

Book One

After Those Days



By Dr. Charlotte Weaver

Transcribed by Prof. Georgann Cullen

Illustrations Inked & Digitized by Laurie Webelhuth

Distributed by the Dr. Charlotte Weaver Foundation

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BY REASON OF THE SPEECH

OF   

By

DR. CHARLOTTE W. WEAVER

Foreword

To



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Who was my mother.

An attempted lay treatise on the higher human psychic integration, discussing the identity, genesis, powers and functions of the human psyche or soul in terms of subatomic physics and a pre-prefrontal area of the human cerebral cortex that does not exist in any extrahuman brain, their relationship with human behaviour patterns. Cast beyond the frontiers of parapsychology, supresensory reception, submolecular biochemistry, from the vantage of associated bits of personal experience, imbibed tribal memories, collected related experience of contemporaries, historic philosophies and religions, prehistoric archeology and paleography, semantics, the contemporary sciences. Ranging from yesterday through today into tomorrow.

Designed for attempted sharing of its considered moieties with other human persons.

For now, there is today in America subatomic physics, molecular genetics, ultrasensory awareness, electromagnetic brain waves, atomic memory, a resurgence of religion, - a will to explore beyond these scientifically. And a desire to see all peoples and all people free and self-determined, in a starry-eyed assumption that this, were it to come about, would ensure world peace.

Dr. Charlotte W. Weaver, ca 1960.

EDITORS' PREFACE

The text of this book was typed from Dr. Charlotte Weaver's manuscript by Georgann Cullen and had been reviewed and corrected essentially in its entirety by Dr. Weaver at the time of her death in 1964. Georgann Cullen and the late William W. Martin, both of whom studied the work under Dr. Weaver's guidance, have undertaken only necessary minor editing, rearrangement and renumbering which they believe to be generally in accord with Dr. Weaver's wishes. (WWM and GAC, 1992)

The following quote from the Chinese philosopher Mencius was found among Dr. Weaver's papers. "Extensively learn and in all detail state it, so that later, summarize its essence." Dr. Weaver's manuscripts and research notes exemplify this statement of Mencius. They reveal the mind of a "great synthesizer". Her brain organized and synthesized into a coherent philosophy vast amounts of data from a wide diversity of disciplines including the structure and function of the human brain, human behavior and human evolution. In her attempt to present a coherent system of thought, she drew information from a vast array of sources which resulted in an extensive study of language symbols and writings from many ancient civilizations.

Many people contributed to the publication of Book One. Dr. Weaver's original manuscripts and notes were handwritten in pencil on onion skin paper. The next step was typing the manuscript on a manual typewriter, followed by microfilming the handwritten and typed manuscript. Circa 1970 the typed manuscript was entered into a computer using key punch cards. Various edits of the computerized manuscript have brought it to its current status.

Unpublished manuscripts and notes will be available at the Museum of OsteopathySM, Kirksville, MO, in their Online Collection. (www.atsu.edu/museum)

The late Carol J. Lutz and Cathy Hamer were responsible for supervising and implementing the computer formatting, correcting, keying, etc. Without their problem-solving abilities and patient meticulous work this book would not have made it to publication.

Publishing constraints made it impossible to include Dr. Weaver's extensive illustrations Book One. References to each illustration are included in the text. These illustrations will be available in the Online Collection

of The Museum of OsteopathySM. Laurie A. Webelhuth reproduced Dr. Weaver's original illustrations, many in pencil on onion-skin paper, some in ink on drawing paper. When possible, they were scanned directly into the computer. When not possible, the original drawings were carefully retraced and the traced drawings scanned into the computer. Laurie is also responsible for all of the in-text language symbols which appear in Books One and Two. These in-text illustrations were either scanned directly or redrawn from Dr. Weaver's original in-text drawings. Carol Lutz then placed each of these language symbols into the text.

