

Invisible Dictator

BY
FRATER VIII^o



Monograph No. 8

INVISIBLE DICTATOR

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— by —

FRATER VIII°

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INVISIBLE DICTATOR

Over the door leading to the pilot's compartment in the west-bound air liner, a light flashed on, illuminating a sign which read:

FAVOR DE ABROCHARSE LOS
CINTOS DE SEGURIDAD

In plain English this meant, "Fasten Safety Belts, Please."

Bob Workman and his friend Ronald Worth, who had been one of the six Novices invited to stay for the extra session at the Abbey of Aquarius, proceeded to fasten their safety belts securely about them.

At that moment the plane shot into a swift up-rushing current of superheated air. The craft was lifted upward so rapidly the passengers felt they "weighed a ton" and at any moment their seats might collapse.

A little distance further on there was a compensating current of cold, down-sweeping air -- an "air pocket." The plane not only fell as if it were in a vacuum, but was actually forced downward at a terrific speed. Without the aid of their safety belts, the passengers would have been crushed against the ceiling.

The ship, by its momentum, continued forward. Then shot into a "bank" of "dead-still" air. The sensation was as though the plane had crashed onto a pavement of solid stone.

"I imagine that here is where life's little bumps start," Ronald casually remarked to his friend Bob.

"It certainly looks that way," Bob agreed. "You know the old saying -- 'after the calm comes the storm!'"

The air actually seemed to be demon-possessed -- as though the Black Forces were bent on using the elements to destroy the plane that carried so many Messengers of Light.

But, while the ship was hurled about, lifted, dropped, and flung hither and yon, the motors did not falter for a moment. The wings remained intact and the steering gear functioned smoothly.

The great plane, after much buffeting, finally glided into calm air, and a short time later made a perfect landing at the

magnificent airport in Santiago, Chili

"Of all my tens of thousands of miles in the air," remarked the pilot to his passengers as they were leaving the ship, "I have never before experienced anything like that we just came through." After a moment's pause, he remarked to one of the older members of the group: "Say, you fellows from the Monastery must be some kind of a 'jinx!'"

"That's unfair," laughingly replied the Brother in charge of the group. "You did a magnificent job of piloting. Not one of the passengers were frightened and, furthermore, not one of them was air-sick."

This last remark caused the pilot's face to redden slightly, for both he and the co-pilot had experienced "air-Sickness" that was much more than nausea.

After a brief pause for inspection and refueling, the ship with its passengers and its new crew started to the north for Lima, Peru. A distance of some 1600 miles.

The first part of the journey might be termed uninteresting. That is, if a sapphire-blue ocean to the west, great snow-capped mountains to the east, and beneath, an ever-changing shade of green verdure could be called "uninteresting."

The pilot and the co-pilot had heard from the lips of the two other pilots, the terrible pummeling, pounding, and lashing the plane had endured while descending from the lofty Andes. Quite naturally, they began the trip with an idea that the ship or the passengers were some sort of "jinx." However, after travelling three-fourths of the way to Lima and experiencing nothing but the most ideal flying conditions, they merrily laughed over their former fears.

Then suddenly, the pilots attitudes began to change. Dark clouds, sweeping in from the ocean, appeared ahead. Night was approaching. Soon they would be amid the storm clouds.

"I think we should turn back," suggested one of the pilots. But, it was too late. There was nothing left to do but to attempt to reach Lima, for the thick, dark clouds had already closed in behind them.

It began to rain. Raging torrents of water fell. Not a thing could be seen. The cloud formation was so dense, that had it been day time, the tips of the wings on the plane could not have been seen from the cabin. Jet blackness on every side made the pilots feel they were encased in a huge, ebon casket. It was all "blind flying" from now on.

"Think you had better go back into the cabin," suggested the pilot to the assistant. "And, if you can, calm any of the passengers that may be in a state of hysteria. Put on a bold front. Pretend that all is well. Do you think you can do it?"

"I know I can't," was the nervous reply of the co-pilot. "But I'll die trying."

After an incredibly short time the co-pilot returned. His face was a ghastly white. He mechanically slipped into his seat, fastened his safety belt, looked straight ahead, never uttering a word.

"Well," questioned the pilot, "Did you calm them?"

Upon receiving no reply from his mate he spoke again, rather sharply. "I asked did you calm them?"

"I - I - I couldn't," he stammered. "They are all asleep."

The pilot's face blanched. After some silence, he half said to himself -- "Asleep? They couldn't be asleep, not in a storm like this. They must be dead -- scared to death. I tell you this is a death ship. We, too, will meet death any moment now."

Pulling himself together he glanced at his companion. "What am I raving about?" he sneered. "Here, you take over. I am going to investigate for myself."

He entered the dimly lit cabin and clinging to a seat to steady himself, he gazed upon his passengers. Were they asleep or dead? Just then one of them moved a hand. Another twisted about in his seat for a more comfortable position. Of course, they weren't dead -- they were actually sleeping!

"Santa Maria!" softly exclaimed the pilot to himself. "I have never seen anything like this before."

Then he reasoned to himself: "If these 'Padrès' have no fear, then there is nothing of which to be afraid." He returned to the controls and casually remarked to his assistant:

"You were right. They are all asleep. There is nothing to fear."

At that moment they found themselves "on the beam." Soon they arrived in the immediate vicinity of Lima. A great rift suddenly opened in the low-hanging clouds and they were able to "spot" the airport. They dipped through the opening. The landing field appeared to be a shimmering lake, and as the plane glided to the security of land it cleaved the water and sent it

in high wings from either side.

