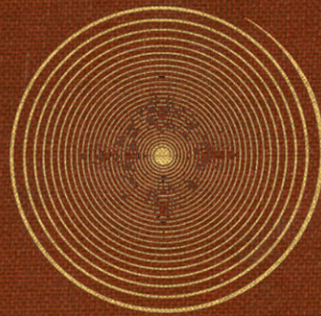


*MAGNETIC
FUN*

*Arcane Secrets revealed
by my Uncle Roswell
including
The Wisdom of the Ancients*



John Blair Moore

an eBook in Adobe Acrobat™ format mac or pc

JOHN BLAIR MOORE

<http://nuerble.com>

nuerble@nuerble.com

Table of Contents

Introduction	MY UNCLE ROSWELL	4
Chapter One	MAGNETIC FUN Hypnotism explained for the layman	11
Chapter Two	MIND OVER MANDIBLE Psychic power practically applied	19
Chapter Three	WHO REALLY BUILT THE GREAT PYRAMID???	26
Chapter Four	WHICH WAY TO THE BEGINNING? The fallacy of Evolution	35
Chapter Five	OH, NO. NOT AGAIN! Reincarnation reconsidered	45
Chapter Six	UNCLE ROSWELL'S CLOSE ENCOUNTER	54
Chapter Seven	WHAT NUMBER ARE YOU CALLING? Phone calls from the Dead	60
Chapter Eight	ANOTHER LOOK AT OPTICAL ILLUSIONS Can we trust our brains?	69

Chapter Nine	OUR NEW RADIO TELESCOPE A special report	75
Chapter Ten	FENESTERONOMY Everything there is to know about--- <i>everything!</i>	83
Chapter Eleven	THE TRUTH ABOUT MONEY And why you can't have it	116
Chapter Twelve	HANDS OFF MY TIME A new theory	122
Chapter Thirteen	OUR AMAZING BRAIN What they didn't tell you on public TV	127
Chapter Fourteen	WHY ARE FRUITS FUNNY? Applied science with appeal	138
Chapter Fifteen	THE UNCLE ROSWELL INTERVIEW Completely unvarnished	149
Chapter Sixteen	DEFINITIVE WORD ON THE ILLUMINATI	161

INTRODUCTION

My Uncle Roswell



My Uncle Roswell died a few months ago, and along with him went all the solemn promises he'd exacted from me over the years not to divulge any of the secrets he confided in me, until after his passing.

I now feel free to turn over to the world all of his papers, documents and recordings concerning the forbidden knowledge and arcane wisdom he had collected and safeguarded for almost sixty years. This includes the note he left as a codicil to his will reminding me to do so in case I forgot. Uncle Roz trusted me as he trusted no one else.

Since I was eight years old, now more than forty years ago, he confided in no one else, (except maybe the guys down at the Starlite Lounge, who spend a lot of time talking to each other, but rarely ever listen in return) so I'm quite confident that I am the sole repository of these shocking and admittedly unbelievable revelations.

The records are obviously incomplete. Most of the corroborating documents obtained under the freedom of information act are heavily blacked out by magic marker scrawls. Some of this was done by Uncle Roz himself, who was ever earnest and vigilant in his crusade to keep the record straight, even if it meant expunging erroneous data in officially recognized sources.



Uncle Roz once told me that he wasn't really my Uncle at all. Because of the sensitive nature of his knowledge, he had been placed in the Witness Protection Program, given a whole new identity and put where none of his enemies would ever find him. My parents, he vouchsafed, had been paid plenty to keep up the pretense.

Even the old brown and fading family photographs showing him and my dad together throughout their childhood were cleverly done fakes. I've seen them all a thousand times, and I have to admit, they're good.

He told me my folks were worth millions, though I never saw any evidence of it, and he also told me that if they didn't give me my share, he would do something about it, but I'm not sure that goes anymore, unless there's something in one of the seven stuffed fullfiling cabinets down in the basement.

I asked him once if the powerful people who had gone to all this trouble about him would mind if they knew he was telling me all this stuff, but he explained that they had done the job so well even they had lost track of him, so it was okay.



