

VARIOUS KINDS OF DISSERTATIONS

PAULINA PEAVY

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***1. LACAMO & PAULINA**

Lacamo; Nobody in your world fails to live righteously. The word means-right- according to the needs of the time.

Those who are plotting your destruction- by wars, etc., live righteously- according to their nature- their need for but devolution.

In our world we do not anymore look backward- and say- I should have done differently.

We look at our conduct- performing it without stirring up a bitter sense of defeat- which the word- righteous- implies that some are right- and some are wrong.

That which is right- is. When destruction is needed, it is right. When suffering is needed, it is right. What is right for the soldier is right for his time in destiny to affect- his demise.

Least of all- or yet- greatest of all- the mother is right. Right use or- righteousness; what is right for the mother, as creator and savior of her human species, is right.

One day when your mind can reason philosophically- you shall cease judging another- thinking yourself right and another wrong; instead- you shall look at your conduct and say- I did it this way which was in my- destiny.

And you shall be making honor to-law-of-go-ing, called all-mighty-go- in the dire need of that law- in order to retard sat-an, meaning unsate-state mistakenly called laziness.

The only usage for the word wrong- being the fact that what we did that was wrong yesterday- no doubt we do not do it come tomorrow.

However, even as the moment is all there is, there actually cannot be a tomorrow. For, the facts reveal that- a supposed tomorrow- cannot come. Again, in fact, the minute then is all; and a supposed yesterday exists- only in the mind,

For, there is not a cell that can enact differently; because it is the cause- becoming its effect; in fact resultant of causes behind causes that no doubt never had a beginning.

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The urge to blame somebody else, thinking back again to the word-righteousness- is the urge of self-censure, and should be used in the manner- that- you would say, this I did- ⁱⁿ it was my destiny to do this thing; I hope that it shall not be repeated. Then it shall be impossible for you to censure yourself- or to hold in your mind the destructive emotion- called- remorse.

Now we were telling you earlier- to cast out- without any shame or fear- anything that comes- unwanted- into your mind. Pass it out. You then shall start relieving your mind of its- burden of mental poison.

Martha: May I speak? Are you aware of what I saw last night?

Lacamo: We are your teachers. Our minds overarch all, including Pauline- who hears all this. We put through her mind that which we have prepared to put through her mind for many of her reincarnations.

We have not prepared her mind to enter into the vessicles of mortal minds too much- by way of prognostication- or future-casting; because her mind has a different function.

If she were to enter into your room-of-thought too much- she would not have room for us; as we have no one in your world who has penetrated as deeply within our world- as she.

For many years now- we have kept her like a hermit- disassociating her from mortal thought- until your world was painful for her sight.

We have developed with her- a power of reading our kind of language- which does not require verbalization.

We convey thought purely- in our world- as if flashing back and forth- from the brow- symbols, or as you may say, picturization- a form of heiroglyphic communication.

Her work is to open within your mind- a doorway- so we may enter purely- for the same work which we do with you individually, but of which you may have no realization.

Many years ago- we trained Paulina to read other people's minds- by contact with something on their person. She could see the past- and the future. We then closed that door within her mind- for this- very much higher development- entailing her power to perceive- the long 12,000 years ages of the rise and fall of cultures:

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Martha: Could you tell me for what- are my teachers training me?

Lacamo: We are universal beings with one purpose. We come to you regard-
how less or greatly- or how meagerly- we are able to reach you; and
and with that one goal.

We are the attendants in all mediumship purposes. We are not dead
Indian chiefs; nor are we the spirits of the dead-loved-ones.

Those ideas have been placed ^{upon} our works- by fact of the limitations
of the mortal mind.

Therefore, we have been forced to abide by the limitations of the mortal
mind- in order to do our work.

We have had to come for hundreds of years- according to the callendars
of mortals; for- time in our world is not the same as in yours- even
as, being pure soul (electronic), we have no so-called- days and
nights; and- as well has been perceived in your world, we are able to
pass through matter known by you as solids, or waters (your great rivers and
oceans).

Again, by fact of the ignorance in your world, we have been regarded as being-
some dead Indian Chiefs, dead parents, aunts, cousins; while facts reveal that-
in your world, the souls of the dead (bodies) apparently are not sufficiently
aware- to become the voices speaking through your so-called- mediums!

Alas, facts should reveal that- a supposed- dead Indian Chief- could have no
good designs upon a supposed squaw (a North American Indian woman), even were he
able to manifest as a "spirit ghost" at the death of his body.

PAULINA: (while sitting), By sitting, it appears as if my eyes are plastered shut- it
being utterly impossible for me to open them.

I hear everything; as they come in as if including my sentences; and by fact of
their extreme erudition- I become entranced- needing to learn as they speak!

