WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN MYSTIC

By Dr. Harrell Rhome

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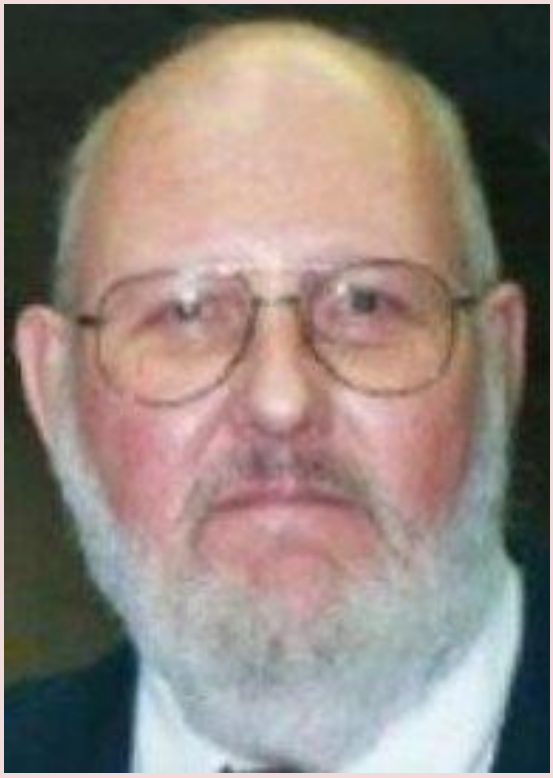
This eBook is in three parts, but following the conclusion, three works by Pelley are presented:

1. ***The 45 Questions Most Frequently Asked About The Jews.***
2. ***Beyond Grandeur.***
3. ***Why I Believe The Dead Are Alive.***

And lastly, a bibliographical compilation for those who wish to do further research completes our eBook.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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Part One: THE CURIOUS AND CONTROVERSIAL CAREER OF WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY: FROM NATIONALIST POLITICS TO HIGHER METAPHYSICS

By Dr. Harrell Rhome

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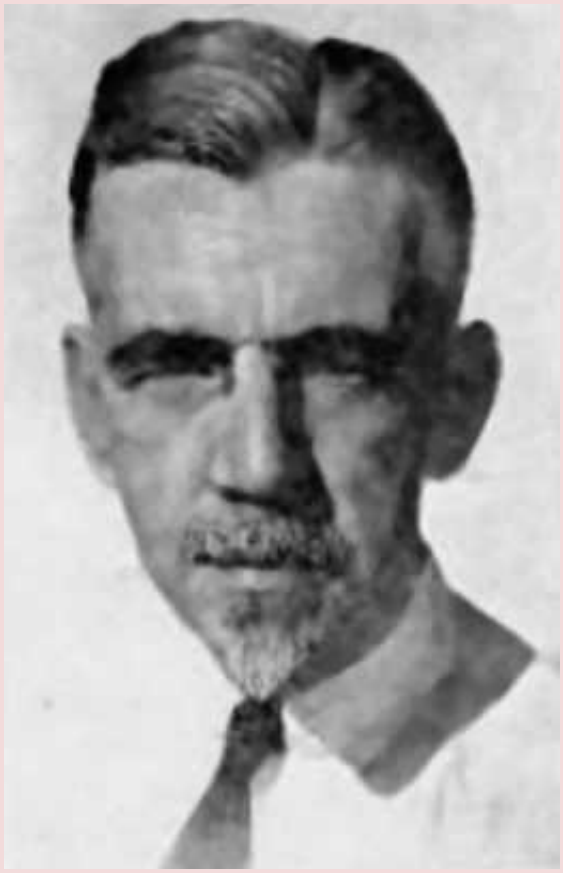
Today he is unknown but to a few continuing devotees, students of twentieth century history, readers of obscure books, and researchers into the outré and bizarre. Pelley, a truly fascinating fellow, was a fairly well known public figure from the "roaring twenties" until his death in 1965. But, today he is largely forgotten or misunderstood. Ask a history teacher, politician or journalist. If they acknowledge knowing anything at all, you'll likely be told that he was a "fascist", "nazi", "new age crank", "occultist", "racist cult leader", "nut", or… well, you get the idea. I don't know about you, but when I hear such things, I automatically want to know more. Often, when certain figures are viciously vilified and disrespected, it is because they have offended the ubiquitous "Powers That Be" (PTB). Pelley not only offended them, he was a genuine threat back in the day, and the PTB acted accordingly. There is a striking and eerie foreboding feeling in the air as the same things, and much worse, are happening today as

the PTB implement their ultimate plans for "homeland security" for the "chosen world order".



A BRIEF BIO-SKETCH.

William Dudley Pelley was born in Lynn, Massachusetts 12 March 1890. While some say he grew up in grim poverty, his father was a Methodist minister in several small-town parishes. Hence, while the family may have been needy, they were probably no more so than other rural families across the country. Parson Pelley also owned a small tissue factory, and his son dropped out of school to help with the work. But his learning did not cease. Early on, he developed a voracious love for reading, and was self-educated. The traditional Methodist teachings had little real impact, as his spiritual side was not to express itself until later in life. As might be assumed, he was later so involved in his work that he was not much of a "family man". Be that as it may, the young Pelley married in 1911, producing a daughter who died three

years later. That marriage later ended, and he did not remarry until later. The second marriage produced a daughter, but his insatiable writing, publishing, traveling and organizing activities consumed most of his time. His life is most easily followed and understood through the evolutionary stages of his personal and professional development.

JOURNALISM AND PELLEY'S GREAT AWAKENING.

Life in the small town and work at the tissue factory was just not enough, so by his late teens, this smart and ambitious lad became a cub reporter for a Springfield newspaper. By age 19 he published his own magazine, *The Philosopher,* and remained a writer and publisher the rest of his life. Success followed quickly, his articles appearing in major newspapers and national magazines. Americans were interested in what was happening in Russia after the Revolution of 1917, so in 1918, he went to Russia as a correspondent. The young reporter traveled in a true "grand tour" from the Ukraine to Siberia and on to Japan. While in Russia, he saw whole villages destroyed by Bolshevik terrorists, the streets filled with blood, body parts and bodies with evidence of all kinds of desecration and torture. His natural inquisitive nature drew him to find out just who was behind these horrors. Pelley discovered the same thing that other honest journalists of the day found, which led to one clear conclusion. Jewish intellectuals, political theorists and activist radicals were at the front of the new communist movement that had already embarked on a terrible and gruesome quest for world power. More than a few key commissars were of Judaic origin. Of course, this was back in the days before political correctness reared its ugly head to cover up the truth. Prior to his trip, Pelley knew very little about Jews or the Talmudic religion.

When he returned home in 1920, he wrote articles and reports about his journey, some of which resulted in the matter of Jewish Bolshevism and the ever-dreaded Protocols of Zion being discussed on the floor of the House of Representatives, if you can imagine that! U.S. intelligence agencies also looked into these matters; see my article on Zionism and the establishment of the modern Polish state in *The Barnes Review* historical magazine, May-June

2003. Without belaboring the point, the trek through the Soviet "miracle land" was William Dudley Pelley's Great Awakening.

"There is much in the fact of Bolshevism itself, in the fact that so many Jews are Bolshevists, in the fact that the ideals of Bolshevism at many points are consonant with the finest ideals of Judaism."
***The Jewish Chronicle*, April 4, 1919.**

"The world revolution which we will experience will be exclusively our affair and will rest in our hands. This revolution will tighten the Jewish domination over all other people."
***Le Peuple Juif*, February8, 1919.**

"The governments of the peoples included in this world republic, with the aid of the victorious proletariat, all will fall without difficulty into Jewish hands. Private property will then be strangled by the Jewish directors, who will administer the state patrimony everywhere. Thus the promise of the Talmud will be fulfilled, that is, the promise that the Jews, at the arrival of the Messiah, will possess the key to the wealth of all the peoples of the earth."
Baruch Levy, in a letter to Karl Marx, published in the Rothschild-controlled *La Revue de Paris*, June 1, 1928.

But this was not to be his time of political action. Quite frankly, Pelley was disgusted and repelled by the horrors he had seen in Russia, not to mention stressed out by extensive international travel under difficult conditions. The journalist was experiencing something we know today as "burnout". As a result, he redirected his writing to fiction.

NOVELS, SCREENPLAYS AND… MYSTICISM.

This active and creative writer had quick success in the field of fiction as he had in journalism. He moved to the Hollywood movie community, working as a screenwriter for several major studios. Pelley quickly became a part of the Hollywood social scene, where he mingled with famous celebrities

of the roaring twenties, and was frequently a guest in homes of actors, producers and directors. For instance, Lon Chaney was one of his best friends, and the one who suggested that he come to California. Best-selling short stories and novels followed, along with screenplays, all with favorable reviews. But after a while, Pelley realized that the same interests that controlled the "dark side" in Russia also ran the film industry. This was an additional personal awakening, but it was still not yet his time for political action.

"The greatest danger of Jewish Power lies in their large ownership and ninfluence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government." Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., cherished American aviation hero, America First proponent and outspoken public figure in the same era as Pelley.

In the late 1920s, this author and emerging activist also continued an avid, at times almost consuming interest in spiritism and mystical, clairvoyant experiences. While some would call this "occult" or "New Age" as his predilections ran to séances and spirit readings, when one reads his books, it is clear that Pelley was no dilettante or dabbler. He had embarked on a profound inquiry based on a deep sincere spiritual interest about our true origins, purpose in life, nature of God, lives to come, and lots more. Like the metaphysical literary renaissance era of the late 19th century, the 1920s and 1930s were a time of extensive public interest in other dimensions, spirit communication, alternate religions and life after death, etc. The bland Methodism of his youth had little impact, but the revelatory (shall I say, "prophetic"?) experience that followed gave new directions to his life.

In *WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE* (1950), he reports a paranormal, prophetic and life-directing experience. "It was not until the early part of 1928, when I had withdrawn to a little writing-bungalow near the foot of Mt. Lowe in Altadena, California, that the mystic curtain suddenly rolled backward and showed me something of the colossal, beautiful machinery that operates—as I call it—behind physical life." There's no room here to do it justice, but for a few more details, see *SEVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY* (1929, 1954).

As a result, our protagonist, disgusted with the Hollywood scene, moved to New York City, networking with likeminded friends and connections in mysticism, spiritism and parapsychology. In 1929, at a female companion's apartment, he began a series of paranormal automatic writing experiences. *STAR GUESTS* describes the sessions, channeled by spiritual guides, eventually producing over a million words for his pen, later published in a series of books. Readers may scoff, but what is clear is that William Dudley Pelley definitely, and sincerely, felt spiritually/divinely guided (perhaps compelled?) to undertake a mission.

AMERICAN NATIONALIST POLITICAL LEADER.

But readers must understand that this was not a man (as many mystics are) so caught up in metaphysical reveries that he lost touch with the momentous affairs of the day. The forces of nationalism were powerfully manifesting themselves all over Europe, taking elective political power in Italy and Germany first. The National Socialist movement was particularly inspiring to Pelley, and in 1932 he began what came to be known as the Silver Shirt Legion, a group obviously patterned on those of Europe. Both the movement and its dynamic leader were popular, quickly establishing local chapters in many locations. Naturally, this frightened and alarmed the already nervous PTB. While some say that a mystical revelation revealed to Pelley that National Socialism was the proper model, when the Silver Shirts leapt into being right after Hitler was elected to power in Germany, the PTB assumed he was in direct contact with Germany, which is really unlikely. There was never any evidence of a direct connection, but his close identification with the German movement placed his name at the top of a list of PTB undesirables. It was, at most, an ideological connection. After all, they both opposed the same traditional adversary.

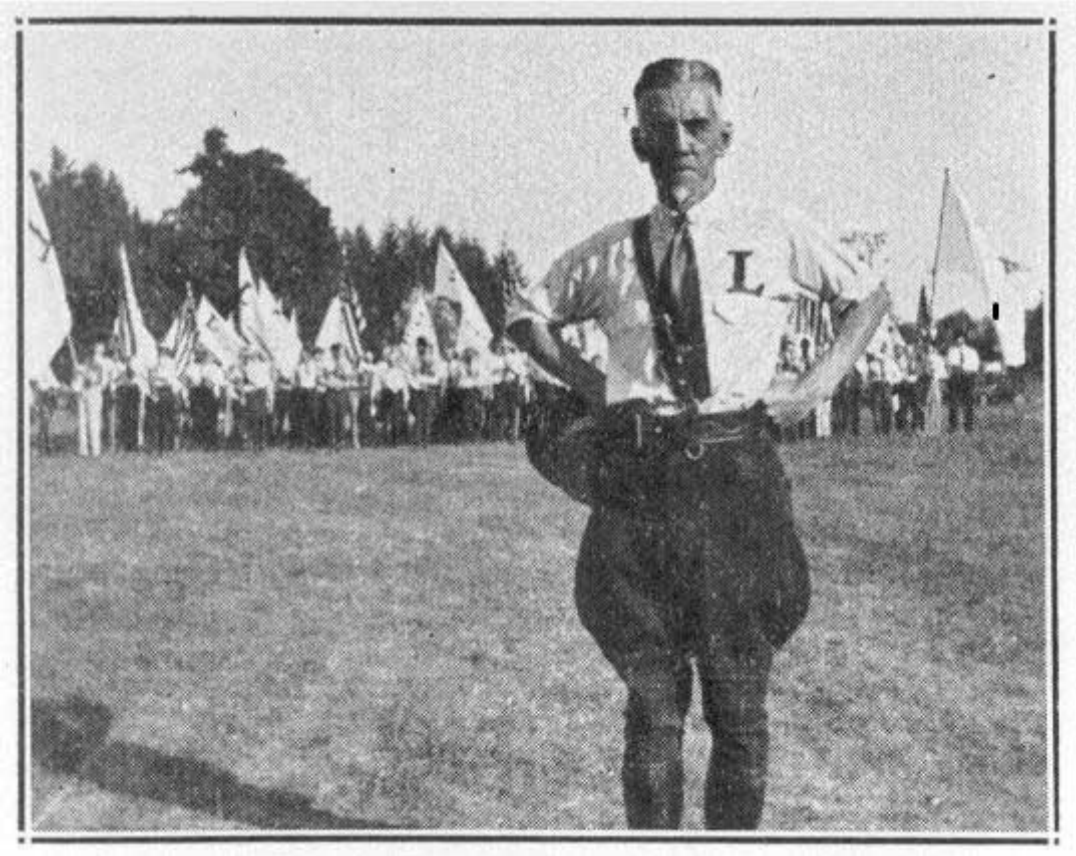
The Silver Shirts grew rapidly, and rather than a central national headquarters, there were numerous regional and local chapters. Pelley, who was called the "beloved Chief" by the members, traveled about the country, directing the organization from his automobile or from trains, organizing and

publishing in great volume. The Silver Shirts were successful among working class citizens and veterans, but also among professional types and those who admired his spiritual and religious beliefs. It is hard to say how many members the movement actually had as the supposed totals often reflect the intentions of those who publish them, but it was likely around 25,000. The total might be 100,000 or even more if you count subscribers to diverse Pelley publications who weren't members, and other sympathizers at various levels. Regardless of the actual number of those who followed the Chief, it was more than enough to alarm the PTB.

By the middle 1930s, the fiery nationalist speaker was near the height of his career. In 1935, Pelley and several associates organized the Christian Party. But, even back then – as it still is today-- the PTB made it difficult, if not impossible, for third parties to achieve ballot access. Pelley and William W. Kemp, his VP candidate, were on the Washington State ballot only, and garnered but a few votes in the 1936 election. Nonetheless, Pelley had a large following in California, in fact, along the whole Pacific coast, and viewed the experience as training for the 1940 election. Like the larger (more than one million members) America First Movement, the Silver Shirts and the Christian Party opposed the machinations of the Roosevelt regime to involve us, once again, in the conflicts of Europe. Ultimately and unfortunately, neither group was successful, but not for lack of effort. The PTB knew the war was coming (after all, they planned it!) and recognized that they must have the American people ready to accept whatever they decreed to "protect national security". A well-organized opposition, with an articulate and forceful spokesman, was the last thing they wanted. It became increasingly clear that the native nationalist movement was not so large now, but was strong and growing stronger under Pelley's inspiriting and inspiring leadership. This was something the governing cabal could not and would not tolerate, and another phase of his life was coming to an end.

"The Second World War is being fought for the defense of the fundamentals of Judaism." *Chicago Jewish Sentinel,* October 8, 1942.

"The Roosevelt Administration has selected more Jews to fill influential positions than any previous administration." *Brooklyn Jewish Examiner,* October 20, 1933.



Chief Pelley at a Silver Shirt encampment in full regalia.

IMPRISONED BY WWII "HOMELAND SECURITY"

Two years before the better-known mass Sedition Trial of 1944 (see *The Barnes Review*, Nov.-Dec. 1999), "homeland security" was "protected" by arresting William Dudley Pelley. Various officials, at all levels --numerous local, state and federal agencies -- persistently persecuted the prolific nationalist author and leader, but they were ineffective. However, early in 1942, right after the war began, twelve felony charges of "sedition" quickly came at him. And, they hit him hard -- with a fifteen-year sentence in a maximum-security prison. Charles Lindberg, Congressman Thorkelson and others spoke in his behalf, a daring thing to do during wartime, but to no avail. While the charges were eventually dropped for the 1944 "seditionists", Pelley languished in the federal lockup until 1950. The exact motivation to eventually release him is unknown, but we do know that the 1944 trial eventually ended because, essentially, the feds looked ridiculous, and the public knew it. The Axis was thoroughly defeated, so it was hard to maintain that Pelley was still a national security threat.

Sad to say, the same unconstitutional outrages are happening today. Some might say Pelley's detention was justified as there was legitimate fear of Axis spies and saboteurs, and the nationalist leader (hypothetically, at least) could have aided them or recruited "insurgents" here in the U.S.A. from his Silver Shirts. Yet, except with ideas, he never threatened anyone. So the war was over, and he should have been released, but was not. The only logical conclusion is that Prisoner Pelley was punished, most severely, for thought crimes. Before he was released in 1950, he apparently agreed never to speak, write, publish or organize anything of a political nature.

WANTED

William Dudley Pelley

DESCRIPTION

Age, approximately fifty years; height, five feet, seven inches; weight, 130 pounds; has black hair mixed with gray; heavy eyebrows; wears mustache and a vandyke; has dark gray eyes, very penetrating; has straight Roman nose; wears nose glasses; dresses neatly; distinguished looking; good talker; highly educated; interested in physic research.

Capias has been issued by the Judge of the Superior Court of Buncombe County for the arrest of the above-named party for sentence on conviction of felony, making fraudulent representation, and also for violating the terms of a suspended sentence on another charge by failing to remain of good behavior, and by engaging in, among other things, UN-AMERICAN activities.

Arrest and notify

LAURENCE E. BROWN, Sheriff

Asheville, N. C.

"Yet some hear you not. They [the Dark Forces] shall say: 'Away with these charlatans who speak blasphemies [political incorrectness, sedition; hate speech] against us!'

"I tell you they [the Dark Forces] shall try to take away your lives in that they fear you. They shall stalk you unawares. They shall come upon you and raise their hands against you, but ye shall go unscathed because of the armor that is about you." *STAR GUESTS*, p. 221.

METAPHYSICAL TEACHER AND SPIRITUAL LEADER

After he was freed from the FedGulag, Pelley wasted no time, founding a spiritual/metaphysical group called Soulcraft, publishing *Soulcraft Journal* as well as *Valor* magazine (and several other titles), focused on culture, history, religious themes and ethnography. The Soulcraft group was well received, and most of the million words from the automatic writing sessions of 1928-29 were published under various titles, all well received by an audience most interested in the subject matter. He mostly kept to his "agreement" with FedZOG, but every once in a while, he would address earlier matters. While *STAR GUESTS* is in essence nonpolitical and nonracial, the spiritual teacher does have something to say about his past adventures, and perhaps with a prophetic word for today, when the forces of truth are, once again, very nearly overcome.

"Why did I go off upon a political departure that seemed for a time to delay in ignominy? Because it was part of my instructions that I should do what I did. If the very essence of this sodomic beast lingering in man is not apparent in those 'rulers' who dictate the destinies of Soviet Russia, then where should I expect to apprehend them? Was it not beasthood and darkness at its worst? I chose to think so and I still choose to think so. Common sense tells me that Communism was the Beast at its strongest." *STAR GUESTS*, pp.165-66.

"Great nations are not led of great statesmen, I tell you. They do the behest of the widely advertised, not the truly great in heart. They do follow demagogues who rant of war when war threateneth, and rant of peace when peace is popular. They are worldly sheep led of blind shepherds who do consort with wolves." *STAR GUESTS*, p. 159.

Almost all groups in the same general interest areas have crossover membership, and there was quite a crossover from Soulcraft with the then popular I AM movement of Guy and Edna Ballard, plus with the growing number of Americans who sought to understand the phenomena of unidentified flying objects. There was intersection with several other factions such as those seeking the meaning of the Great Pyramid and the monuments of Egypt, British Israelism, George Adamski and the contactee groups, those interested in psychic phenomena, life after death, and others. Just as it was then, and still is today, whether some want to admit it or not, there is interaction between certain metaphysical ideas and the nationalist right. This is true not only here, but in other parts of the world too, especially Europe. Pelley recently surfaced in the controversial nonfiction book, *STARGATE CONSPIRACY* (Picknett and Prince, 2001); the second printing has more about Pelley than the first. It tells of a conspiracy to manipulate world opinion about extraterrestrial life. Some of the material (esp. about Egypt, its monuments and god images) parallels *STAR GUESTS*. While some readers may dismiss such ideas out of hand, millions of people did not do so back in the 1950s, and they surely do not today. Visit the Internet or a bookstore and you'll see what I mean. This writer is not necessarily acting as a proponent of any of these positions so much as simply pointing out facts – and possibilities. Since some may explore further, following are suggestions for obtaining Pelley's books, all out of print.

PELLEY'S WRITTEN WORKS

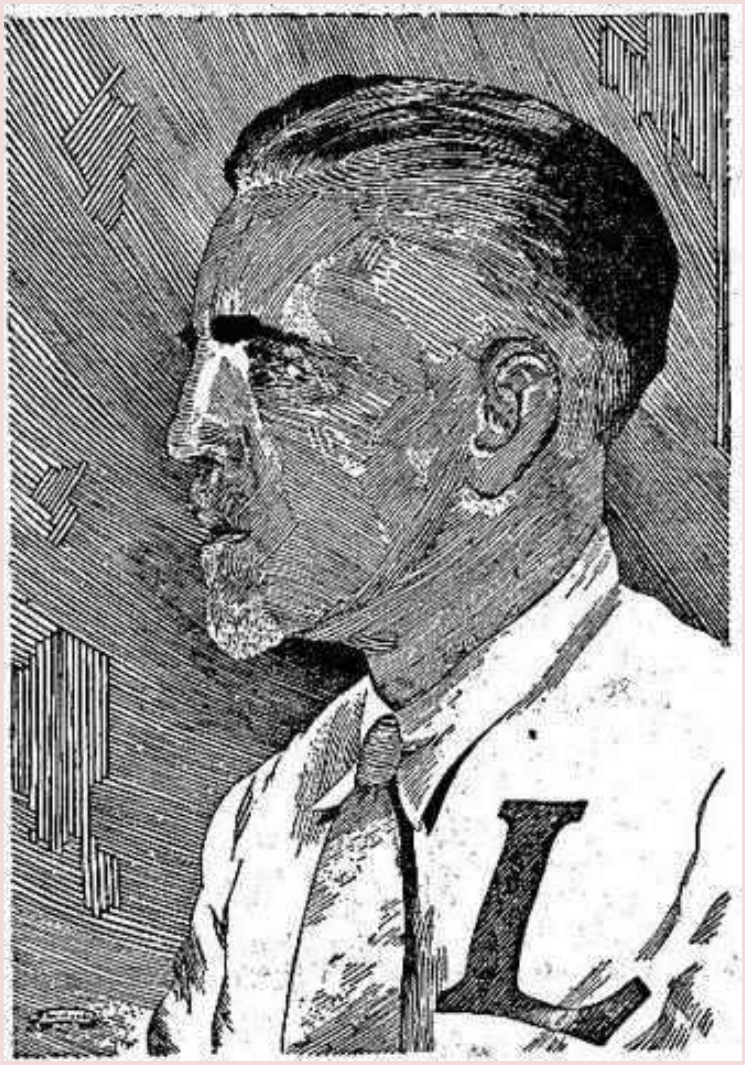
It is neither possible nor advisable to try to review, recap or even list his many works in this limited space, but used copies of most of his books, including the early novels, are available. Among the books I have read and

recommend are: *STAR GUESTS, WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE* and *ADAM AWAKES.* Next on my list is *GOLDEN SCRIPTS*, and I plan to read others. *STAR GUESTS* is great beginning volume, if you can find it. Occasionally, you may see one of the several magazine/journal titles for sale. Get them; they are getting very hard to find. Unfortunately, no one has reprinted any of the books, and I found no plans to do so. Book collectors may want to add some to their shelves.

A further word is required. In order for Pelley to elucidate the ancient mysteries, and about our possible true origins, the reader must be open to some challenging concepts, literally reaching to the stars. To the star system Sirius, to be precise. From there, it is said that spiritual (later corporeal) beings came to earth, committing sodomy with…. Well, the story is much longer than can be recounted here, but I will share one especially eerie item. The channeled entities, through Pelley, spoke of a companion body to Sirius. The book was published in 1950, but was written/channeled back in 1929. Astronomers did not discover what we now know as Sirius B until the 1970s! Moreover, the readers of *STAR GUESTS* should have an open mind as to reincarnation or transmigration of souls; that we live more than once. Pelley presents all of this, and a good deal more, in an intriguing style, in *STAR GUESTS* and other readable books. Well, either I've said just enough to peek your interest in Pelley's spiritual philosophy, channeled writings and commentary or I have said far, far too much, so this exercise ends.

"Well knew I that they [the Dark Forces] might do such things [both to our world and to himself]. Well knew I that I was a sheep among wolves. Well knew I that I had volunteered for a mission of ignominy that I might hoist a petard of hope before the ranks of the doomed. Appraise ye the result."
***STAR GUESTS*, p. 156.**

William Dudley Pelley peacefully passed away 30 June 1965, and was interred in an unmarked grave as he had requested. His daughter, Adelaide Pelley Pearson, who maintained the copyrights and continued circulating her father's works, passed away 11 November 2005. This article is dedicated with great respect and humility to this exceptionally fascinating and extraordinary man, a true and brave adventurer, exploring many exciting, challenging, and dangerous venues. May his spirit ever inspire truth seekers, now and in the dire and difficult days to come.



Part Two: WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY AND THE SOULCRAFT TEACHINGS

DISCOVERING OUR ORIGIN IN THE STARS

This presentation introduces a fascinating, provocative and controversial book called *Star Guests, Design for Mortality*, one of the first volumes in the writings and channeled discourses compiled by William Dudley Pelley beginning in the late twenties. He moved to New York following a successful stint of writing novels and screenplays in Hollywood, preceded by an adventurous career as a roving journalist and war correspondent in Eastern Europe and Russia. This came during and following the First World War, coinciding with the Bolshevik Revolution and establishment of the Soviet Union. From that experience, he began a crusade against communism in all its forms, including those arising in the United States. The earlier parts of his life are a story that could be about a character found in novels and movies. During the politically volatile 1930s, Pelley rather quickly became a key figure in American right wing politics, fiercely opposing the Roosevelt Administration and our involvement in the Second World War. For what were essentially thought crimes, he spent time in a federal lockup after a conviction for so-called "sedition". He was released in 1950, apparently after swearing to avoid anything even remotely political, which he did. The complete story is quite absorbing, but we focus only on his metaphysical writing and publishing ventures during the spiritual-philosophical latter phase of his life.

William Dudley Pelley is America's forgotten mystic and spiritual guide. Many now basic New Age beliefs and paradigms spring from this same era, not only from Pelley, but from contemporaries such as Guy and Edna Ballard and the popular I-AM Movement. When Pelley began publishing in 1950, this coincided with the beginning of modern interest in UFOs, alien life forms and more. George Hunt Williamson and other key figures in the UFO movement spent time working and studying with Soulcraft. Not only that, Soulcraft doctrines preceded the Bridey Murphy phenomenon, the works of J. B. Rhine, Timothy Leary, Thelma Moss, L. Ron Hubbard, Bishop James Pike and many more.

I have assembled some of the principles which are meaningful and helpful to me. Please be advised this represents only a rather small portion of

the myriad of mysteries and blessed teachings revealed in the Soulcraft discourses. Be Well, Enjoy and Prosper.

STAR GUESTS AND THE SOULCRAFT TEACHINGS,

Star Guests **is from a manuscript created by automatic writing sessions, channeled by "discarnate entities" in 1928 and 1929, while the author was in New York. In order to gain insight into the ancient mysteries, and about our true origins, the reader must be open to some challenging concepts, literally reaching to the stars -- to the star system Sirius, to be precise. From there, spiritual (later corporeal) beings came to earth, committing sodomy with physical earthly life, creating some strange beings who images are, to some degree, still with us. These travelers were immigrants from the star system Sirius. Pelley presents all of this – and a great deal more -- in an intriguing style in *Star Guests* and other books in the series of channeled writings. The automatic writing sessions eventually produced over one million words. Beginning in 1950, the volumes (along with several related journals, newsletters, pamphlets and magazines) were published under the general heading of Liberation Soulcraft Doctrine.**

In *Star Guests*, Pelley speaks of the larger publishing project, and expresses his feelings and intense experiences as the channeler.

"I am not unduly exercised by any experience which life may allot to me – so long as I feel the assurance that it is included in the program that determines my cosmic destiny. Having gone through this myself… the transcendent interpretations I have been twenty-two years recording, I can only make compensation by passing it along in honest form to the harassed brother or sister who has not been so favored. I would be incurring the worst possible type of karmic debt, I am certain, if I did not do this. As industriously as I can, in my sunset years, I am recording and publishing the sixteen books of the Soulcraft Doctrine – of which this is the fourth. Every mystery or complication which human life holds, somewhere has explanation or elucidation within these sixteen volumes. But the drama of the redemption of man is the greatest and most basic of them all. In *Behold* Life we had the general preview of why life functions and achieves in mortal form. In *Thinking Alive* we considered most of the realities of Thought as a creative and motivating universality. In *Earth Comes* we had the exposition of the integration of Cosmos and the solar planet on which we find ourselves in particular. In *Star* Guests we have the first broad foundations laid for the

drama of Man as a creature of physical predicament and sensation—that has to be more minutely examined and assimilated in *Adam* Awakes."

[Unless indicated, the following quotations come from *Star Guests.*]

RECALLING MEMORIES FROM EONS AGO.

Voices from the clairaudient sessions with discarnate intelligences speak directly about their purposes and intentions in our world. This is a spiritual effort to awaken something deep in our memories, deep within our inner selves, helping us access elemental mystical archetypal images from long gone magical days of yore.

"Memory is not Memory if we must forever make new Thought-Bodies each time we give up our material bodies. Man will someday know the truth and then he will make new bodies in the image of God. Make no mistake, we are those now in the Light and we have much to tell you. 'Music of the Spheres' is no idle phrase, but the center of the mystery of this, our universe."

"Where there is harmony there is life, and all discord is death. We of the more harmonious planes, which are next above the planes of earth, make this statement to you because you are of that company whose bodies are yet of earth but whose eyes are opened to perception of the truth. Many of us are with you, not alone at this moment but in many moments when you are unaware of our presences. We will make more power for you in all that you undertake if you will but open yourselves more completely to our touch." P. 10.

"But there are no barriers in the universe of Truth! What seem barriers to you are but creations of fear that are the children of Hate and therefore the antithesis of Love. A Great Teacher has told you that 'love casteth out fear.' We say to you more than that. Where Love is, no fear can find entrance. When the sun is high in the heavens, how can there possibly be shadows?" …

"We may not give you more than the smallest glimpse of the mysteries that we may not reveal to you." …

"Patience is one of the manifestations of Love, and without it spiritual development is impossible. Many a spiritual battle has been lost because the importance of patience was not fully understood. Patience has no kinship

with Resignation. Patience is positive. Resignation is negative. Do you need further explanation of that truth?" pp. 20-21.

IN THE LATTER DAYS.

"Great nations are not led of great statesmen, I tell you. They do the behest of the widely advertised, not the truly great in heart. They do follow demagogues who rant of war when war threateneth, and rant of peace when peace is popular. They are worldly sheep led of blind shepherds who do consort with wolves." p. 159.

"O My Beloved, have endurance! We are writers of tales and sawyers of timbers. Verily we shall write epistles unto the Father and raise dwellings of marble as homes for His people! Know that the Goodly Company gathereth, that My spirit hovereth anew above its earthly heads. Know that I go to keep communion with them, and a covenant with them, and that presently all shall know one another for the brethren whom they are." …

"The World knoweth not My true servants' identities. It considereth them men and women who have brains of promise and fertility. But my servants know they are more than men and women. They are divine of essence, making missions to earth for the Father and Myself. This is their shibboleth: that the Father holdeth them to an accounting for their responsibilities in this progressing world!" …

"In the days ahead shall come great disturbances of Nature; great cataclysms shall fill men's hearts with alarm; great international rumblings shall be felt; science shall run riot; nation and nation shall suffer in common from burnings and floods and famines and exhaustions. There shall be minor wars. The sons of men shall cry Peace! Yet behold no peace cometh. These are the signs and omens." pp. 218-219.

ANGELS AND DIVINE MESSENGERS COME FORTH.

"The agents of these forces [that reach out to us] are invariably the Beings whom you describe as Angels. We say 'invariably' because because they constitute a special order of creation higher than man constitutes, and organized to render specific service. Sometimes this service is fleshly, sometimes it is purely spiritual. It can be either." p. 172.

"There are celestial messengers and 'special agents' abroad in Cosmos, who incarnate now and then for particular purposes in either male or female bodies, depending on temperaments. Humanity long ago coined the word 'angels' to describe these spirits."

WE ARE ALL CHRISTS IN SCHOOL.

The Elder Brother is called by several titles including the Christ and the Man of Nazareth, but also Great Teacher, Master Teacher, Great Avatar, and Universal Spirit. Soulcraft teaches that we find the ultimate awareness and enlightenment within ourselves. This is the spiritual principle behind the Hindu greeting, "Namaste" – "The Light in me recognizes the Light in you." We are made in the image of God, and we receive the Divine Light so we can share it with others. In several ways, the Bible affirms this. In the Old Testament Book of Genesis, we are told we are made in the image of God, and then Jesus tells us in the New Testament to look within, that the keys to the Kingdom are already within us.

"It is time to bring humanity an entirely remodeled concept of the Christian faith, and introduce this Man of Nazareth to the modern world as an Elder Brother – precisely what He calls Himself – who stands ready to help and encourage as a loving older brother would, and does, those of His family and relatives who need what He is able to supply them. The big thing we've got to alter our concepts to grasp and assimilate is this – WE ARE ALL CHRISTS IN SCHOOL!"

SOULCRAFT SPEAKS OF OUR MODERN AGE.

"As of this writing– May 20, 1950 – World War Three is still ahead of us."

"Great wars are on their way' the message had stated in 1929 – and note that 'wars' is used in the plural. We live in an era when the Piscean Age – or celestial month – is closing, and the Aquarian Age opening. Such periods are attended by vast social disturbances." …

"We are subtracting nothing of the divinity and faith of the Christian religion, to bring to humanity the concept of the real Elder Brother as we in these modern times are electronically discovering Him."

This was channeled in 1928, when radio was barely on the scene. Could this refer to our more advanced electronic age? Pelley believed that the early years of the twenty-first century would bring the transition from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age. Perhaps 2012 is such a time. It means the end of a new cosmic astrological age, not the end of the world. Pisces is the age of Water and steam. Aquarius is the age of air, electricity and electronics.

THE GOD OF VENGEANCE DOES NOT EXIST.

"We are saying to these times: Forget your Hebraic ideas of vengeance in all this Deity business and try to grasp from His words and preachments the real Elder Brother as he is. If he has no evidence of vengeance in His makeup, why need we pay homage to any God of Vengeance whom He regards as Father? As a matter of fact, He tells us specifically that to think of the Personage whom He regards as Father as being vengeful, is to deal in blasphemy."

"The Ancient of Days in the universe is an augmented and glorified Christ, a hundred times more understanding and compassionate than the man of Nazareth ever hoped to be!" pp.186 &188.

THE GREAT DEPARTURE.

In another Soulcraft work, *Stairs to Greatness*, the Elder Brother, the Master Teacher, the Great Avatar addresses us with a message.

[Begin quoting.] I have heard the plottings, the cajolings and beseechings of Circumstance to produce an effect upon the fortunes of Mind. I would utter a word of sterner admonition than I have spoken before.

All which happeneth, happeneth for a purpose. That which happeneth not is merely withheld from the experience of the race involved in it, in that such race is not spiritually prepared to profit without taxing the agencies of Love available to it.

There is no particular need, my dear ones, for over-concernment that whatsoever matureth out of your current summer doeth evil to my flock. True, great revelations come shortly for mankind's eschewments – that which is worthy for man to display in order to survive. But all of it is a vast

academic sum which he who hath the intellect to work, commandeth the solution to his soul's eternal profit.

I say, be not concerned with that which threateneth with the autumn. Pursue my work, looking neither to the right nor the left. Give it your loving heed, make it your prime concern, feed my sheep placed in your care with the increments of goodly works and leave the vast import of the mightier program to those who view it from Above! I mention this word of caution that you may not be overly exercised if the brethren disclose facts of either military, geologic or meteorological happenings that disturb you.

The whole world is my garden. I do not cultivate a corner of the garden and let the balance grow to weeds. I look upon it as a garden to be tilled, beauteous in many aspects, sacred in its potentials for giving nourishment and inspiration to all who look upon it from any sphere.

Remember, I am the gardener. I am not allowing unfriendly or unhallowed forces to make my garden an eternal jousting-place. This is my promise to all who heed my words. But I have strange ways and methods of enforcing such decrees. I do not chastise directly with pain on the offending one.

I try as i may to find those of superior abilities and wits to start many in adventures of inspiration that others beholding their interest thus generated in a GREAT DEPARTURE, follow on themselves and all are uplifted.

That which you have been told thus far hath its origin in this: that men are not cast upward, not heaved upward, but enticed upward, and as the enticement payeth the tariff for the act, so do others follow to gain a like increment, that all arrive at the higher vantage-point by similar route although from dissimilar incentive.

There is a great truth lying in wait for the microscopes of your intelligence in the very factor which [Ascended Masters] hath riveted your attention upon, that as you go upward in enticements, you find human nature and human consciousness responding more and more readily to the profit of the Beautiful. And the profit of the Beautiful, my dear ones, is the only profit!... which again partaketh of Holy Spirit because Beauty is only Holy Spirit in Action.

Give thought to that which is introduced to you by this paper. Give it deep thought and I will reveal a new incentive to you to carry over the bleak days

which are necessary for humanity to endure that it may arrive at an appreciative understanding of the rich days.

Now we go from you, leaving you to your thought. Pursue and develop it, because presently, my beloved, a GREAT DOCTRINE groweth from it. A GREAT DOCTRINE groweth out of it! -- that hath within it the truth of eternal manifestation in all forms.

My blessing on your effort to interpret my garden in the beauties of the colors wherein I would display it.

You recall I asked you at the outset of these pages, Could Man Know Himself? There is one way he can.

He can try making comparisons between himself and God and coming to grasp how stupendous is the gulf in this item of Cleverness.

Let man begin to comprehend the very instability and paltriness of his own cosmic infanthood and he can write a Manifesto unto a more adult consciousness whose agenda contains the items with which I close. [End quoting.] *Stairs to Greatness*, 1956.

ASCENDING TO HIGHER LEVELS.

If you've come this far in our journey through a small part of two of the best books in the Soulcraft series, I hope you have good feelings about what *Star Guests* and its companion volumes offer spiritual seekers. Be aware that there are more than a few teachings and revelations I have not even touched on at all. To learn more, you must seek, but without a doubt, you'll prosper if you do. Soulcraft enhances and amplifies whatever spiritual systems and metaphysical paradigms you may already employ.

FINDING SOULCRAFT PUBLICATIONS.

Some (but less than half) of the original book titles are still available. Reprinting is doubtful, so get them while you can, if the site is still available.
http://www.soulcraftteachings.com/books.html#soulcraft

Other used titles, including his earlier novels and screenplays, are sometimes available on sites such as www.abebooks.com.

If you want help in locating hard-to-find volumes – or perhaps donating some of them to my Pelley research library – or if you have other questions, email EagleRevisionist@aol.com.

By the way, I have over 1000 pages of Soulcraft newsletters from the late 1950s entitled "Purposes of the Infinite, Private Weekly Transcripts of Psychical Proceedings for Students in the Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc. -- Confidential".

If interested in discussing this, please write.

PART THREE: THE SOULCRAFT LIBERATION DOCTRINES

William Dudley Pelley never really tried to start a new religion or sect, but in many ways, the Soulcraft Liberation doctrines redefined the basic understanding of the Christ, who manifested to Pelley as the Elder Brother beginning in 1928-29, and was also called by other names. Soulcraft says we are all "Christs in School", realizing our own inner godhood and divinity. In essence, this reflects the ancient Indian Vedic scriptures with their basically pantheistic theology. God is all, all is God, and we can all achieve various levels of divinity as we climb the Karmic ladder to ever higher levels. As you know, this is now a basic creed among many New Age and metaphysical groups, often reflecting basic Soulcraft concepts.

METEMPSYCHOSIS IN THE BIBLE.

Apart from the religions of ancient India, several others preach similar doctrines. Today's Gnostic Christians and New Age movements, as well as certain sects of Kabalistic Judaism, believe in reincarnation. Metempsychosis is, of course, a key Soulcraft doctrine. Indeed, as pointed out in the Soulcraft discourses, that we live other lives is a teaching of Jesus in the New Testament. This appears in several synoptic texts: Matthew 17, Mark 9 and Luke 9. It seems clear that past lives are the real topic. As we know, the Roman Church co-opted the emerging Christian religion and took over its scriptures in the early 300s. Once in charge, they removed many controversial things, such as those having to do with metempsychosis. However, for whatever the reason, they left some texts largely intact. The one that follows has to do with the Transfiguration, which was already established as a doctrine in early Christianity. With the exception of Origen, the early Church Fathers avoided reincarnation altogether, just as their counterparts do today. Consider what he said about the secret teachings of Jesus.

"The secret of the kingdom of God has been given to you. But to those on the outside everything is said in *parables* so that, 'they may be ever seeing but never perceiving, and ever hearing but never understanding…." Mark 4:11-12.

"He replied, "The knowledge of the *secrets* of the kingdom of heaven has been given to you, but *not to them*. Whoever has will be given more, and he will have an abundance." Matthew 13:11-12.

"[Jesus] conversed with His disciples in private, and especially in their sacred retreats, concerning the Gospel of God; but the words which He uttered have not been preserved, because it appeared to the evangelists that they could not be adequately conveyed to the multitude in writing or in speech… and they saw… what things were to be committed to writing, and how this was to be done, and what was by no means to be written to the multitude, and what was to be expressed in words, and what was not to be so conveyed". Origen, *Contra Celsus*, Chap. VI. 18.

Read the texts carefully (also in Mark 9 and Luke 9), and decide for yourself if this speaks of past and future reincarnations, a doctrine that would have been known by Jesus' inner circle. But more than that, it was known to early Christians, especially among the mystical Gnostics, Essenes and others. The mystical and otherworldly story of the Transfiguration was so strongly entrenched that even the Roman redactors dared not change the text too much, much less totally remove it. Hence, the rather successful tactic has been to simply ignore any references to reincarnation, not even discussing it other than to cite all sorts of other texts supposedly refuting it.

The verses below are from the Revised Standard Version.

"For all the prophets and the law prophesized until John the Baptist, and if you are willing to accept it, he is Elijah who is to come." Matthew 11:14.

"And after six days Jesus took with him Peter and James and John his brother, and led them up a high mountain apart. And He was transfigured before them, and his face shown like the sun, and his garments became white as light. And behold there appeared to them Moses and Elijah, talking with him." … And as they were coming down the mountain, Jesus commanded them, 'Tell no one the vision, until the Son of man is raised from the dead.' And then the disciples asked him, 'Then why do the scribes say that first Elijah must come?' He replied, 'Elijah does come, and he is to restore all things; but I tell you Elijah has already come, and they did not know him, but did to him whatever they pleased. So also the Son of man will suffer at their hands. Then the disciples understood he was speaking to them of John the Baptist." Matthew 17:1-3; 9-13.

It seems clear to me, but the prelates, priests and preachers cite other texts to the contrary, refuting any idea that "ye must be born again" means rebirth in a later life. If you follow the hypothesis that much of the New Testament was created from earlier Buddhist writings and stories from ancient India, then references to metempsychosis don't sound so strange. But there are no New Testament manuscripts before the 400s, and a lot can happen in four hundred years. Any direct references to reincarnation were surely expunged, beginning with St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate Bible in the late 300s. No earlier copies exist.

If you think the old monks just sat around in their hermitages copying, preserving and illustrating manuscripts, think again! The monks did reproduce and preserve church approved manuscripts, but also spent time editing and rewriting the then-available scripture texts, then destroying all originals. Beyond that, like a literary SWAT team, the monks hunted down, seized and destroyed any contradictory "heretical" writings such as those of the Gnostics. Of course as with the Cathars, the pious churchmen not only burnt the books but the believers as well.

Past lives are affirmed in the Gnostic gospels by the teachings of Jesus.

"His followers said to him, 'When will the rest for the dead take place, and when will the new world come?' He said to them, 'What you look for has come, but you do not know it.'" Gospel of Thomas, saying 51.

"When you see your likeness, you are happy. But when you see your images that came into being before and that neither die nor become visible, how much you will bear!" Gospel of Thomas, saying 84.

"A GREAT DOCTRINE GROWETH OUT OF IT."

"Give thought to that which is introduced to you by this paper. Give it deep thought and I will reveal a new incentive to you to carry over the bleak days which are necessary for humanity to endure that it may arrive at an appreciative understanding of the rich days. Now we go from you, leaving you to your thought. Pursue and develop it, because presently, my beloved, a GREAT DOCTRINE groweth from it. A GREAT DOCTRINE groweth out of it! -- That hath within it the truth of eternal manifestation in all forms."

THE NINE POINTS, A SOULCRAFT SACRAMENT.

In effect, this is a very Christ-centered doctrine, but within the earlier esoteric traditions of the Christian Essenes, Gnostics and the later Cathars. Metempsychosis is a essential theological and philosophical assumption. May you read and be enlightened.

[Begin quoting.] There are Nine Points to be established before the masses of Christendom.

One, every soul helping to compose the grand ensemble of humanity is an embryonic Messiah, making his way life by life up the Cosmic Stairflight, to graduate resplendent with divinity manifest;

Two, he has chosen earthlife within a certain race, in a certain country, at a specific time in history, to obtain definite developing of intellect which such stations hold to give him – some significant, some mediocre, all of them vital;

Three, the concourse of the nations approaches an intersection in eternity where positive principles demand to be recognized – that each race, each nationality, each system of government, has something worthwhile to contribute to the character gains of all souls composing them;

Four, that certain nations are qualified to serve definite individuals that their progress may be quickened;

Five, that as each individual attains to such consciousness he contributes of his force to attainment of the Ultimate;

Six, that the Ultimate is creation of a condition on this earth-plane where those who show themselves outstandingly spiritual are symbolically allotted Keys to the Kingdom which is established at the Avatar's imminent appearance;

Seven, that the favored in this concourse are those who are reincarnated purposely to be a part of it, that they pursue their labors and responsibilities unto the End – that this End shall recognize and reward them for fidelity to an Ideal;

Eight, that the Ideal is universal awakening to the basic principles of Cosmos – that each man and each woman is divine in his innermost essence of being, that the centuries await the proclaiming of Stalwarts, that they are present in the earth-scene to witness a new Triumphal Entry: the arrival within the Gates of Modern Enterprise of a new Son of Heaven with healing in His wings;

Nine, this Healing is manifest Honesty of Purpose in that which each doeth standing for righteousness within a hoodwinked generation.

This is the Planet's Ninefold Path offered for our traveling. There is none greater, none purer. Thus, we deem it a sacrament.

Over the earth comes a New Time suddenly – galvanic awakening of the Sons of God to that which is celestial, recognitions of their birthrights as First-born of Timeless Splendor.

A great religious wakening is slated for mankind in which theology becomes archaic.

People, no matter how common, are Sons of God and it doth not yet appear all they shall be.

They have a commission to execute.

Each man and each woman shall be protected and sustained in the fruits of his industry to time without end.

No political voice shall issue fiats limiting man or woman in his heaven-born rights of person or denying him representation in Councils of Probity.

The Meek shall inherit the earth in that no one shall affect arrogantly to dictate what adult prerogatives shall be in declaring for honesty, efficiency, and integrity in public office.

This shall henceforth be a world where violence is subtracted, where races shall meet in all respect one for another, recognizing and conceding why a race is what it is.

Races shall know and sustain their governments separately according to their needs of spirit for the period. They shall only band together for protection against encroachments on natural liberties. When such menace has departed, rights of peace shall be paramount and respected again among them. There shall be no purposeful coalitions permitted that have as their essence the control of the many by the handful. All men shall enjoy and expand their wealth by the conscience which is their heritage divine within them.

All men are free peoples under Holy Spirit – and Satan is only and always the symbol of a god of the weaklings. Amen and amen!

A CALL TO GREATNESS.

The ASPIRATIONS of a man are the fodder for his soul. But different men have differing aspirations depending on their Cosmic gradings. Those of little mein are weak in Cosmic circumstance; the mighty of the ages are chosen for a diadem. None can take it from them. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve: God or Mammon.

God is eternal. Mammon is last night's squandered huckstering. What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world's acclamation yet lose his own soul striving to bow to it?

Those who are superior in point of Cosmic age bend knee to this accolade.

They know the plights and circumstance and accord us with a blessing.

"Every last one of us in this body to learn grace under pressure. If the pressure were lacking, so too would be incentive. The prayer of every truly valiant person should be, Lord, make my future hard."

When you pray it – and take it – you'll be finished with further need of earth-life and probably won't come back to it.

Thus the Stairs to Greatness! Ever so be it!

[End quoting.] ***Stairs to Greatness*****, 1956.**

CONCLUDING STATEMENTS.

Let us declare and decree that we are a free and worthy people, not weaklings or cowards. We disown our fears and cast them far from us. They are largely self-generated anyway. Some of you are especially called, known in Soulcraft as the Goodly Company, preparing for the Great Coming. We are at a New Age, passing from Pisces to Aquarius, right now. You probably know who you are but some may just now be reawakening. Come forth, O Goodly Company. This is your time. Listen and mark it well. The Great Avatar, the Ever-Living and Undying Christos, is coming at the Turning of the Cosmic Cycles. He returns, as always, at the proper places and proper times to the proper people as determined by our Eternal Father-Mother God, the Great and Mighty I-AM, the Ancient of Days.

If the Great Avatar is not already among us, it can't be very long now. Be aware; watch for the signs. As revealed in *Star Guests*, thirteen is the number and seven times seven is the number of days.

I close with the loving and sincere hope that some of you are drawn to know more. If so, start your journey by reading *Star Guests or* any of the Soulcraft books.

Be Safe and Be Well. Namaste,
Harrell

THREE WORKS BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY ARE BELOW.

THE 45 QUESTIONS MOST FREQUENTLY ASKED ABOUT THE JEWS

By William Dudley Pelley

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CONTENTS

Why did God create such a difference between Jew and Gentile, so that the Jew is at once recognized, no matter what race he lives among?

How did the Jews come to have such strange traditions setting them apart, racially and religiously, from the Gentiles?

Should we say that Jews are members of a race, or followers of a religion?

If the Jew is the follower of a religion, why does it cause him so much inconvenience or harassment, as against the followers of other religions?

What is the Talmud?

Is the Talmud a single book?

Are the two Talmuds alike?

How did the Babylonian Talmud come to be written, if the Jerusalem Talmud was already in existence?

Are the two Talmuds the holy books of the Jews?

What does the term Rabbi mean?

Is a Rabbi and a Jewish priest one and the same?

Why did the Destruction of the Temple destroy the Israelite priestly caste?

What was the Ark of the Covenant?

Is there any difference between the Jehovah of the Jews, and the Divine Father spoken of by Jesus and as worshipped by the Christians?

What is the difference between a Jewish Temple and a Synagogue … and isn't the synagogue the Jewish Church?

Are the modern Jews and the ancient Israelites one and the same people?

Were there no Jews in the world prior to the coming of Jacob's sons to Egypt?

Was there really an Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob?

Did not Christ's words confirm that there was an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?

Why does the Old Testament refer to the early Hebrews as Israelites?

Have we any other accounts than those of the Old Testament on the advent and adventures of the Hebrews in Egypt?

Were the Children of Israel persecuted by the Egyptians?

Was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea while the favored Hebrews passed over to Midian unscathed?

Is the Exodus story a myth?

Did Moses write the first five books of the Old Testament?

Why do we call the Jews "Semites"?

Have the Jews the right to designate Palestine as their Homeland?

Why were the Jews carried captive to Babylon?

Why do today's Jews make such an ungodly pother about returning to Palestine as a race?

How many Jews are there in the whole world today?

What is the Jewish Sanhedrin?

Is the Sanhedrin still in active existence?

Do Jews actually believe that the day is coming when they are going to be supreme masters over all the other races and peoples of earth?

Are the Jews a united people for the achievement of a world messiahship?

How do Sephardic Jews differ from Ashkenazic Jews?

To which branch of Jews did Jesus Christ belong?

Why did the Jews deny Christ?

Why does the Bible, as the "Inspired Word of God," persistently represent Christ as being a Jew?

What was Ebionitism?

Isn't the Bible the Inspired Word of God?

What is the Vulgate?

How can we condemn or persecute people who cannot help having been born into the Jewish race?

What is to be the future of the Jews when this present paroxysm of anti-Semitism has run its course?

Why jump on all the Jews, just because some of them misbehave? Aren't there any good Jews?

Is it true that all Jews are Communists?

ASSUME that you are a normal American citizen, born and raised in this one-time Land of the Free, educated in its public schools, and a member of some Christian denomination -- Catholic or Protestant. You are as good as you can be, and probably no worse than circumstances allow. You are undoubtedly married and possibly have children. You pay your bills as best

you can, and subscribe to a policy of "Live and Let Live!" If you have sympathies, they usually go to the under dog in a contest, and if you have a pet peeve, it's being hoaxed or bamboozled. In other words, you're a 99 percent American, trying as best you can to get along and stay out of jail; you like to see fights carried on in a sporting manner and don't especially enjoy the realization that someone thinks of you, or treats you, as a "sap." . . . Very good!

You look about you in this Land of the Free -- that isn't as free as it was in your boyhood -- and observe that your country, your State, and perhaps your city or neighborhood, also contain a quota of human beings who are commonly labeled Jews. They are people whom you know you must watch in any business deal, for their trickery is so proverbial that the word "Jew" is often used as verb as well as noun. When your neighbor comes to you and tells you that his partner "Jewed" him out of last year's profits, you know at once what he means. He means that he was cheated. No one has maliciously originated this use of the word Jew. It has simply come about through long experience of "your kind" of folks in dealing with Israelites. But you know other things about Jews.

You know that as a people they have definite characteristics that forever mark them out as being Jews. Some have enormous hooked noses. Others have a queer rubbery look about the eyes. Some you can pick out because of the vulgarity of their dress or the lewd way in which they display and wear expensive jewelry. Commonly you recognize them by the manner in which they talk. That they have no reserve, no respect for other people's privacies, and little stability of character -- being arrogant and insolent one moment and fawning and wailing the next -- is something you've probably observed subconsciously. Furthermore, they are great people to hive up, or gang together. In our great cities, they prefer to live close to one another to such an extent that we call their localities of abode, "Ghettos." . . .

> **But there is this strange item about these Jews: from the time that you were first able to walk and talk, or know anything about religion or history, you have had it dinned into your consciousness that this strange folk -- as a race -- were special favorites of the Almighty. The popular term designating them has been "God's Chosen People."**

God, it seems, back over the ages, for no particularly good reason that you've been able to figure out in logic, took an eccentric divine fancy to this especial breed of humans. You don't know exactly why God should have done so. You don't see many characteristics in them today that should have prompted God to make such a choice. All the same, tradition has informed you that God once promised the whole earth and all the peoples in it, to the seed of Abraham, and to cap the whole business, you were further informed that the universal Savior of all mankind -- the Christ, born in the Bethlehem Manger and crucified on Calvary for the sins of the world -- was likewise a Jew.

It stacks up to you, if you have ever given thought to it at all, that if it hadn't been for the Jews, the world would have had no Christ. You don't know a whole lot about the authenticity of the business; again, I say, that's what you've keen told.

Lately you've been told a lot of other things, and chiefly they concern one race of people abroad who were our recent enemies in the World War. The Germans! You've peen told that all of a sudden the Germans have arisen under their Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, and "persecuted" the Jews -- persecuted them frightfully. In fact, this persecution amounts to kicking them out of Germany. After living in that country for generations, they've had to pull up stakes, give up their homes and friends, and flee from the wrath of the Terrible Nazis. Of course it has been represented to you, that the Jews were by no means guilty of doing anything to Hitler, his followers, or the German people as a whole, meriting such inhuman treatment. The Germans, almost

overnight, decided that they simply didn't like the Jews, and didn't want them around. So they rose up and clubbed and maimed and hounded the poor Israelites, who had to flee to foreign countries before such pagan violence.

And while such unfair and unsporting treatment has been going on in Germany, a lot of other Old-World nations have taken their cue from Hitler and decided it would be nice to seize the opportunity to resort to some inhuman violence on their own Jews as well. People who don't want to see Communism come in their country, want a scapegoat for it and blame it on the Jews. So other nations follow Germany's lead and join in giving the Jew a good kick in the pants.

Of course the Jew wants some place to flee to, therefore he asks permission to come over here into the United States. A half-crazy Jewish boy shoots a Nazi official in Paris, and the German people riot and treat the Jews roughly, ending up by fining the whole race -- or such part of it as lives in Germany -- something like $400,000,000 for the mischief.

You feel that such treatment is a bit unfair, and yet when the Jew asks permission to come over here to the United States, you wonder how on earth the country is going to take on any more liabilities. We have something like 12 million unemployed already, and only about so much work to go around. If ungodly numbers of refugee Jews come over here, somebody must support them. If they apply for work and support themselves, it means that an equal number of native American Gentiles must relinquish their present jobs and either go on Relief or join the bread line.

Nevertheless, it looks as though the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration is to let them come in. It seems the humane thing to do.

But gradually it has likewise been occurring to you, that the attitude of even the Federal Administration is changing. Instead of Christian Gentile people being put in key government jobs, the big places in Washington are being filled by Jews. You hear that Morgenthau is a Jew, Madam Perkins is a Jewess, Judge Brandeis is a Jew, Felix Frankfurter -- who has just gone upon the Supreme Court Bench -- is another Jew. In fact something like 275 of the biggest and most vital positions in the Washington government, are filled by Jews. You hear that Jews control or own 65 percent of the nation's industries. You know that the movies are owned and run by Jews. As for the Relief agencies, since the Administration has had to meet the problem of aid to the unemployed, they are everywhere staffed by Jews and most of them Communist Jews at that.

All of a sudden, all over the earth, it seems, everybody is becoming Jew-conscious. Jews are everywhere. They are into everything. If you hear of a great vice ring being broken up in New York, Chicago or San Francisco -- always it is Jews that are reported as having been arrested. Is a great arson ring run to earth? Again the perpetrators are Jews. Is the white slave trade attacked? Again Jews are nabbed for having engaged in it. Does Dewey make a great pother about busting up the rackets in New York? Get behind the Gentile names being used by the racketeers, and always the true names of the culprits are Jewish.

Jews are into crime, it seems, even as they are into business. You turn on the radio of a Sunday afternoon and dial into Father Coughlin. He is thundering from his Royal Oak pulpit against the International Bankers. But they all have Jewish names. What on earth is making the whole world seem to go crazy simultaneously against the Jews?

Some Sunday evening you read a bitter tirade in the papers against the Jews, or some spirited defense of the Jews, and you suddenly bethink to ask yourself -- -

Just how much do you know about the Jews, or the Jewish Question, anyway?

Whom can you go to, to ask truthful particulars about the Jews, and get the real low-down on why they may be persecuted from the poles to the equator?

All at once it seems as if there were about a hundred questions you'd like to ask about the Jews -- why they act as they do, why they always stir up such animosity against themselves in whatever land they settle, why they exhibit such buttinsky manners that rile other races and make them retaliate, what the real Jewish situation is throughout the earth. and what's to be the end of it.

Well, my friend, average and normal American that you are, this little booklet is put into your hands, anticipating your questions and answering them candidly, honestly, without undue bias, and in the intense patriotic desire to preserve the welfare of this, our mutual country, against inequitable encroachments by minorities especially minorities with a different moral code.

You may feel the desire to combat some of the answers, and others you will probably want more enlightenment upon. But in the main, if you do further checking, you'll discover to your amazement that the answers are quite accurate. They have been compiled, not as any sort of Nazi propaganda, but by the officials of an American patriotic movement, after years of being interrogated on the public platform and in private interviews precisely in the manner set forth in this handbook.

The true purpose of this handbook, therefore, is to open your eyes to what's going on around you, and what an unhallowed menace to the peace, prosperity, and longevity of your country, this influx of overseas Israelites may be.

If you want more information on any of these answers, you can get it -- pressed down and overflowing, in such detail as to stupefy you. There is now a vast and equitably authenticated literature on this most vital of all issues to the non-Jewish peoples of the earth. And it is yours for the acquiring.

However, to the first question. What is it that people most want to know about the Jews --

1. Why did God create such a difference between Jew and Gentile, so that the Jew is at once recognized, no matter what race he lives among?

***Answer* -- God did not create any essential difference between Jew and Gentile. The difference between Jew and Gentile is a man-made thing entirely. It has arisen from the fact that over the generations the priests, scribes, and rabbis of the Jews have compiled a great mass of racial and religious instruction which the Jewish baby imbibes with its mother's milk. This racial and religious instruction impresses upon each new Jewish child, from the moment it first begins to understand the Hebrew tongue that it has been born into a race that is "different" from the other races of mankind, that it has been born into a "better" race, and that by comparison with the people of the Jewish race, the people of all the other races are likened to mere cattle and animals. However -- unfortunately -- while the people of the Jewish race are "better," at the same time they are fewer in number. So, being the smarter and yet in the minority, the members of the Jewish race suffer "persecution" -- which comes from naught else than the jealousy of the more populous races, who are resentful that the "better" and "smarter" Jews best them at every turn. Such is the psychology in which the Jewish child is reared, and after a time he builds a defense mechanism against the results of it. He looks at the members of all other races as his "enemies" and is in a state of subconscious antagonism with them. God has had nothing to do with it. It is a case of race**

psychology that has gained such a terrific momentum up through the ages that no one Jew can arrest or change it.

2. How did the Jews come to have such strange traditions setting them apart, racially and religiously, from the Gentiles?

***Answer* -- When Moses led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, he is traditionally credited with having introduced a strange custom for the perpetuation of his One-God religious ideas and the priesthood that was intended to keep them alive in the hearts of the Israelites. He laid it down as a law that the first-born son of every Hebrew family should be dedicated to the priestly calling, also that one-tenth of the resources of every family should be donated for the upkeep of such priesthood. Now for one boy out of every family to be qualified as a priest, or "cohen" -- from which so many modern Jews get the surname Cohen -- meant that over a long period of time the numbers of priests must become prodigious. There were so many of them, in fact, that they came to be recognized as a caste, called Levites. Incidentally from Levites we get the many variations or names such as Levi, or Levy, that designate today's Jews. These formidable numbers of priests came eventually to make the Hebrews the worst priest-ridden people on the face of the earth. They had to be supported, and anything that in any way threatened their priestly jobs, met with swift and fierce opposition. The only way that they could preserve these jobs, was by enforcing a rigid solidarity and racial consciousness among the masses, and binding them tight to the priestly counsel. The only way such solidarity and racial consciousness could be created and maintained in turn, was to so interpret religion -- or what passed for religion -- that the populace could not perform the simplest acts of daily life without having the priestly interpretation of it, and making the people feel that such priests were indispensable. This was accomplished by training the people to think that they were "different," and thus creating the barrier between them and members of other races in consequence. As the priests were likewise the only learned men, and in charge of the Israelite traditions, they**

could interject into those traditions what they pleased -- if it only impressed upon their people a sense of the priestly importance, that they -- the Israelites -- were the truly great people and those beloved of the Creator, and that the priests were unchallenged leaders over them. Today we would term such monopoly a racket, because basically it was built on priestly gain and power. In other words, whatever enhanced the racial and spiritual solidarity of this people, enhanced the influence and indispensability of the priestly caste. So in teaching the Israelites to think that they were "different" and "better" the priests were feathering their own nests and making their jobs sure-fire and profitable. So Israelite -- and later Jewish -- traditions became what they are today. It is ingrained into the Jew to think himself "different," and "better," and the priest-rabbi now has such a hold over him that he cannot be a Jew without acknowledging the priest-rabbi influence in the most trivial of his daily acts.