Many thanks also to Darren Chapman our computer expert who, always available to solve countless computer problems, kept us on track. (GAC 2013)

BOOK ONE

AFTER

THOSE

DAYS

To yesterday

PROLOGUE

i. THE METAMORPHOSES

In France, on the Brittany coast, at LaBaule, on a group of small rock islands jutting up from the bottom of the sea three miles out with the summer tide and which are no rock islands when the tide is in but a local rippling murmur in the vast movement of ionic liquefaction which is the sea, a countless commune of la moulle divulges to the seeking eye certain of the processes of their transmutations from the first cellular colonies of amorphous-like black slime which appear upon the surfaces of the rock to the myriad final, individually perfected bivalves which one gathers expectantly because of the persistence with which certain frontal association processes place them in savory juxtaposition with the cooks' pot at Ker Fiamette.

Mornings when the tide is out, the entire story of their progressive metamorphoses is there to be read. Cellular colonies of black slime. Small gray nubbins of calcium carbonate. Gray nubbins which have become conical. Conical nubbins which have opened, bud-like, at their apices. Opened,

iridescent buds. Bell-shaped, exquisitely tinted four-petaled calcium carbonate flowers, upright on stems which attach them to their rock substratum. Clusters of delicately tinted flowers with tiny brown stamens. Deep within the flower cup. The stamen grows. It emerges from the upper mouth of the corolla. The opalescent petals expand. The brown stamen reflects glistening chestnut-brown spicules of sunlight. The stamen is an elongated brown bivalve with the most perfect of pale flesh-pink hinges along one side. Sometimes the bivalve opens. It is lined with purplish iridescent mother of pearl. It surrounds a pistil-like formation. The pistil is brilliant. It is yellow. This is the animal form.

These are the final stages: the bivalve emerges from its embryonal calcium carbonate flower-like fetal membranes. They remain attached to the rock. The bivalve opens. The yellow animal form reaches outward into the green and turquoise sea.

A living sequence of form and color. And something more. Progressive biochemical and morphological mutations. And something more. The life history of La Moulle. The ontogenesis of a bivalve.

And something more.

Some sort of unspoken beauty.

Time was when no black slime was there. Only the sea and the limestone rock. Time was when no limestone rock was there. Only the sea. The moon. And the tide. Time was when no sea was there. No moon was there. Only the sun. The stars and the planets. Interstellar space. And, time was when these were not there. Only the potency that is the vibrant will of the infinite that the universe become. And that a human being become. And, having become, continue to become. Dynamically. Progressively. Cumulatively.

ii. COAST OF HUMANKINDNESS

I have walked along the shore of LaBaule at evening tide, when the children from the plage had gone home to sleep. When the sands of the plage beached only the onshore breeze. When the tide moved outward. When the parents of the children had gone home to their evening meal. When the after dinner people were going to the casino. When the day was done. When the setting sun flamed the heavens.

And I have sat upon the sea wall along the esplanade. Alone. Until the stars came out. Until the sleeping children's dreams left the villas where they slept and wandered starry-eyed among the best of them through the vault of the heavens. Until the people in the theatre of the casino sat under the spell of Mistinguett. And the croupiers cried in the gambling rooms. And the couples danced where the orchestra played. And too-tired strollers through the casino grounds sat themselves crackling against the myriad snails unseen in the

twilight. Until the moon began to find her path among the stars. Pointing the twin horns of her silver crescent away from the place in the sea into which the sun had set. And the vault of the heavens became midnight blue. And only the zodiacal light marked the place of the pathway through which the earth turns away from the sun.

This is the time to go to these islands. When the galaxy spreads its mystery north-south around the celestial sphere and the zodiac, from west to east, marks the path of the earth round the sun. When into the indigo night self-luminous Eulamellibranchiata Pholas sends forth its challenge of self-generated light.

Let us wade out to these islands. Let us wade out with the tide as it recedes from these western European shores. Let us find these islands where the bulletin boards are posted. Where the light is generated. Where self-luminous organisms send forth their biochemoluminescence into the universe. Let us read the bulletin boards. Let us face the west. For too long a time we have faced the east. An era too long.