The pilot taxied the ship to the higher ground close to the gates in front of the building, the passengers disembarked and walked into the terminal dry shod.

The crew admitted to the newspapermen they had never, in all their flying days, experienced so much water in the air as they had that particular night.

The following day was brilliant. Not even a whisp of a cloud was in the sky. This afforded the travellers the fine opportunity to visit many of the historical Peruvian land marks under the supervision of friends who knew they were coming to Lima.

At dawn of the following morning, they were to leave for the north. A new plane had been assigned to them. This caused some amazement among the younger members of the party, for they had expected that the same plane they had chartered in South America would carry them through to Mexico City. They were also a little surprised and anxious, for they had expected to be on their way at the break of day, but here they were, in their seats of the grounded plane without even the encouragement of the splutter of a starting motor.

After a considerable delay, a pilot and a co-pilot finally came aboard. They were not the same men who had flown them from Santiago. Soon, the plane began to roar and rise into the air. Then, the older members of the party explained to them:

"The reason we are in this plane and not in the other is that all the pilots in Lima feel absolutely certain the other ship is 'hexed' -- as we say in America -- and so not one of them would fly it to the north for any amount of money. Even the present crew had to be coaxed, coerced, and paid a bonus before they would consider getting their feet inside this plane."

The city of Buenaventura on the coast of Columbia was sighted after seven hours flying. The entire trip had been calm, joyous, and invigorating. In a few minutes the ship would glide to the earth. The crew members and the passengers fastened their safety belts. The plane began its descent, making large circles around the landing field, but some strange force seemed to repel it, causing it to mount into the air again. Even a person on his "maiden" air voyage would have realized that something was wrong.

Finally, the truth was broken to the passengers: "The landing gear is stuck -- we haven't a wheel to land on."

Of course, there was no danger as long as they stayed aloft

-- as long as the fuel held out. But the gas supply would not hold out much longer.

The pilots had considered the possibility of landing the passengers and themselves by parachutes -- but to their amazement, not a single parachute was in the ship. When the pilots discovered this they became excited in the good old "Latin" way.

The door to the pilot's compartment was unlocked. One of the older Brothers of the party entered, closed the door, and in a little while returned. He requested Ronald Worth to go forward into the pilot's compartment. Ronald was greatly amazed but obeyed the "order."

The plane finally began to descend slowly getting nearer and nearer to mother earth. However, this was a considerable distance from the airport. The bottom of the craft began to glide along on mud and water which greatly retarded its speed. Then, with the grace of a seal it glided along to dry ground and came to a very gentle stop.

That evening as Bob and his friend Ronald were about to retire Bob suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it Ronald. It all comes to me now as in a vision. You took the pilot's place this afternoon and landed the ship. Of course you did, didn't you?"

"Evidently, Bob," Ronald replied with a smile. "You haven't read the newspapers about the incident."

Bob was just ready to reply to this remark when Ronald interrupted him with a laugh and said:

"Ask me no questions and I will tell you no lies."

From Buenaventura to Mexico, no more difficulties were encountered. The party made several stops -- all were fine "three point" landings.

However, a few miles from Mexico City, the plane mysteriously caught fire. The pilot sped the ship like a meteor and landed safely at the airport. The passengers tumbled out in haste. Baggage was rescued from the nose of the craft. When the members of the fire department could not extinguish the seething flames, they withdrew to a safe distance. A few minutes later the gasoline tanks exploded. Every particle of combustible material on the plane was utterly consumed.

The entire group were met at the airport by friends of the Order. Bob and Ronald knew no one in Mexico City. However, to Bob's amazement there was his old-time friend, Mr. Grayson, a-

waiting him.

It was a great welcome. Bob introduced Ronald to Mr. Grayson, who had made reservations at his hotel for the two boys. Quite naturally, Bob wanted to know all about his father. He was delighted to hear his father was experiencing marvelous Five-Fold EXPANSION.

That evening the boys related their extraordinary experiences.

"This may surprise you," explained Mr. Grayson, "but all the members of the Order knew you two Novices, as well as the other men on this trip, were due for some special attention from the Black Forces. The Evil Forces know their time is short and they did everything in their power to destroy you -- you who are of the Forces of Light. They might have been able to destroy you had it not been that not one of you entertained any real fear. The Evil Forces even employed the elements. On your way over the Andes to Santiago, they used the Sylphs to 'stir up' the air; from Santiago to Lima, they used the Undines to 'drown you out.' From there to Buenaventura, they planned to annihilate you through the earth spirits when you landed. Failing in all this, they managed to bring the Salamanders -- the fire sprites -- into action and set the plane afire."

"Then it is true," asked Bob, "the Black Forces can use the nature spirits for their own fiendish purposes?"

"Definitely so," replied Mr. Grayson. "The Forces of Evil can and do work through these forces of nature, but not through these forces alone -- they also work through naive, unsuspecting human beings!"

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SPYING ON THE INVISIBLE DICTATOR

Part Two

The following morning Bob and Ronald, after a delightful night's rest, breakfasted with Mr. Grayson. Then, most of the day was spent in sight-seeing -- Mr. Grayson seemed to know every nook and corner of Mexico City.

Several times during the day, they ran across other members of their group who were being escorted by resident members of the Great Fraternity, about the city.

That evening all of the Novices, and their friends, were invited to the residence of a member of the Order. They arrived in small groups. When all had arrived, dinner was served.

The host, one of the leading physicians and surgeons of Mexico City, was magnetic, affable, interesting, and a delightfully developed INDIVIDUAL.

