

"Thus Speaketh the Stomach"

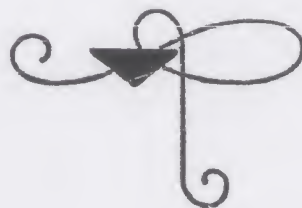
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"The Tragedy of Man's Nutrition"

By

Prof. Arnold Ehret

Originator of the Mucusless-Diet Healing System \$2.00



Third Edition

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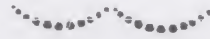


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"Thus Speaketh the Stomach"



The philosopher, Immanuel Kant, and other contemporary thinkers, have ventured to critically investigate the process of thinking, itself. The more modern materialistic school may at least claim the merit of having reminded us that normal thinking requires a normal organ of thought, with well-organized brain convolutions. Materialism placed the carriers of philosophical minds upon earthly soil again. It did not commence its speculations in the background, nor in the abstract, super-sensual and metaphysical—it put the scalpel of its thinking, figuratively and in reality, at the organs of the soul, and opened up a philosophy of life—starting with the material atom, and the cell of living substances. Brain convolutions, and the quality of nerve substance, seemed to become the criterion of a material basis—in order to obtain a "Critique of Pure Reason," without sophistic tendencies, and to grasp the spiritual and physical life—the process of thinking, as perception, logic and judgment. Now, the cell appeared really tangible and visible, as a specifically organized unit of living substance, and, as a co-ordinated carrier of bodily and mental functions. The anatomy of these micro-organisms is known; but the quality of their functions, the causes of their vitality are yet obscure. They forget that all depends upon the nourishing with live blood, and that the fundamental lever of all thinking—of thinking, itself—has to be put at the stomach; the center of blood formation—if we want to solve the mystery of life. One has to go to the gravity center of the organism—that is, one's stomach—in order to understand; alleviate; remedy the heaviness; the impediments to one's functions, known as disease. One has to look into the workings and at the basis of his central

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organs, if he wants to find the cause of accelerated and lowered functional capacity of all parts of the whole system, which are being nourished with blood, by the stomach.

Jean Jacques Rousseau dictated his writings while in a recumbent position. Friedrich Von Schiller put his feet into cold water while writing. Fainting is often the last stage of a bloodless condition of the brain, caused thru' a full stomach. Pythagoras had to fast forty days in order to understand the wisdom of Egypt; however, not because fasting causes a bloodless condition of the brain, as is generally believed, but, because the very opposite is the case. Far better than recumbent—as with Rousseau—or by cooling the feet—as with Schiller—does the human brain produce the best thoughts, the surest perceptions, when thoroughly permeated with blood. If, by fasting—as with Pythagoras,—the stomach has been brought to that state of cleanliness whereby perfect digestion of food is assured; there will be no interference in the regular nourishing of the brain with blood—thru' the presence of auto-toxins. One has, eventually to begin at the stomach, with a blood purifying. We must enter upon a higher grade of health—starting from the center of blood formation, in order to obtain a perception of “blood-pure-reason,” a priori, that disease in the main is but an unconscious laying of mines in the body, which will be brought to an inflammation and eruption thru' secondary, incident causes, such as a cold, infection, etc. We must eliminate the presence of unevacuated feces, retained thru' sticky mucus in the pockets of the intestines, constantly poisoning, and thereby interfering with proper digestion and blood-building.

If you will clean your intestines with “Innerclean Herbal Laxative,”* a harmless herb-vegetable compound perfected by myself, a surprise is in store for you.

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Not only all life, but all culture, in the better sense, proceeds from the stomach. But this organ, thru' false nursing by the too-material cult of Bacchus and Lucullus—according to Nietzsche—has become the father of all misery; the secret hot-bed of all disease. Here a latent deposit of moribund matter, consisting of retained waste products, is acting oppressively on the brain, and corrupting the blood, and, in each special case of disease; besides being the direct cause, coming from the obscure, underground stomach cover, it obscures the clinical picture of every symptom of an eliminative nature, for the time being. As can be proved, pounds of the secret, pathological ailment are deposited within the tissues, as a primary cause of disease; as chronic corruption of the blood—coming from the under-ground; the obscure unknown; the mysterious X—in the course of all acute and chronic disease processes.

If, today, in some manner, I may introduce a speaking stomach, this is done for three reasons: First, because this rather antiquated form of expression seems better adapted to impart personal perceptions and concepts. Second, because the functions of an organ; a process of Nature! a force; a will—the sense and purposeful intentions of unconscious partial functions of the human body, when especially personified and given speech, are brought nearer to the general intelligence of the people. Third, because diet, and with that, the stomach—the blood formation—are the first things implied in the question: "What and how should we eat and drink, in order to get well, and remain healthy?" Perhaps even science can find some animating thoughts in this idea.

