lake in Butte

The solid red at the top represents the massed **yang** which was then around most (if not all) the world: the **canopy** . The orange below it represents the weaker **yang** which had gradually been working its way down from above. The dirty green represents the somewhat weak **yin** which formed a layer between the ground and the **yang**. The black represents the ground. The light blue to the left represents the water in the holding reservoir, and the dark blue represents the toxic water in the Berkeley Pit.

The yellow represents the **yang** which is swirling up to the surface from below. Note that some of it pools off underground reaching into the two bodies of water. The two yellow lines, angled slightly from the vertical, show the outlines of the vortex swirling up through the atmosphere. These turn to a greater angle as they leave the weak **yin** and then enter the weak **yang** up about cloud level. This change of angle is reminiscent of the phenomenon of light refraction, as light passes from matter of one density into that of another.

The purple arrow represents **yang** flowing directly downward from above into the center of the vortex.

## 53. ALASKA AND THE ARCTIC IN AUGUST OF 2010

On August 22 my friend Cesco arrived in the Palouse, and on the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> we boarded an Alaskan Airlines plane in Spokane, bound for Barrow, Alaska (via Seattle, Anchorage and Fairbanks). Four years previous we had driven just north of the arctic circle in Norway, but I was curious whether the [canopy](#) was over the arctic or not, and particularly whether it was over the north geographic and magnetic poles. Barrow is the northernmost town in the US, and being a terminal for a major airline, it seemed the most accessible place to visit where I might find answers to these questions.

It was a sunny day with good visibility, and the [canopy](#) was overhead until our plane on the Fairbanks-Barrow leg reached about 50 miles south of Barrow. There was no [canopy](#) over Barrow – or as far as I could see over the Arctic Ocean.

We disembarked about 7:30 in the evening. The thermometer read about 40 Fahrenheit (6 Celsius), and we immediately set about finding somewhere to stay. According to several natives we queried, it would not do to camp outside, due to wandering polar bears. We had heard that the males of the species frequently weigh more than 1000 pounds, can easily outrun humans, and can sneak up on one amazingly soundlessly. Since there was about five hours of darkness impending, we decided to look for somewhere to stay INSIDE. There were only four hotels in town, the prices for rooms were quite high (about \$250 for a room for two), and that night there was nothing available anyway. However Cesco talked a man at Ilisagvik College in Narl (about four miles east of Barrow) into letting us bed down in an empty room in a construction site nearby. The inside room was three sides of plywood, no door, and of course unheated, but we were quite pleased under the circumstances, and spent a reasonably comfortable night in our sleeping bags. From outside:



Fig. 143: Dormitory in Progress

Next morning we hiked out along the coast, and eventually reached a strong latent vortex which I had felt the night before. On the way we both felt a presence off in the sky to the northeast which was obviously unhappy. And its rage increased proportionally we approached the latent vortex.

We opened up the vortex, and afterwards its rage faded into a whimpering, and then disappeared. One of the latent vortex points:



Fig. 144: TB on a Vortex Point on an Arctic Beach

Afterwards Cesco caught me doing a little dance on the beach, as this marked the end of our task spreading the [canopy](#) .

The remainder of the day we spent in Barrow:



Fig. 145: Street Sign in Barrow, Alaska

That evening we took Alaskan Air through Fairbanks to Anchorage. Several days later I looked up north from central Anchorage and felt far to the north a strong concentration of [yang](#).

## 54. COLOMBIA IN NOVEMBER OF 2010

In November of 2010 I received an invitation to come to Bogotá from my friend Ale, who was studying some new medical techniques with an MD there. I arrived there on the 20th. Ale had arranged for me to stay with one of his friends near the old city center, and near the doctor's office.

In December of 2007 my Austrian friend Manfred had discovered that TBs directed downward over pipe sections placed in a 6-pipe circle would spread yang through the ground in a wide area. These have been already been described in the chapter XsectionXca2008. Manfred named this apparatus a "peacemaker". Ale had put one in the ground in a friend's yard, several blocks from the doctor's office. For some reason which we never discovered, it was not working correctly. So the day after my arrival we dug it out and replaced it with new pipes and TBs.

The result was that the ground in a wide surrounding area turned positive. The positive area is roughly disc shaped, and the diameter of the disc gradually grew larger over a period lasting several days.

Less than a half mile away from the peacemaker stood the mountain Monserrate. Bogotá's altitude is about 8612 feet (2625 meters), and the mountain rises up another 2029 feet (527 meters) above that. At the top of the mountain is a magnificent church with a shrine to which many pilgrims climb each year. When the yang from the peacemaker had finished its expansion, it reached about half way up the mountain.

