

Albigen-Papers-8-Maximum-Reversal

[Return to list of all Recordings](#) [See all Categories](#) [Spreadsheet: Recordings-Source-List](#)

Metadata repository: <https://data.direct-mind.org/>

Albigen Papers Index: <http://direct-mind.org/index.php5?title=Albigen-Papers-Index-and-Introduction>

EIGHTH PAPER

Maximum Reversal Technique

THREE STEPS IN USING THE MAXIMUM REVERSAL TECHNIQUE

As I noted in the last Paper, in the diagramming of the mind, there are two important goads implanted within us from the very beginning of our lives. I also talked of finding reality by focusing on the focus of the Projector -- looking back through our source, and the source of our light.

The two implants, desire and curiosity, -- the catalyst used to force us to keep going in life, -- can be used by us by the same simple reversal, to keep us going forward in the pursuit of spiritual life. In fact, this is a primary step, and unless this is done first, we will not have the "desire" to concentrate very long on the projector.

We must use that which uses us. And when we employ curiosity and desire to search for our definition, we are on the path. Curiosity and desire are a team of sorts. Without curiosity we would never bother to find the intended objects of our desires. We would not forage for food, and our bodies, the vehicles of desire would perish. And by the same token, without desire, we would not reproduce nor produce the energy that occultists believe is used by creatures in other dimensions or other world-views.

We take the energy away from the source (of curiosity), which is identified for want of a better term as "Nature". We pay less and less attention to curiosity for food and sensual pleasure-means. We learn not to try to negate curiosity all at once, but employ gradualism, -- even as gradualism was employed against us.

We automatically absorb some of the energy from desire, and turn it in the direction of its source, for the study of and penetration of that source. We encourage a desire for Truth, and for all that might expedite our work in that direction. And at the same time we ignore the desire for pleasure, sensuality and diversion. As Buddha advised, we must first learn to think of "one thing". Again, we do not negate pleasure, but reverse it by means of honest analysis.

We do not eliminate the objectives of desire, -- those intended by Nature. We still eat, but eat for the sake of nutrition rather than epicurean pleasure. We still function sexually, but in no way that would enslave our thoughts, tie up our time, or chain us to a personality who's unbridled desires will cause frustrations and conflict.

The Reversal Path is the surest Path. There are other means that have been used, and the users claim some success, but other systems are either so slow that nothing is achieved in an entire life, or they are so violent that they form a slow suicide. In this latter category we find people who have tried to blast their way into Reality with the harsh use of drugs or alcohol.

Step-two deals with developing intuition. The reversal of desire and curiosity, affects the natural, relative vehicle, -- the relative mind. And while such a process does lead us to the state of Reality, the process may be slow because of the limitations of the relative perspective. An intuition with some degree of infallibility is

needed.

And the intuition is automatically developed, but its development can be accelerated by personal techniques. We must get into the habit of taking this energy that is projected into us, and channeling it into exercises that consist of looking into pertinent things for their consistency or lack of it, which exercises are the first steps, or are meditational techniques that lead to becoming. Finally this habit develops a sense, -- an automatic computerization of greater and greater accuracy. This is needed to abridge the massive libraries of transcendental writings, and to quickly scan the many paths or pseudo-paths. And concurrent with the developing of this sense, should be a system of checking. We just find a way to periodically check our intuition to see if it is straying into hallucination or an egotistical belief in its own infallibility.

The third step involves a conscious effort to retraverse our projected ray. It does not involve the reversal of the projection from the Absolute, because it is impossible to reverse that which IS, or is the final Reality. We can only reverse the forces of Nature, because Nature is part of the relative world-view, -- which being relative, automatically possesses negative characteristics. I have used the picture of peering back into the focus of the projector, as the final step of being one with the Absolute. Actually, we go back in one sense, and at the same time we find that we were back there all the time.

Some transcendentalists have described the Absolute or Brahman as having tentacles or rays that touched upon, and were one with, every particle of moving matter in the universe. We can understand this possibility only when we travel back along that particular ray which is aimed at our relative mind. It does no good to describe Brahman, unless we describe the means to witness that which we describe.

Buddha supposedly advised three steps, of which the second step was to think of all things. This seems to be a vague directive, until we are able to project ourselves back into the Manifested Mind. I am quite sure that he did not mean for us to study all relative science and statistics, but rather to see that we are both a mental experience, and a mental inhabitant of the mind-dimension, which is the matrix from which all things are launched into (illusory) existence.