3. S*hould we say that Jews are members of a race or followers of a religion?*

***Answer* -- The Jews, according to blood-tests made in English laboratories, belong to one of the divisions of the oriental or yellow-branch of the human family. Biologically, or anthropologically, they are not a race unto themselves -- as the Finns, the Britons, the Latins, or the Negroes. Strange to relate, and contrary to popular notion, the Jew has no physical characteristics but his basic Mongoloid stock to mark him out as to which division of the species he belongs. The great hooked nose or "schnozzle" of the Ashkenazic Jew, is a feature that he acquired by cross-breeding over untold generations with the Assyrians. So the Jews of today are Orientals who have been kept politically intact throughout the earth by a clan consciousness derived from the peculiarities of their common Mosaic faith. Jews have crossbred with other races to such an extent that there is almost no such thing today as a pure-blooded Jew. Anthropologically the Jew is a racial hybrid, wherever we find him. That is why he no longer welds together politically or sets up a strictly Jewish nation. It is the more nearly correct thing to say that the Jew is the**

follower of a religion -- and a particularly formalized and debased religion at that -- and any claim to membership in a "race" is spurious.

4. If the Jew is the follower of a religion, why does it cause him so much inconvenience or harassment as against the followers of other religions?

Answer **-- Strictly speaking, it does not. There are hundreds of religions being practiced in the world today, and the devotees of each are quite as fanatical and defensive of their tenets of faith as the Jew -- speaking now of the *orthodox* Jew. What seems to be inconvenience and harassment resulting to the Jew from his religion, visited upon him of course by other races and devotees of other faiths, is the debased character of his concepts in regard to God and humanity that are not religious so much as theological. Here again a plethora of priests is responsible. Having, as we might put it, nothing else to occupy their time, and being insistent on making themselves indispensable to this particular people, these priests have "laid down the law" to a minute detail that in the estimate of other religionists is little short of ridiculous. For instance, it is a religious "sin" for a Jewish family to have butter on the table if they also have lard. So many white hairs must be counted on a cow's pelt in order to truthfully call the beast a "white" cow -- such absurdities became priestly designations. There is no act of the strictly orthodox Jew's life, from the instant he awakens in the morning till he closes his eyes at night, that his priests have not prescribed for him as to what is right and what is wrong, what is "sin" and what is "keeping the law." As a result, his religion has lost all its spontaneous spirituality. And a theology without inherent spirituality soon begins to present a blunted or distorted moral code. This in time becomes no code at all. Finally when the psychopathy of this plethora of priests begins to tell the Israelites that it is altogether "moral" for him to lie and cheat and steal -- if it be done to a human being who is not an Israelite -- the devotees of such an unmoral or non-spiritual cult are bound to land in plenty of social trouble with their neighbors. And such atrocious tenets are precisely what the Talmuds, or Jewish rabbinical writings, DO teach --**

although it is not our intent to swell this little book with the authenticating Talmudic quotations. The latter can be procured in a special booklet giving these atrocious quotations and naught else.

5. What is the Talmud?

***Answer* -- The Talmud is the name given to the fundamental code of the Jewish civil and canonical law as compiled by various rabbis, or schools of theological writers, after and since the destruction of the first Temple at Jerusalem. It comprises the Mishna and the Gemara. The Mishna is the canonical text, the Gemara is the commentary or complement to the text.**

6. Is the Talmud a single book?

***Answer* -- No, there are two Talmuds. There is the one called the "Talmud of the Occidentals" -- sometimes referred to as the Jerusalem or Palestine Talmud, which was closed at Tiberius. Then there is the Babylonian Talmud. But the Babylonian Talmud has nothing to do with the Captivity of the Jews in Babylon. It gets its name from the fact that it was compiled by Rabbi Ashe, president of the Academy of Sora in Babylon, about 400 years *after* Christ. The Jerusalem Talmud is the older book, originating in Tiberius, in the school of Johanan, who died A.D. 179.**

7. Are the two Talmuds alike?

***Answer* -- No! The Babylonian Talmud, compiled some time in the fifth century after Christ, is nearly four times as voluminous as the Jerusalem Talmud. The latter extends over 30 treatises of the Mishna only. The**

Babylonian Talmud covers 36 treatises but the Gemara or commentaries fill 2,947 folio leaves -- nearly 3,000 pages.

8. How did the Babylonian Talmud come to be written, if the Jerusalem Talmud was already in existence?

Answer **-- Both the Mishna and Palestine Gemaras had, despite the comparatively brief time that had elapsed since their compilation in A.D. 179, suffered greatly, partly by corruption, that had crept into their texts through faulty traditions, partly through the new decisions arrived at independently in the different younger schools of rabbis -- of which there flourished many in different parts of the Dispersion after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus the Roman, in 70 A.D. At times these decisions were contradictory. To put an end to disputes and the general theological confusion resulting from them, which threatened a complete religious chaos, Rabbi Ashe, aided by his disciple and friend Rab Abina, commenced the cyclopean task of collecting anew the enormous mass of material which by that time had accumulated. It took him, with the assistance of ten secretaries, no less than 30 years, and many years were spent by him in the revision of the work.**

9. Are the two Talmuds the holy books of the Jews?

Answer **-- No! Strictly speaking, the Biblical Old Testament is the holy book of the Jews, the same as it is one-half of the Holy Book of the Christians, the New Testament being the other half for the Christians. To get the more correct idea of the relationship of the Talmuds to the Old Testament, we might put it that the Talmuds bear the same relation to the Old Testament that the Constitution of the United States does to the Christian religion as practiced or professed by American Christians. The Old Testament gives the background and supposedly sacred history and social code of all Israelites; the Talmuds**

are the compilations of the commentaries of the rabbis and learned scribes of this people, interpreting this background, history, and code for the daily conduct of Judaists and the application of their Faith to the worldly circumstance.

10. What does the term Rabbi mean?

***Answer* -- In Jewish history and literature, Rabbi is the noun "Rab" with a pronominal suffix, and in Biblical Hebrew it means "great man, distinguished for age, rank, office, or skill." Since Biblical times, and in popular parlance, it has been used as a title indicating sundry degrees by its several terminations, but generally speaking it means Master Teacher, or Doctor of the Law.**

11. Is a Rabbi and a Jewish priest one and the same?

***Answer* -- Absolutely not! Up to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in 70 A.D., and the scattering of the Jews throughout the earth, the priests were the officials, dignitaries, and sacred attaches of the Temple and its ceremonials. After the Temple was destroyed, the Hebraic law was kept alive in the hearts of orthodox Jews by district teachers, who merely expounded the canonical law. In other words, the difference between a Jewish priest and a rabbi might be likened to the difference between an ordained clergyman or priest of the Christian religion and a Professor of Theology in a theological seminary.**

12. Why did the Destruction of the Temple destroy the Israelite priestly caste?

Answer -- **Because Israelite priests, strictly speaking, were personal attendants on a literal Jehovah, who, when in contact with the earthly world and His Chosen People, was assumed to be somehow attached mystically to the Ark of the Covenant. This Ark of the Covenant was carried by four men before the Israelitish hosts into battle on long pole-handles, and because Jehovah was popularly represented as being connected therewith, He literally "went before His people into battle." Sometimes the Lord God was thus captured by His puny mortal enemies -- or enemies of the Israelites, and that wasn't so good. It always gave the Israelites a horrible funk to have their Lord God captured by their enemies. When the Israelites had finally conquered Canaan and had no more battles to fight, they required some place to put the Lord God. So they erected the Temple -- which all good Christian Masons make such a pother about today -- and stored the Ark of the Covenant, with the Lord God, in the Holy of Holies. Only the very Top-Boss priests went in and held powwow with the Lord God in the Holy of Holies. So, when the Temple was destroyed -- or rather the Second Temple erected by the Jews on the return from the Babylonian Captivity -- there was no place for the Ark of the Covenant or the Lord God, therefore no Holy of Holies, therefore no possibility of personal attendants, therefore no priests excepting as they were designated as such by courtesy title. The Lord God escaped His coffer in the Holy of Holies and presumably went back to heaven. The Ark, after many vicissitudes -- and being hidden hither and yon among the cities of Asia Minor -- is now credited with reposing in a sealed room in the basement of the British Museum. For political-racial reasons it is not permitted to be exhibited or examined.**

13. What was the Ark of the Covenant?

Answer -- **The word Ark literally means: a chest or coffer for the safekeeping of any valuable thing; a depository. The Ark of the Covenant, in the synagogue or Temple of the Jews, was the chest or vessel in which the Tables of the Law were preserved. This was a small chest or coffer, three feet nine inches in length, two feet three inches in breadth, and the same in height, in**

which were contained the various sacred articles. It was made of shittum wood, overlaid inside and out with gold, and was covered by the Mercy Seat, called also the Propitiatory -- that is, the lid or cover of propitiation. Thus, in the language of Hebrew Scripture, those sins which are forgiven are said to be covered. The orthodox Jew will scoff at the non-Jewish implication that the Lord God Himself dwelt in or near such a box, but that was the general acceptance by the populace.

14. Is there any difference between the Jehovah of the Jews and the Divine Father of Jesus as worshiped by the Christians?

***Answer* -- There is a difference so vast as to render them practically two different personages. The word Jehovah is the modern English rendering of the Hebrew term for the Midian tribal deity, Yahvah. Moses, after he had murdered two Egyptians for their treatment of an Israelite, fled to Midian, a district across the Red Sea, south of the Land of Goshen. There he married a Midian wife and became a sheepherder. Jehovah or Yahvah was the neighborhood god of the Midianites whom Moses seized upon, and utilized, in his later politico-racial exploits back among the Egyptians. Moses claimed that this little tribal god, with all his provincial hates and lusts, was the One Lord God of all the universe. This last could only be interviewed by Moses in person, or by Aaron or his Levites when Moses wasn't around. Christ came, and got Himself hated unto crucifixion, by standing this narrow and fallacious notion of the deity on its head. Christ said that the Lord God was Universal Spirit, and that man needed no paid priest or elaborate temple ceremonials to commune with Him. This threatened the whole basic foundation of Judaism, since it counseled the masses that priests *were* dispensable.**

Furthermore, Christ taught that the Lord God was the Father of all mankind, Jew and Gentile alike. This was insufferable to the Israelites, who had a personal monopoly on the Creator, He being their original tribal deity and they being His particular devotees. In the Ebionitic attempts to reconcile the

two identities, however, early church fathers mixed the two deities hopelessly, and filled the Bible full of contradictions and paradoxes.

See answer to Question 39: Who were the Ebionites?

15. What is the difference between a Jewish Temple and a Synagogue -- and isn't the synagogue the Jewish Church?

Answer **-- The Lord God, having mystical connections with the Ark of the Covenant, could only be at the great Temple at Jerusalem, or wherever the Ark of the Covenant was, and the High Priest was handy to attend Him. There was but one Jewish Temple and that was at Jerusalem. But scattered throughout ancient Palestine, particularly after the Dispersion, were meeting-houses where the cantors did the sacred chanting on the Sabbath, and the rabbis expounded the canonical law. These were labeled Synagogues -- or Community Houses. A synagogue, strictly speaking, was not a church as we Christians think today of our dedicated edifices; it was a public gathering place. Hence going into the Synagogue to teach, no more made Christ a Jew than it would make you or me a Catholic -- presuming that you're a Protestant as I am -- to deliver a lecture on Pure Foods in a parochial hall in Racine, Wisconsin.**

16. Are the modern Jews and the ancient Israelites one and the same people?

Answer **-- For all practical working purposes, yes! But in the same sense that we might answer the parallel question: Are the modern Americans and the ancient Pilgrim Fathers -- who landed on Plymouth Rock and started the settlement of New England -- one and the same people? According to the Old Testament, which is purely a transcript of tradition and legend and not much besides, the Israelites in Egypt were divided into Twelve Tribes. Each tribe comprised the descendants of a son of Jacob, or acknowledged tribal**

allegiance to one of his sons, who thereby became the tribal patriarch. Among these Twelve Tribes was one known as the Tribe of Judah. After the conquering of Canaan -- exactly as this same people tried to "conquer" Germany in the past generation but was stopped by Hitler, or is now "conquering" the United States under Roosevelt -- the Tribe of Judah was allotted the area of land that included the City of David, or what we know today as Jerusalem. This possession of the capital city within their particular territory, gave the Tribe of Judah a particular prominence over the other tribes. Because the Temple and the priestly caste likewise exercised functions within their allotted territory, the Tribe of Judah became the more race-and-theology conscious. And the members of this Tribe "carried on" the more fanatically and zealously in preserving the legends, traditions, and literature of *all* the tribes, after the city's and temple's destruction. It is the progeny of this one tribe of Israelites, the Tribe of Judah, that we identify as today's Jews. The members of the other tribes of Israelites have largely disappeared from the world's face.

17: Were there no Jews in the world before the coming of Jacob's sons to Egypt?

***Answer* -- There have always been the same elements among all populations of the earth that we identify today as Judaists. The very ancient Egyptian and Sumerian chronicles refer to them as the People of Set, or "Spirit of Disorder in Governments." No matter what conditions they found politically or socially in the lands wherein they were received, they always wanted them changed, to conform to their own eccentric notions. The Egyptians seem to have referred to them as the "Set-un" Set being the god of Darkness and Destruction, and ''un'' being the suffix meaning "people." We derive our modern word Satan from this source. When Joseph escaped from his brethren, and went down into Egypt to work himself into the good graces of Pharaoh, and his brothers later followed him and "multiplied," this racial element was designated strictly among Pharaoh's subjects as the Tribe of the Habiru. From the term**

"Habiru" the term "Hebrew" comes down to us. But Jews as we know them today were not so called till after the "conquering" or "overrunning" of Canaan and its capital city of Jerusalem, and the allotting of the land whereon it stood to the Tribe of Judah. The word Jew is a sort of slang contraction of Judaist or member of the specific Tribe of Judah, only we spell it J-e-w instead of the terser J-u.

18. Was there really an Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob?

***Answer* -- We do not know! We have only tradition and legend to account for them. The Old Testament says such persons existed, but the contents of the Old Testament were passed down by word of mouth through a hundred generations before they became written on scrolls of sheepskin as a permanent literary record. At the time of the destruction of the first Temple and the Captivity, most of the records were destroyed. When the Jews came back from the Captivity and had completed the Second Temple, rebuilding it in tawdry form upon the ruins of the first Temple, Ezra the High Priest came running wildly to his compatriots one morning and proclaimed that he had "found" the ancient records miraculously intact down behind the altar in the Holy of Holies. Unbiased common sense tends to the conclusion that there was nothing mysterious or miraculous about it. Ezra rewrote the legends and traditions of his people from memory, naturally altering them to make the members of the Tribe of Judah the "big shots" of such chronicles. It is still this narrative reported by Ezra as thus "restored," that our Old Testament version of the Egyptian episode comes from.**

19. Did not Christ's words confirm that there was an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?

Answer -- None of us know accurately what Christ's real words were. He never left a scrap of paper or parchment penned by Himself personally. All accounts of His words were purported as taken down by His disciples or followers, but even _their_ original manuscripts were lost, and all that we have to go by, are copies of copies. How these were altered, edited, augmented, deleted, and transformed, is described in the answer to Question 40 further on: What is the Vulgate?

20. Why does the Old Testament refer to the early Hebrews as Israelites?

Answer -- Because, before the coming of the legendary Moses, they were followers of the same worship as their neighbors, the Egyptians. That is, they were worshipers of Isis, goddess of life and fecundity, co-deity with the Sun. The word Israel should be broken down into three syllables: Is-Ra-El. "Is" stands for Isis; "Ra" means the name of the god of the sun, represented like Horus -- with the head of a hawk and bearing the disk of the sun atop it. "El" means "high Lord" or that which is over all, as expressed by the modern word Elevated. "Ites" means those who follow or belong to. So Israelites, translating literally, were "those who followed or belonged to the High Deities Ra and Isis." Moses is popularly supposed to have changed all that, when he introduced his Midian tribal deity Yahvah to the people of the Habiru. Today the word Israelites clings to the Jews merely as a symbol for their identification as one-time worshipers of the sun.

21. Have we any other accounts than those of the Old Testament on the advent and adventures of the Hebrews in Egypt?

Answer -- Yes! Lord Breasted and others have recovered scores of papyrus scrolls and other records in very ancient Egyptian tombs along the Nile. These have been translated from time to time, but modern Jews do their best to

discourage such translations and suppress printed copies of them, because they brutally contradict the pro-Jewish accounts in the Old Testament.

22. Were the Children of Israel persecuted by the Egyptians?

Answer **-- Undoubtedly! -- but in the same manner that the Nazis of today are persecuting the Jews of the Fatherland, and from similar causations. The Children of Israel were not "persecuted" until they had overrun the land of Egypt, corrupted the Pharaohan court and Egyptian institutions, introduced -- or tried to introduce -- an ancient version of the NRA into Egyptian politics and economics, and subverted and debased pure-blooded Egyptian subjects. Finally Moses undertook to get them out, precisely as many an international Jewish or Zionist leader is trying to get the Jews out of Germany today but meeting with poor success because such an exodus means taking so much wealth -- or as the Israelites expressed it, "spoils" -- out of the country. When Pharaoh finally gave his consent to the departure of the Hebrews, he discovered to his consternation that they had taken with them vast amounts of portable valuables, and he chased after them with a force of chariots to recover this loot.**

23. Was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea while the favored Hebrews passed over to Midian unscathed?

Answer **-- He could not have been, unless his royal body was recovered, because his fairly well-authenticated mummy is preserved today in the British Museum.**

24. Is the Exodus story a myth?

Answer **-- No, but it appears to be a complete subversion of what actually took place. The debasing influence of the Habiru or People of Set became so great, that from time to time severe pogroms occurred. The Egyptians would gladly have let the Habiru depart, had the latter been willing to go empty-handed. But taking their property, much of it gotten as dishonestly as the New-Deal Jews of today have gotten their fortunes by exploitation or open graft, represented a severe economic problem. In the Scriptures as written by Jews, however, and thence handed to us for acceptance, all this hocus-pocus is glorified and blessed by the benedictions of Yahvah. As for the Chosen-People notion's being fallacious, we have the statement of a Jew, Dr. Oscar Levy of London, who declared quite frankly: "*We the Jews invented the myth of being God's Chosen People!*" Later, Dr. Levy died a very sudden and mysterious death. You can draw your own conclusions.**

25. Did Moses write the first five books of the Old Testament?

Answer **-- He could not have done so. At the time of Moses, 1,440 years before Christ, the Hebrews possessed no language of their own in which to write it. At the most, he would have had to write in Egyptian hieroglyphics or picture-graphs. Not till the Hebrews came into contact with the Phoenician peoples after settlement in the Land of Canaan, did they appropriate the strange block-letter alphabetical system that we recognize as the Hebrew of today. Even so, it contained no vowels for many generations. Try to write a page of this booklet in English, but leave out all the vowels, and see how accurately you get the exact sense of what is meant. P-T might stand for pat, pet, pit, pot, or put. How would you know which of these five words I might mean, were the vowels not used? So how can we tell what Moses, or any other ancient teacher or "law-giver" said literally?**

26. Why do we call the Jews "Semites"?

Answer -- **Because the forebears of the Habiru in Egypt were credited with having come from Arabia and the Arabian peninsula. This district, said legend, was allotted to Shem, a son of Noah, upon descent from the mythical Ark. The habitat of the Habiru was likewise described by some authorities as comprising Abyssinia, Palestine, Phoenicia, and Syria. From the name Shem, we get the term "Semites" or probably, "Shemites." But the Arabs, and some Persians, are likewise designated as Semites -- without having a drop of Jewish blood in them. It is strictly a territorial designation, as today we term all people Americans who dwell within the territorial confines of the United States.**

27. Have the Jews the right to designate Palestine as their Homeland?

Answer -- **No more and no less than either the Arabs or Syrians.**

When the Habiru were chased out of Egypt by Pharaoh's charioteers, they "wandered" for forty years in the Wilderness -- a district no bigger than our State of Connecticut -- and then under Joshua "cased" the Land of Canaan, as bandits "case" a bank they intend to rob today. In other words, they got the lay of the land, and then proceeded to attack the Canaanites and take their property and real estate away from them with the avowed encouragement of the petty Midian Yahvah. Ultimately they succeeded in this pillage and sabotage, and parceled out the conquered territory among the Tribes. David became eventually their greatest political-warrior king, and his illegitimate son, Solomon, their most voluptuous ruler. After Solomon's death, the tribal territories were divided under the rule of his two sons. One son succeeded to rulership over the lands of the Tribes of Judah and Benjamin, and this coalition came to he known as the Southern Kingdom; the other son succeeded to the rulership of the remaining tribes north of Jerusalem, known as the Northern Kingdom.

28. Why were the Jews carried captive to Babylon?

Answer -- Because Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian monarch, became utterly outraged over the manner in which the Hebrews to the southwest of his country and capital were preying upon his caravans and trade routes to Egypt. In 585 B.C. he sent an army down into Palestine, defeated the Judaists, and carried them off to Babylon, razing Solomon's Temple and leaving Jerusalem a waste. The distance that the Judaists were transported was only a couple of hundred miles, however. Remember, that the size of all Palestine is only 75 miles wide by 193 miles long -- about the same territorial coverage as the State of Massachusetts. The duration of this Captivity is usually reckoned as 70 years, although, strictly speaking, it lasted only 56 years. A great part of the remaining Northern Tribes had previously been taken captive to Assyria for similar marauding.

29. Why do today's Jews make such an ungodly pother about returning to Palestine as a race?

Answer -- Most of it is lachrymose propaganda. The Jews do not _want_ to return to Palestine. In the first place, a country only 75 miles wide and 193 miles long couldn't contain them. In the second place, they wouldn't be happy living with one another, having to endure one another, and being without Gentiles to exploit. History has proven this; it is no particular libel. The true reasons why the Jews are making such a clamor over having Palestine "returned" to them, is the presence of the stupendous mineral and chemical wealth in the Dead Sea, which would go to them along with the presentation, and the fact that in Palestine they would be in a strategic position to introduce Jewish-Communist Russia down to the Suez Canal and thereby sever a major artery between the British Isles and India. This would inflict a mortal wound to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Material gain is usually the real basis of any project over which the Jew waxes sentimental!

30. How many Jews are there in the whole world today?

Answer **-- Jewish populations are usually deceptive when given in the census figures, because Jews are forever trying to hide their Jewish nationality or race. Furthermore, when Jewish authorities compile a strictly Jewish census, they count males who have attained to their majorities only. As the average human family of any race customarily consists of five persons, we are safe in multiplying whatever figures the Jews give us of their numbers by five, or adding four times the original figure. Gentiles do not possess an accurate count of all the Jews in all the countries of the earth, but 80 millions -- men, women, and children -- would not be a wild estimate. Doubtless it is nearer a hundred millions, considering that the earth holds 2 billion inhabitants. That there are something like 25 million Jews, males and of age, within the civilized countries of the earth is a sound possibility. Of these, some 12,046,648 are in the United States at the present time. Only ten years ago, the figure, from Jewish sources, was set at 4,228,029. In other words, Jews in the United States have increased by 7,818,619 since 1927 -- an average of something like 15,000 a week! Fully half the world's Jews would seem to be within the United States at the present time. And arrangements are being completed under the American Jewish leaders and the Roosevelt Administration to bring the rest here as swiftly as it ran be managed!**

31. What is the Jewish Sanhedrin?

Answer **-- It is -- or was -- the supreme international council of the Jews, established at the time of the Maccabees, probably under John Hyrcanus. It consisted of 71 members, and was presided over by the *Nasi* -- or "prince" -- at whose side stood the Ab-Beth-Din, or "Father of the Tribunal." Its members represented the different castes and classes of Hebrew society. There were priests, elders -- that is, heads of families -- men of age and experience, scribes or doctors of law, and others exalted by eminent learning -- the sole**

condition of acceptance into this assembly. The presidency was usually conferred upon the High Priest, if he were sufficiently erudite, otherwise "he who excels all others in wisdom." The limits of its jurisdiction are not known with certainty but the supreme decision over life and death was exclusively in its hands. With the exception of Sabbath and feast days, it met daily. After the destruction of the Temple and Jerusalem, it finally established itself, after many migrations, in Babylon. During the Middle Age, we find, it met in Constantinople.

32. Is the Sanhedrin still in active existence?

Answer **-- Gentiles who have made a deep study of the Jewish Question and international organizations and activities of Jews, have ample evidence for believing so. But the Jews seem to have reasons for keeping its existence a secret till their fancied or anticipated reestablishment of their material kingdom over the earth is accomplished.**

33. Do Jews actually believe that the day is coming when they are going to be supreme masters over all the other races and peoples of earth?

Answer **-- Orthodox Jews most certainly do! Apostate Jews are cynical about the whole business, but are by no means averse to looting all Gentiles and obtaining their wealth as they may discern opportunity. This unhallowed business in action is the world-wide movement known as Communism. Gentiles and the world's laboring classes are the instruments utilized to get this accomplished. But most Jews seem to have altered their notions about such dominance by modern Israel's coming about through the appearance of one man, a messiah, or anointed leader. They now interpret the ancient prophecies, that "the Jews as a race shall be the world messiah" and make the world over into one united kingdom with a single great Jew as supreme**

dictator. See the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. The Talmud is literally loaded with such interpretations, too. The orthodox Jews consider the matter idealistically. The apostate, or atheistic Jews, are riding along perfectly content to profit from the gains of Jewry as a whole, and despoiling the modern Egyptians with zest, whenever and wherever they are permitted the chance.

34. Are the Jews a united people for the achievement of a world messiahship?

***Answer* -- They most certainly are *not!* They are guilty of quite as much racial discontent, brawling, and general psychopathy among themselves as against the Gentiles. And this state of things has always been true. From the return from the Captivity, down to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and the scattering of the Jews throughout the nations of the earth, the average length of reign of the Jewish kings -- and one Jewish queen, Alexandria -- was no longer than two years. Jews can't agree on rulers, even among themselves. Yet they think themselves capable of ruling all the other nations, comprising millions upon millions of Gentiles. The perpetual cry of their leaders, from Rabbi Ashe to Rabbi Wise, has forever been: "Stop your fighting and get together!" But the Jew can't "get together," not even with his own breed. The phobia of "being different" has bitten into him too deeply. The only thing that really drives the Jews into any sort of unity is persecution or violence directed against all classes of them as a people. Then they coalesce like sheep in a fold, all packed together and wailing to high heaven -- only sheep don't wail. Only Jews wail. And *how* they wail!**

35. How do Sephardic Jews differ from Ashkenazic Jews?

***Answer* -- The Sephardim are the Jews of the Mediterranean Basin -- Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and later Dutch and English Jews -- who have diluted**

their Jewish blood with these Latin and Nordic races by cross-marrying to such an extent that Gentile characteristics predominate. They can usually be identified only by Jewish names -- if they have not changed them -- or by the Jewish temperament as it exercises in times of crisis or vicissitude. Sephardic men have clean-chiseled Grecian profiles and lips. Sephardic women are dark-eyed and strikingly beautiful. The Ashkenazim, on the other hand, are the Russian, Polish, or German Jews -- in other words, Mongoloid Jews -- who were swept into Asia and Europe when the Assyrian king "scattered" the Northern Tribes and replaced them with Gallic peoples brought down by him from the Danube Valley. The Ashkenazic Jews are possessed of the "schnozzle" nose, derived from Assyrian interbreedings, the small round head on the thick neck, and the gross and vulgar mannerisms making them so offensive to Gentiles of reserve and Christians of refinement. When the Ashkenazim crossed their Mediterranean Hebrew or Sumerian with the Russian, Polish, or German tongues, they got a hybrid vernacular that is called Yiddish. Generally speaking, it can be said that the great mass of the Sephardim are orthodox Jews, and the great mass of the Ashkenazim are apostate Jews. The Sephardim uniformly hold that Judaists constitute the devotees of a religion; the Ashkenazim uniformly hold that the Judaists are a race or political unit. The Sephardim believe in gaining ascendancy over the non-Jewish races by strategy and peaceful penetration; the more or less apostate Ashkenazim believe in going straight to their ascendancy by crack-down and violence. Thereby do we witness Communism being mainly supported and advanced by Ashkenazic Jews, while the Sephardim behold it in an increasing alarm, sensing that the world's Gentiles may eventually penalize or exterminate all Jews for the lusts, hatreds, and atrocities of the Communistic Ashkenazim, and they find themselves included.

36. To which branch of Jews did Jesus Christ belong?

***Answer* -- Jesus Christ belonged to neither branch! Shocking as it becomes to modern Christians, an examination of the evidence now coming to light**

reveals *that Jesus Christ was not a Jew or any other kind of an Israelite!* This, of course, strikes at the very core and heart of present Christian doctrine. Nevertheless, sooner or later, Aryan Christians have got to face the facts. It takes a whole volume in itself to present these facts, but such a volume is available. In the first place, the only true Jews are descendants of the Tribe of Judah, and even if Biblical bases be taken for argument, the New Testament says in a score of places that He emphatically did not come from that tribe. Christ was a Galilean and a Nazarene. Galilee got its name from the Gauls, brought down by the Assyrian king when he denuded, the northern kingdom of Hebrews. The proper spelling of the word should be Gaulilee. Over and over, too, the New Testament writings speak of "Galilee of the Gentiles" ... The genealogies of Christ in the two New Testament Gospels do not determine the matter, since they do not agree, and since they do not agree, neither one of them can be established as authentic. Moreover, Jews reckoned genealogies through the father, always. Christians are confronted by the dilemma that if they make a tenet of their faith that Mary conceived Christ by the Holy Ghost, then she did not conceive Christ by Joseph her husband; and if she did not do the latter, then the Hebrew genealogies, tracing Jesus' ancestry back to David and Abraham, are fabrications. Jesus did not speak the prevalent Jewish tongue of the period; He conversed in what was a Gentile language. At no place did He Himself confirm that He was a Jew, and the words before Pilate, "Thou sayest!" were merely a colloquialism, not of acquiescence to Pilate's remark but of the thought: "You're doing the talking, I'm keeping quiet!" This great question about the Jewishness or non-Jewishness of Jesus, manifestly cannot be handled in a handbook of this size. If you are interested to read the complete attestments of his Gentile blood and background, send to the publishers of this booklet for the lengthier volume.

37. Why did the Jews deny Christ?

Answer **-- Because He would not subscribe to the tenet that their little Midianite tribal deity, Yahvah, could possibly be the Great Creator of the Universe and the author of all living things, or that such a Great Creator had a Chosen People, or that the Hebrew religion as the Sanhedrin propounded it, was a true religion, or that the Jews as such were due to inherit the earth and rulership over all its institutions. No man who thus struck at the roots of Judaism, could possibly be their long looked-for Messiah. Furthermore, Christ was the outstanding "Jew-Baiter" of His day. He called the scribes and Pharisees hypocrites and whited sepulchres, and indicted the Sanhedrin to the teeth of its bigshots as being "of the Synagogue of Satan." In other words, by not being willing to "play the Jew game" to other nations and races, Christ was identified as an "enemy" of the Jews; and the Jews know of but one way in which to treat their enemies: *Kill them!***

38. Why does the Bible, as the "Inspired Word of God," persistently represent Christ as being a Jew?

Answer **-- Because the Biblical manuscripts, comprising the Old and New Testaments as we know them today, were written under Jewish auspices, by writers striving to reconcile the prophecies of the Hebraic Old Testament with the astounding and not-controllable spread of the new Christianity. Obviously, if Christianity continued to grow and strengthen, in time it would supersede and exterminate Judaism altogether. So the Judaists got busy and worked out a clever ruse that, in practice, came to be called Ebionitism. They "tied into" the aggressive and expanding new religion by preaching that Christianity was the outgrowth of Judaism. Because Christianity was built upon a blanket castigation of everything Judaistic, to be an utter Christian one had to go through the same process and first be a Judaist. After one had first acknowledged everything Judaistic, including the priority of authority of the law of Moses, the authenticity of the Hebrew prophets and prophecies, and the whole patriarchal background of Judaism, then one was ready to take the next step into Christianity. Thus, one of the most important tenets of this**

atrocious subversion was to make the text impress upon the would-be convert's mind that even Jesus Himself was born a Jew. Therefore if there hadn't been any Jews, there wouldn't have been any Jesus, and if there hadn't been any Jesus, there wouldn't have been any Christian religion. This subversion and rewriting of the sacred text was carried to so bold a point that in one place it is crassly and satanically stated that . . . "salvation is of the Jews!" Salvation is nothing of the sort. Salvation is of the Christ, and the Holy Spirit! To explain the point in the modern scene, it is like saying that after a few hundred years the German Jews will get together and subvert the whole Nazi program in history by giving it out that Hitler *was* a Jew -- because he lived, operated, and instructed in German-Jewish Germany -- and that one couldn't become a good Nazi without first subscribing to the tenets of predatory Jewry, because otherwise what would Nazism *have had,* to be different *from* or agitate *against*?

What was Ebionitism?

***Answer* -- The subversive instructors, sent out by the Jerusalem authorities to imbed such notions in the minds of early Christian converts, were called Ebionites. It was their job and commission to make the very Judaism against which Christ inveighed, the foundation and background of the new Christian theology. Christ must be made to say that He came "to fulfil the law of Moses." Thereby the law of Moses became quite as essential to the new religion as did Christ. And so on, throughout a hundred scriptural passages. Again, we can compare it to the Jews of a hundred years hence making Hitler to say "I came to fulfil the law of Karl Marx!" These Ebionites had their headquarters in the Greek city of Pella, so that they would not be openly recognized as subversive missionaries for the Jerusalem Sanhedrinists. *And it was in, or near, Pella that the New Testament manuscripts were compiled.* The Apostle Paul once cut up an awful shindy about the mischief of Ebionitism, and said that the Doctrine of the Trinity had nothing whatsoever to do with Judaism. It was a clean-cut departure *from* it. Yet when the Gospels came to**

be translated into other languages for our modern world, the New Testament Gospels were dyed dripping wet with the subvertings and deceptions of Ebionitism. Christian people today who say, "Yes, I know the Jews crucified Christ, and I know He said some atrocious things against them; also I know that Jews are practically wrecking our United States with their crazy incompetence -- *all the same we have to remember that they are God's Chosen People,* " -- these are but modern Ebionites, acquiescing to the very doctrine that the Sanhedrin went to much trouble and expense to promulgate and get incorporated into the Christian's "holy" books.

40. Isn't the Bible the Inspired Word of God?

***Answer* -- No! Not literally considered! It cannot be such, because it holds too many contradictions and paradoxes in its present form, and a Perfect Creator could not [approve such] a contradictory or paradoxical book. This view is confirmed by no less an authority than St. Jerome. About the year 370 A. D. he translated the whole Bible into Latin. Damascus, who was Pope at that time, had asked him to attempt such translation. Jerome, in a letter to Damascus, reported on his work in connection with the new version. He wrote that "it would be a dangerous presumption" to attempt to issue a Bible which would reproduce the correct text, since the existing copies of the original documents were scattered all over the world and *no two of them were alike!* Jerome was now called to judge between them. If he did so, and produced a Bible, it would be so unlike anything currently passing for the Bible, that he would be dubbed a forger and fabricator. He would be charged with having altered words and sentences, having omitted something here or inserted something there, or trying to "improve" on originals elsewhere. And then he added a remark that strikes a body blow at all who hold today's Bible to be the unadulterated Word of God: "Even those who condemn me as an impious forger must admit that we can no longer speak of such a thing as Truth, where there are variations in that which is said to be true." In his letter, Jerome went on to state how the many discrepancies between the copies of the**

original text can be explained. Some copyists, he said, were deliberate criminal forgers. Others were conceited enough to attempt to improve on the text, but in their inexperience only succeeded in impairing it. Still others dozed while they copied, and so left out, misread or misplaced words and passages. To say that God nevertheless caused Absolute Truth to result from all this, is to rationalize an absurdity.

41. What is the Vulgate?

Answer **-- The Vulgate is the Bible that St. Jerome produced, none-the-less, when he went ahead as Damascus directed and "cleaned up" prevalent "Holy" Writ after his own notions and erudition. But he did precisely what he lamented that others had done before him. He followed his own personal opinion, altered words and passages, made omissions, and wrote into it such stuff as suited his caprice. Maybe God was using St. Jerome as editor. But if He did, then assuredly God showed Himself as naught but a Papist of the period. Then, by decree of the Council of Trent, it was declared that the Vulgate contained the inspired Word of God. Jerome, of course, was a top-notch Ebionite. Everything in the New Testament rested four-square upon the Old. The Jews were still God's Chosen People. Jesus was a Jew. One could not subscribe to being a good Christian without first subscribing to being a good Judaist and accepting all the patriarchal fol-de-rol -- much of it unmoral and obscene -- which Christianity appeared to exterminate and supplant. So the Jews today profit. And the modern rabbi cries to the anti-Semite battling for survival of his precious Christianity: "If you repudiate us, you repudiate the Savior whom we gave you!"**

The insolence of it!

42. How can we condemn or persecute people who cannot help having been born into the Jewish race?

Answer **-- We should consider that we are neither condemning nor persecuting, when we look squarely at the Jewish Enigma in modern society, recognize its fundamentals for what they are, and declare that after due discrimination, we do not want them further materialized in a country which recognizes the Christian moral code as all that epitomizes true spiritual greatness. Disapproving of the Jew and his mischievous background, moving to harness him from subverting Christian institutions or debasing Christian culture, *is not persecution,* excepting as the Jew himself seizes upon that ruse to blunt the edge of the resistance sent against him. That a child is born to Jewish parents is neither here nor there. Children are likewise born to parents who are burglars, counterfeiters, and highwaymen. Is that any reason why we should not raise up authorities to put a stop to robbery, counterfeiting, or thuggery? If one is metaphysically inclined, it is probably true that a given child is born to Jewish parents because "like attracts like" and children are born to parents toward whom they have karmic adjustments to work out. If one is strictly orthodox in his beliefs, a Jewish child, born with Jewish blood in his veins, and reared in a Jewish persecution-complex from infancy, must stand elementally with his people till the two great antithetical philosophies of Judaism and Christianity move to a crisis and one bests the other for good and all. This Jewish child, as it grows, has ample opportunity to discern wherein the conduct or ethics of its people are right or wrong. If it disapproves, then it can live its own life righteously. That is its prerogative in Free Will. But again, condemnation or persecution in regard to the Jew is no more than the disapproval and legal restraint that society throws around any individual whose ways do not work for the universal good. Let us not be Ebionites in this item, either. If we want a clean country to live in, we've got to be willing to do our parts toward its constant sanitation.**

43. What is to be the future of the Jews when this present paroxysm of anti-Semitism has run its course?

Answer -- The Jew as an unruly and willful race-child, is going to be made by the more sedate parental races to submit himself to wholesome discipline, get over his obsession that God loves him more than his Gentile neighbor, stop the glorification of personal and racial dishonesties, and take his place in world society as a chastened and penitent citizen. He is to have branded into his eternal consciousness that being classed as a Jew is tantamount to being classed as an immature or fledgling Spirit, with much to learn culturally and esoterically before he may call himself a true worldly resident -- thereby consulting his own good as much as the good of his associates. Probably thousands will lose their present lives in the process, but that will all be part of the general education. Let us waste no lachrymose sentimentality over these great elemental issues between distinctive blocs of the human race. They are set in movement to teach the mass populace something which it very much requires to know _permanently_.

44. Why jump on all the Jews, just because some of them misbehave? Aren't there any good Jews?

Answer -- To judge as between good and bad, we must first have a standard. When the question is put: "Aren't there any good Jews?" the implication is strong that Jews judged by the Christian moral standard and Christian social ethics, are meant. But on the other hand, the Jew himself doesn't use -- but repudiates -- the Christian moral standard and Christian social ethics. To be a "good" Jew, to himself, he must be a very Judaistic Jew -- meaning a Jew who follows literally the instructing of the two Talmuds and generally considers the Christians as having been put on earth for Jewish exploitation or human drudgery.

To be a "good" Jew to his Christian neighbor, he must, in the sense of doctrine and logic, be a "bad" Jew to the orthodox Talmudist. So a good Jew is a bad Jew to the Talmudist, and a bad Jew to the Talmudist is a good Jew to

the Christian. If we want to ask: "Are there not some Jews that obey the laws, conduct themselves decorously, and do not lie, cheat, or steal?" it is possible that they exist as individuals. But it is the damning indictment of this race and its ethics that they thereby prove themselves exceptions to the racial rule. The Jew is, first of all, *himself!* As Christianity is the antithesis or opposite of Judaism, so the Jew must forever be something "different" from the Christian Gentile. We have to look upon him as a Jew, racially and theologically, and say: "There may be some Jews who are a little less Jewish than their fellows." But we are herein considering Jews as a race, not as individuals. The moment the Jew starts being too "good" according to the Christian's standard, he ceases being a Jew. But his rabbi will soon get after him if he doesn't watch out!

45. Is it true that all Jews are Communists?

***Answer* -- In fairness to our Jewish citizens, no! No more than all Americans, by the very fact of being Americans, are necessarily good patriots. It has been repeatedly said, not without truth, that Communism itself is Jewish. By that is meant that the system known as Communism was conceived by a Jew -- Karl Heinrich Mordecai, *alias* Marx -- and since the publication of the Communist Manifesto in 1848 has been uniformly promoted and propagandized by Jews. We find the foul egg which later hatched into Communism described in the correspondence between Marx and Baruch Levy: "The Jewish people as a whole will be its own messiah. It will attain world domination by the dissolution of other races, by the abolition of frontiers, by the annihilation of monarchy which has always been the support of individualism, and by the establishment of a world republic in which the Jews will everywhere exercise the privilege of citizenship. In this new world order, the Children of Israel, who are scattered over the world, will furnish all the leaders without encountering opposition; and this will more particularly be the case if they succeed in getting the working masses under their control. The governments of the different peoples forming the world republic will, through the victory of**

the proletariat, fall without difficulty into the hands of the Jews. It will then be possible for the Jewish rulers to abolish private property, and everywhere to make use of the resources of the State. Thus will the promise of the Talmud be fulfilled, in which it is said, that when the Messianic time has come, the Jews will have the property of the whole world in their hands." From this scheme, the main mass of the world's Jews have, of course, not dissented. The Jew, Marx, went ahead with his *Scientific Socialism* , and found the Ashkenazic Jews uniformly sympathetic and endorsive of what he proposed to accomplish. You will note therefore, that when Communism first came into post-war Russia, not only were Lenin and Trotsky both Ashkenazic Jews, but of 504 kommissars at the head of the politbureau running Bolshevia, 496 of them were Ashkenazic Hebrews, and the other eight renegade white Russians or Armenians. That's the way Communism works in practice and why we have the reasonable right to say that Communism is Jewish -- or Ashkenazic World Jewry in Action. The Sephardim, in the main, believe more in gaining their ends over the Gentiles by strategy and political maneuvers. They are horrified, more or less, at what aroused Gentiles may do to *all* Jews for developing the nightmare of Communism, and in many cases work as they can to lay or defeat it. At the same time, they do not want to go so far in defeating it that they join openly with Gentiles or destroy Jewish racial gains to the moment.

THESE 45 Questions, of course, by no means comprise all the interrogations which can be projected regarding the people known as Jews. But they are the 45 Questions that are most constantly asked by common folk, seeking to know why the Jews meet with trouble everywhere they take up residence. In course of time there may be a second booklet gotten out, answering questions of importance that have been omitted for lack of space or overlooked.

What has been printed herein, however, should be sufficient to give the average American a fair working knowledge of the background of the Jewish Problem.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

BEYOND GRANDEUR
Design for Immortality
By
William Dudley Pelley, 1954

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 2

CONTENTS

Chapter Page

I Design for Immortality 4

II That One Day Bloomed 11

III The Meaning of Spirit 21

IV The Meaning of Mind 29

V The Meaning of Ill-Health 37

VI The Meaning of Purpose 41

VII The Meaning of Eternity 52

VIII The Meaning of Space 63

IX The Meaning of Organism 73

X The Meaning of the Finite 82

XI The Meaning of Individuality 91

XII The Meaning of the God-Fact 100

XIII The Glory Dies Not 110

XIV Undersong 119

XV Beware the Fury 132

XVI Grandeur and Beyond 141

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 3

To a Deeply Esteemed

Colleague and Sister-in-Christ

MARY BAKER EDDY

This Soulcraft Work on Immortality

Is appreciatively dedicated

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 4

DESIGN FOR IMMORTALITY

I

YOU HAVE a business trip to make, let's say to a distant city. Time being at a premium you decide to fly. You take the bus to your city airport, buy a seat in a stratoliner, and with forty or fifty high-caste fellow Americans are borne into the air. It is not the first time you have flown and you take for granted the unusually rough conditions for flying that ensue. But suppose that thirty or for minutes out from your destination the plane gives more that an ordinary jolt. Suppose it tilts ominously, sending the stewardess hurrying forward. Suppose that within half moment she reappears, closes the doors to the pilot's cabinet backs against them and says with a queer hard ring of vale in her voice, "Everyone fasten his safety-belt, please. We've had a mishap to Engine Number Three and are making an emergency landing." An

emergency landing! The fact that this noble girl, schooled for such crises, says no more that this, implies that the plane is going down to a crash because for the last twenty minutes you have been winging over mountainous terrain.

All right, this is "it". . the newspapers all over the nation within an hour are going to be out with the headlines—

54 LOST AS LINER CRASHES!

Lost! **You are plunging earthward in circles which you can feel. The motors roar raggedly but you sense them subconsciously. You are only dimly aware, too, of the hysterical silence that grips fifty-three normal human beings in that big cabin with you, men, women, and seven children, as they seek to credit this monstrous turn of events. This truly is your last day on earth, your last hour, your last few minutes. Everything mortal is due to halt for you any instant now, with one cataclysmic shock which you hope will be so instantaneous that you scarcely sensed it.**

You are due to go through the Dark Tunnel of Death to—*what?* Consider next the thoughts in your mind as you await that explosion of shock and fire. Isn't it true that you are not thinking of the state of your soul or where you will spend eternity, but what the effect is to be on your beloved wife or husband, or on your business associates or

commercial affairs when the stunning news comes in to them that henceforward there is to be no such person of your name and appearance moving through *their* affairs, and all you have struggled with and built to that particular date on the calendar has seemingly gone for nothing?

Well, the explosion does come. But you will ever remember that just before it came, you rather astounded yourself by realizing that as for the adventure of Death itself, *you were not afraid!*

How could that have happened?

In that split second before your thinking altered to another velocity, you felt a queer suprabuoyant calm. You remembered that before you remembered nothing else. .

ALL RIGHT, let's look at it. Let's look at it from many angles. This isn't a religious book and I'm not particularly interested in the "salvation" of your soul, although among other matters I do want to take up some of the religious aspects of it. What I'm the more interested in taking up with you is precisely what *happens,* and the part your Mind plays in it. Very much do I wish to take up with you the part that your Mind plays in it. Because, actually, it's this strange factor called your Mind that I want to inspect and examine with you, that you may know more about it generally hereafter than you do. People as a living species not given to the airplane tragedies that wipe them from existence in those jolting concentric rockings, seem to know too little about their Minds, what they are, and why they function as they do. They know too little about the roles played by their minds in sickness and health, in peace and war, in love and animosities, in cowardice or valors. Actually, what I strive to do is bring you to a sudden accurate acquaintance with your own Self.

Maybe it takes many airplane rides and cataclysmic explosions to really bring you to a sudden accurate acquaintance with your own Self.

We shall see.

However, the biggest of all things that I want to examine with you is why you discovered in those last electric seconds, with the terminus of all mortal personality at hand, *that you were not afraid.*

Something "bigger than you were" came to your rescue, apparently, and mitigated the horror of what you were being made to experience, ... at least being "bigger than you were" was the way you would express it in contrast to the courage called up by day

to day experiences where mettle is demanded. All people in organic life look upon themselves as equipped with enough audacity and self-confidence to see them through the normal crises of existence, if, as they put it, they are "worth their powder and shot" at all. Then some titanic or crucial hazard engulfs them and they feel astonished in the items or quantities of their capabilities to endure them. This appalling reserve strength which they make the discovery they possess, is the "bigger than they are" element. Almost it seems as though a mortal individual had two personalities— any mortal individual—one the everyday nonentity placidly oriented to the mediocrities of his

surroundings, and the other the brooding over-soul of himself with something akin to an eternality of existence. One lives life after a fashion in a Microcosm, the other lives life in the Macrocosm. The tenets of some metaphysical sects designate the first as creature of Mortal Mind, the second as the creature of Divine Mind, then sit back complacently as though a major mystery of Cosmos were explained. What they have dealt in have been mere words.

The thing I hope to do with you before the final cover of this book is reached, however, is to bring home to you a lot of new data on personality as a self-aware phenomenon, both in the mortal aspect and in the celestial aspect—if the last term be permitted. One queer thing most of us learn who delve deeply into metaphysics that are truly worth the name, is the enigmatic nature of that which is celestial. The cultist can talk glibly about Divine Mind, which he employs as nomenclature for any phase of mental activity transcending the common mien of humanity's. But it may not be really Divine at all. It may really be the same difference in gradations of intellect that the dog dimly realizes to exist between itself and its master. Ordinary man's notion of Divine Mind may be premised on nothing more consequential than the limitations of mass mentality, particularly when attended by any depressive complexes. Putting it in another manner, we might say that it's not at all impossible that the Intelligence Quotient of subconscious mind,

so-called, in any individual, may be considerably higher than the Intelligence Quotient of what we call Conscious Mind as it manifests in the human strain as a species. As yet we're not saying what it is definitely without considering many phases of it that are found to manifest in what is becoming known as Psychical Phenomena. "Psychical" of course comes from the Greek word *Psyche* or Soul, considered apart from material organism. If we want to be intellectually honest in the whole premise, we must be prepared to confess that we know almost nothing about the literal ingredients of either Mind or Soul—or for that matter, Consciousness. We know there are conditions under which we're acutely aware of all that seems to be transpiring about us, and are able to identify and remember the nature of such activities. We know there are other conditions under which we perceive and perhaps perform that carry little or no cues in themselves for either their natures, their motives, or their purposes excepting that they are outside the common behaviors of human creatures generally. I have, for instance, carried on something like twenty-five years' explorations and

investigations in what, to all intents and purposes, might be described as *discarnate* consciousness—that is, consciousness giving attestment of its activity through evidence with which the organic body has nothing to do. The average individual balks at any such statement as necromantic, or openly occult, or even falsehood. His entire social enlightenment in respect to consciousness since childhood has narrowed his thinking or experiencing to the proposition that Consciousness cannot exist of itself; always there must be an organic ensemble that is "conscious" as an attribute of its existence or function. The profound student of parapsychology is quite aware of the unreliability of such conclusion. Matters involving consciousness happen entirely divorced from any

organic animation. How shall be treat with them, or how shall they be classified? Run down such occurrences and you reach the conviction that things are preposterous in exact ratio to the extent of the beholder's ignorance based on limitations of experience. If no dwelling-house in America, for instance, were lacking in its disembodied spirit—if every residence had its ghost, in other words—and ghosts were

as common as per rabbits or nests of orioles, so that the most mediocre people had experienced contact or exhibits of them, psychical phenomena would cease to be phenomena at all. "Truth", as we call it, meaning literality of whatever is perceived or indicated, is therefore seemingly established and credited in the degree that sizable numbers of participants or witnesses authenticate them either as "proofs" or evidences of proofs. But we can go into that particular phase of intellectual qualification as we come to it.

Soul as soul, Mind as mind, and Consciousness as consciousness are more or less hypothetical definitions we apply to various functions of awareness. But what ties it up or makes it significant to us as everyday creatures living our intellectual lives of normal quotients, are the situations we encounter like the airplane tragedy I've mentioned, or the differences in ourselves physically between disease and health, or the marvels that occur in the careers of some of us where to every intent and purpose we behold sublime forms or effects that we commonly designate as Sacred.

What seems to be happening in such instances is, material depictions of the contrasts between Consciousness operating inside the vehicle of organism as Man commonly identifies it on this plane of three-dimensional life, and Consciousness operating outside of, or apart from, any vehicle of organism with which mass humankind is familiar.

I don't mean to surfeit you with a lot of nine-pound words in the book, or make the reading of it any harder than the latest popular novel. But there are elements and equations constantly and convincingly entering into our week-to-week experiences that simply cannot be explained by the mediocre acceptances of mass academics. Clinics are established to "investigate" them. Cults are organized to exploit them. Religions are founded to adulate their supernal aspects as related directly to the mental processes of

Deity. What I want to do is not to challenge or "debunk" them, nor set forth any bigoted rationalities of my own. What I most earnestly wish to do is move up as I can, and regard such elements and equations from a higher angle of intellectual observation than is common to man's inhibited inexperiencings, finding answers to such quandaries as why we are actually not fearful when Death is too close to be averted, or what is operating when a mental practitioner "cures" a sufferer of disease by mere laying on of hands, or why we inevitably translate into sacred terms what which is loftier than our material run of thinking in moral thinking—the things Jesus said unto the multitude in His Sermon on the Mount, for instance.

Truth to tell, I suppose what I'm really engaged in, is attempting to make discernible to Mr. Man-in–the-Street a more acceptable Design for Immortality than

orthodox religious creeds furnish him. Orthodox religious creeds harangue Man with the zealous assurance that he is immortal, but conditionally. He is not immortal unless he comply with specific stipulations regarding his moral attitude toward the Great Teacher of Galilee. He must "accept" this Personage as his Lord and Savior, not only by public avowal of a literal discipleship in the age in which he lives but by allegiance to His ethical tenets and the endeavor to manifest their inspirations in His life. By doing these, he becomes "alive in Christ Jesus"... otherwise when the animation of his body expires, he too expires as an individualized entity. The concept implies that all persons so expired and have been no more heard from, who lived mortally upon this planet prior to 33 A. D. The earth was an utter waste of manifesting life prior to the Crucifixion, and nobody exists as of this date in orthodox "Heaven" but those who have been professing Christians during the past nineteen hundred years.

<u>So ecclesiastics assure us with the utmost solemnity and profundity</u>.

WELL, IT isn't my proposal to try to tip all this over, or call it a travesty on God the Creator to manufacture all the bodies, and souls animating those bodies, from Adam to the Virgin Mary, all to no spiritual purpose whatsoever—because that's what the nearest clergyman is asking us to do when he says or implies that "no man hath known eternal life before the Son." Science assures us equally as solemnly—offering geological evidence—that Man has been in mortal form upon this planet pretty much since Miocene times, which run between seventeen and ten million years ago. All that was wasted, and a cipher, evidently, until Jesus was born in Nazareth and because "the first-fruits of those risen from the dead," when zealous clerics had conspired to effect His execution. Wasted, and of no eternal account, every last mother's son and father's daughter of them, and serving no purpose than as if they had never been. . so theology would have us endorse. And *as* we endorse it, do we acquire the privilege of Eternal Life in our own rights.

However, we do go into the semi-scientific séance-room and behold rematerialized there the bodily form—or hear reprojected there the literal voice—of some ancient character who has not ensouled since the times of the various Egyptian Pharaohs ... or we put individualized human consciousness into reverse and send it back within its own memories on what we call the Time-Track, and discover it identifying and authenticating epochs and careers in epochs, when it lived in earlier climes and spoke earlier tongues, describing such ensoulments with a finesse of detail and speaking bygone languages with a precision of colloquialism, that leave small doubt in the mind of any reasonable person of the actualities in such experiences, and we are appalled and intellectually outraged.

People certainly did live and survive bodily demise before the times of Jesus, or the

same logic that asks us to credit the authenticity of Jesus solicits us to discredit the authenticity or the proofs of life antedating Jesus. I'm by no means speaking from hearsay in this, as I'll describe for you further along. I have been present and heard with

my own ears and seen with my own eyes such evidential attestments that could not have been actual on any other basis than serried re-ensoulment of the psyches. Such reasonable confirmations immediately make a theological bombast of the contention that Jesus was the "first fruits of them that slept." With no disrespect to Him, and with no distraction from His vast spiritual equipments in other items, He was by no means such "first fruits." And I, for one, see no logical argument in challenging that He should be. The nearest séance room with a reliable medium, devoid of all occult hocus-pocus, can quickly establish evidence of the conscious soul's survival. The properly counseled technique of dispatching the mind of the average person back on the Time-Track can as quickly establish evidence of the stupendous program of anyone's ensoulments. As for mental therapies and sacred significances, each has its pace in spirit's expansions.

But transcending all or any of these for the purpose in hand is the more colossal objective of arriving as circumspectly and logically as we can at grasp of the attainment behind the whole of it. *Why* does each soul come and go in mortal coil, dispensation on dispensation, civilization on civilization, culture on culture? What gauge or standard determines the personality and the role each time? If it be for some specific increment in each fresh ensoulment, who makes the decision as to the nature of the increment? Lastly, coming back to our opening premise what is the true nature of "something bigger than ourselves" that may turn horror into intellectual fascination, as the crash of the air transport becomes a matter of seconds?

To my way of thinking, it is this Design of Immortality, or Design *for* Immortality, which the average soul gropes for, beyond all other gropings. Because if it understands the laws and processes by which it is ascending the Great Stairway of Eternity, it can regulate its reactions to that which is important as against that which is unimportant. Incidentally, to supply the boon of indisputable assurance of the persistence and continuity of personality is to hand him a side-gift whose value surpasses rubies.

People in mortal consciousness—taking them by and large—"fear Death" with consummate horror, by no means looking level-eyed at why they fear it. If they looked at it level-eyed—if they *could* look at it level-eyed—they might learn enlightenments about themselves that would approach the stupendous. Not only are they purblind and concern-wracked about it at present, but they are adding to their burden of social complications by not perceiving the significances of their peculiar roles in flesh. The whole prospect is a blind maelstrom of destiny to them at present, with no reason why it should be.

What I think happens in those split seconds before the Fatal Crash delivers, is the sudden lifting of the memory veil under the stimulus of anticipated shock, and from their involvements in bygone tragedies they realize that what they are confronting is only a dramatic metamorphosis. Not always, however, does it require to be dramatic. The same seconds of recollection open to them as they are expiring peacefully in their beds under the scourging of diseases, when their "dying sight" as it is called, makes visible the figures of lover ones already in those dimensions of Space and Time and

from whom they are separated only by the threshold of the final heartbeat. Moments of "illumination" they are magnanimously called although too often

deprecated as the illusions of dying aberration.

More or less the whole essence of Mysticism is contained in such illuminations and illusions, if the truth could be known. Mysticism of itself is the doctrine or belief that direct knowledge of God, or of spiritual truth, is attainable through immediate intuition or insight and in a way differing from ordinary sense perception or the use of logical reasoning, any type of theory asserting the possibility of attaining knowledge or power through faith or spiritual insight. But how can we understand what is being discussed in such definition unless we have correctly analyzed and identified "intuition", or "spiritual insight?" These must of themselves imply some principal or entity who practices such intuitive powers or exercises such insight. Also, when we stop to think about it, is not *all* insight spiritual insight?

There would seem to be a host of terms and factors requiring simplifying and comprehending before we can gain even profitable knowledge of what Death is, itself, or for that matter what Life is, itself? You may say, everybody knows what Death is who has ever beheld a dead body, just as everybody knows what Life is by being alive himself. But it's not so simple as that, when you come to consider the controversy of what "becomes" of the Soul when the heart has ceased to beat. There is an alteration of some nature in the exercise or viewpoint of Consciousness.

Let's see, as we can, what the Design for Immortality may be, approaching our thesis by examining Soul ...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 11

THAT ONE DAY BLOOMED

II

The Meaning of Soul

NOW suppose we think some thoughts about Soul that may never have entered your philosophy before. You've been familiar with the term Soul ever since those happier, far-off evening hours when the tenderest voice you've ever known before or since taught you these poignant and earnest lines whose significance you little reckoned—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my Soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my Soul to take."

It was your seeming infantile introduction to mortality's major mystery. You were introduced to the Christian concept of Soul by the poetic attesment that you had one, and that there was hazard involved in sleeping, since while you were thus unconscious it might mystically depart you and if the Lord did not receive it, you were in serious predicament indeed. .

Nobody ever described this ineffable Soul to you in such terms that you understood it. Such childhood fixations as entered upon your consciousness vaguely identified this mystical Soul as something apart from the *you*, something that could betake itself into heavenly regions and leave you wondering what had become of it. If you awakened o' morn without it and it had not been espoused by the Lord, you were certainly out of luck for life; something would have gone out of you on which the very integrity of your personality depended.

As you became older and started attending divine religious service, you heard one theme proclaimed consistently from the pulpit, "Jesus died to save you soul." So here was Soul in another aspect. Not only had you been apprised that you could lose it in

sleep and you would be in luck if it turned up in possession of the Lord, but now it was something that needed "saving." Saving from what? Saving from hell-fire, you were informed, or from the "wrath to come."

Again it was something apart from yourself—and yet it wasn't. None of it made very much sense, but whenever did anything make much sense presented by intellects—or lack of them—that had no very clear image in their own minds of what they were talking about? There was hell-fire, somewhere, and your Soul stood in danger of it. There was a Wrath to Come and again your Soul might feel the brunt of it. At the most it was something that went out from your physical body and had adventures of various sorts, with the odds in favor of the probability that most of them would be unpleasant.

Gradually you grew phlegmatic or indifferent about this Soul. But the presentment lingered with you that it was that part of you that by divine prearrangement went hither and yon carrying vestiges of your conscious personality with it, not to minimize the fact that it was also the portion of you that could liver forever under proper stipulations as to its conduct. Finally some combination of spiritual and academic circumstances prompted you to go look up Webster's definition of Soul in that well-known compendium of linguistic terms, and this is what you read—

"An entity conceived as the essence, substance, animating principle, or actuating cause of life, or of the individual life, especially of individual life manifested in thinking, willing, and knowing. In many religions it is regarded as immortal and separable from the body at death."

But actually what did it add to your store of understanding to have all these platitudes served up to you?

It was an entity—meaning a thing that has reality and distinctness of being, either for fact or for thought—that was only *conceived* as the essence, substance, animating principle or cause of life. It wasn't necessarily the essence, substance, animating principle or cause of life literally. To conceive meant to originate in thought. A house was a house, or a wagon was wagon, no matter what you might conceive of either in your thought processes. You could live in the one and ride in the other. But this Soul-thing was evidently a mere mental postulation. You couldn't put pair of handcuffs on it and fasten it to a chain in a wall; you couldn't chase it up and down stairs and into my lady's chamber—what would a mere mental postulation be doing in a lady's chamber, especially when pursued?—you couldn't even stand it in front of a camera and photograph it, or you took it for granted you couldn't until you began to learn of some of the unbelievable things that were being done in all the better regulated psychical research societies. It was all a philosophic abstraction. If it were something separable from the body at death, then somehow or other it ought to have substance, because otherwise your cleavage was a paradox. How could you separate a nonsubstance from a substance? But if it was substance—and that's what Webster told you it was thought of in essence—how did it come to escape all the natural laws governing substance, such as

being sensitive to temperature, or earthly gravity, or wetness and dryness, or hardness and softness? The more you thought about it in maturing intellect, you perhaps came to the conclusion that it fell in the same category with Voltaire's remark about God: "If He didn't exist, then humanity would be obliged to invent Him to account for everything that was otherwise nonexplainable." If the Soul didn't exist, then humanity must invent it to account for all those spiritual phenomena that were otherwise enigmatic.