Uncle Roswell was a distinctive looking man, but he never stood out in a crowd. He was only four feet nine. By the time I was ten, I wore bigger shoes than he did, and when I was twelve, I was quite a bit taller. But you might mistake him for a kid only at a distance. His face was a mass of tanned, loose wrinkles that made me think he had the same amount of skin as a much larger man. He wore his dark, well oiled hair brushed straight back, and his wide set tiny eyes twinkled through deep krinkly furrows. His smile was big and wide, and his teeth were cracked and yellow.

If you couldn't find him in a crowd by looking, his voice revealed his presence immediately. It was loud because he was a bit hard of hearing, and it was pitched high like a slightly speeded up record. When I was a kid we had an old hand-crank Victrola molding in the basement. I use to play with it, but all I had was a stack of scratchy Bing Crosby, Art Mooney and Vaughan Monroe 78's. You had to crank it up tight to get it to go, and Bing Crosby started out sounding like a chipmunk, gradually relaxed into a wascally wabbit, and for a few seconds sounded like Uncle Roz before gradually relaxing into himself for a few bars, and then slipping down into Paul Robeson before grinding to a slow, deep halt.

To this day, I can't listen to Bing Crosby without thinking of Uncle Roz. Funny, I always expected his voice to get deeper as he aged, but it didn't.

Most of his life he was a traveling salesman for one thing or another. In his younger days it was encyclopedias; toward the end it was neckties and plastic cylinders full of pocket combs and other things that filled up the trunk of his beat up old car.



Along with the encyclopedias, his line had once included a ten foot shelf of the classics of literature and philosophy, and in cheap motels and on long bus rides he absorbed all his sample volumes, making up for his total lack of schooling in a curiously incomplete manner.

His knowledge of philosophy ranged from A to L, and he knew only the great writers whose names began with B, M, or W. The sample encyclopedia volume contained a smattering of entries randomly culled from the whole alphabet. It was impossible to guess what he knew and what he didn't. This wasn't very important anyway, for he had nothing but contempt for all authorities on any subject.



The knowledge in the files he left me did not draw on any recognized sources. The seven stuffed filing cabinets were the only personal effects Uncle Roswell left that were of any accounting. They make me the sole heir of his estate, and since they do represent the sum total of a brilliant comtemplative life, I feel a serious responsibility to share their contents with the World.



It took him at least fifty years to compile it all, and a lot of it consists of yellowed pamphlets, clippings from newspapers and magazines, and previously copyrighted material. I have avoided using any of these unless I was confident that no one else would own up to their origins.

I have concentrated in the following pages on the three hundred and seventeen pounds of spiral notebooks, loose sheets of paper and notes scribbled on scraps of whatever was at hand when his fevered brain was moved to inspiration. The real treasures of his lifelong quest for Ultimate Wisdom are here, printed in blockletters in a variety of colored inks that cover every square inch of writing area, with annotations curving around to fill all margins and spaces left blank the first time around.

Uncle Roz wasn't a prudent man; he couldn't keep money in his pocket any longer than it took to stroll down to the Starlite Lounge, but when it came to writing space, he was a downright miser.

This material covers a lot of ground, and touches on many subjects that are already well represented in uncountable scholarly works to be found in libraries, waiting rooms and supermarket book racks, but his perspectives on Anthropology, Physics, Economics, Pyramids, Psychic Phenomena, UFOs, and even more arcane subjects of inquiry, are uniquely his own.

He was especially fond of the psychic powers which run totally counter to the Rationalist view of Reality. Anything beginning with the prefix Tele was okay by him. Mind reading, predicting the future, disappearing in one place and reappearing in another, and making objects jiggle, jump and sail past somebody's head were far more real to his way of thinking than bills, obligations and responsibilities. The latter were all artifacts of narrow, limited outlooks, the way he saw it, and the frequent targets of his contempt.

According to Uncle Roz, all humans could have access to extraordinary powers, but in order to use them, you have to think about them almost continuously. Most people are saddled by the delusion that they have to expend most of their concentration on coping with everyday life. He long ago freed himself from such nonsense, he would tell me, and was on his way to being the most powerful human on Earth.

When I asked him how he managed to do all that thinking, he explained it was because he knew the greatest secret of all: *how to do all the important thinking subconsciously*. This was a great mystery to me, and still is. I hope to find something in his papers that deals with this.