Due to the fact that some of the Novices were to take planes early in the morning for the north -- to the United States and Canada -- made it necessary for them to bid their host and the other members of the party farewell rather early. By ten o'clock, all had departed -- except Bob, Ronald, and Mr. Grayson. The parting was so congenial the Novices forgot it would be years before some of them would see each other again -- perhaps some would never meet again in the flesh.

The Doctor invited his three remaining guests into the library and requested Bob and Ronald to relate the experiences which occurred while they were flying from the Monastery to Chili and then to Mexico City. Ronald very diplomatically and artfully omitted the matter of his having anything to do with the successful landing of the plane in Buenaventura.

Neither the Doctor nor Mr. Grayson were at all amazed at the fiendish activity of the Black Forces.

A little later, when the two boys were not present, the Doctor said to Mr. Grayson:

"I am convinced the Infernal Forces were not interested in the other Novices to any great extent. They were endeavoring to destroy Bob and Ronald."

"I, too, came to that conclusion after they told me of their experiences," Mr. Grayson agreed in a low tone. "Evidently, the White Forces intend to use these two lads for some great work and the Black Forces, surmising it, have put forth every effort imaginable to permanently remove them from their physical bodies in death."

"I am strongly impressed," replied the Doctor, "that the Black Fraternity wanted to destroy BOTH of the boys. Well, we can rest assured that this will not be their last attempt. If we inform the lads regarding this they will, of course, be on their guard, and for the time being, the Diabolical Fraternity will refrain from making any more attempts on their lives. But, only for the time being."

All of this was explained to Bob and Ronald. Both were greatly amazed. Then, with a feeling of great fear, which they could not explain, they glanced at one another. They were very disgusted with themselves. They resented these "onslaughts of the Devil," and both became quite angry. The Doctor and Mr. Grayson were able to observe the changing emotions in the Novices.

"Please do not let your emotions run riot," cautioned the Doctor. "As you know, two minutes of negative emotions, such as fear, resentment, and anger require days for the 'repair crew' of the human body to overcome the evil effects. Calm yourselves, gentlemen. I am confident that whatever ensues will be highly profitable to you."

"This is just a suggestion, Doctor," remarked Mr. Grayson. "But, don't you feel it would be a splendid thing if the two young Novices could actually know to what extent negative emotions, such as they have just experienced, injure the brain, nerves, organs, and body in general?"

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Grayson," agreed the Doctor. "But on the other hand, the lads are tired and probably would not be interested."

"I'm not tired at all," Bob quickly asserted. "Any experiment you would like to conduct, or any observation you would care to make, would be more than welcomed by me."

"That goes for me too," enthusiastically affirmed Ronald.

"In that case, I presume it is permissible," said the Doctor. "Let us adjourn to the laboratory."

The laboratory was large, thoroughly equipped, and immaculate. The Novices registered amazement upon inspecting it -- there wasn't a Psycho-Ray in the place.

The Doctor unlocked a heavy glass case and took a bottle of wine-colored liquid from it. He removed the glass stopper from the bottle, inhaled the aroma for a moment, and smiling, passed it to Mr. Grayson.

"Just as fragrant as it was twenty years ago," said Mr.

Grayson handing the container back to the Doctor.

"That's one substance," the Doctor remarked, "that definitely improves with age. "

He carefully poured a definite amount of the liquid in two small glasses, re-stoppered the bottle and placed it back in the case. Then, he gave Bob and Ronald each a glass and said:

"Before you drink this, notice the wonderful aroma."

Both the Novices drew deep breaths of the fragrant odor.

"If the taste is comparable to the odor," Bob said with a smile, "it must be wonderful."

"The taste is far superior to the aroma," replied the Doctor. "And the after-effects will positively amaze you. Go ahead, gentlemen, and drink it. Drink all of it quickly."

Bob and Ronald put their glasses to their lips and drank every drop of the mysterious liquid. Everything instantly turned black before their eyes. For a moment they became unconscious and dropped downward. Each struck one of his knees on the floor which caused them to regain consciousness and they stood up. Both with the most amazed expression on their faces. After a few moments Bob remarked with wonder:

"You gentlemen haven't been standing here all this time, have you?"

"We certainly have," replied the Doctor laughingly.

"You must be terribly tired and hungry," remarked Ronald thoughtfully, still bewildered.

Before the lads could make further comment, the Doctor invited his three friends to return to the library. Bob grasped Ronald's arm and held him back.

"Tell me the truth, Ronald," Bob whispered. "Were you fellows actually there with me the three days and nights I was 'out'?"

"Why Bob," corrected Ronald, "it wasn't you who was 'out' for three days, it was I."

The Doctor and Mr. Grayson evidently overheard this last remark, for they laughed heartily.

The four men seated themselves comfortably in the library and the Doctor explained to the two youths: "You were both

'out' as you call it. Suppose you tell us about your experiences during these 'three days and nights.'"

"Go ahead, Ronald," suggested Bob. "Let's hear what you have to say. I still believe I was the only one 'out.'"

"Well," smiled Ronald, "perhaps we both had an experience of the same duration. I definitely remember that three days ago I drank the delightful liquid the Doctor offered me. Then, for the smallest fraction of a second my mind went entirely blank, and then I suddenly regained full consciousness. But what really startled me was the discovery that you gentlemen had disappeared when I opened my eyes. I seemed to be alone in a very peculiar place. I shouldn't really say I was alone, because there were people on every hand and side -- they were the most amazing creatures, millions of them, all different sizes and colors.

"Please don't think I am exaggerating when I tell you this, but it seemed to me that regardless of their color -- whether they were white, red, brown, gray, or of some variation of those hues, every one of these strange people looked alike. The strangest thing of all -- each one looked very much like me, and judging by their actions and attitudes, they seemed to have something very much in common with me. Then I had a weird realization that although I was able to see them, they were not able to see me.