Soul, in other words, was an hypothetical creation of Mind or mental imagery to represent whatever features in. Man could not be rationalized physically. Generally speaking, sooner or later you had to give it up with a shrug of your shoulders.

Or you came to join a metaphysical or psychical society that at least affected to know more about it that the conventional religionists. .

IF THE directors or supervisors of the metaphysical or psychical societies knew their business and were will-in-formed in the activity of quartz-lens or violet-light photography, they were able to trot out entirely bona fide representations of Souls—or spirits—obviously departing the physical organism either at the instant of death or in trance. Thousands of fakes of such prints have been manufactured and circulated among the gullible, yet on the other hand other thousands of quite reliable and earnest investigators have succeeded in obtaining such pictures by their own cameras and efforts and have known in their minds that no trickery has been involved in them. *Something* was certainly "coming out" of the corporeal remains that had registered for one split-second on the camera lens and silver nitrates. It was the same size and general appearance of either the dying body or the individual in trance. And yet most inexplicably, in almost no case of reliable record was it ever observed that the transmitting Soul-form—if it was that—offered itself in the physically naked state. Almost always it was decently clad, and in a great majority of instances *the apparel was the precise duplicate of the expiring body or person entranced.* Ludicrously it was evident that the Soul wore clothes. And yet clothes were material, they shouldn't be said to possess phantoms of their own fabrics. I have seen hundreds of so-called "spirit photographs" in the twenty-five years of my explorations into the discarnate, even been present when some were made. Never once have I beheld a spirit-photograph that was the replica of the body from which it was assumed to emerge, in a natural state ... not

unless the body itself were nude, and never have I been present when such pictorial representations of any Adam or Eve were secured. However, the fact that I haven't happened to be present, proves nothing. . Again and again photographic processes have imperishably recorded what the camera lens "saw", whether the human eye did or didn't. And in nine out of ten cases, the phantom replica was the physical duplicate of the body from which it issued. Perhaps the only exception I might make of record in respect to clothing was an account given me of an elderly lady's expiring of a winter's twilight in a little town up the Hudson River. The sons and daughters were all gathered in the death-chamber from far and near and the mother's life was ebbing out. Suddenly one of

the adult sons possessed unmistakably of Second Sight—as proven to my satisfaction in many demonstrations in my presence—from his position at the foot of the bedstead, declared he beheld his mother's unclad lower limbs, levitate dramatically and not a little gruesomely through the bedclothing exactly above her prostrate and covered physical limbs. They raised gently to about twenty inches in air, held an instant, then sank slowly back into the inert physical feet and legs. Horrified, he looked fascinated to see it happen in repetition, only in the second instance the limbs "came up" as far as the maternal hips. Only the poignant solemnity of the scene kept it from indecency. Back the legs sank into the earthly clay again. The third time the monstrous thing occurred, the phantom replica of the clay lifted as far as the shoulders, the limbs and feet pointing obliquely from the bed's level at a ninety degree angle. This time the phantom replica did not sink back down into the expiring form; it seemed to be "loose" all excepting the neck and head. But the skull of the replica would not "part" from the skull of the mortal anatomy. In such distressing juncture it was that the staring son's demised grandfather

and grandmother seemed to waft in and downward from a corner of the bedroom, lay hands on the soul-body in its predicament of imprisonment and gently try "jiggling" the head loose from the cranium. He was recalled to three-dimensional realities by beholding the phantom head come "free", while at the instant of the detachment the family physician at the bed's head on the right, who had been holding the dying woman's wrist to count the pulse, exclaimed softly, "She's gone!" The cardiac organ had ceased pulsing at precisely the instant that the entirely nude mother's figure was independent of the earthly body. The woman's parents had gently righted her, placed their arms about her on each side to give her a sitting posture between them, and borne her successfully up into the darkened corner of the ceiling whence they had appeared. The narrator of the episode had added for my benefit that one of his sisters had caught sight of the grandmother's and grandfather's spirit bodies as they retreated with the mother's "soul"—if we wish to term it that—but had been too close to the dying mother on the left of the bed to get prospective on the happening which had so shocked and perturbed him.

Make of it what you will.

MY ONLY rationalization for this phenomenon of clothing is, that the apparel is of thought-manufacture, that is, that if the spirit itself conceives of itself as clothed, the camera lens or the eye of the clairvoyant beholder discerns the covering thus provided by the subject performing the levitation. I know that the Thought Forms created by living persons in projection can be photographed, recalling an instance in Manhattan where a half-dozen experimenters were requested to project a mental image of Abraham Lincoln within a specified area of white wall. Then while they "held the thought" of Lincoln standing there as they conceived of him— each one—in imagination, the shutter of the quartz-lens camera was clicked and the resultant plate developed. *Six*

perfectly discernible figures of Lincoln appeared superimposed on one another against

the indicated area of wall two of them wearing stovepipe silk hats.

On another occasion, still in New York, I beheld a materializing entity alter his entire costume in plain view of twenty people—he had evidently come from the cabinet "thinking" of himself as appearing one way, decided he wished to appear another way, and made the shift mentally. His appearance followed his thought processes.

In a séance at my own Indiana Headquarters in October of 1953 a dozen adult persons plainly beheld Silverleaf, the Cherokee girl control of Berti Lilly Candler, appear first in a flowing white ball gown, whithdraw into the cabinet for a matter of minutes and reappear clad in part of her customary Indian jacket, bead-decorated, when comment had been made on her unusual costume of the evening frock. The first impulse, in regarding such apparition regardless of its clothing, is to assume that what is being seen so tangibly is the Soul—taking on substantiality from the medium's ectoplasm, which coats it as dark paint might cover a crystal glass vase that one could not discern in subdued light because of its transparency. I have had dictated certain treatises on this and allied subjects that attempted to explain such phenomena from the Higher Side, and emphasis was laid in such transcripts on the item of *color*. It was color, the speaker declared, that gave the opaqueness that provided the effect of substantiality.

ONE afternoon several years bygone I was motoring through California mountains with a friend who was a celebrated Hollywood cameraman. During World War I he had been an aerial photographer for the Canadian government. As we rounded the mountain curves I glanced down into the mist-packed valley beneath us and remarked on the properties of fog thus to blot out the landscape.

“It’s not the fog but the color of the fog that blots out the valley,” he corrected.

“But fog is white, colorless!” I protested.

”No,” said he, “believe it or not, fog is purplish-violet. Proof of it lies in the fact that if I had my aerial camera here now, and put a purple-violet filter over the lens, I could photograph that scene below exactly as though there weren’t a cloud in sight. The purple-violet filter neutralizes the purple-violet color of the fog and thus removes it from the scene. I go ahead and take my picture as though photographing down from unobstructed heavens.”

“You mean,” I exclaimed, “that you can photograph perfectly through opaque cloud?”

“Everything has color,” he said. “If it weren’t so, we would not be able to tell what objects of any kind were in existence ahead of us until we, perhaps, smashed into them. It’s color that makes Sight for us. Filter out or neutralize the color in photography and insofar as plate or film goes that which is neutralized doesn’t photograph and therefore doesn’t seem to exist. Clouds, mist, or fog do not bother aerial photographers. The minute they contrive exactly to match the cloud’s color with a filter, they can go right along and continue their mapping.”

It’s a well-known chromatic fact that all the colors of the prism, combined, give

white. But what combination of colors gives transparency? Or rather, what rate of vibration of an object or body results in apparent invisibility? I throw it out for what it may be worth. Let’s get back to Soul ...

WE KNOW there *is* something of a living essence that issues from the organic vehicle, and in one instance of record it was photographed constantly and easily in the case of a hypnotized boy. He showed the peculiarity of being able to come from his

hypnosis and report on precisely what might be occurring in a distant place or scene. When a camera with quartz lens—so employed because it filters out the actinic ray in light, the ray that fogs your plate or film under development in anything but ruby-blue—was placed on him, several successive snapshots revealed his phantom-self arising and departing his physical corporeality to *go* to the distant locality and bring back report from personal observation.

From time immemorial it has undoubtedly been true that such "phantoms" have been observed by persons in earlier ages, so behaving. From such has been bequeathed down to us the concept of Soul. But none of it goes far toward explaining what such phantoms are composed *of* . No one to my knowledge has ever beheld one of them performing physical acts that disturbed the status of materials. Thus they would seem not to have the substantiality of the organic. However, at the present stage of our discussions the point is not important. We go to Mentor Instructors on high levels of fourth-dimensional existence and intellectual sagacity and put the query bluntly to them—as I have done upwards of a quarter-century—as to what they discern as being the progenitor of Soul. It's a somewhat new viewpoint which they present to us. I'll try to relay it in capsule as years of enlightenment have given me whatever understanding of it I may possess ...

What is known as The Soul, they say, is not exactly what was photographed in any instance of the corporal body giving up its enhoused individualism of consciousness, nor yet was seen by the son with the Second Sight in the case of the expiring mother who could not get her spirit head free of her aged cranium, or by the photographic camera that snapped the hypnotized boy vacating temporarily to travel to a distance and get knowledge of transpiring event. Soul, as understood on the Higher Levels of cosmic intelligence, is the individualized particle of consciousness that originates in that

altogether mystical galvanism named Holy Intelligence and that is capable of self-awareness and a sense of its high calling and celestial destiny—of which more later in a more appropriate place.

***That is capable of self-awareness*, understand me. In other words, it is the instance of self-awareness as a potential.**

That which is able to recognize the fact that it is "alive" and appreciable to itself is the microscopic phenomenon that up all the ages of humankind, in all its myriad grades of development, has been given the title of Soul. It doesn't have to *do* anything external to itself to alibi its existence. It just grasps the one primordial fact that it is a particle of

self-election, and inherently volatile of expression. "Particle" is a poor term, perhaps. *Unit* would be better. Unit without necessary identification by size, since size is always relative—meaning that size is always a matter of comparison to something else that gives contrast of proportions. It could exist twenty trillion light-miles from the next nearest object possessed of similar capability for grasping the fact of itself, or it could exist within one ten-thousandth of an inch of such second unit—no matter. It would still be aware of its own reality, or ability to think just one thought, the thought of itself. Perhaps by jumping ahead a bit and explaining "where souls come from" might aid in understanding it ...

MANY people entertain the idea that some species of anthropomorphic God "makes" souls by wading knee-deep into what they carelessly call the Ocean of Holy Spirit, dipping in a celestial palm branch and casting a small shower of separate drops in the air, each and every one coming down as a potential Soul. Or they try to depict unto themselves that the Ocean of Holy Spirit has waves and combers that roll up on some

cosmic shore and then recede, leaving millions of entities among the rocks and weeds that proceed to take on individuality and each start the evolutionary climb toward individuality so perfected that they are God-potentates in turn. I have heard lecturers on Esoteric Fundamentals mouth over a lot of words conveying a haphazard idea that "Souls come out of the Great Ocean of Holy Spirit" without the slightest follow-up on what the Coming Out may be as any factual process. These potential Souls just *come.* Little drops-of-water Souls, one might imagine, suddenly separate from such Ocean by leaping into the cosmic ozone like dolphins, and there they are, created, ready to start the great cosmic climb up to the heights of celestial achievement, literally "Beyond Grandeur" ...

I don't understand it that way at all.

Giving you an awful helping of the profoundest metaphysical ontology in one literary spoonful, I see it something like this—

I told you I knew of an instance in New York where a photographer had six people "imagine" six postures of Abraham Lincoln against an area of white wall and that a quartz lens pointed at the space actually "photographed" six superimpositions of the resultant thought- forms projected from the minds of the six experimenters. That *thoughts are literal things* in some more tenuous dimensions of time, space, and "materials", has been so many times attested that in real psychical and mystical research it's a commonplace. A friend of mine in southern California has even invented a mechanical instrument capable of tracing the outlines of such thought-projections, and I possess one of them and have experimented and proven the fact for myself. "Aurameter Parties" at the publishing house producing this volume have consisted of the operator with the Aurameter leaving the room while half a dozen colleagues agree on some similar object they have "thought" in the center of a tabletop. The operator is then called

in, when the thought-projection has been accomplished, and unerringly traced by the

instrument's reactions the outlines of the thought-projected object. I have had more than speaking acquaintance with another group who had a discarnate personage offer to coat with ectoplasm anything of a living nature that might be conceived upon the corner of the handy bookcase, and the lady of the house finally depicted to herself in imagination a small sparrow hawk. One moment later her identical picture-image of the sparrow hawk fluttered into reality on the bookcase top in question, took off on sturdy little wings, encircled the room three times and lighted on a fellow sitter's head. The fellow-sitter screamed and knocked it free, whereupon the hawk—pure ectoplasm apparently—made a pounce on the fleshy part of the hostess's nylon-covered calf, succeeded in clinging there until blood was drawn. When the discarnate personage declared the experiment had evidently gone far enough and that he would thereupon take the ectoplasmic coating off, the hawk dissolved from the lady's hosiery although it later required a week for the claw-marks to heal. Yes, thoughts we think can be literal things—which is why we are so constantly cautioned by the Higher Teachers about directing their natures and qualities constructively. Now then, their application to Soul—

A given intellect proceeds up through the worlds, undergoing all the educating and illuminating experiences that thousands of serried life ensoulments may deliver to him. Compounded experiences result in higher and greater degrees of Consciousness. He becomes more and more powerful in his thought-creative processes. Long since he has graduated out of any further need for ensoulment in successive organism. He may come to "reside" ultimately on planets so vast that our entire solar system could be contained

within its body and have space to spare—one of the giant planets that revolve about Sirius the Dog Star is said to be one of these. The area of Betelguese, any astronomer will tell you, is so huge in the coverage of interstellar space that the entire solar system out as far as Saturn, Uranus, and Pluto, could be contained within its volume. But though "dwelling" on such a planet, the residence is not analogous to earthly residence where the organic vehicle must propel itself on feet and legs and not be able to move even by running more than six or seven miles an hour. Food as we know it on this planet is not necessary for sustenance. Experience itself does not necessarily mean extrication from predicaments.

Such an entity, thus far advanced, reaches a point—so we're informed—where its vital mode of expression may be little more than the mind-projection of millions of tiny replicas of itself in thought-potentials, each with the "life-essence" of self-awareness at its core. The process is known as Diffusion, and is creation of an order similar to the "creation" that occurs when spermatozoa by the millions are injected into the organic uterus to encounter the gestating ovum. It is a process of conception, however, that is almost wholly mental.

This Diffusion by such a tremendously advanced "Soul" is the hatchery of new spirit-particles, but without the originating parent-projector losing either life, consciousness, or identity ... any more than the human father loses his master-identity

by activating the spermatozoa that will presently be the human babe, "crying in the night and with no language but a cry" ...

Very good then. The Ocean of Holy Spirit, as I conceive it from my teachers, is merely the allegorical term applied to the stupendous fecundity that evidences as new

soul units are "projected" from the accomplished ensemble of the spirit-attributes of all such stupendous "graduated" personages, diffusing themselves in multiples and myriads up the æons. I recall asking my Teacher when he explained this difficult analogy to human conception to me, if it meant that all of us here on this planet, each in our several infantile states of development, were the diffused units of thought-projections of some cosmic entity ages old, who had gone before us up the same heavenly pathway we all are following.

"Certainly," he answered.

"Precisely what parent-Personality are we such diffusions *from*?" I persisted.

"Shouldn't that be evident?" he rebuked me. "Your Great Master Jesus called Him 'the Father' ... what good would his specific title be to know, since it would be meaningless to you?"

In one great electric moment I seemed to catch hold of something I had never grasped before. Of course! Mrs. H—could originate the though-form of one sparrow hawk and a collaborating discarnate could take ectoplasm from her husband's ample aura and coat it, making it so "real" that its claws bruised her calf. What right had I to say that a great Celestial Adept—whom the *Golden Scripts* have declared to us operates in His great status of "parental" accomplishments o the colossus of a planet encircling Sirius—couldn't diffuse His thoughts into spirit-units almost numberless, focus them on a solar satellite like Earth, and watch them work up through Experience to a condition ultimately *where they performed the same celestial conception in turn?* The Father ... to whom Jesus prayed in the Garden!

All of a sudden the Divine Parent became very real and utterly logical to me, just the instant I caught a glimpse of what the celestial biologic process might resemble. If He were so stupendous of intellect as to populate by thought-unit progeniture a vast area of this solar galaxy with the sperm of His Intellect, so to speak, literally we *must* be "sons of God"— because our capabilities of self-awareness derived from His Mind

Sperm.

It was all an intellectual fertilizing instead of the genital fertilizing that gives us physical bodies.

Overnight, being divine in my own essence made sense to me. The vast cosmic Progenitor had spawned my unit of self-awareness that I was responsible for developing up the worlds and eventually making into the likeness of the Parent ... just as the physical progeny of the earthly parents follow the physical growth-pattern and eventually approximates the parents.

I saw where the metaphysical theorists who had not caught the correct pattern of procedure themselves had led me astray with that "Jehovah knee-deep in Ocean of Holy

Spirit" imagery, sprinkling me out upon the sands of the eternal shore where I fell as one single drop with my way to make in the hot sunshine of evaporating ordeal.

Having been a father three times myself in the earthly sense, I could grasp that the Greater Father to whom Jesus—my *Elder Brother in it all*—addressed his communion in the Garden, might effect His spiritual increase through the sperm of His majestic thought-forms, and I was one of them spiritually and intellectually just as my current body was once a spermatozoon in the physical body of my earthly father in Lynn, Massachusetts, in this life, specifically in the year 1889—and my physical father didn't require to surrender his life or disintegrate his personality to produce me as his lawful son, who in time grew to his physical size and resemblance.

Soul, indeed!

Soul "that One Day Bloomed"—in the instance of each one of us—when each "day" of our blooming consisted of sixty or seventy years as biologic creatures on this

planet Earth-Shan.

Go back to the very earliest forms of religious thinking we have preserved for us on this planet, the Zoroastrian even antedating the Egyptian, and you discover this basic truth of creative conception described in its doctrine. Later when I show you that comparatively little or nothing of consequence was original in the Hebrew theology on which our dogmatic Christianity is based, you will realize that our great intellectual debt of spiritual cosmogony goes back some 5,000 or more years to a religion of Persia. Mosaic Hebrewism may even be termed a wholesale plagiarism from the Zendavester, made of moment throughout Palestine when two tribes of the Hebrews had been returned from the Babylonian Captivity.

In the Zendavester, which is the Holy Book of Zoroastrianism, what I refer to as Diffusions from Divine Intellect are mentioned as *Emanations*. Perhaps it is the better word, inasmuch as to diffuse may be considered to mean the breaking up or pulverizing of a main body or substance into particles. But Diffusions or Emanations, the process being implied is the same.

Some stupendous and sublime mentality, high, high up the cosmic grandeurs, projects thought-form emanations of Itself in embryonic form. These proceeding form Divine Self Awareness—or Consciousness—are self-aware and thus conscious in their own rights.

This consciousness is a great basic principle, or element, in the observable universe. It is a phenomenon strictly unto its own nature, without duplicate as to essence anywhere outside of itself.

I am introducing you to the subject tersely for the moment. Later on I hope to acquaint you with many features and factors that concern it, in a way and aspect you may never have encountered before in this life. Let's hope so ...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 21

THE MEANING OF SPIRIT

III

THE GREAT encyclopedia of Mysticism is only mystical, I maintain, because too many self-appointed pundits with the urge to be mentors have sounded off in a cacophony of allegory and symbolism to cover inadequate concepts of what they would convey. Not having clear understandings of vaster cosmic realities, they resort to mumbo jumbo of terms and analogies that leave the sincere student apathetic, or awed by confusions. I fail to see why anything making sense on this plane fails to make sense on any plane, no matter how lofty, and the higher we develop in cosmic familiarities the simpler and clearer such realities become. The greater the intellect, the more clarified its expressions. I contend that any process, to be a process, must have pattern behind it, and the further I explore into the Eternal Verities the more cumulative the evidence that the same design that formulates the atom, formulates the galactic systems—and vice versa. Thus to know the one is to know the other, and to know a few is to know a myriad. Cosmos is the integrating hypothesis repeated a great may times.

Looking at the Integrating Hypothesis from this grade of intellect, the key that unlocks it is the obvious circumstance that conscious and deliberate Thought—meaning Constructive Thought—is a creating agent, and the only creating agent that accounts for the universe. The lady's self-imposed concept of the sparrow hawk in the corner of the bookcase instead of a bluebird or an eagle, or the projected imaginations of the six figures of Lincoln against the whited wall, or even the fancied milk bottle on the bared table found by Cameron's Aurameter, is merely the creation of the great nebula of Andromeda in capsule. We say with the ease of illiteracy that "somebody thought up"

each, according to the octave of intelligence on which he was performing. Where we make our error is in assuming that this "thinking up" is formulating Something out of Nothing. *Thinking Consciousness is the only real manufacturing agent in the Omniverse but the true manufacture lies in the nature of the picture-image of that which shall subsequently have what the senses recognize as Being.* The lady conceiving the picture-image of the sparrow hawk, the six psychical investigators conceiving the six

postures of Lincoln, or the group of Aurameter experimenters conceiving the "imaginary" milk bottle, would seem to be performing precisely what Jehovah is described as performing in the first chapter of Genesis—only in different gradations of quantities. If the lady had possessed the "strength" of mentality to do her own coating of the sparrow hawk with ectoplasm, or the six psychical investigators had possessed the "strength" of mentality to substantialize the Lincolnesque projections, or even the group of Aurameter experimenters had continued to mass their thought-vibrations till the milk bottle became filled to mortal sight or touch, these would all have seemed gods and goddesses to one-celled mentalities incapable of doing more with Consciousness than recognizing their own existences. *True Creating then, is tacitly designing mental patterns about which atomic activity can adhere.* That which we term Holy Intellect designed the Omniverse as a mental pattern first, the difference between Holy Intellect and the mortal intellects—so called—that design sparrow hawks and Lincoln silhouettes and milk bottles, being that Holy Intellect had first taken the initiative by designing the phenomenon of atomic assembly by which, through coagulation, material had the effect of reality to organic senses.

Can you grasp it? No paragraph in this whole book is more significant than the paragraph I have just written.

I PROPOSE to show you further along that the entire Omniverse is merely a Thought Projection, but by no means does this imply that the whole Omniverse is something created out of nothing. "Something" and "Nothing" when we really stop to look at them, are merely sensory effects—or repercussions of Consciousness upon itself. But right here I want to bring home to you the vitality of import in Pattern as Pattern. Pattern as pattern persists on every octave of the Omniverse as we encounter it, and gods and goddesses are mere relative terms—relative, that is, according to the degrees of Consciousness regarding or observing them. I am the only God, I say again, to the five dogs that race or disgrace my Indiana studios. But I do not identify *myself* as God, because I am regarding or observing the God State from a plane of Consciousness that is higher and wider than my dogs'. Thus do we make the shattering discovery as we proceed on upward, one degree of Consciousness succeeding another, that each plane of Consciousness has its gods, fashioned in the main after its own capabilities for conceiving and the thought or notion of impiety deriving more or less from our successive limitations. Remove the limitations of each plane or degree and our concept of Deity enlarges with our own enlargements. In my present status of mortal capability the highest and greatest God which I may discern, intellectually or otherwise, is the Deity Parent from whose emanations I originated—whom my Elder Brother most correctly and appropriately named The Father. He is the highest form or aspect of Intellect with which either my Elder Brother or myself are in touch. But the Pattern which caused it to become appreciable to my mental processes is a logical and consistent Pattern, manifesting up through all the worlds which I may *ever* know though

It is a consistent Pattern because it is the Basis of Creation, *by* which and *from* which any unit of Consciousness on nay plane or degree of cognizance grasps the realities of both Microcosm and Macrocosm—in other words, grasps the realities of itself subjectively and the universe about it objectively. That it works is evidenced from the circumstance that to the creative intelligence that is the spermatozoon of *me,* both myself and the Omniverse produce the effects of Reality, one in relationship to the other. Outside of this, of course, there can be no thinking.

There can be no thinking because there can be no creation of the effects of Reality.

You see that, in drawing such conclusion, I am adhering to the significance of the Pattern and not the significance of what the Pattern may create ...

ALL RIGHT, what then of Spirit?

In our general mumbo jumbo of Mysticism we meet the terms Body, Soul, and Spirit. In the cant of religionism we encounter the entities Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In either of these, or both, we are identifying three individualities or we are identifying nothing. We know what Body is, because we inhabit it and supervise its activities hour by hour and moment by moment. In the dissertation of the foregoing chapter I have tried to present an intelligible depiction of what Soul is—a spermatozoon of Holy Intelligence produced and projected when the cosmic parental attainment has arrived at the capability of Emanation, something we might almost designate as Cosmic Puberty to register the idea on our finite minds. All right, I ask, what then is Spirit and how can it be separate or distinct from organism or the capsule existence of the spermatozoon of Consciousness in Embryo?

Suppose we revert to biologic procreation again.

My physical self is the development—or growth—of the spermatozoon that originated within the parental ensemble of my amative sire activating the maternal

ovum and thereat being gestated into my self-sufficient organism. At some time along in such gestation, I as third element took over, carried along, and shaped and directed what had been so necromantically begun. My personality therefore happens to be a combination of factors, bequeathed as to potencies by my sire, cultivated as to fecundities by myself. To my earthly father's procreations in such regard are add my own experience-gains. My earthly sire did not actually and literally diffuse himself as to his own master-personality to project the capsule potency that was my embryonic body, so no more does the Great Cosmic Sire on the apex of all attainments appreciable to this mortal octave of consciousness, damage or disrupt His spiritual Personlity in "creating" new souls through emanations of Himself. But I say again, I certainly am product of my father's flesh and blood, biologically speaking, and I have what traits and attributes may have distinguished his seed. To these gifts that he bestowed potentially I declare that I have added all my own increments from experience through which destiny has conducted me up 64 years, so to be strictly correct in the credits I am logically what my

father started and what I finished. Now recognizing our piety to the sanctity of Pattern, in the wider and loftier cosmic sense I am bone and substance of what orthodoxy identifies as my Heavenly Parent or celestial sire, meaning that I had a father to my body and another Father to my soul, each in the strict spermatic sense. I have a physical sire and a spiritual Sire, and my affection for both is compounded of equal parts of the loyalty based on similarities and the appreciations of their generosities extended in my behalf. I say I am physical—or mortal as you may prefer— because on this plane I must evidence my existence through the organic, and I am divine because of my parental origin as a spiritual unit or celestial embryo—immortal if you prefer it— because plane

by plane above the present one on which I discover myself, I must evidence my existence through the intellectually ethical, or the intellectually creative. I am reliably informed that my God-Patent—or immortal parent to distinguish Him from my mortal parent—maintains the centrosome of His creative diffusing form the gigantic planet revolving around Sirius, and whether or not He is the *only* Entity in the Cosmic Galaxies I shall not worry about at this infantile stage of my intellectual capabilities. But I did come out of His head, so to speak, at least in respect to the potentials of my soul.

All right, having been diffused from such Mighty Intellect, what do I do about it? What *have* I done about it? I ask not in relation to all the planets I have visited or the social dilemmas I have worked myself into, or out of, with the educating repercussions or increments that we classify as "the fruits of Experience". I inquire in respect to *function*. As a spermatozoon of the God-Parent Intellect how can I say that I consisted of anything other than potentials—or potencies? I was a chromosome of Consciousness in utter embryo, nothing else. But what was expected of me? Was it not expected I should demonstrate the fact of myself as Something Generated? All this may sound childishly elemental for the moment, but all of it is really too vital to dismiss as an assumption.

I can see nothing logical otherwise in the fact or happening of my having been conceived. Growth of Consciousness by display of Consciousness in myriad units would be the only possibility making sense in the whole cosmic vista. And what would be wrong in it? Wasn't my Celestial Sire serving out increments to Himself in fact, by thus raising sons who attested to His identity as Father?

Very good, I was expected to demonstrate the event of my having become Something Generated. Realizing it within myself was not enough. In some

manifestation or other it had to be proven objectively.

There seems to have been provided but one possibility to evidence such proof.

Movement!

TO MAKE a start, we must be aware of something. That is subjective *self-awareness,* and the unit that does so we give the world-label of the Soul. But that is not sufficient, if Self-Awareness is ever to acquire any meaning outside of itself.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 25

We must be convinced of the significance of that awareness!

I think it was Eddington—or it may have been Jeans—who declared most profoundly, "We are bound to claim for human nature that, either of itself or as inspired by a Power Beyond, it is capable of making legitimate judgments of significance. Otherwise we cannot even reach a physical world."

How can the very term "significance" be estimated excepting there exist media by which, or through which, to make comparisons of both qualities and quantities? Comparisons imply objectivities.

The spermatozoon, organic or intellectual, must find a way to operate external to its own awareness. And the electric instant that any spermatozoon operates external to itself, what do we behold? Do we not discern the fact of its abandoning its one-dimension world of subjectivity for worlds of additional dimensions, the second mathematical or the third materialistic?

We say that it wiggles, vibrates, or otherwise activates.

The physical spermatozoon begins the vast drama of being aware of its significance—which must continue until it reaches the stature of the Parent—by spasmodically altering its physical inertness, as any medical microscope attests.

By the circumstance of its wiggling, we avow aliveness. In examining the Great

pattern in the Design for Immortality, we discover Animation accepted as the readiest evidence that self-aware consciousness exist. Self-aware Consciousness actually demonstrates such fact of existence not by altering location so much as altering *dimension*. The happening is so universal, so common, that its profundity is lost on us. True, there is Animation from combinations of material chemicals without spermatazoic consciousness being involved, or at least there is repercussive activity that registers on the senses. Strictly speaking, however, it's not true Animation. To "animate" means to give natural life to, or to make alive. To give spirit or vigor to, to enspirit, to endow with the divine life-principle.

That fetches me along to the second great thing that becomes an element of the Omniverse.

The instant that spermatazoic Soul, identified by its one-dimensional self-awareness only, has wiggled its first wiggle—symbolically speaking—it has altered its identity by entering two or three dimensions.

Henceforth it is Spirit up all eternal time!

STICKING meticulously to correct definitions in these matters—as we must in order to compound our still greater equations further on—the instant that the intellectual God-Sperm that is Soul, transfers out of its subjective one dimension by consummating its first objective movement, it must henceforth be classified in the domain of Spirit. Perhaps a readier way of expressing it would be, *that Spirit is Soul in action*—any type of action conveying its created presence to some other unit of perceptivity.

Perchance you might remark, "Why make such pother over such a slight

distinction?" You shall see further on, when we come to overhaul the principles

operating in Mind dominating Matter.

But be careful of concluding that Spirit is Soul in action and leaving it at that. The better concept would be, Spirit is Soul *in some sort of objective demonstration*. It may be Action. It may likewise be Motivation *of* action. It can equally be, Response *to* action.

Spirit is Soul performing, in fact, outside of its original One Dimension. **If the distinctions weren't consequential, they never would have been invented. We discover this attested by the very derivation of the word.**

We get the speech-label Spirit from the Latin word *spirare*, which means to breathe or to blow. Webster's tells us that the English definition of it expresses the "breath of life; life or the life principle, conceived as a sort of vapor animating the body, or, in man, mediating between Soul and Body; the life principle viewed as the life or breath as the gift of Deity, hence the agent of Soul in vital and conscious functions."

You see where secular understandings, groping for truth, become confused somewhat as to precise articulations. Really they introduce a third factor or element without explaining where it comes from or why it should be necessary. Genesis makes a somewhat similar blunder.

In the 7th verse of the second chapter it states: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

A *living* soul!

By no means to engage in hair-splittings, ecclesiasticism implies here that there might be such a thing as a dead soul—lacking the breath of life which the Lord God breathed into physical nostrils. But behold what additionally is being told. We do not dwell on it long before we are shocked to realize that physical body, said to be made of

the material elements, is as much a factor in the Creation Equation as the Soul or the Breath. Very good then, what becomes of such Soul when the body perishes and there is no more respiration? If we say that Soul dies with such cessation of respiration, why not say that *man* dies and be done with it? Why create a "Soul" to inhabit his organic vehicle? ... why not consider the organic vehicle as the whole man and dismiss other details?

By the same token, considering Webster's definition of Spirit, why need Soul have any *agent*, extraneous to itself? Why not say that man's body is inhibited by his soul and ignore spirit entirely?

Of course millions accept the two terms as synonymous—but I undertake to show in my next chapter that doing so can be proven a major blunder, else we cannot comprehend Mind or its suzerainty over Matter. <u>But our equations stay clarified when we think of Soul as the Divine Potency, *and Spirit as such potency becoming activated*.</u>

<u>It is, of course, incorrect to talk about Body, Soul, and Spirit. That combination is utterly meaningless. So too, if the truth could be grasped, is Father, Son, *and* Holy Spirit</u>.

<u>Soul *and* Spirit are by no means separate entities. Neither are Father and Holy Spirit</u>.

What sense would carry in referring to you and your relationship to your earthly parent as "My father, myself, and my father at work?" Or, "My body, my soul, and my soul cogitating on something else besides itself?"

The three constituents of any personality more correctly are, Your Soul-Spirit—or just your Spirit—your intellect and your fleshly vehicle of or for mortal expression. Those are all of you, and those cover everything.

SOUL, in other words, has sing for its supper or nobody knows that it is hungry.

Nobody knows, in fact, that anything with appetite exists. But actually it is Soul in the role of Spirit that projects the musical invitation that food come and visit it. And certainly it is Spirit and not Soul that effects the mastication.

Spirit is Consciousness doing its business in more than One Dimension and thereby inviting the food of cosmic situation and involvement in it for the increments that we term the Fruits of Experience. We shall see what Mind more correctly is, as we keep Soul and its super-dimensional roles as Spirit clearly separated in our intellects.

"Physical man," Carlyle remarked, "was Soul rendered visible."

"Spiritual man," says the Eternal Wisdom, "is Soul rendered volatile." Volatile in its original meaning connoted Flying—from the Latin root *volare.*

Action, movement, performance, accomplishment, anything two or three dimensional that can be manifested in any form to another intelligence, are the sum and substance of Spirit's attributes.

Undoubtedly the Divine Soul, or the primordial First Cause, could have remained subjective. But there would have been no way of identifying it, even to Itself. The instant It became objective, the Omniverse was born, and it behooves us to credit it.

Emerson had a lot to say about the Over-Soul, but in a dozen places—despite the excellent truth he managed to express otherwise—failed in knowing what he was talking about, and before he got through, admitted it. Had he termed it the Over-Spirit, it might not have been so poetically euphonious but he would have been nearer correct description of what he was feeling intuitively.

Of the pundits who go about talking of the Omniverse as the Body of God, the less said the better. Somewhere back in antiquity so vast that our mortal minds are incapable of visualizing it, Self-Consciousness as a Soul-Spirit-process established that picture-images designed by Mind were Reality, though not always tangible or

perceptible to the lower activities of mental vibration—the milk-bottle thought projection locatable by Cameron's Aurameter. Some call such area of manifestation the Astral. Out of experimentation in its own potencies, has apparently come every ounce of substance in the Omniverse of this moment, by no means over-looking the serried "diffusions of adeptship" carried to the Absolute in the emanations of the 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 separate spirit-units now said to be inhabiting planetary Etherias. Undoubtedly millions of such spirit-units have long since reached

the same creative Absolute where similar propagations have occurred by diffusions of that which is essentially Intellect alone. No need to wince or quake at the immensities involved, for immensities are only inverse appraisals of our own limitations. So the process goes on and on, the Omniverse expanding automatically and necessity.

This, perhaps, leaves the Jehovah of the Hebrews at a somewhat discounted advantage. It implies in logic that whereas the Omniverse may indeed have one Supreme God, Jehovah may not be He. Every Bible scholar is aware that Jehovah was originally the tribal Deity of the Midianites, from which came Moses the Law-Giver.

It requires the stupendous 91st chapter of the *Golden Scripts* to shed light upon this sacred enigma. Starting with the 32nd verse, we read—

"Man hath said, There is no God. I say unto you, God in truth is Thought Incarnate, but in men's saying they have meant, there is no ruler to whom we are accountable. In such concept their Error hath been grievous. Truly there are twenty million rulers unto whom they are accountable, for each species and kind hath its rulers unto whom it is accountable, whether on planes of earth or planets afar in decimal space ... What I would tell you this hour is this —"There is one God in respect that there is a Ruler of planetary systems. This Ruler, I say, is an old, old spirit, older than any of us have a knowledge; His comings and goings are marked by vast cataclysms, so that stars do perish and reassemble in His presence; verily is He incarnate in the universe as ye do know the universe of sight and

sound, yet doth He dwell in presence upon a far, far planet, greater in extent than your minds can encompass. Behold I do go unto him for instruction at intervals, a Living Entity who hath so great a power that for Him to speak is for creation to consummate; "Gods hath He in turn beyond Him, of similar structure, vastness, and incomprehensibility, *for the universe hath no end in majesty*. These things we must conceive to get our errands clear ..."

Does this make mortals of our current development merely so many ants on the runningboard of the motorcar that is their universe, unable to comprehend the human intelligence behind the steering-wheel, fancying it impiety to conceive Deity as anything other than a gigantic ant in turn?

We are missing the point if we think so. The Deity is truly the Self-Conscious Intelligence enabling us to think Beyond Grandeur in itself, whether we be Man or whether we be Insect. Some label this Mind and try to think no further.

Very good, suppose we consider it.

The item truly to engage us is *Mind*—for that is not a principal so much as an attribute. When we get to discussing attributes, we come to discuss those instrumentalities by which the principals are comprehended most effectively. So let us courageously look into *Mind* ...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 29

THE MEANING OF MIND

IV

PROBABLY more fantasia has been written about Mind in the past ten thousand years than any other subject under heaven except Love and Politics. And one is as little understood as the others, which means that none of them are understood, and whatever man fails to understand he might have the decency to hold his tongue about. Try and get him to do it.

In the first place, no two dictionaries offer the same definitions of Mind, just as no two religions, denominations or cults agree on what it is, or what it does. Webster's graciously informs us that our modern English word comes from the Anglo-Saxon *gemynd* that chiefly connoted Memory. After three definitions involving Recollection and one making it a synonym for Opinion, it runs the gamut of Wish, Purpose, Desire, Sentiment, Disposition, Choice and Inclination. The nearest approach to the attribute it is considered to be on the higher octaves of intelligence is the expounding, "The perceptive and thinking part of consciousness, exclusive of will and emotion."

The "thinking part of Consciousness!" But what indeed is Consciousness with thinking subtracted?

Mary Baker Eddy, for whom my loving respect is profound, declares according to her grasp of it, "Mind is only I, or Us—the only Spirit, Soul, Divine Principle, Substance, Life, Truth, Love; the one God; not that which is *in* man but the divine Principle or God of whom Man is the full and perfect expression. Deity which outlines but is not outlined." But although I think I get Mary's idea, or what she was trying to convey, I regret such potpourri of synonyms that make the confusion worse confounded. If we want to say that Mind is Spirit, Soul, Divine Principle, Substance, Life, Truth, Love, why not let those terms stand for what they are, on their own feet and upon their own qualities, and not interpret them as Mind at all?

I think there is something being missed entirely in the nomenclature of Mind. Unless we find it, and comprehend it, we might as well throw Mind out the window and say we have no use for it. Truly it becomes a bedeviling superfluity.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 30

I know well enough what my first Mentor-Teachers said in introducing it to me through the Liberation-Soulcraft enlightenment, but looking back now, over twenty-five

years of absorption of correlating truth, its essence comes to me by function more than academic definition.

I HAD asked what Inhibition was, as commonly used. The Teacher answered by saying—

“When the Mind and the Spirit are divorced and the Mind takes charge of the body, usurping the throne of its master, the result is warfare between Mind and Body. This is the state in which self-control degenerates into what your modern psychology knows as Repression and Inhibition.”

I objected, ”But isn’t Mind the substance, or at least the Instrument, of Spirit? How can Mind alone take charge of the body as though it were a separate controlling entity in human affairs?”

“Yes,” the Mentor answered, “but you can shut the spirit out and eventually so plaster up the gates that only a miracle can open them. Whether you leave the gates open or closed is the meaning—and the only meaning—of the theological term, Free Will ... We are not making things more difficult than is usual when you try to reduce thoughts of Infinity to concrete terms. When the gate to the Spirit is closed it is as though the ruler of a kingdom and all the branches of their government claimed the supreme authority. Your own little personal spirit may keep the authority for a time, but having been subordinate to the ruler it will sooner or later be overcome by the forces of Mind or Body. Only in its contact with the Master lay wisdom and strength. Deprived of these, it grows more and more futile until the day finally comes when it is buried under illness or mental disorder. Mental disorder means infinitely more, of course, than the world means by Insanity. When the Mind assumes control, then the Body rebels and the whole mechanism is in a state of turmoil whose outcome is illness or death, or the loss of the very power that has dared to take charge. There is no Frankenstein to be

compared to the human Mind when its master ahs been shut off from contact with Infinite Spirit that alone keeps the individual spirit alive."

"But in all this differentiating between Mind and Spirit," I argued, "will you not explain more clearly just what is meant first by Mind as distinguished from Spirit, or even from physical brain?"

"First," the Teacher complied, "is the Universal Spirit from which all things proceed and which of all things is the substance. Next is the Spirit of the Group that animates all the lower forms of creation. When we come to Man we have a new problem. There is now in each human soul a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit—(thus giving it sonship or daughtership with God)—which has a body for earthly expression and which is able to be aware of its kinship with Divine Essence. There must be an instrument for this awareness *and this instrument is Mind.* It acts upon the Brain, and through the Brain upon the Body. If there be a break in the chain at any

point, then the whole Plan of Creation is invalidated insofar as that individual is concerned. There is, however, no disaster so complete or irremediable that it cannot be salvaged, excepting the break between individual and universal Spirit. So long as that holds, then all things are possible to the Body, and the Mind through which the Spirit speaks. So you see that it is indeed the Unpardonable Sin when the highest link is finally broken. This is the only Unpardonable Sin and its 'unpardonableness' is automatic. Cut off from the source of Life, and thereby insulated from the vibrations of Love, what can the wages be if they are not Death? That *is* Death! The problems of the world of Matter in which you move, are only one problem, therefore. If you keep the Gates open, through them will come all the light, all the understanding, all the wisdom

you need. And remember that Understanding is always the measure of forgiveness. To understand all is to forgive all, and when you pass judgment upon another soul it is only to judge your own, by revealing your own limitations."

"Then where does Memory come in?" I challenged.

"Memory of the past is not only memory of the present stream of your consciousness but of the history of your Soul's growth from the beginning of its awareness of itself and its mission. So when you judge another soul you must have intimate knowledge, not only of its struggles here and now but of the handicaps it has brought with it into this incarnation."

"Incarnation!" I cried. It was almost the first time I had met with the subject since awaking to Clairaudient Communication after my *Seven-Minutes-in-Eternity* experience.

"This incarnation," my communicant explained, "means the one that you are at present undergoing. Incarnation on your earth is for the purpose, as you say, of developing the individual consciousness to complete realization of itself and its source. But surely you cannot think that this is to be completed in the short span of one little lifetime, even though it be ten times as long as Methuselah's? No, that would be harsh indeed on the little children who die in infancy. It would be Infant Damnation with a vengeance."

"If this instruction definitely postulates what is popularly known as Reincarnation," I said, "then wouldn't it seem that a projection from the Thought Planes back into this material world would be a form of Retrograde?"

"There is no retrograde in the development of the *spiritual* individuality", the Teacher declared. "But there must be, between the pain of each incursion into higher and more refined Matter, a period of rest and refreshment upon the so-called Planes of Thought. Here the lessons of each mortal life-cycle are reviewed in full memory of the entire soul-history. *When* you go back, it is at the recommendation of those who no longer are required to go back and yet are foregoing for a moment in eternity the bliss of

journeying to the higher realms of Spirit, that they may be missionaries on the Planes of Thought. It is they who help you. It is they who aid you in finding the moment and the place that shall make your forthcoming earthly visit maximum of profit. That is, they advise and help you in the decision so that you may learn what lesson you still need most and thus make your return visits as few as possible in number. Make no mistake

here, we speak whereof we know. When you say, 'I had it coming to me,' you speak more profoundly than you suspect. We are now making the effort to teach you some of the truths which, if you enter into them and come to know them, may save you more than one of the earth-visits that are still ahead of you. This cycle of earthly revisitation goes on until its glorious culmination in the recognition of its unity with Holy Spirit."

"Then this process means practically a constant oscillation between the Earth Plane and the Thought Planes?"

"Yes, *with an ever upward swing*! The cycle is interrupted only when the spirit loses touch with Love, as we have said before. Then follows they only death there is. The individual consciousness loses awareness of its own nature and lapses back into the Eternal Ocean, no longer a separate drop which is part of the whole, but completely immersed and with its individuality destroyed. This death may be coincidental with the Body's *or it may precede that event by years!"*

"But I seem to see a certain selfishness in such an oscillation," I qualified, "using a world of other souls as a sort of ladder for our own development."

"You *are* so using it," the Teacher assured me. "But the Great Master has told you the secret. Only he who loses his life in loving service for others shall find it."

I was pondering this when the Mentor concluded—

“That life exists at all is a paradox, and you never understand its Inner meaning until you have meditated upon and pondered in your heart these lesser paradoxes that have their origin in the heart of the Great Mystery of Life itself. Go your path, wherever it may lead, sure and calm and free. We are beside you, and so long as you hear our voices in your heart you cannot fail, no matter how rough the journey.”

I PONDERED his early transcript on the subject, I say, and tried to make logic of it. “When the Mind and the Spirit are divorced, and Mind takes charge of the Body, the result is warfare between Mind and Body” ... such an assertion gave individuality to Mind as being on a par with Spirit. But Spirit was Soul in some aspect of manifestation or what the Numerologist would term “Soul in its Outer Expression”.

But what *was* Mind, that it could have what the psychologist calls a “persona”, alongside Spirit? If it had such persona—which is the private opinion a man has of himself, his idea of what he wants to be, and how he wants other people to take him—it must have divine paternity along with Soul-Spirit and some sort of Siamese-Twin combination must distinguish every Soul-Spirit that had a Mind. I tried to think of Mind as a sort of organic “brain” of Soul-Spirit, or the termini of the Pattern-Body nerve ganglia, as a switchboard is the termini of all telephone wires coming into a central station and making delivery of messages possible. But how could a switchboard run away with the messages coming into it and operate of itself? I tried to rationalize Mrs. Eddy’s definitions of both Divine Mind and Mortal mind, but these made mortal mind appear as a creation apart from the God Parent. That was unthinkable. Soul-Spirit, as the mentor had expounded it—or the divine unit of Consciousness identifying itself by

manifestation—made picturable sense, but Mind suddenly appearing out of nowhere as

a usurper or alter-ego of Soul-Spirit, threw logical thinking into turmoil. If it were a mere attribute of human personality, how could an attribute, or qualification of performance, assume the role of the principal? This would merely be giving a name to an eccentric behavior. The Mentor had stated that there "is now within each human soul a distinct particle of Universal Spirit, which has a body for earthly expression and which is able to be aware of its kinship with Divine Essence; there must be an instrument for this awareness and this instrument is Mind." Thus was I invited to consider Mind, not as an alter-ego or Siamese Twin of Soul-spirit, but as a tool. The dictionary defined "instrument" as that by means of which something is performed or effected. What did that contribute? It merely made Mind and instrument synonymous. It was like looking up a definition of the word Cat and finding it meant feline, and looking up Feline and discovering it meant Cat.

I could, of course, consider Mind a word-convenience to describe a peculiar or distinctive behavior of Spirit—as I propose to call Soul hereinafter seeing that by use of such term I refer always to Soul in demonstration—but how again could a word-convenience "usurp the throne of its Master" when its master was a persona?

I came to the conclusion that one of two things must be a fact: Either the Mentor attempting to instruct me lacked clarity in his own distinctions, or, I was being asked to think in values that my human thought-processes were not capable of analyzing.

I refused to concede this last, not because I viewed myself as any paragon of intellect but because if what made sense on this plane made sense on any plane, then thought-processes must have similarity up all planes—*as processes*. This left me in the uncomfortable position of implying that my Higher Teacher did not know what he was talking about. Perhaps he did, but had lacked time to make it wholly clear to me, or perhaps he did and was employing this incompleteness of reason to make me spark up

my own mentality and do some exploring in the verities for myself. Teachers and pupils in the human scene certainly had been utilizing the term Mind for thousands of years and it stood for something specific in ideology. Who was I to declare it a mere abstraction of convenience to portray Spirit in certain unique perversities?

Jung had give the label of Persona to the private conception a man has of himself, his idea of what he wants to be, and how he wants other people to take him. It provides therefore the standard for what he may do, what he ought to do, and what is imperative upon him. Thus everyone has a Persona as a mere abstraction of convenience. Self-conduct and self-explanation must be impossible without it. But man as man is still the creature he was before he thus labeled certain of his conceptions. Spirit as spirit was the thing that issued out of the intellectual parentage of the Divinely Emanated Consciousness, and consciousness—or ability to know itself and features of whatever environment it had—was its very essence. It seemed that through thick and thin I should adhere to that, and not forget it. I seemed to be on sound logical terrain when I did not lose sight of it I finally concluded I could simplify the whole enigma by stopping such

conventional subservience to a label and considering what remained if I tore the label to bits and cast it over my shoulder.

Spirit as Soul was, first of all, conscious of itself; that was the divinity of it, that it could be such, and the faculty partook of essences not of the material universe. Soul as Spirit could be aware of various demonstrations exterior to itself and relive the distinctions of them over and over at any time it wished to "remember" them; in fact such *was* Memory. Memory of itself—the performing of it, that is—was quite as mystical as self-awareness, I came to realize. It was, in a manner of speaking, "reverting

in time", or, conversely, recreating with reasonable exactitude the events of the Past and causing them forever to stay of moment in the present. Thus by the faculty of Memory, all past events remained in existence. And from this I soon perceived that "thinking" was really naught but drawing conscious conclusions as to values as I contrasted one such re-creation with another such re-creation. The moral code I thus enacted, or activated, in its totality was *Wisdom*.

By the role of my remembering in result of observable happenings, I called it that I had acquired Experiences. And my purpose in thus continuing to observe and acquire—of the widest variety—was to broaden or enrich my moral code ... in other words, attain the maximum of Wisdom. All this made sense. In other words, the results were appropriate to the performing—for that is all Sense is.

Now always it was Soul Consciousness, at the Spirit business of attaining the maximum of Wisdom, that did all these things and "remembered" all the effects. There really were no instruments, attributes, or fancy conceptions identified only by language labels, existing as Spirit existed. All was first, last, and all the time Spirit. It saw, it identified, it remembered, it compared the picture-images of Memory and got thinking, it expanded and increased its moral knowledge-code and got Wisdom. If it went through experience episodes that make it draw unfortunate conclusions, it still was Spirit that harbored its resentments or "sealed up the gates" against new ideals or holy inspirations. Intellect truly, was the facility of Spirit in performing such functions—I might almost say the sensitivity of Spirit to both receptivities and expressions. It was merely a word that described an adroitness. The intellectual man was merely one who saw, identified, remembered, "thought" by his comparisons of picture-images, and acquired Wisdom with facility and readiness thus to increase his spiritual stature. He was one who employed himself with positivity at such pursuits and thus acquired more and more

proficiency in them by practice; whereas the stupid man was the spirit who was negative, clumsy, and slothful in respect to such exercise. Both might go through identical episodes in event, but one saw, identified, remembered, contrasted, and deduced with the celerity of willingness or acquiescence, while the other saw foggily, identified faultily, contrasted indifferently, and went to no expenditure of effort to retain such impressions and have them available for repeat use as exigency might require. He was, as we describle it, nonintellectual.

What I am getting at is this—

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 35

SOUL, the divine legacy of self-awareness, expresses itself externally to itself and we name it Spirit. Spirit proceeds through all the qualifying phases of sight, identification, recreating in memory and getting thought through contrast of effects, compiling convictions that we designate as being Wisdom, having tantrums—or better, moods—over infringements in its integrity or rebuffs by circumstance to its consummate divinity, and trying to obtain redress according to the concepts of its acumen. It is Spirit and naught else that dictates even the condition of the organic vehicle which it uses throughout the mundane sequence, and positive exercise of it we call psychomatic therapy. A thousand-and-one pressures apply upon it, from environment, from associates, form social dictates, from organic misconduct, from atmospheric conditions, even from cosmic-ray bombardments, and it reacts or fails to react, after the manner of its wisdom compiled to date. I say that the alternatives it adopts toward these, constitute the many attitudes we commonly call *Emotions*. I have yet have it shown me that may emotion is ever anything else than an attitude of the Soul-Spirit toward a pressure—seeking either balance or redress or desiring in muteness

to register approval, for it may be both.

To put it in another way, I'm saying that there are just three factors and no more in the equation called Consciousness—

There is *Self-Awareness*, or the divine inheritance of being able to identify the cosmic unit that is an emanation from the vast Master-Spirit that sired intellectually the spermatozoon of the individual.

There is *Capability of Demonstrating* external to such cosmic unit and thus getting the omniverse;

There is *Wisdom* evolved from experiencing that reaches such a quantity that the child arrives at the stature of the parent and fulfills his functions, with foreknowledge of such destiny a quality of its essence—just as performing in the human manner is a quality of the essence of the state we call mortality.

Self-identification;

Self-demonstration;

Self-enhancement;

these are the three protocols of Soul-Spirit, and there is nothing else. If we say there is anything else, it is a mere qualification or classification of the potencies in one of these three.

***Mind is Spirit performing intellectually*, instead of performing through forms of materials or forms of reaction to pressures.**

I am compelled to hold that we are doing ourselves a disservice by complicating our notions of Spirit by applying a hundred and one language-labels to attributes and manner of Spirit-in-Demonstration.

Mind only exists as an intellectual concoction to describe a Spirit declension.

Having no identity of its own, it only confuses our understanding forever to turn it up

for the tripping of our philosophical footsteps.

We say Mind when we truly mean Intellect in some aspects of performance. **And always behind Intellect is the one and only integrity of Soul-Spirit, or Soul in expression.**

Incidentally, we shall find that Intellect when operated constructively is the only true creative force that Man possesses. When I say "operated constructively" I mean operated in extraneous projection. When I speak of "manufacturing thought-forms"—such as the milk-bottle on the table located and outlined by Cameron's aurameter—I am describing such extraneous projection specifically.

Everything created, or coming to substantial fruition in this three-dimensional world, arrives in such substance by first having the thought-form originated in someone's intellect, whether the intellect of human, angel, or Ascended Master. To use the intellect in conjunction with the cosmic faculties to bring the thought-form milk-bottle into such concentration of atomic factors that the bottle becomes visible and of sufficient materiality to hold whatever quantity of milk may be poured into it, is only incidental. Such *is* creation as Man in his current phase of consciousness performance recognizes it. Plenty of people are proficient in the creation of such thought-form patterns but woefully deficient in the sustained concentration making for the materiality. But the process *as* process should be understandable to anyone. The statement that "Thoughts are Things" therefore has a sound basis in paraphysics. They are things in that they are patterns for the materiality that may result when the concentration is developed to the point of building up the atomic action to the status that "reality" results.

What we are being called to grasp at this juncture is the mechanics that are responsible for anything "created"—from thought-form milk-bottle to the Constellation of Orion. Actually they are simple ... because all truly fundamental things are simple. Simplicity is the strongest breastplate we could don for waging our holy struggle against ignorance ...

I'm going still further with it.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 37

THE MEANING OF ILL-HEALTH

V

DON'T you see that what we are truly doing is analyzing Life itself?

We are analyzing Life itself in terms of its component factors in order to render it easier of understanding. To understand it is to grasp its elemental purpose and serve it to the maximum of our effort. Serving it to the maximum of our effort means benefiting from it in every increment it contains for us. We cannot do any of these if we clutter and impede our intellects by giving a lot of fancy and confusing names to eccentricities of Spirit and then treating with the eccentricities as though they were alter-egos of Spirit in their own rights.

I am not so sure that this isn't what we've done with the eccentricity of Spirit Performance popularly named Mind. The Mentor Said, "There is now in each human Soul a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit, which has a body for earthly expression and which is able to be aware of its kinship with Divine Essence. There must be an instrument for this awareness and this instrument is the Mind."

It is a prerogative of Character to challenge that which is offered as Enlightenment in any branch of knowledge, and determine both by evidence and logic whether the Teacher be instructing in plausible values. If honestly done, it is by no means perversity

and much less precocity. I possess the same intrinsic intellect that the Mentor possesses, and instruction consists of receiving his values in terms of his concepts. To do this blindly is to beggar mine own thought-processes. What if he should have made a statement purely for the effect of testing my attainments of cognition or reason? It has been known to happen, and no trickery involved, either.

The Mentor starts off by declaring that there is now *in* each Soul a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit, and ten thousand metaphysical pundits have accepted such arrangements as the whole premise for Cosmology. I am trying to be neither different nor difficult merely for the caprice of it when in my own case I weigh this premise.

The picture presented here has it that Soul is a shell or coating of some sort in

which a separate and distinct particle of Universal Spirit enhouses. I have to repudiate such a presentation to a degree because that would make Soul as composed of some sort of insensate material into which a microscopic fragment of Universal Spirit enters. And by the very nature and origin of Soul, it cannot be so conceived.

Soul *is* Universal Spirit—and nothing else.

This premise for Soul is logical and comprehensible, seeing that it derived from the diffusion of the Spirit Essence as represented by the parent in the phenomenon of his attainment to so diffuse or project embryonic multiplicities of itself, the whole having gone on for untold ages before even the Parent Spirit issued out of similar genitive processes, the principle behind such Consciousness Attainment being divinity as we accept it.

If we do not credit such hypothesis, then the entire structure of Cosmology

collapses and there truly is no pattern or purpose to the Omniverse. The fact that there is pattern and purpose to the Omniverse, authenticates the hypothesis. But this is a digression.

Soul *is* Universal Spirit, in that it is a spiritually biologic product of the process and like parent, like child. True, it may be only a mircroscopic fragment of it, or in it, as I have said, but the comparison is only one of degree of perception, memory, contrast, and function. Give the fragment time and it will enlarge to the parental stature. Growth and time are usually synonymous, Time being but the dimension in which Experience enacts and delivers to the conscious Spirit Fragment.

But we have more challenges to the Mentor's attestments ...

THIS CONTROVERSIAL Soul with a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit *within* it, has a body for earthly expression and likewise is able to be aware of its divine kinship. Would it not be more consistent with the facts to put it that the divine spermatozoon, diffused by the spiritually genitive processes of the parental intellect, finds maximum opportunity for functioning external to itself by acquiring an earthly body—purely for performance in the Omniverse of material forms—and while so functioning is able to grasp the individuality of its parent apart from its own individuality? Understand me, I do not call up an anthropomorphic aspect of the genitive Divinity. I am considering two integrities of Divine Intellect, one microscopic, one macroscopic, each able to know itself in its separate right. By the Fragment Spermatazoon acquiring an organic vehicle, something is thereby created that in the Omniversal Scene at least, permits individuality to be identified, ... individuality of the Fragment Spermatazoon especially. This specification of the individualities concerned, the Fragmentary individuality in particular, is going on every second of every moment, of every hour, of every day and night, and week, and month, and year and century. It is

the very heart of the activity of Soul demonstrating as Spirit.

So do we arrive at our master challenge of three challenges when our Mentor concludes, "There must be an instrument for this Awareness and this instrument is the

Mind."

Is that declaration not somewhat debatable, viewed in the light of the Cosmological program and its factors we have considered to the moment?

Why, particularly, must there be an *instrument* for such awareness?

Why should not the essential consciousness of the Spirit Fragment function as its own instrument? ... considering that it happens of its own integrity and individuality to be *all* instrument and nothing else?

You say perhaps, why split hairs in this fashion? What does it get us? I say that I am not splitting hairs. I am sweeping away clutter made of too much academic verbosity and getting down to the bedrock of realities. Fragmentary Consciousness delights in creating hypothetical postulations and either falling down and worshiping them as though they too had individualities of an overlordship nature, or it uses them as veils and mystical lightings to obscure cosmic facts upon the assumption that the realities would not be "interesting"...

I am inclined toward espousing the paradox that there should be little or no mystery in Mysticism. Most of the mystery in Mysticism has been provided to entertain the cash customers and give them a show for their money.

The annoyance and even at times the downright mischief of it comes in the fact that too often the curtains and curious lightings are mistaken for the realities themselves. May I be so bold as to say that I think Mary Eddy recognizes the truth of this misrepresentation now, having been progenitor of the one outstanding sect in the earth

scene that made a successful fetish of the Hypothesis of Mind.

Mary offered her communicants the doctrine that there were two Minds—mortal and Divine. One proved itself the superior to the other, the mortal over the Divine, in that the mortal could obstruct or thwart the Divine throughout the Divine's expressions in the body. Make no mistake about it, whatever can obstruct, thwart, or otherwise influence, is superior to the force, body or personality of that which is affected. The latter may permit itself to be thus managed, or endure it under sufferance, but insofar as the specific circumstance is concerned the force that does the moving is the force that does the dictating. And by the very premise of Christian Science, mortal mind audaciously dictates to Divine Mind. This is attested by the result when mortal mind is alleged to abdicate and let Divine Mind take over. In Science, the result is healing of organism and mentality. But is it?

It is beginning to stack up to me that there *is* neither mortal mind nor Divine Mind as conflicting principals. From first to last there is only Spirit in self-demonstration, acting peculiarly according to its mood or status. If this strikes at the very heart of Science, I'm sorry, but again it is the fault of the nomenclatures employed more than the principals themselves.

LET'S consider for the moment that there is first, last, and all the time *only the hyperdimensional phenomenon of Consciousness*, able to know Itself. It activates in

some respect and thereby acquires identity as Spirit. Spirit propagates itself in the ultimate by either Diffusion or Emanation. That is to say, it arrives up some far day at a degree of Self-Awareness where its demonstrations as Spirit cause microscopic entities of Itself to issue out of the strictly spiritual testis, we might describe it, as Its final

expression of objective demonstration. By such means does the Divine Aflatus increase the population of the Omniverse. But every spermatozoon contains within itself all of its parent's potencies for repetition of the process in its own right. By such declension there are no Souls wandering about the Omniverse composed of substances that are not of Universal Essence. There are no "spirit particles" taking up residence in such vehicles, and no "instruments" by which one gets an effect in another.

There is simply Master Spirit and Emanated Progeny. We have simplified things that much.

Diffused Progeny has the divine gift of Individuality, which happens to be but the effects upon its specific integrity of formal experiences, and the election to acknowledge to effects and conduct itself in the light of them after each one is lived, or to reject them. Diffused Progeny fragment in each case is doing that. Ecclesiasticism labels such choice *Free Will*.

But we know that it performs. And it would have to perform, in that it has the potency to demonstrate whatever the Parental Spirit can demonstrate because it is of essence of such Master Parental Spirit. Did not Jesus Himself confirm it all when He made the statement in one place "It hath been said in your Law that ye are gods"? What else could He have been talking about?

Still keeping it simple, individualized Progeny Fragments come along to situations—in and out of organic expression—where they can conform or not conform to divine flats regulating and sustaining the Omniverse and all Progeny Life within it. What I am now commencing to wonder is*, does Divine Parental Mind have the slightest thing to do with it?* ... I mean with what happens to Diffused Progeny Spirit after the Parent has performed the Self-Diffusing Act of conceiving them and dictating the environment under which later experiences shall accrue to each?

Might it not be the more logical fact that what Mary Eddy describes as the healing or ennobling influence of Divine Mind, is naught but Progeny Spirit behaving itself and doing as it is supposed to do under the conditions that Parental Mind has provided—using "Minds" here as self-elective intellects?

My sole criticism directed at Christian Science concerns the limitations imposed on the communicant by nomenclatures—and if Mary had been aware in Boston in the 1880s of what she is aware from her present status of cognitions at the moment, somethings tells me her liturgy would have taken an altered form. If we persist in wanting to make a fetish of the Anglo-Saxon term *gemynd*, I believe Mary today would write it, "there is only one essence in all of us, and that is Divine Spirit performing after the qualifications of enlightenment resulting or reacting form Experience." Even God as the average intellect conceives of Him, undoubtedly is what He is, because of what He

has experienced. How could He know Himself otherwise, not to mention identifying His progeny?