Likewise, his third step, -- to learn to think of nothing, -- does not imply unconsciousness, but implies the acquisition of thinking techniques which will bring the mind to a stop. I think that many students have come to think that Satori or enlightenment is that experience of a reality of nothingness. It might rather be called the experience of everythingness.

As we project ourselves back through the mind-ray, we naturally come to the universal, or Unmanifested Mind-Matrix. Specialized mind is the result of absolute mind-stuff. And here, it is true, we do experience the truth of our own insignificance, or nothingness in relation to values once assumed by the Individual Mind. Thus we are still observing with traces of the Individual Mind. This viewing of the Unmanifested Mind is often mistaken for Satori. It is in fact, the "mountain experience" which we often hear described. Often it is quite depressing, depending on how much we remember of our relative selves.

It is only when we completely forget our relative selves that we transcend the Unmanifested Mind, and enter the Absolute. And when we do, it shall only be a glimpse. However, the glimpse will be enough to carry the Individual Mind in unshakable conviction for the rest of its relative sojourn.

MORE ATTEMPTS AT VERBALIZATION

That which follows must be read with some intuition. Seven bundles of relative words have now been passed. Their purpose is to illustrate the treacherousness of words and the instability of the reason-faculty. The mob looks at everything with two billion eyes. No two people see the observations the same. But they agree to accept things or rules, and suffer the foolishness of such rules, to avoid physical mayhem. And having sunk into the habit of accepting rules and laws, they become the victims of pattern-thinking, or convention. And egotistically, they begin to think that the mob can make things right by simple legislation.

We pass over the sciences, since they are very adequate for measuring a relative dimension. We pass over religion with sadness. It is born in the fears of children, -- who were inspired to fear by a ruthless, venal, priest-craft. It is at best, motivated by curiosity, and if it served that purpose truly, it could admit that motive and place no limits on the solution of the unknown. We must not neglect to admit our motives, nor should we predict that which we expect to find, nor should we rationalize our position at any time along the path.

Let us for a moment, review our motives. We can do so without harm to our altered objectives. In fact the admission will clarify the mist between us and the objective. In other words, we begin life as a justifiable coward, quaking at the observation of the corpses of our friends. We visualize that we too, will become corpses. It may well be that Nature has instilled that fear into the animal beings in order to maintain animal life. If animas had no fear, the herbivores would be quickly eaten, and the result would be the end of all carnivores. Evolution, or the drama of life, would be in retrogression because of the removal of the fear-instinct.

So man, at length, comes to the point where he neither wishes to be digested by other animals, nor by Nature. Nature seems to have the animal programmed to survive long enough to reproduce. In most animals, the fear instinct is neutralized by another instinct when the babies are threatened. This implies that only the new seed is important, not the old individual, nor any individual. The cycle of the moth ends with the laying of the eggs. Some parent-insects are devoured by their offspring, or their female mates.

Likewise, when the animal has passed the peak of reproductive ability, the fear of death wanes. The organism, in its decline and weariness, changes its views and looks apathetically upon death. From this pattern of nature we can learn two things. First, we can decide to use the survival urge placed in our beings by nature, to carry survival-anxieties beyond the natural purpose of those fears. Secondly, we must employ that fear while young. The man, who has not begun to seek before senility sets in, will naturally view the search with apathy and rationalization.

The young man, who observes the foolishness of man in relation to his function as soil-fertilizer, will turn his back on nature. And he does so at considerable risk. There seems to be an awareness on the part of nature to any force that might try to change the direction or mechanism of any part of nature. There seems to be more evidence for this type of awareness and Nature-control than there is for any supervision by a personal God not associated with nature of earth-progress.

It is possible that we have been taking the wrong meaning from some of our scriptures. The story of the Garden of Eden is an example. We have an account to two unfortunate wretches, punished for wishing to be like "the gods". What happened there? What is the relation between eating, knowing good and evil, and death? Today we see nothing wrong with wanting to be like God. We are puzzled by God's behavior in this story of contradictions. Pious fundamentalists have filled the bibles with footnotes, attempting to apologize for God, and in so doing have only succeeded in exhibiting egos whose pretences would make them superior to That for which they apologized.