"The white men were very white. They stayed to themselves and when they moved, they moved in a body like a huge group. They were silent, never speaking to each other. However, they seemed to be on very friendly terms.

"The red men seemed to be associated with the white men. I noticed when the red men moved in a group, the white men did likewise. They were entirely two separate groups, but they definitely had something which bound them together.

"The place was very large and as I moved about, I discovered other red men also in groups, but these were not associated with the white men. These men seemed to be inactive. But there was one group of them who were almost constantly active -- they would be active for a short interval and then for an equally short interval would rest. This they constantly repeated in perfect rhythm, time and time again.

"The more I studied my surroundings, the more amazed I became. There was a new group of tiny red men -- literally millions of them. They were not bound to each other, they were entirely free and moved in one direction with great rapidity. I had to look closely in order to see just what they were doing. I discovered they were bringing supplies of food to all the

other men. As they would deposit their load, they would pick up anything the larger men had discarded. These active little red men served as a transportation crew and also as scavenger or sanitary department units.

"There were some very active, foot-loose little white men among them. However, they were quite a bit larger than their little, red brothers. They brought nothing with them, but seemed to be constantly on the 'look-out' for what I presumed were 'fifth columnists.' I came to this conclusion because they were capable of crawling through amazingly small holes in walls in their search for 'saboteurs' and when they found a culprit, they made short work of him. They would surround him and then devour him. I was unable to see just how they accomplished this feat.

"I began to wander about. In one section of this large strange country, I discovered millions upon millions of little gray men who never 'lifted a hand' to do anything. However, there was an exception. A few were not only working very hard, but working overtime. The little red men gave these gray men very special attention -- 'waiting on them hand and foot.' They brought the dormant gray men supplies in the same manner they brought the active ones supplies. However, the inactive ones were so engaged in slumber they only ate a little and quickly returned to sleep.

"I really felt sorry for those who had to do so much work. It seemed rank injustice they should be doing all the work while the others were taking it perfectly easy and not giving the work to be done a single thought.

"I know you will be interested in the kind of government the various groups of men had. To tell you the truth, they seemed to have a very good form of government at times. Who, or whatever, acted as their governor, or dictator, must have had things well in hand. Although there was a certain amount of injustice constantly transpiring -- by that I mean, that some men were literally worked to death while others did very little or nothing -- I was forced to admire the complete organization of their governmental system. Later, I was to learn their Invisible Dictator could act absolutely fiendish. At these times, he would actually place poison in the food of the little red, which they took to every inhabitant of the realm. Of course, everyone of the men who partook of it became ill. But regardless of how ill he became, each was loyal and continued with his work -- doing it as well as he was able under such damnable circumstances.

"The Invisible Dictator used several kinds of poison with reckless abandon. One in particular seemed to be carried to every part of the country very rapidly. Its greatest effect was on the little, gray men and on the very tall gray men. This

poison, whatever it was, practically caused all of the men in the whole realm -- with the exception of the tall white men -- to cringe, to greatly fear. Many of them had to stop their work on account of the deplorable condition they were in.

"The other poisons used by the Invisible Dictator seemed to be directed to certain groups -- for only they would be afflicted by it. This Invisible Fiend sometimes gave such terrible poisons to the little red men that they raced at great speed to be rid of it. This poison was so deadly that all types of men throughout the realm were thrown into terrible physical afflictions which would end in death for many of them."

A wave of righteous indignation swept over Ronald as he recalled the terrible sight he had witnessed. He paused for a moment with his emotion visible on his face.

The Doctor, noticing this, quickly inquired:

"Tell us Ronald, what was done with all of the corpses? They certainly didn't leave them lying about, did they?"

"That's right. They didn't," Ronald replied. "Certain of the men would group themselves about one of their murdered brothers and carry him away to a special base -- a kind of morgue -- where the dead bodies were disposed of by some method that I do not understand. Even the little red men went to the same morgue when they died."

"Ronald," began the Doctor, "you have given us some very wonderful information concerning this peculiar country with so many different types of men. You have told us about their activities and dormancies and how the Invisible Dictator treats them -- how they die, or are killed, and the bodies are removed and disposed of in an orderly manner. But you have not yet told us how these men come into existence. Surely, there must be some method of reproduction. If there wasn't, the Invisible Dictator would eventually be without a kingdom."

"I have been away for three days," replied Ronald after some reflection. "I have been out of my body and have viewed certain activities in a strange world, and yet, it didn't seem at all strange at the time. It seemed to be very familiar. I definitely believe I played an important part in the events that occurred there, for all of the men appeared to possess every one of my characteristics. Well, you remember, I told you 'they looked like me.'"

"But Ronald," chided the Doctor with a kind smile, "you haven't answered my question. How does a new generation in this unusual country come into existence? Explain this interesting detail to us, please. I am sure we would like to know about it."

If it seems a little strange, we will remember that it is an experience you had while you were 'out.'"

"O.K., Doctor, you asked for it, so here are the details" Ronald replied, slightly embarrassed, and then continued his narrative. "To my astonishment, I saw the gray men 'reproduce.' The method was simple yet most amazing. They would sit down, place their foreheads on their knees and at the same time pull their legs and feet close to them with their arms. In a little while they took on the appearance of a gelatinous mound. This mound would then begin to divide from top to bottom, and in no time there would be two separate and distinct masses, side by side. Then each would gradually take human shape, awaken, yawn, stand erect, and stretch. Of course, they were only half the size of the original 'man' but that fact did not seem to affect their appetites, for they ate ravenously whatever the little red men brought. Before long, they attained their full stature and either went to work or made themselves comfortable on the soft, velvety ground and went to sleep."