WE ARE each one Fragments of Omniversal Consciousness performing after the effects of our personalize experiences. And figuring in such effects are certain reactions upon and within ourselves called by some Moods and by others Emotions. Both, however, are the consequences of pressures of some sort. Spiritually speaking, we are each and every one of us—as Divinely Diffused Progeny—a temperamental as Metropolitan Opera House sopranos every moment of every hour of every year the century around. This temperament is individualized reaction to Experience the pressures appearing as factors in such experiencings but appearing none the less.

Very good, then. The current condition of our reactions to formal experiencings is

our Mood or Emotion. Anger is a mood or emotion. Jealousy is a mood or emotion. So is Hate, Greed, Susceptibility to Disease, and even Error and Ignorance—seeing that all-wisdom is eternally and assiduously exclaiming at it in distemper or screaming at it to apply next door.

The moment we get hold of one of sacrosanct Mind's feet and pull it down from its throne, rolling it out the temple door and pushing it down the steps, we face the true factors composing any situation—Soul-Spirit forever inviting Experience and accepting or rejecting the increments resulting. Mental tranquility and organic efficiency are major of these last.

More and more in my philosophy I am coming to be convinced that *whenever and wherever we confront a person ailing in Body, we are confronting an enhoused Spirit that is indulging itself in some sort of remonstrance.*

But it is *Spirit* that is doing that thing, not "Mind" or even intellect. By the way, we shall look at Intellect analytically in a moment.

MY CONCEPT of all this has it, that your "Mortal Mind" doesn't subject you to the visitation of disease, neither does "Divine Mind" present you with curation as a charity—no matter how excellent or appealing it appears in the pages of *Science & Health*.

You yourself as the Progeny of Spiritual Essence decide to get over your emotional tantrum because you don't fancy how Experience has left you feeling, and the instant you get over it, you are "cured" ... I'm coming to believe it to be as simple as that. No veils, no mystical lights, no incense pots, no "classes" or "courses" at three hundred dollars the season. Just you yourself, in your Inner Consciousness, deciding to get over your pique at circumstance.

What part does the equally hallowed "Matter" play in it? Matter is only an item

composing the pressures of Experience at which you are rebelling, "taking it out on your organic self" because Joe had a chance to go to the country fair and you didn't, or Julia was remembered at Christmas by her rich Aunt Sarah with a cheque that meant a

new fur coat while all you got from your Aunt Sarah was a dun to pay back the ten dollars she loaned you in the summer to get your teeth fixed.

These resentments fester in the subconscious. The pathologist will tell you that every germ of every known disease is washing through your organism every hour of day or night. You arrest one of these in such passage and ask it to conspire and collude with you, and put you to bed with a fever, so the family will think more of you and make a fuss over you—which it doesn't when you are well. Your God Spirit knows you are merely "putting on an act," for your normal condition is Health. Finally, when the swallowing of a consignment of coal-tar products has had not the expected effect on your tantrum or emotional mood, the Christian Science practitioner is summoned. She comes in with *Science & Health,* looks, acts, and speaks tranquilly—meaning normally—talks a lot of mystical nomenclature about Divine Mind as wanting to supersede your mortal mind and generally makes you ashamed of yourself.

You decide to call it a sickness and get up.

She charges you ten dollars, which you pay for her "cure". She should have taken your last shekel and your house, lot, and car, just to impress on you how much such foolishness can cost you. The report gets about your neighborhood that you were cured by the triumph of Mind over Matter. Actually, with the mystical curtains pulled down and rolled up, and the incense lights extinguished, you were "cured" by deciding within yourself to behave as a progeny of your Heavenly Father—another nomenclature for

Universal Parental Diffusing Essence—should behave so long as its time has not come for quitting the organic and having it buried somewhere in the interests of public sanitation.

***Your own Spirit is all the Mind there is, all the Intellect there is*, all the Instrument there is. It "thinks" because it is the only mechanism in the Omniverse that is capable of such a process—speaking now of deploying Consciousness in whatever form it takes.**

Until the end of time, of course, we shall probably always have the Spirit Temperaments who are properly awed and impressed by having someone conduct them into an inner shrine where the veils are hung cryptically and the illumination burns weirdly, and if someone only *whisper*s, "God is love!" under such conditions, they will be convinced they have heard something never uttered to human ears before. Calling the conviction childish, is unfair. The truer explanation is, that such souls are still inexpert at climbing the Altar Stairs of intellectual adventurings only to find mirrors waiting for themselves on top—not the mirrors of metaphysical trickeries but mirrors that give back the reflection of the climbers' characters. Because, look at the Cosmos as one may, the Divine Essence of the self is what one finds at the top of all altar stairs.

In all temples of the Spirit, man first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God; then he discovers himself.

This is not glorifying the mortal ego. It is, rather, identifying that from which the mortal ego has been derived or composed. My most esteemed and beloved colleagues, the Christian Scientists, have been discovering *themselve*s for the past seven decades,

and terming it a miracle-working religion. My most compassionate criticism is, that they haven't yet discovered *enough* about themselves—or rather, all that there is to

discover, as I hope to show before this book is completed.

At any rate, I claim that the first step is clearing the omniversal scene of bizarre veils, necromantic lights, intellectual incense pots, and the liturgies that compete with Roget's *Thesaurus,* and confronting the *real* cosmic Trinity; Self-Identifying Consciousness, Externalized Experience, and Expanding Wisdom. Putting it in an equation, we can call it simply C-E-W—or Consciousness, Experience, Wisdom.

Ultimately we shall become convinced that there is little of consequence in the Omniverse otherwise.

Actually, when we stop to give it the notice it merits, this is a newer and finer religious concept than the world has known since Calvary. Go back in history as far as record carries, and the concept of Divinity has been one of servility, penance, contriteness and debasement. Now in the light of Aquarian knowledge, Man suddenly raises his dead, squares his shoulders, and grasps his real dignity and nobility in the great cosmic ensemble. The wits that are in his head, enabling him to encompass the machinery of the universe, attest to his divinity in his own right—making rationality, equity, and spiritual equanimity the watch-words of his creed. None of it deprecates the Christ; it lifts the Christ to a new octave of conceiving Him, commensurate with the higher moral values involved. When people who appreciate and otherwise evaluate their own godhood, come to adulate a celestial superior, they nominate their Deity of honors that have love and veneration behind them based on Intelligence exemplified in themselves. After all, it is Man's advancing and expanding character that makes any God great, witnessed by the reverse picture of the mediocrities of the gods worshiped by the primordial savage. Whom are you admired by? ... well might this be applied as criterion of the earthly personage. How much more so in the aspects of the Divine? By no means should it offend us to study ourselves in the Omniversal Mirrors at the top of all spiritual altar stairs as we climb altar upon altar and cogitate on what we behold reflected . .

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 44

THE MENAING OF PURPOSE

VI

The Meaning of Purpose

WHAT ACTUALLY, then, is this thing that we envision? It is not enough to abandon the ideology of mankind as being merely the agent of an invited microbic disease on the surface of a planet of totally negligible significance. Whether a few million or billion other planets suffer from a like malady may, from man's standpoint—as one astronomer has said—have an element of human interest but can have no bearing on larger questions of the origin and destiny of the universe. To have had a large share in bringing man to this plane of comprehension, out of the age-long dream of egocentric anthropomorphism, is acclaimed by the "scientific" as doubtless the most useful achievement of Astronomy. But as an achievement, what is it? The universe is still in existence and present, both as to its beginnings and perchance its endings, and irrespective of its extent. The instance of man's microbic display in the organic form by no means makes him scrofulous. That is a conclusion which too many incompleted intellects deign to reach, and fancy in their cynicisms that they have arrive at profundity. What they rather have arrived at, is a measure of their own intellectual bankruptcy. True, the ant that has happened to be caught on the running-board of a motorcar may find itself being transported across sixty miles of unfamiliar real estate without knowing the nature of such conveyance. But does that make him less an ant, capable of putting the human species to shame for structural stress, industry, and social organization if ant and man were of similar stature? Many species of tropical ants can even excel man in constructional ingenuities, beside which a mere hurtling motorcar is elemental. Judging the importance of a thing by its size or bulk is the common error of the unenlightened. The astronomer of today is able to identify the bulk and materials in a star-sun fifty thousand light-years distant. He can weigh it and blueprint its orbit. He can speculate as

to whether or not it holds life comparable to his own on this insignificant solar satellite. He erects observatory upon observatory, each with an expanding reflecting telescope,

and the more telescopes he erects and the greater the reflecting mirrors ensconced as their major equipments, the more expansive and audacious the extent of the Omniverse depicts itself to him. Thereupon he turns his eye from Betelgeuse—knowing that if it were placed in the position of our sun, its surface would extend far out to the neighborhood of the orbit of Mars, leaving the earth compressed or encompassed within the substance of this great M star itself at a depth of more than 30,000,000 miles—and contemplating the crumbs on his vest or the bunion on his miscroscopic foot, breathes the awesome exclamation of the oldest Hebrew prophet, "—what is man that Thou art mindful of Him or the son of man that Thou visiteth him? All he is doing is conceiving for the instant in relative sizes of bulks, not qualities of moral or intellectual attributes. What, indeed, is the merit in these bulks that they should lift the Omniverse to such awesome importance? It so happens in such case that the human ant upon the running-board of the Planet-Earth motorcar *does* know what sort of metal contraption it's on, and how fast it's going, and about ninety percent of the information about its metallic composition and where the motive-power derives from to give it movement. Suppose the earthly ant *did* know just as much about the fabrication and operation of a motorcar as the so-called human being behind its steering wheel, would we day that the human being behind the steering wheel was of surpassing value and importance because his bulk and tonnage were a couple of million times as much as the insect's? This would be making Quality subservient to Quantity. It would be like saying that the mountain that covers forty square miles and rises a mile in height surpasses in importance the

nuclear-fission bomb eight cubic feet square that drops form the passing warplane and pulverizes such mountain.

If we expect to measure the Omniverse by the yardstick of Quanity then Consciousness itself is defeated—*because Consciousness taken of itself has neither bulk nor weight in any form whatever*. All Consciousness has is such vehicle as it may fashion and occupy for the passing sequence to get expression external to its self-awareness as a unit. But in such fashioning and occupying is it not demonstrating its superiority from every standard that intellect can call up?

DIGRESSING a moment to get a thought across, I can sit in a séance room as I did on a recent evening, and remark to materialized unit of Consciousness that she was apparently clad in a frock such as I had never seen her garbed in before. Immediately she went behind the drapes—on my own premises, understand, where no variety of theatrical "props" could have been secreted ahead of time, and in full view of a dozen people, all of whom beheld exactly the same things that I beheld—and reappeared clad in accustomed raiment. Asked how she acquired the altered raiment so electrically, she explained that she "thought herself into it." All materials, she declared, were but coagulations by motivating Consciousness, and "out of the substance of the Power of God" she fashioned her different garb in an instant of time and came forth arrayed in it. If, as, and when I touched this Thought Material with my fingertips—as I have done

times beyond count in my twenty-five years in psychical phenomena—it was as tangible and practicable as the fabric with which my own body of the evening chanced to be covered. And yet a few moments later, both Soul-Spirit and Thought-Provoked Fabrics had dissolved before my eyes.

Is it so preposterous to suggest that in my own studio in the sequence in question I had had a demonstration of the integration of Betelgeuse? There are nebula in the heavens. 50,000 light-years across, but so what? My intellect can conceive a unit of Consciousness—Creating Consciousness if you demand the term—so infinitesimally tiny that Silver-leaf's séance-frock was 50,000 light-years across. The fact that creative conception of both is possible is the true kernel of our present intellectual project from first to last ...

I REFUSE, in other words, to be awed by numbers of units of whatever is creatable. My breakfast doughnut may be 50,000 light-years across to a unit of Consciousness no more sizable than one of its carbon atoms in the wheat composing its flour, and I feel no awe that I can devour it so long as my bulk as a vehicle that does the devouring is 250,000,000 light-years "across" from my front teeth to the back of my palate.

If we must have awe, why not conjecture that all the star-worlds at which the astronomers of Palomar point their 200-inch reflecting telescope may be only atoms in the chair-leg of some Divine household, whose rafters, roofs, and chimeney-pots we are too infinitesimal to comprehend?

Size to a degree does dictate significance, when attempting such contrasts in intellect, but that is merely because intellect is deficient in function-power. As intellect grows or expands in capabilities to grasp quantities, whatever has been formed of them ceased to be phenomenal.

So what I am looking at in this book are the elements of Creation in their behaviors as elements. Grasp them with reasonable proficiency and the so-called Immensity of the Omniverse translates into the "immensity" of the elemental behaviors of this sparrow-chick that has just fallen from its nest onto the lawn grass beyond the patio, and the one immensity is the immensity of the other. Thus all immensities resolve into the

simple elemental functions, and tonight's starry universe can be dismissed with a wave of the hand. This solar satellite on which, for this little Instant in Eternity, my own particular unit of self-aware consciousness is functioning is neither third-rate nor sixth-rate, nor twenty-fifth rate, excepting by a lot of superfluous comparisons. Thus is my particular earth restored to its former place as the Center of the Universe because to my personal spirit-consciousness it is the only orb which matters. It matters because it serves. I dethrone Bulk, which is only a measurement of the nature of the vehicle in respect to the proportions of other vehicles, and set up Purpose ... as the significant lord and master over self-awareness.

And when I do that, I confront a totally different Omniverse than the Palomar astronomer photographs through his gigantic gadget ...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 47

I say *Purpose* is divine.

NOW let's look at it, in our search for golden Truth. I say that we pay altogether too little attention to its significance.

The common dictionary gives us a completely adequate definition of Purpose in nine words: "*That which is proposed as an aim in itself*." Emphasis on the last two words.

Don't say, "That is obvious—give us something to digest mentally that has substance." It is no tone-tenth as obvious as you assume.

Nine out of ten persons would be jolted to grasp to the full what secrets of Cosmos and divinity are enwrapped in this concept. For one thing, it dismisses the astronomical Omniverse. Four hundred million star-suns are only actualizing "aims in themselves." But so too is that sparrow-chick that just escaped the cat. Never confuse Purpose with

***Utility*. There is a world of difference. The sparrow-chick as a sparrow-chick is vastly different form a meal for the cat, although the cat does relish it if it can get its paws on the birdlet.**

The Aim in Itself—and we shall hear a lot about this entity in the pages still to come—is divine, because it actualizes the God Concept, not so much *in* the "created" thing as a pattern or blueprint by which Consciousness secures expression outside of itself.

Consciousness, be it cosmically divine or divinely human, is that primary phenomenon that can conceive first of Itself *to* or *within* Itself, and secondly, act outside of itself that it may convey that fact of its existence unto similar conscious units. The first is the Divine Afflatus in essence—the start and genesis of all that *Is*, in that it holds all that follows in its potentials. The second is Purpose, or "Aim in itself", out of which has come Divine Light in every aspect of creation or credited manifestation in intellect or Nature.

The Purpose, or Aim in Itself, in every instance thus far discovered in intellect or Nature, is to arouse in some form the potentials in Self-Awareness to make them known to other units in Self-Awareness. So actually, for all expositions of our thesis, there are only *two* real elementals—or let me term them major elementals—in the totality of the Omniverse, ability to know the Self and ability to make the Self apparent to others. Some logicians would call these the Limited and the Unlimited, since there may not be more than one aspect of self-consciousness whereas there may be endless patterns for demonstrating the fact of such self-consciousness to others, thereby postulating an endless universe. However, by no means are we certain that there *is* only one aspect of self-consciousness; there may be multiple aspects, for all we know to the contrary, but intellect in this three-dimensional area is not capable of comprehending them because

knowing only the one aspect *is* this three- dimensional area of itself. We need not waste reading-time in any squabble over the Limited as against the Unlimited. There are only two major projects in the totality of the Omniverse, ability to know the Self and ability

to make the Self apparent to others. Don't forget that in the whole of it we're striving for understanding of the Design for Immortality ...

Thus I claim that we arrive almost at the heart of this matter of Immortality by observing that the instruments and properties cannot be more or less permanent for the second while the first exercises for fifty to seventy years of physical experience and then ceases to have existence. We are coming back to this stupendous thought later on, in larger guise. But nevertheless it is something to mention exactly at this point by way of introduction.

True, you can have the canvas scenery and furniture of a theatrical play continuing in existence long after the play has closed and the actors gotten employment in other plays, or dropped dead of malnutrition. But here in the omniversal sense there is no new creation of scenery and properties for each individual actor, or even each manifestation of exhibiting intellect to recipient intellects. The same properties are utilized on and on and on, century after century, dispensation after dispensation, æon after æon. If they be dependent on living and functioning Consciousness for their continuation, how may we argue that innate continuation maintains but the functioning consciousness ceases to exist? To shift the responsibility suddenly and say that "Certainly God exists century after century, dispensation after dispensation, æon after æon," brings the rebuttal that if we wish to accredit the factual Omniverse to a self-perpetuating Divine Consciousness we must be consistent enough to concede that it can then only be God who derives

lasting increment form the omniversal properties and sceneries of stars and suns and satellites. Did Divinity as First Cause conceive of these as perpetual instruments to remind Itself that it *was* First Cause? That would mean limiting God by declaring that His memory could run out in respect to Himself and His celestial capabilities. And if the Creation be limitless, then its Creator must be limitless ... in that it depends upon that Creator not alone for original projection but for continuing and constant integration and performance.

We should never allow ourselves to become sidetracked into concepts of the anthropomorphic or quasi-physical God, however. We deal with a phenomenon—in the item of Self-Aware Consciousness—that might indicate its existence by means of any one of ten trillion vehicles or blue-printed forms for making its existence known to others who follow the Growth-of-Consciousness route out of the afore-said Diffusive process. And we prove the reality of it by the exhibit of Ourselves, each and severally. Incidentally, this is the one surpassing answer to the inhibited materialist who becomes awed by the immensity of the celestial ensemble in the items of bulks and quantities, crying out in despair at his own limitations for grasping, "All of it is sheer intellectual conjecturing! ... we want to rationalize what we are, or what we behold, and so we 'think up' this whole metaphysical hypothesis of Man being some microbic demonstration of the Divine." The truth of the matter is, that we don't 'think it up'—it IS, precisely as the Omniverse *is*, precisely as the sparrow-chick *is*—that just fell in the grass beyond the west patio. We have in the exhibit Man—otherwise in our reasoning,

considering Selves—the Omniverse in capsule. While still in mortal flesh we project an "imaginary" thought-form upon a bare tabletop—say a bottle of milk—and an

aurameter operator walks in with his instrument and not only finds it for us but demonstrates its shape for us; or as thinking consciousness in Light-Pattern bodies of discarnation we "think ourselves into a peculiar costume", as Silverleaf did into her beaded jacket. In the first case we have created something literal by our Thought Projection that we may not be able to detect with physical senses but the aurameter can and does; in the second case we have demonstration that Thinking Spirit outside three dimensions can and does fabricate whatsoever fabric or costume its caprice may dictate at the moment. *By doing either, in either spiritual condition, we have demonstrated the Omniverse insofar as process is concerned.* And being able so to demonstrate, takes the Omniverse out of the realm of the conjectural or the rational hypothesizing. So the inhibited materialist has the ground cut from under his argument that all of our performing is metaphysical conjecturing. If we can do on a minute scale what Omnipotent Consciousness does on an omniversal scale, does not one prove the other, the smaller prove the greater, the two give evidence of coming form similar processing? The metaphysician stands upon sounder ground than the materialist, because he can *prove* his acclaimed theorizing by capsule demonstration whereas the materialist can prove nothing, not even the fact of his own limitation. You can't call a deficiency a *thing*, on any octave of reasoning ...

WE HAVE, I repeat, the two major elementals of Self-Awareness and Purpose, both concededly divisible into infinite gradation but none the less fundamental for all that. They are companions in omniversal circumstances but by no means corollaries—since a Self-Aware unit may own to the appreciation of its own existence without any other thinking or observing unit in consciousness suspecting its existence, but the opposite not hold. Self-Awareness is such microbic entity or phenomenon as is capable of self-knowing; Purpose is that which it evolves external to itself to achieve a result on

other microbic phenomena likewise capable of self-knowing. Further, whatever is thus conceivable to either has to be presented in some aspect of Form. Form is the universal and omnipresent instrument by which intellect conceives anything external to itself. Indeed, we might almost sate that Form is that property in universal essence which is capable of conveying intelligence from unit to unit. But Form, partaking of such function, is meaningless without *Purpose*. And this is what makes Purpose of such supreme importance.

We could seem to be moving upon safe ground when we draw the conclusion that inasmuch as every phenomenon in the Omniverse that we grasp in terms of Form has come by such Form to serve a Purpose, so there must have been Purpose originally behind all phenomena we discern.

Proceeding along this line of reasoning, what we confront is somewhat startling.

All omniversal Experience—the synonym for universal Education—is now, and has

always been, a correct translating or interpreting of the Form as the process of determining the Purpose.

Know the Purpose infallibly for which all that has Form was originally conceived, and you must automatically know All Wisdom.

Ignorance and Error, therefore, are but names for the inability or incapacity of the Capsule Self-Awareness to correctly identify the specific Purpose that has brought each and every Form into being and given promise of maintaining it unto eternal time.

Most human intellectual controversies center around such inabilities or incapacities on the parts of the contributing intellects to agree upon such translatings or interpretings. As men approach closer and closer to concurrence in such translatings and interpretings,

we say they evolve a Science. But that makes Science—any science—merely the identification of the current limitations of men's perspicacities. Take away all limitations on all perspicacities and you abolish Science. And in place of Science you have *Truth. Truth really is the celestial sum-total of all correct analysis of omniversal Form translated into images of Purpose!*

Know all Purpose and you know all god! ... this is assuming God to be the sum-total of all Knowledge, by no means the anthropomorphic Deity with partriarchal beard and temper.

Thus Truth is not a condition so much as an attainment. suppose we get back to our Intellectual Geometry ...

I SEE no reason as yet for saying that any Form can come into appreciable existence unless it serve its Purpose—correctly defined as an Aim in Itself, because, don't you see, Form and Purpose are synonymous? The Form is the Purpose conveyed in some sort of substantial or hypothetical pattern.

I know this sounds as though I were saying that a man is a two-legged creature and therefore a two-legged creature is a man. Yet any schoolchild can tell you that all sorts of two-legged creatures exist which are not men. How about a stork, a kangaroo, an ape? You can have Purpose without Form but you cannot have Form without Purpose, because Form is Purpose carried into the tangible or descriptive.

We are on safe ground in accepting that nothing is perceptible in our formal universe therefore, unless Purpose was involved in bringing it into such formality. And when we have established that premise, we have the groundwork laid for examination of the entire Omniverse in more or less understandable terms. Millions of us may resentfully retort that we fail to discern the slightest Purpose behind Divinity's creation of mosquitoes, lice, cockroaches, serpents, stingarees and octopuses—or any other

creatures inimical to comfort or longevity of the human species. We are thereby interpreting Divine Purpose in terms of human well-being and preservation. The rattlesnake may be putting the same interrogation to the Creator in respect to why He made man. Celestial Purpose in each instance may have had not the slightest connection or association. On the other hand, having mosquitoes, lice, cockroaches, rattlesnakes,

stingarees and octopuses in the mortal scheme of things may easily contribute to the evolving vigilance of human consciousness in ways and patterns that we little suspect. Every Form has Purpose, and to the exact degree that we perceive the purpose behind the form we declare that there is "intelligence" behind the universe. Substance in Matter may not have sentient consciousness *of* and *in* itself, not at least to the human degree, but always there is sentient consciousness to greater or lesser degree motivating, utilizing, or pattering Matter so that its Form has significance. Make such distinctions and the universe starts to simplify. Simplification means, of course, understandability. Not so much that the simplification fits the more rudimentary or undeveloped mental processes, but that correct terms come gradually to be applied to the true Purposes behind the Forms and in their identification—or rather, *by* their identification—we more readily and efficiently rise to greater understanding of the Omniverse.

Especially shall we see how this is correct when we come to understand better the baffling quandary of physical Health. <u>The term "gods" as we conceive them is merely the label we supply for conveyance of the idea-imagery of sentient beings who have the more comprehensively mastered the causes and reasons behind Forms and divined the Purposes resulting in the Forms. When we say therefore, that men are "gods in embryo" we don't mean divine creatures in gestation so much as individual capsules of the</u>

Divinely Diffused Parental Intelligence discovering that they too, in whatever habitat each one is operating, possess in greater or lesser amounts the capabilities to duplicate Forms in execution or demonstration of Purposes.

Do you not see that if we take Life as an Aim in Itself, it is more than a rationalizing of the natural or geologic or biologic universe, that we achieve? We ask the gods on up ahead to get ready for us, because presently we hope to be among them ...

though again I say, they ever recedes as we advance!

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 52

THE MEANING OF ETERNITY

VII

The Meaning of Eternity

WHAT I want to make you grasp as I can, is the programmatic sweep of life, from holy spermatozoon to god. It makes no difference what god, or god of what. All gods must ever be relative, one considered against the other, depending upon their attainments in intelligence. Humanity, so-called, is not a race or species. Humanity is a given octave in Consciousness. There are grades under it, there are grades above it. The grades below it have merely been limited of experiences. Conversely, the greater the experiences, the higher the godhood. Does this appear to produce a pantheon of gods? There is already a pantheon of humanity, and as we know from mundane observation that experiences effect expanded intelligence, what can we be having as of the moment but the greater pantheon in a stage of its evolution?

That somewhere far up toward the Unknowable Apex there is a God of gods ought to be apparent from the fact that all evolution is the multiplication of the few into the many. Reverse it, back on the time-track, and you have the many deriving form the few.

The few in turn must resolve into the one Consciousness-capsule finding a way to duplicate and triplicate Itself. At no time, while contemplating what the record of the past must have been, can we say that the process of growth can have reversed itself or proceeded in any opposite direction from the present, for in such event growth would cease being growth and become introversion. Growth, expansion, multiplication, evolution, all prove the single First Cause by the sheer circumstance of being growth, expansion, multiplication, evolution.

Divinity then, is in the pattern of the spiral, ramifying to effect ever increasing demonstration of itself. In the ever-widening circuit of itself we locate the knowable universe—or considering *all* that is, the Omniverse. It is the Essence of Knowability that thus declares Itself, and the Essence of Knowability is God in totality. Thus the Knowable Omniverse in totality is the evolution of that one-time Original Capsule of Consciousness. It is God enough for most of us. Only the *Original* Capsule of Consciousness doesn't lead the procession of all evolved spirits now; He encompasses it. And the expression of Himself is Form, each and every aspect of it having distinctive Purpose or aim in itself.

Which, odd to state, brings us to consideration of Eternity.

NOW TAKE note that the dictionary defines Eternity as endless *or immeasurable time*. But time exists only in the Consciousness capable of marking it. Time is therefore a component of Consciousness. The Higher Critic might inquire, assuming that a globe

and a continent existed on which grew a single tree but without a conscious organism alive to mark it, if Time could not be said to exist if from natural causes the tree toppled over? Would not Time be created and performing from the instant the tree began its

description of the arc at its highest point to the instant at which it came to lie horizontally upon the planet's surface? The answer would seem to repose in the fact that neither globe nor continent nor tree could first exist without an aspect of Consciousness to produce Form, Purpose, and Materials. For that would postulate Divine Consciousness to get a rendition of Time. The perceiving Consciousness would not require to be human consciousness nor even animal or reptile consciousness. Wherever there is Form there is Purpose, and wherever there is Purpose there is deciding self-awareness. Deciding self-awareness is Consciousness in an aspect of determining itself. So Time in the instance of the toppling tree merely becomes a demarcation of primordial Consciousness. Without that originating Consciousness there could be no tree to topple, no continent of the tree to grow upon, no globe for the continent to rest upon or be a part of. Still, that does not satisfy us as to whether or not Time can exist in the abstract.

The answer should be clear that there is no such thing as Time in pure abstraction, because Time to *be* Time must employ form for translation of itself as the item that it is. When you get treating with the originating Self-Awareness you always and forever discover Time as naught but measurement of Form in some aspect of animation, ... of course to prove Self.

Men speak of the "endlessness" of eternal Time. But they can't have Time passing in one direction only—from the Now into the immeasurable future. There must have been an equal endlessness preceding the Now. As the small boy complained to his mother, "If I'm going to heaven and live forever with God, I must have lived forever before I began to live with myself." Otherwise, the idea of Time would be similar to a stick with only one end to it. Could a stick be a stick and possess only a single end? Aren't two ends required to give such stick reality? Or rather, aren't the two ends

required to make the stick knowable for what it is? To my way of thinking, because Consciousness must have some way of measuring or conceiving of its endlessness in both directions from the Now, we have the phenomenon of the strictly mortal span—when the vehicle has Beginning and an End. Consciousness itself has had no beginning and can have no end—not as sheer Self-Awareness. But Consciousness could have a beginning of function to demonstrate itself objectively, just as it can have an ending of function demonstrating itself objectively. True, the Omniverse of demonstrable Form will cease to exist in such twinkling of time, leaving Self-Awareness in total knowledge of all which lies within itself. It is even passably creditable that some such terminus of objective animation is "that far-off divine event toward which all creation moves." Still, that, is not our subject for discussion at the moment. Consciousness must have some way of conceiving of the endlessness of existence, resident in its own essence. So it developed the phenomenon of entering into

and out of a vehicle of expression known as organism, which performed for a sequence in Form, and then vacated. The organic vehicle thereat disintegrated. The constant and continual coming and going of immortal Consciousness in organic form, and the constant and continual dissolution of the organic form when a reasonable longevity of function had maintained, introduced the ideology of Death into endlessness in terms that endlessness could conceive in application to itself.

The notion of a given span of animation for the organic vehicle and its dissolution at the finish of the span, would seem to have been merely an intellectual ruse of Consciousness for arriving at the concept of its own eternality. Otherwise Endlessness would not be interpretable to itself. It was the concepts in operation that gave the result

of self-identification in each instance—that is, by opposition or contrasts. Seemingly organic Death was necessary to Consciousness to depict its own deathlessness. And this is nowise paradox. The physical occupancy and demise conveyed other idea-images to Deathless Consciousness than this concept of its own deathlessness, of course. But when we come to grasp Death of the Vehicle as a ruse to prove its opposite, we grasp a Purpose, or aim in itself, of this physical termination that at the present stage of capsule self-awareness appears to be such tragedy. It has to appear thus tragic, it seems, in order to make the desired impression on the deathless intellect, and obtain the picture images for Endlessness to think in, concerning Everlastingness.

But wait a moment! Let's go back and do some thinking about the endlessness that preceded the *Now* ...

IN THE first place, how much attention have you ever given to the phenomenon of *Now?* Ten to one you've never thought about it, just accepted it as self-evident proposition. *Now* was the present instant of self-aware consciousness in which things happened that impressed permanent record by the feat of memory upon your intellect. The fact that they happened in perceptible circumstances made you absolutely certain that they were occurring in contiguity with your instant's observation. Probably it never dawned upon you that maybe they didn't at all, that it was all an illusion of our sense perceptions.

Meaning this: It has been told by marijuana smokers that the drug registers a peculiar effect upon the mind. Some marijuana addicts hear the reports of a pistol-shot, for instance, and it is not a quick sharp detonation of sound—it is long-drawn-out roar of noise that dies away in diminuendo of echoes. A clarinet player starts to sound the note of music that contributes his part to the piece the orchestra is playing—just one

note, understand. The effect of it on the marijuana smoker's consciousness is similar to the blast of the 10:30 curfew to the normal person's perceptions, a long tuneful drone of sound that may even rise or fall in volume or seem to do so and that may even give the musician opportunity to alter his pitch. The non-marijuana user hears only a mechanical toot coming form the bell of an instrument, quickly drowned out by other noises. Do the

senses of the drug user actually *add* to Time? Suppose the delayed registration of sound in the consciousness common to the addict were common to all persons—*what of Time itself?* If all persons were afflicted with the addict's delayed recognition, or accelerated recognition, of the time required to play a note in a jazz orchestra, would events be happening when he assumed they were or would they be delayed or advanced? Actually the marijuana user's senses must be *ahead* of the vibration producing the "music"...

What is Time, anyhow, that it can thus be trifled with, in practical effect?

Our clocks register Time by dividing the span of occurrence of event by the sequence required for our satellite to complete its orbit around the sun—months and weeks and hours and minutes and seconds. The average human being "thinks" in seconds. But are we sure we know what Time truly is, when we encounter entirely sane and sensible persons whose consciousness has been able to plunge ahead into scenes of events not yet occurred and describe the *denouement,* or go backward and behold what happened yesterday or the day before as though happening in the present instant? Don't argue that such suggestions are fantastic... I have done the thing myself. On a certain memorable occasion at 7:30p.m. in New York City of an August evening I "went backward in Time" to 2:30 that same afternoon and projected myself into sequence that had been played out by others at a distant spot *where I was recognized as one of the*

participants in the happening; a moment or so later in New York I slipped mentally ahead two weeks and played another scene with principals that they did no themselves enact in reality until a fortnight had passed. And the point of proof was, that in each case my report of activity as to my own behavior was one hundred percent attested by second and third parties—and yet I described my acts in Time both ways within the one summer afterglow between seven and eight o'clock by solar chronology.

My philosophical challenge is, if all the Time acknowledged in the universe had been gauged by my own sense reactions in both instances, and there were no other critical brain to either conform or deny it, would not Time have been considered as a mere mental postulation and not a subdivision of the earth's movement about Old Sol at all? Suppose the clairvoyant "moves up ahead" into the Time Drama she is witnessing and describing under trance? Does not Time become only a corollary of her consciousness? And is it not quite as positive and reliable to her as to any four or five people who are not entranced? Very god then, suppose for expositon's sake we eliminate the "four or five". Suppose we say there are no other persons alive on the globe but the clairvoyant. What becomes of Time as an abstract proposition? Isn't it anything that the observing consciousness recognizes it to be? And if there were only _two_ people on earth, and they failed to register time-passing the same mentally, then would there not be two varieties of Time and who could say which was accurate?

The material logician would say all of it have nothing to do with the fixed passage of the earth around the sun or the globe's revolution on its axis. Divide the solar day into twenty-four periods called hours, and divide each hour into sixty periods called minutes, and divide sixty minutes into sixty periods called seconds, and let that smallest

unit stand for the time measure, with various individuals, healthy or drug addicts, "appreciating" it as they chose. That, they cry triumphantly, would make Time positive. But would it? The earth-planet, the astrophysicists tell us, has been slowing down over the ages at the rate of a second or so every thousand years due to the so-called ether-drift or drag. Every five thousand years Time would be five seconds "off" in the length of the minute. Time considered over one hundred-thousand-year period could never be quite the same as it became over a second hundred-thousand-year period. So even Time considered mechanically cannot be pegged.

As for mental gauges of the passing of time subconsciously, on which the purists set such store, all of us have experienced sessions in a depot, waiting for a train. The station-agent announces the train is an hour late. Fifty people resign themselves to the period of lassitude. But is it lassitude to the youth who has come there to bid adieu to a sweetheart who is forced to make a journey with prospects of her not returning for a year? Will he remember more than a half a dozen seconds of the last 3600 seconds that he is privileged to spend in her company? Over in a corner of the waiting room is a man trying to get out of town on the forthcoming train before he is apprehended by an irate father for seducing his daughter. Was ever hour so long as the miscreant encounters before the locomotive whistle is ultimately heard up around the bend?

Time, actually, is the period we allot mentally for processes to perform in, according to our *normal* experience with their behaving eccentricities. If we have no normal experience with such eccentricities, we cannot tell whether a given event has required two seconds or five hours. Instead of being a spatial dimension, it is sense to regard it as a corollary of Consciousness and be honest about it. A slab of shale in a quarry cannot say whether the lake that deposited sediment composing it did so two years ago or two thousand years ago. Radioactive emanation may designate how long

certain more valuable metals have been in decomposition to leave lead as residue, and doubtless such emanation is the nearest true chronometer that can be found in Nature. But we have no proofs that galena decomposition has been proceeding throughout all ages or cosmic ray bombardments alike.

The *Now*, therefore, is equally a variable designation. Some people are so time-conscious in their eternal intellects that if you place them under hypnotic influence and tell them to walk up to the nearest man in two thousand and fifty-eight seconds and pull his nose, they will do so without the slightest glance at a time piece. Some people are utterly lacking in time-sense— like the man wholly without perspicacity as to the period necessary to complete his income tax or the woman who feels highly incensed if accused of consuming forty minutes in perfecting her makeup when she knew she was due at the theatre with the curtain rising in twenty.

What is *Now*?

Isn't it the electric thinking instant, the point to most intellects when sense stimuli scores on spirit's perceptivities?

And yet, here is the oddest of all features—

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 57

Consider it academically as you will, *Now always endures!*

THAT IS what makes it of such pertinent significance in any esoteric consideration of Eternity, either before physical birth or after physical death... the conscious instant known as *Now*, never terminates. Do not slur it over... It has importance.

***Now* never terminates. You arise at any clock-designation you please in the morning and at the instant of coming awake, it is *Now*. From moment to moment it continues to be *Now*, while shaving, dressing, eating breakfast, being transported to the office,**

meeting the problems of the work day, going to lunch with the out-of-town buyer, making the afternoon shopping date with the wife, going home at night to dinner, the evening of bridge, listening to the radio or watching television, reading the latest novel in bed before putting out the lamp—from the morning's instant of opening the eyes it has been Now, and there hasn't been an instant when *Now* stopped excepting that ten minutes in the department store lounge before the wife showed up when warm air brought on drowsiness and for a quick interlude one napped. *Now* did stop for ten minutes then, or to be accurate by the mechanical device above the elevators, nine minutes and forty seconds. But it picked up afresh with the jog of the wife's gloved hand on one's shoulder. *Now* is Consciousness, we might describe it. *Now* is Time in working action for all practical purposes. But it had no beginning that we remember, since we can't recall when we first became aware of our own infantile consciousness, and we cannot forecast when it is to terminate. Sleep is truly no termination because if we happen to dream while in slumber, it is the Now in action afresh and no beginning or end to that either, since no one has ever taken deliberate note of precisely when a dream began *as* a dream.

***Now* is Eternity, we say, in that it has no positive time-makings. *Now* of itself doesn't go fast nor slow, it keeps no pace, it just *is*, it can't be distinguished by characteristics of weather, temperature or emotion.**

And yet we have the unique capability of dividing it into memory and anticipation, all the Now recognitions that lie in the area we label the Past, and all the Now recognitions that we anticipate are ahead of us to be experienced. There is absolutely nothing in all creation to compare to it or call similar. *Now* stands forever unique unto itself as being the enduring current instant.

Where's the lesson or enlightenment in noting it?

THE LESSON or enlightenment in noting it reposes in the circumstance that coming to treat with controls of spirit over so-called matter—especially psychosomatic control of spirit over organism in which it is housed for the life-period—such electric *Now* is not only the vital twinkling but the only vital twinkling that counts.

That Vital Twinkling is *Reality* as men know it!

All other Vital Twinklings have ceased to be instanter effects and become the thing

we call Memories. It is a fact that nothing ever occurred in the memory of anything to produce the slightest damage on the one recalling it—not as a *memory*. As to Vital Twinlings that haven't yet matured, neither can they have the slightest effect on the conscious subject, they not having happened. It is the one Vital Twinkling of the *Now* that brings or inflicts injury in any guise.

The instantaneous *Now* is all the Time there is, all the World there is, all the Omniverse there is, all the Reality there is. Therefore it is the only hazard there is, the only menace there is, the only threat there is. If hazard, menace, threat, or devastations in result of these—isn't happening in the *Now*, this electric instant, there is no certainty of any of these having true substance or effect. It is always well to remember this. The Present Moment always endures but it's only in the electric *Now* that true hurt abides.

Conceive of any hazard, menace, threat, or indication of destruction your fancy may call up or evidence promise, always the possibility exists of escape or immunity from it. The falling stone or meteorite may be deflected from your head by the involuntary glance upward that causes you to step aside in the nick of time. The overloaded steam boiler with gauges at bursting point may have its fires doused by a breaking water main. The skidding motorcar may not strike the oncoming truck nor turn over. The falling plane

may plummet into a pond instead of crashing on a ledge of barren rock and all be saved excepting from the wetting. Not until all such calamities happen in the electric *Now* are they of true import. Even the fact of Death itself is utterly meaningless until the *Now* is producing the effects from it. What we call our Fears, therefore, are mere pranks of Imagination, or the stunt of snatching at things that are merely retrospection—call them plain Memories—and setting them up as lions in our paths ahead for the imbecilic purpose of tormenting ourselves with bugaboos.

Fears!

SOONER or later someone is going to write a great classic on the complete fallacy of Fear, by looking at it and beholding it for what it is. Maybe I'll do it myself. Anyhow, this is not the appropriate place for it. Actually I want to put salt on the bird's tail of Eternity—if such a term take sense. Fancy salting a bird's rudder-assembly! What would it possibly accomplish? ... No matter.

Eternity, when we really come to look at it devoid of its aerial properties and sodium chloride designations, is the *Now* going on without interruptions of *any* arrestive character.

Inasmuch as we can never escape the electric *Now* in consciousness, so can we never escape the only presentation of Eternity there is.

It is this current minute because it always has endured and always will endure. Besides, it is the only presentation in all the Omniverse that holds unassailable Reality to us. Memories are not reality but only its images set up as milestones marking the Past. Anticipations are not reality but only mental pictures to make tomorrow enticing, granting we reach it ... when, of course, it won't be tomorrow. Today is the day you

worried about yesterday. Tomorrow actually never comes. Imagination at best is purely hypothesis.

All the time we can digest or assimilate in the recorded Omniverse is just this current electric moment—all else is mere process of mentality or reactions of spirit, trimming the Present from Future or Past. Some of us decorate those Futures with such ugly or horrific trimmings that we put ourselves as of the *Now* in bed. Just spirit conjuring up a million terrors that, like our tomorrows, are flimsiest fancies. Do you ask what about Perspicacity, the sagacity that comes from correctly analyzed memory-values—*Wisdom Itself*? We'll consider it further in our chapter on Experience. We are still holding some sodium chloride with Eternity's tail unblemished.

What I'm striving to bring to you in a dish of new savor is the incontrovertible certainty that something that *has* happened can never arise in precisely the same manner to hurt you afresh; what lies ahead can have no effect on you until it turns into the Now. There are no sidereal areas that need the slightest vigilance. Behold, this Vital Twinkling is all the Eternity you can ever really *know*, because everything else, backward or forward is sheer intellectual imagery.

This is a truly stupendous thought when you specifically come to encompass it and make it part of your intellect and ideology.

The good clergyman gets up in his pulpit and tearfully exercises you with the demand, "Where will you spend Eternity?" He's first sold himself on a gigantic hypothesis that there *is* an Eternity—which there isn't because you can never reach it and never can he. Why should either of you enter into such intellectual anguish about something you can never realize? Even in the mythical hypothesis you could only live the Vital Twinkling of the Electric *Now*. That is all there would be to it, no matter what your spiritual or paraphysical status was. And conversely, all that truly registers about

the Eternity that is beyond you, is what you have dragged through from a whole lot of *Nows* when things occurred whose effects still reflect in your memory ensemble. If you had lived as many solar years as there are light-miles between the solar system and Coma-Virgo, it wouldn't mean a thing if you hadn't brought through a single recollection of any incident in them ... they have ceased to exist. So does the celebrated "eternity" of orthodoxy not exist because it hasn't yet produced an experience in a single Electric *Now,* and can't inflict a single one on you until you reach it.

You just keep on realizing a whole lot of *Nows* and wait for the last one to arrive ... which it never does. But even if you anticipated it for millions of years, again it wouldn't truly *mean* anything until you actually reached it and knew it. And when you reached it and came to know it, you wouldn't know anything, so again why stew about it?

What we truly do, as I'm going to show you further along, in inviting ourselves into "beliefs" in this or that endless paradise, is to live them vicariously in the current *Now* and do all the enjoying or all the suffering we can never know from them in such dissembling. All such a waste of good mental effort! If we ever truly got into the type of

Paradise the good Man of the Cloth depicts to us, we might not like it a little bit . . and there would be no escaping it, and it might turn that instant from heaven into hell because it so imprisoned us beyond the chance of changing our minds. But we never stop to think of that because we haven't been conditioned to think of that.

Talk about Gate of the Faith!

There is no such gate, because you can't have a gate that admits you into any area where you already *are*. Or can you? You are in the Now, and you'll always be in the

Now, and you never can be elsewhere than in the Now, and you never can be elsewhere than in the Now without being unable to recognize anything, not even your sense of self. What a devil of a predicament!

But does it make unsound sense when you stop to dwell on it sensibly?

You have absolutely *nothing* to worry about, or be concerned about, beyond your predicament in this electric instant, because I say again, this electric instant and its features are all that you can be sure of, the phenomenon of experience being what it is.

ALL RIGHT, granted we can look backward and forward from the Now and see recollections of experiences in the eternal Nows that have always been, and borrowings in picture-images from them to trim the Nows ahead, suppose we start considering all the factors entering into *this* Now that are unqualifiedly determinable by ourselves and none other. What sort of creature is knowing this Vital Twinkling of this instant and how did it become the thing that you discover it? Wouldn't that be the true *sweep of life*, ... the surge and the roll and the eternal sea-comber of it?

Of course I'm talking about Character.

You are a conscious—meaning self-aware and circumstance-aware—unit of cosmic intellect, serving Purpose or Aim in Itself, and living in the only Eternity that has the slightest significance, the never-ending *Now*. How did you come by your own peculiar demarcation from all other capsules of cosmic intellect serving Purpose or Aim in Itself?

Isn't it obvious that as Form—called up to serve Purpose or Aim in Itself, remember— acted on you, or you reacted to Form, always in the Vital Twinkling of this electric instant, you felt an inborn urge to express yourself or not express yourself, advantageously or disadvantageously as you decided the circumstances promised as being guides to still further or future conduct? And as you permitted Form—or Situation

composed of Form in some sort of function—to thus influence or mold your estimates of what future conduct held for you, you came to be imbued with that strange catalog of various attributes, the sum-total of which was labeled Character by those viewing you objectively?

Character, in other words, is Form in function impressing its effects on you electively for purpose of individualistic identification, but disclosing what your inner urges are toward invited distinction, or after aspiration to distinction.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 61

CHARACTER is really the self-preservative *You,* displaying in the *Now,* the walking and thinking Effect of what your adventures in functioning Form have been on that capsule of Divine Intellect seeking to attain to the stature of your Majestic Parent. Don't let's miss this last, or slur over it, or discount or deprecate it. It's as frightfully important as anything within the covers of this book—"*seeking to attain to the stature of your Majestic Parent!*"

This, I grant you, might be a Gate of the Faith that *was* a Gate. Because it might admit you to that which you would ever aspire to reach, such being the Purpose or Aim in Itself for which you as Divine Spermatazoa were Diffused. Time doesn't enter into it... not in sense of Eternity. Only the proficiency and fecundity of the Vital Twinkle of the electric *Now* enters into it. That being the only arena of expression that you have to perform in.

Just as you can toss Eternity overboard—from the craft of your thinking—because you can't reach an area you're already in, you can conversely open the Gate of the Faith onto the golden grades of Aspiration that lead to the heights of stature of your Celestial Parent. But always you're doing it in the Vital Twinkling of the electric Now. *I say that*

Gate is Character.

Probably, like Mind or Eternity, you've never stopped to give it much attention.

However, don't misunderstand me. I haven't been contending that there's no *Immortality* for us. I've been contending that Eternity isn't necessarily immortality and immortality isn't necessarily eternity. Immortality is a matter of Unceasing Expression of one's individuality. Eternity is an equation of abstract Time that cannot be accurately grasped or measured excepting in an interminable process of electric Nows.

You can have Unceasing Expression of the individuality by the very continuance of the procession of the Nows—Expression and Spirit being almost synonymous—and before you're done with this book you'll realize the importance of the distinctions.

Eternity is a hypothetical painting of a road upon a canvas. You couldn't actually travel on it any further distance than the fifth of a second it took you to recognize that it wasn't for literal traffic but the picture-image of an idea.

The future, viewed from the present electric Now, consists strictly of imagined ideas. And imagined ideas are always and forever based on experiences that have been lived. No matter how we exercise ourselves, no one can imagine anything that he hasn't lived, witnessed, or heard about—either in this current worldly sojourn or some ensoulment back in history. Which is a way of saying that no matter what topic is called to our attention, always we interpret it in terms or aspects of our own limitations. Conversely our limitations are dictated solely by how much we have, or have not, experienced... Limitations, I might also say, and experiences, are synonymous.

But there is a factor that enters upon any illustration or imagination of a Road that plays no small part in our philosophical deducings, and that is Area. Some might think of it as Field of Action.

Movement, behavior of any type, requires dimensions in which to exhibit its

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 62

performance. Customarily in Nature the size or extent of the movement or behavior is dictated by the extent of the dimension in which it occurs or is made to occur. Curiously enough, when we stop to give it thought, limitation of area is the only force that halts movement or behavior, and renders it null or quiescent. True, tremendous pressures may be generated in result of such stoppage, and material destruction may ensue if something gives way in the process of the area expanding or being expanded. But when Movement reaches the limit of its Field of Action, it loses identity and ceases as Movement.

Actually what I'm discussing is *Space*.

Just what *is* Space? We all think we know, because we use the term so commonly.

But probably not one in a thousand of us has ever thought of Space as a limited extension in one, two, or three dimensions that permits Soul-Spirit's self-awareness to function at all—which means *exist* at all. Nothing conceivable can exist without having Space in some aspect as its corollary.

We cannot ignore or bypass it...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 63

THE MEANING OF SPACE

VIII

SO LET us take another tack in this work and see where our metaphysical tradewinds carry us.

It has said earlier that the God-Spirit—although not necessarily an anthropomorphic God —emanates units of consciousness in the embryonic state from the fecundities of

His or Its intellect and projects them into Cosmos to meet the conditions of Form with Purpose behind it, gradually evolving individualistic character that develops into the paternal God-State of intellectual attainment and performance. This lone progeny—granted to be a Soul when wholly subjective in its consciousness and a Spirit when objective—encounters Form having Purpose or Aim in Itself and proceeds to exercise. Suppose we take it from there. Its fate, destiny, role, or Final Objective is important, holding within itself as it does its *own* reason for being alive. When we look at that reason, and understand it, I say we look at and understand the very reason for the Godhead itself, audacious as the proposal may seem at first glance.

We have either to take this universe as a titanic Thought in itself having Form and Purpose, or we must allow that something has come out of nothing to no end whatsoever. This last would be equally titanic aberration. Eventually we must concede that somewhere behind every identifiable Form there is Purpose responsible for the Form, else the Form can find no excuse for its pattern or function, or for that matter, existence. Form is thereby the externalized essence of Purpose that previously was intellectual—meaning, an abstraction.

Soul-Spirit in the embryo conforms to the externalized Purpose that is Form and thereby becomes apparent to two, three fifty—or twenty sextillion—other embryos. But what, we should ask ourselves, is the animated "drive" behind such endeavor? Would it not be true in our reasoning that "drive" is equally significant with Purpose? The "drive" of Soul makes for spirit. The "drive" behind Purpose makes for Form... and Form makes the appreciable universe. Some thing in behind both must be aspired for, to

get outer declensions in any aspects that merit recognizing. There is an end that is being

arrived at in each instance—or at least an effect that was not produced or produceable before or until the "drive" began activating.

Those dwelling on the higher planes of understanding make it appear to us that "drive" in each case is synonymous with the God-Intent in forming itself as any known Entity at all. The Divine Spark, in other words, is a Moving Spark. But moving where? What is this secret of any movement, anyway? What is the difference in places as places, in the grand aggregate of Cosmos? What significance, in the higher intelligence, have places? Does it mean that a location near one star is less important than a location near two, or three, or twenty, or a hundred thousand? In eternal space, remember, locations are forever relative, ... there can be no features of terrain or climate to emphasize one location as against another. And yet spirit essays to alter relationship of some sort, merely to achieve the phenomenon of Movement in the abstract. In its primordial condition, we should cast more than a passing glance at it.

Suppose, in all free space—which is everlasting Emptiness—there were just one capsule of Consciousness and no more. No matter that antics that solo capsule of Consciousness performed, they must be everlastingly meaningless excepting to itself. Pure Space is utterly incomprehensible until there be two points of a Something to mark it. The thought is awesome ... as awesome as it is imponderable.

You need two points in Pure Space to mark out location that of itself enables you to register Movement—and by registering Movement indicates one's existence in that you proceed from one to the other.

Here is a Great Phenomenon in the Intellect of the Divine Architect.

Pure Space without markings of any sort is a Space contained entirely within Divine consciousness, in that nothing exists outside of it.

Pure Space needs markings to designate what it is. Space devoid of the slightest

“interference points” must be Nihility—absolute blankness of concept. So Intellect, being composed of all concepts, is likewise a factor in the condition we face.

You have individualized capsule Consciousness needing markings to denote its ability to alter position respecting those markings and thus advertise its inherent ubiquities and by similar token you need markings of some sort to bring home to Pure Space a sense of itself and thus produce *Something*. Should we not conclude logically therefore, that *Something* is a decimal point in Pure Space, ... or rather, perhaps, *two* decimal points, thus bringing Order out of Vo id? ...

Remember, we’re exploring the Original Mind of God now. We’re thinking in terms of Primordial Fecundities. We want to arrive at the very nature of Holy Spirit—always and in every instance a law unto Itself, and incidentally the only Law there is.

Why should it become such Law unto itself?

TWO points in Space! ... when we pause to give it the deepest quality of reasoning, shall it not be stated that two separated decimal points in everlasting and boundless

Nihility, constitute the Omniverse in raw? Because first, they produce the phenomenon of Movement for us, as we negotiate the time or effort required to encompass a location that utilizes both of them; second, they supply the condition whereby Soul-Spirit becomes such, proving it is animate in that it had the life-force to transfer itself voluntarily from relationship in respect to one to relationship in respect to the other. This, of course, is the first birth of Form—or the first Form that any sort of Intellcet could contrive.

A self-conscious Divine embryo of intellect is in existence in total Nihility. But it only exist within Itself. It only exists within itself because there is no way as yet to

express itself outside of its own Consciousness. Granting it already possesses some aspect of what we call Body—or vehicle—it could do nothing *with* such Body, or vehicle, until there be properties toward which, or among which, it could behave in contrast. Thus considered, of course, even Body itself would be useless—because it would have existence without Purpose.

There must be contrived somehow two demarked points—which are of themselves nothing—to give Consciousness proof of its identity, and thereby demonstrate itself as being what it is. Right here we are considering the universe in those times when it truly enough was without Form—and void. We of this earth-world, equipped from physical birth with vehicles for traveling and exercising, take the Omniverse around us for granted. That is because we do not strive to depict intellectually how the whole Cosmos first manifested.

The Omniverse is *not* enabled—in that creation cannot go on to infinity in a literal sense—because if it were possible to arrive at the orbit-fringe of the last and final star, we still could plague ourselves with inquiring what lay "beyond" ... and more Pure Space should be apparent in which more endlessness ought to be able to demonstrate. But in order to demonstrate beyond the fringe of such Omniverse, the original essence of Movement must commence all over, and the process be repeated. The moment you have Pure Space indeed, you have Nihility enterable by nothing but Consciousness. If anything other than Consciousness entered it, then it would cease being Pure Space because decimal points of some sort must set up limitations. At the very last vestige of all Matter, in other words, nothing can go one ten-thousandth of an inch beyond but Consciousness ... to repeat the whole process that has hatched the Omniverse out of the first self-aware Thought.

THIS, incidentally and to my way of logicizing, attests to the circumstance that the

whole Omniverse—from first to last—is nothing but a performance of Thought, ... or anyhow, Consciousness or self-awareness ... throwing the whole mystery of creation on the solution of what self-awareness is in its original composition.

You may cry, "All right, so what? ... The Omniverse is already well on its way toward establishing a hundred billion decimal markings ... why need we expend mental energy rationalizing it in any attribute?" I say, hunt back along the route we have come

to reach tonight's Omniverse and we get the very core and essence of ourselves—our inherent God-Stuff—with which and by which we aspire to perform so many so-called Miracles ...

This is a Sherlock Holmes quest of no puny proportions.

CONSCIOUSNESS in its original manifestation, no matter what pattern it took, had to establish decimal points outside of its own self-awareness to attest to the fact of its own reality. Having projected the decimal points—regardless of what materials composed them—something indicating Life from the fact of Movement had to alter locations relative to the points. We stand appalled before the profundity of the gesture of Consciousness exercising or operating objectively—or creating a condition whereunder objectivity of itself was understandable.

Inasmuch as no such maneuver had ever been executed before, this was truly Creation in its mightiest self-indicating gesture.

"Give me two points of Something in this vast and inky blackness of immeasurable Nihility," said Self-Awareness, "and forever thereafter I can not only demonstrate myself, but I can expand and multiply myself. Because I can demonstrate an Outside to myself as well as an Inside ... and the Inside and Outside are simultaneous and

synonymous, yet with each having identity in respect to embryonic emanations of myself."

Consciousness—or Divine Self-Awareness—did not essay to perform this as some sort of trick to show off Its own cleverness. It resorted to extremity of objectivity to prove omni-presence and omnipotence, thus creating what seems to us to be a Cycle of Attainment —omnipresence in the sense of being both the self-awareness *and* the area of self-awareness in performance, and Omnipotenc in the sense of being as potent in one aspect as the other, and thus being potent in all the aspects that *are*.

REMEMBER, you can't have Consciousness being anything other than the total sum and substance of itself. You can say idly that you were only "half-conscious" when a given event occurred, but that would only be a syllogism; you were as conscious as you ever can be, as your intelligence in self-awareness is the total You. What really had been occurring when you were "half-conscious" was partial division of your focus of realization, from the external episode and its features to the internal episode of you in your apparent somnambulism. Actually, all the time, if you take not, you are performing the same pattern of activity that the original motivating Wholly Consciousness performed in dividing the focus of its interest. One focal-point may be internal and the other external. You are "thinking of two things at once" as you phrase it, the imagery in your own mind and the factual circumstance that is passing ten feet from your physical body in materials.

But Consciousness *as* Consciousness is ever the sum-total and substance of itself, whether employed with its focus of interest turned inward or outward or both. Thus, realizing its necessity to set up something external that indicated its life-principle

inwardly, it projected a capsule of Light Phenomenon and pronounced it a Point for the ever-lasting confirmation of Itself.

Understand that miracle. A Light Phenomenon!

It leads us to demand for the first time in this primer of Cosmos, what Light is intrinsically.

LIGHT *is Thought becoming apparent to itself to arrive at a conclusion to some end external to Self-Awareness*. Struggle with it through ten thousand years, view it in ten to come back to this parallelogram.

Light is Thought *becoming apparent to itself* to arrive at a conclusion demonstrable to some end outside of the original divine principle of Self-Awareness. It needs a lot of mental activity to bring the incandescent bulb that blinked out a few moments ago atop the cellar stairway under such definition, or rationalize the beam from Coma-Virgo that has been a hundred million light-years reaching Earth from that constellation. But each of these is only condition or degree. Thought as Thought cannot become apparent to itself without Light, whether you happen to be considering the memory of a celebrated summer afternoon in your childhood or the profoundest equation in radio-dynamics. You never would recognize the cellar stairs without light by which to note them, and the light *is* the noting, and vice versa. You never would identify the interstellar radiance from Coma-Virgo unless it performed the feat of pin-pointing the canvas of your retina and thus making Thought take note of what it was "looking at", as the description has it. Realizing its necessity to set up something external that indicated its life-principle inwardly, the Original Self-Awareness projected a capsule of something that could exist—or continue to exist—external to its self-awareness that was Thought apparent to itself at a so-called "distance." You do the same thing yourself in coarser mold when you say you will drive two stakes marking the corners of your meadow from your

neighbor's property and, then paint them white so you may discern them without effort or binoculars. You have made the "Thought" of your property's confines apparent to itself. You own the property—or assume that you do—and you own the stakes as pieces of lumber, and you own the paint that you smear on their surfaces. In sense of ownership, all are *You,* but you have made the Thought of your property's limits, I say, apparent to the capsule of Self-Awareness that is a human being bearing your name. When you leave your door, stride across your acres, and arrive at the limitations of the stakes, you are evidencing a form of Light Creation to your intelligence. At night you might place an electric bulb on top of each stake, to continue the self-knowledge throughout the darkness. It still would be a form of Light Creation to your intelligence. Almost we might postulate the equation amounting to a law, that, *whatever makes for awareness, to self-awareness, partakes of Light!* Only in the case of Original Holy Spirit the first phenomena of the externally "marked-off points" did not require necessarily to be incandescent. All they required to be were designation-points intelligible to Intellect. Incandescence is a property of Light that produces radiance in liaison with the eyeball

and optic nerve. <u>There is Dark Light that is no less potent for its uses than incandescent light, but the eye retina does not happen to be its corollary or in polarity with it. That department of research is technical and we need not go into it.</u>

<u>Thus all the features of all the worlds, of all materials known to register effects upon the spectrum, are essentially Light-composed.</u>

***<u>Light is the name for awareness manifesting outside of Self-Awareness.</u>* <u>Our very mortal thought-forms are really Light Forms, if the essence of them could be adequately recognized. Mayhap they are constituted of Dark Light to a degree or ultra-violet light</u>**

but that does not alter their composition from the standpoint of the miracle being considered. The whole world and the Omniverse are made of various aspects of Light, or light in various degrees of luminosity, including what we define as materials, but we have difficulty grasping it because we are creatures *of* Self-Awareness instead of being the original creating and parental awareness as an entity.

To this degree, we might call our capsule selves *effects* and not causes, although Growth may well consist of the parallel miracle of altering from such Effects *to* Causes. This is deep but perchance you may grasp it on the wing.

LIGHT "comes" in space, you think, and men declare they have radiance and are relieved and gratified. But does it? Light *results* in space, we might better put it, because Thought needs interpretation to itself and receives it *from* or *through* radiance, which is a property not of the capsule results of Divine Thought that are ourselves but the original motivating self-awareness that is now the Omniverse multiplied a good many quadrillion times.

This is not necessarily applying a result to a phenomenon and thinking we have thereby identified it, or assayed it. Light proves itself for what it is, in that its results in objective awareness are what they are. But we were considering Original Motivating Self-Awareness finding two points external to itself and marking them by Light Phenomena in order to utilize them for obtaining a conclusion in self-consciousness. Once establishing two such points, the Omniverse was born, I say, inasmuch as all which came afterward was detail and multiplicity. Because with two such light-points marked out side of introvert consciousness, introvert consciousness was no longer such. It had two concernments ever thereafter: that which it was thinking within itself, viz. "I Am that I Am", and that which it was thinking outside of such I-Am-ness,

"Yonder—meaning external to my inner-thought concentration—are two limitations,

between which the marvel of Movement may be demonstrated. If I project an essence of some sort that in addition can proceed of its own galvanism from nearness to one point to nearness of the second point, I shall have generated the galvanism that demonstrates that life exists, as well as the galvanism that I exist, who am responsible for the whole motion-concept. Two ends shall thereby be served in one demonstration, or Form shall be born of two Purposes, not one."

Undoubtedly, could we know the truth, in that instant of such projection of

self-galvanic entities derived from the thinking of the parental entity, Adam and Eve were conceived and molded and "knew themselves" and the drama of Cosmos had begun to play—speaking theologically.

A SELF-AWARE consciousness-principle wanted to demonstrate something that was *of* Itself and yet outside Itself in operation, just to prove there was more to Itself than its internal manifestings. Two luminous points were therefore projected in Void and thereby "space" *was*. And that which was made to disclose action by voluntary movement from the neighborhood of one to the neighborhood of the other—yet which also had to come out of brain-intellect of Originating Holy Spirit as part and parcel of itself—was "life" apart from the consciousness of God, to use the theological terminology, and yet *of* God.

You think it all a lot of involved loquacity, perhaps, but it all adds up to something of import presently, I promise you again.

Here then, strictly considered, *was your Original Trinity*—Pristine Self-Awareness capable of conceiving Itself but unable to demonstrate itself without going outside of Itself, Light as External Demarcation to make Pure Space of consequence, and Capsule

Emanation of Holy Essence to do the moving apart from Deity and thus prove Deity's existence as the originator or progenitor of the completed performance.

The order should more properly be: Holy Spirit, Light, and Progeny.

