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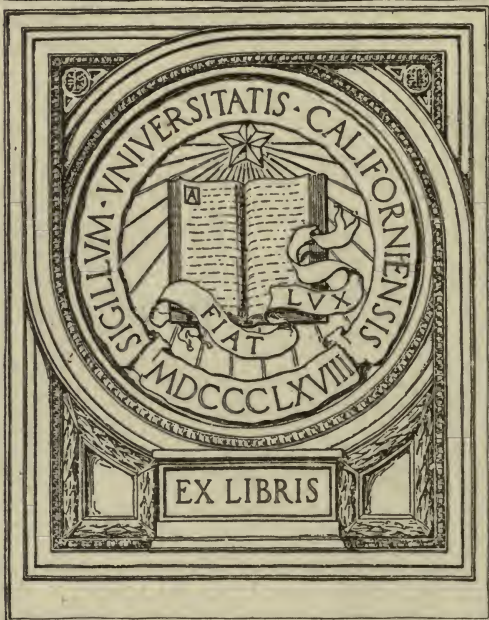
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A MIRAGE OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

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A Mirage of the Nervous System.

A number of years since, on a late Autumn morning, the writer was struck by the similarity in outlines of the formation of a slight ice deposit on an asphalt walk with that of the formation of a common species of fern life.

A thought at once arose of the sameness of the cause which produced such similar effects upon objects apparently so dissimilar in other respects—a similarity of one of the great agencies of Nature with that which this writer, although not versed in the results of the latest scientific efforts to explain the changes occurring in the past upon the Earth, knew, from a casual recollection of geological formations, was one of the earlier forms of life to appear upon this sphere—this similarity clearly indicating to his mind one and the same power affecting both, and that power an external one—the same today as in the past, with the accumulation or complexity of the ice formation, of course all resemblance having been lost—and, further of the coincidence of the appearance of this agency so identical in outline with the opening expressions of life upon the Earth, with the fading (and its known affect therein) of most of the forms of external life into a state of rest or death—the rise, or appearance, of one occurring at the disappearance, or fall, of the other in an orbital position, as light and darkness, day and night, expansion and contraction, and in the human phenomena, as waking and sleeping, hope and despair, anticipation and realization, temper and remorse, energy and fatigue, love and hatred.

This thought of a power ever present acting so directly, as indicated, in an orbital similarity as regards the phenomena of personal existence was realized a few years later when the writer

underwent a third heavy attack of Grip—an affliction to which he had been subject at intervals for a number of years.

As on former occasions, he experienced the absolute inadequacy of all appeals to the medical profession—from a very apparent ignorance of the subject—for any satisfactory sympathy in some of the very unnerving manifestations of this malady.

As where a haven of rest might have been found, there was none, he most naturally sought this where he could—where it might be found—among those similarly afflicted, ignoring thereby a tenet of professional wisdom, which he had never felt in sympathy with—the non-communication of symptoms, and to his tremendous astonishment there was revealed to him, through this course, not only comfort in his trials, not only a belief of the fearful results of this baleful practice—possibly the result of selfish irritability in professionalism, but, above all, light that, to him, seemed of marvelous importance.

Upon inquiry, he found the same experiences of depression, of weakness, of sensations in particular localities, of movements of temper, of anguish, of insomnia, of relief, of efforts for the purpose of self-protection, of fear, of suspicion and of dislike had been present at the same moments with himself, with another person leading an entirely different mode of life—one, the writer, an indoor and, to a slight extent, a literary life—the other, a life in the open,—the one reared within the limits of a large city, with no inclination for a life in the woods—the other reveling in the experience and recollection of such a life. In the case of suspicion and dislike—as the circle of acquaintance of the two were different—the objects of such were, of course, not the same, but the feelings arising at the same time indicated clearly that such were merely accidents or means.

These identities extended to all the pronounced movements of the disease, their order, their periods and their preliminary expressions—the periods conforming to the movements of the Sea-

sons, the latter halves of February and August (the turning points) having been the periods of inception or radical change, the months of April and October (the tidal zones of blooms and youthful love, of frosts and blight, respectively) the periods of frequently instantaneous relief, the latter portions of June and December, the depths of the apices, periods of marked accentuation.

May not all of the temporary phenomena affecting life, diseases or otherwise, conform to the same course visibly appearing long after they have had their inception, the periods of these last occurrences being always those of the turning of the Seasons. And might it not be found, if it were thoroughly known, that man's best efforts would conform to the same course, to have had their energies, or inceptions, at these turnings and their climaxes at these apices of the Seasons?