Supported by an extensive material of facts, and by certain experiments upon my own body—such as no one else has made, so far—I will attempt to introduce to you, the stomach—as the gathering place of that pathological material which has generally been called, encumbrance; auto-toxins; morbid disposition, or

tendency; without the presence of which, the action of a secondary cause of disease is impossible. I have made experiments to produce a cold; to get malaria infection, etc., with a negative result—after a thorough removal of the first general cause; consisting of the complete encumbrance, thru' the stomach—by fasting and using my own diet. In order to put disease, as an experiment, upon a common basis, I went to the limit of endangering my life. In a state of improved health, I would intentionally eat myself sick, to a certain extent; in order to eat myself surely and radically well, again—for my own satisfaction. To my knowledge, this has never before been attempted. If science does not care about this experimenting of mine—it may continue to look on, smilingly, at what is to follow. I, myself, believe I shall thereby be of service to the sick—to the life efficiency of the human race—to the promotion of the peoples vigor, and, to all humanity.

And now, let the stomach speak; in the principal role of the “Tragedy of Man's Nutrition.”

Thus Speaketh the Stomach:

“Histogenetically, I am, at first, a primitive, intestinal cell; a tiny, hollow bag, with a mouth-opening; this being the ultimate, common, basic form of all true multi-cellular vertebrates—according to Haeckel. In the whole scale of living animal organisms, up to and including man, I am located in the center, at the point of gravity. To me—the Stomach—belongs this centrally-located place; for I am the single building spot; the organized working apparatus for raw material, and, at the same time, the master-builder. I get my orders thru' the brain—the chief management—as unconscious instincts, from the world's architect. To me, alone—with my assistant, the blood-stream, belongs, in the main, the material building of the whole body; the formation and shaping of the organs; their maintenance; and the supply of repair

material. I am the material main center of growth; replenishing and working the whole organism. Even the chief management—the brain—is subject to my food carrier; the blood. I have always been, and shall remain, the first and absolute ruler in the cell state of man, and of animals. To me belongs the center of being and health; of pain and disease, and of passing away. Thus I, only, in the first line, can be the source and supply of remedy—the hot-bed and the death-bed of disease.

“In the chase after causative factors of disease, I have been displaced from my dominating position among the organs, in man’s perception—however, in the scale of so-called pleasures of life and culture, I have been elevated to the ‘Chief God.’ In reality, the millenarian mistreatment of man has made of me a dark chamber of suicidal table enjoyment—and pain, my warning voice and defensive force, has been choked in the endless courses of dimmed kitchens. Man’s thinking has become obscured in the tempo of over-culture of his abdomen—the conception of health has dissolved in fancy—and the spectre of disease is haunting him. Also the terror of this phantom; his suffering and death, emanate from me. If I am the center of life; why should I not, also, be the center of death?

“Pain, uneasiness in general—and in particular parts—are my signals to: ‘Stop! too much unnecessary eating!’ These are alarm dispatches, and indicate functional disturbances in the vascular system, as a reaction on me—which I ingeniously support by loss of appetite. They answer me by strangling my voice, thru’ more eating. My voice works as a danger signal, causing pain—because, thru’ over-eating and drinking, the pressure and density of blood are increased by me, instead of being diminished. In the state of disease and elimination, the blood stream carries the dissolved auto-toxins from me to the kidneys; this goes on painlessly, with relaxed tissues, only while fasting—which acts as a relief. Pain is merely my cry of distress; an expression of my

disturbed healing work, which I can perform, thoroly, only when I am empty and fasting. In fact and truth, my pain signals are good and life-promoting; thought and action-provoking to thinking people. They should be the refining fire; the upward move for the overcoming of suffering and disease—the fore-runner of a new dawn of life. (These ideas may serve as a contribution to the Philosophy of Suffering; or Revelation of all values.)

“I, the Stomach, am the primary ruler over life and death; from the first primitive intestinal cell, to the passing away of the last creature. My rule over living beings is self-evident—as I am the first deciding court of remedy; of repair; of restoration of the functional and organic disturbances called disease. Unceasingly, with the help of the organs of elimination and protection, I am secretly at work; to regulate the well-being of man with Edenic reserve forces. Especially in advanced years, I maintain a secret process of life-protecting and life-sustaining purpose; in the most subtle form. Under continued inflow of unassimilable matter, of so-called food culture, and, especially, during the stoppage of my drainage canal, I am unable to maintain the balance. I become flabby, from the eliminating work, and so does the whole tissue and blood system of my surroundings, and, of the entire body. I can neither digest the inflow, nor overcome it by secretion. I have to deposit matter for more tranquil times, and store it up in the tissues. Abnormal distension of my cavity, and of the whole body, is called ‘vigorous health’—which must be registered by a pathological condition.