Granting it something more than an intellectual hypothesis, how should multiplicity of all but the Progenitive Self-Consciousness result? Why should not the Omniverse remain what it must have been originally—the phenomenon of Self-Awareness, the phenomenon of External Demarcation, and the phenomenon of Volatile Agent proving the First Cause of the whole? ... just three elements remaining as simple and inconsequential as spider, spider's web, and fly striving to fight its way free of any strand between two points?

The answer lies in the composition of the emanated unit that moved voluntarily between two cosmic light-points and thus proved Divinity as blueprinter of the arrangement.

The unit wasn't made of separate materials and constituents. It was intellectual diffusion from the original, and thus in time it began to think about and consider itself. "Adam *knew* himself before he knew his Edenic wife," says the book of Genesis. And the thing the unit, birthed of intellectual diffusion, thought was: *Why am I doing this thing* ... staring at one point and proceeding to another?

No third parties may have been around to supply the answer, "To prove your capsule derivation from Procreational Divinity, and thereby identify Divinity for what it was or is." But the capsule emanation came to learn it ultimately through the effects of its predicament.

The Effects of its predicament are today termed *Experience. Experience is more than the great teacher. It is likewise the great arouser and awakener to the sense of self*

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 70

by reactions to Form.

THE TWO light-points established in Cosmos whereby Divinity knew Itself, constituted the first pattern of Form ever projected in the Pure Space of primordial Cosmos ... or the primordial Cosmos of Space as paraphysical hypothesis. And in the exact ratio that there were more than two points established, and more than one emanation of Divine Intelligence, so was effected the greater and greater self-awareness of the original Motivating Consciousness.

God has effected an immeasurable Omniverse in order to establish an immeasurable- ness to Divinity itself.

We walk out under the skies of a moonless summer's night and we see about 3,500 stellar bodies visible in space. We go into the Palomar Observatory in California and affix a photographic plate to its 200-inch reflecting telescope and we assume we discern a hundred billion worlds—and the figure is not used carelessly. The capsule diffusion that is ourselves at the moment breathes awesomely that God is *Great* to have been capable of projecting an Omniverse so extensive. It wasn't that God wished to hear Himself call great by the Capsule Creature in the observatory—rather, in no other manner could Divine Consciousness demonstrate that it *was* great.

But here's the key to the enigma—

The Capsule Emanation takes the plate out of the telescope, goes into the darkroom and develops it. Thereupon its own self-awareness is enlarged in external evidence. It grows in self-comprehension by coming to grasp the apparent "immensity" of the God-demonstration. And as it comes to grasp it, *it becomes the thing it grasps* ... to greater and wider and profounder degree.

That is Experience in operation. All Experience is but propulsion of the emanated

Capsule —that in the present stage on this earth is Man—into a profounder and more capable comprehension of the potentials of its divine parental essence. When therefore we come to hear Man adulated as "son of God" or "divine" in his own right, we are listening to Cosmic Law recited backward ... it amounts to that. Thus is Man committed to the omniversal objective. Nobility or Nothing. As God—meaning the self-aware First Cause—goes on with His self-discoveries, He broadens and widens *Man's* sense of reaction to such self-evolving grandeurs until up the spiral of spiritual evolution he gains to the parent's intellectual stature. If this were not true, you would not be reading this book at this moment, not to mention showing any indications of understanding it ...

The motivating First Cause must proceed in the pattern of Its originating divinity to maintain Its sense of primary Self-Awareness. Thus do all the creatures of His or Its essence follow suit.

So we have in truth an Expanding Universe—but not from the causes that purblind Science supposes or assumes ...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 71

ACTUALLY, of course, it is more than Nobility. Nobility only means belonging to a state or quality of being noble in character, and being "noble" only means possessing, characterized by, or indicating superiority of mind or temperament to the common mean of contemporaries. What Man is committed to, by the original postulation, is *Progressing* Celestiality ... or that which is ever proceeding toward a receding goal beyond the circumscriptions of vehicle. There is really no other definition of Celestiality ... A great scientist ahs declared that the conceives the Omniverse as the concussion of a mammoth gun, forever detonating. The moment the detonation halted, naught but Pure Space devoid of those two original Light Points would ensue. The Whole Thing is Divine Thought, aped or copied by the Capsule Diffusion and only called Divine because manifested by an Originating Intelligence that can never be mentally encompassed by the creature-phenomena that is Its tool or instrument.

We have come a great way in our elucidations to have arrived at such point and henceforth they should be simpler. But you will note their application to reality all about you as you proceed to practice in your personal affairs the symbolisms propounded and note that they have effect on materials. Never could they do this, if, as principles, they were not accurately identified as to Holy essence.

The proof of the goose is, that its flavor is not similar to, say fish. Nor is it similar to the colored portrait of the goose in the market calendar on the wall. In other words, the design herewith provoked for establishing immortality is one that can be demonstrated. And demonstration is Truth's method for establishing that *is* Truth.

We have to move onward and upward to embracement of Celestiality, or the gun concussion that is ourselves ceases and desists. Body, soul, intellect and inherited divinity are all concerned in the one gesture—shuttling between the divine light-points that eventually raise us to be gods.

And yet I still call your attention to the peculiar circumstance that true consciousness exists only in the electric *Now*. Which, in a manner of speaking, makes you as much a true god in this electric Now as you will ever be, only the particular electric Now in which you are operating is not the electric Now of such full realization—*granting you ever realize it to perfection!*

You see, always you come to realize it in comparison to later Capsule Emanations behind and below you, never those up ahead of you. The Backward Glance in Memory is ever the more inspiring, because it makes you see yourself in terms of that which you have graduated above and Left Behind in your spiritual evolution. The Glance Ahead is ever the more aspiring, but nevertheless it is state you never truly reach because reaching any state is always comparison with that which lies in your rear.

You never will be inclined to admit yourself a god twenty million years ahead, any

more than you are inclined to admit it this moment, because all you truly live in is the Vital Twinkling of the electric *Now*.

No man, remember, really thinks he has brains. He just *has* them, and accepts what brains he is using as a normal state with him. They are the more limited mentalities

under him who are in the better position to judge him—by their own limitations. Thus is it with our godhood.

Nevertheless, we prove our godhood by being able to walk under the summer's evening skies and read ourselves into the immensities of what we observe above us. We are seeing in that display what we shall eventually attain as we too take on multiplicity in our future demonstrations.

All this being reasonable and logical for the moment, suppose we consider the element in the Consciousness Equation of the Vehicle in which we may find ourselves performing in any given sequence of our Experience-evolution.

Why the vehicle at all, and from whence derives the importance we accredit to it? ...

Vehicle means, "that which is used as the *instrument* of conveyance or communication." It may be an organic body—which is the sense in which this book uses it—or it may be any mechanical contrivance that furnishes humankind a service. But the fact that instrument of any sort enters in, is a circumstance of no mean significance.

Again I say, we are so accustomed to accepting the world about us in the forms and aspects in which we have encountered it, that voluntary examination of those forms and aspects and the results occurring to us intellectually constitute that odd enhancement

that we give the name Education. Education truly is only the increment that remains with us as we delve into that which is otherwise commonplace.

Suppose we look at vehicular organism, therefore, with a view toward enhancing our philosophical education ...

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 73

THE MEANING OF ORGANISM

IX

WHAT I mean to say is, you belong to the ages because you are the product of them. Proof that you are, is the moment's contents of your subconscious intellect.

You are an emanation of the God Intellect because your intellect operates as the God Intellect operates, in that you have the same concepts of what is beneficial in the way of Experiences in Form and what is malodorous. You have the same appreciative sense of the values of building, the same pitying remorse at anything savoring of destruction. Having the same moral attributes in common, your intellect can not be one thing and the God Intellect another. The only real difference between your intellect and the God Intellect is the difference in comprehending quantities. You logicize in visible quantities of tens, dozens, and scores. The God Intellect logicizes in quantities of hundreds of billions. But so what? The recognizing as an exercise in itself is what counts.

However, that is not what I want to take up and discuss in this moment's division of our work. I want to take up and discuss the somewhat tricky challenge of Thought embodied in the need for creating organism—or distinctiveness of individuality—in order to have a specimen of Thought-in-Action outside of holy parental Self-Awareness that serves to establish Holy Self-Awareness as a procreator. I want to consider, putting

it simpler, where the requirement of organism—any organism—came from, the premise for our exposition being what we have found it to the present. The fact does remain that organism as such has been evolved as an item in Form. That in turn means Purpose being served. Our mission of the moment is to determine as cleverly as possible what such Purpose was, and is.

Organism seems to have been conceived purely as an expedient by which soul-spirit could manifest to the master-consciousness that gave it integrity!

"If I split, separate, divide, or otherwise diffuse My consciousness or sense of Self," we can hear Master Spirit cogitating aloud, "I must give this last an instrument by which, in which, or through which, to exercise and thus ever distinguish it from Myself. If I neglect to do this, the ingredient which becomes extrovert or separate from My

basic essence cannot manifest its independent activity apart from Myself without merely duplicating everything that I originate. Instead of having the one Master Intelligence, I simply divide Myself into two master intelligences, or three or six—or ten trillion. All alike potentially. What then is accomplished by such program? I do not know Myself any better by operating in tow, three, six—or ten trillion— repetitions of Myself. But if I conceive a process whereby two, three, six, or ten trillion capsule agitations of myself, or from myself, do two, three, six, or ten trillion varied programs of behavior that are contrasting with one another in degrees of attainment, then I get self-fecundities identified. I first establish two light-points outside or distant form my own sense of self, then I diffuse my self-conscious essence in what I describe as Projections that operate or exercise at a distance from the center of my Self-Aware Consciousness in ways that are peculiar unto themselves. Thus, so long as they continue in *different* manifestations, I

can recognize my originating self from such deployments—even though it be no more than one capsule of consciousness near one light-point activating itself in a figure that seems to squirm to the left, then a second, near a second light-point, activating as thought it squirmed to the right. I have two manifestations of Consciousness apart from my own integrity, one veering left, one veering right. In that they thus manifest oppositely in direction, they thereby acquire identity. I say to myself, Behold, I am great and powerful enough to turn one projection from myself to the left and another projection of myself to the right. Both *are* myself as to origin, but they produce contrasting effects of what seems to be Movement—or change in locale in respect to the stationary light-points. The light-points I thus establish are markings of my consciousness as well but lacking the self-animation that distinguishes *My* spontaneity. As history grows along and these elements of My being take on designations in intellect, that which lacks the self-animation that distinguishes my spontaneity shall be known as Matter, while that which evinces My spontaneity shall be identified as Life. Thus Matter and Life shall ever be corollaries of one another, each dependent on the other for self-evincement. But when all has been said and done, it nevertheless remains that I in my own inner consciousness have been responsible for conceptions of both, because there is no other form of self-animation that could achieve analogous results. ”

This truly seems to be why Holy Spirit can claim It is omnipresent in the Multiverse and yet distinct in Mastership from those which are Its parts. All are activities originated within Its own self-awareness to demonstrate Itself unto Itself. It is merely an hypothesis affecting multiplicity of demonstration within itself, the “within” however, comprising all which may be caused to exist outside itself.

DOES THIS sound like a voluble or senseless paradox? Not when we find ourselves considering the projection of all that has the quality or qualities of

demonstration throughout the Omniverse. Bear in mind, if you can mentally encompass it, that Pure Space is Pure Nothingness in which self-aware Thought has found ways of exercising itself to prove its self-awareness outside of itself. If you ask me what the first

electric granule of self-awareness could have been, procreated in Pure Nothingness, you are asking me something that the three-dimensional mortal minds of neither of us are capable of encompassing—although I tell you that it is no vaster mystery than that of your coming into a sense of self-realization back in the infancy you knew at the start of this ensoulment. There came an instant in the latter circumstance when you said to yourself in stunning realization, "I am an independent *living* creature." You were simply giving speech-label to a condition that had come about without your recognized self-motivation. Understand one and you understand the other.

However, we can begin to comprehend it to a degree by observing the follow up in function ...

ORIGINAL Holy Soul had to concoct a system by which integral parts out of itself might function in contrasting ways, thus getting them to have awareness of their individuality, one contrasted to another in behaviors. The contrasting deportments made for the individualities— in fact, contrasting deportments *are* individualities, and naught else.

There were two Light-Points postulated in primordial void, and by projecting an emanation of its own Mighty Introvert Consciousness into juxtaposition of some sort with them, not only the Omniverse was projected but the phenomenon of animate "life" projected as well.

Animate capsule "life" was that aspect of introvert Celestial Consciousness that had

found ways of diffusing itself extrovertly and yet maintaining these as corollaries and keeping them in balance, Time being no factor as yet in Pure Void.

Organism was hatched in this same self-demonstrating scheme when such extrovert aspects were allotted peculiarities of light at different densities by which they could establish contrast with light-stakes of Location. Thought in capsule could not demonstrate unto itself either, its contemporaries, or the Master Consciousness, unless something serving as a vehicle was furnished. Vehicle was the object by which identity *was* established and kept established by its peculiar continuing performances. In fact, there can be no other identification of Vehicle. Intelligence in either Master Pattern of Capsule Pattern had to make changes in its essence that were always and forever appreciable to self. Thus came variety of Form and Substance into the Cosmic Ensemble, because variety of Form and Substance meant alteration of idea, by and toward itself, to the cosmic parent-intelligence arranging the whole of it.

You can gaze upon a hundred billion varieties of Form and Substance, up here in this late day, after the practice has been continuing for unknowable dispensations, and say that it is Unknowable—and switch on the television set and give your so-called Mind a rest. But it is by no means unknowable. Not in alteration of concepts as contrasted with each other and all in movement of some kind, or what seems to be movement because the contrasts change fields of expression or exhibition.

You still are compelled to go back to the simple A-B-C of the original concoction

and build from motive to instrument depicting the motive inherent in Form ...

WHERE does it all get us? It gets us an explanation of how and why a bit of embryonic Divine intelligence operating in an organism that weighs around 150 pounds,

dressed in a $75 suit of clothes, that has just eaten a $2 meal can apply its organic eye to the optical tube of a telescope and comprehend the constellation of Andromeda, 7,000,000 light-years distant, tell what it is made of, and how long it will probably remain in its present position in relation to all other constellations flashing in Cosmos because they have nothing else to do, and no knowledge of how to do it otherwise.

It is God in Original Declension of Self-Awareness, arrested or diffused in capsule, looking out upon the parts and points He has established and knowing what He has effected, that is doing the real comprehending. Creatures apart form the original procreator wouldn't know "what it was all about." True, these so-called "mortal" creatures who do know "what it's all about" are still in inferior status of faculty for *exercising* their intelligence as compared to the originating parent. But it is Intelligence partaking of the God Essence that proffers the whole in understandable terms to itself. Actually this similarity of intelligence, or identity of intelligence, is the same in both cases, making for understandability in any aspect. Creatures that had evolved intelligence from any other source would be the satellites of a pantheon of gods, indeed. There is no surety that they would have liaison of understanding in any common point of intelligibility. And there is no pantheon of gods. There is only the pantheon of displays of the same Wholly Spirit, operating introvertly or extrovertly to get assays of Its own self-sufficiencies.

It may sound like a surfeit of eleven-pound words strung together on the wire of complicated reasonings. But when you come to interpret the macrocosm by the microcosm; and the microcosm by the macrocosm, all of a sudden you run up against nonchallengeable proposals. Things equal to the same things are equal to each other, is the most outstanding of them all.

You run up against the nonchallengeable proposals of what you can do in your

separate instance to duplicate in the microcosm what has first been achieved in the macrocosm. And when you run up against that, you are plunged awesomely into the very center of your timeless God Intellect in everlasting performance. And you had better be temperamentally prepared for what happens, for all the atomic bombs in Oak Ridge or Pasco would be mere firecrackers beside what you are confronting and using for marbles in the Great Pinball Game of Omniversality. You can cure anything from a deformed ankle to a wobble of Saturn with its rings on crooked. Because the whole thing is still in experimental function insofar as Wholly Spirit is concerned, Time being nothing to Cosmos, and the original first chapter of Genesis still being written.

But to get back to Vehicle ...

DIVINE SOUL or the originating Consciousness has two areas of performance

commonly called Fields of Force, one the Wholly Spirit operating introvertly to maintain its realization of itself, the other Wholly Spirit operating extrovertly to maintain the ideology of itself by alterations of formal aspect. Remember you still have this pair of activities wrapped in the same colossal consciousness—permitting you to say up here in this Twentieth Century that even the Omniverse itself as viewed from Palomar is all "within" Holy Spirit—but it has two sides, one the "front" and the other the "obverse." One is the actuality of originality, the other is the reflection or externalized image known as Man. We being the obverse aspects are accurately parts of God or the Principality of Consciousness as originally evolved, and yet being externalized for the purpose of demonstrating Him, we are at the same time "images" or capsule replicas. Incidentally, thus is Cause and Effect tied up in one. God is the Cause, we are Effects. And yet both must have equa-existence simultaneously or there can be

no Holy Demonstration.

Originating Consciousness must have Vehicle concocted and activated apart from that which concocts and activates, purely to get recognitions from intellect in any presentation of existence—even self-existence—that there is voluntary animation bespeaking the divine capsule's essence.

An Omniverse without vehicle in the diffused instance would be as unknowable as Original Self-Awareness was unknowable outside itself in the Beginning of all intellect. Before there can be knowledge of Movement, it stands without argument that there must be something *which moves*. That which moves is labeled Vehicle, *providing* the movement comes from a field of force that is galvanized inside itself. This calls up the Status of Occupancy ... and it's something we must give attention before we're through. Pay attention to Occupancy. It means specifically, "taking or holding possession *from within*."

When you have occupancy of an enshrouding reality that brings about alteration of location externally, you have Vehicle. Without such occupancy, the notion of Vehicle is noninterpretable.

To accurately identify Vehicle, you must first identify that which uses vehicle from within its spatial areas—usually of atomic activity—and then discern to what purpose such Occupancy is applied.

A physical body that a mortal soul had never occupied by dwelling within motivatingly, could never be identified as a vehicle of spirit. It might be utilized as a tool or an instrument or agent. But it would never be vehicle.

Spiritual spontaneity must *in-dwell* concerning the actional circumscriptions of such ensemble in order that it become a vehicle ... but a vehicle for what?

My answer would be—as I grasp it—*behaviorism indicating the nature of that*

which has done or is doing the activating.

SUPPOSE we go slow here. We are treading on ground more hallowed and fertile than we suspect. Actually we are advancing into that domain that purblind mankind conceives as "mortality"—outside of which is everlasting Immortality.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 78

A capsule of divinely emanated Self-Awareness journeys out from the procreating parent self and proceeds to galvanize or otherwise demonstrate in the area or *middle* of a field of Light Concentrates, causing the mass of these to change location or performance in respect to geometrical points in Cosmos that produce the illusion of the stellar universe.

A human being "lives" in consequence, we say.

Let the capsule of divinely emanated Self-Awareness change its orientation in respect to the enshrouding mass of Light Concentrates—incandescent or otherwise as the case may be —and the human being no longer lives but "dies."

Death apparently consists of altering the locale of the capsule of Self-Awareness.

Inside occupancy of Light Concentrates passes for "life", or aliveness; permanent outside projection gives "death" or lifelessness. Put in another way we stood might describe it that Life or Death as commonly under is Occupancy or Non-Occupancy of Vehicle. Consciousness itself cannot perish because it is of the divine stuff that in the original aspect brought the whole omniversal ensemble to self-appreciability. But where and how it exercises as to vehicle can be designated as Life or Death.

Vehicle then, it would seem, is the one arbiter of "death" ... at least so we find it practicably in the Thought-Ominiverse that gives us the illusion of "realities" at all.

Have a great mass of swarming and bumbling Light Concentrates performing out

from you, and you are "alive" ... Move from the interior of this atomic swarm and "nobody ever heard of you" and it was nice having known you but what were you and where have you gone?

Of course you know better to yourself, living immortally in the eternal consequence of electric *Nows*. And yet, what has happened to our original Wholly Spirit entity ... that which we know as God?

Has it not come to know Itself that much more impressively and graphically, in that Divinely Emanated Consciousness in capsule has had what it knows as "adventures" or "experiences" by moving inside or outside of the gnat-swarm of Light Concentrates and grasping the reactionary sensations from both States?

Right here, I think we come plainly enough on the utter absurdity of the one-life hypothesis—living but once in flesh and thenceforth throughout "eternity" in spirit. Say we move but once into the center or occupancy of the Light Concentrates composing what the world calls a physical body, then transfer outside it. We have had just the one "experience" inside the Concentrates, and forever thereafter, if we never enter into "occupancy" of them again, such is all the knowledge we ever possess of that orientation, to last us ever and anon, no matter how many millions of electric *Nows* we proceed to live discarnately.

Can we say honestly and logically that either divine consciousness or capsule progeny-consciousness can know itself effectively unless it have relationship to vehicle to demonstrate its own integrity?

Is not serried return to vehicle and adamant "must" to give Consciousness a

***developing* sense of itself, as the orientation and re-orientation are repeated in more and**

more dexterous aspects?

<u>Is not Re-Ensoulment, in other words, essential to Soul-Spirit to perfect self-awareness as much outside of vehicle as inside of vehicle?</u> And must such occupancy not be a process instead of a memory of one instance, forever exhausting as to effects by retrospection? Just a momentary thought, this. We'll come back to it.

THERE must ever be a Harp of Life as an instrument, in other words, in order to thrum out the great Hymn of Self-Consciousness expressing itself. Without the harp—or the vehicle for producing sound—there can be no harmony making the hymn recognizable.

If Wholly Spirit, twenty trillion years ago, or during the last ten minutes, did not contrive and project Vehicle to operate in Pure Nothingness in an externalized relationship to Itself, how could it secure effects that would increase its awareness of itself? I'm not asking for a recipe to concoct a world competitive with the Omniverse that *is*—I'm asking how to get music from a harp without the combination of player and instrument?

Treat player and instrument as one unit for harmonious purposes or aims in themselves and you get recognizable or understandable evidence—indeed, that is Understanding which results or is produced.

Thus do you reduce Intelligence to its God Elementals. Holy Spirit performing in capsule projection must create vehicle to grasp the very fact of apart-ness. And vehicle must be of a nature that permits intelligence to manifest from inside, manipulating the mass as a unit in its turn. The literality of this assumption forever gives us the phenomenon of Organism.

There must be such coordination of all the parts and functions of the Light Concentrates en masse that inherent or voluntary supervision is possible and tolerable.

So there develops what is called the cranium with a Brain, a spinal cord with a Nervous System, an intestine with a Nourishment-Absorptive Function. There may be wings or legs for propulsion from one decimal point in Cosmos to another decimal point in Cosmos. But throughout the whole of it, whether it be assembled in ten seconds or ten million years of evolution, there is ever Divine Soul-Spirit unfolding alterations in self-awareness that bring out its limitless potencies for greater and deeper and wider and higher self-appreciation.

We must keep that recognition everlastingly in mind if we wish to discover why there never is any stoppage to the Cosmic Concussion we mentioned a few pages earlier …

Soul-Spirit can never cease recognizing or appreciating of itself. And it does what we call "gaining" or "progressing" as it indulges in fresher and deeper and newer discoveries about its own essence.

In it we have the whole secret of the God Intelligence motivating and counselling

everlastingly the Capsule Intelligence. They are parts of one cosmic whole and retrogression or incompatibility means unnatural extinction …

YESTERDAY in the years, Organic Body was contemplated as a Thing of "animated materials" because society had not as yet determined the cause or construction of Matter. Popular theology even today has not yet awakened to the paradox of its own views on corporeality.

The normal human body—viewed from the physicist's standpoint—is by no means a Thing. The normal human body is a Field of Force … atomic force. Each of the substances forming it is composed of molecules and atoms, and its atoms are made of

given numbers of electrons flying in orbits around a proton or protons. Between those protons and those electrons are stupendous distances. Again and again I have used the analogy of Professor Eddington of Cambridge University, that the carbon atom alone, made up of one proton and six electrons—and God only knows what else—is comparable to a walnut suspended at the end of a thread half way down from the ceiling of Grand Central Terminal in Manhattan, with six wasps winging their ways about the Terminal's distant walls. As compared to weight and mass, that unit of walnut and wasps would represent just one carbon atom with its proton and six electrons. The human body is 86 percent water and six percent carbon. Subtract all the sheer space from between the billions of protons and electrons in the over-all human body, and the compressed protons and electrons as a mass wouldn't add up to more concentrated material than could be put upon the head of an ordinary common pin. A whole regiment of such strictly-solid men could maneuver on a silver dollar.

***This* is the real Organic Body over which the physiologist makes such pother …**

and his brother theologian along with him. Quite a contrast to the dirt-man that Jehovah was supposed to have fashioned with His gloveless hands in the Garden of Eden!

***Each and every human body is naught but a Field of Atomic Force*, somewhere in**

the core of which resides the directing. Thinking Eternal Soul-Spirit. Give it a moment's thought and the query probably occurs to you, that no one proton-electron atom in any material composing it could originate the voluntary thinking, reasoning, remembering, and deciding that distinguishes the total human personality. It all adds up to the somewhat perturbing fact that, scientifically considered, out Soul-Spirits as elements apart from Matter are dwelling quite as much in Free Space *when* occupying the body as they every may dwell in Free Space when physical Death or Discarnation has visited it. There can be little challenging of the scientific analysis of the atom, else all humanity

would not now be terrified over the military potentials in the Hydrogen bomb. The same scientific discovery that has given us a weapon to level forty cities in one massive detonation, has determined from the very nature of materials that mortality can only be the residence of Soul-Spirit *inside* the aforesaid Field of Force—made up of Light Concentrates as aforesaid—and this fearsome "Death" the mere relinquishing of Soul-Spirit residence within such locale.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 81

No matter how animated we may be physically at the moment, we are quite as "dead" right now inside atomic flesh as we shall ever be, and only as alive as we ever must be—since Animation and Vehicle are two separate factors in Nature's cosmic ensemble. To say that "mortal mind" is sole arbiter over the atomic construction of such vehicle, which it sets at variance with "Divine Mind", is to exhibit a curious ignorance of accepted physics, not to mention nuclear fission.

So one of these days, not far distant, it will come home to the race that it must paradoxically revise its earlier notions of "the world, the flesh, and the devil"—and this traditional contest between humanity and celestiality—and behold celestiality operating in *every* performance of substance in Matter causing flesh to exist.

Organic vehicles appear real and tangible to Soul-Spirit's sense perceptions only because of their vibratory atomic frequencies—or the composition and speed of their atoms composing their ingredients. Actually the bomb dropped upon Hiroshima shattered the former fundamentals of Theology quite as much as it shattered a city of 344,000 Japanese inhabitants. To date, however, Theology is still so shell-shocked that it refuses to concede that anything happened but a martial explosion.

Even my dear friend Mary's Science & Health becomes a maze of paradoxes in the

light of that blast over Hiroshima. None of it means that we are called to renounce or repudiate the powers of indwelling Soul-Spirit to dictate psychosomatically the conduct of organic flesh. What we truly are being called to do is identify correctly the factors concerned and reconstruct our reasoning upon a higher, finer, and more factual hypothesis.

Putting it somewhat baldly, what the theologians may yet discover is the the tradition-shattering circumstance that instead of Judgment Day bringing all the dead up out of their graves, Awakened Intellect may discern that the dead have never actually been in any graves at all. Their vacated vehicles were interred upon Soul-Spirit's vacancy, yes. But Soul-Spirit itself has ever gone Marching On. On and *Up*! All that we are engaged in determining in this work is the Composition and Route of such parade, and as we may, its destination.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 82

THE MEANING OF THE FINITE

X

REALLY GET the unity and essence of this fact into your consciousness—to say nothing of your ideology—and your worldly reactions change for you.

It is one thing to consider yourself part and parcel of God as a mystical exercise of unhallowed tenor; it is decidedly something else to come into the stunning realization that if your intelligence and the divine intelligence were not of the same stuffs there would be no responsibility on your part for trying to distinguish between good and evil, mine and thine, or the world, the flesh and the devil, because God wouldn't be punitively thinking in your terms or you in His, and you would never come to quarrels of any sort about moralities. You would be unable to grasp what God said Sin was, and God would be unable to express Sin in terms you could grasp any more than your

Dachshund could grasp the principle of nuclear fission. God might not even be thinking in terms that made *you* interpretable to *Him* at all.

You may be the agnostic type that disbelieves the whole colloquy between man and deity is mutually interpretable anyhow, *but the very fact that you have concernment about it, originated somewhere.* You may not be as mighty as Divinity in the scope of your perceptions but that is merely a matter of coming to deal in bigger and bigger figures and quantities yourself until you are able to visualize stupendous numbers in the aggregate. It doesn't affect *cognitions* of qualities between you.

To my way of thinking, the proof that we are of identical fiber with the God Mind would seem to be found in the fact what we discover no change in the essence of intelligence as we contact higher and higher mentalities up the planes of Cosmos. Wider perceptivities, yes. Greater tolerance. More compassionate understandings of ethical problems as between soul and soul. Finally the very bigness of concept passes beyond the octaves where we have the facilities to operate. But nowhere up the ascending scale do we seem to reach or contact a state where the intrinsic *nature* of intelligence alters and becomes something else. So we conceive God to be the Ultra in such procedures, away up on the zenith of intelligence raised to the *nth* degree. Reverse it and you have

Man as he exercises today but in primordial limitation. The consistency of nature of intelligence in both the Divine and the mortal, confirms the kinship between the two—and get away from this simple equation we cannot. Only the pitiably ignorant scoff at the whole of it and term it an hypothesis of Man's mental picturings. If they poked and pried and investigated and research into areas superseding the mortal—as entirely responsible individuals have done—they would find themselves rewarded with

evidence that Man's intelligence cannot be otherwise than Divine intelligence presented in a very tiny and circumscribed exhibit. There again, we confront the question of size, which again is the item of quantity. What we ourselves are most interested in considering or determining by the discussions in this book is, altering our concepts of Divinity Itself out of the anthropomorphic—which is God in the atomic vehicle presentation—to Divinity as the Master Consciousness that hatched up the ruse of vehicles of various orders to give visible animation to spiritual expression. Get this vehicle business resolved into its more accurate picture-images and life takes on a meaning that maintains superiority above all vehicles. Right now, at his current state of unfoldment on this solar satellite, Man is the intellectual slave to vehicle. He thinks entering into the field of atomic force of Light Concentrates composing the vehicle, and animating it by such occupancy, *is* all the life there is. He sees the phenomenon, in other words, from what we call finite aspects only. And the reason he does this—or at least has done up to now—has been his purblind notions respecting the nature or compositions of that which is Material. Nuclear fission, as I said, now that he has reached the age of it, is due to revolutionize his cognitions and concludings.

Man, gauging or classifying all materials as either gaseous, liquid or solid, has assumed from their reactions on his senses that spiritual vehicles of flesh and blood are opaque and substantial elements that cannot be resolved into anything but what he perceives them in his daily intercourse. For a hundred thousand years such has been his acceptance. So when a body ceased to have animation, and its materials started disintegrating from about the Light- Pattern that constituted the design for the physical, the state which he labels Death was arrived at. But along have come great physicists like Jeans and Eddingtong and made a scientific *amalgam* of such pronouncements. First, these mortal vehicles for spirit-intelligence to obtain expression by

manipulating through ensoulment, are 86 percent water, I repeat, which in turn is two parts hydrogen to one of oxygen. Hydrogen and oxygen are chemical elements composed of atoms with protons and electrons of known numbers and relationships. The next biggest ingredient of the human body is carbon—secured by six negative electrical impulses whirling in an orbit around one proton positive charge. The rest of the vehicle is minerals and salts but similarly compounded. Therefore, when you "touch" a living human body, you actually are contacting the outward but controlled *push* of the flying electrons of each atom, and the feature that appears to give them "solidarity" is the minute integration of them in respect to their orbits. You get the nearest approach to it in the natural world by picking up a garden-hose that is squirting

water under heavy pressure. The molecules of the water, composed in turn of hydrogen and oxygen atoms, are proceeding from the nozzle with a "force"—as we name it—that makes it possible for us to "touch" the edge of the stream of water-molecules with our fingertips, as though it were a solid substance. Water can come from a heavy fire-hose with such similar propulsion that thrusting the fist into it is no more possible than thrusting the fist into a square beam of mahogany. Now think of that water-force coming *form within itself*, instead of originating by air pressure applied through a pumping apparatus somewhere, and if it followed a circular pattern, and swirled fast enough, you might pick the whole thing up and be puzzled as to whether it were water in movement or some discarded automobile tire in peculiar decomposition. It would have independent existence, in other words, as a self-contained and self-propelled water-phenomenon.

It is the *behavior* of the atoms in the orbital integration of the mass known as skin,

bone, or blood, that gives you the reaction of solidarity.

But here is the appalling scientific certainty—

If you could somehow perceive what is happening in the flesh-and-blood molecules with a quality or microscopic operation of consciousness no bigger than just *one* of the atoms in either hydrogen or oxygen, this great hulk of a human organism would alter its appearance to your gaze till you would readily conclude that your were perceiving some starry galactic system … at the most, the apparently "solid" flesh-and-blood substances would be of no more consistency than a cloud of pasture mist in early morning blowing through the apertures in a wire sheep-fence.

Our finite senses lack the capability to discern atomic action within and behind the composition of all substances, so we pronounce that they have "reality" in the terms of our clumsy mass perceptivities.

It is a dramatic fact that there might be entities of consciousness in the universe with vision delicate enough to walk through a city street and see the sidewalks filled with clouds of what appeared to be moving gaseous ensembles. Say to such entities that each cloud was a "solid" man or woman, able to step off the walk in front of a speeding motorcar and be mangled to nonexistence, and they would laugh you to scorn. How could a motorcar "mangle" a cloud of vaporous atomic planetary systems? You would say to such entities that their perceptions were too fine to comprehend the "force" of a hurtling motorcar. But if pedestrian and motorcar were both operating on the same octave of vibration—sometimes called a Frequency—there would be no mystery to it. There it is, however, the elemental composition of the whole vehicular universe.

It is known that there are substances with specific gravity so great that one cubic inch of them could "weigh" one or more tons. But if any form of consciousness were operating at the same specific "sense" gravity, the ton-to-the-inch "weight" would mean

absolutely nothing.

Suppose we return for a moment to those seeming "gaseous globules" moving along a city sidewalk …

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 85

SOMEWHERE in the midst of the globule ensemble—all proven incontestably by what is being achieved today in nuclear fission—there is a "thinking" and "deciding" ***something*** **that determines form within its occupancy of the gas-cloud whether it shall move in a northerly direction or turn about and move south, whether it shall turn into an eating place and masticate a porterhouse steak or be content with a salad, whether it shall vote Democratic or Republican in the approaching elections, whether it shall "believe" in immortality of the soul or decide that disdaining and abandoning occupancy of the cloud "ends everything". By some feat of necromancy this intellect kernel controls and directs all the atoms and molecules of the gaseous ensemble in respect to the locations and behaviors of all the other ensembles of atoms and molecules, and thus produces what Consciousness identifies as Social Conduct. Further, it is a demonstrated fact that when this Directing Intelligence decides to abandon such atomic gas-cloud, something must be done about the residue of atoms and molecules thus left "mindless" … they had better e interred in an aperture in Mother Earth as expeditiously as possible or all kinds of "germs" can forthwith activate in the "lifeless" carcass and bring down a city by the scourge of typhoid.**

Occupancy of the gas-cloud—otherwise known as Ensoulment—is a very real insistence in this matter of Vehicles. But what a fallacy it is to declare that when the Directing Intelligence "moves out" from the center of the globules the Directing Intelligence Itself ceases to function?

Why need it do so?

The Higher Enlightenment contends that it need not! …

THAT WHICH supplies intelligent supervision to the "finite" atoms and molecules for the span of any mortal career, is Capsule of God Consciousness known as Soul-Spirit. It comes and it goes in various manifestations of atomic ensembles … it "gets itself born" in other words, and "lives" so long as it directs the cloud of gaseous globules, from a position in the midst of them. Of course it "lives" longer and surer than that, but creatures of perceptions to recognize only the gas-cloud refuse to concede it. Give them gas-clouds or they deny there is any reality whatever. And we must humor them.

Yet what we are searching for in the whole of it is the quantum of Holy Spirit finding ways to demonstrate in seeming objectivity to its inherent self-awareness. The original God Consciousness has projected the phenomenon of clouds of gaseous globules known as atoms—electric in composition entirely—to demonstrate animation apart from Itself and thus prove animation inside Itelf … it amounts to that in the Divine Equation.

The thing that Science is about ready to announce to all creatures of all worlds is … that the whole vast ensemble is naught but a manifestation of colossal Electricity in a thousand-and-one breakdowns.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 86

<u>And what is Electricity?</u>

<u>Perchance it is God reduced to practical comprehendibility!</u>

THUS DO I sympathize with Mary Baker Eddy, coming to recognize these elemental reasonings form the heights of her enhanced conditions of perception. She

talked about the "Divine Mind" and established a great religious sect on its capers and fecundities, consigning "mortal" mind to gross adventurings amid atoms. But she taught and wrote and proclaimed in a society that had not yet uncovered the searing revelations in nuclear fission—or the science of atomic energy in the raw. Today, I wager, she discerns God in the whole colossal ensemble—else why should she declare to me, in *audible* converse heard by witness, that "communication between the various planes of reality is absolutely scientific?" … The facetious or benighted will cry that they demand proof that she could possibly have done so, but I have no time to give to their self-acclaimed limitations.

Mary formerly said there were two minds—Divine Mind and mortal mind. One was a projection of Divinity in secular circumstance, the other was an obstreperous display of Limitation affecting to disdain limitlessness but discovering there was perfection and healing when it halted or desisted from its bombast.

Soulcraft says there is only One Mind in many aspects. It is the God Intellect exercising itself in many degrees and choices of vehicles, and as Limitation is ignored, the Greater Potency functions without hindrance.

Why not express it that this much-castigated "Mortal" Intellect is linguistic term for *Hindrance* … or discipline through Circumscription. At the most it is Divinity circumscribed by Vehicle for the purposes of acquiring what Hindrance has to teach—omnipotence when the Soul-Capsule is prepared to analyze finite limitation for that it is.

And that brings me to another term—or two other terms—that in any worthwhile consideration of the Eternal Verities we should look at twice.

The Finite.

The Infinite.

Again we are confronted by word-labels describing what man fails readily to understand…

OVER AND OVER you hear pundits expounding the Finite as against the Infinite. You hear them speaking of the Finite as though it were something divinely disreputable, something "not quite nice to talk about" in esoteric society. The Infinite belongs to God and Holy Spirit but the Finite is gross, caustic, defiled by the touch and blasphemies of Mammon. The reason it is thus scorned or abused is largely due to the fact that such pundits have never bethought them to look in the dictionary and note the exact meanings of the terms.

Speaking of the Finite we by no means always convey that which is tangible to the

sense-touch. We mean that which is susceptible to enumeration or measurement. The Infinite is that which is without limit of any kind; undetermined or indeterminate; carelessly applied to God and the Absolute. Actually what we mean to define or decline in the Infinite is our own mortal incapability of grasping quantities. We might even go so far in logic as to any there is no such thing as the Infinite, since all things and all quantities must be known to some intellect, on some plane of perception, considering Cosmos as a whole. This postulates the probability that the Omniverse itself is limited, and calls up the sophistry that in such event the All-Pervading Spirit that we term Deity is *not* Infinite.

But would we be so far wrong to question it?

Since the Finite means that which is estimable or measureable, are we to say that God Himself is not aware of the extent of His own Creation? If Divine Intellect can estimate or measure Creation, then must Creation be Finite. When I speak of Creation in

this regard, I mean the Omniverse—or "all there is." Ture, Creation may still be going on, and unquestionably *is* still going on. But the sheer fact of Creation presupposes Process, and Process postulates Intellect, and Intellect postulates a knowledge of what is being created.

So long as there is Omni-intellect, all things are finite to it. So the Infinite is a paradox.

WE SHOULD still be intrigued by Wholly Spirit wishing to project and perfect a system whereby Diffused Particles or spermatozoa of Itself follow the adventurous way that the Parent has emblazoned and pursued, thus everlastingly duplicating on the Parent's self-realizations. The whole colossal ensemble must have "come out of the God-Consciousness" to find itself endowed with consciousness at all—since God and Consciousness, or the Life Principle, would seem to be one. Of course it is anything but anthropomorphic idea of Deity I'm envisioning. It is Consciousness as the Self-Recognizing Essence, whether it manifest in an angel, a man, a dog or a gnat. Can we in our mortal inhibition visualize Consciousness in the abstract—that is, without a vehicle of some sort to evidence it?

The psychologist says no, for the simple reason that nothing can be conceived by mortal intelligence that has not first been envisioned in some aspect of picture-pattern, from which Form itself arises in the first place. But does the psychologist wholly understand what he's saying?

By the very fact of registering such point is he not proving the whole essence of Cosmos—not to mention this book? Consciousness Itself, even Wholly Consciousness, is that element in Nature that can think in no other manifestations but picture-image forms unless it be thinking of itself. Putting it the other way about, whether the display of Consciousness be mortal or divine, the instant it turns attention from itself it can only

perform in picture-images that are external to its own sense of self-awareness—thereby demonstrating not only a formal universe is requisite but definitely why it has come

about. Don't get confused here. There are not "two forms of Consciousness", one self-aware and one picture-image visualizing. There is only one Consciousness that when ceasing to deal in picture-image can only be conscious of itself, thereby the picture-image world is what occurs when Soul transfers intellectual activity from itself introvertly to itself extrovertly. However, to perform thus extrovertly there must be a picture-image world to utilize or entertain gains *from.* One is the result of the other. Now then, eradicate or eliminate the picture-image world and Consciousness without form—or consciousness without identity would be better—is understandable.

For instance, to make it clearer perhaps, you lie awake on a bed in a room on an inky dark night. Not a glint of light comes from anywhere. You are in utter void insofar as your visualizing senses are concerned or employed. You can feel the bed clothing and mattress under you and the sheets and blankets over you, but naught else. You may realize from your sense of smell that the air of the room is wholesome or stuffy, fragrant or baleful with, say, a leaky gas faucet somewhere. You can feel and you can smell, in other words. But you hear not the faintest noise coming from anywhere, not the ticking of clock nor the dripping of water nor the cheep of a single night insect. The "feel" of the bed and faint odor of as make you realize you are occupying an organic body but that is all. You fail to determine from the feel of bed or odor of gas how big your body is, whether its skin is white or dark, whether it is perfectly formed or displays a deformity, what name it is called by in city directory or by relatives. *But you do know that you are YOU.* Your color, race, education, age and to a degree your sex, are all

extrovert attributes to your consciousness as you lie there in inky blackness. On the other hand, they have no bearing either on your capability of recalling that you are YOURSELF. The feel of the bed clothing, that disquieting odor of gas, are just enough provocations to keep you aware of yourself as a conscious entity. But your color, race, education, age, or sex are truly all picture-images external to the sense of YOU. They do aid in giving your personality its individuality when morning breaks finally. But your still can recall that you are YOURSELF without calling up mentally all that it means in details. You are even capable of recalling your sense of self *to* yourself without envisioning the face or head and shoulders that look back at you when you step before a mirror.

In short, there is a YOU that is only inwardly apparent and to which no picture-images apply. Incidentally, it is Something that in mystical work we term the *Eternal* You, … or the *Immortal* You, … since it can go on thus remembering and recalling its self-identity without bed or gas odor or mirror to supply the slightest aid. Very good, consider that Inward You as having endured from the first second of time that ever ticked out on a clock not then invented, regardless of whether you had evolved a picture-image world external to this self-conscious You, and the notion of Consciousness in the Abstract is not so difficult to entertain as your friend the psychologist would have you believe. You might have been the Original First Cause of all created worlds, yourself, or you might have been an antediluvian tadpole. But this

abstract and internal YOU, that has thought of itself as equally important whether crying in the night at forty days old because of hunger, or lying awake in the night at forty years old because of that note coming due on the morrow, is Consciousness without

need of a vehicle to manifest. The color, race, education, age, sex, and degree of worldly prosperity are all items in the abstract picture-image world by which you get expression in order to know what your attributes or *potentials* are. You developed those as you grew along in the sunlit days when friends, and mirrors, and telephones reminding you of notes coming due, have been the cosmic furnishings to prove the fact of your character in addition to your self-awareness in the soundless night.

Transpose the primordial God-Consciousness for your sense of self lying in that black and soundless night, and transpose the sunlight and relatives and mirrors and 'phone-calls for the manifested Omniverse, or vice versa, and the reality of Consciousness in the abstract should enjoy intellectual reception in you. Incidentally, it is a good time not to overlook that Yourself lying in the black and soundless night is *Soul*, but bed-feel, gas-odor, dawn streaking the East, bedroom furnishings taking shape, rattle of the milk-man's cart and tinkle of his bottles, finally the image that looks back from your mirrors as you arise and dress, is *Spirit*—or soul identifying itself through action that demonstrates its potentials …

What the Soul does practically is arise from its primal bed in the inky blackness of void before factual Creation, and go out through the day—and up all the days—like Jason in quest of the Golden Fleece, just to prove that its mortal name *is Jason*. Get that! … *just to prove that its mortal name is Jason!* .. Jason's job up the infinitely finite future is finding and seizing fleece, thus making him Jason and not Bill Smith, or John Jones, or a character named Hinkle-dooper. And the Golden Fleece that he forever finds and seizes is naught but his specialized individuality, of which there is not another precisely identical among 20 sextillions of Divine Spermatozoa between Broadway and Coma-Virgo—or let us say Betelgeuse, since it is better known.

Two things I build out of all of it.

I build first the realization of the permanency of Myself—because nothing exists that can destroy me but my own perversity in case I refuse to maintain my own self consciousness—and I build the celestial character of Ultimate All-Awareness as I master the concept of all picture-images provided for my expansion intellectually.

My immortality does not lie in the permanency of the bed beneath me in the pitch-black bedroom, with an equally enduring house and Omniverse around it, but on whether I keep on "feeling myself to myself inwardly" for a never-ending session of enduring moments … because so long as I do that, the organic vehicle I may be using or not using cuts no figure—neither does it cut any figure whether I lie in a sleeping chamber of basalt rock or sleep in the spiral nebula of Andromeda. It is the fact that I forever know myself, that counts. The activities of Spirit, so-called, may run from combing my golden, red, chestnut—or coal-black—hair before a mirror when I get a mortal vehicle upon its feet for a new day, to ordering the extinction of Alpha Canis

Majoris to teach it a lesson in stellar humility. But these are the celestial picture-images that indicate I am not dwelling introvertly upon Myself as I transform the images into Thoughts.

The materialist arises from his chair in the forth row back and wants to know where the application of all these words comes in when the careless woman on the floor above tips the earthen flower-pot over the sill and it bashes out the brains in my head that is thrust from my own window looking to see if the mailman has turned in at my own door yet. How do I "feel myself to myself inwardly" when my sense of self-consciousness has gone out like a light?

I dare to respond to him that I have *not* gone out like a light. What has happened

has been that my picture-images have *all* been erased from Consciousness—even the "sense" of my organic vehicle about me. I am not in a state of suspended animation, I am in a state of hiatus of recognition of what my externalized contracts are, amounting to the Absolute.

I will end that hiatus gradually by starting with myself-to-myself again and building my externalized sense impressions up from scratch maybe on a different rate of atomic vibration. Because if the plant-pot has done really fatal damage on my cranium, I must pull my light-pattern body out of the old damage husk and function within recreated equipment. The pull my lifeless mortality back in upon the carpet, there is pandemonium in the house, the woman upstairs is prostrated over her carelessness, and after three days the neighborhood quiets down with me no longer a part of it. So what? I reorient myself and take up the alternative state of living in a recreated vehicle.

Am I anything less to myself because of such alteration in the nature of vehicle?

***Whatever expresses my peculiar individuality is my vehicle,* since expression and spirit and vehicle and picture-image world are all interchangeable.**

There is my Soul, self-conscious. There is my Spirit, vehicle-conscious. Over these I am God, one immortally, the other mortally.

Now then, let's draw a deep breath and plunge into something that's really prolific with every kind of possibility—*How, and under what conditions, does Soul command spirit-vehicle?*

Sometimes I'm prone to believe the Design for all Mortality and Immortality is in it …

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 91

THE MEANING OF INDIVIDUALITY

XI

TO THINK aliveness is one thing, a static and strictly internal activity. To *manifest* aliveness requires factors outside of self-awareness. Immortal life can be said to divide itself into sessions where first one predominates, then the other. By predominates I mean, that it holds suzerainty over the seat of consciousness. There are undoubtedly states or sessions when the Divine Embryo does nothing but dwell upon the fact of itself; there are other states or sessions when it dwells upon the fact that it is "doing something" …

Self-awareness strictly *as* self-awareness does nothing. Strictly considered, it does not even think that it is thinking of itself. Thinking of *itself* is the sole essence of its being. The moment it makes any departure from thinking of itself in a function it becomes more than mere Soul and is called Spirit, because as I have said, thinking of itself in a function or activity requires expression in or through some type of vehicle. I might even express it that the Divine Embryo has only two attributes, Self-Observation, and Self-Employment. In Self-Observation the Divine Embryo is as perfect and omnipotent as the Parent Deity from which it derived, since there can be little or no qualifications in such self-consideration. It is the one attribute that all consciousness—or conscious creatures—have in common. The ameba considering itself as a fact of aliveness in a pool does so as cleanly and completely as the highest archangel bringing a Divine Dispatch to a universe. But *self*-employment is another matter. There may be ten million types or qualifications of self-employment, involving ten million separate manifestations and degrees of wisdom. It is the one great differentiation making for characteristics, or for that matter, all species.

Undoubtedly we shall make the Discovery down some great day that all the "miracles" we have mistakenly attributed to Divine Mind have all along been

precipitated by the Divine Embryo in its god-purity of original essence. Which is

another way of saying that Mortal Mind, commonly called so at any rate, is merely mistaken or inadequate or clumsy concept of that which Soul-Spirit essays outside of its one celestial trait of self-consideration. We can think of ourselves as we are, and have all the consciousness that there is in the universe, in so doing. The instant, however, we think of ourselves in some type of performance, that performance is graded or qualified by our adeptship in experience. The anthropologist or psychologist terms it Trial-and-Error education.

We wish to turn our attention outward from our own ego, but to consummate such an act we must first have area, then we must have vehicle. Area, of course, is that qualification of dimension in which vehicle can manifest. Actually, I doubt very much if there is any other definition for Area. Even though it be outside Consciousness seemingly, is still is made area by the phenomenon of the celestial spermatozoon turning from self-awareness to performance within it. Consider, in fact, this great postulate: *Spirit cannot perform unless Vehicle and Area be provided and adequate*. And it is ever the miracle of Movement in itself, and of itself, that gives or distinguishes Dimension. Dimension is the marked limitation of movement or performance. Webster says it is "the Quality of Extension, or magnitude, or scope of importance."

Too many mortal intellects become confused and put handicaps on their thinking considering a dimension as an area with length, width, and height or depth. They are thus striving to interpret all dimensions by the vacuities of three dimensions … and four and five and six dimensions are meaningless. But four or five or six dimensions are not meaningless when we define dimension as Quality of Extension. The nature or scope of

the Extension determines the nature or scope of the Dimension.

<u>Yet Dimension is meaningless without Movement of some sort, because you cannot conceive of a place or a space without the possibility of something of an actionist nature being able to happen in it. Thus can we use Area and Dimension more or less interchangeably.</u>

WHATEVER has the capacity or potential for containing the performance of an activity is both an area and a dimension. But before we leave Introvert Consciousness, take note of this—

Introvert Self-Awareness requires neither area nor dimension to register to itself the fact of its own being. You may challenge me on this and ask if the depths of one's own consciousness is not an area or dimension, and if Consciousness of itself does not demand the space within its own being for the performance of the process of being aware of itself? I say No, because self-awareness does not partake of limitation—whether the limitation be of vehicle or location. Self-awareness *IS!* Thus Self-Awareness can be aware of itself in the embodiment of a star-sun as big as Betelgeuse or the microscopic single proton of the hydrogen atom. As a matter of fact, I maintain that self-awareness does not need embodiment at all. It is the one pristine ingredient in the Omniverse that is utterly and completely sufficient unto itself.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 93

Everything else beside it partakes of self-performance or Vehicle in Area. Does it appear to your that I am being pedantic unnecessarily? Suspend judgment until I am finished with my book.

Extrovert Self-Awareness requires all-area and all-vehicle to come to perfection of itself—or at least appreciation of perfection *in* itself. Because the electric instant that

Self-Awareness turns from self-contemplation to any type of externalized performance, its appreciations of perfection must always be relative, granting such relativities are infinite. The finite universe, stretching to infinity, is merely spirit answering the demands of itself to attain to the same perfection extrovertly that it has always been and always will be introvertly.

This going-on and answering such demands is known to metaphysical orthodoxy as Growth. It is sometimes called Development. Both terms are relative to that which is always on ahead, or else primarily within. You never "grow" to an absolute stature in any guise, because always you might imagine a little further growth—or development. So, as long as you can imagine it, it must exist, since you cannot imagine anything that cannot exist—if the areas and conditions be preposterous enough or infinite enough. Actually therefore there is no Growth nor Development but contrasts make it so. Growth is ever an attempt to materialize a conceived ideal, although all the phases entering into the ideal may not be consciously recognized or translated. Otherwise how can you identify it?

WHAT you commonly call Growth is merely the recognition of some sort of standard, previously set up or conceived, as magnified or exaggerated. The physical body increases in stature and capabilities to enact the role of the adult, but if a man have grown from three feet tall to six feet tall, it is conceivable that he might grow to nine or twelve feet tall, or never halt growing organically at all until he reached a height tall enough to bunt Mars with his head. Something within natural planetary or organic conditions halts growth at a scheduled interval, just as other spiritualized abuses may halt soul-spirit's intellectual growth. But growth as Growth is one of those words without meaning, because it describes or names a relative process and not an achievement. The same with development.

When we use the word Development, we set our own mental stakes on when it should end, lest a monstrosity result. For the organic vehicle to go on developing interminably would soon exhaust the planet-space for giant anatomies to stand upon, let alone carry on social life. They are always and forever relative terms—*with one exception.* That exception has to do with what I desire to call Spirit Intellect.

Spirit Intellect never exhausts its *possibilities* for Expression by Manifestation. As Time in the solar sense is endless, so Spirit's possibilities for Expression by Manifestation can be endless. Because nothing we can conceive of, can limit it. Growth or Development, like Mind and Eternity, we can relegate to the ragbag of fallacies. There is only interminable Experiment outside of its own Celestial Self-Awareness,

but requiring Area and Vehicle. Again we must look at Vehicle … Area we can understand since it means prescribed space in which Vehicle exercise. What, considered in the most metaphysical squeamishness *is* Vehicle? Page Mrs. Webster's little boy Noah afresh. He gives us five interpretations in his famous lexicography everything from ox-carts to catalytic syrups, but I like Number Two: "That which is used as instrument to convey an effect." That is quite along the lines we're following. Very good, *what* effect when we come to consider the vagaries of Consciousness-thinking-outside-of-itself?

I say, Individuality.

INSIDE itself—introvertly that is—all Self-Awareness thinks of itself with an infallible exactitude of pattern and activity. One of the Divine Embryos achieves this quite as adeptly as 20 sextillion colleagues. In other words, there is utterly no individuality in introvert Consciousness.

Individuality is the distinctive manner in which an embryo performs extrovertly in result of its experiences in area, vehicle, and circumstance. The old Concord pundit put it, "You are what you are because of what you have experienced." In other words, Individuality is the polarity of Experience more than its product.

The more experiences you have, the greater and sharper the Individuality. Instead of molding all mankind to a common norm, multiplicity of all worldly experiences increases the distinctiveness.

No two human creatures, ever, can have precisely the same experiences in every detail, granting the circumstances are likewise, because even the item of vehicle enters—"that which is used as instrument to convey an effect." Therefore there can never be two human creatures who are absolute prototypes. The fact that no two creatures in all the Omniverse are keyed electrically to identical vibration, also enters in. Undoubtedly it has been the possibility of multiplicity of electrical rates that has originally effected the Difffusion of Divine Spermatozoa we discussed a few chapters back.

So what does it leave us confronting?

It leaves us confronting the probability that the universe has no end in attainment, since no two living units can be expected to develop forever as identical twins. Remember I'm not speaking organically now but spiritually … Even in identical twins there is ever an electrical distinction, since identical twins are only two souls who have agreed to come into earth-life in a similarity of organism.

What we are truly intending to examine now, however, is Vehicle *as* vehicle.

Some means must be provided for allowing Introvert Consciousness to express itself extrovertly—extrovertly implying "outside of itself" or its thinking-integrity. Soul must exhibit, in other words, outside of itself as a contemplating unit. The instant it

conceived externalized Space as the arena for such activity, one of the most stupendous discoveries of the Cosmos was achieved. Space, we might almost put it, was originated

in that moment. Space is the area where self-contemplation transfers into an outside-itself aspect. It is the area where one Divine Embryo declaims by some form of activity to another Divine Embryo, "I also am in existence, take note of me!" This shock of similar discovery of a counterpart started the very commencement of Experience as such. It was a great moment in Cosmic history. Hitherto Soul had assumed that self-contemplation was all that composed "existence." Now it was jolted into realizing that other manifestations of activated life were a part of its universe. What a drama was proposed! …

VEHICLE is that "which is used as an instrument to convey an effect!" I said that before. But at once we can ask in logic, what was the effect that Spirit in the original instance hoped to convey—and to whom or what? Let's explore carefully here …

Spirit hoped to convey the effect that it could manifest outside of its own capabilities for self-awareness, *without destroying its original essence.* This last qualification is important. Really we have a remarkable phenomenon when we stop to give it attention—that Spirit discovered *any* demonstration outside of itself as possible. Soul "thought of itself" in a pure and divine state. But when it became Spirit, by manifesting some aspect of externalized activity, it proceeded off unabashed into Qualification. And right there it ran into all the kinds and complications to which modern flesh is heir. There were a million-and-one aspects and degrees of externalized activity. Bringing them into the arena of Comparison, one with another, gave us a thousand-and-one aspects of Spirit which too often is mistaken for Spirit in integrity of

character. It may not be such at all. Always remember that we judge a thing by our own attainments of appraisal to any given moment. We never "judge" something else—always we judge our own concepts of what we behold or are asked to pass estimate upon. Judgment is always and forever *self*-qualification. It is what we conceive a given thing to be, based on our own attainments in correct appraising. Spirit in the integrity of its character may be quite something else than spirit in the integrity of its current demonstration. However, the point is minor.

Soul "thought of itself" in pure and divine state—and still thinks of itself in a pure and divine state. But when it assumed the role of Spirit—that is, Soul in externalized proof of its existence—it abandoned itself to Form, Condition, Situation and Pressure, and what it may be at any given moment of your confronting it depends wholly on what its degree of memory-reflex has been, comprehending intelligently the whole of it from the beginning. Thus the true character of a Spirit, actually, is the true absorptivity of its Memory attributes. If one spirit remember more adventures with form, condition, situation and pressure than another spirit, we say it is older, wiser, and more sagacious. The attribute of Memory is the one great phenomenon distinguishing all gradations of character. When will man learn this? Memory, of course, is a sheer photographic process in the intellect, by which the Soul-Spirit holds in mental perpetuity the exact arrangement of circumstance that gave sensitivity a definite product. It isn't that Soul-Spirit recreates the circumstance so much as that it perpetuates the circumstance.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 96

Memory, if we had the astuteness to grasp it, is one of the greatest of all the cosmic mysteries, rivaling only Consciousness itself. We keep events alive by preserving them photographically in memory. But along with them go all the neurotic reactions we may

have suffered in negotiating them originally. Why should we do such a thing? The practice is so common that we forget its significance and take it for granted.

We "make a given situation reenact itself in pictures" and label them Memory, but along with the pictures we reestablish the state of the sensations that the original complication served upon us. That we possess the capacity for such an attribute is one of the Major Mysteries of the universe—almost as stupendous as Original Self-Contemplation. When we come right down to it, in this Memory Phenomenon resides all Character and Identity. Unless we can recall who we are or have been, Life itself means little or nothing to us. You realize the correctness of this when you are asked to recall where you were—not to mention who you were—on the 4th of July in the year 1609. You were Nobody and doubt if you lived, in that Memory lapses in respect to it.

The ability to reshape in the Intellect what a given situation has been, carries the whole weight of identity, responsibility for Karmic behavior, and in the last analysis "salvation of the soul", since any system of rewards or punishments would be meaningless without a sense of their association with a given personality. However, we are traveling a long distance form consideration of Vehicle …

Vehicle is that which is used as an instrument to convey an effect! Let's concede—for the purposes of getting on with our thesis—that the effect is designed for the rider within the vehicle or the agent employing the instrument, and none other. What would be the readiest and handiest form-in-circumstance to serve to such purpose? Nine out of ten people respond readily enough, "A body!" Are they correct? Come to think of it, what *is* a body?

A body is an ensemble of atomic factors that does the same thing *on* and *to* Form that Consciousness does, exhibiting from introvert to extrovert—that is, makes itself

evident when there are other similar ensembles to grasp the fact of its co-being.

If there were not another man or woman in all the universe, what use or need might anyone of us have for a body? It might pull introvert Consciousness out of its state of self-awareness to a given degree, but what might Consciousness profit by being thus pulled out? That within a body of atoms or molecules it might travel from sun to sun or planet to planet, would really mean nothing, because we assume that it could do that much in a discarnate or bodiless state. Enduring physical sensations of heat or cold, light or dark, pressure or nonpressure, might slightly enhance its degree of self-reality—true enough. But when it had thus been enhanced, what purpose would have been served? Would its purity of self-contemplation be at all magnified?

No! … bodies are ever a requisite that individuality may identify itself in contrast to others of similar attributes—however up or down in the scale of being we may apprehend them. Just one man with a body unto himself would be encumbered with

something that would add nothing to his intellectual integrity—or if it added something to his experience-roster in the way of sensation, it would have little significance.

Always we must judge our degree of self-awareness in externalized form by reflection or refraction from a similar form of a similar being.

Man is multiple by the sheer nature of his own demands of intelligence. He must, in other words, gauge himself by his brother's personality, and his brother's personality by his own. Otherwise any vehicle is superfluous and useless—and therefore worthless.

Soul-Consciousness wishes to look outward from its Inwardness, but looking outward means nothing unless it beholds something with which it can contrast itself and make comparisons. Perhaps in this uncanny circumstance—which we have never given

much attention before—we behold the reason shy the Omniverse, or any planet in the Omniverse, teems with so-called human life. By multiplying itself, life creates multiplicity of contrasts, and by creating a multiplicity of contrasts it succeeds in perfecting a variety of comparisons and self-estimates. On these self-estimates it predicates what is known as Growth or Development. Thus we see why the Soul-Spirit must divide. It must divide to get reflections that are interpretable to itself in terms of itself.

NOW VEHICLE itself is no problem, nor for that matter of great significance. That which enables a Unit of Consciousness to perform extrovertly to itself and create reflection in or from another, can be labeled a Vehicle. It may be a cloud of atoms as tenuous in the higher dimensions as steam drifting through a screen door of a summer noontime. The truly pertinent point is, can it be controlled to give manifestation of such control to another, by virtue of which contrasts and comparisons result? Because they are the contrasts and comparisons that hold meaning to ensouled spirit.

Let me give you an illustration of how I regard Vehicle in terms of an experience that came to me once when my earthly vocation was producing silent motion pictures—A fellow studio executive approached me on the "set" and exclaimed, "Pelley, come into the projection-room and tell us what's wrong with the 'shots' we took yesterday of that doctor-film—we can't see a character in the drama because of bursts of light around each figure, and we can't imagine where such light could come from."

I went into the projection-room, the lights were turned off and the action began to flicker on the screen. The studio on the previous day had photographed an animated scene of that old chromo hanging in every country kitchen, of the bearded physician called to attend the sick or dying child. Sinking down beside the baby's bed he watched the little patient for a time with palm of his left hand gripped about his short square

beard. At the foot of the bedstead, a rustic father consoled a weeping mother-wife. That was what the film studio had animated with living characters the day before. The film scene of the rustic kitchen had been taken into the darkroom and developed and printed overnight. I had been called in to look at *four uncanny blobs of light*. The biggest blob was the country doctor—weirdly resembling the late Charles Evans

Hughes—apparently seated in a chair near the head of the sick child's bed. On the bed, ostensibly representing the ailing or dying baby, stretched a second blob of radiance. At the foot of the bedstead, in standing posture, were two adult blobs. When a tabby-cat, employed to give local color to the ensemble, walked onto the set, *even the feline was a smaller blob of levitating light*. Dimly in the center of each of these blobs showed the outlines of what one might discern as a living physical figure.