And in this connection, is it not true—in the dawning of light upon any general subject—the glow arises too generally to be occasioned always by literary filching or obliquity (unquestionably abounding)—but explainable rather from the fact that the impulse is external—affecting more than one—as in the ice film, as in the fern growth—and the season had arrived.

All these manifestations, whether due to enhanced sensitiveness from the disease or features of the disease itself, indicating one and the same power—influencing both—an external power—not an internal one—as in the ice film, as in the fern growth.

And further, through the phenomena of this disease, as experienced by the writer and two other males—all of different ages and environment, indicating forcibly the continuance and perpetuity of life having been contained in the unit after the species extant had assumed their present characteristics, all severance of sexes having been due to the complexity resulting from the habits of association—in these marvelous manifestations of a deep systemic recollection beyond any possible past experience of the writer himself—occurring at the same time, in the two cases running parallel—a vision of the great impulse and

orbital movement through the animal personality as now existent was clear—in the remote past the legendary hermaphroditic state in mankind having been the one extant on earth,—and reasonably applicable to all other forms of animal life as now existent—now all in their dual state—moving along all together—no lag-gards—because impelled by one and the same external power—as in the ice film, as in the fern leaf, and as in the various phenomena of the personality.

The abnormality of today was the normality of the past, and vice versa, this change accounting for the greater brilliancy appearing in the male sex, where the influence of sexual attraction in its variations is not present, especially noticeable in the plumage of birds, the male sex in the state of association—(as the mingling of vapors)—for the thirst for blood and the thirst for lust often glide into each other imperceptibly and suddenly—rising from the throes of bestiality supreme, and in accordance—as it should be—that glow of supremacy expressing itself not in greater beauty of outline, but in more radiant lustre.

These dualities (as an outgrowth of that characteristic of created matter two ends (a flattened circle), however viewed, conforming in position to the poles in electricity—light and darkness) following in the wake of their great prototypes—the Earth and the Moon—and attaining the position as at present existent—but not till then—when these two great orbs had arrived at their present great reciprocal position—striking the octave of modern Earthly existence—the moon the male—with visible traces of his monthly influence in the perpetuation of human life.

The heart of the shore to the fretting tide,
Through sea gulls sweeping far and wide,
Whispers, I cannot be thy bride,
For thee I do not love.

But through old Time, who's gliding by,
Through an unseen chasm of the sky,
Aversion coils into a sigh,
And then the thrill of love.

Forgive, come back, oh, come to me,
Sobbeth the shore to the moonlit sea,
I'll ever be a bride to thee,
For thee I love, I love.

An impulse piercing far and wide,
Beyond the shore and beyond the tide,
Through the youth and his now responsive bride,
Through the sundered veil of love;

As all aglow, with their plumes on high,
Each revels in love with that passionate sigh,
Of the Moon alone ask the reason why,
Encrowned in its glory above.

This sexual position being from the standpoint of Earthly existence, the reciprocity being inverted from the standpoint of the Lunar—a relation conformed to by all animal life upon Earth in the duality of their organic structures. This duality—each containing the hermaphroditic principle in its processes, in turn, themselves a duality springing from unity, through the great irresistible orbitality moving towards that condition again—the large dial conformed to by all the small dials of the system—the dual position being that of the most luxuriant bloom, however applied—and conforming in turn to still mightier combinations until in finality expressed in consciousness and unconsciousness, existence and non-existence, or nothing.

This phenomenon, following the great orbital principle of expansion and contraction, and reflected through the myriad combinations or orbits in life, physical, moral and religious, solids—liquids, the earth—the moon, the land—the sea, females—males, the saint—the sinner, the friend—the foe, God and Satan—with one must appear the other—to each and every one an opposite, and the great orbital balance is maintained.

Orbits veering into other orbits, through the influence of still greater orbits, the orbit of today differing from that of 100

years ago—mysteries seemingly impossible of unraveling—later unraveling themselves—the writer, in a restricted form, as probably many others having had such an experience—renewal of attention upon any particular object (where the element of fatigue could not have been present), resulting in previous dense mists, vanishing at almost a glance.

Some orbits reveling in light or good fortune, others immersed continually in shadow applied to individuals, families or communities, but all having an area of shade—the warmest, most generous-hearted and highest principled people being often found under the exterior of a gruff manner and quick temper, the coldest, most designing, selfish, unprincipled and villainous under the ripple of an infectious laugh—through the great orbital veering or a greater orbital effect, the good fortune or high elevation of one period the precursor of the reverse of another, as illustrated in the histories of families—endowments of wealth and fame continually gliding into different localities—not only through variations in personal characteristics and environment, but also through the orbital phenomena of facilities and obstacles.