"Did you see the same thing take place among the other types of men?" asked the Doctor.

"No, I didn't," replied Ronald. "And that is the reason I am not able to tell you how they reproduce."

"You have given us most interesting information," the Doctor cheerfully commented. "I realize, however, that you told us only the 'high-lights' of your 'three-day experience.' Of course, there are many details we will not be concerned about at this time and now, Bob," suggested the Doctor, "perhaps you will tell us your story."

"My experiences were identical to those of Ronald's with a few minor exceptions. We may have visited the same place but I don't remember seeing him there. However, there is one distinct difference, as I remember, between Ronald's experience and mine. This is why I believe we were not viewing the same scenes. Ronald said all the men he saw looked like him. Well, the inhabitants of the world I visited all looked like me."

"That fact conforms your statement," noted the Doctor. "It indicates that each of you were in separate worlds."

"Doctor," Mr. Grayson said at this point in the conversation. "the two boys and I must return to our hotel. It is late and if we continue to keep you from your rest any longer, you might discover your hand to be unsteady in surgery tomorrow."

"Not at all," pleasantly countered the Doctor. "I have found that lack of sleep never interferes with tomorrow's work. Especially, when one is kept from his bed by the presence of

interesting and congenial company. However, I realize our two young friends have been travelling in foreign countries for 'three days' without sleep. They must be quite weary. Well, gentlemen, in bidding you good night, let me say that I hope to have the pleasure of seeing the three of you again very shortly."

On the way to their hotel Bob Workman remarked:

"You know, this adventure into an unknown realm was really a most wonderful experience to me."

"I agree with you, Bob," Ronald said. "I was amazed to learn of the place I visited. There is one thing I don't quite understand. If we have been away for 'three days,' where were we? I wonder why we don't feel tired. Do you realize that neither of us have whiskers on our faces -- even after that length of time? I distinctly remember not coming in contact with a razor while I was away."

"Yes," exclaimed Bob, "and I know I haven't had a bite to eat since the supper we had with the Doctor three days ago, but I don't feel hungry."

"Don't you suppose the excitement of being in another realm for 'three days' allayed your appetite to some extent?" laughingly remarked Dr. Grayson.

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TIME MARCHES BACKWARD
Part Three

When Bob and Ronald came down to the hotel lobby the next morning, Mr. Grayson was there to take them to breakfast. They selected a quiet place where they could not only enjoy the meal but also converse undisturbed.

After some discussion regarding the events that transpired the previous evening, Mr. Grayson asked them:

"Do you boys still feel certain you have been in another realm for 'three days'?"

Both Bob and Ronald wondered a little at this question. Then Bob replied: "Definitely so, Mr. Grayson. Why, my experiences were so real I could spend hours giving you an account of the interesting things I encountered during those 'three days.'"

"I feel the same way Bob does," affirmed Ronald. "I was definitely in a strange world. I am able to recall everything so clearly that I could write a book on the matter -- and it wouldn't be a small book either. Why, I can even tell you what the ground, the hills, the mountains, and the sky looked like in this unusual realm."

"I know both of you desire to know the truth," Mr. Grayson remarked, after a short pause. "The purpose of this experiment was to reveal more TRUTH to each of you. However, let me explain that neither of you actually were 'out' for more than a fraction of a second -- just the time it took for you to drop straight downward and bump a knee on the floor. The shock of striking your knee on the floor brought you out of the experience at once."

Bob and Ronald both looked at Mr. Grayson as though he were "making light" of their amazing and very real experience. Sensing this, Mr. Grayson quickly explained:

"Please understand, Gentlemen, I realize each of you had a most unusual experience, and I assure you it was very real. But, the actual length of time of your experience which seemed so long was an amazingly small fraction of a second.

"You were permitted this experience for two reasons. The first, to give you some very important inside information regarding your physical body -- the second purpose I shall let the Doctor explain to you this evening.

"Returning to our subject, let me say that Time doesn't exist in the Unseen World. The average person has been so im-

bued with the passing of Time that he actually has allowed the idea to take hold of him and cause him to 'take on age.' However, the ratio of becoming older is not the same for all men.

"For example, take a half-dozen persons, all of whom are over 90 years of age. Some of them are very, very old in both mind and body. Some of them are able to pass for sixty or sixty-five in both appearance and in mentality. You, of course, have realized I am not referring to the Brothers of the Order at the Monastery.

"The reason some of these folks are very, very aged at 90, while the others are still quite young, is simply due to their respective attitudes toward time. The old, old people aged at the rate of 400 days every 365. While the young, old folks only aged about 300 days, or less, every 365. You see, it is all a matter of consciousness toward the passing of Time.

"The Brothers at the Monastery must each be over 70 years of age before they are allowed to enter the Order. You both have observed that some of them only appear to be 35 or 40 years old. At first, these men showed their 'three score years and ten,' but by mentally eliminating Time they soon discovered they only were aging at the rate of 200 days in every 365. Then, with more practice they only aged 100 days in each year. Finally, they began to realize the non-existence of Time and did not age at all. Later, they actually were able to turn Time backward, and as a result experienced the joy of becoming 50 to 100 days younger each year. Is it any wonder that after a few decades of this they appear to be only 35 or 40 years of age?

"YOU -- the Spirit, YOU -- the Soul, know no age. Only you -- the Mind, can age. When the mind is thus afflicted and takes on age, the body, which constantly is being formed and re-formed by the Mind, does likewise.