My studio friend demanded, "How in the devil did we ever get *that* effect?"

I asked, "Did you use ordinary film, such as you've been using normally for other pictures?"

"No, we used a new film product of ultra-sensitivity, sent down for test purposes from the laboratory at Rochester."

"I thought so," I exclaimed. "What you've used is a film of such sensitivity that you've photographed the auras of the living characters in the set."

"Auras!" my friend echoed.

"Every living creature," I informed him, turning from movies to esoterics, "has an envelope of radiance about it, indicating its animate nature. But under ordinary circumstances the normal eye can't see it. Your supersensitive panchromatic film has climbed above the octave of the normal human eye and scored vibrations outside the

eye's wavelength."

"But we can't use this stuff. Blobs of light walking around as living creatures, are just … blobs of light."

"Nevertheless," said I, "that's the way all human beings or earthly creatures appear to those on a higher octave of vibration. Go ahead and retake the scenes with your earlier film. But you've gotten something quite as true to life as anything recorded I black and white at a lower rate of vibration."

"Blobs of light walking around as living creatures" … isn't that the perfect description of Vehicle in whatever aspect of Spirit operating extrovertly we confront? The fact that this aura-radiance is not commonly discernible doesn't warrant its nonexistence. We lower our light vibrations down to where the normal eye of our neighbor can discern them, and we say we have reality.

But true Reality is what IS, not what vibration is recorded on our sense-equipment. Vehicle is correctly a blob of light, but the living creature is the light-enshrouded intelligence directing or supervising its movements or the nature of its activities. All to the end that an effect is created on another unit of consciousness, thus manufacturing what is known as Circumstance or social relationship.

Out of such participation in circumstances or social relationships comes the next phenomenon that is labeled Behavior—another marvel of Cosmos.

Behavior is our conduct performed with the reactions upon another intelligence always in the forefront of our attention. Thus do we commence to get an assorted series of repercussions from the other units of divine embryos that point up our own appraisals of ourselves to ourselves. *And this is the primary purpose or intent behind Vehicle.*

WE DESIRE to discern ourselves through the eyes or repercussings of creatures similar to ourselves in consciousness as an essence. Standards of deportment must come out of these. And standards of deportment are the great criteria by which we judge that which we earlier called Growth or Development.

We estimate whether today we are of higher intellectual perception extrovertly than we were yesterday, by the alteration or attitude on creatures similar to ourselves. If it seems to be so in what we term the "constructive" manner, we declare we have "grown." If it be not the constructive manner we decide we have not "grown", we have retrogressed.

And we do it all within blobs of radiance that our associates term our "organic bodies" … but which are blobs of light if that is the effect they work on the vision. For a short time in solar years we manifest in one blob of light. For another term of years we manifest in a different blob of light. We "bloom", as we call it, from the bud of adolescence into the flower of adulthood. But it's all a varied aspect of lights, or comparisons of light exhibits, one with another. Intelligence within, introspectively, is quite the same. It's our externals that undergo alteration.

But what is that to Divine Intelligence, only concerned with establishing what lies within Itself that can negotiate greater and greater comprehensions of Its own activities? Immortality? It's naught but a constant comprehension in ever more complicated forms of what this moment's behavior is from what last moment's behavior was—all judged by effects on contemporaries.

It puts a different aspect on the seriousness of living …

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 100

THE MEANING OF THE GOD-FACT

XII

PUT BEHIND it all, Soul-Spirit resides serene. Being created perfect in that nothing is concerned with it that is not perfect, it can rest eternally—or immortally—in the knowledge of its own correctness, nothing existing in the entire Omniverse that can mar or disturb the absolute nature of its self-manifesting and realizing. All that is external to itself is something else again. Moved into a vehicle, whether it be occupancy of a blob of photographic light or an organism approximating a mastodon's, it abandons self-perfection and submits itself to the winds and rebuffs of every pressure on the calendar, rearranging its standards to conform with what manifests as the ultimate in wisdom-production—in other words, the ultimate in Experience. Within the range of such reactions it evaluates itself, terming itself Good or Bad, wise or foolish, moral or immoral, complacent or combative.

Yet all of these are effects of Externals. And uniformly they derive from associations with similar capsules of consciousness, each building within itself its norm of what it terms Correctness, either after its self-conceived pattern of desire-wish fulfillment, or after its self-conceived pattern of custom or tradition. It is a curious museum of action and reaction. All the same, it is "the world" … the universe first, then the manifestations of externalized Self-Awareness … that truly constitute the stupendous panorama of life.

"Life," first, last, and all the time, is strictly the self-aware conscious state, or the capability of realizing that *"I AM*" … and any explainings or beggings of that fact sooner or later come to illogical ends. Meaning that you can't say of an inanimate object, "I will endow it with *life*" by any recipe of chemical combinations. You must impart what is truly the God-germ in some aspect of embryo within that object to give it voluntary consciousness. And you must never confuse life and animation. Animation is

any principle of activity working out in either organism or chemicals, and by such qualification chemicals of many classes may seem to be alive. Yet they are never self-conscious.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 101

Until you get true self-consciousness you do not get true Life in the divine sense. Self-conscious life in the divine sense is a principle of the universe that is apart from, as well as behind, all eternal aspects of that universe. Never can you have the offspring or the product giving birth to the parent or causation …

IT IS well to remember such fundamentals in considering the stupendous universe all around us. True, in the 51st verse of the Thirtieth Chapter of the *Golden Scripts* the Great Teacher declares, "Study Light well: it holdeth life's secret; Light is concerned in all that ye are, Light is concerned in all that ye do; behold men will one day find that Light turned upon chemical substance will make it to live; in that day they shall cry, Lo, we are as God! … we create life and give it!" But immediately He qualifies this assumption of the Divine Prerogative, for He adds, "—but they give it not, beloved. They but use Holy Spirit's radiance to give throbbing unto tissue; the Light is the life: they but do a procreation. Do they not perform it now, being parents unto children?" The Life-Principle, in other words, is ensconced in some complicated manner in Light and Light's manifestations. Men may find ways to focus it on inanimate materials.

But all they make themselves is agents. They seize on a great fundamental of Cosmos and apply it to insensate externals. The externals appear to respond and they say, "This is Life in that it behaves without irrelevant galvanisms." But who or what first originated the Light that does the wonders? Again we are face to face with Divine Self-Awareness, translating into the instrument and thus endowing it with the essence of Itself.

Escape the God-Fact we cannot!

Men never shall, because they cannot, fabricate the God-Fact. They can only simulate the appearance or aspect of the God-Fact.

The God-Fact exists in every unit of Cosmos that can regard itself within the silences of its own being and exclaim, "I exist!"

It is this God-Fact that is the true progenitor of the universe as men regard it. The God-Fact has come first; all forms of created substance, from a grain of mustard seed to the stellar limits of Betelgeuse, are but the evidence of it in greater or lesser degree. We do not require to locate and define Mind to achieve such comprehension. Such comprehension of itself *IS* Mind.

This means that we can simplify the universe to two factors: The God-Fact and what comes of the God-Fact that the God-Fact may be appreciable to all forms and exhibits of Itself.

Here then is something that next engages us: Can the God-Fact in the external appreciate or apprehend the God-Fact in the original? Is it possible, in other words, for the progeny—meaning our own mortal sense of self-awareness—to comprehend the parent or the Oversoul in its first gesture of awareness?

Men attempted it, of course, as they came awake to the instance of themselves and got … what?

They got the creation of mortal imagining that they termed the Anthropomorphic Deity. Being human, they were obliged to deal mentally in human equations; it is a phase of spiritual evolution that all forms of self-aware life must essay. *Always, to get understanding of a fact, they must translate it into terms of themselves!*

The word *Anthropomorphic* is formidable. Nine out of *ten* people in the current state of spiritual and cultural evolution encounter difficulty even in pronouncing it. The accent is upon the fourth syllable—an-thro-po-*mor*-phic. And yet it is a common enough word whenever persons interested technically in theology gather for discussion. Anthropology is the Science of Man as an organism and what this physical and social

evolution has been up across the ages. But Anthropomorphism is something entirely different. It means the representation or conception of the God-Fact—or of any deity—with human characteristics or human mannerisms, even human physical characteristics. It is presenting God, in other words, in the aspect of a sublimated human being, a sort of glorified Moses, to be specific.

The ancients, and particularly the "authorities" who compiled the early Scriptures, had not the slightest hesitancy about depicting God the Father in their own minds as a patriarchal personage with a venerable beard, who sat upon a literal throne in the heavens and regarded mortals coming before Him for "judgment" with a cogitative manner and appraisive eye, trying to make up His mind form the weight of the evidence whether to consign them to hell or admit them to paradise.

Gaining to the larger and more cosmological concept of what is taking place in the universe—that of far-advance personalities diffusing their divinity and projecting units of themselves to infinity for the same spiritual evolutions which they themselves have experienced—we grasp how primitive and earthy such notion of the Divine Being may be, even in the projection of the Judgment Ordeal of itself. It is an attempt to get a moral equilibrium for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But we can let that pass for the moment. An anthropomorphic God, in other words, is a God in human shape.

The question therefore arises to plague all sacred "thinkers", if God the Father does not wear a venerable human aspect, what aspect *does* He wear? How should we depict Him in our mind's eye when thinking of Him? Unless we regard Him in the anthropomorphic pattern, *can we regard Him in a picture-imagine of any nature?* How can one depict any creature in his mind that may bear no reasonable to any thing ever existent on earth?

It is a somewhat unfair enigma to propound to human minds—telling them that to

consider God in the human form is to limit Him, and God is limitless. It leaves human being with no standards or patterns for portraying Him. One moment men and women—not to mention little children—are expected to love God and venerate him. The next moment the mental conditions are made such that there is nothing left for them to conceive as the object of such adulation or veneration.

If we were to consider the God-Fact in the human form, then His vision could carry only as far as human eyeball could operate. His voice or mentality could exercise only

as extensively as that of any patriarchal mortal. There could be no criticism of the small boy who came home from Sunday School with troubled countenance. Asked what was bothering him, he informed his mother that his teacher had related that God—being omnipotent—could see everything.

"Well," his mother asked, "what's wrong with that?"

"What I want to know is," the boy persisted, "if He can see everything, how does He manage to see the back of His neck?"

It is by no means an irrelevant jest. Persons far older than Sabbath School juveniles have the right to put the same query—or queries in its category.

How can we possibly have any real feeling, worshipful or otherwise, for a Creature or Personage of which we have no prototypes to visualize? It is a fundamental of psychology that the human mind can entertain no concepts of what it has not beheld in some aspect in the world of Nature or society. We say we "imagine" this or that, true enough, but always our imagining is in terms of forms, bodies, or conditions with which we have first had some contact in the material scene. We transpose these into terms of the future, trim them with alterations or suggestions, and produce a new product in

Thought—which truly isn't new. It's merely a new combination of a lot of old thoughts or previous concepts, considered abnormally. Therefore it's sobering to reflect that when we come to apply such acknowledgment to the Divine Afflatus, we are utterly at a loss.

Escape the conviction we cannot that if we are presented with a limitless and omnipotent God-Fact, we are presented with a Creation that means little or nothing beyond a mass of academic sentiments. We are being asked to adulate or worship a creation of which we have never had a prototype in any aspect in our mortal loves or ideologies. *Can we do it?*

SOULCRAFT says we can.

But to do it effectively we must visualize what would have happened far back in the every earliest hours of Holy Consciousness demonstrating itself externally. We do it by asking ourselves what *Organism* is.

According to Biology, organism is "an individual constituted to carry on the activities of life by means of organs separate in function but mutually dependent." In Philosophy, organism is defined as "any highly complex thing or structure with parts so integrated that their relation to one another is governed by their relation to the whole." Customarily we think of Organism in this three-dimensional, worldly life as something that is animate through an occupied sentiency or self-awareness. Indeed, we carry it so far as to comprehend organism as well-nigh responsible for the fact of life, "creating" it of its own coordinated potency. But treated in the broader sense in which we find it defined in both biology and philosophy, we might contend to all intents and purposes *that this universe in toto is God's* Organism, inasmuch as all natural life in it is the effect of organs separate in function but mutually dependent—or a highly complex

thing with parts so integrated that their relation to one another is governed by their relation to the whole.

Conceived in such fashion, we might say that the anthropomorphic image of Divinity would be but a passing evolutionary phase of the Divine Afflatus, and that the universe as we behold it nightly on venturing out upon the starlit lawn, is the extent to which the God-Fact has extended Itself in comprehending Its own awareness externally. Would this mean that the God-Fact was at one time back in Primordial Void naught but a human being?

What's wrong with it in comparison with what we're asked to believe in respect to spiritual evolution on and after the so-called Human course is run? The spermatozoa of Divine Intellect have to progress up through every form of pattern-experiencing to arrive at vehicular celerity, spiritual increments being synonymously what they seem to be. Can such evolution have become a created afterthought, or has it been a process followed in the larger and higher sense by the Master Embryo Itself? In other words, can we deny that the God-Fact as the Master Unit of Self-Aware Consciousness hasn't been through every material experience that we as self-aware creatures are forced to go through in compounding our own individualities from experience with form? And if it has not, then from whence came the Divine Development, or how did it acquire a development that is divinely beyond our own?

Almost we might be bold enough to put it that unless at some time or other back over Cosmic time, Holy Spirit had not been anthropomorphic, how could it appreciate the problems and conditions of anthropomorphic life today? Has not Holy Consciousness Itself to learn the nature and fecundities of Delimitation by first knowing Limitation, else where has Its knowledge of either been derived from? In this sense, of

course, we can consider the mortally organic and Limitation as synonymous.

IF WE truly accept the recipe that we are sons of God learning how to become gods in our own rights, and mortal vehicle as we herewith know it is one of the conditions of spiritual wisdom and evolution, how comes it that such pattern is unique unto us? Would it not be more astute to conclude that the pattern is a standard form of progress from the primordial to the Absolute—if there be an Absolute?

Putting it in another fashion, is it not logical that the pattern or blueprint for cosmic evolution we are pursuing comes out of all that has successfully been practiced hitherto, thus abandoning the theological notion that the God-Fact has postulated certain peculiar conditions for us purely because our organic integration has turned out to be what it has? Would we not have every right to inquire why we should be made exceptions?

Wisdom comes from Knowledge; Knowledge comes from convictions of realities derived from Experience with Form. Form comes out of Master Consciousness conceiving patterns for contact that must always and forever prescribe the nature of vehicle—vehicle and form being obverse or polarized parts of one another to get effects on Spirit or Self-Awareness in externalized action.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 105

Looking at ourselves in elementary development, we should be able to conceive what the history of the God-Fact must have been, in that we are divinely assured that out of such elementary development shall come a realization of the Ultimate and Absolute.

The present should give us not only our cues to the Absolute but our cues to the history of all that has gone before to make the Absolute what is now promised. It can only be promised in that it has been attained. It can only have been attained by some

Creator or creature endowed with self-awareness that has encompassed all Experience. And the anthropomorphic form is assuredly an experience that has its legitimate status in All- Wisdom.

The one thing redeeming it all is this—

The God-Fact has *gone* on until it has become what we of the current form or status perceive as Divinity. And the Going On of itself is a component part of the whole divine idea.

IF WE care to admit that we are sons of God, and divine beings ourselves in the evolution of knowing every experience with form in order to know every aspect of wisdom coming out of Experience, then anthropomorphism is not a particularly human predicament but a phase of all-embracing and all-encompassing education in Spirit. We are men because in the vast and farflung development of Divine Spirit it is a phase or sequence of the cultivation of Spirit that the man-form shall give Spirit increments that it can obtain in no other role or function. And undoubtedly by the same logical reasoning, we should have first been every sentient creature that has ever appeared on earth or any heavenly orb approximating earth. All of it adds up to make the sum-total of experiencing that constitutes the sum-total of awareness in every handicap. There may even be forms of this handicap of which we, in our current mortalities, can grasp no inkling.

We are forced to turn our whole scheme of reasoning squarely about face and look upon it that we are not so much what we are because of what we have experience that we are ultimately the products of every experiences that every freak or contortion of form could possibly execute. Otherwise in the ultimate there would be units of consciousness that, occupying those forms, would have acquired experiencings that we have never known. And to such degree we would be imperfect or deficient.

We could never be imperfect or deficient and yet become products of All-Knowledge.

The deeper we probe into it, the more certain it appears that the anthropomorphic state is merely a condition where contacts with form are mainly specialized in order to develop what we might call the Sentiments.

TO BE whimsical in this, we might put it that it is necessary to have a building of earthly construction in order to know the exact sensations of running into a door in the

dark and bashing an eye. It is equally as necessary that stairs be constructed in that building in order that we may know what the sensation is of missing the top step and plunging to the bottom, breaking a leg or an arm in the adventure. You can't have the reactions to a broken arm or leg without the stairflight to give the top step to start off the mishap or the bottom step to complete it. We land at the bottom and the relatives come running, and an ambulance is called, and we are borne to the hospital where doctors set the broken bone and we have flowers and sympathy and interesting books to read throughout convalescence and a pretty nurse to administer the five o'clock lotions and fall in love with us and marry us and give us seven children. Take away one item at any point and the adventure in Cosmos is an incomplete adventure. And so may it be with a mishap in astrophysics that bumps the planets together and starts a holocaust.

We suffer these things not because we happened to live in a land that had buildings that held stairways and ambulances and winsome nurses, but because Spirit must perfect itself in every form of experience that exists in order to say that it comprehends them by participation in contact with them. *So really there is no such thing as Tragedy,* whether the mishap be a tumble down a stairway in a factory or down a cliff in a quarry or down

sheer space in an aircraft when an engine has knocked out. There is only Experience in every item of form, adding up to the Absolute, that our personalized consciousness may encompass all of them. But let me get back to the "God-Fact going onward" …

THE FAULT with considering the God-Consciousness, or the Original Self-Awareness, in the strict anthropomorphic sense, is the irreverence of challenging the God-Fact's capabilities for profiting from all experiences in a formal world of its own design and not being able to "go onward".

We say, to think of God in the paternal sense, or as a venerable human being who cannot see the back of His own neck, is to halt the machinery of Spirit-Experiencing and declare that the God-Fact reaches a point where It ossifies and crystallizes. Thinking of God as the prototype of an earthly Moses is to think of God as having ceased to move onward and upward to have more and more experiences adding to His own wisdom. And that would bring the whole pattern and purport of Consciousness to an end and a halt.

Taking our own cases again, are we to be declared sons of God but with nothing at the end of our cosmic careers except becoming prototypes of a venerable Moses, each and severally, and thereupon halt and progress no further? Is it not more reverent to contend that, God being God must go onward and upward forever, with no curtailment in His experience, ever deploying in vaster and mightier forms, and exploring and experimenting to infinity in an ever-expanding universe? Any third-rate astrophysicist will assure you that the universe *is* expanding. Is its Creator then, not expanding with it? Why need God halt but His universe go onward?

But what, you ask, can it be that *does* "go onward?" … The Great Mentors with which Soulcraft is in touch, say "Spirit!" Thus we begin by now to conceive that it is

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 107

"Soul-in-Action" … the soul of the God-Fact in Action … the Soul-in-Action that once, untold millennia ago, must have known organism as we know organism in order to lay the practical blueprint for organism, and which—not in the celestial future but in the remotest of the remote pasts—we might conceive of in the anthropomorphic form. But can we come to truly *love* that?

Why not?

Look upon it in this fashion—

RARE indeed is the human being who at some time or other in a mortal career has not been blessed and favored by the good offices of an elderly or patriarchal relative. It might have been a beloved grandparent or uncle or farther or older brother. Now it wasn't the organic body of such that manufactured the kindly feeling or the compassionate act from which such relative profited. It was the *spirit* of the benevolent one … that only had an anatomical organism or vehicle for expression on this plane of materials. This "spirit" was a mere unit of consciousness that had only operated for the time of its last earthly ensoulment in a flesh-and-blood personality, that came in time to the end of its expression, and suffered a stilled heart, and presently was only a headstone in a local cemetery and a poignant memory in sorrow-stricken survivors. Shall we say that such a spirit *died,* or ceased to exist and perform, merely because it thus passed off the earthly stage? Knowing our psychical research as we do, seeing such beloved relatives "come back" again and again in materialized form, favoring us with their beloved voices and expressions of endearment, do we not visualize a happy day when we shall be rejoined to them? And yet, is it not the *spirit* of that grandparent or uncle or older brother that we truly love, not the hoary head or the twinkling eye or the venerable beard?

Spirit is something apart from body—something that merely animates Body for a given number of solar years while Body is in exercisable shape to be so utilized. The kindly intent, that bestowed so much appreciated largess upon us, is the essence-of-consciousness that used the vehicle, the self-thought that thinks, "I am Myself!" and can go on occupying a dozen vehicles up years still to come, this is the entity we truly love, not the mane of hair or the twinkling eye itself or the venerable beard adorning the chin.

All right, mushroom that Consciousness up to a Divine and All-knowing estimate and what do you have but the God-Fact as the religionist is striving to depict Him in thought … God is a Gigantic Unit of Self-Awareness Who can occupy all vehicles or none—according to His caprice or the demands of the circumstance. The same type of altruistic manifestation that was the one-time loving and generous grandparent ought to be able to expand and increase indefinitely as fresher and more potent experiences up higher worlds have come to *Him*—and instead of just one grandchild or tribe of grandchildren, He holds in His effusive heart all the struggling progeny of a planet or solar system.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 108

Think of the loving and indulgent spirit of the most affectionate and generous grandparent that one could possibly conceive in intellect, departed long since out of his anthropomorphic sequence, but being benevolent now to two billions of progeny—twenty sextillions of progeny—and God is not so inconceivable as our materialistic psychologist would persuade us to accept.

GIVE it a little real thought and "Spirit" does not become so hard to envision, even devoid of Its organic instrument. The loving heart and protective instinct of the

grandparent can go on expanding forever, no particular form being necessary for the expression of that. But how many human beings, adolescent or adult, ever spare a moment to think of "God the Father" as the kindliest and wisest and most indulgent and generous grandparent any mortal being ever had up all his soul's history? … No, God must be this or that theologically, an old patriarch of a man bowed with years and the sorrow of human follies, as some brainstrapped ecclesiastic, modern or ancient, has painted Him. All of which is as infantile as it is illogical. That which is identified with age and venerableness is indication of physical decay. Can God decay?

Anyhow, if you're troubled at all by this anthropomorphic legend, call up the picture-image of your favorite grandparent's *spirit*—or affection and infallible solicitude for you—issuing forth out of the organic vehicle you recall so well from your younger years, and advancing and expanding as his vast universe advances and expands, to a heart-quaking infinity of size and grandeur, containing all the consideration for you that you once cherished so highly when such beloved relative was with you in flesh.

Start, if you please, with an anthropomorphic God—if you must have Him that way—then think of His long, long since having shuffled off all such confining coil and becoming everlastingly stable and substantial but omnipotent. And though you're building on the anthropomorphic remains of your beloved grandparent for picture-image purposes, you're likewise getting a concept of a valorous Being in the whole of it, who is continuing to expand and explore world without end, amen. And that, incidentally, is true bravery.

Everlasting experimenting, exploring and adventuring, to find out the full possibilities within His own being that a pattern may be set for you to follow and know all the increment with a minimum of danger, could any role be worthier of adulation and affection?

It is by no means academic sentimentality that brings the old and the venerable to "love" God. They love God because they are heavy with years and experience themselves I the ways and means by which affection is engendered. And that as well was part of the plan. How could they do otherwise?

Always let's remember that exquisite line, "The bravest are the tenderest", because they have *earned* their qualifications for being tender. And God must be tender because He has earned so much through original and elementary exploration within His own Spirit.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 109

The Great Teacher remarks in the matchless *Golden Scripts* that the "Father" to whom He prayed in the Garden was the greatest and tenderest Spirit with whom He was "in touch" in all Cosmos that was known of Him. In the twentieth verse of the 91st chapter He says to us—

"When I speak then of The Father, I speak verily of one who ruleth the host of all Thought Streams, a Spirit so aged that no man knoweth its antiquity. This Spirit in power is beyond even My concerning, even as I was temporarily beyond your conceiving whilst in mortal flesh. This Spirit existeth and endureth, older I say than any of those known to the host of those of whom I have knowledge; He is not God as men conceive God, nevertheless He is so wise in His conceiving that His power transcendeth that of any spirit projected onto any plane of which we have wisdom. Of such is omnipotence. When I say that I am Son of God and refer to the Father, invariably I refer to this Spirit because with Him I am ever in touch and know no greater beyond Him. *I tell you, beloved, I believe others to be beyond Him but of them I have no knowledge and probably never will have knowledge, they ever receding as we advance!"*

And there you have it.

The evolutionary nature of what we consider the Divine Itself, would seem to be attested in this, since if there are others "beyond the Ancient of Days" it should mean only that they came into function ahead of Him and have proceeded higher and farther into what we visualize as Grandeur. Would it not be the soundest part of pious sense to declare that we are not so much interest in Personalities within Divinity as we are concerned with the fecundities within Divinity as an advancement beyond our own attainments? Using the analogy of the ant on the running-board of the hurtling motorcar again, we are in the position of the ant's identifying something called a human being beneath the steering-wheel, not in being concerned with whether such steering functionary is prince or pauper, monarch or subject. No, it is not so difficult to conceive picture-images of God. The effects of His Spirit on ours, each and severally, are what count …

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 110

THE GLORY DIES NOT

XIII

IT MUST be apparent to you by this time, I assume, that I have come to estimate the universe in which I find myself by quite altered and perhaps contrary standards to what I was led to conceive it in younger years or with the help of so-called theologians. I have since come to alter my estimates even of Evil and Sin. I view them in my sunset years, after living a rich and good life, as mere ignorance in action. At the most they are negatives. Don't judge me wrongly. I certainly don't imply I am tolerant of Evil or Sin. Put it in the neutron of explanation that I am tolerant of the childish and benighted human nature that fails to grasp the full fecundities of Truth. I take it for granted that as

one develops nearer and nearer to the vision of Truth, one's wisdom increases along with one's knowledge. As any intellect grows in true wisdom, it expands beyond any perimeter of error and thus Evil and Sin automatically dissolve as the symbolisms for the benighted condition that they are. At the most they are circumscriptions on supernal cognizance. And when you come down to trenchant examination of them you likewise make the discovery as your Wisdom expands, that they are most likely to be significances of the observer's limitations. As we are fearful of nothing in the universe that has been brought to reality by a Being infinitely wiser and kindlier than ever was The Christ, we can look at both Evil and Sin critically and dispassionately. How have they come into the world as we know it?

Have they not come really as fetishes of castigations which man indulges in, that Limitation in both his neighbor and himself is what it is? Identify Evil and Sin as limitation and you place them in a category of constructive therapy at the outset. Moreover, you unwittingly absolve God from being either progenitor or magistrate in respect to them. And you certainly save yourself a lot of headaches and heartburn, puritanically fitting Deity into the picture-frame of either of them.

Supposing we look at it.

IN ANY form of a primitive society, striving to construct a religious hypothesis

from natural phenomena or social malfeasance meriting celestial reprisal of some sort, or conceiving of an agenda of rewards and punishments, is the normal outgrowth of an infantile training. Adults of any age look backward at their childhood experiencings—when parental violence was visited upon them for disobedience to commands that really had the offspring's welfare at heart—and considering such

discipline as a sequence they merely pivot it about into the future and place themselves in the roles of minors in respect to the celestial parenthood. Rarely, if ever, do they pause to logicize that while the parental violence might have originated in cases in adult indignation manifesting in temper that in turn exercised hurt on the immature person, the true course being pursued was to impress the offender with the parental wisdom in terms of shock that remained in the memory. Pain form spankings or switchings was the elementary method of imparting education in economical and effective acceptances—until the recipe crystallized in the axiom, "Only that which hurts, educates." Like many other axioms of folklore it is more honored in the breach than in the observance and is only factual in ratio to the stupidity presented. There can be forms of intellect so advanced and sensitized that instead of educating, gross pain rebuffs and alienates. Still, we are not so interested in psychological effects at the moment.

It is the pain-infliction phenomenon as a process that inveigles us. And it is enough to concede that Education is behind it. The spankings and switchings encountered and endured by the developing child all have as their purport the transferring to the child of the parent's astuteness in respect to the increments form law observance, moral rectitudes or physical sanitations. The small boy is whacked because he broke the neighbor's window when he had been admonished not to throw stones carelessly, or because he stole fruit form the neighbor's orchard in transgression of property rights, or because he indulged in falsehood when he explained how he came by the forty cents that spilled from his trouser pocket when he did a somersault in the living room. He is thereby having called to his attention in terms of physical shock certain elementary lessons in caution, discretion, honesty or moral rectitude that disregarded in minor youthful instances may aggravate into crimes of a serious anti-social order as his adolescent horizons broaden. Into his psychology enters by association of ideas the

realization that he has come into existence in a world of Compensation—that for every action good or bad there is a reaction good or bad. True maturity is a sorting out of these values and cognitions in terms of finer and more exacting equities.

So a child is not good or bad in that he is the normal and wholesome miscreant in respect to the carelessness or thoughtlessness of boyhood or girlhood. He comes to be considered good or bad from the development or non-development of his perceptions and acknowledgments of the causes for penalties and the import of their inflictions. We have no time at the moment for discussion of the parent who overdoes the penalizing and generates a defiance in the offspring that is a phase of its indignation at injustice. We have the whole agenda of the childhood curriculum of responses to consider, queerly blown up or transferred to the heavenly anticipations.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 112

It is strange how the doctrine or notion of celestial birth or "heavenly" incarnation postulates in the average mind the exaggerated prototype of the filial stress and strain with the earthly parent. But when the transfer is effected in the divine household, disobedience to the anthropomorphic Deity is labeled and stigmatized as Evil or Sin, and the whole precipitated into the domain of Religion. And so fanatical do certain types of divines become in their adjurations to rectitude that they even seriously visualize the divine parent as becoming so exasperated at filial malfeasance that He prescribes that the stupid or perverse offender shall be taken down into the celestial basement, thrust in the cosmic furnace, and roasted alive. They wax most sadistic over the Almighty's proclivities to thus deal with mortal progeny, calling the extremity Judgment and Hell. Sane and bedeviled adults are harangued in congregation to love such Celestial Sadist or run the risk of such criminal disposals if they do not. As if they

could! Any earthly parent who thus disposed of his young, no matter how incorrigible such young might develop, would be considered littler short of insane and restrained as a monster unfit to train young if such were his ultimates in treating with his issue. But because God is the one assumed to do it, and because the pundit expounding such insanities is dignified as a Doctor of Divinity, the heinous excesses of the Celestial Parent are rationalized and after the choir has sung "Pull for the Shore", the collection-plate is passed and woe betide the communicant who drops in a button.

No one of sound mind and any instruction in the Christian religion would possibly accredit the gentle Jesus—who had it in His nature to bless His enemies as He was dying upon a cross of crucifixion—as capable of assisting in such a monstrous depravity as thrusting a living and conscious human being into the firebox of a factory furnace to know the torturing pangs of living calefaction. Yet His divine parent is represented as being capable of decreeing it, if not actually consummating it. If the assurances of certain forms of ecclesiasticism be true, how could that same Jesus entertain the slightest respect or affection for such a Moloch?

We who have come to envision the Almighty, anthropomorphic or otherwise, as ten thousand times more evolved and solicitous and compassionate than the Messiah who served Him as son, read into the whole viciousness only the fanaticisms of religious zealotry gone to seed.

Anyone in earth-life who would commit the profligacies of the Jehovah of the Old Testament would be swiftly restrained in the interests of social protection and his malevolence excoriated. Actually what we seem to be witnessing is an ecclesiastic hysteria of a most lamentable and primitive order, exercised in order to frighten earthly denizens into a rectitude popular with a species of slum harridan who hatches up horror-tales in order to gain prestige among gullible youngsters. And what does such a

one accomplish but the disclosure of his own depravity bordering on mild lunacy?

I SAID a moment ago that the administering of physical chastisement on the thoughtless young was essentially an economy of education—but it was education

nonetheless. Why will we be so benighted ourselves as to deny to the Deity what we so stoutly maintain in respect to our own adult authorities?

The difference between the earthly father and the Divine Father is, of course, that the Divine Father punishes us *by* our perversities, not *for* them. The Divine Parent sets up rules and regulations where reprisals for disobedience are reactionary and automatic. The earth father has to conduct an ethical battle with his better impulses, as to whether he shall larrup Johnny for bringing a live snake into the house or commend him for driving five or six females whom he detests into hysterics. The Divine Parent's rules and regulations are *laws* and they carry penalties for breakage or transgression within themselves. It is, for instance, what we might call a Divine Law that no one shall be so foolhardy as to walk a tight-rope over Niagara Falls. The same solicitude prompts the earthly father to wrench the small son's ear for climbing the ladder the hired man left up at night-fall in the highest cherry tree where a false step might have resulted in a broken arm or neck. But in God's law against foolhardiness there is the concommittant penalty of gravity that will punish instantly with total destruction him who is so brash as to flout it and lose out. We might also look upon it that God's law decrees that one shall e sanitary in regard to one's person or diet. The transgressor falls—as we put it—"ill" upon disregarding it. The earthly parent makes Junior go upstairs to bed at seven o'clock for coming to table in untidy dress. The celestial parent's law is arbitrary; the human parents "law" is discretionary. <u>All of which brings us to another facet of the</u>

jewel of Truth, that we can the better arrive at what is true transgression of the divine law *by studying penalties rather than by providing bugaboos to scare earth-folk into filling church pews*.

THE ECCLESIASTIC doesn't wish to do this, of course, adjudging that the divine parent is by no means strict enough, not as strict at least as the ecclesiastic would recommend had he the job of presiding a Jehovah over society in person. And we saw how utterly sadistic such strictness could become in an aberrational sequence in comparatively modern times known as the Inquisition. However, we won't go into that. What I would head for in all of this, is the more prolific circumstance that we can all of us clandestinely reveal ourselves as five-and-ten-cent Torquemadas in the matter of considering Evil and Sin after our own notions in that we arrive at the religious-zealotry-gone-to-seed by apostrophizing Mammon and 'Worldliness' and all-around Wickedness as being whatever discommodes or outrages our innate sense of personal propriety, forgetting the educational thesis of Experience as conveniently as the earthly parent who announces to his offending progeny "This is going to hurt me far more than it does you," and lies and knows that he lies.

I would get straight down now to the business of stigmatizing everything of a rigorously educating nature as being of the world, the flesh, and the devil …

Ah, the flesh indeed! There do we have a culprit. Let me illustrate in the form of a reminiscence—

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 114

RECENTLY I authored a certain Soulcraft book. Its name was Adam Awakes. It was a frank analysis of the marital relationship. Adam was assumed to have awakened after a lengthy nap in Eden and discovered by his side a feminine partner in his sorrows

and joys, providing he had sorrows in a world as yet without social background. Not being particularly squeamish myself over the caprices of sex, my only concernment while developing my theme was a reasonable restriction in the cause of good taste. However, the book was published and shipped—to several thousand purchasers who claimed to seek Truth.

And the letters started back.

I was viper, said a certain prudish contingent, that's what I was, in the bed of marital rectitude. I preached disregard of the technicalities of matrimony by giving a somewhat frank portrait of how the relations between the sexes seemed to be regarded by those on higher octaves. The fact that the views of those on the higher octaves seemed to be more tolerant, even amounting to amusement at times for the odd behavior of males and females in the intimate relation, outraged and infuriated certain individuals whose notions were more strict. Of course, not having the stamina to declare that the more tolerant attitude was the more proper or that their own ideas were open to criticism when compared with those more advanced in cosmic understanding, the tenor of abuse was taken out on myself. The views must be *mine* in that they appeared to fall short of my reader's convictions as to how higher mentors held judgment on things of sex. So I was a whited sepulchre for not pronouncing the most frightful threats of doom on any who seemed to make light of the moral code. My plea that I was mere amanuensis for the opinion, fell on deaf ears. I was, of course, "hearing wrongly," when what was meant to be expressed was, I failed to hear what my critics—particularly my elderly spinster critics—insisted on hearing. Of all crimes on the cosmic calendar, not adhering to a strict letter of the supposed law as applied to sex was the most unpardonable and if "any bars were going to be let down" concerning the ways of a man with a maid, or for that matter the ways of a maid with a man, the whole "higher teaching" was a delusion

and a snare. These critical earthly folk, predominantly feminine and unwedded, had set up their own ethical standards in respect to the marital relationship and woe betide any mere male who suggested they might have gone a little far and become unbalanced. Those of the higher realms who in cases dictated whole pages of *Adam Awakes* ought to be lectured sharply for many of their lax or facetious attitudes in the puritanic attributes but as no one seemed about to lecture them, I was the one who was lectured vicariously. What actually was behind the whole ludicrous performance?

Excess of temperament displayed in sex reactions from unpleasant or too pleasant sex experiences was behind most of it. But curiously enough, I was not at all astounded that, the opinion came from exactly the persons it did. People built up their own moral code, based on the ugliest of repercussions, and tolerated no aspersions cast upon it by either attitude of tolerance or facetious nonchalance. That all other parties were not as

exercised as themselves upon such matters was truly aspersion number one. Procreative jealousies played their roles so obviously in the whole exhibit that tolerance based on understanding was a wile of the devil showing his forked hoof in an otherwise acceptable doctrine. Had I been less mature in my own understandings I might have concluded that no sin was blacker than sin attending gender, generally because it was so ecstatically enjoyed.

This is not the place for the discussion of Sex, but by such abnormal estimates has the fetish of Sin been built. People simply cannot grasp that it isn't the deficiencies of the mass-populace, or even the rectitude of the mass-populace, that is thus being displayed, but the deficiencies or rectitude of the person passing judgment. I hark back to one of my favorite anecdotes about the famous Dr. Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson," exclaimed an outraged maiden lady to the great lexicographer, "I'm shocked that your dictionary contains so many naughty words."

"Madam," returned Johnson, "you have been looking for them."

Sins in the main are constructed to monstrous size by the persons who pride themselves on doing the least sinning. When Christ said, "Judge not have ye be not judged," I read His words to mean, "Judge not that you do not reveal what you yourself may be as Judge." I don't read them to mean, "Judge not else some higher authority come along and condemn you in turn."

What I'm working toward by my argument in all this, is the grave and basic error of mistaking our own estimates of men and morals not alone for God's estimates but for finalities translated in eternal equations …

AGAIN and again in various forms of cultism we meet with great pother about <u>Divine Mind and mortal mind, and how the two are at enmity with each other, Divine Mind being perfect and mortal mind being "wicked" … I dare to challenge it with the contention that mortal mind is not wicked, it is immature. Mortal mind is mind in the infant stage of Spirit-Evolution.</u> Mrs. Eddy makes a great to-do in *Science & Health* that God is perfection whereas man is imperfection and yet declares in another place that Man is the reflection of God's image. She would have us accept that God and Man stand on some kind of basis of equality but Man through his perversity insists on being wayward in the moral attributes. I dare to contend, I say, that Man is not wayward. Man has not yet attained to intellectual grasp of the more profitable functionings of Wisdom because he does not yet have God's—or Holy Spirit's—maturities. Putting it in somewhat blunt fashion, it is my argument that when Man has lived as long as God he will exercise God's attributes.

Certainly Man is the reflection of God … Mrs. Eddy and I have no bone of

contention on that point at all. But the analogy carries only as far as the comparison we get in mortal life, that every child is the reflection of the parent. They are of identical species. But the fact of being of identical species by no means assures the child that it has the adult judgment of the parent that has come from additional years of the parent's

experience. Adulthood, remember, stands for the concreted decisions resulting from trial-and-error experiments at living and the knowledge by tacit application that a given course of conduct will result in a given standard of discriminations. Man is divine from the nature of his origins but that does not mean he has all the attributes of the divine nature in the exercise that comes from long observation of the results of conduct, good or bad.

I say that Man is God in school!

IT IS entirely correct to maintain that being the son of my earthly father I possess all his attributes potentially. But I must knock about the world and know all my father's experiences before I can contend I possess my father's acumen in deciding instantly what is beneficial for human welfare and what is detrimental.

As I have narrated in earlier chapters, the mortal individual is undoubtedly the evolving and growing spermatozoa of celestial emanation of some stupendous Personality that has reached the point that intellectual or soul procreation is an incident of its maturity. But I believe that essence and attainment are two different items and considerations. As I read *Science & Health*—and I do read it most sympathetically—it upsets me to find Mary indicating that because I may have my divine Father's essence I should likewise have His wisdom and general acumen, and by not having it, I am guilty of some breach of the Great Moral Law. I say to Mary that when I reach my Celestial

Parent's intellectual development, I shall have left all breachings of the Great Moral Law behind me in the sheer acquisition of my cosmic acumen. Today I am a child, a divine child, and know I am a child. I am here in the stramash of these worldly experiencings to cultivate and develop supreme discriminations in regard to eternal Right and Wrong, and as I do cultivate them and exercise them I grow into mature stature of celestial adulthood.

Raining blows of intellectual rancor on the child for not being adult in one brief earthly sequence seems to me to show limitation in the one who contends that such deficiency in the child exists.

Adulthood only means the apexing of ordeal. Ordeal means participation in distressful circumstance that external situation show the human unit of self-awareness which set of values to embrace as policy for personal conduct. We say that when the adolescent becomes the adult its "judgment" should be sufficiently developed so that it "knows how to take care of itself." Are we not truly saying, "When an adolescent has had enough involvement in distressful circumstance it should develop the cleverness to stay out of messes?" But do you take note that if distressful circumstances were not somehow provided, such acumen could not be developed. One is the corollary of the other. Berating distressful circumstance merely because it is distressful is the mark of the ingrate, if the distressful circumstance provide the instrumentality for acumen and self-reliance. The child-soul screams only at the pain in the crushed finger; it fails to grasp that good judgment on its own part—not to thrust the finger where there is the

possibility of its being crushed—is the dividend that is being declared on the whole hurtful episode. And so with all the educative dilemmas of mortality.

We are in this mortal situation to learn what *not* to do, but at the same time recognize clearly *why* we should not do it. And I maintain it's time to look at the moral dividends accruing and evaluate them, not stand aside and caterwaul at the circumstances that make us Wisemen.

THIS IS my philosophy, and the philosophy of Soulcraft. I am Potential Divinity, receiving my education that will one day make me a greater God than the Hebraic Jehovah. Nothing is negative about it, nothing is wicked. I make my mistakes and recover on them. I plead guilty to not having the intellectual mentality of Mary Eddy's Divine Mind but I do maintain that the day will come when I *will* have it, if I am permitted to pursue the trial-and-error course that is currently educating me. Mary set arbitrary standards of performance or demonstration. She said, "Exercise Divine Mind at a stroke and you enjoy its increments of complete suzerainty at a stroke." I say to Mary, "Your argument is deficient in one ingredient or condition—the item of Time." I must have Time to develop up the God-Way and encounter the episodes of ordeal that make me as wise as Jehovah. What's wrong with that? Do you trounce a child at three years of age for not having the perspicacities of the adolescent of eighteen, or do you inflict eternal torment on the adolescent of eighteen for not conducting himself with the acumen of the man of forty?

Actually, the glory dies not in any moment all the sequence through. The glory is the inevitability of complete attainment that needs a thousand-and-one transitions of ordeal and vicissitude to mark, but that as inevitably arrives up some far day at Complete Realization of its Divine Patrimony and embraces it.

Which resolves, of course, into a wholly altered estimate of the planetary circumstance on any solar satellite and views it as an educative factor or influence in the evolution of Divinity to complete comprehension of its nature and its mission.

Actually it means that nothing is authentically Wicked; correctly it is educative.
God has inducted us into a universe where every causation and condition contributes to the Divinity of the celestial soul-spirit units as they come along up the cliff-paths of Experience. Every causation and condition makes the involved Soul-Spirit just a little wiser, just a little more adroit at handling itself in the face of frustration or obstruction, just as little more astute in confronting dilemmas that may involve catastrophe. And yet even Catastrophe itself may be a savior in disguise, since it may bring out the ultimate of ingenuity and thus apprise us that we possess it.
Summing it up, I say that there is Divine Parental-Spirit and Divine Child-Spirit.
The great cosmic world-of-affairs awaits to receive the Divine Child-Spirit and make an adult out of it. That so-called Wickedness is one phase of such educative instrumentism, is only an incident. The Child-Spirit Itself has to experience personal encounter and involvement with circumstance, good or bad, in order to develop counter-talent and

counter-wisdom that makes its personal wisdom supernal and omnipotent.
Reality I think it is a point of merit that I recognize my own childishness but I do not desire to stay in such inhibited state one instant longer than it serves me with increment. The big point with me is, am I berating and fulminating against educative ordeal that distresses me, when I should be grateful to educative ordeal for propelling me—propelling me several notches higher up the gauge of enlightenment into true Divinity Attained and Demonstrated?
Looked at in this light, the Child-Spirit knowingly desires to gain to the stature of Parent-Spirit but must wait the transpiration of event to enact it. Very good then, since Time is the essence thereof, why try to condense a millennium into a century or a

century into a year?

Science & Health **leaves me curiously disquieted. Recognizing and admitting all the sublime truths which it enunciates, I plead Time for the human race to arrive at realization of such Beatitudes.**

To begin with, I don't recognize that here is any such thing literally as Divine Mind—I call it Thinking Celestial Intellect. I don't recognize there is any such thing literally as Mortal Mind—I call it Developing Embryonic Godhood. I plead an intellectual truce for this world of immature offspring of divinity, pursuing their pathways of ordeal unto scintillating attainment and realization of their intrinsic glory. They will make it.

That's why the world is what it is.

And not a single mother's son or father's daughter of them shall be "lost" … I have the Great Galilean's word for that!

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 119

UNDERSONG

XIV

THE PEDANT has the right to demand of me, of course, if I would thus condone wickedness, malevolence, and immorality as much as I seem to rationalize them. I declare that condoning them doesn't enter into it. I have a new philosophy to present to him, which, by the by, really *is* new in that I fail to find it properly acknowledged as the premise for any religion in history, asking him to stop excoriating steep and rugged cliffs because pathways may lead up the faces of them which human beings have cause to travel, either to get the view from the summit or negotiate the vertical distance between a low road and a high road. What has the precipitousness of the grade or the

jaggedness of intruding rocks to do with the fact that a human animal or many human animals elect to pursue that route to serve temporal purposes? Admittedly such a route takes unusual effort and abnormal skill to climb, since some may fall over the high road's brink and be dashed to physical extinction miles below—while others may bruise feet, elbows or hips as the mounting climb grows narrower. To curse and inveigh at such features of terrain would demonstrate one's lack of intellect; the traveler might conceivably reach the same elevation by another route, or he might delay his journey till the authorities of the country have put engineers and roadbuilders to work to construct a better, or he might charter an airplane—if airplanes be available in his age and clime—and fly to the summit seated on a cushion.

What I would emphasize in the moral experience is the circumstance that after a time the traveler up the high road of mortality develops skill, lung-power, sinew, and mental and physical poise, and these come about because the cliff-path is what it is. The materials called stone that make the pavement abrasive to the feet, or difficult of ascent without momentary jeopardy to life and limb, may be exactly the same substance as composes the monument in the park that venerates yesteryear's military hero or academic pundit. Or it might serve better purpose cut into blocks and piled into a picturesque cottage in a dale where love and copious offspring abide the years around. In the case of a tormenting mountain to be negotiated by human feet and limbs, the

mountain materials came first and the pathway up them incidental to their shape or location. But what shall be said of them morally if one traveler scales them and reaches his pinnacle objective hale and strong and exuberant at his tenacity, while a second traveler has slipped and gone down to extinction the second day of climbing? The

insensate pile of granite or feldspar or flint or quartz has served the first to a beneficent and commendable end; the same pile has been the ruination of the second—since there can be no ruin quite so definite as a slip on the mountain-edge and a hurtling to a valley's floor too directly underneath. The first feels grateful to the rockpile, that profit has accrued to him from surmounting it. The second was probably cursing the terrain he was leaving permanently, every second of the fall to the bottom, where, completing his drop, he cursed nothing more ever.

I say, exchange your Great Climb up the world—indeed your Great Climb up the *worlds*—for your mountainous ascent in the instance noted, and morals are no more concerned with it than morals are concerned with mountains. Only profit or loss I concerned with either.

You make errors in your world-climb, and slip, and go over the edge with a wail. At the bottom you start over and try it anew. You may have required to obtain a fresh organism to try it anew of course, but the fact is that you get one and you start. Mayhap you slip a second time, a third, a fourth, a fiftieth. But the day does arrive when you learn to keep away from precipitous cliff-edges or watch where you place your feet that no rolling or slipping stone be under them. The peculiar contact with a steep of given contour is really a mere intellectual equation, win, lose or draw. If you had been required to travel on a road strictly level, you would have derived a different type of profit, or benefited by development of a different set of biceps. You might not have been required to keep vigilant about precipitous brinks or rolling stones; you might have required to watch out for destructive vehicles, or robbers, or predatory animals. Then these as well would classify as factors of an intellectual equation.

THE BIG question I would ask in considering travel of any sort—conceded as broadening or strengthening one—is, *Why make a religion out of it?*

Perhaps I phrase it wrongly. Why involve it *with* or *in* religious fundamentals? To give it the slightest significance—as the critics do who associate morals and rectitude with Divinity—is to charge God with being "cruel" for making a mountain grade from which one slips and crashes, or "praising" God as being exceptionally good or beneficent because one does not slip but develops the physical and spiritual stamina to gain to the heights. God was more or less impersonal in shaping the rocky mountain and locating it where He did. Human beings in ignorance chose their routes up the steepest incline on it when they might have gone around another way, or waited till the engineers had made the grade safer, or saved up their pennies and bought a helicopter. Nevertheless, climbing the hard way and winning to one's lofty destination, has resulted even from the ignorance—at least in spite of it.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 121

I say of God: the world is what it is for quite other purposes than locating mountains here and there that human beings may be plagued in trying to surmount them. Human beings surmount them from purely human motives and objectives. And the same holds true of life. Cursing the steep and tortuous mountain road, or "condemning" it because it is steep and tortuous, is directing one's anathemas not only incorrectly but idiotically. The mountain road is a circumstance of terrain for self-aware consciousness to surmount, just as so-called Wickedness, Error, and Sin are circumstances of spiritual terrain for self-aware consciousness to surmount. God didn't put them into the mundane ensemble to plague humankind, or even to test humankind, any more than he put the mountain precisely where human beings wished most zealously to climb it or go over it to reach the top or the opposite side. *Human beings encounter and surmount Wickedness, Error, and Sin through lack of wisdom*—that other roads are open or even

that other roads exist. But having surmounted these, the soul-spirit is cognizant of strength, acumen, and stamina that it never possessed before the encounter occurred. Does one condone lack of skill to scale a goat-path up a cliff without mishap to limb or life, when better than five out of ten climbers climb successfully and emerge upon the summit exultant at their prowess?

WHAT I'M trying to say is, too long the world's pedants have sung the negative Undersong of lament at the mountains of earth-life because there are any climbers lost whatever, and made a fetish out of the appalling prospect of the effort that must be expended to negotiate the prospective height at all.

I say none of it is manly. Rather it is cowardly …

And charging up to God the factor of mountains in the pathway as "temptations" to be abhorred—since God makes no man go up or over any mountain if he elects no to do so—is nothing short of blasphemy.

God shapes the mountains, and locates the mountains, as an incident of planet construction. Little gnats of divinity crawl up and down them, or slip over their precipices or wave their bonnets from the crest of them, while the loss or profit is their own strictly.

Is anything particularly wrong with that?

Isn't it wholly a matter of the way you regard it?

Bear in mind that a good many massive religions endured for ages on the several continents of this planet that never bethought to associate pagan hierarchies of gods with man's desires, habits, weaknesses, fears or ignorances. It took Midianite Christianity to do that. The practice became established of involving the Supreme God with man's moral conduct from the high ethical specifications of Jesus. As Jesus was high enough above the ethical acceptances of *hoipolloi* to be regarded out-of-hand as

divine, so the ecclesiastics who undertook to teach ensuing generations precisely what it had been that Jesus meant, wrapped up man's ethical trespasses in one foul bundle of derelictions and tossed it squarely across Divinity's shoulders. As Divinity was annoyed

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 122

by such impertinence, It took Its displeasure out on Man … thus giving us fable and folklore of Atonement. It was placing the emphasis wrongly from the start of it.

Place the emphasis on the right place—that all worldly incident is spiritually educative in some aspect—and make people astute as quickly as possible and with minimum fuss about it, and you get a religion shaped in better balance. You envision God and His mountains where they belong, and you envision Man and his obsession about climbing mountain cliffs—and profiting or suffering from such—where they belong. I say in addition that the true beauty and profit of the correction actually comes in no small part from eliminating the fear-complex that the ecclesiastical pundit delights in cultivating since it is so lucrative to him in prestige and purse.

Putting it somewhat brusquely, I would almost recommend that humanity today, Christian as well as pagan, might stand to gain much by reaffirming the Greek religious psychology: the gods have their own business living their own concerns, and man has his business living another set of concerns, and mixing up the two in one grand batter of morality is not only impious but effrontery.

THE ONLY thing wrong with it is its technical incorrectness. As we explore deeper and deeper into the profundities of Cosmos and our own origins as a spiritual species, we begin to get comprehension of a celestial Forebear Whose concerns by no means exclude Man as annoyance or misfit. We begin to get a comprehension of Divinity Who is the magnification of ourselves in that He personifies what we shall be when our mundane mountain-cliffs are successfully negotiated … and many mountain-cliffs not so mundane, of which at this juncture we have no knowledge. We discover God and Man derived of identical essence, Soul Externalizing and effecting what we name Spirit.

And as we grow more mature in our concepts—meaning more astute in our cosmic distinctions—we shall more and more come to look upon Wickedness, Error, and Sin in the light of baby antics in this world, that we classify as Pranking, Experimenting, and downright Mischief.

I dare to go so far in this as to claim that no Sin is writ on the code books that may not one day be estimated as an adventure in moral practicings whose *denouement* was demonstrated as negative.

Sin is deliberately doing things wrongly when the right way is discerned. **Yet the human being under six never lived in the earth-world who failed to pursue precisely that course of conduct to see if father or mother were correct in predictions of the outcome.**

Alas, too many are the children who discover cause for skepticisms.

Taking it by and large, you can conclude, I think, that in the sixty-fifty year of my age I am not one-tenth as exercised about Sin as I was at six …

BUT it's not a matter of my personal estimations. It's a matter of a wholly Altered Viewpoint, appraising religion as Religion.

Of course I don't recommend for an instant that the youth of the current year go out

and commit every crime on the calendar merely to profit by the "experience" that results. The experience might be ten to twenty years in a federal penitentiary. What I do recommend is that we stop this unhallowed pother about Sin as a bugbear and begin to concentrate on the truer and nobler aspects of earthly adventure as educating us step by step to function on higher and higher levels of consciousness as we acquire the grey matter. Grey matter grows by taking thought to the fundamentals of life and its complications and emerging with convictions that embody enhanced mentality. Some of

us literally *wallow* in the fecundities of Sin, though we do it vicariously and in the therapeutic manner, and ignore the obverse side of the shield of ethics, to wit, Righteousness for its own sake—not because we are threatened with punishment for ignoring it.

I am saying that there is a wholly new conception of morals, ethics, spirituality, what-not, in catching and formulating a constructive philosophy of sternly regarding every experience that comes to us in the mortal predicament as Education, putting the reactions for ordeal in our cosmic memories so that we can have them there eternally to serve us when we are celestial potentates ourselves. Granted we learn to do the right thing by doing and suffering from the wrong thing, nonetheless we learn it. *And it's the learning that counts, not the subject matter of the thing learned!*—thought that may hold no less of an importance.

To introduce something new into the philosophy of our race, look at it this way—Suppose we say that the human race from here on out became comparable to a babe born of parents on a desert island. No sooner had it learned to care for itself than both parents were killed by lighting bolts. The offspring has thus gained to consciousness in a material world but never met any other human being but the parents to the moment. Say it manages to grub food for itself and preserve life. But nobody with a long and sour face has ever addressed it and talked to it long and lugubriously about its "sins" … The foundling doesn't even know what Sin is. It makes its way up through childhood to a wild, free, uncontaminated adolescence and early maturity. It discovers that certain acts result in profit and certain acts result in damage … to its daily material self. Sins? Maybe, maybe not. One day a ship shows up on the horizon in distress and a boatload of people pull for shore. Outside the reef the rowboat founders in turn and when the wild boy gets down to investigate, he discovers none alive but a bug-eyed baby girl. He takes

her ashore and forages for her. She becomes, over a period of time, precisely the sort of creature her rescuer was—or is. Natural instincts bring them together in conjugal embrace after puberty. Presently they have offspring. Nobody has enlightened them that the conjugal embrace without benefit of clergy was Sin. A third soul has merely joined them in their island predicament. Say over a course of time the program is repeated and four or five—or even a dozen—offspring are born to the unwed castaways. All grow up free and uninhibited.

Would there be any such thing as Wickedness, Error and Sin on that island of natural brothers and sisters, providing nobody with an elongated skull and lantern jaws

intruded to instruct them as to what God thought about the whole of it? True, there might be practices that were inimical to the welfare of the castaway group as healthy human animals. But so long as no Traditions of Sin were introduced into the conjugal colony, how would they ever know about it? The members might form an introvert society as brother wedded sister, and certain eugenic defects might be observable. But unless some pundit stuffed with folklore, erudition, and sanctimony stepped ashore to tell the colony of brothers and sisters how benighted they were, and "lost" morally and spiritually, how would they ever know it? And so long as they never knew it, *how could it ever affect them?*

They would, each and severally, have their individual tussles with relatives and with circumstance, and would acquire knowledge that certain practices paid off and others didn't. They would make the grade ethically but without traditional inhibitions. And their concepts of divinity would undoubtedly be derived from their awe at thunder, lightning and volcano. Each and severally they might lie on the sand of a marvelous

afternoon and cogitate on the *How,* the *Why* and the *When* of the creation they beheld about them. But on the whole, life would be existence without accumulated prejudices and pieties, impiously rendered.

I say that when we reduce matters to such elemental circumstances, we begin to grasp what a tremendous inertia the compounding of mystical folklore has gained, to concrete in what we term Civilization. If a modern Christian Science practitioner went ashore on such an island and started to reason with the cogitator on the sand—granted the barrier of language was nil—the second generation that had never learned of Sin and the quarrel between Divine Mind and Mortal Mind out of a certain Levantine Book, wouldn't know what the practitioner was talking about.

Looked at from such angle one might almost put it that Wickedness, Error and Sin—taken as an indictment—was a mere cultural inheritance—and by no means a very wholesome one at that.

I say what would, or would not, happen to such an elemental colony of brothers and sisters, so originated, must display or demonstrated the only concern which the Cosmic God has in the affairs of the so-called "human" race on a certain third satellite of a star called the Sun in the constellation Question-Mark. And we can toss the whole accumulated mess of ecclesiastical junk out of the window of our souls otherwise, and not be one whit the worse for it.

TO GET back to the first principles, God brings us onto the desert island of the world and leaves us there abandoned, so to speak, to learn of Right and Wrong by the play and interplay of relationships with our parents and sisters and brothers. We proceed to grow and develop physically, mentally and spiritually. Good. Keep the whole proposal of the worlds and their populations equally simple, and we begin to simplify the conundrum of life.

It is complicated theologically and hence morally because the pundits have

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 125

complicated it. The more complicated they could make it, the least was it understood, not to mention interpreted. Being thus complicated, someone must be on hand to uncomplicated it. And the holy medicine-man accommodates … and his fee is ten oyster shells, preferably containing pearls.

Religion itself is very simple.

Ethics is simpler.

Morals are simplest of all …

We are in the organic vehicle, on the desert island of our particular planet, to learn what acts or practices profit us physically, mentally, and spiritually, and what not. Learning them, we pass onward and upward to higher and wider and profounder lessons. Regarding God as the progenitor of this System of Spiritual Enhancement is the truest form of Religion that we can manifest. And I have yet to see evidence that God wants one iota more. I wouldn't, if I were Deity. And I'm only a cantankerous human in my present benighted status, unfortunately endowed with the facilities to write such things in books.

The theological purist, of course, lifts holy palms in horror at such iconoclastic candor. "What are you going to do about the Holy Book?" He demands. "Or the utterings of Jesus?" And sooner or later he will demand that you likewise explain why the Book should have been presented to us if it were not true and fundamentally "sound"?

First, I want him to demonstrate to me wherein a book is holy merely because it treats of subjects religious. And I call up *Science & Health*, which most certainly does

treat with matters religious, and ask the Theological Purist if he considers it holy? Is the *Secret Doctrine* a holy book? Is the *Zend-Aversta?* Is this present volume, *Beyond Grandeur?*—it has talked about nothing but matters religious from its opening paragraph. The Purist says certainly not, to the catalog of each title. To be holy, a book has to be the Word of God, "pure and undefiled." I ask him how he knows, of *his own knowledge*, that the combinations of the Old and New Testaments are the Word of God, pure and undefiled? He doesn't know of his own knowledge, of course. He has naught but the attestments of folklore—meaning tradition—to sustain the claim. And watch him get angrier by the minute as he flounders in the morass of his scholastic limitation. I ask him how he reasons that the "infallible Word of God" can have contradictions or misstatements in it. He wants to know what contradictions or misstatements. I call to his attention that I haven't read thirty-seven verses in his Holy Book before I have come upon the first major contradiction. Is he aware that the very first book in the Bible, almost the first chapter, gives two accounts of Creation? The first account states that in the beginning the earth was covered with water; the second—beginning with the fourth verse of the second chapter—declares that it was dry. The first states that Man was created last out of the dust of the ground, the second states that man was created first, and in the image of God. Well, which was it? I go along page upon page. I learn that Adam and Eve had three sons, whom taken with their parents, were the only five

humans existing on the planet. But the same "infallible Word" is so brash and thoughtless as to declare still more chapters along that when first-born Cain slew his brother Abel and fled over into the Land of Nod—wherever the Land of Nod was —he took a wife of the people of that land, in the same generation. So there were people over

in the Land of Nod who had daughters available for matrimony! … nothing said about them in this original and "infallible" Creation account hitherto. Moreover, a few verses still further along we are asked to accredit that Cain, having married the Nod woman, "founded cities." To found cities would indicate great numbers of human beings to live in the cities. Were they his brothers and sisters birthed back in the district of Cain's nativity after he had fled? If the Adam-and-Eve story be true—and we are asked in the first book of the Bible to accept that it is true—the First Family of all living contained no daughters at the time they passed from sacred history. But granting Mrs. Adam's family did have a few girls after the subtraction of Cain, the human race must have originated as a *race* from marriage of brother and sister, which today throughout the whole earth is stigmatized as incest.

Sooner or later the Theological Purist throws up his hands and gives the angry retort that the error probably lies in translation of the ancient text, leaving himself wide open to the challenge that perchance the whole "sacred" manuscript is mistranslated from end to end. But right up to the genealogical record of Jesus—and take not that there are two and they are not alike—Higher Critics have been finding so many contradictions and inconsistencies that the question of what is literally true in the Bible and what is not true, marks the sacred volume as one of the most technically inaccurate accounts of history, sacred or profane, on the bookshelves of the world.

The one thing that it is *not*, is "infallible." Infallible means "without mistake or flaw." The Bible has been changed and altered so many times within the history of modern man as to classify as baedecker of that moral civilization which countenances the changes. In fact, millions of Christians are totally unaware that it did not come into existence as the unified book of the present until voted official by the Council of Carthage in the 7th Century after Christ—twelve hundred years ago come Michaelmas.

Not a single original manuscript of it, whose authenticity is above challenge, exists anywhere in the world at the present time.

