



CHAPTER EIGHT



Dimensions Beyond the Known



The Giza Pyramids Clock

Chapter 8

‘It’s like a stopwatch; where you end one life is where you begin the next,’

Osho said in ***Dimensions Beyond the Known***.

...‘It takes courage! It is possible to make you remember your previous births only if you have achieved the capacity to remain undisturbed in the midst of the very difficult memories of this life. But when the memories of your previous lives break upon you in their entirety, and not fragments, will you be able to bear it? When no memory of this life can be a cause of anxiety to you, only then can you be led into the memories of past lives. Otherwise those memories can become a great trauma, and the door to such traumas cannot be opened unless you have the capacity and worthiness to face them.’

<https://archive.org/details/dimensions-beyond-the-known>



Kwan-Yin Lady of Compassion

Now I understand why *the Sphinx* so poetically, so ingeniously, entangled me with tantalizing clues that led me into painful past lives... And honestly, sometimes for months and years, I could hardly bear it, BUT—I *could never deny it!* (So it’s now or never, as I’m 79 at this writing.) Since these dramas were two and three lifetimes ago, it’s absolutely clear: we are *NOT* our body, though we manifest similar features, and we are *NOT* our brain, though our recoverable memories are impressively long. ...So can we possibly be different from our eternally rebirthing universe? *That’s illogical!* I’m not a psychologist, metaphysician, or, as you noticed, not even a professional author; I’m just a fellow traveler with much to learn, or as Lalla of Kashmir wrote: *‘Wander, my poor soul, you are not going home anytime soon.’*

One October night in 87, I was in Providence, Rhode Island, at dinner with *Adini's* owner, *Jagdish Sachdeva*, one of the big three in Indian apparel. His young assistant abruptly suggested taking me to a *Native American* seer she knew. ...I hadn't even said hello; it was too dark for her to see my face, yet as I went through the doorway into the unlit room, she said, ***'You couldn't save the baby! Your wet clothes were pulling you down into the cold black ocean.'*** — *Oh, my heart! Tears filled my eyes... The scene came rushing back.* — I was young, going to America with *Ali*. We were in Amsterdam waiting to board a ship, while he sanded down a pair of wooden shoes for me, until they were so thin, they looked more like Indian juttis. The ship was funky, and I gave birth onboard. Then we were wrecked in a storm; I lost *Ali* when he went into the cold ocean to ***'Save the baby!'*** A Frenchman rescued me. I believe we were also French. ...That was another short life. From my bed in an attic room, with candy cane stripes wallpaper, a high fever transported me from this earthly realm to the next —***to meet Ali.***

(*That the Native American seer, before ever laying eyes on me, saw my past-life trauma confirms our powerfully emotional immortal journey.)

Somehow my *messengers* are always gentle females, as in my 9/11 story with *Kwan-Yin*. The company built a posh residence in *Vasant Vihar*, in the diplomatic enclave, for the expanding harem of designers, so we were not in five-star hotels on this trip. It was Saturday, Sept. 8, 2001, at about 6:00 am, precisely 3 days before the attacks, when I was thrown out of bed, with her shocking vision. Heart-wrenching feelings emanated from *Kwan-Yin*, who was floating in the skies observing a black boomerang hitting two tall black columns. And off to the left she saw the heads of five Eastern-faced men. It was her agonized emotions that shook me out of a deep sleep, out of bed and onto my feet. *"What was that!?"* Maybe it would become clear on my ride to the Faridabad factory. ...While riding comfortably in the back-seat of the SUV with headphones on, we passed *Tughlaqabad Fort*, where a troop of beggar monkeys lined up on their fence demanding treats. So the morning's alarming vision vanished—until 10:00 pm Tuesday night, Sept. 11, 2001.



Tughlaqabad Fort Delhi built 1320

When I entered the residence, the servants said. “*Your country, madam!*” — “*My country?*”... I went inside and turned on the TV to watch that scene familiar to us all.