Do we have a God that plants trees, and makes men out of mud, or is the whole thing allegorical. There are many explanations when we take the interpretations of symbolism, and we can build symbolism until it becomes as unwieldy as the tower of Babel, and as useless. Why do not the theological giants speak more plainly? Is it because they fear that the Lord will hear that they are plotting to get at the tree that stands in the middle of the garden? The story of the tower of Babel is another example. Can we picture to ourselves a God becoming furious because people wasted their time piling up rocks? I am more inclined to believe that nature has a way of confounding those who build an open effort to understand nature. It is more understandable to me that the tower of Babel represented the scientific beginning of man, or the early use of symbols to disguise those beginnings, or represented the confusion that automatically resulted from mountains of those symbols.

It is not advisable for us to worry about the symbolism of the bible, or any other work. We need to know only ourselves to see the conflict between nature and the survival-urge of man. In the writings of philosophers we find many books that bear out the cognizance of learned men to this conflict, and show their intuition that

primitive men are beguiled about concepts of a personal God. Frazier goes to great historical lengths to show the evolution of the "corn-god". The intuitions of primitive men who were not originally confused with complex rationalizations, such as that which created God in the image of man. They saw God simply as the being that favored the growth of life, and their prayers were for food and existence, not for immortality. They may have had more sense than their civilized progeny. The story of Christ is one of a man who was physically punished for encouraging the pursuit of immortality. He is spoken of as a sacrifice, and yet the writers do not make it clear as to the need for the sacrifice, nor do they say who was the recipient of that sacrifice. I can only conclude that the mechanism of nature, using the fickle emotions of the local mob that denounced him, -- was operating automatically if not sentiently against a contrary principle. Not only did Jesus fail to reproduce, but He encouraged others to abandon their families in the pursuit of Truth.

Mystics have decided that desire is the cause of suffering. This is another way of saying that nature implants in the animal an irritation of magnitude so intense that the release from it brings joy or ecstasy, depending upon the degree of suffering. Nature also implants in the body of man and animal a capacity for nervous titillation, or mucous-membrane-sensitivity. The implanted curiosity helps to locate the membranes whose titillation will lead to the reproduction of the specie. What the average man does not realize is that the same curiosity, -- that may later spur us to look for immortality, -- discovers the titillation, and the titillation brings on more irritation. The offspring are a result of that irritation.

Now man's computer occasionally takes the position of observer of this process of the reproducing slave. Yet, for some reason, nature confounds the computer. Frantically, the man tries to block the irritation, inhibit his sex, and focus his attention upon the "Path", or upon anything that might negate sex or other chains. He tries to meditate and he falls asleep. He tries celibacy and fouls the gears of his body, or imagines the joy of the temporary liberation from sex to be indicative that he is on the right path, or that God is smiling at him. The irritation eventually returns. He tries exercises, prayers of pills. He may even turn to alcohol.

By now we have a middle-aged man or woman. Still driven by sex, but now ulcerated by anguish, and pickled in some cases by alcohol. He has lost some of his ego, like an old goat about to die. But he manages to still hold on to the egotistical pose that he is a philosopher of sorts, and that he has been able to see some of the nonsense of nature and life, by simply being buffeted and used. He sees time getting shorter, however. He finds his vehicle less elastic and less and less able to cope with the demands of the competitive organic existence. He is still trying to carry a young man's load of emotional involvements. His children are tugging at his emotions, and his mate is testing his mettle. He run like a rat in the maze to first one voice, and then another ... until some of his ego breaks down and he lets go of things.

He or she will never let go completely, because until death occurs, we must all work to eat. But our friend breaks down under the pressure of all of the irritations. He runs to the confessional, or to the psychiatrist. He has a nervous breakdown, or enters into shock. And for a few hours or days, he is free. His joy, or peaceful release, becomes a sort of milestone. He loses his taste for alcohol, and for his mate as well. He relegates his children and property to their destiny.

The burden is lifted. The alcoholic thinks that he is cured. He looks at the sky and imagines God is smiling at him again. He thinks that he sees the pattern of creation because he is no longer fighting nature. The unity that he feels is the intense rapport with nature at work in all its magnitude and marvelous complexity ... in the interdependency of beings. He will tell his friends that he has really found God this time. But we notice a blatant difference of testimony of the many people who have similarly witnessed this release. Their description seems to be altered in proportion to the severity and manner of irritations which preceded the surrender.