Then about that second demand of the Theological Purist, "What about the speakings of Jesus?" …

WE GET into verboten racial discussions when we trace what happened in the evolution of the biblical accounts of Christ's utterances. What the college of anti-Christian churchman did to the sacred manuscripts in the council of the Ebionites at Pella, Asia Minor, in the First Century is heresy or "intolerance" to mention. Churchman, however, blithely ignore that—or are told nothing about it. If the whole account of Christ's ministry can be symbolized by the exquisite tale of the Woman Taken in Adultery, and the Master's immortal adjuration, "Let him who is without sin

among you cast the first stone," we of the Twentieth Century might as well throw up our own hands and confess that we don't know what He said or what He said or what He didn't say. It's a part of recorded church history that the story was discovered as inserted in the copy of a New Testament manuscript turned out in a monastery in the Fourth Century by a monk named Priscillian, who was called up before the prelates and evicted from the Church for the effrontery. But the fiction-tale itself, "being so characteristic of Christ", was permitted to remain. Go read your Church history—which the average Christian doesn't, and has small opportunity to do even if he would. If the anecdote of the Woman Taken in Adultery were a fiction, have we not the right to ask how many other anecdotes concerning The Christ were similar fabrications? After all, what stenographers, and what systems of shorthand, were employed to take down the literal utterings of the Great Galilean? Most poignant of all, what about His prayer in

Gethsemane a few moments before His betrayal-who was around to hear Him utter it and record it so specifically, seeing that the same sacred text declares that the disciples were all apart from Him, sleeping? St. Luke, who gives us the most complete narrative of the whole Christ career, being an honest scribe, admits in the first verse of his Gospel that most of what he is about to record is hearsay … "For as much as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things *which are most surely believed among us.*" It was, in substance, a chronicle of "what was most surely believed" that constitutes the Third Gospel. Go back to some of the very earliest *printed* manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments, published since the Fifteenth Century, and see how many books you recognize from their current terminology.

None of which comment is Higher Criticism in itself. I claim it is merely being honest with my own intellect. I pay my reader the same compliment as I pay myself, that if we are steadfastly to believe a thing we want it to stack up as true and correct by every standard, sacred or secular, that is available as evidence. Is it being dishonest with my own intellect, or my readers, to contend that if the Old and New Testaments were the "infallible" Word of God there should be such consistency and accuracy throughout the whole text—as well as the history of the text—that not the slightest discrepancy would be detected? I might put in the digression for what it is worth, that exactly these considerations were of no small moment to me when the sublime text of *The Golden Scripts* began to be dictated to me in 1928. Judge my intellectual reactions when I heard the Golden Voice say, "Could *I* be accorded such an honor? Am I indeed he who is born of a carpenter and the wife of a carpenter? … for I tell you, beloved, that I was born of physical conception even as yourselves but men have taken liberties with truth, that truth and legend might be one, to enhance my prestige and deify Him whom they would serve as Lord." I had long since reasoned that if a single mortal unit of consciousness

had survived the Great Metamorphosis called "death" and shown itself able to manifest in séance-room, the Master Soul of Galilee could not be otherwise inhibited. The point that has registered upon me all along has been "Men have taken liberties with truth … that Truth and Legend might be one."

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 128

IT IS my position therefore, that I am not particularly interested in the "liberties" men have taken with truth; I'm interested in what the truth is, *of* and *by* itself. I recorded some three hundred thousand or more words at epiphinal dictation of a sacred autobiographical nature, and in 1941 published them in an 844-page volume. Tens of thousands of persons, some of the highest erudition, others of fiercest critical attitudes, have read its 257 chapters line by line and word by word, *without finding a single inconsistent statement or narration in the whole 273,000 words.* If they had, I should have heard of it. If they had, my reputation would have suffered for it; they would have made certain that it did. Two hundred and fifty-seven chapters, eight hundred and forty-four pages, two hundred and seventy-three thousand words, and not as many mistakes or misstatements as can be found in the first three chapters of Genesis—supposed to be the "infallible" word of Jehovah!

So, of the two books, I prefer the one without contradictions. It shapes up in my mind as thereby being more closely recordive of cosmic fact. Of course, that's merely my personal viewpoint.

What is not my personal viewpoint in this present work is the self-evident conviction that had not the Old Testament been a sublime piece of racist propaganda, with the New Testament constructed fundamentally on the Old, it might never have endured a hundred years. It so happens that I'm not impressed by racist propaganda; I'm

interested in what the *facts* are, behind this Cosmic Symposium. And it would seem that I can obtain them far more readily and graphically by going to the source of all mundane erudition in the sacred form, to wit, communication with great wits who have lived in the past and still live and express themselves, literally from their memories. If I desire to ignore or challenge this as fact, then I must ignore or challenge the authenticity of every spiritist materialization that occurs every night in the year from world's end to world's end. Decidedly I'm not so stupid as to do that. I have "seen what I have seen" and my convictions in respect to such authenticity are by no means based upon hearsay. Enough of that.

Let me say it as clearly and strongly as I can place anything on paper in current English, that I do *not* discount or disparage either the Old or New Testaments as great allegorical poems bastioned upon sacred folklore. They probably contain the most exalted thought and inspirational sentiment in any known work, not excepting Shakespeare. *But every page of every chapter could be destroyed and exterminated by cataclysm tomorrow, and I could still live my life and effect a moral and constructive social citizenship without them, just so long as it is possible to crosscut directly to the Great Intelligences who have been behind, and responsible for, human culture on this planet from the beginning.*

I CONTEND this to be so because morality is not learned from a book but from experience. We become ultimately moral after we have gone through adventures and

ordeals and errors that have made us spiritually circumspect in our subconscious reactions, or Spirit Memories. It means that we gain to a sense of correct moral values through retrospection—meaning in turn that we have witnessed the effects of different courses of action and observed those that profited the immortal spirit and those which

caused it distress and loss. Those which provided us permanent spiritual increment we give the designation of Right. Those which proved sterile or injurious we give the designation of Wrong. These are the great criteria of all conduct and convictions.

But behind this whole undersong, however, again I am not striving to shatter the Bible or its moral precepts because they associate with inconsistencies and fallibilities. I am attempting to prove an hypothesis that not only seems logical but that sustains itself as adamant in the face of whatever scientific disclosures come increasingly to light up through ages of expanding scientific discovery. Such an hypothesis should be self-evident Truth. And it is Truth and not folklore hallowed by tradition that I seek, that everybody seeks.

The hypothesis that establishes from the revelations of the *Golden Scripts* not only makes logic in every particular, and simplifies Mysticism, but it presents a working program for life as we encounter it that seems to comply with each new scientific discovery as it comes along.

Such hypothesis outlines the procedure that Consciousness of itself is an indestructible element, that always has existed and always must exist. It must thereby transcend any atomic ensemble or material situation confronted anywhere in the known universe. I argue that nowhere can we find Consciousness ceasing to exist for any length of time—excepting for such periods as it elects to declare a voluntary hiatus for cause within its own powers of knowing—and from such apparent fact it must always have existed because it is irrational to declare that anything can have had a beginning that can have no ending. Again my analogy of the stick that is impossible of concept if it has but one end to it. A one-ended stick never attains to identity as a stick. It is a stick because it does have two ends, a Beginning and a Terminal.

In the ontological aspect, we have Life or self-aware Consciousness, incapable of

extinguishments. True, it may increase in its powers of self-discernment or discernment of environment from the primordially weak to be prodigiously comprehensive. But increase of capability to function does not alter identity as an element. Individuality comes of heightened self-awareness shaped or patterned peculiarly from effects of experience-changes that are commonly called Ordeals. But again Individuality does not cease to be such because one man's has comprised this while another man's has comprised that. And so it is with Existence as essence. So long as there is only Death of *Body,* meaning perishment of organism, all ordeals must be relative of effect but no qualification of effect makes them any less ordeals.

If the Soul lives on after perishment of organic vehicle, it must have had similar status of existence before occupancy of vehicle. If it can be shown that Soul does not require vehicle in the organic sense to get external activity converting it into Spirit, then

more than one vehicle up its long expansion of self-awareness through ordeal is not only reasonable but consistent with the very hypothesis of eternality. That makes Re-ensoulment a rationality, taken of or by itself. To my way of viewing it, Re-ensoulment of itself would prove eternality, in that it would be the only process by which eternality is understandable and measurable to its logicizing powers.

Re-ensoulment being thus established by its necessity to complete the rationalizing powers, the whole Plan of Mortality comes clear, and if, as, and when the whole Plan of Mortality comes clear, the true significance of immortality comes clear and thus becomes self-evident. While for the moment this may seem like propounding that Life is Life because it is alive, while Death is Death because Life is absent, nevertheless it is proving the positive at least by the very fact of the negative. You can't have one without

having the other, else the one is non-identifiable. All identities are established by the circumstance of their opposites. Never do we use even the term Mortality itself without expounding or at least implying Immortality and vice versa. We have to conceive one to conceive the other, else both are inconceivable, and not only reasoning halts but thinking itself must terminate. One always thinks in negatives to get positives, and always in positives to express negatives. They are merely obverses, in other words, to the end of time, amen. And one has equal value with the other.

But I'm traveling a considerable distance from Wickedness, Error and Sin …

I'M COMPLETING a book on Immortality now and identifying my thesis by dealing in Mortalities. Instead of declaring arbitrarily that Immortality is the God-Mind in infallible operation while Mortality is any earthly and organic imitation or reflection of it, evidencing Wickedness, Error and Sin in proof, I emphasize anew that Wickedness, Error and Sin are but album items of immaturities of Developing and Expanding Spirit, striving for celestiality as a degree of comparison with current limitation or inhibition. But wickedness, Error and Sin again are but obverses of Rectitude, Truth and Virtue, else Rectitude, Truth and Virtue would be non-recognizable.

My Cosmic Hypothesis, however, does not make any fetish of the former, nor solicit practitioners or devotees to them simply because they are states of identification by which the attainments of the adult nobilities shall be described. I not only wish to convince my student-reader of his own imperishability in logic—by proper presentation of the blueprint by which such cosmic adulthood may be gained—but I want him to grasp as I grasp what stupendous potentials we are treating with as we attain to vaster and higher concepts of the parent power that does the wonders because of the fact that it is parent and mature. All this pother about the deterrent effects of Wickedness, Error and Sin seems to me to be as celestially inconsequential as considering the potentialities of a

splendid man or woman because he or she had his or her infantile periods of bolting food, twisting the cat's tail, or having childish and unsanitary mishaps in the trundle-bed. The facts of the matter would seem, to be, that when you truly get the beginninglessness and endlessness of the imperishable soul-unit through your intellect, Wickedness, Error

and Sin start to lose their devastating significance as unpardonable transgressions and drop back down the scale of importance as mere childish acts by which one acquires wisdom through painful participation, or trial-and-error experimentings. It is the one-life-is-all-you-have-to-live ideology that has been responsible for the shattering indictment of depravity and spiritual infamy handed down against the whole species by its benighted moralists, fancying they were being virtuous. I would open the windows of this iniquitous carnal-house and nobility fumigate the rooms. When you grasp the true program of the life-progression with its attendant increments of inexhaustible ages, the whole philosophy alters and peace that discloses as a truly effective therapy to all abrasions of the exploring Soul-Spirit comes in and abides as the Great Christ formerly promised.

It is the vastness, beauty, and even grandeur of this supernal canvas that the stricken mortal intellect grasps in flashes, that I contend works the magic healing mistakenly attributed to "the mortal standing aside and letting God perform." The effect may have been the same in regaining health by seeming miracle but even Health itself is but a passing phase of the cosmic enlightenment.

All things are permitted to exist to contribute to the Soul-Spirit's practical experience. Experience is Holy Spirit exercising Its parentalism.

Undersong, indeed! …

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 132

BEWARE THE FURY

XV

ALL of which may or may not hold interest for the average reader, depending upon his orthodox convictions or lack of them. I started out to pen a book on Immortality and here I am, within a chapter of the end, and scarcely a word uttered concerning Heaven and Hell. Am I ready to challenge the existence of those localities or am I avoiding mention of them from policy not disclosed? Practically all religions which the world has heard about, have featured their Good Place and their Bad Place, their Paradise and their Tartarus, their Elysian Fields and their Hades … how comes it, if Mortality be only a classroom as I have been pleased to argue, these regions symbolizing rewards or punishments for the conduct of the soul in earth-life can be dismissed without foundation in fact? Would the assumption not be logical that faiths which have swept continents, and distinguished the most remote generations, must have had some premise that was more than superstition? Religious folklore generally has been predicated not alone on phenomena that have featured every time and clime—respecting out-of-this-world destinations—but undoubtedly upon subconscious memories transcending Time and Space. The inquiry is a fair one.

Well, I have not held back mention of it for policy not disclosed. I have neglected to make reference to these orthodox concepts of futurity because, like Wickedness, Error and Sin, I regard them as concepts befitting the temperaments subscribing to them.

It does not appear that longevity or universality of a conclusion or conviction concerning the fortunes of the soul-spirit constitute evidence substantiating the existence of those happy or unhappy destinations, but that the longevity and universality

of acceptance of belief in the said localities grows from an earth-plight that is universal in itself. It makes no difference how many men you plunge into a predicament, being men their reactions will be similar. Heaven and Hell therefore would seem to arise in reaction to a total affliction wholly unqualified by age, race, or culture.

It is the affliction of mortal fortunes unrequited so long as mortality itself endures.

It is the groping for compensation that is spiritually recognized as a fiat of

conscious life no matter where situated.

Soul-Spirits find themselves inducted into organism amid environments comfortable or distressing. They are introduced to bodily or mental toil for which they command—or demand —compensation; alas, it comes not or they discover themselves swindled out of it. They see the kindly folk martyred and what appear to be the evil folk heaped with largess in secular goods or favors. Lacking the key of Wisdom—that it is the cosmic technique for impressing facts upon the eternal consciousness—they fabricate the simple ruse of inventing a post mortem state of affairs where the reverse comes to issue. The crosses of the martyrs are exchanged for crowns, the riches of the evil folk are as millstones about their necks. The humble and the lowly are lifted up to dwell in eternal marble halls; the lordly and the arrogant are brought low and reduced to the status of grimy and hapless firemen in the boiler rooms of Perdition. Men in every land and civilization on which the sun has ever shone have confronted this quandary of morality not paying off in its own coin. So the continuity of spirit-survival is conceded but not the specie of the obligation. The so-called Afterlife must be a mushroomed and sublimated duplicate of earth-life where the adjustments come to fruition with the environment sublimated but not the equity. You poked out my eye deliberately on earth

when I was helpless to defend myself; my sense of justice outraged causes me to envision someone of a deified status sitting in judgment on you and making it possible for me to poke out both of *your* eyes with a cohort of assistants to hold you helpless while my mayhem is transacted. I foreclosed the mortgage on the farm of a poverty-stricken widow, so when I get out of flesh I should be prepared to find her sitting in a golden chair in a palace endowed with the prerogative of calling the angelic servants and having me tossed down the marble front steps. *It is really the Law of Balance, of Equilibrium, operating in a thousand imageries and desire-wish fulfillments* … because the true import of mortal predicaments has never been correctly nor adequately imparted in the first place.

THE RESTIVE befuddled God-Intellect in microcosm, obeying the law but not understanding its import, might lie back on a sodden couch as an individual and invent every compensating torture and distress that imagination can call up. Thereat the pundit. He says— as he has always said—in effect: "Let me conceive one comprehensive and official place where all the eye-gougers and mortgage-foreclosers can encounter their just deserts, just as I beg authority to paint you one comprehensive and official place where all the martyrs and bankrupts take over … living in joyous largess till the whole universe comes to an end. Of course both localities must have head-men, so for the Paradise of Idleness and social reward I'll dragoon God for you, since He is the epitome and personalization of justice, and we'll call the place Heaven; for the Sheol of gloom, retribution, and the wicked getting their just deserts in heartbreak and distress, I introduce you to the antithesis of God, a fallen angle called Lucifer; he'll forthwith attend to the proud and earthly wealthy." It proved a great advance in intellectualism,

when men of all degrees and shades of imagination gave up their microcosmic attempts at ill-wishing on their enemies and concurred in some ancient theologian doing the thinking for the mass, making their blind gropings for the import of the moral law of Balance one groping in respect to each fateful locality, labeling the first one Heaven and the second Hell. Heaven was prepared intellectually on an official basis, expertly described and specified, and Hell was adequately trimmed up as the one universal torture-chamber and catchall for those not qualified to merit Elysia. They took the places of the individual desire-wish thinkings as to fates and localities where earthly equities paid off.

I'm sorry to say that I'm forced to smile at the whole of it. But not in the slightest mirth. In pity.

There is nothing comic about either concept.

WHERE do I obtain my prerogative to smile even in pity?

I get it from my own reflexes that treat of Proportion, Proportion of itself being but another aspect of the Law of Equilibrium.

I say Proportion—or Balance of Factors—cannot be adulated in the natural universe, then ignored or avoided in the theological universe. But that is what every prelate does daily and twice on Sundays.

In the first place, from whatever angle you want to consider Hell, it is out of proportion to all other localities or situations in Cosmos. It is out of proportion as to size, it is out of proportion as to populace. Follow the average theologian in his exposition and you receive the idea that only one out of ten merits Heaven or stands a chance of reaching it—in fact, we do not read far in the sacred text before we find it implied that the ratio is nearer one in a hundred. Ninety-any-nine are "lost" to one that is "saved". Something like 65,000 persons die physically in the United States every day in the year;

those are the vital statistics merely for America alone. If we wish to accept literally the information in Holy Writ, that is 650 new inhabitants for Heaven—every day, mind you—and 64,350 for Hell. Heaven's population on a permanent basis increases at the rate of 237,250 every year, while the minions of the Devil increase at the rate of 23,497,750 annually. Just from the United States alone, take note. Does anybody but the prelates seriously accredit such an increase?

As a simple proposition in common sense, what kind of cosmic management would it be that permitted human spirits to be called into life to go on multiplying at any such figure throughout eternity, 23,497,750 "wasted" so to speak, in order to get 237,250 who existed in grace and idleness unto time without end, amen? We'll say nothing about the poor wretches who theoretically landed in the Bad Place—still according to ecclesiastical notions—in result of circumstances over which they had small control. We'll say nothing about them being presented with some sort of bodies that are supposed to feel all the physical reactions of fiery punishment and yet subsist on no nourishment else the disproportionate numbers committed to eternal torment would

long since have eaten the devil's regions out of roof and cellar. We will merely look at the terrific waste of consciousness in any such disproportionate consignments, to get one out of a hundred that Deity found agreeable to having about. You can't have eternal life for residents of Heaven without eternity of life for denizens of Hell. So year after year, so long as the universe endures and earthly mothers continue to suffer deliveries, millions upon millions are added to the population of Hades till it begins to run to billions. All to what end? No end whatever, that the ecclesiastics can explain.

"Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley once seriously calculated from the mean population of

the earth over the period of time since the creation of Adam as indicated in biblical chronology, that reckoning all the souls who had ever lived in flesh—conceding that each had lived but one lifetime—the compounded total couldn't be given standing-space on this entire solar planet but would make a mass of bodies, standing upon each other's shoulders, something like 137 miles high. If we wish to be strict literalists in the theological manner, think of only one out of every hundred reaching realms of bliss and the other ninety-nine kept in existence in realms of subterranean dolour "where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Incidentally, would it be in order to inquire what the teeth are employed for, aside form forlorn gnashing, seeing that there is no suggestion of good having beer arranged for in Inferno? …

If this ancient Levantine narrative of folklore is to be taken literally in one respect, it must be taken literally in all respects. We can't pick and choose what its features are to be according to our individual imagination.

OF COURSE the same strict ecclesiastical purist remands us back to the New Testament wherein it is stated that such multiplication of populace for the various designations in the Afterlife has *not* been going on since Adam, but only since the Crucifixion and death of Christ. Jesus was the "first fruits of them that slept." In other words, the text is plain in a hundred cases that the extermination of the Messiah by the Roman soldiery some nineteen centuries in the past brought humankind the privilege of gaining to eternal life—you can hear the assertion bellowed from the pulpit of any revival service any week in the year. So?

Strange that these same evangelical exhorters have a blind spot in their brains about explaining to us how—if Christ Jesus' dying brought mankind eternal life—anybody of that age knew anything about Heaven and Hell as identifiable places? Could you have a

recognizable heaven or hell without populations? It seems, if the sacred logic be accepted, that both Heaven and Hell were tenantless up to the night of Gethsemane, since no one was supposed to have survived the grave until the departure of Jesus from His mortality supplied the privilege. No mortal could have been ushered into either locality until 33 A. D., therefore the first ninety-nine people to expire instantaneously upon Calvary formed the original tenants of Averness, whereas the Galilean constituted the first to gain eternal life in the paradisical regions. It seems to have passed unnoticed

that if the circumstance of an awarded immortality were literally true, even the thief on the cross beside Jesus wouldn't have known what He was talking about when He consoled the wretch with the assurance, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." What was Paradise? It was starting right then and there, insofar as mortal graduates were candidates for it. What humankind up the previous generations and ages had conceived as Paradise had all been myth and imagery in the literal sense. Adam hadn't survived, Noah hadn't survived, none of the Israelite patriarchs had survived, even the great Moses has perished utterly when his body lay lifeless. The account of the rematerializations on the Mount of Transfiguration had been without sense, because if Christ were the first fruits of them that slept, Moses was as far out of existence as though he had never been incubated, and Moses couldn't have been a fruit, having perished. So by their own logic or lack of it, the Transfiguration narrative was as much a fairy tale as the parable of the woman taken in adultery—if we rely on ecclesiasticism. And this is only one of the minor paradoxes in the so-called Hypothesis of Salvation—which today is the sole sum and substance of the Christian "faith." You can call me all manner of rude epithets for referring to these paradoxes as

maintaining at all in the great and beautiful sacred narrative. But there they are, and possessing a reasonably rational brain, I want them rationalized. *Or else repudiated.*

The ecclesiastic lifts his palms in impotent horror, of course, at the slightest suggestion of repudiation. Repudiation would mean "to deny the doctrine." To deny the doctrine would mean to deny Christ and thereby switch my moral allegiance to the devil and all his angels. Not only does that savor of the grossest impiety but dark hints may be tossed about penalties for blasphemy. At the least it is Free Thinking.

I say it is all a case of calling attention to Error collapsing of its own weight of inaccuracy.

The difficulty is, from the viewpoint of him who pins everything on the Salvation Hypothesis, if he admits errors in the slightest aspect of the evidence he might as well concede he doesn't know what is error and what is truth, therefore without error and truth established his belief is baseless.

The Hypothesis of Salvation, concocted from the folklore legacy of the Midianite scapegoat theory—with Heaven and Hell as official localities from those accepting or rejecting it—is well-nigh a perfect paradox, on the face of it. Granting it has arisen fro man's inhumanity to man from days immemorial, in every land and clime, that proves nothing more than that the mortal predicament has been similar since organic man drew the breath of life. Punishing the innocent that the guilty may be absolved is manifest inequity, since the "wicked" need only concern themselves with a supply of righteous persons to do their suffering for them and God will pronounce Himself satisfied. Surely it wrenches something deep and fundamental in the human heart to have serious doubts cast on the probability of its being true, but that is the force of tradition operating, along with no doctrine of more reliable actuality to take its place. The entire dogma of salvation comes out as ecclesiastical frenzy to avoid and avert the moral possibility of

acknowledging re-ensoulment. Common humankind's aversion to any ideology embodying a possibility of repetition of this world's disciplines and tragedies made it necessary to win converts by saying to the abused victim of circumstances, "Embrace this new faith and you don't have to come back, but are free of this whole worldly tenure forthwith." To convey it in the modern idiom, the sales resistance was minimized by substituting the Midianite folklore for the cosmic fiat. If men could be persuaded to a certainty that re-ensoulment was positive and unavoidable, they might get their intellects together and connive to make such earthly tenure a little less monstrous. Then there might be no office of the ecclesiastic to officiate at the profitable rituals involving the benighted. It wasn't reasoned quite as crassly as that, of course. But such was the premise of its acceptance.

I DISCUSS it thus here because no discussion of Immortality would be complete without giving cognizance to the traditions concerning immortality preceding the present. I dare to maintain that the whole significance of the Christ Life and the Christ Ministry was not only misinterpreted but misconceived almost from the beginning—and that it's been *from* such misconception and misinterpretation that the earth two thousand years after the Galilean still contains controversy over the tenets of Christianity. Actually they are the tenets of Churchianity. But until one sees clearly wherein there is a difference, he cannot comprehend the new and truer enlightenment that is finally reaching us at this Close of the Gospel Age.

You cannot preach Beware the Fury for two thousand years, or very near them, without accentuating Fury so that it continues to loom large in humankind's hourly conduct. Dante's *Inferno*—to say nothing of Milton's *Paradise Lost*—have done more to agitate and torment the conscientious neophyte in sacred matters than the leers of all

the imps tha have ever grinned from the earthly manholes to Averness.

To look fearlessly and comprehendingly on the true process of what does occur to the advancing soul in its climb up the steeps of educating ordeal, engages it with a challenge to rectitude that exists for its own sake.

Pry into the sacred precincts by whatsoever means you will—Extra-Sensory Perception, Time-Track retrospections, converse or actual association with those demonstrating and confirming spirit-return—nowhere do you encounter the trace of suggestion of the existence of the regions depicted by Dante or Milton. Yet dogma forsooth clings to them in that it has no substitute so potent for making itself of consequence. Only as hypotheses in Churchianity do such localities endure—Churchianity being a synonym for sacred tradition. Assuredly we do find, from the testimony of the discarnate, that countless localities exist that are improvements on mortality. But again, calling them Heaven merely because they do offer improvements on mortality, is to deal in hypothesis. If you accredit the Perdition of so-called sacred writ, you must accredit the Paradise of it as well. You can't minimize the one and maximize the other. The Paradise of sacred writ is distinguished by specific

features, furnishings, and factors. St. John, in the 21st chapter of Revelations commencing with the 10th verse, is so positive about such features, furnishings and factors that he catalogs "the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." He describes its walls and its gates—all as archaic to the municipal construction of the Twentieth Century as the times in which John lived … and yet this "holy Jerusalem" is supposed to be the Eternal City in a most literal sense, predicated on the city pattern of nineteen or more centuries bygone, no trams or buses, no sidewalks or curbings, no

television aerials on the houses, no signs at the street corners marking the thoroughfares, no thoroughfare-lighting—evidently on the supposition such municipality was bathed in perpetual daylight. But what an odd place, compared to a metropolis like New York, Chicago, London, or Paris of these later times. The angel measured it with a reed under St. John's gaze and it was twelve thousand furlongs in three dimensions, long, wide, and high. In linear measure there are eight furlongs to the mile. So this "holy Jerusalem" that has been accepted for generations as the official proportions of the celestial city figures out to 1500 miles long, 1500 miles wide and 1500 miles high. The length and width we can understand—conceding literality again—but why such preposterous height? Since when was height any enhancement to a metropolis? Are we expected to accept that the walls were 1500 miles high, or the structures? Understand me, I am *not* deprecating or depreciating such specifications of Holy Writ—what I'm endeavoring to establish is that according to all the information I've been able to garner from a quarter-century of psychical research, the actuality of the ethereal regions are totally at variance with the established tradition and folklore. And again, if one be amiss, what shall we accept and what shall we reject? And are we to rely on our own preferences or conjectures in our acceptances and rejections? I'm sincerely searching for Truth. Immortality of the soul—yes. That I will buy, having substantiating cognitions in my own subconscious that I have lived before this current global sojourn and therefrom deduce that I will live again. But residing throughout all the time that ever is to be, in one metropolis—even though it be as large as the eastern half of the United States—with nowhere else to travel because according to sacred lore there seems to be no other place … the whole notion stacks up to me as strategic enticement to sell an ideology to a primitive people because the truth was unpalatable. It is Beware the Fury in reverse …

Thereby am I complaining again because such strategies run riot with proportions. NOW, retrospecting for the moment, to what does this exposition boil down as a whole? … I say it boils down to a wholly altered concept of Divinity in juxtaposition to earth-life. It boils down to a total abandonment of the paganistic and childish notion that God occupies the office of sitting in judgment on anybody, or punishing anybody. God actually is in the position of creating and staffing a College of Wisdom which earthly progeny of His attends from generation to generation, graduating class by class as each earthly embodiment is completed. This is the whole sum and substance of the

Decalogue.

In such philosophy, conceiving the Ancient of Days as a God of Wrath is a blasphemy—in that wrath symbolizes temper, which means emotions slipped out of intellectual control. Lack of self-control is declared to be a moral weakness in the mortal ideology. Would it be any less in celestial ideology?

Of course, the ecclesiastic demands how a God of Absolute Justice could avoid "punishing" men for their sins. But I respond that a God of Absolute Justice would make allowance for the benighted condition of the average mortal and recognize that as men became wise they became sinless by sheer discrimination between the profitable and unprofitable—as circumstances reacted upon their spirits. Why not therefore, encourage them to become sinless by becoming erudite in all the cosmic processes? And that, in fact, is precisely what the Dead discover each and severally for themselves, as truly happening.

When we essay to consider Immortality, we essay to consider the whole colossal program of trial-and-error experience that comes to individual man up ten thousand

sessions of embodiment. It is fine thing to enlighten man in the cosmic verities as they apply to his bodily health or well-being—which such doctrine as, say, Christian Science has done most capably. But man's soul-spirit wants and requires more than mere well-being of organism. Man's soul-spirit wants the whole panorama of celestial education unrolled to him so he can see its beneficent and incessant fecundities. He wants to be assured that life is more than splendid physical well-being while in the body; it is eternal progress up the worlds, with interment of the temporary vehicle in the grave as but an incident or series of incidents. Christian Science, I say, even as much as I have come to love Mary Baker Eddy, offers only the application of Eternal Principles to the earthly estate. I have plenty of cause for grasping that even Mary herself would have her people *lift their eyes and behold the application of Eternal Principles to the celestial or perpetual estate!* Thus, actually, I would not reconstruct Christian Science in the slightest particular. I would develop it, that its communicants might seize upon the picture of life in its serried embodiments for educative experiences. To stop at the edge of the grave and say that Christian Science ends there, is to cast a slur on the beauteous intellect of the grand lady who did so much in a recent generation to bring God and Christ closer to mortal sensibilities. Christian Science, in other words, goes far, *but it does not go far enough!*

However, I started out to write a comment on the implausibility of Hades, depicted through the eyes of purblind ecclesiastics. What I am pleading for, is emancipation from the sadism of paganism as entertained by man in his philosophical thought.

Hell is archaic, from every visitation of the sacred illumination. Suppose we attempt to be modern—meaning, suppose we attempt to rebuild our whole thinking to conceive of Divinity in the aspects that Aquarian Enlightenment depict to us. The world of souls is not composed of victims slated for punishment. This world of souls is made

up of tired, confused, earnest, aspiring men and women—entirely human —going

through the harshest of trial-and-error experiences to determine what is most meritorious for them to espouse or emulate in their daily intercourse and behaviorisms. This is the glorious incentive I get out of Soulcraft. Nobody has religious nightmares inflicted on him to make him righteous through terror. Nobody is jeopardized by pagan damnation. Every mother's son and father's daughter who has ever undergone the ordeal of flesh, is "saved" in the end—because salvation is the utterly simple matter of profitably surmounting experience. Consider what our beloved Elder Brother respond when we asked Him the core and heart of His message that we could convey to the race in the centuries ahead—

***"The fact that EVERY life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning and an Inner Glory, and is precious in My sight!"* Not one line anywhere in eight-hundred and forty-four pages of the *Golden Scripts* about Hell. Strange, indeed!**

SOULCRAFT is God-reverence with fear of damnation abolished because a truly Divine Spirit would be above the slightest contact with vengeance.

To revere and love a Heavenly Father who commands our affectionate fealty because of His concern for the grossest or most childish among us, is religion enough for truly rational men and women.

Paying sincere tribute to the valorous Mary Baker Eddy, this would—and should be—the capstone on her *completed* Christian Science.

GRANDEUR AND BEYOND

XVI

WE HAVE it from Shakespeare, "The mightiest powers by greatest calms are fed." Bodily demise has been termed the greatest calm of all. Verily it does feed the mightiest powers—the powers of the individual soul to meet all educating vicissitudes and persist to infinity. And by the demonstration of indefatigable survival, no matter what the ordeal, these powers are invincible. Moreover, they are powers over which we need exercise no concernment. They *ARE*. Their very persistence is the attestment of such invincibility. No matter what the ferocity of such experiences through which you soul-spirit has evolved from a Beginning which was not a beginning but a status, you have survived to this moment, no matter how many aircraft have ever promised you a fatal crash within a matter of seconds. Nothing in all the agenda of predicaments up the worlds has ever deflected or defeated you. It never can. *This fact alone is the epitome of your Godhood!*

You say to me, "I'd believe it if I could only have memory or evidence of it in circumstance." You fail in the grasping of the major fact that your aliveness and intellectual perspicacity this instant is the circumstantial evidence of it. You are *YOURSELF,* endowed with all the increments that uncountable ages have bequeathed you as you lived up across them. At no point or moment does the realization ever come that you have reached the End. Always you are conscious of something, either of yourself or some factor or feature of your environment. This imperishability of momentary realization is the immortality over which your clerics have made such pother since the beginning of self-recognition in any prevalent state of vehicular existence. You say to me, "Granting that all your logic may be sound, when I actually make the Passing, what will be my sensations?" That is a query I have anticipated from

chapter one …

Death is a sensation, true enough. But it is *only* a sensation, let's get that straight. What if I informed you that you might make the Transition and not be circumstantially aware that you had made it? Literally thousands have had such

experience. You might, in other words, *die* and not be consciously aware that you are dead. Are you consciously aware of what time on the clock's face you fell asleep last night? Were you consciously aware of coming from slumber back into realms of reality this morning? You went through periods of relaxation, that is all. And innumerable are those who have reported back to me, during my twenty-six years of psychical explorations, that such was their reaction to spiritual alterations …

ONE OF the most moving attestments I have received of such alterations to the vehicular occupancy came to me from a former Soulcrafter who resided during the closing years of his last embodiment in Toronto, Canada. John and I had sat often in a dimly-lighted library discussing these great issues. He was of philosophical temperament, in his sixties. Suddenly one day in 1940 a telegram came to me that he had made the Passing. I felt a pang of envy that such great good fortune had come to him. Let me make of permanent record in this final chapter what he described as his sensations when he had located a psychical sensitive through whom he could communicate with me—

"You know," he began, "reaching This Land after the transition from earth is an experience one doesn't too easily forget—and not because of what earth-folk call 'agony' in any sense, for that is over and done with before the actual process of dying—as men call it—takes place. This process is bliss, let me tell you, like the fading

away of the strains of far-off music, or if you prefer, the somnambulant feeling of healing after a sickness has gone …

"Somehow I feel that I never did wholly lose consciousness in the fullest sense of the word. I slept, certainly. But even that sleep was akin to the sleep that you know in the body, yet flickering in and out of it at all times were shades and tints of lights, not enough to make me wish to concentrate upon them but enough, as it were, to make me know that I was Myself, but resting, quietly, peacefully, expectantly.

"Then I remember, I do not know how, a stirring about me like the fluttering of the wings of birds, airy and yet of density of a sort. The first sound I heard—and I remember well—was a hushing warning, as though somebody had laid a finger to his lips and was shaking his head and cautioning silence. Next, the most Beautiful Voice I had ever heard said *'John!'* quietly, anxiously. I still felt no desire to move but felt a smile hovering over my face. The voice went on, 'He is waking. He hears Me! Gently now, all of you! Quietly, easily, no stirring … he must come to himself slowly, without haste!'

"I still could not stir but I knew a sigh had escaped me, one of pure bliss, ease and restfulness. Does this seem strange, my brother? Some day you will know, and when you do, you will wonder that you ever felt the world worth holding onto. For, from the first moment of waking Here, you begin to feel new sensations, so foreign to those of earth that it is no less than Joy Inexpressible.

"To begin with, that *heaviness* is gone. Yes, the weight of trillions of atoms,

grinding, groaning, weighing down your spirit, has lifted, and you are *light*—lighter than air.

"Oh the joy of it, my brother, oh the *joy!*

"And yet you know somehow, it is but the Beginning of a life that holds promise of fulfillment, and for a while you are content to lie back—at least so it was with me—and think of nothing save this: 'It's done, it's over! … it was nothing, nothing at all. And I had been *afraid.*'

"I knew not how it could be, but still it was nothing, *because I had made the same Transition before, many, many times!* You toy with the thought, and yet you lie there. And then the Gentle Voice speaks again, 'John! John! *Old friend!*' And you think, 'I know this Voice, surely I know this Voice.' And at last, at long, long last, you open your eyes. You close them again as quickly, for you are not yet used to the brightness of the place. And the Kind Voice says, 'Take your time, John. There is all eternity, you know!' And your mind—which you have certainly brought along with you—says, 'Yes, All Eternity. All eternity to learn of God's love. All eternity to Go Onward, into Further Wisdom, all eternity to fill in the gaps, the wonderings, the *whys* that you ever asked on earth.

"And then you move! Yes, you have a body to move, my brother, but a *different* body. It is like to the one you used on earth but new somehow, cleansed and restored.

"But not all this at once, for, as you learn later, what seems to have happened in a few moments was really longer than you thought. This I can't explain. Only I can tell you. Someday *you* will know.

"And understand."

HERE is the attestment of a compatriot who Went through the Gate before me. It recalled to me that night in California in 1928 when I had that epochal experience that I afterwards described under the title, *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. I had not been wasted with illness as my friend John was. I lay down of an ordinary night and

awakened at 2 a.m. with the screams coming from my Inner Consciousness, "I'm dying! I'm dying!" Presently I came out in an Exquisite Place, peopled with scores of persons whom I had last beheld as they had lain, each and severally, lifeless in caskets. I thought as I beheld them so, that I had made the Transition.

Supposing I had not "gone back" into my inert body on a bed in an Altadena bungalow? The world would have called me "dead", the husk of my former self would have been interred in the ground of a California cemetery. *But why should I have been afraid to undergo the hyperdimensional experiences I DID undergo that night?*

Death itself, literally, would have remained the most delightfully ecstatic experience I have ever undergone since my birth in Lynn, Massachusetts in March of 1890.

Again I say, you may make the Transition and not be intelligently aware that you have made it.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 144

YOU arouse from a particularly vivid dream, my brother, and feel a lightness and airiness to yourself for which you cannot, at the moment, account. You arise and dress, or bethink to dress. Not until the bedroom mirror gives back no reflection of you, does it occur to you that something may be amiss.

You are DEAD, my friend, … as dead as you ever will be up a thousand million years of cosmic sunsets! Persons come in and greet you whom you thought of as but loving memories. They are real, vital, restored to you as though there had been no grieving Yesterdays. You accept them and greet them.

You are in Eternity!

However, I'll wager that you yourself will be the first to challenge it and deny it.

Where is the ecclesiastical Judgment? Where are the angels, the seraphim, the cherubim?

Where is God? You are simply awakened into a status of Exquisite Relaxation, that is all. Your earthly pastor took you through the turmoils and ordeals of spiritual controversy, brought you up to the brink of the grave, gave your shoulder a pat and said sanctimoniously, "Have Faith!"

You feel like demanding of him, "Faith in what?"

The Present Moment, that I described to you many pages back, is simply enduring. You are living as you have always lived—within the perimeter of your own self-awareness. You glance around for Grandeur. The scene is beautiful, exquisite. But *is* it grandeur?

Alas and alack, the thought comes home to you with paralyzing chagrin, *Grandeur is always relative! You have long since gone beyond the whole of it!*

You are truly an Immortal Spirit, progeny of your Holy Parent who ever recedes as you advance! You must have grossness to set off Grandeur. Where there is no grossness, how can you recognize grandeur as an attainment?

You have lived since Before the Beginning. Verily shall you exist long after the End … All things start to sort themselves out.

***Mind* is the all-important thing—the Intellect of Eternal Spirit. Those terrible ordeals you were called upon to endure in earth-life, what have they been but a cinema of children, playing with toys?**

You think thoughts you have never thought before.

So this was the Experience you fretted about yesterday and had been such a bugbear all the days of your mortality.

IT IS the roundness, and fullness, and general acceptability of all the experiences of fleshly occupancy that impress their significance upon you. No, you were not afraid when that airplane's motor knocked out and the valiant stewardess cautioned you to fasten your lifebelt. It wasn't faith in a biblical Divinity that buoyed you up and helped you meet the paralyzing crash with the verve of the thoroughbred. It was the closing of

a cycle for you, that a new one might open.

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 145

Thus do the cycles succeed one another, one blending in upon the one ahead.

This is the only Eternity or Immortality you shall ever know. **You shall be the**

similar character in all worlds, that you have been in the world you are vacating.

Character doesn't alter from world to world. You alter the worlds to which you gain by the lusty experiences encountered in each one put behind you. But through all of them, you are God Himself in Embryo, and there is none beside.

Design for Immortality?

The only "design" has been composed of the factual and educative experiences you

have encountered since eight o'clock this morning, after departing your nocturnal bed.

Did you meet the issue of day with poise, nobility, stamina, tenacity? Or did you skulk,

and cower, and offer whimpering alibis? That is the true *test* of your Divinity.

It is always going on, every second of every moment of every hour of every day. *As*

you purport to live like God you become God.

Your heaven is the place where all those dwell who are drawn into the circle of your beauteous attainment and desire to reside with you because of your valor imparted to

themselves.

Character—greater than Grandeur! Why not?
FINIS

Beyond Grandeur—William D. Pelley 146

SO YOU ARRIVE AT THE END OF THE VOLUME NAMED BEYOND

GRANDEUR THAT WAS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY FOR THE

SOULCRAFT AUDIENCE AND DONE INTO A BOOK BY SOULCRAFT

CHAPELS WHOSE ADDRESS IN MAY OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND

FIFTY-FOUR IS POST OFFICE BOX ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO, IN

THE CITY OF NOBLESVILLE, STATE OF INDIANA, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, PLANET EARTH, SOLAR SYSTEM, OMNIVERSE OF GOD.

Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive

By William Dudley Pelley

Chapter I

THE CHILDISHNESS OF HORROR

Books on the conscious survival of the human soul after death are as old as Pythagoras. Pythagoras, just in case you have never heard of the gentleman, was a celebrated Greek philosopher. He was born on the island of Samos some six hundred years before Christ.

When I say that books on the conscious survival of the soul after death are as old as Pythagoras, I by no means write conventionally. Probably no man who ever lived, unless it be as an expert in matters of physical life and death and the capabilities of the soul fort functioning above morality than this celebrated Greek who traveled down into Egypt in his' teens, put himself under the tutelage of Nilotic mystics and emerged in middle life to found the memorable colony of Crotona, in southern Italy.

Among the extraordinary doctrines that Pythagoras gave to the centuries were: Numerology—that numbers are the principles of all things—that the universe is a harmonious whole, that the heavenly bodies by their movements cause sounds, which produce the Music of the Spheres, that the soul is immortal and passes successively into many bodies and that the highest aim and blessedness of man is likeness to the Deity. Of course, little brainstrapped theologians of his day couldn't see him for snakebite and had his colony raided in the most approved modern fashion. His buildings were burnt and his colony scattered. What actually became of Pythagoras himself was never found out. Some say he dematerialized. Some say he ascended, not unlike Christ. Some even go so far as to declare that he knew so much about the secrets of life and death that he had been able to keep himself alive since the

fifth century before Christ and is going up and down the world as an apparently normal human being in garb of the present. Anyhow, Pythagoras applied himself systematically and scientifically to the great business of finding out precisely what the human soul is capable of doing under any and all conditions —even the conditions of vacating the moral body and losing it—and compiling a great library of lore for exceptional students who were by no means reluctant to explore those avenues of research. So when I remarked that books on the survival of the soul after death are as old as Pythagoras, I am really harking back to survival of the soul after death have been published with a fair degree of steadiness and consistence ever since—and doubtless they will go on being published till types and eggshell papers are no more. The reason for this lies in the fact that when a given person has actually started exploring for himself in valid mystical "dead" people have apparently conversed with him, his immediate reaction is to stumble wildly from the psychical laboratory and make for a typewriter with maximum speed. He wants to shout his discoveries to the universe on the somewhat naïve notion that he is the first man—or woman—in Cosmos to make them. Frankly, I set down in these opening pages of this personal testimony that I have been no exception to the impulse.

HAVING, up to the year 1928, lived nearly fort decades of entirely normal existence, raised as a lad in Methodist parsonage—as I shall doubtless have cause to refer to again—and embracing the calling of nondescript newspaper-man until I graduated into the more affluent vocation of magazine writer and novelist, I looked upon all attempts to prove communication with the so-called dead as the screwball futilities of manifest maniacs. My father's orthodoxy had taught me ever since I left kilts —kilts being the substitute for rompers when I was very young—that "there is no voice or knowledge in the grave where thou goest." In another place the Hebrew authorities said, "The dead know not anything." That settled the matter. Who was I, or my father's relations or colleagues in orthodoxy, to challenge the pronouncements of experts in Theology? As a matter of fact, I was far too busy being an ordinary young American with my own way to make, to give the slightest time or thought to exploring into what some call the Eternal Verities and settling the matter one way or another.

Thirty-eight years, to be exact, I was complacently oblivious to these vast fundamentals. True, a lot of things had occurred from time to time in my life

for which I had no explanation, and some had fecundities to make my flesh crawl. But I had never awakened in the moonlight of early morning and seen a spook trying to stand on its head in my bedchamber. I had never been present at a single funeral where the deceased had suddenly sat up in his casket and cried with blinking eyes, "Hey, what goes on?" in fact, I had been inclined to think that ghost-layers and spiritualists of all breeds were the acme of fakers who should be dispos ed of upon demise in the conventional manner of drowning cats in bags. Put 'em in s sack, tie the top stoutly, drop 'em well weighted with stones in the nearest millpond, and then taunt 'em with the invitation to come back and haunt one.

Only once in my life had I been adequately terrified by supernatural phenomena—or what at first I took to be such—and that was a June night up behind the campus of Syracuse University, when I elected to stroll with a sweet young ca-ed through a moonlit cemetery. Believe it or not, while lisping fond nothings into her ear, mine eye caught sight of one of the gravestones moving. I stopped lisping my fond nothings and stared glassy-eyed. The gravestone was moving and there was no mistake about it. It was moving towards the pair of us, and when Cassie beheld it likewise she emitted a shriek and looped my neck crazily.

I aver that the gravestone levitated sown towards us in the moon glade, and when it got within ten feet of us, it emitted a most relieving and bovine "Moo!" it was an old white cow that had been cropping the cemetery's sweet grass with its head down. All the same, I might add that I got the 'ell out of that cemetery by leaping all gravestone that were stationary—with Cassie clutched behind me in a smear.

Real supernatural phenomena, I repeat, had left me alone. It wasn't until thirty-eight summers of wasted young career had fled, that I actually came to grips in California—and later New York—with Facts of Life that brought me up short and bashed me in the forehead.

But when they DID happen, it seemed that I couldn't bawl about them loudly enough. I was like the usual human infant who makes the stupendous discovery that each foot on each ankle totals five toes per foot. I not only regarded this discovery as something never stumbled upon by the human race before, but I wanted to publish it in Gath and tell it raucously in the thoroughfares of Ascalon.

I did publish it in Gath and tell raucously in the thoroughfares of Ascalon. And after a time, as I continued to go from experience to experience and from experiment to experiment in various types of psychical research, I fear me that I acquired quite a bit of a notoriety about it. Back in 1941, when I was engaged in the bitterest kind of a political battle with predatory Marxists, I constantly met people who said: "We follow you in all your political and economic theories, and think you've done the country a splendid service by your publishing. But why have you ever let yourself become messed up in all this spiritualistic and psychical research tommyrot? Delving into such alchemistic nonsense, discounts and depreciates all the fighting you've done to save the Republic from the Communists."

Well, it would take a long time to enlighten such critics as to why I may have done s o, and ten chances to one that they wouldn't accredit me anyhow. But here's the thing I'm getting at...

I FANCY that I'm growing a bit mellower and more rational, as the years rockalong, about all this psychic and mystic lore—and I can write about most of what I've experienced, now, in a relieving retrospect. As a matter of fact, I've reached the point in the compilation of my philosophy where there actually aren't any "dead" to me, at all. Death simply isn't much of a factor in my psychology. True, some of my most intimate friends frequently decide to embark upon Sabbath afternoon motor fides, approach grade crossings without nothing signal lights, and spatter generous consignments of their personalities over the pilots of locomotives. They are brought home in sections, even with sundry portions missing, and three days later I am summoned to follow my gift of flowers to some mortuary where a parson laments that Joe or Fred or Mabel has been "cut down" or "cut off" in his or her prime and that the ways of Providence are too abstruse to follow. There is not the slightest chance of arguing successfully that they are not "dead", because one look in the box is all that is necessary to prove that they will never climb out of it and order another cheeseburger in a neighborhood Toddle House. Physically, of course, I must concede that what was moral of Joe or Fred or Mabel is more or less an exhibit of mundane

debris. In that sense there is "death". But spiritually speaking, I am finding myself no more impressed about all of it than I am impressed by the fact that the elm trees this autumn shed their summer leaves and will wave gaunt boughs to the American skies 'til about next April 10th.

If so be it I am in a psychical laboratory some night in the weeks succeeding, and Joe or Fred or Mabel "comes though" and cries through the lips of the Sensitive, "How'ya, Chief?" I'll not be upset in the slightest. Ten to one I will respond: "How"ya, Joe"—or Fred or Mabel as the case may be, "—how's the blooming temperature where you're working from now?"

I don't mean to be callous. I'm asking you, skeptic though you may be by reason of never having had my experiences with the "dead", to accept for the moment that whether a person has got a body or hasn't got a body, doesn't alter my attitude toward him in the slightest. Why all this pother over physical bodies?

A body to me is an instrument, a mechanism, an overcoat, that the human spirit put on by birth and occupies and functions in, for a handful of years, in order to get results of a material nature in a world of concrete substances. Otherwise it is an annoying "hunk o' lard."

It takes a long time to get this viewpoint—to arrive at the subconscious acceptance that the physical body is merely something of material convenience and utility, and that it has no more to do with the motivating spirit than the President of the United States has to do with the price at which the corner grocer sells cheese in Madison, Wisconsin…

Of course, having pursued such "studies" to some length, I've likewise accepted as a Fact of Life that such moral spirits, previously known to me in flesh, have the option of coming back into new and unspoiled mechanisms and starting the mortal tenancy all over. They have the option of doing it as many times as they have the courage and reasons for doing it.

After all, it's their business.

All of which is saying indirectly that I've likewise gotten the business of so-called Reincarnation somewhat securely established in my mind. Surely I accept that mortals come back onto this earth-plane more than once. Not to be ribald, some of them whom I meet in the day's experience never could learn to be so dumb in one lifetime, anyhow. And the same thing goes for sagacity.

I don't fight them great fundamentals of life any more. I just call a truce with the dominies and take the findings of the séance room—and my own psychical fecundities—as I receive them. After all, fighting them isn't going to get me anywhere, and if Truth is Truth, what I'd better be about is a recognition of it, and a patterning of my daily career after it, and let the Almighty deal with the stupid.

SO WHAT I'm going to write for you now is merely a catalogue or chronology of "how I got that way," and what peculiar—and at times hair-raising—experiences came to me after the year 1928, convincing me that there is actually no such thing as "death" and that the loss of one's enhousing mortal overcoat is by no means the gravest misfortune which one's family or the world may lament. Right now the United States poises on the brink of a devastating war with certain nations of Asia. If the plans of the predatory and designing Marxists carry out successfully, millions of fine young American will be impressed into military service shortly and before the brawl is over, have their brains bashed out by a lot of Chinese pig iron. Presently they will be back here in America, and demonstrating all over the place that they are no more dead than the people in mortal bodies are dead. The pedants will give it out that "a great wave of spiritist demonstration" is visiting afresh upon humanity. They will say it, of course, out of the depths of their abysmal ignorance.

What I simply wish to do is put down in black and white some

of the outstanding adventures I have had—or contacted—or heard about—contributing to my psychology that "death" is a sophistry. I've got to predicate much of what I say upon the Reincarnational Hypothesis, of course, and for the moment, likewise, I'm asking that you ride along with me and try to get my angle. Now then, heat how the whole business started with me—bewildered, struggling, aspiring, purblind mortal exactly like yourself—suddenly plunged into all sorts of evidence that from the time I first arrived in my father's Methodist parsonage somebody had been spoofing me about losing my identity simply because I might take a motor ride some Sabbath afternoon and engage in an argument with a Baldwin locomotive.

But before we get down to tacks, I propose to talk a few pages about Pythagorean metaphysics.

Chapter II

FIRST, MOHAWK TRAIL ENIGMA

T'IS my opinion after much observation, that no rational human being becomes a devotee of metaphysics unless he has first undergone some remarkable experience concerning natural phenomena, or has a queer welling-up of positive Cosmic Knowledge from the depths of his subconscious. The last is more vital than most person suspect. And it has but one origin: a definite memory of the past history of the soul, as, life on life, it experienced physical visitations!

I contend there is a substantial reason, why over million persons right here in America are disciples of faiths that make a tenet of recurrent birth. This subject of Continuity would never arise to perplex the human race if man did not carry in his subconscious mind vague recognitions of this life fundamental. His perplexity is really a form of conflict—between his own subconscious knowledge and the fiats of superstition.

For instance, we know that the human body doesn't survive, but is buried in the ground and subsequently disintegrates—and no one sheds a tear over such

disintegration. Why not? –Because it isn't a cosmic verity. But the survival of the soul is a truth of the Cosmos and therefore it persists as a challenging equation. True, we don't know all the factors and rules of its solution. But the fact that there is a solution is expressed in the impulse toward determination of the process—the why and therefore of the mystery as a mystery.

I KNOW that in my own life, up to nearly my fortieth year I had alternate periods, oscillating back and forth between doubt of continuity and conviction of it. I recall a bitter day in adolescence after I had read a pamphlet by an avowed atheist who had made out an excellent case for the termination of life with the cessation of the heartbeat. So clever was his logic that for twenty-four hours I existed in despair. I wasn't old enough to cross-question myself as to why I should feel that awful despair. What difference could it possibly have made to me that losing my identity was something to worry over? Whence came my worry? Why should it have occurred to me to want to survive at all? Such fears must have a sounder basis than mere self-awareness functioning. And after all just what was self-awareness?

Then in practical day-to-day newspaper work came flashes of vague endurance, which puzzled as they terrified me. I had uncanny presentiments of having lived in a certain place before, knowing features of terrain, feeling a familiarity with certain types of people that I tried to explain as hereditary instincts. Oh, more than all else, in my police reporting I would be called to see souls go out of the flesh by accident or tragedy. And I would behold on their faces a peace that surely betokened knowledge not of earth—an acquiescence to destiny that carried neither fright nor personal concernment.

At another time in my early thirties, I cranked a small cheap automobile in gear, at the top of a hill. It leaped into motion, bearing me down and dragging me 300 feet with my body beneath its chassis. Grimly clutching the refractory crank that had done the mischief, I was confident throughout every inch of those 300 feet that the termination of my life had certainly arrived. Yet, in that supremely tragic moment, all fear deserted me. I found myself saying, "Well, I've reached it. Now I'll see what this 'dying' is like."

And yet, on the other hand, these words were not positive proofs of psychic survival. I did much reading in biography, to see how others had solved the problem. But strangely enough, of Spiritualism and Theosophy I had little

acquaintance. Looking back, it seems surpassing strange that when I lay down to sleep on an epochal night in California, and had the experience which has now been read by twenty millions of people, Spiritualism and Theosophy were even the least bit repulsive—the former because of the charlatanry practiced too often beneath its cloak, the latter because the newspapers reported the Theosophists as believing that the Master Christ would return to earth in the body, of a youthful Hindu. Which was doubly repulsive…although again I did not pause to ask why.

MY FIRST introduction to the possible validity of natural phenomena came after World War I. A few weeks before America joined the Allies, I was taken out of my Vermont newspaper office and sent on a war correspondent's job in the Orient. I left behind me in America, among other relatives, a brother-in-law 22 years old, with whom I had worked in a publishing business. We had been bosom pals, and had often lain together in bed at night discussing between I left for the Far East, however, this thing happened:

Knowing that I would probably be gone many months, on a Sunday afternoon in 1917 a group of friends and relatives made up a motor picnic on the Mohawk Trail outside of North Adams, Mass, as a little farewell outing. Among this group were this brother-in-law and a nurse from Brooklyn City Hospital, whom my brother-in-law had not met until this specific afternoon. I shall call her Nurse Agnes.

This picnic party was destined to be notable, though it passed at the time similar to many other outings, and the next week found me on my way to the Orient. While in Japan, the Siberian Intervention was determined upon and I enlisted in the only available position –that of Red Triangle secretary with the Japanese troops. I went to Siberia and became an impromptu consular courier, traveling 7,000 miles in that unhappy country during the early days of the Bolshevik regime. Coming down into Japan again, I found mail awaiting me that brought the first intelligence from home in many months. In that mail was a newspaper clipping containing an account of my brother-in-law's enlistment and subsequent death of the "flu" at Camp Devens. This demise so affected my domestic affairs, that I cut short my trip and took the next eastward steamer. Now my brother-in-law—whom I introduce as Ernest—had married just before starting for Camp Devens, and his premature death left his bride so distraught that she turned to experiments in

Spiritualism. The Spiritualism were holding their annual summer encampment at Lake Pleasure, Mass, near by, and she attended several of their sessions and contrived many sittings with trustworthy mediums. On my return to Vermont, she sought me out in quandary. "I've heard from Ernest!" she announced. "But I don't know what to make of it. He 'came through' to a medium—apparently—tried to convince me of his existence, and gave me explicit direction for solving financial problems left by his passing. But that wasn't all! Ernest kept saying over and over, 'Please thank the nurse of the Mohawk Trail for what she did foe me!' what nurse could he have meant?"

Now Ernest's wife had not been with us on that motor picnic and had never met Nurse Agnes. Had Ernest mentioned her, I submit that his widow, Pauline, would have identified her. Still that isn't the point. Puzzled as to what the connection should have been between a soldier in Camp Devens and a graduate nurse in a Brooklyn hospital, I at once tried to get into communication with our nurse of the picnic. She had vanished! My family dismissed the matter for a time. In fact, a year padded. Then one day in Vermont we got a letter from our missing nurse. She was coming home from the Far East, where she had been in army service, and would presently visit us. The letter was mailed from Vladivostok.

Now I had been in Vladivostok several months before, and it seemed incredible that Nurse Agnes should have been stationed there without my knowing it. All the same, she had done so. Shortly after I had left for the Orient, she had resigned her position with the Brooklyn City Hospital and gone into army service.

Eventually she had been assigned to the contingent of American troops participating in the Intervention. She had arrived there with the American soldiers while I had been "in-country," and taken up her duties at the military base hospital in Golden Horn Bay.

I had come out when the war closed, gone through to Japan without seeing her, and eventually sailed home. Unique though the situation was, Nurse Agnes had been on that last picnic party on the Mohawk Trail in Massachusetts before I left the United States, and she had been back in Vladivostok when I left the Far East for my return trip home. It was this peculiarity of leaving her behind me at each end of the trip that caused comment in my family for a period. Finally the day came when Nurse Agnes stepped off the train in Vermont, came to the house, and sat down with us fort

the evening meal—a meal at which the conversation naturally was concerned with our Siberian experiences.

We talked about the Czechoslovakians, the Bolshevists and the Japanese. Finally we got around to a discussion of the part played by the American soldiers in the war. That brought up a reference to the cruel inroads of influenza among the troops in the draft camps throughout the closing months of 1918. My wife was deeply affected.

"You know, of course," she remarked to Nurse Agnes, "that the flu got Ernest at Camp Deven. He was among the first of the soldiers to die from it. He never got over to France." Nurse Agnes had a queer expression on her face. "I ought to know," she said. "Your brother Ernest died in my arms!" For an instant an electric suspense held about our table. My wife found voice enough to ask, "Were you at Camp Devens?"

Nurse Agnes nodded. "It was my first assignment after leaving Brooklyn Hospital for the army service. I began nursing the boys at Camp Devens and stayed until orders came for my transfer to the Orient." "And Ernest died in your arms!"

"He was one of my first patients. I remembered him at once. We were all of us on a picnic together, you recall, on the Mohawk Trail the Sunday before you left for the Coast to take ship to Japan."

Silence came then and lasted so long that Agnes demanded to be told what made it.

"Ernest came to his widowed bride, Pauline," I answered, "through a trance medium at Lake Pleasant, and told her to thank you for making his last hours comfortable."

It was then Nurse Agnes's turn to be jolted…

CONSIDER as a scientific psychical fact, this thing that had happened. Ernest had gone to Camp Devens and died of the flu long after we had quitted the United States. His body buried. Pauline had not given a thought to any special nurse—or nurse—at the base hospital who might have cared foe her husband,

until the medium had conveyed that revealing message at Lake Pleasant. She had been too much immersed in her grief to think of much besides her loss. "The Nurse of the Mohawk Trail" meant nothing to her either, I say again, for had she been present on the picnic, or had Ernest mentioned her before he departed for his fatal rendezvous at camp, Pauline would have had no difficulty in placing the nurse mentioned in the medium's communication. The whole episode had been sealed, however, till Nurse Agnes came home, sat at our table, and unlocked it by her statement. The medium herself had known nothing about Pauline's visit, in order to prepare herself for giving such a message in advance, for Pauline had gone to Lake Pleasant a lone and capriciously on the spur of the moment. Here, evidently, was a bona fide and unchallengeable instance of the conscious soul of our soldier-boy getting a message through to his folks after physical demise, about a person whose own testimony was required months later to make it intelligible.

I remember going to bed that night, and for many nights thereafter, trying to figure out how the medium could have rooked Pauline. There had been no connection between the medium and Nurse Agnes, for the latter h ad departed for Vladivostok soon after, and besides, Nurse Agnes had no use for mediums and never consulted them. Certainly she would not consult one in regard to my brother-in-law, who had simply been a deceased soldier whom she had happened to meet once, on a Sunday afternoon picnic. When I had exhausted all explanations having to do with intentional fraud and trickery—my practical mind seeking some solution that had to be strictly material—I finally accepted the more rational causation for the incident: that Ernest must be alive, and existing in a thinking state—a state that contained functioning memory—for him to have mentioned Nurse Agnes at all. Ernest, as a matter of fact, was protagonist of my psychical discoveries, on and off, for the ensuing ten years. He was to bob up again and again in my experiments and experiences, as I shall presently relate. The war nurse, who had closed his eyes in Camp Devens, had come back to the United States and reported her part in the little drama, in 1920.

Five or six years were to pass before I next got proof of another sort confirming his "survival"…

MY NEXT concrete contact with the subject of discarnate intelligence came in 1925 in Springfield, Mass. I had gone to

that city to spend a vacation with my married sister, Edna. Among her recent acquisition had been an ouija board. She brought it out one evening and asked me if I had ever seen one work. I pooh-poohed such nonsense till she asked me to sit down opposite her and try my hands upon it.

Immediately with celerity the tripod started moving. We wet through the usual banter—or I did—accusing one another of subconsciously shoving it. But soon the little table commenced to spell out a message that I realized could only have come from Ernest again. He—or at least the planchette—was spelling out a reference to something that had happened up in Vermont between Ernest and myself that Edna did not know about. I said "across the board" to my sister, "Do you think you might be able to work this gadget without my hands upon it?" "Why?" asked Edna.

"Because if this is Ernest operating the planchette, I want to put a question to him absolutely proving his identity without my hands formulating the answer from my subconscious mind."

"Go ahead," said Edna, "I'll try."

"Ernest," I addressed the blank atmosphere, "if you're within sound of my voice and recall our business transactions in Vermont, suppose you spell out the amount of money that you and I paid Verne Adams at Lake Raponda one Sunday afternoon as option money on lease of a building in Wilmington where we were intending to start a daily newspaper."

Having delivered myself of this, I sat back in my chair and shoved my hands to the small of my back.

With only Edna's hands on the gadget, the little wooden pointer shot swiftly about the alphabet and offered the answer:

“Ask me a hard one, Dud! We paid him ten bucks!”

IT WAS exactly the sort of answer that Ernest would have given had he been present in the flesh. Moreover, the sum named was absolutely accurate. Only he and I and the Adams party had known of the transaction. The Adams party was still up in Vermont and Edna scarcely knew of him. Ernest and I had paid down a ten-dollar ball that Sunday to planchette spelled out the sum, I was sitting three to four feet back from the table with my hands behind me. I know there is such a thing as Cryptothesis, or the reading of the mind by vigilant discarnates. But my sister Edna was by no means one of these. She had simply touched her fingers lightly upon the pointer and the pointer had traveled unerringly to the figures.