"When old persons pass out of their Physical bodies in death, they appear in their etheric form exactly as they did before they lost their physical body. This proves the MIND patterns age. Change the MIND while it still occupies the body, and the appearance of the body immediately will begin re-shaping itself to conform to the new pattern of the MIND.

"Many persons are so imbued with the idea of age that even after they have left their physical bodies (in death) they often continue to age in their actions and appearance. This, they allow to progress for a long period of time. Others, while they do not actually grow older, retain their old age appearance for fifty to a hundred years before they are able to realize old age is nothing more than an illusion.

"When an old person who is still in the body begins to com-

prehend that his attitude toward time is the cause of his condition and starts to put forth an effort to stem the onslaught of self-encumbered age, he will accomplish marvelous results. Changes can not be made instantly. It requires two to seven years for all parts of the body to renew. Hence, an old body can not take on full youth immediately. It will require several generations of regenerated cells. However, if the old person will start at once conforming to all the requirements for turning back the years, he will be amazed at the results he can achieve in less than seven years as measured by the calendar of men.

"It depends entirely on what one does with his mind whether he will accomplish the fruits of rejuvenation. Furthermore, even if one banishes the thought of Time from his mind, but still persists in doing that which actually automatically brings about old age -- such as wrong living -- no results will ever be experienced -- no matter how sincere he is in 'holding the thought.'

"Until now, neither of you lads were concerned in stopping the inroads of age. But, you will be very soon, because you both have reached the place in life when man's conception of Time will, if you allow it, begin to age you very rapidly -- for one ages more during the decade between the 20th and 30th years of his life than in any other.

"Now, I have fortified you with information vital to your development as INDIVIDUALS. This you will want to forward to other Budding Individuals whenever they are ready to receive it.

"What I have just explained will combine with what the Doctor will explain to you this evening.

"Let us meet here, at the hotel, about six-thirty this evening. The Doctor is sending his limousine for us at seven o'clock. Until then, the remainder of the day is yours."

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THE INVISIBLE DICTATOR REVEALED

Part IV

That evening after dinner, when the party was comfortably seated in the large living room of the Doctor's luxurious home, the Doctor asked the two boys:

"Just who were all those millions of little men you boys, saw while you were 'out'?"

After considerable reflection, Bob replied: "I am not certain just who they were, but I know they were very closely associated with me in some way or another "

"And what is your view, Ronald?" asked the Doctor.

"Well," thoughtfully replied Ronald. "I have been giving it considerable thought today and I have come to the conclusion that all of those little men I saw, and probably many millions I didn't see, were actually a part of me. I don't mean that without them I couldn't exist, but I do mean that without me they couldn't exist. Of course, while I am in this material they are as important to me as I am to them."

"The lads," remarked the Doctor to Mr. Grayson, "certainly have 'inside information' on this matter, haven't they?"

"I heartily agree with you, Doctor," replied Mr. Grayson. "But whatever information they have they have discovered it for themselves from the WITHIN -- I only explained to them the Proposition of the Non-Existence of Time to the INITIATE."

The Doctor, after a pause, began to view the two Novices critically. Then he spoke:

"We hear a great deal about blood-thirsty dictators of Europe killing millions of human beings -- always their enemies. But, you two fellows are worse than all of the world's dictators put together. You kill millions of your own 'loyal men'!"

Bob and Ronald were surprised at this statement; much more than they allowed to show on the surface. They couldn't understand what on earth the Doctor meant by such a statement.

"Pardon me, Gentlemen," said the Doctor. "But I had to tell you the truth. Both of you are dictators -- the kind of dictators who think nothing of murdering your own men by the millions."

To Bob and Ronald, the Doctor seemed to be speaking in riddles. Mr. Grayson saw their bewilderment, and smiled reassuringly.

"Let me explain," continued the Doctor. "All of those millions of different types of little men you saw last night during your experience were in reality the millions of little cells of your body. You see, for an instant you consciously turned sub-conscious -- your full conscious attention was turned inward, you saw everything that had taken place within you during the past three days with the eyes of your sub-conscious realm of mind.

"Your sub-conscious realm of mind is a picture mind. It seems to see every cell of your body as a miniature replica of you. When you consciously saw the cells of your entire anatomy represented as men -- men different sizes and colors -- you were actually seeing the cells of the brain, nerves, tissues, muscles, tendons, organs, glands, skin, and bones, as your sub-conscious realm of mind sees them. Each of the 'men' you saw was a definite part of a group. There are as many groups as there are different parts of the body.

"Those tall, white men were Bone Cells. You remember they only moved in groups; they didn't move independently.

"The tall, red men who were associated with the white men were Muscle Cells. They and the tall, white men have much in common.

"Those other red men, who were in no way associated with the tall, white men, were Heart Cells.

"Remember, you saw this latter group working in rhythm. The rhythm they were expressing corresponded to the beating of your heart. They worked in such perfect attunement that while one group was in action, the other group was resting. They carried this out so perfectly, they never tired under normal conditions.

"Then, you told us about the great multitude of little, red men who were entirely unattached. They roamed the highways and byways with supplies -- food -- for the other types of men who were tied down to their jobs. Well, these are the Red Blood Cells. They are tiny in comparison to some of the larger 'men' of the body.

"Those little, white men who were closely associated with the little, red men -- the ones who ran hither and yon -- were the White Blood Cells. They are constantly on the alert for 'fifth columnists' or detrimental foreign matter.

"If you had observed more closely, you would have seen certain very tall and slender gray men who were constantly in a most peculiar contact with each other. They stood one above the other. The fellow below had hold of the ankles of the fellow

above him who, in turn, held the ankles of the one above him. Each of these men formed a unit of the group aligned in a formation that reached 'headquarters,' located in the brain.