Let us find a place among these limestone rocks with our backs to Europe. With our faces to the other, the western, continents. Let us sit here until the tide turn. When the tide comes in again we must precede it. We must get to the shore before the waters do. If we do not the waters will engulf us. And we cannot swim. For we do not know how. We do not know what humanity is. We must precede it. We must know. We must come to know as we stay here for these few self-salvaging hours on these tidal islands. We must find out. We must precede the engulfment. In that way, as we precede it, the tide comes in, yes, the tide comes in but humanity is not engulfed.

Not to be engulfed. That is the necessity.

Let us sit here with the white sands of La Pouligan, the little gosling; with Batz, her salt marshes, her tiny museum of the salt makers, her seven-century-old church of the Christ, its 190-foot tower a guide to her men of the fishing fleet, her fishermen at sea in their fishing vessels. Her fiercely rockbound midget beach. The lonely, stately menhir. Immediately over the sea. At the very sea. 150 feet over the very sea. When the storms are of an intensity which hurls the sea up over the rocks onto the menhir, the women come. When the intensity of the storm washes the hurled sea mightily over the tip of the menhir, the women remain. They keep an unbroken watch. The women of Batz who climb the steep rocks to the summit where the menhir stands, who cluster round the menhir. The priest. Some past priest has placed a metal cross over the top of the menhir. It is crooked. This priest learns from the women. The women are always there when the storms are high. When the vessels do not come in. When the fleet does not come in. These. The women and the priest. They are quiet. They are silent. They do not pray. They do not acclaim. They do not supplicate. They do not propitiate. They do not seek to appease. They do something. Something within themselves. Silently. Concentratedly. Without anguish. Beyond anguish. Uninterruptedly.

The women remain. When they must go, there are other women. Their hearts draw them here. Their necessity draws them here. But there is something more than emotion. Something more than faith. Something more than necessity.

There is this profound creating. Helping. Helping. Helping.

Not returning their own unto themselves. They have learned loss. Helping. Helping. Helping the men. On the sea. Beyond the sea. Earth. Or the sea. Or the sky. Or the storms. Beyond these. They send something out to the men. They help the men.

The priest is there. Quiet. Silent. Among the women. Giving them of his strength. For them to use up along with their own in this which they do.

Sometimes the young boys come. One at a time. Alone. Not in twos. Not in threes. Not in groups. They come alone. One at a time. They infiltrate. Quietly. Each towards his mother. Not too near. Not so that she is interrupted by him. Where he can see her. He watches her. He does not watch the sea. He knows what the sea does. He learns what they do. Then, he, too knows. Sometimes a boy, the long learning in that quiet moment having become transmuted into quiet action, takes his quiet place with the women. An added strength is there. More than went out before goes out now. More in quantity.

The young girls come in little huddles. At long intervals. They watch the sea. They watch the women. They watch the boys. They know what the women are doing. They learn what the boys are doing. This is their schooling.

When the men come in, through the storm, through the fury, they, too, have known.

Let us sit here, with LePouligan, with Batz, with Le roisic, Carnac, Morbihan, Brest, St.Malo, Cherbourg, LeHavre: Brittany, Normandy: The north invasion coast: Great Britain, the free Irish, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Spitzbergen, to the right of us as we face the sea. Let us sit here with Pornichet; the sweet south drive to St. Marguerite; St. Mark; St. Nazarre where the friendly ships came from. Where, then, the enemy submarines propagated. Where, then, the commandos destroyed. Nantes, Bayonne, Bordeaux. Now that the enemy has gone, the Bay of Biscay, the Pyrenees, St. Jean deLuz where the boy babies protest in a friendly, melodious, bass complaint when their baptismal waters from the eighteenth century Cathedral of St. John le Baptiste is not just to their liking. The Basque country. Hondye, Lisbon, Spain, Gibraltar, the straits. Morocco, Algiers, the south invasion coast, to the left of us.