Sleeping in my bed in Mill Valley, California, I saw the 1985 Mexico City earthquake from the soaring height of an airplane, also in the customary *3 days*. ...It’s recorded that President Lincoln had a dream of his own death *3 days before the event*. Why this always happens *3 days* before, I can’t say; these are *Dimensions Beyond the Known* — but I know, as in the film *City of Angels*, “***They are with us every step of the way.***” Sadly, we are taught by Church et al, not to hear them.

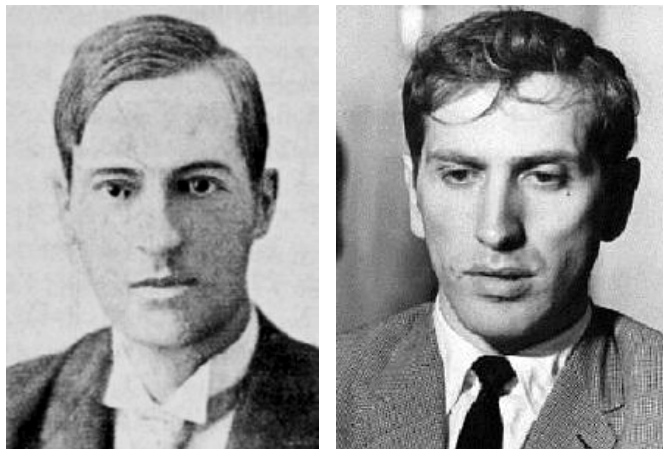
(*Tesla said: By knowing the power of 3 we can unlock the secrets of creation.)

In 2009, I met a *biophoton healer*. In a violet-painted room, I was lying on her massage table with silver-dollar-size ***Bioluminis Photon Filters*** strategically placed on my body when, minutes after, I was floating in a soft blue light. *Photons* are the *light force* in all living matter that *fortifies DNA*. While traveling at the speed of light, they’re only visible to Kirlian photography. Biophotons are accountable for cell communication and aging. So there I was, eyes closed, infused with biophoton blue light, ostensibly getting younger; when I felt, and then saw, Ali leaning over my lifeless body softly weeping. Although he felt so near, I couldn’t touch or comfort him.

The Sphinx told me I’m a *TOCSIN*, ‘*a sign or omen, the ringing of the bell*’ ...so it’s time to share some more revelations: ... In 1818, *Travels in Egypt*

author *Count de Forbin* met many times with *The Pasha* and mentions Ali having an *uncontrollable hiccup and facial twitching*, the result of a poisoning attempt to assassinate him. Others have also recorded this same foible. And when *The Mexican Healer* was tired, he exhibited the very same quirk. In *The English Woman in Egypt*, Sophia Lane Poole's letters; in 1844 she stayed in the palace for a week of wedding festivities, enjoying sumptuous baths, but refused the *painful joint-cracking health massage*; which sounds a lot like *The Mexican Healer's painful joint-twisting treatments*.

(Letter XXIX) <https://archive.org/details/englishwomanineg00pool>



Harry Nelson Pillsbury the late Bobby Fischer

Tragic World Chess Champions Harry Nelson Pillsbury and Bobby Fischer are another example of ***past-life trauma***. ...Poor mental health, the result of a syphilis infection, prevented Harry Pillsbury from realizing his full potential. He died at just 33 from the disease in 1906. Chess prodigy from 6 years old, Bobby Fischer's story, portrayed by Tobey Maguire in the 2014 film '*Pawn Sacrifice*,' displays his lifelong extreme mental health problems.

Behind the veil, I could see things, understand and know things I did not know of in my 21st century reality, many things I could research, but many my mind could no longer access, while knowing: ***'Everything that has ever existed, and will ever exist, is inside us, and it's accessible!'***

.... And I have no doubt that better minds than mine could solve many of humankind's problems if they traveled to '*Dimensions Beyond the Known*,' so we can clear past-life traumas and more!

I believe there's not a single *Master* here who has not been here before, with the same proclivity of talent. ...So I want to thank these well-known masters, for enlightening us once again (with the help of *The Sphinx*) just as they've gifted heretical truths to the world in their past-lives, sometimes against life-threatening opposition.