We come to the word surrender again, and to the word joy. Surrender may bring joy, but it is no guarantee of a spiritual value or symptom of Truth. I do not wish to depreciate the mystical experience just described. To be free, in any degree, is desirable. The point I wish to make is that we are not completely aware of the nature of our own essence because of the joyful experience. Joy is still the tool of Nature. The Absolute has neither joy nor sorrow.

Our aim is not to sink back into irritation and despair again. The joy that is followed by anguish cannot be said to be real joy even, for it then becomes the root of anguish. We must always bear in mind that when the load is lifted from the weary beast of burden, the beast experiences that which is known as joy. If the burden is taken away for any long period of time, the beast will instinctively go about looking for another burden, in hopes of experiencing joy again.

This is the difficulty of the mystic. They speak of the dark nights of the soul. Each time that the burden is lifted, it requires that the burden be heavier, and be carried longer the next time, in order to bring about proportional peace or release. So that the patterns of both physical (or sexual) release, and the joy of the mystics are tied up in the relative world of pain and necessity. It is for this reason that female or feminine male-mystics enter into rapture more quickly with the contemplation of a male God. The ecstasies described by some of the female saints may have been intensities resulting from prolonged sublimation and from pious fetishism.

The mystic is both blessed and pitied. He must go back time after time, wearily bearing his burden for a few moments of relief, until one day he sobers himself, and casts the discipline in question away forever. The fact that the mystic must return from joy to suffering again, indicates that he is lacking in a sound appreciation of his state of mind (and being) at both times or experiences. He does not have the final answer. If he has really found God, he should be happy forever ... if finding God brings to people the feeling of divine acceptance.

The mystic is blessed, however. He should not be condemned even though, -- to all human standards, -- he is psychotic. He is a pioneer and a heroic casualty. He has dared to stand-alone against nature. He has torn from his being the egotistical drives that beget children and enslave mates. He has struggled against the instincts of gregariousness and has ignored the customs and mores of his age. He has compounded his irritations, and so has stimulated his computer. He has gambled everything with the expectations of "nothing for certain", but prefers gambling to the game of desire and reward. He has fasted, sublimated and meditated to sharpen his intuition. He should be able therefore to sense the sensible when it is advanced to him.

Thus, if we can catch the mystic at the moment of this exaltation, he may be disillusioned enough to be thrown off his pleasant tangent, -- and he may be brought to the door of the Absolute. The mystic must pause, and know, deep in his being, that joy and sorrow are emotional reactions, and are polarities in feeling, in relative experience. He should sense that he must never try to identify the Absolute according to relative values or measurements of appreciation. He calls for joy, and he receives joy. He unconsciously does this, because his nature misses the physical joys.

That man should look for peace is another thing. But man must realize that man expects a reward sometimes for a particular discipline. The rewarder is man in all cases. And man as a rewarder, can only give that which he already has.

When a mystic tells you that he has found God, he does not realize his own facetiousness. In the first place his meditation on the subject of God or gods, will make him aware of the misuse of the word "God" and of the myriad different interpretations of the word that have rendered it meaningless and useless in describing the Real Essence, or the Real Experience. It has been abused to such an extent, -- by traffickers in theology, -- that it has no sound meaning, relative or absolute. The mystic should also know, from his long and arduous life of mental struggle, that hardly anyone will understand that of which he talks, if he were only to describe his mystical experiences as such. And he is actually doing the field of mysticism a bit of damage if he leaves himself open to the pointed finger of psychiatry because of his inability to get his point across accurately.

When I speak of Nature, I refer to any part of our environment that affects us or controls us, regardless of the nature of such forces or factors. Nature, I believe to be a coordinated pattern of control, or a coordinated pattern of intelligence or laws that bring about such control.

The human keeps bees. When winter is long, and the human overlord has taken too much honey, he may return a little sugar. The same human is lord over the cattle. He kills the nonproductive steers, and keeps the heifers for breeding. But he sees to it that all get enough hay. This analogy between the farmer and Nature is strained because we cannot visualize Nature as being used in turn by a higher force unless we are to turn to the concept of Kal. We can understand however, that bees or cattle might take a reverent attitude toward their human lord, if they came to a clear understanding of his intentions.