Let all of Europe and Asia remain where we cannot see them as they are today. Where we cannot be confused by what there is to be seen. Where we can know Europe and Asia but not have to see Europe and Asia. So that our thinking cannot be confused by their stench and their turmoil and their tragedy before our eyes. By their integrity and their beauty and their faith. And their tragedy. For a great miasma comes up over Europe and the brown lethal fumes consume all that which is there.

Let Australia be where it is. Let the Pacific Islands remain where they are.

And let Africa be where it is. Not so much to our backs as to our left. Let it be there. Perhaps Africa, what Africa has once been, what Africa will once be, perhaps these will help us in the changing of our pain into steadfast endurance.

As well as the loved ones, there are the loved places. These, too, are destroyed. The world as we knew it is destroyed. Only out of our steadfast countenance can the steadfast future occur.

As we sit on these small islands, we shall be facing the Americas. But we shall not be looking to the Americas. The Americas are there. They will be there. But we must not look to them. No, that we must not do. No. That will never do.

We must find that which we must find all over the world. All over the world wherever there are human persons. Because what we must find is something which a human person is.

We must know this. For we are sore tried. We are old. Our lives well nigh spent. Those whom we have loved are gone. That which we have been is not. Our life has not become. Its portent is in abeyance. We are young. Our lives lie before us. We are in the middle years. Life seethes round us. To and from us. Within us. We must know. We must know. Our life is like a tide which cannot spend itself.

Until the tide return, for these few hours, or for some small portion of these few hours, let us sit here on these tidal islands of LaCote d'Amour, the coast of humankindness. Perhaps some intelligence will come to us. Perhaps from some high ashram where the archives of human knowledge are collected together, where no wars have torn them, where no humanity has destroyed them, where some humanity has preserved them, where they are obtainable and readable; perhaps from there these meanings of the human race can be rayed steadily out to us as we sit creating out of this our dire necessity. Perhaps we can become at one with that which surrounds us here in the universe, away from the human catastrophe.

This is the emergence of comprehension. When the heavens of night make their affirmation against the blankness of day. Showing forth their majesty, the dignity of their authority, the sovereign power of their grandeur, their rank, their character, their being, their imposing loneliness, their stateliness. Making of the beams of our too brilliant sun a curtain of radiant heat which has obscured them.

Here now on the island, freed of the infrared, the red, the visible, the ultraviolet, the human head can find relief from its solar-terrestrial confusion within the cool assurance of interstellar affirmation reaching it and entering it and smoothing out its overlit, its overheated, its too blatant ways.

Let us come to these islands as the earth comes to her night.

What wonder that from west to east, turning, ever, toward the turbulence, the heat, the necessity which is the sun of its days, turns, thus, the earth, ever, onward from west to east, into the law and order of its night. And, finding there sublimity, seeks ever, though drawn into the sun and dependent upon the sun, an orbital path away from the sun, into the manifestation of the greater law.

As we sit here on these islands, this is like the study room, this is like the research laboratory, this is like the conference chambers, this is like the destroyed libraries and the destroyed museums of Alexandria restored, this is like a lifetime in the most ancient archives of the Vatican, this is like the Egyptian temple rest. This is like the ashram isolation. This is samhadi. This is yesterday and today and tomorrow. This is the hour of vision. This is the self-genesis of light. This is the time for the emergence of comprehension. Here on these islands where the tide is out and until the tide returns.

Here is where we make the peace.

For the helping has ceased. And the will to destruction stalks among us. Unrepentant. Spreading like virus-laden water through the plasma of the lifeblood of the human phylum. Feeding upon the human precepts of our will to peace, destroying them. Replacing human precepts of the way of peace with the noxious toxic products of their own metabolism. Invading human culture. Dominating human mores. Eroding the cortical surfaces where the dynamic human behaviorism which is total human phyletic peace is generated. Destroying them. Until the will for peace has gone out of the human phylum. And the darkness of an emotionally bereaved world fills the total void. And the universe is hushed. And the night is dark. And the peoples lament.

And here and there a tall man walks.