(Catholic Rome burned Giordano Bruno at the stake for supporting Copernican heliocentricity, and for believing in the soul's transmigration, in an infinite re-birthing universe.)

Being so plugged-in, I began spontaneously recognizing people, the way I'd recognized *David Roberts* as *David Reyes*, even though he was in Arab garb and with a thinner physique. ... And of course I've learned that:

'We must go on to complete the work—logical!' ... While researching Egyptian archaeologists, of then and now, I recognized *John West's* dear friend *Graham Hancock* as being *Sir John Login*, *Duleep's Guardian Angel*. Jindan apologized to Login for trying to have him poisoned after realizing what a good man he was, maybe the only decent man in that rapacious drama. Login said he was aware and had taken precautions.



Hancock - Bauval - JAWS



John Spencer Login

Knowing how passionate we are about our missions, it did not take long to discover Hancock's past-lives. ... Except for Login's British-India life, Copernicus, Newton, and Hancock's life's work is driven by confirming ***the precession of the equinoxes***. So what are the chances of finding in *Hancock* all the confirming physical and occupational characteristics?



Graham Hancock



John Login



Issac Newton



Copernicus

100 years after the acceptance of Copernicus' heliocentric theory, Isaac Newton explained to the West that ***gravity's pull from the Sun and Moon causes the precession of the equinoxes***, causing Earth to wobble like a spinning top. *Precession* determines the stars we see, and in about 25,700 years, completes a cycle. Whereas today *Polaris* lies at the *North Pole*, like a clock over time, other stars will become the *North Star*. After a full cycle, *the precessional star positions* are back where they began. It's called *The Great Year*, and India calls it *The Yuga Cycles*. Earth precesses from *The Golden Age* to a *Silver, Bronze, and Iron Age*, corresponding to the human spiritual cycle. 'As above, so below.' We are ascending from the *Kali Yuga / Iron Age*, personified by greedy, sinful behavior, to the *Bronze Age*. (**Yet somehow, ancient civilizations knew about this 25,700-year cycle! **)

Graham Hancock was born in 1950 in Scotland; he went to India when he was 3 years old. His doctor father traveled to India as a surgeon at the Christian Medical Center. As a journalist in Africa, Graham wrote *The Lords of Poverty* about colonial-capitalist corruption (he experienced firsthand as Login). Then, inspired by *Hamlet's Mill*, research of axial precession encoded in *Ancient Mythology*, Graham wrote his best selling 1995: *Fingerprints of the Gods, Evidence of Earth's Lost Civilizations*.

Here he posits *Ice Age* civilizations, ending in a cataclysm, passed on knowledge of astronomy and mathematics, preserved in megalithic-stone architecture like the ***Pyramids of Giza, aligned to precessional stars***. (— *And coincidentally, Newton also studied the Giza Pyramids, believing they could reveal the time of the ‘Ancient Apocalypse’, and that Egyptians possessed profound knowledge lost to us in the modern world!*)

John Spencer Login was born in 1809 in Scotland and went to India in 1832 for The East India Company and posted as assistant surgeon to *the Bengal Artillery, the Nizam’s Army*, and then became a resident surgeon in Lucknow. Under Login’s guardianship, Duleep converted to Christianity, and went to England with him in 1854. ...Login died precipitously in 1863.

So what are the chances that both Login and Hancock were born in Scotland, they have the same facial features, and Graham goes to India with his surgeon father at 3 years old, plus—writing about colonial-corruption, embracing all the markers of reincarnation? ...‘It’s like a stopwatch; where you end one life is where you begin the next.’