At the top of the mountain was also a latent vortex. Ale and I went up several days later and opened up the vortex. One result of this was that the yang in the ground from the peacemaker expanded all the way up and past the mountain. This was somewhat similar to our experience three years earlier in the Argentinean town to Recreo, when we found that by opening a latent vortex on the edge of town, all the cell towers in town began radiating yang. The towers in the part of the city near Monserrate also began radiating strong yang.

There is a building between where I was staying and the peacemaker which was suffused with yin when I arrived. This was a meeting place for a fraternal organization with connections to freemasonry. After the new peacemaker was buried, much but not all of the yin was driven out. Ale did some interesting things to eliminate the remainder. I will leave it up to him to provide more detail if he wishes.

The Colombian MD Jorge with whom Ale was working had a farm about a half day's drive from the capital. The weekend I arrived was lengthened by a holiday and Jorge took us to his farm and showed us some of rural Colombia.

A particularly interesting place was the city of Armero, which had been destroyed in 1985 from the lava flow of the volcano Nevado del Ruiz. The flow had been so rapid, that about 23,000 people had died in the city. Two-story buildings had had their first level filled as a result of the flow. There were many mosquitoes, plus an latent vortex in the ruins, the latter of which we opened.

At Jorge's farm we did several experiments. The most interesting one had to do with trying to increase the fertility of the area through application of a device Marcus, an engineer friend Thomas, and myself had developed in Helsingborg, Sweden in February of 2010. The device will be described elsewhere, but consists of a TB attached to a sphere with a copper wire running through and around the TB and sphere. The sphere must be hung above the area to be improved. We had some success where we experimented with it in Sweden, and so we decided to try it here in Colombia. Ale's talented friend Francesca was the most agile and best climber of the group, so she climbed a tree in the field and suspended the device from it.

I will try to report later what, if any, effect it had.

The part of Jorge's work that interested me most involved magnets. The method was developed by Dr. Isaac Goiz of Mexico City. Most, if not all ailments of the human body involve qi imbalance, and there are at least two special points in the body connected with each single ailment: one exhibits **yin** and the other **yang**. That with the **yin** is stronger. But if the south pole of a strong magnet is placed on the **yin** spot, the **yang** spot becomes stronger. Then, if the north pole of another strong magnet is placed on the **yang** spot, a current of qi flows through the body, and swirls around the poles of the two magnets. After a time (from a few seconds to a number minutes) the flow slows and stops.<sup>60</sup>

Jorge told me that many diseases can be treated this way more effectively than by traditional means, and some cures can be effected quite rapidly. I personally found that bodily pains and sore places can often be ameliorated by this method quite quickly.

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<sup>60</sup> So far as I know Goiz does not explain the working of his magnet healing therapy in terms of balancing qi.



## 55. CHANGING LINES USING THE 6 TB METHOD

The discovery of the magnet therapy changed my life in several ways, but the most obvious one was that thereafter, whenever my back went “out”, I could get it back “in” again quite rapidly. Thus the part of my time subsequently spent in physical discomfort was much less than it had been for the previous thirty years or so.

Another discovery occurred a couple year later, which at first seemed rather negative than positive. After Cesco’s discovery at Rainers home back in 2005, we had many times changed **yin** lines to **yang** using the 6 TB method. What we did not know then was that this use of TBs places their crystals under considerable stress. In July 2013 my youngest daughter was married in England at John’s place, and after the wedding my wife and I spent about a week and a half in Switzerland visiting Hans and his wife. He and I went back and looked at several of the qi lines we had changed earlier. To our chagrin we found that every one of them had turned back to being yin. We used six new TBs to change the one at Aesch back to being Nq.

In September, for another reason, I had to return to Switzerland, and I found that the line at Aesch had already reverted to **yin**. Furthermore, a CB which Hans and I had set up in July, of which the pupose had been to offset a strong source of **yin**, had stopped working, its crystals having been overcome by the extreme stress to which it had been subjected.

This set me to thinking, and I recalled that Reichenbach had written a century and a half ago that the qi emanating from two ends of a quartz crystal was quite similar to the qi coming from the two ends of a bar magnet: **yin** comes from the broken end of a crystal and the south pole of a magnet; **yang** comes from the pointed end of a crystal and the north pole of a magnet. What if we tried making TBs using small bar magnets instead of quartz crystals? Would they work, and if they did, would they be more resistant to whatever stress they might be subjected.

Hans and I made some, and we once more used the 6 TB method to attempt to change the character of the line of qi which runs through the monument at Aesch. It worked. This was in September of 2013 and, as of the last time Hans and I checked in late winter of 2014, the line was still a **yang** line. Perhaps it will not hold forever, but it has held for over a year, which is much longer than the crystal TBs have resisted such stress.

We also have made a CB using bar magnets in place of crystals, and it seems to work just as well as the original crystal version. With a crystal CB the sharp ends (or **yang** ends) must be placed upwards in the pipes — with a magnet CB, the north poles (or **yang** ends) must be placed upwards.

*To be continued.*