He even claimed to have the secret to immortality, but it died with him. At least, I haven't recognized anything like it thus far in my research.

So far I have barely scratched the surface. If I don't make any money on this, it could seriously affect my plans for a fifteen volume set.

Chapter One

MAGNETIC FUN



I probably didn't realize it, Uncle Roz revealed to me one day, but he was a master of hypnotism.

He was right. I didn't realize it. But he extravagantly boasted he could look a chicken in the eye and make it do anything he wanted. I was too young to remember it, he added, but years ago there was a string of bank robberies by armed chickens, and he was the mastermind behind them. It was in all the papers, he insisted, and would have made him independently wealthy if one of the chickens hadn't been forced to fire its weapon during a heist. The noise broke the spell, and he never saw the chickens or the loot again.

It wasn't an episode in his life he was proud of, he assured me, but he could tell me about it because all the chickens must have been eaten long ago.

I asked him to hypnotize me once, but he looked at me with a merry twinkle, and explained that a hypnotic subject was never aware of being put under, and left me to ponder the implications of that.

I am still pondering.

Fortunately for all of us, he left the following treatise on that very subject, and if much of it seems to be inconsistent or contradictory with his grandiose claims, I can only opine that it is because his thoughts on everything underwent constant revision. "Why should I be consistent?" he once scolded me when I raised this point. "Richard Nixon was consistent! How much good did it do him?---or us??" I consider it a valid and powerful argument.

Throughout this manuscript I have performed minor editorial functions such as converting his prose into complete sentences with appropriate punctuation, but the content all comes from the life and thoughts of Uncle Roswell. I take no responsibility for it.

MAGNETIC FUN

Hypnotism Explained for the Layman

Most people are *afraid* of hypnotism, because they don't understand what it *is*.

Some of you probably don't even know the difference between *hypnotism* and *hypnosis*! (Come to think of it, neither do I, but I'm sure it can't be very important.)

Hypnotism is a handy tool for bringing to the mind's surface things like past lives, license plate numbers, and traumatic memories you decided long ago you didn't want to deal with.

Reincarnation enthusiasts are particularly fond of hypnosis. They feel the stories people tell them while in a trance---of being Nero's servant girl---or Joan of Arc---or Charles Dickens---are positive proof that our souls pass on from generation to generation.

They reason that such tales, rich in character detail and so thoroughly descriptive of the times, could not be made up. Their argument goes like this: The human imagination by itself is not capable of fabricating such stories! One wonders how they would explain novelists (like Charles Dickens). It really gets complicated when several different people lay claim to having been Charles Dickens.

In times past, hypnotism has generally been classed with other forms of occultism. Modern scientific analysis, however, has dispelled that association. We still don't know exactly what hypnosis is, or how it works, but we know it is not occult. Trust me on this. Even the paragons of the cult of Science require us to take some things on faith.

There is no real reason to fear hypnotism. The worst that can happen while in a trance is you might make a fool of yourself. This is a natural anxiety. It's hard enough not to appear ridiculous in the normal course of things.

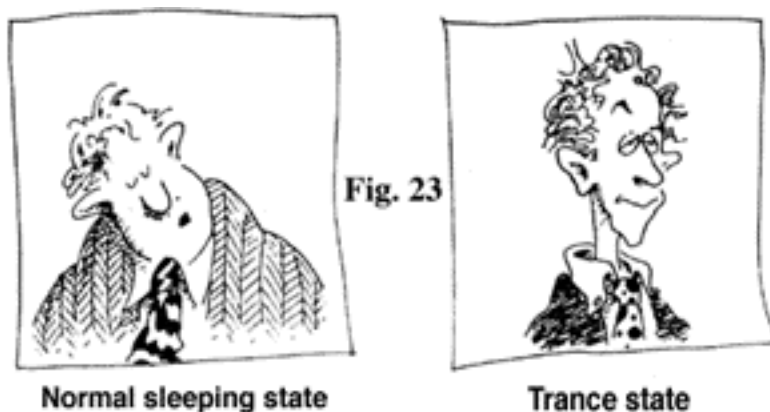
Experts insist, however, that hypnosis cannot be used to force anybody to do what he or she does not want to do. They stress that a lot, which doesn't reassure me all that much. Nobody could tell you to go out and rob a bank or murder somebody while hypnotized, they say, and that's allright, but how a hypnotist can be sure that his subject does not want to murder or rob is something else again. *

Hardly anybody is going to give a straight answer to something like that. A lot of this could be cleared up if only the public had a better understanding of the nature of the trance state.