“My ‘striking’; and the possibility of eliminating the morbid matter of putrescent refuse, consists in absolute emptiness and sobriety of fasting—and on an instinctive animal command of the ‘world regisseur.’ My intention is good—a regulating of the health and running-activity—a sort of self-defense—an aid from the underground. Instead of properly defending yourselves against all enemies and dangers of life, you have throttled my

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life and healing activities—my digestive power and my eating capacity. My glands, my walls, the tissues of my surroundings, and, especially, my ten meter long canal, are permeated, infected, soiled, in proportion to my chronic abuse, thru' modern eating. At the basis of my tissues, especially those of my surroundings, I have to deposit the residue, which, in the course of all disease, remains unknown to you; as the primary cause—because, only while I am empty and fasting, can I attack it; devour it; work it off; burn it up; and healingly eliminate it thru' the blood stream.

"Instead of being a fountain of wholesome life—the source of purest blood and health—I have become the secret underground chamber; the breeding place of all suffering, and the father of all misery.

"Thus I take up my 'song of lamentation,' as the most temperate representative of the present time. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' Already, in the womb of the mother—out of care for a new human life—I induce disgust for unnatural 'cultured' eating—to retain the purity of the blood, and to conform with the instinct for primitive nutrition, thru' fruit. However, I am fed double rations—and they wonder why the birth takes place with pain, and danger to life for mother and child. I am given food poor in minerals, especially in lime—such as flesh, boiled, decalcified milk; while I long for the lime salts of fruits—since I have to build up a new bony frame for the embryo. I catch up every milligram of lime salts, even at the expense of the mother's teeth; in order to give it to the child, in formation. Hysteria, and caries of the teeth of the pregnant, is how they diagnose my care for a new human life. I am unable to build good mother's milk substance; since I am lacking in fruit sugar; its main ingredient—altho' I am flooded with cow's milk. I am also kept well supplied with this during the nursing period of the young one—also with the entire list of imaginable slime preparations. I cannot overcome the cheesy, putrescent refuse, and the slimy condition reaches

from the throat to the pasted and clogged-up outlet. My interior is stuffed with boiled, pallid, curdled and decalcified milk, and its germ-producing condition threatens to strangle the windpipe of the little one. I am laboring with obstructions, impediments and friction; in fever heat. By forceful, downward pressure, I try to make room, but my good intentions are frustrated thru' constipating drugs. Now I have the emergency vents of the skin open to throw off waste and impurities, that slide into the blood stream.

"Measles, scarlet fever, eruptions—they call my last efforts to throw off the morbid; the useless; the disease germs. If, in spite of all, the young citizen succeeds in getting on his legs; he at once searches for sweets and fruits; to which I urge him, with Edenic instinct. The live elements of fruit sugar give me a chance for a radical discharge of the putrescent mucus masses that have accumulated into a dangerous breeding field, within myself—with a stench reminding one of carrion and death. I discharge the first layer of my own depository of disease, and that of the intestines, as a warning to reform; and as a sign of my good intentions as to 'life insurance.' This is called loose stool; scientifically known as diarrhea and colitis; and is stopped by opium. Since my evacuations originate from putrid, curdled milk, they are of greenish color. With adults, especially with heavy meat eaters, they are blackish. In extreme cases of my defense work, downward, as well as upward, they speak more learnedly of Cholera morbus. If, thru' climatic heat, the danger of fermentation is still greater, and my provisional eruptions more intense; then my attempts at cleansing from slime and bacillus soil is called Cholera Asiatica—with which one usually smothers in his own morass; because he counteracts my eliminative efforts. When attempting to gradually accustom my youthful purity to meat, liquors, etc., I respond, in the child, with squeamishness, and, in my juvenile elasticity, I try to eject the loathsome, unnatural stuff, thru' energetic contractions. This is called 'colic'; and with

the aid of the rod, they force the reactive youngster to weaken my original power, thru' so-called strengthening food.