At times, they affect a strange accent- apparently in order for me, while listen-
ing, to be cognizant of such a miracle of mystery.

Unlike the usual medium- who apparently is in a deep sleep- while
voices speak through, I was trained to be an awake-medium, needing to
hear and to record the great wisdoms- unknown in our age that but is
of- babel-and-confusion-of-tongues?

*2. A LAW OF BALANCE

PAULINA: The saying, "It is better to give than to receive" is an errant statement, because, in the ultimate pattern of time, the giving and the receiving becomes equalized, or there is no evolution. And, our age is the age where we take more than we can return; and the ledger gets completely unbalanced. We are too heavily in debt to our mothers for our gift of life which we don't measure as a mat of equalized coming and going, giving and taking; and the ledger is not ever then balanced.

Were we a balanced example, we would have no government with its budget unbalanced; we would have no debt accumulated in the way of moneys exchange if first of all we were equalized.

If we could return the measure of life to others as we receive it, we would be a balanced budget and we would have no outer system of unbalance which is the system of the moneys exchange which incorporates corruption and- which are greeds.

LACAMO: Yet, as so stated previously, were ^{we} not first- unbalanced in corruption, we could not then meet a next age- reversed and send ourselves overboard on the side of retribution.

So, the balances sway backward and forward- until they meet equilibria- themselves. The law of nature- ^{is} that always order comes out of disorder. There could be no order were not its complement- that of disorder; no day without night; no white without black; no reversion without purification; or purification without distraction; or the ising glass glimmer of faith- revealing that fiery furnace episode of tribulation without there be quiescence; there would be no element without its extremes. There would be none sacred without profanity, or profaneness; there would be no weakened chemicals without those discarded and offcast.

There would be no scintillating device for recapitulation- were not there remorse; its echo of antagonism to the self. There would be no vaguery of thought as almost now we are expressing without expression, first being coherent.

There would be no jubilation without anguish; there would be no depth without height; no deep crevasses without highly statured tors; there would be no ventricle without oracle; there would be no awaking without inhalation; there would be no departure without arrival; no dispatch of vanished doctorate- without illness; there would be no moaning at the bar- which is in the crescendo of malingering organic exclusion un-poetry. There would be no grief- avalanche of rhythmic dissertation without the trite naming un-poetry. There would be no heaven- were it not thought first- hell. There would be no wading of w dispatch deliberated- were there not barren-stretches-of-remorse.

There would be no turbulence without calm requisition⁸ of the nerve stream: there would be no re-weaving of the fabric of thought were not there the ripping and rotting away of the strands of it. There would be that which we call unmeaning a vacuity, were there not life oppositioned, its north pole meeting within its solar plexus to detract therefrom a magnetic field arriving consecutively within a tremolo- a vagrant chord echoing the plunder of the gastric agronomy; no violence without subsiding of that violence into a calm dissertation.

And this now taxing and taxi-ing of the thought- is stretching a point of evaluation- meaning- we are picking out chords- in a situation unlike and causing a kind of speech that travels easily along a well-paved path, as you say- pathology. There have been ⁰¹ paths to travel; we have shown you threads supposedly parabolically/ a mental tapestry that builds out of its unbuilding that immediately unbuilds, the ripping out and integrating in, and dropping out of its stitches.

This is a pattern of thought comparable to tapestry; rather than great winding highways or straight or narrow or consecutive pathways. The focus of it/ Between the eyes, between the eyeballs; not in the tubular pathway of the lobes of the brain. It could be called/ two dimensional process, and that is the reason we compare it to a tapestry. It plucks and it picks and it vanishes itself; and the threads of it vanish and reoccur. And then as we say, / two dimensional, in your kind of language,- programming.

Now we apply this to the long, long, tedious, necessary¹¹ long process which produced the paintings. And, the reason for the disgust of Paulina, and the anguish, because- so many threads were woven and unwoven, and then re woven, and then unwoven; and the path toward the completion of the paintings could not be visualized by Paulina, because it was a two-dimensional board upon which she placed the colors and strands and tapestried moments of great joy- contrasted to saddened despair.

For, inwoven in that painting is all the contrasting elements mentioned; for little did you realize we were describing it- in a way different than previous. For, that painting is like ^{egg} that golden egg that spent its rays, and withdrew them all within itself. For, the sadistic element of its origin, the implication that ever the supper of life is over and crucified and the moment is a "last supper," is the dregs of sadism. That is way, way, down, underneath in- that painting; for, as it closed its petals, a day blooming crescendo, it inheld that- all of that meaning that was in that beautiful- yet sad- idea- that someone had a last supper.

The word, "supper," means life, living, living it; supping of it- suffering of it; suffering the joys and the tribulations and the trials- the heights and the

depths and the e-pluribus-united- at times.