Editor's note: This would be an excellent place for Uncle Roswell to have brought up the story about the chickens, but I've found no documentation on it at all.

The Nature of the Trance State

While most authorities are reluctant to describe exactly what a trance is, they are in emphatic agreement on what it is not. It is not the same as sleep. It is also not the same as being awake. It is not affected by sunspots or weather conditions. It is not green. The list goes on.



Even though there is no consensus on what hypnotism is, there is a common faith in the things that it will do.

It will help you relax. (That is, if you want to relax.)

It can help you to lose weight, stop smoking, or remember phone numbers. This last capability can be expanded to improving your recall of everything that has ever happened to you. Embarrassing moments carefully suppressed for many years can be vividly brought back with all their attendant pain.

It should be noted that even though the worry of being involuntarily controlled has been dispelled, the dangers of willingly surrendering to the trance condition have not been as thoroughly explored. One man, whose case has been generally ignored in the literature, had himself placed in a hypnotic trance so that he could re-experience every episode of Howdy Doody he had seen as a child.

Since then, his business has suffered, he has broken contact with family and friends, and is only seen when taking in deliveries of Twinkies and toothpaste.

Techniques for Inducing Hypnosis

Before we can explore its full power, it would be useful to examine the major techniques for inducing hypnosis.



A few of the devices used to induce hypnotic trance

Procedures for inducing hypnotic trance vary widely. New methods are being devised as fast as books can be sold.

An individual may be hypnotized by a second party. or while alone (self-hypnosis), or in a car (auto-suggestion). Whether you like it or not, almost anyone can be hypnotized. If you wish to see for yourself, several easy methods are summarized here:

STANDARD TWO-PERSON METHOD

Hypnotist borrows antique gold watch and heirloom chain from subject to use as an attention focuser. Subject sits in chair while hypnotist swings watch back and forth until subject's eyes glaze over and mouth hangs open. Hypnotist then pockets watch, which subject will not remember until later.

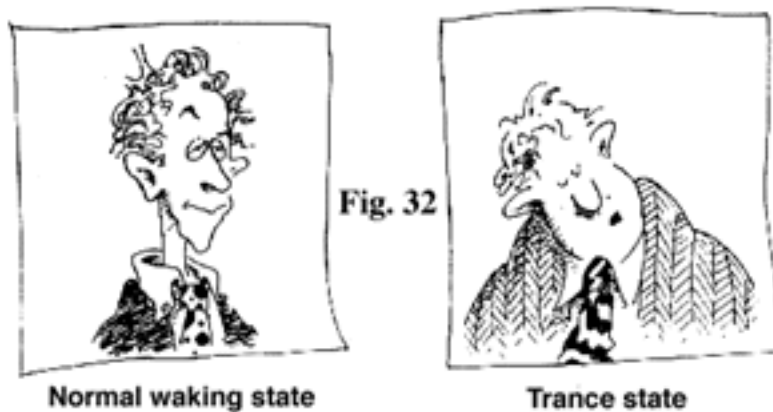
TWO METHODS OF SELF-HYPNOSIS ANYONE CAN USE

a. Subject sits in a flimsy straight-back chair. He closes his eyes and counts down from a hundred, leaning back in his chair until he falls over backwards and loses consciousness. He will not respond to any stimuli.

b. Subject stands on chair using left foot only, stretching right leg out behind and extending both arms sideways. Subject concentrates on being a duck. At this point, any person entering the room will be more than willing to agree that subject is a duck. This reinforces the trance.

This is just a small sampling of the routines commonly used. Almost anything will work, providing the subject is willing or sensitive to subtle threats.

First hand descriptions of what it is like to be in a trance condition have yielded little helpful information. Most people compare it either with falling into a deep sleep, or being wide awake the whole time.