"At the age of puberty, I start my special effort at cleansing, with the woman—in the organ of gestation—to take place regularly each month, before the period of possible conception; with the sole purpose of cleansing before fecundation. This phenomenon is the health-regulating process of disease; and is lessened both as to quantity and frequency, in proportion to the general efforts at cleansing; commencing with me. It becomes superfluous and disappears entirely, with perfect health—if I am fed exclusively on pure and unmixed food, with fruit, alone. (For proof; we refer to the lives of many saints.) I am likewise interested in the formation of pure blood in the young man, since the quality of his blood is not only of importance to him; but to his whole future generation. The sins of the ancestors, and the germs of immorality are in the atmosphere of today, but, with me, nobody has dared to find them. The entire list of sexuo-pathological symptoms may be pretty closely produced thru' a one-sided, extreme increase in feeding on 'food of the beasts of prey.' Do you know that you can kill a man by feeding him exclusively on flesh—the much-lauded main food of the century?

"With the Stomach, also, 'talking amounts to silver,' while silence is often worth gold; especially, when one's stomach could speak whole volumes about the foolishness of people, but without avail. To the asthmatic I give timely warnings of my uneasiness due to lack of oxygen in the digestion. I control the elimination and subsequent emaciation in these types, especially. 'Tuberculosis has a certain healing tendency,' said Prof. Virchow, the great pathologist. This disease also originates with me—in the underground—destroying the air-organ, when I cannot get any more air, on account of wrong eating. To overcome the highest degree of blood corruption and the breakdown of the entire cell-state—as in the case of tuberculosis and cancer, my blood stream

seeks to get a crater-like eruption spot; and an emergency vent, as it were, to throw off the products of decay, viz: slime and pus. At the very beginning, before the process of eruption, I ulcerate the surroundings; while depositing, germinating and re-building—for the filth is of especially putrefactive origin—resulting from excessive consumption of flesh and eggs. In most cases of this kind, I—the builder of man's body—am unable to be of material help—and, if they attempt to assist me with their 'best diet,' they only make things worse.

“Do they not even try to regulate the heart beat, thru' means which I have to take? Then why should not I also be the 'father of tortured hearts,' when I, thru' high pressure, must poison and current the blood which is banked up in the chambers of this valve; congesting the air pump (the lungs) where gas—oxygen, is lacking? Not only must I, as the breeding and blood forming place—produce germs of putrefaction—in the field of underground encumbrance, but, by force of emergency the pathological matter even forms into crystallized, stony condensations; obstructing the blood stream in narrow passage-ways (as in the case of rheumatism) or being deposited as stones in the gall bladder, or in the notches of the intestines.

“The resisting bulwark and greatest counter-force; the greatest impediment—which makes it possible to prevent this germ depository of all diseases—is chronic constipation; the obstruction of the end of my drainage pipe; the rectum. Of the upper portion of my auxiliary organ—the intestinal canal—only one part need be mentioned here. In sheer blindness, they mistook the appendix for a 'blind'—a superfluous and even impending structure, which, however, was to assist in the lubrication and smoothening of the chyle; thru' its secretion—like the oiler of a machine. Naturally, a machine will run for a time with a clogged-up oiler; or without same—but only until it becomes burning hot.

"Still greater than within myself and my surroundings, is the accumulation of filth at the outlet of the drainage pipe. Thru' decades of damming up, there has gathered a mire-like mass beyond description. The deep folds conceal heaps of slime and fecal matter, in stony formation of many years' standing. This ulcerating and fermenting depository of putrefying refuse of the process of disintegration of one's own tissues, is, in conjunction with myself, a first-class hot bed and breeding place of all diseases. Here is the dark, secret, underground reservoir of the dietary mire, which is poisoning the blood-stream from childhood on, and, like an obscure subterranean spring, is feeding all painful disease symptoms. There we find the deeper causes of apoplexy, neurasthenia, typhus, head troubles, kidney and liver affections—and of the varied list of 'specialties' invented by the 'medical brain.' I, the principal organ of digestion, like all other parts; especially the injured tissues of blood vessels congested by a cold—continuously receive from this reservoir deadly excremental gases and substances, thru' the circulation—and I even stir up this partially dead chamber, within a living body, because I must, naturally, expel my contents thereinto.

"Germs of decayed and live parasites, broods of vermin of various species, live and thrive on the refuse of flesh and starch in the alimentary canals of un-numbered people; displaying a good appetite, and a voracity for the favored food of these pests. Fruit acids would kill them—but my interior walls, and my reflecting image, the taste-organ (tongue), are so charged with slime and so pasty that I cannot make known my primitive instinct for fruit. Air; water; sunshine; fruit sugar; fruit acids—and the building stones of organized substances containing albumen in the maximum of one-half per cent, were, originally, and still are the sole and natural components of my helio-electric formation of blood—with radio-active force from sweet scents and odors of fruits; 'the bread of Heaven.'