...Authoring over a dozen books, Hancock partnered with *Robert Bauval*, who wrote the *Orion Correlation Theory*, positing that Giza’s *Pyramids* mirror the three stars of ***Orion’s Belt, fixing the date at 10,500 BCE***. *The Earth’s Younger Dryas period of abrupt cooling, 12,900 y.a.* Its cause is believed to be an *asteroid impact*. ***In 2022 Netflix aired its most watched and dangerous show, Hancock’s ‘Ancient Apocalypse’***. (*Whether as Copernicus, Newton, or Hancock, his revelations are always ‘dangerous’.)

https://www.sourcewatch.org/index.php/Graham_Hancock



JAWS - Bauval - Zahi Hawass - Hancock

My Whispering Sphinx rambled on about a soul who she's especially fond of, all the way back to Pharaonic times! And she's also fond of testing me. ***So with the keys of immortality in hand***, just as I had found my past-life lovers and friends, just as JAWS was Budge, as Bobby Fischer was Harry Pillsbury, as Larry *Harry Flashman* King was Thomas Hughes, that I would find the past-life of Graham's close friend, *Robert Bauval*, in Egypt too!

Robert Bauval was born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1948. At 19, Bauval was educated in England. With his Belgian/Maltese parents, he left just before the *Six-Day War* in 1967. He returned to the Middle East, working as an engineer. In 1995 he wrote his bestselling ***The Orion Mystery*** and is best known for the ***Orion Correlation Theory***: that Giza's Pyramids, like a clock, mirror the alignment of the stars in *Orion's Belt* in 10,500 BC.

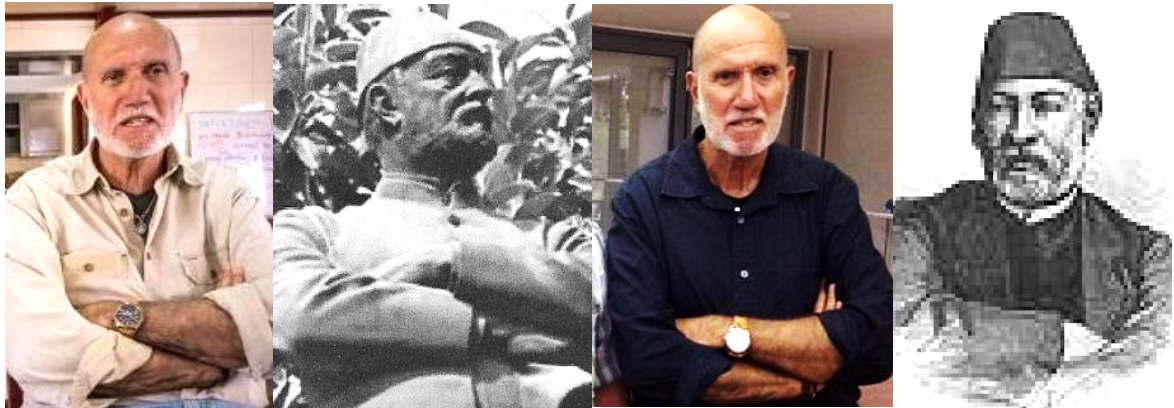


Robert Bauval

Auguste Mariette

Robert Bauval has an invincible personality, but most impossible to ignore are his physical traits—like his *crossed arms*! ... *‘Both defensive and self-soothing, crossing your arms makes you utilize your left and right brain, thus creating a higher cognitive functional ability.’* ... *‘Old habits die hard,’*

and that's why *Mariette's statue* in front of the Cairo Museum *has his arms crossed*. I could show many photos of both with *crossed arms*; notwithstanding, *his protruding jaw*, there are a profusion of confirming attributes...



Robert Bauval

Auguste Mariette

Bauval

Mariette

Auguste Mariette was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1821. At 18, he went to England as a professor of French and drawing. A talented draftsman, he supplemented his income by writing on archeological subjects for periodicals. Self-taught in Coptic and hieroglyphs, the Louvre sent him to Egypt in 1850. And in 1851 he discovered the *Avenue of Sphinxes* and *Serapeum in Saqqara*, remaining for 4 years. Returning to Egypt at the request of Sa'id Pasha, *'I knew I would go mad if I did not return to Egypt,'* who created the position of *Conservator of Egyptian Monuments* to protect against the illegal antiquities trade. Sa'id died in 1863, and in 1869 Mariette wrote an epic for *Khedive Isma'il*, for the opening of the *Suez Canal*. To compose the opera *'Aida,'* he approached *Giuseppe Verdi*. Set in *The Old Kingdom*, Mariette designed the settings and posters, he was indefatigable, and unsurprisingly, *he hasn't changed a bit*.