As has been noted, the experts do not concur.

Hypnotism Through the Ages

Not having any idea what they were doing did not stop practitioners from using hypnotism throughout history. Egyptian High Priests employed it to keep the masses in line and their jobs secure. Some scholars feel that this explains why there are no hieroglyphs recounting how the pyramids were built. According to this school of thought, they simply did not remember doing it.

During the Middle Ages, hysterical outbursts among large population groups were attributed to the hypnotic influence of certain charismatic leaders. Today we call these phenomena elections, and rock concerts. Their cause is still a matter of controversy.



Friedrich Anton Mesmer
(A.K.A. "FRANZ")

Friedrich Anton Mesmer (1734-1815) has been called the father of modern hypnotism, even though his ideas have been completely disregarded. He did not call it hypnotism, but rather, Animal Magnetism, and later, Mesmerism, which gives rise to the suspicion that he may have been talking about something else altogether.

His method was to use magnets and long metal rods to draw something or other out of his patients and put it somewhere else. This certainly does not sound much like the hypnosis in use today.

Under Mesmer's influence people acted in unpredictable and silly ways. Many critics argue that no special trance state is necessary to account for this.

Summary

The history of hypnotism is filled with mistaken perceptions, contradictory accounts, and instances of manipulation and abuse. This probably explains why most people are *afraid* of hypnosis. They simply don't understand what it *is*.

Chapter Two

MIND OVER MANDIBLE

Psychic power practically applied

Can a man's mind actually affect the way he thinks? Can it determine, (without anyone being the wiser) what he likes to eat, or drink, or sit on?

What size shoes he wears?

Some scientists are beginning to think so. Visionary researchers are paying a lot more attention these days to matters which were once considered the exclusive province of mystics, adepts, and whackos.

Today one is apt to hear words like "psychic" and "paranormal" in the most erudite conversation. These terms cover a wide variety of phenomena, (another broad term that covers an even wider range of possibilities. ("Possibilities" covers just about everything.))

Is it purely coincidence that all these word begin with P?

I think not!



Psychic history was made on September 27, 1979, when in front of scientifically trained witnesses, and while monitored by sensitive electronic devices, Brazilian psychic Magnesio Gottschalk caused a half pound tomato to slice itself. This is a powerful demonstration of the many uses such powers can be put to.

Paranormal literally means "not exactly normal." Most of us know at least one friend or uncle who falls into this category. Psychic is definitely a paranormal word. Why does it begin with P? No use troubling yourself too much about it. It obviously has something to do with mental functionings that put ordinary thinking to shame.

Can we believe our own faces?

Since the beginnings of human history, it has been recognized that certain individuals possess unusual abilities that are far beyond the expectations of chance, such as being able to distinguish

between brands of detergent, or a tendency toward receiving junk mail. Some people are apparently magnetic! Naturally, things like this engage our curiosity, and even inspire some envy.

Psychic research has just gained a new measure of respectability with the announcement that one of these strange talents has been repeatedly produced and observed at close hand in the laboratory; the ability to remove facial hair by simply willing it to disappear, commonly referred to as "*Psychic Shaving.*"

There have been innumerable documented cases of men who could make their mustaches vanish, and, in one or two instances, the hair of others as well. The stories were especially common back in the nineteenth century, when men wore lot more hair than they do now. As would be expected, there was a brief resurgence of reports in the late nineteenth sixties, but there was a brief resurgence of almost everything back then.



Figures 1 & 2: Photographic proof of the shaving phenomenon.

Perhaps the most astounding example in the literature was that of Wilbur I. Sposfontaine. Under the close scrutiny of more than three hundred witnesses he not only disappeared his mustache, three foot beard, and one eyebrow, but also caused the

elastic in all the men's shorts to go limp. There was some panic, and even talk of witchcraft, but the idea of charges was dropped when it was realized how it would sound in the depositions and court testimony.

It should be pointed out here that anecdotal evidence is not really evidence in the scientific sense. In order to be considered proven, a scientific fact must be repeatable. This poses a difficulty for all but the most patient researcher, for once a man disappears his mustache, it may be months before he can do the same thing again.