Our destiny in Nature is uncertain. This certainty causes us to be circumspect in making a final appraisal of our relation to Nature, or of any duty to Nature. It takes no intellectual giant to see the balanced aquarium of life, and humbly take note of our place. We sense that we are under some kind of law. Nature has evidently set up a fantastically complex coordinating and governing system. Man has tried to guess about it. Those who guessed that the tower of Babel was a sign of man's limitations and restrictions may have to take another guess, now that rockets are piercing the blue. Or it may be that rockets are part of Nature's plan as well. There may be a swarming of the bees for another hive ... one of these days.

It is idle and foolish to guess that Nature is aware of each of us individuals or that Nature is a computer-operator, aware of each of the two billion units or factors that comprise the computer. The operator alone, would be interested in the answer and results. Yet the computer may well have a mechanism for automatically sifting the sands of humanity.

We need not be concerned with the chemistry of planetary functioning. It matters not if the earth has a spirit. It matters whether or not the human unit has an individual spirit, or whether or not the human can find for itself an extension of its being which is beyond the dominating power of Nature.

We contemplate the possibility of external life, and at times, grow weary at the thought of it. Any proof of such endlessness is not likely to come with a feeling of joy, unless there is evidence of a state of being that would patently be adaptable to such endlessness. We may find joy in the assurance that we will not die, but that is not describing the state of being after death. We may have sorrow in the observing of the difference between the state of the finite man and that of the absolute man, -- but that sorrow is not hell nor is it a true characteristic of our state of being in the Absolute.

There is an account of an experience, appended to this Paper. It was written over twenty years ago. The experience described, -- had all the symptoms of sorrow and despair, which changed as I progressed in the experience. I tried then to convey the unusual conviction that settled upon me, and do not think that it can ever be said better with any other words, by me.

It happened when I was thirty-two years of age. I had reached a sort of culmination of physical desire and spiritual frustration. My spiritual objectives were still bounded by my intellectual ego, and to compound the foolishness, I was indulging a few other personality-voices. That which I am trying to say here may not be clear enough (about my personal life), but one need not advance into morbidity to describe a dead horse.

I was playing the drama of life with one face, and was looking eagerly to heaven with the other. I came apart at the seams very quickly. It was almost as though a chemical catalyst had been dropped into my mind. At the time, I was sure that I was going insane. I should pause here to acknowledge the many psychiatric fingers pointing in my direction ... at that admission. You may even say that I was preparing for this admission when I attacked psychiatry in my previous writings ... Perhaps I was. But, if I have been there and back, I should know a little more than the mechanic who has had a more limited confusion of the mental type, -- because of his protected vegetable existence. And I should be more reliable than any inkblot specialists who may have "been there too", but whose professional pose prevents them from admitting it.

I did not do anything rash. I had no reason to. I had no reason to do anything. While the ego is being melted, there is no joy. Sorrow permeated my whole being ... sorrow for myself and for humanity. The distress became almost unbearable, and it came upon me from the field of my mind, not from emotion. Emotion may have

triggered it. Or a brick in the pavement may have caused it, or my emotional experiments may have triggered it. However, once the catalyst started the change of mind, absolutely nothing mattered. I had no attachments beyond myself ... once I became ... more deeply.

The initial attachment for myself became the prime source of my sorrow. I met myself face-to-face, and the division shocked me. Everything upon which I looked had a different meaning and aspect from previous comprehension, and was impossible to convey in language. Things in their essence are tangible only to mind-essence, and not tangible to the mind of everyday cognition. Somewhere in the being of man there is an eye that must be open. We open it by closing all eyes or egos.

Many things might qualify a deliberate attempt to arrive at such an experience. This is where a brotherhood or sangha becomes useful. It is like walking a tightrope in the dark. A friend to guide each step saves many a fall or loss of time. The friend needs to have walked the tightrope himself, before, to know what it is all about.

The term "tightrope" is used to signify the precariousness of the position of the mind which adventures into intangibles. This acrobat must be well balanced by intuition and common sense. He must be eager, but his eagerness without some skill may cause much spinning of the wheels. He must keep his attention on the search for Truth for years, and decades, if need be. If he is young, he must look forward to a relentless struggle with no guarantee of immediate success. I remember that when I was twenty years of age, I decided to make this search my life's work. I decided then that I would try to change my being (I thought that it was that simple) within a couple of years. However, I was determined that if it took my entire life, and if at the end of that life I had still failed to pierce the veil, -- I would be nevertheless more satisfied than if I had never tried.