1869 Suez Canal Opening, Khedive Isma'il, Empress Eugenie

(*The Suez Canal connected the Mediterranean with the Red Sea in Pharaonic times but was reclaimed by desert sands. Khedive 'Isma'il the Magnificent' proclaimed, *'My country is no longer in Africa. I have made it a part of Europe.'* The American Civil War allowed Egypt to corner the cotton market, but the canal, plus his construction of palaces, was such a financial burden that it bankrupted the country, provoking a rebellion that exiled Isma'il for life....His grandfather *Mohammed Ali Pasha* always said: *'We will open the Suez Canal when it is owned by Egypt—and not before!'*)

Robert Bauval has an older brother, *Jean-Paul*, who looks nothing at all like him, but in appearance and occupational talents, he matches absolutely perfectly with ***Gaspard Monge!***



Gaspard Monge Jean-Paul Bauval

Gaspard Monge was a friend of Bonaparte's and supported the French Revolution. A mathematician and inventor of '***descriptive geometry***,' he went to Egypt in 1798 with Napoleon's group of savants. He became the president of the *Institut d'Egypte*, and founded the *French Polytechnique*.

Jean-Paul Bauval, born in Alexandria, Egypt, is an architect who discovered *universal constant Fibonacci numbers in the Great Pyramid of Giza* that are there for us to decode:

"Civilizations may disappear, but universal truths remain forever. There is no writing in the GP that can be misunderstood, only 'Universal Constant Numbers'—it speaks the language of mathematics. As an architect, before you build a project, one must plan it with measurements, with mathematics! ...The latitude of the GP from its apex is another constant, the 'Speed of Light!' ...Just a coincidence?"

(*Einstein says: ***Coincidences are God's way of remaining anonymous!***)

*(*Reincarnation is to consciousness as Einstein's theory is to $E=mc^2$... It may change form, but can never be destroyed!...Paul Von Ward: The Soul Genome)*
*(*The speed of light in meters per second is 299,792,458, according to Google, and the Great Pyramid of Giza is at N. latitude 299,792,458. Researchers posit that the Ancient Egyptians knew about the meter and how to measure Earth.)*

Now I may not fathom: 'a blueprint of prime numbers from an advanced civilization encoded in the GP,' that Jean-Paul decodes; but I can recognize that it's something the mathematician *Gaspard Monge*, as the inventor of '**descriptive geometry**' who went on the first expedition with Napoleon's savants to Egypt would want to know! ...

The politics of past-lives are profoundly, psychologically altering. If we knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that we would reincarnate on this spectacular planet, would societies be more respectful, more responsible? If we knew that in our past-lives we'd been *Pagan, Hindu, Jew, Christian, Muslim, or Sikh*, would we be more tolerant and more interested in history? But the TRUTH takes 2nd place to power. Sir Francis Bacon said, '*Knowledge is Power*,' but mankind is told that our '*Eating the Fruit of Knowledge*' is '*The Original Sin!*' ... I completely flip that *metaphorical-myth* on its head!. While the whispering serpent says we will *taste Death* if we eat the fruit from the *Tree of Life*...he gracefully slithers out of his old skin—**only to live on!**

These '*Masters*' spent lifetimes passionately revealing their discoveries of our lives on Planet Earth. Yet one doesn't need to be a *psychic* to question the spiritual bandwidth of the *religious inquisitors*, who exploit our 'souls' for power and profit with *fictionalized, organized delusions! Eternal-death, but not Eternal-life. A Trinity, but not Infinity!* ... So more and more I'm seeing that we can't possibly differ from the recycling, reincarnating, eternally conscious universe, that we are all an essential part of. ...**Quite seriously—There's so much more to discover about our eternal life!**

*(*Public figure's Graham Hancock, Robert & Jean-Paul Bauval's Bios are posted on their internet sites. I have informed them of their illustrious past-lives.)*