"When a message was to be relayed to 'headquarters,' each of the tall, gray men would shake the ankles of the man above him in a certain manner and in this 'grapevine' method, 'headquarters' would receive the necessary information for the preservation of the body. These tall, gray men are the Afferent Nerve Cells, and 'headquarters' is the brain. The Efferent Nerve Cells work in the same way, but they convey orders from 'headquarters' to all parts of the body.

"I was very interested in your observation of those very, tiny gray men. Some of them, I remember you said, worked 'overtime,' while others -- many others -- spent practically all of their time sleeping. This particular group of little 'men' -- workers and sleepers -- are, of course, the Brain Cells.

"In no other part of the human anatomy do we find so many cells unused -- practically 95% in the average person. We can readily understand this when we realize the hardest work in the world is the act of thinking -- any healthy human being, unless he is exceptional, would rather exercise a hundred pounds of muscle cells for eight hours than to put an ounce of brain cells through intense activity for one hour.

"You accurately described the reproduction of your 'men.' You saw with your subconscious 'eyes' a 'man' sit down, pull his legs and feet close to him with his arms, place his forehead on his knees and then become a gelatinous mass. Soon, this substance would divide from top to bottom and there would be two small lumps, just half the size of the original one. Then, you said, the two small masses would assume the form of a perfectly shaped little 'man,' awaken, yawn, stretch, and eat ravenously of all the food the little red men -- Blood Cells -- would bring him until he had grown into maturity. The scientific term for this is Cell Division. In biology, the cell that is ready to divide is called the 'mother' cell. The divided halves of the 'mother' cells are called 'daughter' cells. Of course, in your case, gentlemen," said the Doctor with a smile, "it was the 'father' cell who divided into two 'son' cells."

"A while ago, Doctor," began Bob, after some general discussion of the points covered. "You informed Ronald and I that we were dictators, even worse than the bloody European dictators. Would you mind explaining just what you meant?"

"I will be delighted to explain," quickly responded the Doctor. "You remember, during the time you were 'out' how the Invisible Dictator afflicted his subjects with various kinds of poisons, causing nearly all of them, with the probable exception

of the tall, white ones, to become terribly afflicted with an illness that carried millions of them to death. I know you remember, for the very sight of so many splendid workers being poisoned and dying in mortal agony, is something no one could forget this soon.

"Well, you were the Invisible Dictator. Whenever you give away to any negative emotion you immediately afflict all of the 'men' in your body -- some much more than others. The emotion of anger is a most potent and deadly poison. It is one that is carried to every part of the brain and body by the little, red men -- the Blood Cells -- and while you are in a state of anger your entire body is a madhouse of agonized cells. Under such conditions, there is hardly enough 'sane men' among them to continue to do the work that must be done in order to prevent the entire commonwealth -- the body -- from perishing.

"Of course, the poison of anger is the worst of all the afflictions you, the Invisible Dictator, can heap upon your people. Fear comes next in severity, and has a most withering effect upon them. Hatred, Jealousy, Irritability, and even Righteous Indignation are all evil afflictions to your 'cell men' -- these last negative emotions are worse than anger. Anger may be of short duration, but the evil effects of fear, hatred, jealousy, etc., may continue to murder your 'cell men' unceasingly for years.

"If you will realize that every time you indulge in negative emotion that millions of loyal 'workers' are slain in YOUR world, I am confident you will eliminate this terrible practice at once."

Here the Doctor paused, awaiting comment from Bob and Ronald.

"Of course," Ronald remarked, "having seen with my own Inner Eyes the terrible afflictions the Invisible Dictator heaped upon his people, and now knowing who this terrible creature is, I will never again permit another surge of negative emotion to afflict my 'men' with poison and death."

"Doctor," said Bob, "if negative emotions afflict the little 'men' of the body so frightfully, it seems to me positive emotions, such as Love, Joy, Happiness, etc., would have a most beneficial effect upon our little 'cell men.'"

The positive emotions you have just mentioned," replied the Doctor enthusiastically, "have a most beneficial effect upon your millions of 'cell men.' Constantly keep yourself in a state of inward thrill over everything that occurs in your life and affairs, and you can rest assured, even though you were as old as Methuselah to begin with, you will begin to rapidly dis-

card the years.

"The cells of the body are all little men or women, as the case may be, to the Sub-Conscious. If any person wishes to know just what the cells of his body look like, just let him study his reflection in a mirror and he will see exactly just how each cell in his body appears.

"This was rather forcefully brought to my attention a number of years ago. A fine, old gentlemen about seventy years of age made my acquaintance. When I was certain he was an INDIVIDUAL, I suggested he take the Sub-Conscious Introspection Test you lads took last night. Like you, he was amazed at what could transpire in his mind during a split instant of time. But his world, with its billions of little 'cell men' all resembling him was what amazed him. He had a long, white beard and all of his little 'men' had long beards, too. Well, you can imagine how amusing his sub-conscious world must have appeared to him -- it was like a glorified edition of the 'Seven Dwarfs.'

"I saw the gentleman a few days later. I didn't recognize him, he had removed the long, white whiskers. This, by the way, caused him to look years younger. He was very faithful in his effort to control negative emotion and achieved splendid results. He stimulated the joyous emotions and made rapid progress, as rapid as a man could who had been steeped in old ways and habits to the extent of wearing long whiskers.