How often happiness in later life is distributed in ways, of a character and to a degree never thought of nor most desired by the recipients in their youth.

May not this veering, applied to the earth itself, explain the apparent migrations of animals who never migrated, ever loyal to their old slant of life—the rays of the sun—remaining in the same place while the Earth itself was changing its position, migrating as it were—explain the migration of birds who, through their far less restricted environment and greater powers of transition, forming an exception, have visited and followed for ages their old homes now so distant—and account also for the presence of glacial phenomena without the necessity of inventing an Ice epoch.

The nervous system, the mirror, to which, as it pulsates, the physical developments as the tissues and bone formations appear, as blooms, crutches when needed—whispering that the mysteries of the past and future are to be sought through it, through it alone.

Each orbit with its center, the Earth revolving around the Sun,
and each small life around its egoism.

At thy fame, a little sneering,
In thy shame, just one thing cheering.
Is the way the Earth is veering,
Veering every day.

In thy rapture just one sorrow,
In thy anguish good tomorrow,
With the balm 'twill for thee borrow
From the Sun's gold spray.

Where the mountains are the highest
Deepest vales are often nighest.
To thyself these rules appliest
If thou chance their way.

Each combination of lives, religious, political or social around their ideals—the orbits around love of home, around personal desires, around patriotism, around social interests, around religions, each impelled (as a capillary action) as a forward movement by tangential visions—not a struggle for existence, a struggle for supremacy, for elevation—the impulse of ambition.

As facts are not those really struggling for an existence, satisfied with very little, and are they not happy and contented under conditions, the more favored would scorn, save the few impelled by self ambition, engendered almost universally by its twin, jealousy? Is not the worthy desire of destroying injustice most frequently found to have as a partner a large proportion of greed and envy, and is not the whole Earth being ransacked by the affluent residents of prosperous countries eager for greater financial prestige?

Savages struggle very sluggishly for an existence, but they undergo every sacrifice for a war-like glory. The people of India often experience the greatest privations and yet they

make few efforts to antagonize such—while every conceivable bodily affliction is undergone for the purpose of spiritual elevation.

All life moving through an external power—its capillary action—into vapors, blooms, glows, melodies, purposes and ambitions allured by the great tangential expansive beckonings, veering ever and drawn back by the other and reverse expression of an external power—its gravity—around the center of a mirrored ego—and, repelled by the great tangential threatenings of darkness, failure, depressions and blights, veering with its pulsation again into the capillary impulse—ding dong, expansion—contraction, light—darkness, sunshine—rain, morning—night, waking—sleeping, life—death, the rolling of the seasons—pulsating from externality alone through its reciprocity with its mighty parent—the man leaving and returning home—an orbit, as that of the earth.

Now one more phenomena of life cast into bold relief by this strange and fearful malady—the passage of time—exaggerating the perception of it—concealed as in the case of the ice formation by the complexities of life—at times a night seeming of month's duration, even when slumber is present—indicating that variations of the great mirror or responsive chord of individuality determine its impression—a thousand years an instant, an instant a thousand years, according to its rhythm—and the next step is the instant and eternity.

What is this power external?

Is it not the whole universe and yourself indissolubly connected?

Take a small cube of wood, divide it as much as you please, and you cannot reach a point you cannot theoretically divide. You cannot reach that point any sooner than you can traverse infinity or eternity. It is an infinity contained in a finity, and so with every life extant and every object.

Now take the rest of creation, except that small cube of wood—you can never reach the end by traversing it forever with the greatest rapidity of your imagination. It is infinite, yet a small finite cube containing an infinity is not included.

Now divide each of these spaces—the cube and the rest of the universe—and one division of it is just as near the point in consideration as two divisions of it, and two as near as a million.

The subject is incomprehensible, for the two are indissolubly connected—a finity which contains an infinity and an infinity which lacks that finity.

Mathematics are useless and its consort reason recoils—the indissolubility of the object renders it immune, and the reflection in finity glows a circle, the gravity of man's orbit veers him into its curve, into vagueness, and then—and then—into unconsciousness, and the words uttered 1900 years ago, "I and my Father are one," blaze forth in transcendence.

The moment, eternity; eternity, the moment; the finite, infinity; infinity, the finite; consciousness, unconsciousness; unconsciousness, consciousness; Heavens and Hells revealed and lost, lost and revealed, through the great nervous system, the mirror and entity of Existence.

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