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"I was, originally, tuned to a mono-diet consisting of a varied selection from the fruits in season, differing in the degree of their water value, and in accordance with the position of the sun and the average temperature of the respective zones. Out of these, I produced force and warmth; bone and muscle, for Edenic man, healthy and free from disease germs—just as today with the frugivorous apes; or with quadrupeds, on grass and water, in twenty degrees below zero.

"I can ward off and expel the much-accused poisons of modern civilization, such as alcohol, coffee, tobacco, etc., in much less time than I can throw off the ballast of 'cultured' eating, which has become the custom. The continuous overloading therewith, in disgusting mixtures, and without necessity, threatens to choke and drown me, and my life functions. Within me, on a base of soups, beer and wine, there is constantly swimming a varied and heterogeneous mixture of unchewed and useless substances, which are already largely decomposed—out of which I am supposed to turn out the live ingredients of the blood.

"The first thing to do would be to value all eatables accordingly—so that none of the necessary secretions and excretions would adhere to me, or to any part of the digestive apparatus; encumbering and obstructing everything with pasty slime—and to liberate me, first of all, from all slime permeating my structure—thru' the use of dissolving foods, especially fruits, salads and vegetables.

"To be, or not to be, healthy or sick—the life and death of man and humanity lies within my power. I am the ultimate smithery and destiny to all men. According to natural law and purpose, I am the hammer which can fashion out of blood and iron, men with vigorous, indestructible health. To be sure, it takes live blood made out of the meat of grapes, oranges and such fruits, full of organic iron—instead of dead animals, with disinte-

grated and devitalized albuminous matter. I seem only to have become the anvil on which they think to weld dead matter into live substance. My silent, Edenic harmony has been turned into dull growling. I already spit sparks of fire which will consume him who means to throttle me. His downfall is my paternal blood on the stage of life, in the Tragedy of Man's Nutrition.

"Thus sounds my lamentation: I, and my auxiliary organs, have been proven, in the zoological order of evolution—with 'moral glory'—to be the organs of beasts of prey—and, in the biological order, from a dietetic and physiological standpoint, we have been out on a level with the swine—in order to justify the modern diet. All species and varieties I must digest; from the mollusks of the sea to the ruminants of the field, and the birds of the air—and I have, apparently, adapted myself to their form of nutrition. Man has lost the appetite for fruits—the primary diet of the human stomach—and the faith in their live power (according to Mr. Birher-Benner.) The genealogy of man may be traced back to the ape family, thru' a queer branching off—but, in the present condition of my auxiliary organs, the teeth and intestines; and of myself, my brotherly similarity to the frugivorous ape, in regard to diet, has been denied.

"Man was formerly content to be satisfied with a few fruits of the forest, in order to procreate god-like, Edenic human beings, as the predecessors of the hunter, with spear and fire. I am still existing on this pre-historic reserve fund of force; while dissipating my capital fund in the digestion of luxuries. My present silence—while being fed on milk, eggs, flesh, cereals and pulses, liquors, and the entire modern artificial diet, speaks volumes. My glands, and the introductory structures of my tract are clogged with a slimy, sticky mucus, which has ruined them. The sensory and defensory nerves are benumbed. With the patience of a giant, I endure the ten-fold measure and carrion-like quality of the meals, lauded as good and strengthening—while they are the

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very opposite—weakening and inducing incapacity to react against unassimilable matter. In fact, I operate under great difficulties, and ‘keep the machine going’ with the most necessary water and air. They call my silence under the strain of desperate effort—and the mute patience of a giant—‘good digestion.’ While the organic wheel is jarring, heaving and groaning, and the pipes threaten to burst.

“Grapes, cherries, apples, all sweet and sour fruits I easily digest and turn into pure blood, thru’ my Edenic capacities—only when I have thereby eliminated and ejected the last remnant of refuse matter, accumulated during a lifetime. If you again extend the hand of reconciliation, for the ‘bread of Heaven,’ and you want to eat yourself well, then I commence the most ingenious mining work, with the new blood from the sun kitchen. With it, I work thru’ the whole body, stirring up the old, latent disease germs, and especially, the new-symptom fields. I begin the healing and transmutation of the entire man. The most radical cleansing of myself, and of my surroundings—particularly of my drainage system, which is full of retained refuse matter, furnishing the real reduction of the entire encumbrance—and manifesting itself in an alarming emaciation. However, I can only commence my constructive, nourishing work with fruits, after all worn-out building material of my mansion has been removed. I can then, only, become again the fountain of health; the wall of life; the inexhaustible source of vigor and pleasure—altho’, hereditarily, since Adam; thru’ milleniums, and, individually, for decades, I have been the father of misery, and the germinating center of all diseases and afflictions.”

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