The statistical approach is far more amenable to fast results, and it is here that psychic researchers have scored their most decisive victories. In a study of ten thousand men and a few women with glandular imbalances, it was established that sixteen out of every one thousand have the ability to will away unwanted hair. These results have been shown mathematically to be definitely higher than can be expected by mere chance.

COSMIC BILLBOARD

Everybody knows that there are some things that go on all around us that just don't make sense. If you haven't noticed this, you just haven't thought about it enough. But even if we acknowledge that such things as Psychic Shaving do go on, how do we cram them into our current scientific paradigm? (There's another of those queer "P" words.)

The answer might be found in the realm of higher mathematics, where virtually anything goes. Stubbornly devoted seekers have often made reference to the Fenester Appendix to the General Theory of Relativity.

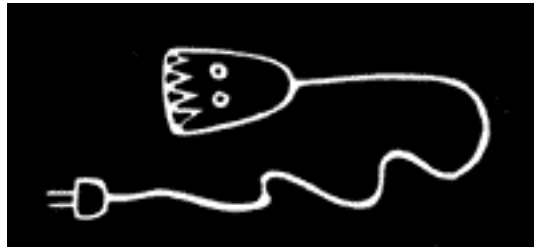
Curtis P. Fenster, a man decidedly before his time---or anyone else's, for that matter---boldly stated that "Anything that isn't tied down will eventually float away." This in itself surely explains many case of things being in places they're not supposed to be.

Many researchers have endeavored to establish a link between these "Escape Phenomena" and more subtle forms of psychic manifestation, particularly those which suggest some degree of control, such as guessing birthdays or willing people to go away. Psychic Shaving, while not especially interesting in itself, is at least one of the simplest and most accessible of the escape phenomena to observe under controlled conditions. It has been largely ignored up to now primarily because no one could see any military applications for it.

Do we all have this ability? Have we always had it? Where does it come from? What good is it? We don't know. But we have hints. . .

The jawbones of human skulls estimated to be as much as four million years old show absolutely no sign of facial hair! Could this be proof that primitive man knew of shaving? How could they? And with what? Surely psychic powers were the only means at their disposal. Sharpened rocks would have hurt!

Then how could the so-called "cavemen" have come by the knowledge whereby they could harness their mental energy and direct it toward their follicles? The answer, incredible as it may seem, may lie on an inaccessible plateau high in the Andes. For there, in an otherwise featureless plain, is a configuration of ridges made of earth and rock, which appears to be a natural formation---except when viewed high in the air.



Occult theorists have variously taken this figure to represent a snake or a subdivision platte, but to researchers specializing in shaving phenomena, the razor motif is unmistakable.

Piling rocks on top on one another has always been considered by archeologists to be a significant indicator of civilization.

By this criterion, the people who left this gargantuan artifact in a place where nobody can see it were highly advanced, but not very gifted. Nobody but a few cranks has even the vaguest idea why they did it. Maybe they didn't either. The single idea that has been proposed holds that since the figure can only be seen from far above, it was intended as a greeting aimed at visitors from outer space. The adherents of this cosmic message theory argue this way: It is inconceivable that men would labor for untold years with absolutely no idea of what they were doing. Knowledgeable critics, on the other hand, reply that it is not only conceivable, but that there is ample precedent for this, and therefore highly likely.

THE SYMPATHETIC MUSTACHE

Whether or not a connection is found between psychic shaving and people from outer space, one thing is certain: the effects are not reversible. In all of recorded history there is not one instance of someone making a beard or mustache appear. Whole people have appeared from nowhere, but they have invariably been clean shaven.

Much of the evidence for these strange occurrences is, of course, in dispute. Many scientists argue that the mustache which is seen to disappear may never have been real at all! This school of thought maintains that the whole event is a shared hallucination centered on a particularly strong personality whose political and social beliefs are unstable. Such "sympathetic mustaches" are believed to be the key to understanding why people act sillier in group situations than when they are alone.

There are others, of course, who contend that the whole business is a fraud. These critics cite the case of Parnell Weeble, whose amazing "on again, off again" mustache was shown by competent researchers using high speed photography to be nothing more than nimble manipulations of an unusually flexible set of eyebrows.