"Ten years later he returned to take the Sub-Conscious Introspection Test again. He was thrilled with what he saw -- all of his little men were much younger. Not only that, but not one of his huge army of little 'workers' wore whiskers. He knew by this he was making definite progress. Of course, I knew that within a few months -- after he had modernized his face -- his little men had done likewise. Needless to say, this man is growing younger each day.

"One can practically remake his Inner World in an amazingly short time if he employs intelligence and enthusiasm. Let him cultivate the positive emotions and 'weed out' the negative emotions. Let him part with his old personality and lose himself in Five-Fold EXPANSION into Life, and he will be rewarded with thrilling success.

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EVER-PRESENT INDIVIDUALITY
Part Five

Early the following morning, Bob and Ronald boarded the plane for the good, old U. S. A. They were a little disappointed they were not able to remain longer in Mexico City. However, their departure was brightened, for at the last moment Mr. Grayson decided to go with the two Novices.

"Mr. Grayson," Bob jestingly remarked after the plane was high in the air. "You shouldn't have taken this plane. You know Ronald and I are a 'jinx' to all aircraft. With us aboard, anything, positively anything, might happen."

"You two are much more of a 'jinx' than you imagine," smiled Mr. Grayson rather seriously. "To tell you the truth, if I had not accompanied you in the capacity of 'jinx-breaker,' the Doctor would not have permitted you Novices to travel on the same plane."

"Together, you are in great danger. Apart, you are perfectly safe. This all pertains to the Black Forces. However, give the idea no further consideration."

The plane flew at considerable altitude. Night came on. Everything outside was jet black.

Well," casually remarked Mr. Grayson, "we have just crossed into the United States."

"How do you know?" questioned Bob.

"The vibrations coming up from the two nations are so different that there is no comparison," explained Mr. Grayson.

The plane had been flying in a northerly direction until it reached the border, then, after a while, it turned west.

Everyone retired for the night. All three slept so soundly that when daylight awakened them they were certain they had slept but an hour or two.

During breakfast, Ronald remarked, rather enthusiastically:

"I had the strangest dream last night."

"Why don't you tell us about it?" suggested Mr. Grayson.

After a bit of hesitation to reveal his dream to the two men, Ronald finally told it to them.

"Well," began Ronald, "I dreamed I was back among my little

'cell men.' Of course, they couldn't see me, but I could see them. It seemed a number of my little 'men' were engaged in a heated argument which had been going on for some time before I arrived.

"Before going further, please understand that if any part of this seems at all sacreligious, remember it is a dream.

"To my amazement, my little 'cell men' -- it was the red blood cells -- were arguing about a 'supreme being.' Part of my little red 'men' stoutly affirmed that there definitely was such a being and not only that, they knew his name -- it was 'Ronald.' This shocked me, for I had no idea they -- the believers -- reckoned me as their 'supreme being.'

"Where is this 'God' -- 'Ronald' -- why don't you show him to us,' sneered the little skeptics. 'Where is he hiding?' Then came the withering question: 'Have you ever seen him?'

"God is up there,' pointing, said the little red men. 'He is up above, in Heaven. Heaven is where our "God," "Ronald" lives.'

"Just to prove to you there is no such being,' replied the skeptical ones, 'let us all go up there and see if there is such a being.' And so all of them leaped into a huge highway and started racing toward 'Heaven,' the brain. When they arrived, the skeptics remarked: 'Well, here we are in "Heaven," and where is your "God"?' The little believers began to search me out. Even the skeptics pretended to be looking too -- but they were only pretending. They had a half-formed idea there might be something to the 'rumor' after all, and if the 'rumor' proved to be a fact, they would be highly embarrassed -- and probably very much frightened, too.

"When the 'God,' 'Ronald,' was not located -- although I was right there all the time -- they couldn't have existed without me -- they all sat down and continued the argument. They were so loud in their discussion that many of the little gray men -- the brain cells -- who were peacefully sleeping were awakened.

"Let us ask our little, gray brothers,' suggested the believers. 'They live right here in "Heaven" and must be aware of all information concerning the matter.' And so they plied questions to the wise, little gray men and received this reply: 'Of course, there is such a "God," and his name is "Ronald." He is a very great "God," and fills the entire world with himself. This is the reason you do not see him, for he dwells WITHIN EACH OF YOU.'

"You mean,' questioned the little skeptics, 'that he

dwells in all of us, as well as in all of the other men of our whole universe?' 'That is the truth,' the believers and wise little gray men answered, before they made themselves comfortable and went back to sleep.

"This last remark," smiled Ronald, "when they called me a 'universe,' rather tickled my ego. Then daylight came and I wakened to find the sunlight streaming in on my face."

After a bit of silence, Mr. Grayson spoke:

"Ronald, you have just become conscious of a great truth -- one of the greatest truths a man could possess. You are the 'God' of all your little 'cell men' just in the same way the Lord is our God. Of course, there are a few differences. The principle one is that the Lord God never afflicts His men -- the men of this world do that themselves without any assistance, except from the Black Forces."

"For the first time in my life," remarked Bob, after a few moments of meditation, "I can now understand how God can be in ONE location and yet be everywhere present at the same time. I can now understand how God can be both UNIVERSAL and INDIVIDUAL."

"To fully comprehend this," explained Mr. Grayson, "as both you Novices have, is most gratifying. This alone would have been well worth your time and trip to the Abbey of Aquarius."

"When you Novices left the Monastery, you had acquired so much valuable knowledge and truth you felt there wasn't very much more to know, but, now, you are beginning to realize that there is much more to know -- much more you should know, and much more you MUST know. Both of you are thirsty for truth and knowledge, and so, as fast as you are able to use it with the wisdom you already possess, more will be given to you."