I thought that I had a powerful mind those days. I mistook a healthy body for a dynamic mind. I found myself able to decide on plans and carry them out. I made a few predictions that came true, and I thought that I had a superior computer. It helped a bit, but I was living in a glass house. Now and then emotion would settle on me like a stifling fog, and it would interrupt my meditations or studies. Irritation set in and the respites from it were brief periods of mystical peace or joy. I found yoga to be a wonderful sedative. I thought at that time that I was dialing heaven. Years went by, and with the years, my conceit began to shred away. When I reached thirty years of age, I decided that I had been kidding myself. My intense hunger for Truth was waning. I was not sure of anything except that which I could see in the mirror, and that image was not faring too well in the hands of time. Then came the accident, or the event which is referred to as cosmic consciousness. It is important to remember that this was an accident. I had never met anyone previously who had that type of experience. My previous preconceptions about spiritual awakening were the result of readings of lives of mystics, and their glowing personal accounts. These readings brought me to the expectation that enlightenment was coincidental with overwhelming joy.

The fact that I experienced almost the opposite of that which I expected, convinces me that wish was not a father to the result. In other words, the state spontaneously evolved.

I was on the Pacific Coast at the time. I hurriedly left for Cleveland. I had a friend there. I did not wish to go home in my stunned condition. I remained relatively stunned for several weeks. The world was still a very strange place. The people moved about like robots, but gradually they became people again. Then I found a kind of gentle amusement in the apparent foolishness of their aimless scrambling.

I took a job in Alliance, Ohio, and rented a room there. My friend had moved there from Cleveland, and he managed to get me a job with the company that employed him. I do not think that his recommendation of me added any to his prestige with the company. I did not care for the future of the company, and that is not an attitude conducive to social harmony in a research-laboratory. My objective then, was to write a poetic book. The physical world had now become very beautiful to me. It was as if I had died, and had come back to life, to a drama with new meaning. Actually, I was losing contact with the motionless condition imposed on me by my

momentarily becoming part of motionlessness. Motion was once more enchanting. A rose was once more a rose. I came home from work each day and propped myself up in front of a typewriter. I thought that I had a message of joy and beauty for the world.

Then one day I began to write my feelings about the strange experience. Previously I had avoided writing anything down because I felt that there was no use in trying to describe it or account for it. I used an emotional medium to describe that which ultimately was without emotion, -- that which gave way to nothingness. I called this writing, *The Three Books of the Absolute*.

They were written automatically. They were not composed. I just began writing, and my thoughts flowed through the typewriter. I did not realize completely at the time that my experience came under any mystical category, or had any label known to the general public. I read the *Three Books of the Absolute* to my friend, and he was impressed by them. But then he was impressionable, or so I thought.

I filed them away because I did not encounter many people who were interested in the apparently temporary derangement. Between five and ten years later, while working with a psychic-research group in Steubenville, Ohio, a thoughtful lady gave me a book called, *Cosmic Consciousness*, by Bucke. As I read it, I learned for the first time the extent to which it was possible for laymen to experience the same thing that I had. By laymen, I mean, people with no religious affiliation or mystical discipline. The layman, in fact, may be better able to encounter the experiences needed to bring about the grand experience more so than a cloistered monk. And so I became convinced that it was not impossible to communicate the idea to others, if I took enough pains, perhaps.

A writing of this type was planned over ten years ago. I realized that man's thinking apparatus was almost hopelessly programmed to give out rationalization and wishful errors. I realized that man was not only a prisoner of space and time, but also a prisoner cast in an unreal world, -- completely out of touch with his unidentifiable brothers. All of humanity are hopeless robots, even though their egos are as eminent as their skyscrapers. Occasionally and accidentally, a robot puts to his own computer a question and comes up with an answer about himself, which tells him that he is a robot. And, thus he becomes less of a robot.

And so now, I am trying to contact the other robots ... especially the robots who have progressed to that accidental computerization that makes them aware of their robotic state. I have seen this theme portrayed in science fiction stories, and marvelled at the hint of truth in them, -- and wondered about the authors of some of those stories. Could they too, be trying to give the robots a hint?

[End]

Retrieved from '<https://www.direct-mind.org/index.php?title=Albigen-Papers-8-Maximum-Reversal&oldid=336>'