Without ourselves being that common, beautifully coursed gunny sack of outer husk, that painting could not have survived itself. No artist could, in your world, could endure such prolongation of the stretching of emotions required to produce it;

into
Delivery / yourself is your great opening of the gates of life , as in those states are we as heavilly there entrenched.

Were we to divulge the accuracy of report, it would not be anything you could readily accept to digest- the age of "crow" is an age built on such fragility- that it is about to topple of its own inner rot.

Could we deliver thought to you as you consider your history, you would be unable to intercept our passage of thought, for we could not separate the threads of time from our our histrionic values, to make it consecutive day by day, year by year; for we exist with mind far too perfectly controlled in the pattern, as we say, the script. We could not separate out from it those threads of our own pasts-

We immobilise ourselves conditionally, repetitive of that extreme unction, the moment of delivery. The moment of delivery becomes a station of repetitive triumph, for ever, and ever, and ever and ever--that moment of delivery; signifying that the advance of being has gained over its retardation.

That moment of delivery becomes a mental gate, the gate of paradise-- the hour of infinite delight- to have gained stature.

For, in our world, we curry all of the small which are large matters, increasing our knowledges regarding life's mystery. We retrieve all the impulses. We low motion our pulsebeat and make light, which means thought- upon such mysteries! For, that is the substance of eternal growth, the chlorophyll, the food, that food which requires intake measuring itself voluminously over outlet. For one way of outletting energy is that of mobilising; and the very, very fact that we need to report in this manner, reveals that we need also an outlet, for energies build to the bursting.

Now, were we to explain to you the meaning of each consonant, each dissonant tone and its correlary, the harmonious attribute, we would indeed expend, expand, extend, extrude ourselves into that ultimate which is purported to be the end of infinity. We are saying that- could we have answers that are ultimate, having answers beyond your grasp, we are to our station that fact-ling without fact, to your station we might appear, speaking of our

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knowledges; as a staunch, sturdy, oak tree; But as all in time is relative, we realise we must report to you that all truth is a relative station that, apparently, is actually never really attained. And while it grows its trunk sturdily, for a time and times,

We are making parables, paralleling our thought processes to that of the willow tree- We also spend out all our seeds and our thought which we could have seemed to have extruded as everlasting- then becomes that trunk waving itself spent of all of its seeds.

So, we take those seeds; we plant them; those seeds of thought grow, mature, spend their energy; the trunk wavers away; and we plant new seeds. And that is how stationary and unstationary are we even- in our world; and that is the plan of eternity; which is a repetition of all which you call MOTHER NATURE, for ever, and ever- and ever.

Those worlds beyond us which seem like staunch oak trees to us, repeat that same pattern. And while we who have overcome that plot six foot under, experience that kind of destined rebirth forever and ever and ever; a mental unstarching and restarching, ^{off} washing out all the starch, ^{off} picking out all the threads we put into our tapestry, and putting in new threads- forever- and ever and ever. It is never finished, this matter of exploring the universe; it is our SELF first; and eventually all- because, within each cell, within each atom- and you know and say, is the milky way; and the dipper, and the venus, and the sun, and the moon; Within each cell in the body of the being, is the universe- difficult- difficult to understand- difficult for us to understand. More difficult for us to understand- because we have greater insight.

To you it becomes just empty words. You know, you've heard it said- that every cell contains a solar system. It's only words to you. To us it's a little more; being a little more- it is harder for us to grasp. Being that we have more knowledge, we have more queries, more questions, more- more darkness. The darker eggshell than you- it's relative.

To you- we have that beam of light, that miner's lamp- / ^{that plumbs the depths.} To us who see wider distances, we see greater darknesses- than you could possibly see. And we have expressed ourselves purposely badly- because you seek in darkness where is no see- sea-; where we see in darkness how dark we see; and how dark we be; and how dark we are.

But, nevertheless, we go sailing along- a ship, a vessel, the vessel of noah, no-ah, meaning knowledge; and we are imbibers- taking in too much

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ultraviolet dysentery from our vast hunger for knowledge which necessarily has a greater well, or a greater capacity that you could know hunger for knowledge.

We become that drunken no-ah; we rest our oars at times; we get off; we have a hangover; We slow down our rowing process, thinking we must not ever again imbibe too much, eat too much, get too much indigestion, knowing that we will do it again when the time arrives, that dispensation for us to overeat- of the food of knowledge.

We know that in the digestive process we automatically cast off, discard, we retain- according to the unfathomable laws of the digestive process. And we/^{then}do not then ever listen, as we say such things as that. Just who are we to tell you to please do not do anything, please do not this, or please that.

For we do not very often find ourselves in need of discarding wastage; for that is passing- the passing of dysentery. For, when we overeat of the food of knowledge, if we pass it out, it is overflow- which is vitamine to you. And, if it is discard to us, it is great knowledge to you, a relative state of the ladder of evolution.

(in a ^{Our way of life} previous tape) has no valley of attunement- like we mentioned previously; but you may have the happy birthday greetings- (saying "happy birthday" may imply that it might not be happy- else-).

Were you to cringe in fear- at such "well-wishes," the damage would far exceed any good. For your world is made up of that which you must partake of, that in a future life it will be a discard.

We are now telling you- we planted a seed for a future- for a far distant future. Were you to act upon it now, you would counteract any good by the frustration and fear that you would- It would make your walks too hesitant were you to quit saying, good morning, goodbye, merry xmas,- What would you replace it with- in your state of evolution? You would empty out too much without any replacements; for such is your impulse, your impulses, in your way of life.

As we are little preachifying now, so we are making great art and great poetry, and very excellent photography is coming- for the feeding of hungry brainy passages before they all conck out in old ladies' homes, or mental hospitals.

PAULINA: It has given me much to learn; as example, the birthday belongs to the GIVER OF LIFE; it should be the time to honor the CREATOR (MOM)!

LACAMO:

In stationing a powerhouse of recollection, we revolve ourselves about a period of time; we become like a revolving drum; and as we change and mutate, we return to that period in evolving- which becomes our evolution.

The time to give life to another is a day belonging to the giver first. But when the giver of life is overlooked, in the course of time the giver of life dissipates, and life is abandoned.

There are ages whereby the children come to the parent, and return usury to that GIVER OF LIFE. But, such could not happen in this age, because children are parasites taking of the mother too much already- depending and demanding her services for the rest of her life, even to becoming the baby-sitter unpaid.

And so, the giver of life is giving and giving, and giving, and giving, and giving, and there won't be much left to be given.

We in our way try to rectify that terrible mistake by making honor to the GIVER OF LIFE, that she shall start healing of the parasitism, the parasitical drainage. And we bring abundant gifts; for martyrdom has no gain. The martyrdom of the mother is not noble- because her species is lost by it. It ~~is~~ by fact that she has given too much and cannot easily demand reciprocation.

MARTYRDOM is weakness only; not nobility.

We have as our purpose that of restoring the necessitants due the benefactor which is the mother. In our way of word delivery we can set into motion a pattern of thought that will reroute the course of action to become a firstcause behind action.

The day- the few days before life's delivery are fraught with great anxiety, the expectation of abundant joy! -that our day of triumph shall meet its meter of fulfillment, meaning- we need to plant a thought firmly imbed- that resultant **PRIDE** shall grow from that planting.

Therefore, mental roots develop as natural result of giving birth; the reward to the mother for her great gift becomes her own mental achievement; the fertility of the mental tract in repetition of the other kind of fruit-bearing.

For, in the process of time, there is no gain or giving without return, meaning- abdominal birth. It can only reward the giver by engendering in the mental tract a repetition of the same process.

The visions which you are acquainting yourselves with are a repetition of the opening of the womb to deliver life; the fruit-bearing process becoming

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mental. And we do not say, "happy birthday" in our way; unless we need to speak to you at your level, pardon the inference of your being a lower station than we.

We do not say, "happy birthday" in our world, because we do not have anything other than abundant reward. And when analysed properly, such a statement is a fear threat, a fear that such will be unhappy. In its way it is clamping down a negative implication.

"Happy birthday" implies otherwise it might not be happy. It makes a tottering it, a wavering.

What can we do to rectify such a mistake which we did purposely for this lesson- We can but speak out and say that your world clamps down fear by the gross, by such seemingly thoughtless- and a seemingly good wish.

Words can do terrible injury whereby- Were we to descend upon you with a great basket of fruit, you- out of that would not possibly get an implication of a negative thought, would you? The fruit which we would deliver to you would be, of course, WISDOM.

Now you could go on from there and say that Merry Xmas implies that it might not be merry- slogans, get well wishes, good will wishes, get well cards- are words that become tamps, that tamp underneath, or hide under- the fear that the opposite might accrue- were one not to get well, or one not to have a merry xmas, or a happy birthday.

We are just showing you that thought in a "babel tongue" is mostly deleterious; that thought that is purely hieroglyphic- which is pictures- whereby the action is performed wholly without any implication of inaction, then is a pure language, and a language that bears fruit and builds and- builds PYRAMIDS. The mind then never dies on hieroglyphic cryptofying- of itself.

We did not do this with intent to dampen the verve of ^{our} happy birthday greetings; but to explain to you that at times we have to talk your language; but always with the expressed hope that we might plant a seed, that any damage we might have done by becoming that low- could then be rectified; and that the injurious statement, happy birthday, should then become as gracious fertilizer for the seed of our new thought to produce prolifically in your mind greater experiences in communication by, as you would say, mental picturization- which is our whole language.