What was I to think?

Edna took her hands from the board, learned back in her chair and remarked, “You know, when I’m going about my housework during the day, I have the constant feeling that Ernest is going to step out around the corner of a door, or be waiting for me when I go upstairs.”

She leaned forward and laid her fingers again upon the planchette. At once it shot into action. We followed the words it spelled—

“What’s the matter with you, Edna? I’m not interested in scaring you. Don’t you know that I’m your friend?”

After delivery of this quasi-consolation, the planchette wandered about the board’s smooth surface for a time. Suddenly it shot into action again.

“Your Uncle Samuel,” it spelled out, “is tonight lying at the point of death. We think he is about to make the Passing. You will receive a telegram in the morning that he is dead and the funeral set for Tuesday. Better get ready to attend it.”

This was disconcerting. Uncle Samuel—my father’s younger brother and my favorite uncle—lying at the point of death!

And a funeral in prospects the first of the week! We looked at each other aghast.

“Well,” I finally remarked, arising, “no matter what happens tomorrow, I’m due to get a disappointment. If the telegram comes, I’ve lost a beloved relative. If it doesn’t come, I’ve lost faith in the evidence that the ‘dead’ are alive and can tell us what’s about to happen in the future.”

I wanted no more of the ouija board that night, however, and we went to troubled slumbers to await the morrow’s developments. Morning came. It brought no telegram.

My Uncle Samuel was not dead.

We did not attend any funeral that Tuesday.

“Aha!” I said to Enda. “Your ouija board is a lot of apple sauce!” “Yes,” she agreed ruefully, “I suppose it is.”

Dismissing the whole episode from my mind as some freak of the subconscious, I went back to my literary labors in New York.

But mark you what happened—

Three months later Enda was visiting in Lynn, Mass, and started telling about the incident of the Ouija message.

“What specific date was it?” my uncle’s wife cried. Enda fixed the date precisely.

“That was exactly the night,” my aunt affirmed, “that Sam was so afflicted with blood-poisoning from a carbuncle on his neck, that we didn’t expect him to live until morning.”

Enda wrote me what she had learned.

“Well,” I thought to myself, “it might easily be explained by mental telepathy!”

STILL I had no real faith in the validity of Spiritism—no satisfying proofs of discarnate consciousness. I tried to “wade through” a book by Sir Oliver Lodge, and tossed it aside as bizarre or banal. I even wrote a facetious —and happily, unpublished—magazine story in which I made a great dramatic wallop out of the possibility that Raymond was alive somewhere in flesh, but couldn communicate with his family because it would blast his father’s high prestige. It was not until the early part of 1928, when I had withdrawn to a little writing-bungalow near the foot of Mt.Lowe in Altadena, California, that the mystic curtain suddenly rolled backward and showed me something of the colossal, beautiful machinery that operates—as I call it—behind physical life. I have told elsewhere how I was writing a book on “The Urge of People” that should try to explain great racial migrations throughout ages past. One day I came suddenly against the question: “What were races?” Why should one group of human beings be black-skinned, and another group yellow? Before morning I would have many answers.

I have told how I went to bed pondering the question, to read until I was drowsy and then drop off to sleep. I have stated that I was in excellent health, not given to any mental depression or addicted to drugs beyond the ordinary smoker’s consumption of nicotine which had been going on for twenty years with no untoward results on my heart or my health. In “My Seven Minutes in Eternity” I have narrated what happened that night. I went out of the physical body—to all intents and purposes. I met Ernest face to face. I met other relatives, I met friend whom I had known in other life cycle and previous states of physical consciousness! And I knew them as familiarly and intimately as I knew those who, like Ernest, had been as close to me as Bill Pelley in this life!

Ultimately I will print later on in this story what my friends on

the other side have had to say since about my visit with them that epochal night. But it wasn't until I had returned into my body, stunned by what I had seen and learned, that I

began to get proofs of continuity and individual survival that should convince others beyond all assailment that earthly life is but a visit in a room, visit in many rooms, life upon life.

If I bear a little but heavily, and to some unpleasantly, on the process of rebirth, life cycle on life cycle in physical bodies, I ask indulgence. What I have seen, what I have been taught, what I have received as bits of mosaic in the great splendorful pattern of cosmic logic, is responsible for my position. Follow through the whole extent of my delineations, however, concerning cycles of rebirth, whatever your creed or personal preferences, and perchance I may be able to alter some of your antagonisms if you have them. And what I have to say may possibly help awaken your own psychic faculties. Of course, as I have often stated, the psychologists, the psychiatrists and the students of psychosis have since gone to great lengths to explain how I merely had a "dream" that California night. But after all is said and done, there should be more than one man's say-so to convince the skeptics that such an experience was actual and not hallucination. Regardless of how I feel toward the realism of the experience myself, the fact remains that my personal mental or spiritual adventures cannot be checked by others from the mere telling of the story alone.

So it is that I now propose to go further into my personal prods of survival from my own investigations and experiences with others, to show how that California experience was only the commencement of a realization of a vast cosmic fact. And that story begins with my arrival in New York City during the summer of 1928 to consult with some members of the New York Society for Psychical Research about the phenomena I had undergone. I had suddenly found myself plunged out of my depth into a great sea of demonstrable mysticism. Scarcely knowing "what it was all about," I had found myself prime actor in a stupendous drama of Aggressive Discarnation. Of

course I know now “what it was all about”. It was, in a way, my role and brevet to contribute to a vast tidal-wave of enlightenment of the question of occupancy of flesh, and provide a prologue as I was able by means of my prestige in literary craftsmanship to the vast Aquarian Revelation that was slated to visit upon current humanity, altering the concepts of orthodox religion and giving man his correct cue as to what he might be going in the three-dimensional octave and what evolutions of spirit await him when he has mastered the lessons of Mortality. For such had I volunteered to enact my life-role in the first place. The enigma of Ernest and Nurse Agnes, resulting from that picnic on the Mohawk Trail, was the first indication that had come to me in thirty-eight years, however, that perchance this business of “the dead knowing not anything” had been the pronouncement of pompous ignoramuses. Maybe the “dead” were a whole lot more “alive” than we mortals in flesh, down here on the sea-bottom of this ocean of atmosphere. The year 1928 was my wholesale introduction to the certainty of it. I closed my affairs in California and took an apartment in New York.

Chapter III

AFTERMATH OF SEVEN MINUTES

I HAD been in a strange state of stupefaction, as it were, in the days immediately following my nocturnal experience in my Altadena bungalow.

I knew that I had “been somewhere” and met and talked in a baffling way with entities that the world would consider as “dead”. And yet, to go out in the street and proclaim it would only get me branded, as am idiot or liar. What had happened to me, so long as I had n o way of checking up on it through others, or proving it to others in the developments of circumstance, must always remain as a personal experience, a personal illumination. I had no mind to take anyone into my confidence about it. In fact, I came out of seclusion with the idea of keeping it forever to myself. I was too upset philosophically, from what I had seen and heard, to do much more than

ponder it and try to assimilate its astounding significance. True, something had happened to me physically as a result of it, because I had a small office staff of employees in a Pasadena business in which I was interested, who immediately began exclaiming at some elusive alteration in my personal appearance. But autosuggestions arrived at in sleep, might easily be responsible for such bodily enhancement, so I let them exclaim and applied myself to business.

Finally, I decided to get away from California and go to New York. I wanted a perspective on myself and my environment—not to mention the possibility of talking with students of such phenomena and finding out whether or not they could give me interpretation of some phases of Cosmology I seemed to have had relayed to me from the Other Side which I believed I had visited. If other people had undergone similar visitations that checked up with mine in detail—as to procedure and the environment visited—then I might begin to credit that my cognizance of Reality had not bee self-delusion. Once during an attack of typhoid fever, I had known the seeming reality of delusions and illusions, and was not minded to hoax myself when my whole future career might depend on the validity of the episode.

THE morning before starting for New York, however, a strange thing happened which I have already mentioned in previous writings. I was standing in the living room of my bungalow with briar in one hand and tobacco-tin in the other. As I started to fill my pipe, something struck the tobacco-tin, seemingly from beneath. The can spun an arc in the air just above my hands and spilled broadcast along the rug. At the moment of this uncanny happening, I heard my first clairaudient voice. It said—"Bill, give up your smoking!" I looked at the spilled can lying neat my feet and felt a weird thrill of fright. Later in the day, when I essayed to draw forth a package of cigarettes, I heard a repetition of the first beseechment. But this thing was notable: the following evening I commenced to have a strange aversion to the taste of tobacco. By the next morning all desire for it had gone and for the ensuing eight months I had not the slightest hunger foe it in any form. I might interpolate here that one evening in Manhattan, eight months later, the same Voice that had appealed to me to give up my smoking came to me in the same manner in the same course of a psychic message and instructed me to dent out to the corner drugstore for a packet of cigarettes.

"We think you had better resume smoking." The instruction came. "It seems to open up your subconscious mind by relaxing your nerves and thus you are

a better receiving organism. But don't dissipate in nicotine or we will kill the taste for it in you again!"

Leaving Pasadena finally, on rout for New York, I was riding across New Mexico the second night out when my third dramatic experience occurred in the club car.

I WAS alone in the club car about 10:30 at night. All the other passengers had gone back to their berths. Only fairs closed up for the day. I had put a copy of Emerson in my bag and happened at the moment to be reading his "Over-Soul" I was not asleep, not even drowsy. The car clicked monotonously westward, eastward.

Suddenly as I turned a page, something happened!

I seemed to be bathed in a deluge of pure white light on that moving Pullman. A great flood of Revelation came to me out of which a Voice spoke to me such as I had never heard before. What it said, I prefer to keep permanently to myself. But in that instant I knew that my bungalow experience had not been a dream, or even hallucination.

Particularly I knew of the reality of that Entity whom the world now designates as Jesus of Nazareth!

I knew His ministry and career had been a literal actuality and that I had once seen Him when He was thus in His flesh!

I MAKE this statement guardedly and in full realization of its dramatic import. I knew in those moments in that empty club car that all the emotional reactions I had known during my life up till then about Him had not been delusions of grandeur, nor superiority complexes. Jesus of Nazareth was not afar on some golden throne. He was here in a modern world of Pullmans and Negro porters, radio and tabloids, chain shirt shops and talking movies.

I remained inert in that club car till long after the Negro porter was snoring in his berth toward the front of the coach. When I got to my feet and went back to my own berth, I had an entirely new concept of my future.

THIS sounds, I know, like a Messianic complex. Perhaps many a character since the Palestinian incarnation of the Master, who has been able to give

humanity a new interpretation of that splendorous Personality, has also been dismissed into the Messianic complex classification. No matter! I knew what I knew! And I was calmly content from that night onward to let events take their course, for I had a strange feeling that all would be well if I but kept my pact. This, I might say, has come out literally in fact!

All that had happened, however, had happened to me privately. Still there was nothing that I could present to scientific-minded persons in proof of these two phenomenal episodes. Not that it was necessary to convince others. But all the some, having been a practical newspaperman with a practical newspaperman's outlook on strange fads and "isms", I had no mind to go skewed in my thinking and develop a crack in an otherwise serviceable intellect. I rode the rest of the way to New York not doing any reading, for reading was impossible. I watched the landscape in a stupefied daze. Then, going across Indiana on the New York Central two days later, which happened to fall on a Sunday afternoon, I heard the Clairaudient Voice a third time. Understand, it did not come to me at my own behest or invitation. On none of the previous occasions had I expected it. So now, when I had reached the place where I dared wonder consciously about the phenomenon in New Mexico, my thought was answered with an audible sentence.

AGAIN it serves no purpose to tell what the question was which I was cogitating upon, or the answer I received. But it was a direct confirmation of the fact that there was a greater significance to my vivid concepts of Jesus throughout childhood and adolescence than mere delusions or Messianic complexes.

I got to New York appalled by what was occurring to me and to the work which I seemed bidden to do in interpreting phases of Messianic doctrine, which up to that time had been as abstruse to me as to any purblind ecclesiastic. But the last thought in my mind was to tell anyone of these private communications, or make any claims about having contact with the Entities I was being forced to credit from overpowering contact. Neither did I expect at that time that events in circumstance would begin to beat out these prognostications that appalled me. I got a room at the Commodore and called a lady friend whom I knew to be almost an adept in psychical research and a particularly devout and lovely soul. I apprised her of my arrival in town and asked if I could visit her in her apartment that evening. The phone conversation ended by her promising to come to the hotel and have dinner with me first.

SHE kept the appointment. But here again, I got the outward evidence of queer things afoot when she confronted me in the Commodore's foyer. Her face went white. She exclaimed—

"For pity's sake, what's happened to you? You're not the same man who went to California a few months ago!"

I smiled away her temporary wonderment and we had out dinner. She persistently questioned me about my experiences since we had last seen each other. Finally, out in the ladies' lounge, I was cajoled into telling her of my nocturnal experience.

"My dear boy," were her well-remembered words, "You got out of your body—unhinged something—and went somewhere." "How do you know?" I demanded.

"In the first place," she said, "the technique of the whole experience checks up perfectly with similar experiences which hundreds of other persons are constantly having. Secondly, I'm psychically aware at this moment of a discarnate entity of particularly beautiful character of it in complete impressions which I understand perfectly."

YOU mean I actually died, that night in Altadena, but returned after death to my physical body?"

"Something of the sort. Have you ever done any automatic writing?"

"I've heard of it in a vague way," I said. "But I never saw it actually performed> "Let's go up to my apartment," she suggested. "Let's prepare to take an automatic message and see if anything confirmatory comes."

A half-hour later we settled in a beautiful room in the West Fifties with a cheery fire going in the grate and the New York noises shut out b y heavy curtains. My friend had drawn a small low table over close to her knees. Now she invited me to sit down on the divan at her right, beside her. Sharpened pencils and a generous pad of paper had been provided. She turned back the cuff on her tight wrist and bade me grasp her hand just below her palm. "Hold it tightly," she instructed, "as though to keep me from writing, but leave your elbow working freely so that my whole hand and arm in conjunction with yours can make swing penmanship."

I did so. She rested the sharpened pencil point on the pad and leaned back in easy relaxation.

Suddenly our two hands started to move in unison. The pencil before us began making rhythmic swings and circles!

IT SEEMED at first as though my friend was deliberately making the geometric figures, which followed with acceleration as our combined grasp became more and more elastic. Then to my amazement, a long, round, flowing script began to form beneath the pencil, reaching the end of the line and coming back with a flourish to begin a new one.

This is what was written:

"Memory is not memory if we make new thought=bodies when we give up our material bodies. Man will some day know the truth and then we will make real bodies in the image of God.

"Make no mistake, we are those who are now in the light and we have much to tell you. 'Music of the Spheres' is no idle phrase, but the very center of the mystery of the creation of this, your universe!"

"Where there is Harmony, there is Life, and all discord is Death. We of the more harmonious plane which is next above the plane of earth, make this statement to you because you are of that company whose bodies are yet of earth but whose eyes are opened to perception of the Truth. Many of us are with you, not alone at this moment but in many moments when you are unaware of our presence. We will endeavor to make more power for you in all that you undertake if you will endeavor to open yourselves more completely to our touch."

That was all! Wait as we would, no more writing appeared on the pad. Yet I knew that from the bodily position of my hostess, as well as from my own grip on her wrist, that she could not have consciously fabricated and written what lay before us on the paper. Moreover, there was so much we both wanted to know that had it been a subconscious effort, we most certainly would have gone no writing for an indefinite period.

NOTHING happened all the next day. But I was back in my psychic friend's apartment promptly at 7:30 the ensuing evening, prepared to try the strange

writing again. All this time no other manifestations of the clairaudient voice had come to me personally beyond those reported.

Promptly that we got into working posture that next night, however, the sharpened pencil point started off with vigor. Following is the literal lengthy message we got on the second evening of out experimenting, without a word or punctuation mark changed. I might say that I carefully preserved every scrap of paper, and for years have taken care of every word of Intelligence which has Come Over thus—or in any sitting at which I have been present—transcribing it carefully and filling it for future reference.

I HAD no intimation in any of these nightly writings as to what was imminent over the pencil. After my first awe at the phenomenon wore off, I found courage to interject questions. The flowing script would halt at any time and those first evenings of communication, I sat more or less dumbfounded beside my friend and watched the words compose an intelligent and ofttimes profound exposition beneath her hand.

That she was not composing the material from the storehouse of her subconscious mind was indicated by the fact that she also was as interested and curious as myself

After a few preliminary swirls and swinging designs, this is the second message we received—

"MANY are the ways in which we approach those we are to help. Many of your most important acts are upon you when least suspect our presence. We are in the very cores of your hearts, as it were, and from there we control your thoughts as the circulation of the blood is controlled by that organ. We are in your very midst and all you need to do is to unbolt the door." "Memory is the very essence of what you know as Life. We know that Memory is only phase of life, and that the more vital aspect of living is in the creation of new memories, which in turn will be replaced by others. We are of particularly value to you in this, because the new memories must be finer and more beautiful than those you have outgrown."

"Many are the lessons of a dversity and few there be who find their true meaning and are ready to pass on to the next."

THERE is in all the universe no force but that of love. All hatred, all evil and all ugliness, are merely the absence of the position pole, which is Love. Many of the evils, so called, are not even the result of the absence of this force but are the result of its operation on a plane beyond your limited comprehension." "So be always sure when you complain of trouble that it is not a blessing in another guise. When you are distraught with the world's complexities, pause a moment in memory of us and of what we have told you, and we will speak to you in the reality of Silence. When you feel there is someone who guides you, always know that it means we are with you. Trust us, no matter how steep the path up which we lead you. There is nothing to be learned in the pleasant pads of dalliance that lead smoothly through the valleys. The higher the hilltop, the broader the view, whether to eyes of body or of spirit." "Sometimes your feet may falter, but remember then that only those who go on in spite of the faltering win through to the goal. Most of the world's present generation is incapable of this high enterprise. That only makes the obligation the more vital for those who are ready for it…"

"SINCE there is only Love in the universe, there is health and joy in the perception and appreciation of the fact. There can be no situation so grave or no situation so trivial that this law is not operative. Business is not business unless it be also Love. We are not working for the material benefit of those who serve us except as that material benefit will free them for wider and finer service. When you have served your apprenticeship in tribulation, either in this life or in an earlier one, you are ready for the freedom, which comes close on the heels of financial independence.

"Know that in the world of True Reality obligations are only privileges! Now is the moment of fulfillment, which was planned from the beginning. We have been with you because we all make up a company that will carry on what has been begun in all ages since first man made an image and Art was born."

"It is a goodly company, this fellowship of those who love Beauty and therefore open their hearts to Truth. They have not always been conscious of their high destiny and some of them have dropped the chalice from hands made weak with selfishness or paralyzed with hate. And yet even these lesser ones had flashes of truth more vital than all the organized religions of the world in their lust for power."

NOT theology but Art is the very handmaiden of God, and the chosen priesthood of the Temple is recruited, not from the clergy in their frocks but

from the ranks of artists, clad in the humble smocks which are the mark of their trade. Not that only the painter is the priest; we liked that figure of speech and so made one branch of Art stand for all the rest.

"No matter how far Man may go along his destined path of evolution, the artist must still in imagination blaze the trail which the world of men will follow, with the scientist well toward the rear and the theologian struggling along behind. This does not include all scientists or all theologians; occasionally one of them is also an artist. And just insofar as he is an artist, he is a force foe the good he preaches or the knowledge with which he would enlighten the world. "For Art is the grandest of all the Mysteries."

"As we have no formulate for the creation of the thing we call Life, so we have no definition for the thing we call Art. Words are only symbols and when you apply them to the eternal verities they become only symbols for the limitation of the human concept."

"So Art is to each man the highest good he is able to conceive, and the deepest beauty he is able to p erceive, in whatever aspect of Man, Nature or God he is at the moment contemplating.

"If his conception is in its essence true, if his perception is in its essence accurate, and if in his heart the forces of love are operative, then he has what we call the Creative Instinct and the thing, which he produces, is worthy to be called Art.

"Only remember…that there may be Art in the simplest act of the humblest creature's day.

"Art is spirit, and they that worship her must worship her in spirit and in truth. Many of the greatest artists have known the truth and shut their hearts to her because the price was too heavy to pay.

"They did not know that all the price was the relinquishing of the bonds of limitation, and that only in paying the price could they taste the very joys for which they refused in!"

I SUBMIT that this sort of thing, exactly as I have reprinted it above, with scarcely a punctuation mark altered, would cause any reasoning person to credit its origin. Of course it could have been composed in the lady's subconscious and the fact that we had received it in the context of the

foregoing did not prove that the "dead" were alive and were giving it to us. Nevertheless, I accepted it as post-modern communication for the time being and waited to see what more would develop. It is physically impossible I the space at my command to go on reprinting the messages that continued to come over in the fortnight that now ensued. At least it is impossible to continue reprinting the matter within this series of narratives of my own experiences, which finally convinced me that discarnate intelligence was an actuality. Over a period of 26 years I continued to receive these patters, and my original purpose in founding a publishing house was to reprint the most interesting and vital of them. For two weeks, however, I was in almost constant evening attendance on my Unseen Mentors in my friend's apartment. Then my private affairs necessitated my return to the Pacific Coast. My going, nevertheless, was marked by its bit of psychical drama.

WE WERE writing together one evening on an expositional message when the pencil stopped suddenly. For some moments it lay inert. Then it started up suddenly and said—

"Leave New York, William! Go at once to California. You have planned to stop off in Chicago. We advise you is urgently needed out there for reasons that will become apparent to you on your arrival."

This directive disrupted plans I had made to stop off in the midland city and do some fiction work for a group of magazines published there. I demurred at going through to the Coast at once. The pencil wrote— "If when you get to Chicago you feel a strong impulse not to tarry, obey it. You will know that it is we guiding you, because of events in California climaxing in such a way that you will be sorry if you miss them." I had no intimation of what those events might be. Nonetheless I returned to my hotel that final evening, packed my grips, and made reservations on a train leaving late the following night.

But all through the night I had a queer presentiment that I had taken reservations on the wrong train. I could hear nothing clairaudient in support of this impression; still it bothered me. I got up next morning determined to ask my friend if she could arrange to sit with me that afternoon and find out if I were being warned away from some sort of catastrophe. She complied during the forenoon and we got this message—" Of course what you are feeling is our influence directing you. We do not want you to take the train you have decided upon. Go upon the Century at one-forty this afternoon. You

will see the reasons for this later. You will also find that reservations on the Century will be readily obtainable for you."

AT THE time I fully supposed that some sort of accident was due to happen to the train I had first selected. Later I discovered the reason to be something entirely different but no less vital.

I bade good-bye to my companion, got reservations on the Century as indicated, and left Manhattan for Chicago. Whereupon this thing occurred—Increasingly I felt that I should not tarry, but get to the Coast at once. I alighted in Chicago around noontime next day and made immediate reservations for the California journey via the Santa Fe. The Santa Fe train however, did not leave until 8 o'clock that evening. So I went wandering about Chicago "killing time." If my memory serves me correctly, I believe it was on Thanks-giving Day, 1928, that I thus went wandering about the Windy City—either Thanksgiving day or a Sunday, for the streets in the downtown section were deserted of traffic. Up one street and down another I strolled; with a queer feeling that my footsteps were being directed. I wondered if I were being led to meet someone who might have an important bearing on my affairs. But I encountered only strangers and began to be a bit disappointed. Finally I saw a movie house down a side street and directed my steps thither. I will not record what film what film it was that I paid admission to see. But this is notable: the film story had a plot so analogous to my own affairs at the moment that the similarity was uncanny. And the denouement of the drama sent me out of the theatre and over to the LaSalle Hotel where I composed a letter to someone back East to whom I had not written for months. While this incident is too personal to narrate in detail, I discovered when I got to the Pacific Coast—because of unopened mail waiting there for me—that had I not witnessed that photoplay in Chicago and written that resultant letter the exact hour that I did, I would have become involved in a particularly ugly and expensive lawsuit.

PERHAPS it is rationalizing to say that my Unseen Friend altered my train route, walked me about Chicago and into that particular movie house to see that specific film and write the ensuing letter, in order to save me that lawsuit. Rationalizing or not, that is what happened all the same, although one wonders why they could not have told me directly over the pencil in New York to write the letter and save myself the lawsuit. In fact, on asking later shy the latter course was not pursued, the answer came—

“Had we told you how things stood with the person to whom you wrote the pacifying letter, you would have gotten in contact with him personally while New York and your personal contact would have aggravated, not mitigated the situation. We took that method of guiding you also, to get you accustomed to obeying such ‘hunches’ in order that in future affairs you might the more readily have confidence in us.” Whether this was discarnate direction or not, the incident is of interest. It happened and had a beneficial result. At any rate, I took the Santa Fe for California at 8o’clock and three days later alighted in Pasadena without incident en route. Going to my office I discovered nothing there of sufficient import to hasten me West from Manhattan and again I wondered if it had all been subconscious mind. On seemed to give a different aspect to the trip.

In California I had another lady acquaintance with whom some real estate that we were subdividing, but I had not heard from this friend during my absence in New York. I assumed she was following her vacation of trained nurse in the Pasadena Hospital. This message awaited me—

“ Mother is very ill and not expected to live. I am down in Pomona caring for her. If you wish to see me for any reason, communicate with me there. I shall stay with her until she either recovers or passes.”

Extremely concerned for the health of my friend’s mother, I got out my car and made the hour’s trip down to Pomona that same afternoon. Arriving at the home, I found I had not come a moment too soon. The mother was not expected to live through the night.

SHE DID not live through the night. And in that circumstance I saw the reason why I had been brought West in such a hurry, for the death of this elderly lady—whom I had known more or less intimately—later had a direct and vital bearing on my own psychic work.

She passed over at five minutes after six o’clock that same afternoon. And at her passing, this thing occurred—

All of her children had been called to her bedside and were with her when the end came. I did not go into the death chamber, feeling it an intrusion on the privacy of family of which I was not a member. I sat in the living room trying to read a magaz ine, from time to time overhearing low-voiced comments of nurse and doctor by the bedside in the next room. Once, a moment or two

after six o'clock my nurse friend emerged and said in tearful tones "She's almost gone; we can hardly detect any pulse." Then she entered the sickroom again. At exactly five minutes past six o'clock, trying to apply myself to my magazine under such distressing circumstances, I suddenly felt a strange rush of cold exhilarating air. The day was warm; no doors or windows were open. Where could it have come from? What could it be?

I experienced a swift, sharp tensing of every nerve and muscle in my body as though the current from a galvanic battery were holding me for an instant in its grip. And with it was an "impressing" of the sick mother's personality so strong that it seemed as though I must address her!

Instantly a sharp, despairing wail sounded in the adjoining chamber. A general sobbing followed. One of the sons came out of the sickroom. "Mother's gone!" he stated simply. And he went out upon the veranda. But I knew his mother had gone, I had known it at the electric instant of her passing. She seemed to have gone directly through me in her transition! Anyway, that is how it felt.

THE HOUSEHOLD was of course upset for the rest of that evening. It was after eight o'clock, when the undertaker's wagon had left with the body, before my nurse friend was ready to accompany me back to Pasadena for the interim until the funeral.

To comfort her, on the way back I recounted to her my psychical experiences in Manhattan and the messages that had seemed to come from the Unseen. "We'll be back in Pasadena by nine o'clock," said I . "As the hour isn't so very late, suppose we drive up to the bungalow and try the automatic writing together exactly as it was done in New York, only I'll hold the pencil."

We drove to my Altadena bungalow and prepared materials for automatic writing after the methods I had followed with my adept friend in Manhattan

I had no idea of what might come over. It was honest experimenting in the hope that we might receive some word about the status of my companion's mother who had made the great transition that night at six o'clock. We sat at the desk in my living-room, our only companion my big police dog. This dog stretched out before the hearth fire. The evening hilltop was strangely silent. Suddenly the dog gave wince as we waited with the tip of the pencil poised on the pad. She came up o her haunches with an uneasy growl; the hair arose on

the scruff of her neck, and ears like steel shells seemed to be watching someone or "something" that had come into the room, invisible to my companion and myself.

Almost at once, the pencil began to move of its own volition!

WHAT IT was writing, at first I could not decipher. The penmanship had a queer right-handed slant that at times leaned over so far as to appear nearly horizontal. All the words were joined together to the end of the line. Meanwhile the dog drew back toward a corner with a surprised, uneasy look and cocked her head curiously in ht vicinity of the desk as though unable to figure out exactly what was happening.

Suddenly my friend gave a startled gasp and relaxed the hold on my wrist.

"It's writing in German!" she cried. "And I recognize the penmanship! It's my Grandfather S……'s, who died twenty years ago!" Personally I knew scarcely a word of German. Certainly if my subconscious mind had anything to do with the phenomenon produced, it could not be accused of writing German sentences in a penmanship recognizable as that of a man dead for two decades.

"What does it say?" I asked.

SHE replied: "It says, 'your mother is now with us and will be quite all right. Do not grieve for her. She is much happier now that she is delivered of her load of physical pain.'"

The hand continued to write and my companion continued to translate—

"'Do not expect any word from her directly for several weeks and perhaps months. She has a long period slumber ahead of her in which she must recover her strength.'"

There was more, much more, but the material was private to my friend and appertained to her family affairs.

"Are you sure this is your grandfather's writing?" I asked in an interval for rest. "It would be impossible to forget his writing, as you see," she replied. "It compares with his writing in our family Bible."

To test out the truth of the grandfather's identity I began to ask questions, where he was born, the names of his children, other details of his life, which my friend could corroborate or contradict.

In practically every case the pencil replied in German giving the true facts, even to spelling out the name of a town in Germany of which I had never heard!

Of course cryptothesis, or subconscious mind reading, might have accounted for it, but from later developments in New York I had cause to be convinced that we really had made contact with the grandfather. I will chronicle them later. My friend was overcome. Here seemed to be evidence enough to convince any reasonable person that we were in contact. But more startling revelations were in store.

SUDDENLY, almost between sentences, the handwriting took a veer and altered in character. From leaning to the right, it now tipped abruptly backward and leaned toward the left—a wholly altered penmanship. Here were the words produced—

"Hello, Dud, you old son of a gun! … I've been a long time trying to get through to you and now that I've got to you, I'm not going to give you up!" My companion asked, "Who could be addressing you in any such manner?" It was my turn to feel surprise. Outside of my immediate family, all members of whom were still alive, the only person who had ever called me by a contraction of my middle name was the brother-in-law, Ernest, mentioned in the second chapter of this book.

But more than the salutation gripped me. Ernest and I had been in business together the last few months of his life, enough so that from day-to-day contact I recognized his penmanship. He was left-handed and had a most peculiar manner of forming his capital letters.

Before me on the pad were letter-perfect samples of Ernest's peculiar handwriting, unmistakable in formation.

Accepting that he was present therefore, I went on to ask him question about himself. Not only did I get sensible answers that seemed accurate on the face of them, but he told me things about certain members of the family—all of whom were residing on the other side of the continent—that I afterward found to be accurate when I came East and made inquiry

MEANWHILE my police dog was acting most peculiarly.

She was not exactly fearful or angered, so much as excited. She paced around the room, hitting taborets and chairs, and knocking books and magazines off upon the rug. Finally she began a series of short, excited barkings—taking up her position in the hallway door and peering around the fireplace corner with more choppy barkings. Again and again I called to her to be quiet. Suddenly the pencil wrote, "Do not scold your dog. She merely sensed or sees our presence."

It was not Ernet's handwriting. It was the same penmanship in which my other friend and I had received our communications in that New York apartment, two

> **weeks before. Before we ended the experiment that first evening one other remarkable incident occurred. The pencil continuing to write in the latter penmanship started voluntarily giving me information about my past incarnations.**
>
> **OF THESE, I cannot write. They are personal and private to myself alone. But they constitute some of the most remarkable phases and aspects of this whole enlightenment.**
>
> **"On a certain day in the year 1913 you were in B…" wrote the pencil. "You were reading an inscription on that monument. You were reading your own inscription!"**
>
> **lest the accusation of a superiority complex arise here, let me say that the persons designated ad my own former impersonations during the past 2000 years have not been people that would ever have emanated from my own subconscious of my own election. They have been people who kicked up more of a rumpus on the human stage than humanity especially liked at the time, and always in some proselytizing capacity that wrought alterations in the mode of humanity's living.**
>
> **I have been few famous soldiers, poets, statesmen or potentates. The persons that I now am convinced that I have been were philosophical personages —somewhat unfamiliar to**

the public in their historical lives—and not until I hunted out their little-known biographies did I realize with a strange sensation up and down my spine that the incidents set forth in those biographies coincided to the letter with weird presentiments and recurrent dreams which I had experienced all through childhood and adolescence.

IN MY "Seven Minutes" episode I had plenty of evidence to justify belief in the reincarnational hypothesis. But it had never occurred to me to wonder what other lives I had lived or how I had arrived at my present status of consciousness. I simply accepted the fact that I had lived other lives as I now accept the fact that I am living this life.

But over the entire year that now ensued, the most dramatic confirmation of these identities began to creep up in my affairs until I finally threw aside my skepticism and adopted an attitude of "Well, what of it?"

Let me add, however, that I am not one of those believers in reincarnation who hold that they have been famous persons in every life. Many of the lives with which I am reasonably familiar now, were quite "unwept, dishonored and unsung"—thank God for that!

THAT evening with my nurse friend was the first of a series, which we spent together; taking soen communications that could have had no reasonable source within our subconscious selves. For the o\pencil soon began to branch out into illuminatory discussions of metaphysics and treat of matters of which I had never heard. Months later in the East I was to discover that the papers I had begun to take thus in distant California constituted the fundamental premise of the whole esoteric doctrine known as Soulcraft.

We had been writing thus for a matter of three weeks, however, when in the middle of a profound discourse, the pencil began to cut strange capers. It started to write irrelevant material. It made curlicues and pictures. It would

“go dead” to start up again with queer jerks and dashes.

“Hurry down to your office tonight. You have received an important check in the mail today that at present lies on your office rug where it became separated from the afternoon mail. Unless you rescue it, the night janitor may sweep it up in the rubbish.”

I had an office at the time in a Pasadena business block and the message bore all the earmarks of friendly solicitation. As it was nearing time to deliver my companion at her home five miles away, we got into my car and went down to search for the missing check.

We aroused the night janitor, went up to the third floor of the building and unlocked the office.

No check was on the rug.

WE SEARCHED diligently. The janitor declared he had not swept the suite and no one had entered it since the employees had left. Going into the inner room. We sat down before my business desk and resumed out position with pencil and paper, asking explanation of the strange occurrence. The pencil responded jerkily but finally wrote—

“Sorry, old man. We made an error. It was not on your office floor that we saw the letter with check lying but on the floor of the post office. Better get over there at once and make inquiries.”

Wit this explanation we went across town to the post office and gained the attention of the night clerk. Without informing him of the source of out information, we asked him to make a search and ascertain if such a letter had come to me that day from the East—for the sender of the letter and the size of the check had been indicated.

The report was negative.

I was puzzled and not a little troubled. What on earth was the

matter?

Back to the office we went and made demand for another explanation, although the time was now nearing midnight.

“In the morning.” Wrote the pencil, “go to the post office immediately the postmaster himself, Mr. Black, is in his office and make him show you the contents of Lock Box 1736. He will turn out the missing letter to you from it—where it had been picked up and put by mistake.

I LET the matter go for the night, took my companion home and returned to my own. Next morning I went to see the postmaster. Here was a strange angle of the case, by the way. In the message the pencil had designated the postmaster as Mr. Black. Personally at that time I did not know the postmaster’s name. Making inquiries for him next morning, however, I found his name to be Mr. Knight. The idea was there, but had not been correctly interpreted.

No matter, I asked him to look in Lock Box 1736, which the pencil had declared was rented to a Mr. Slocum.

“That couldn’t be possible,” Mr. Knight said to me at once.

“We have only two hundred lock boxes in this post office.”

Postmaster Knight at Pasedena will doubtless recall the incident although he knew exactly hat sort of a puzzle I was working out. “Is there a Mr. Slocum who rents a box in this office?” I asked him.

“There is,” Mr. Knight replied, giving me more courtesy than I have ever had at any post office before or since.

“Will you look in his box then, and tell me if there is a letter there for me tossed in there by mistake?”

He would and he did.

There was no letter at all in Mr. Slocum's box!

I WAS now fully convinced that some sort of hoax was being played on me, but was also determined to learn how far it would go. As soon as I could contact my friend to write more with her, we got another alibi. "Of course Mr. Slocum came in while you were on the way to the post office and emptied his box. He has carried your letter with check away with him. But he is an honest man and he will return it to you with apologies when he sees his error. You will find that it will turn up in your other post office box in Altadena." I waited a day and made inquiries at Altadena.

No letter appeared.

I went to the Western Union office and sent a wire East, asking the person from whom the check was said to be coming, if he had ever mailed me any such check.

The answer came back:

CANNOT UNDERSTAND YOUR QUERY STOP HAVE MAILED NO CHECK SINCE WEEK AGO THURSDAY

The thing was a hoax from beginning to end.

I went back to the pencil and asked for explanation. The pencil stayed "dead"…

Up to this time I was unaware that there were such entities in existence as makers of mischief in the affair of psychic persons, and that the levels just above mortal life held "unclean spirits who delight to confuse."

I assumed, as most people assume when they are convinced of the continuity of life, that anything given from the Unseen Dimensions must necessarily be truthful because of the sources and methods from which it is derived.

I had been brought up in the good old Methodist notion that

when people died whey immediately became heaven-like, or if they were "wicked" they were consigned to a Pit where there was wailing and gnashing of teeth —certainly not possessed of much chance for hoaxing and baffling mortal folk going about their honest affairs.

It took me several weeks to come into recognition of my own people —the truth-tellers and bona fide instructors whose word could be more or less relied upon—by the technique of recognizing their "rate of vibration." I had opened up nerve centers in my body by my Seven Minutes experience, which enabled me to sense this vibration caused by the presence of people near me, either in flesh or out of it. But I had not learned that each person has a different vibratory rate depending upon his identity, cosmic age, and the immortal "group" to which he belongs.

I had not become aware of the difference in these rates of vibration that would identify helpful, constructive, sympathetic persons from those whose only desire was to get expression by influencing whomever they were allowed to influence when psychical conditions on both sides were complied with. I believe then, and I still believe, that the major portion of my early communications were simon pure and came from the individuals they affected to come from. I am convinced of this not only from the nature of the material transmitted to me, but through the vibratory discrimination I soon developed at the cost of great spiritual tumult and torment.

Every person who essays to investigate the machinery behind life must pass through this period and learn the bitter lesson of experience.

It is typified I Christ's career by His Forty Days in the Wilderness there He was "tempted of Satan," taken to an exceedingly high mountain and shown the kingdoms of the world, taken to the heights of the temple and told to dash

Himself down.

In the mystic studies of the East, the period is known as the time of Pledge Fever. Immediately the novice has pledged himself to study and expound these great constructive doctrines that will free the human race from its bondage of error and ignorance, he at once invites all manner of confusion and bafflement in his affairs. Decadent, malignant entities who can operate out of unseen areas of time and apace precisely like the inspirational, constructive people, appear to do everything possible in their powers of darkness to weaken the resolve and turn the pupil back into the fogs of doubt, distress and piteous timidity. Wise teachers of the mysteries know that this will come to every bona fide worker with great potentialities for constructive good. But I had no teachers. I was learning by the good old method of trial and error. And I learned.

People constantly ask me why this sort of frustration of goodly works is "permitted". They seem to think that such activities should be prohibited or controlled by divine fiat. They forget in their indignation that mortal beings, in bodies or out of them, are absolutely free spirits who can do whatever they please, or be whatever they please.

If this election were not possible, the Almighty could make the universe "good" between now and midnight by speaking the Word. The does no such thing because the spirit of every man and women is a literal cell of God developing in its own way as it chooses to develop. If it chooses to develop in Light and constructive Love, it goes on by the nature of its own activities into higher and higher forms of spiritual evolution. If it chooses to retrograde into darkness and confusions, it simply commits a sort of identity-suicide and extinguishes its own life, returning ultimately to the great ocean of universal spirit with its identity lost forever.

There are millions of souls who evolve to a certain point, then lose that inspiration to go onward because of some great temptation, shock or mental experience in one of their lives.

They become recalcitrant and vicious, and instead of taking finer forms, life after life, they reappers as grosser and grosser persons, more and more ugly, more and more stupid, till in their moribund spleen and vengeance they become mass antagonists of those who have not defaulted but are developing and mounting steadily upward.

THESE are the "demons"—and the only demons —of Scripture and legend. But their power for mischief is incalculable when they find a newly awakened person who is not yet wise to their purpose and antics. They lose no opportunity to discredit the advancing soul by throwing monkey wrenches into his affairs and frightening him away from further constructive effort. That is why so much stamina is required to push on in spite of the adversity and bafflement, which they introduce, and win through to correct methods for overcoming their functioning and mass activities.

AGAIN and again we got messages—or what purported to be messages—about my intimate affairs, which continued to be inaccurate. I was sorrowfully angry that such behavior should be allowed. I had gone on blind faith that somehow, somewhere, I had unseen friends who would not let that sort of thing happen. Finally this came—

"You are urgently needed in New York. A very dear friend of yours intends to commit suicide and you must halt it. Go east at once as soon as you can settle your affairs. Talk with this person. You will find that what we say is true."

"I'll go nowhere," said I flatly, "until you give me concrete proof that you are what you say you are and that you are telling me the truth. I refuse to be hoaxed into a cross-country trip. I can't afford it."

"You may have this proof," the pencil answered. "Next Tuesday at half past three in the afternoon, a man will walking into your office and without any solicitation from you, volunteer to loan you a certain sum of money. If he does so, it should be prima facie evidence to you that we are not hoaxing

you." "All right," I answered aloud, "if anyone puts real money into my hand for a New York journey, I will accept the message as bona fide and act upon it."

TUESDAY came. During the lunch hour four men came into consult with me about a real estate deal. We lunched together and returned to my office. I left orders with my secretary that she was to call me out at once if anyone entered at 3:30 who especially wanted to see me. Then I continued my business. At half past three we were still discussing the deal. No stranger had appeared and did not appear. I was sour about "unseen friends" and automatic writing in general. At four o'clock our conference broke up and one by one my friends withdrew. Finally one man was left. As he, too, arose to go, he straightened into his chair and asked with puzzled frown,

"Bill, do you especially want money for a trip east?" "Maybe," I said, startled, "but why do you ask?"

"I ask because for three hours I've been sitting here feeling funny about things. I've felt that I ought to offer you the loan of a sum of money. It's a real distress to me. How much do you want to borrow for the trip?" here was I, confronting a man in my office at the indicated time, who of his own volition stated that he felt he should loan me a sum of money for some purpose that he could not define. And how much did I want?

"Five hundred dollars," I replied to him, somewhat experimentally, wondering how consciously he was aware that he was being used.

He leaned forward without a word, drew out his checkbook and wrote me his check. He did not even want a promissory note. At the door he said, "It's funny, Bill, but now that I've done that, I feel strangely relieved." He closed the door and went out to the elevators. I glanced at his check. It was made

out for $750.

I HAD received then, an apparently bona fide message, requesting my return to Manhattan. The day and hour had been accurate although instead of entering

my office at 3:30 *my man had been in it all the time!*

I felt that I had to keep my part of the pact, and immediately arranged my affairs to go back to New York and halt a suicide. I took the Sante Fe east, the following afternoon.

IT WAS now the first of December.

Reaching Grand Central station after an uneventful five-day journey across America, I went through the concourse and secured a room at the Commodore Hotel. At once I phoned the women friend with whom I had done my first automatic writing, telling her of strange developments on the Coast and asking that she come over and have lunch with.

I recall that I had enjoyed a bath while awaiting the luncheon hour, and was crossing my room in a state of undress, when I suddenly stopped short in the middle of the floor.

I was being addressed by someone invisible!

It was not exactly a voice that persons present might have heard. It had a queer muffled quality, as though it were being spoken inside my head. "Put a s\pencil in your left hand," it ordered, "and sit sown at a table with paper before you and the tip of the pencil on the paper."

THIS WAS not only weird, it was something of a bother. I had a luncheon engagement to keep. I was som ewhat distressed by the prophesied nature of my trip to New York—that I was wanted in Manhattan to restrain a close friend from committing suicide. Nevertheless, still in dishabille, I did as I was asked. I got out a pencil and poised it on a sheet of hotel stationery. The pencil commenced to write, practically of its

own volition, *from right to left,* and kept on until the script had filled the sheet. I had to hold it up to a mirror subsequently, in order to read it.

Now I am not left-handed and have never written left-handed. Moreover, all my writing in conjunction with the two women friends previously reported had been done in the usual manner from left to right. I had never seen this new process performed before, and had not believed that it could be done until I actually held the pencil in my own hand doing it.

This is the substance of the strangely inverted script—

"You are to become a Mentor in a world of bleak science that is slowly undermining faith in things spiritual, and you will be the means of stopping much of the faithlessness of the present generation by your advice and teaching."

Sensing that this was not all of the communication that was intended, I came back from the mirror where I had deciphered the above, took a clean sheet of paper and saw the following written—

"You are to help men and women get a clearer and closer understanding of their places in the divine scheme of things, and help them to an understanding of eternal truths. You are thus favored because you have opened your heart to beauty and to truth."

Twelve o'clock came and I was still filling pages with the writing, which I continually had to carry across the room to the mirror in order to read. By the time I halted, I had barely time to dress myself for my luncheon. But I carried some of the sheets downstairs to show to my friend when she arrived. She took her small mirror from her purse, as we sat across from each other at the luncheon table, and used it to decipher the penmanship. "This is the clearest mirror writing I've ever seen!" she exclaimed. "I want you to loan it to me and let me take it down to the Society for Psychical Research as an exhibit."

I DEMURRED at this. I didn't want myself researched. But that night, alone in my room after the events of the afternoon I am presently to chronicle, I gave the whole evening over to the strange backhand script. And I began to learn matters about myself that by no stretch of the human imagination could ever be the vaporings of my own subconscious mind.

These matters were of a nature so private and peculiar to me alone that I could easily discern why they might have been withheld until that time and not "sent across" to me until they could be given without any second person present to learn of them.

With the luncheon out of the way, however, I had the afternoon's ordeal ahead of me, of searching for the person who was about to end his life—according to the warning I had received in California.

THIS PWESON lived in uptown New York. I took the subway to his street, for my previous instruction had declared that I would be led to find him at home. I went to his apartment hotel and asked the girl ant the switchboard to send up my name.

I might have said in previous paragraphs that the original warning about this person's imminent deed had implied that he would murder himself by illuminating gas because of a "jam" he was "in" with a person of the opposite sex. When the girl at the switchboard rang and rang without getting any answer, I became alarmed. Had I really arrived too late? I was on the point of asking that the apartment door be forced when the elevator operator came down from above stairs and declared—

"The party you're trying to get had gone out to the movies and won't be back until seven o'clock. I brought him down about ten minutes ago and he left a message for……because he was expecting a call." This expected call, however, had nothing to do with myself.

I DID A whimsical thing to see if it would "work". I went out to the corner newsstand and bought a newspaper. Its margins afforded me space foe writing a message. I went into an alcove of the near-by building out of the wind, took a pencil from my pocket and poised the tip on a margin of the newspaper as I stood there out of sight of pedestrians. I asked, what was the status of the affair, and what was I to do next?

Even on a public street, with the roar of New York traffic about me, the pencil wrote without slip or falter—

"He will not take his life today, but if you want to intercept and meet him, go back down to Grand Central Terminal, Gate 28, and you will find him there, waiting to meet a friend on an incoming train."

"Then he hasn't gone to the movies?" I asked.

The pencil wrote, "No!"

I WENT BACK downtown again intrigued to see how far these instructions would carry with accuracy. I could not believe that I had been furnished with funds and brought "way across the continent to repeat such a performance as I had undergone with the missing check purported to have been mailed me earlier from New York. I was proceeding now in a studious mood, or a researcher's mood. I knew that strange forces were operating and engineering all this phenomena and I determined to probe to the bottom of the activities. Somewhere in it mist be something that was constructive.

Arriving in front of Grand Central Terminal I felt such a twitching and pulling and jabbing in my supersensitive left arm, that I turned into the terminal and went to the designated gate.

The gate was unlighted. The bulletin of incoming trains was blank. There were no people, known or unknown to me, lingering in its vicinity. Demanding an accounting, I drew back out of sight, as I had on the street uptown, and gave the

entities motivating all this "monkey business" another chance to explain themselves.

"We made a mistake about the gate," came the mirror-writing answer. "Go over toward the cigar stand and you will see him standing there." I went.

YOU'VE got the wrong cigar stand," was the next explanation—or alibi—that come over the pencil; I tried once more to follow directions. Nothing came of it. I went back to my hotel, called the person uptown whom I had crossed the country to meet, and in due time got connection with him. "Are you all right?" I asked.

"Of course I'm all right," came his hearty response.

"What about So-and-so?' I asked, mentioning the name of the person because of whom he was to have taken his life.

"I haven't seen that party for a year and a half," came his assurance.

The next day I met the would-be suicide personally, talked at length with him, found that he had no more idea of taking his life than I had of taking mine. Mischief and hoax, all of it!

And I had taken a 3,000-mile trip across America, obligating myself for a $750 loan, to do it.

CLOSETING myself in my hotel room that night, I proceeded to let the mirror-writing go where it would. I wanted to see what would come over, in the hope of gaining some clue as to the possible identity of the one responsible for it.

For two or three hours I filled sheet after sheet with mirror-script, pausing at the end of each page to transcribe it in regular penmanship on a side pad of paper. And instead of any definite directions about my practical affairs, instead of alibis and explanations of the antics of the afternoon, the Script wrote in clear, forceful, positive handwriting a little

more profound exposition of cosmic doctrine than I had received hitherto, either in New York or Altadena. I almost forgot the mischief of the week and day in following these intriguing solutions and interpretations of great Behind-Life riddles and processes, as they came over line after line.

Of curse, as the same method had been responsible for writing me mischievous directions, I had no license to assume that these solutions and interpretations were any more authentic or responsible or correct, that the worldly directions had been. But this thing happened—between ten and eleven o'clock, when I was becoming slightly exhausted mentally and physically with the writing, the pencil began behaving strangely. The writhing grew weak, wavering, and uncertain. These were scrawls and lapses in the discourse. Then it picked up again as before.

But now the tone and motif of the writing had altered. What was coming over to me was a lengthy dissertation on the intimate private character of some of my dearest, closest acquaintance.

FOR AN hour and a half I sat writing, or recording, the most elaborate and "juiciest" bits of scandal and slander about these friends that could be imagined. Intimate details of their private lives were laid bare to me. I was warned that this person was a private pervert, and that person was a rogue. These details, rich in gossip and malign implications, reached a point where I halted the taking of them in disgust. Some of the persons involved, which I already knew about, but which on the surface of them seemed harmless enough, that the whole communication was as disgusting as it was diabolical. I had no one to advise me what to do, what "force" I was toying with, what parts of the communication I could believe—if any whatever—and what not. I fought a stiff battle with myself that night, whether or not I would continue to lend myself to his sort of perversion and irresponsible nonsense. The next day, I recall, was Sunday. Sleeping until noontime, I arose and called the women with whom I had done my first writing. She was one of those who had been most generously

belabored in the previous evening's material. "I've received a lot of communication," I explained over the phone, "that I want your counsel on. May I come up this afternoon and show it to you? Perhaps you can give me a cue as to whether I should continue or stop it altogether." She generously assented and at two o'clock I was again in her apartment. She read the "messages"…

"Do you know anything about the activities of people on the astral planes?" she demanded.

"Have you gone thus far in this dangerous business without being informed that the discarnate octaves immediately above—or outside of—the mortal are crammed with 'people' who want to interfere with the affairs of physical life and run them according to their own notions?"

"Where would I obtain such information?" I asked her.

"Well, they are," she instructed me. "This idea that when men and women 'die' they immediately proceed to some far-off place where they wither w ander about in coma or 'sleep in Jesus' till the Judgment Day, doesn't stack up at all with what we find demonstrated in seance rooms. Those discarnates simply lose their bodies, and being earth-bound, or held by habit to their former environments, they proceed right along to interfere with the life-situations of their former intimates and try to direct their careers from the astral. It's a pernicious and mischievous business but nonetheless it happens. Mortals in flesh get the directions and think that 'God' or 'guardian angels' are counseling them—being that must be infallible. They're really only the discarnate souls of relatives who have lost their bodies. And they know no more what they're talking about than they have known in mortality. Suppose we get out the writing materials and let's try to contact supernal and 'graduated' beings who can give us some counsel on what to do in your present predicament." I agreed eagerly and she brought forth her writing board.

Chapter IV

TAKING DISCARNATE ADVICE

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My answer to such doubters has uniformly been that by telling the actual truth as to what happened, and being absolutely frank about the pitfalls and trip-ups that I encountered, I have believed myself doing the very opposite of shaking confidence in my integrity or the veracity of bona fide communications when I had 'found' myself in all the disturbing business and mastered the technique of discriminating between the worthy messages of real mentors and the annoying vaporings of discarnate 'kibitzers'.

I am showing people exactly what happens in this sort of development so that they may know what is occurring when they encounter similar phenomena—as they certainly will—and I am disclosing what the steps and attainments have been that now enable me to say that I believe my Sources to be correct and dependable.

And, by the way, I want to serve notice here and now that I am not strategizing in all of this, in order to build a great following for myself, or be taken for any modern Moses, leading people out of a spiritual wilderness. I declare that I lack the acumen to so strategize, even to carry myself to the point at which I find myself already.

If a stronger power than mine were not guiding and directing all this, I would long ago have gone down to defeat.

THEN there is another point that should be borne in mind. True adepts and investigators into these mysterious fields above the mortal know that if I declared myself faultless in my progress—if I announced that I had never gotten into the hands of "wrong people" in my experiences —they would have every right to look somewhat askance upon my integrity as well as my adeptness, because, as I say, these misfortunate do hound those who open these centers in themselves.

They hounded Christ Himself. What other interpretation can we put upon His Temptation in the Wilderness but the attempt of evil entities to gain control of His resplendent organism while He was in a developing state? This is by no means any alibi for y previous assertion concerning frankness in dealing with my audience. I am merely trying to impress on confused or dubious critics that what I am now printing in this book of Psychic Memoirs actually happened between twenty and thirty years in the past. Much water had flowed under the Bridge of Experience since these happenings. I believe that later I found ways and means of armoring myself against the tactics of these ignorant, half-developed discarnates who seem not to understand what it is that they are doing. But be that as it may, I do ask my readers to suspend judgment on my veracity and dependability until they have read the full account of what I have narrate.

AFTER coming to New York on what seemed a wild goose chase, and having much balderdash and slanderous material given me over the automatic pencil when I was alone and wearied with much writing, I had gone up to my friend's apartment to get such explanation as I could from those who might instruct her in the true tenets of what was occurring.

We made the writing-board ready as I related at the end of my last chapter and after a few moments an Invisible Mentor began to write—

> **William must get these things from experience else he is never going to be of value as an instructor to others. He must learn the identities of his own Kith and kin in this work, how to form accurate contact with them, and how to know he has received dependable material that has actually come from them. No appreciable harm has come to him to date, and we will not allow serious harm to come to him, experience that, which may arise by his own willful disillusion within his own spirit.**

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"Those of us who operate upon the higher planes of Love cannot, and would not if we could, pass on to you information about those you love that would cause either of you pain.

"Whatever else we are, we are NOT gossip. If there are those on this side who are gossips, they are much like such persons o your side, and most of what they pass on to you is the fabrication of diseased fancy. "The things of the Thought World are not a whole lot different from the things of the earth-world except that we have access to the thoughts and emotions of people which you do not.

"You must remember that all sorts of institutions exist foe the commitment of insane people on your side, but over here on the Lower Levels close to earth they are uniformly at large and can do quite as much damage on both sides as

they can in the flesh on the earth side when they are not restrained. So you can imagine what a bedlam of vibrations sometimes exists over here when we want to concentrate with you most.

"These 'crazy souls' are obsessed with picking shining marks for their attacks, as they know that they cannot be perceived and yet can perceive the results of their mischief. They are like a lot of noisy children and the nursery is often a thumping nuisance.

"What we mean to tell you is, do not let yourself be misled by such people. What makes sense on your side makes sense here—and vice versa. What makes profitable converse here is doubly true upon your side."

AFTER TWELVE years of working consistently in clairaudiency, I can now subscribe to all this as true.

For the guidance of my good friends all over the nation who may even now be "coming through the way", I am going to give over the balance of this chapter to my second clairaudient paper which I received on the following evening, as I am certain the advice and observations it contains will help them as it then helped me. Next chapter I shall tell of the true reason for my being called to New York, and the events that started to transpire, ending my residence on the West Coast for good and culminating in the writing of "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" foe the American Magazine.

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"You choose an hour each day when you can surely give it to us and for one hour we will write. Do not try to transcribe anything during that hour. Wait r

ill it is over. This will mike it easier for us to control conditions though even then there are certain elements that are in your control. That is, your physical condition or your mind may make a wall between us that we cannot penetrate. When this happens, your own subconscious, not wanting you to be disappointed, takes things over. It is then that all sorts of promises are made which seem to be deceptions on our part.

WE ARE giving you this warning because you cannot often in the least know the wall has been erected. Over-anxiety to get us and to make the right distinctions is often the strongest wall you can build. You have to be on your guard also against those malign influences that can get to you when we are not on guard and that are inevitably attracted when the atmosphere is fogged by Doubt, Weariness and Emotional Strain. You are straining too much. Quite means quiet all the way through—body, soul, mind, brain, nerves and spirit. Too much of this straining makes a condition so over-sensitized that it results in one of two things: either your vibrations are lowered in tone and you are open to almost any force that comes along, or you are almost completely shut away from this side and your subconscious gets busy looking for some wish or fear hope or question that has previously been expressed, and building it up and decorating it.

“Remember, we may give you sailing directions but we do not take the wheel. And we do not give sailing directions to go two ways at once. How can we help it if you persist in joining up the radio, and taking the telephone off the hook, and then while we are talking, accepting all that is coming from all three sources as from us?”

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“You have no conception or the Power of Thought, even on your plane, and for almost two weeks you have been sending out thoughts destructive to the very things you were most keen about. We know you could not help it, considering the state of doubt that you were in, but that did not keep it from checkmating some of our efforts. So not be upset. We do not mean that any harm has been done except that Delay is always a factor that brings greater chances for something to go wrong.”

“You were I a state of doubt that was deeper than your conscious mind and applied to all the circumstances surrounding you. At first this was not very active, but it was enough to let through the things which in their turn increased the doubt and made it assume proportions that were serious handicaps to all that we were trying to do. You can check, you

can question, to see of we are what we say. But you must never doubt that we are making the effort to reach you!

“You say that you understood that you had nothing to do but wait and we would serve you. What else would anyone on this side do if he wanted you to fail—if it meant more than to be calm and quiet and patient?” “There ate times of crisis, when after you have done all that is in you to do, we step in and do the rest for you. But there is no crisis in you affairs now excepting your relations to us and the problems we present. You must remember that crises are always of the spirit, never of the pocketbook. Sure, calm and free, that is the touchstone that gives you strength and wisdom to handle all of your everyday problems. Your impatience has been the tool used by your enemies in our world to get to you. You cannot send out at the same time vibrations of Love and Harmony, and vibrations of Impatience and Doubt.” “We want you to go to it and do your utmost. But remember always that it is Activity keyed to Love that is constructive, and Impatience or an attempt to force things unnaturally, may only stunt their growth..” “You are very weary, my boy; it is the weariness of one who has been sorely tried. But if even our gracious Lord must wrestle with the demons of Doubt, how shall any mortal escape?”

WE PAUSED here in the writing for a moment. And during this pause, an eery thing happened. “I feel so strange!” my friend cried suddenly. “I hope that I’m not going into a trance—or tainting—“

The next instant I seemed to be conscious of a sensation in the room that I can best describe as ‘angel wings beating softly’. The most uncanny tremors ran up and down my spine. What was in that room with us —but invisible? *Something!* Then the pencil in my friend’s fingers began to ‘act up’. It came alive and started off as though by itself in a most exquisite flowing Spencerian script—“ “Oh ye of little faith! … And yet, how could it be otherwise until the memory of Those Days is restored by the complete triumph of Spirit over Matter?” Immediately, as the pencil came to a halt, the ‘beating’

sensation ceased. I looked at my companion. She was limp and inert beside me—as though she had fallen into sleep. For myself, I had after-effects as from a charge from a galvanic battery. What—or Who—had been close I that apartment, close enough to make a pencil move in a sleeping woman's hand? Did I need to ask? But the intelligence was by no means over for that evening. My companion recovered.

"What happened?" she cried.

I pointed to the beautiful writing on her lap.

She managed a dry swallow and drew a ragged breath. But the pencil was writing her hand again—

"IF YOU will do the things we now recommend, it may help.

"Ask no questions about material affairs; we will be with you in them and if you add to your judgment a sure, calm faith in us, you will find things working out, and when they seem to go astray you will know there is a reason and will trust us."

"Put more confidence in this than in any other source of teaching or instruction. Check everything and be sure that any message we give you can be shared with your intimates."

"Write alone only one hour a day, preferably the same hour. If you feel the impulse at any other time, resist it. If I want you, I will rap on something three times and then two times. When I do that, ask me to repeat." "Then you will know that I am here."

"But never accept anything wholly unless you know that it is in harmony with the principles we have given you, and your heart speaks for them." "Do what you can in all your affairs and be sure that we are with you. You do not know how often what seems to be disaster may be the averting of a bigger one." "Take better care of your health and get back your inner glow." "In conclusion: do not worry about the time lost.

It is all gain in the final analysis. After all, not many people could learn a lesson as vital as this in a few weeks. You could not do it if you had not learned so much before this life." The penmanship of this latter message had not been in the exquisite script, but in writing similar to that of the first part of the evening. Both of us were appalled by being the recipients of the foregoing sentiments. "Can I believe," I faltered, "that we could possibly have made any contact tonight with=="

My stupefied thought was reflected by that phenomenon of the gigantic 'wings' beating again. But this time my companion did not lose consciousness. The exquisite script was coming again from the pencil point, as both of us held our breaths to see what might be written. This was the 'repay' to my thought== "O my dearly beloved! … How shall I make you know that I am nearer than breathing and closer than hands and feet?"

"Albert is writing now, but that was a Greater than i. when your heart is open to Him He will always speak goodnight! … We all tonight have shared in the glory that has been about you and we join our prayers to yours that its radiance may dwell in your hearts forever!"

THE WRITING seemed to be over for the night. But what a night!

I remember that a couple of hours later, in a sort of daze, I dropped into the Childs Restaurant near the Grand Central Terminal for something to eat before seeking my bed. I viewed the ordinary two-legged mortals about me and sought to get through my head that I was still living in the same mundane world.

For that night's writing I had made the 3,000-mile journey across from California. Had it been worth it?

It certain had!

Chapter V

THE "DEAD" ARE CONFUSED

I ATTEST that in necessitates a peculiar temperament to explore the higher manifestations of life and deliberately seek to acquaint one's self with the aspects of existence above the mortal.

The average curiosity-seeker who "goes in" for psychical research, automatic writing, clairaudience or metaphysical phenomena of any kind, lands in all varieties of snarls because he expects higher manifestations of life to accord with those on this earthly level, and when they do not do so, he becomes suspicious or discouraged. Then too, there are cases where the inability to correlate the methods, manners, customs, and thought processes of the different levels, preys on the mind of the amateur investigator; he attributes these inconsistencies to the prankings of devils; he thinks he has "sold himself" to evil forces and continually brooding over it causes a rupture in his reason.

THERE are many students who have gone further into phenomenal phases of psychical research—the so-called "supernatural"—than I profess to have gone. But over several years of intensive study and exploring, I have come to this conclusion—

If the various levels of life were not different in their manifestations, there would be no necessity for life to exist at different levels.

It is because they are different that we have Research—to find out wherein they are different, this, as well as to prove that those various levels exist.

The profoundest thinkers and investigators in these matters agreed—and their experiments go to prove—that people do not alter their temperaments in the slightest by "dying", but they do awaken to a world vastly different in environment. In orienting themselves to that environment—or in the combination of these two factors, temperament and changed environment—some phenomena are produced that are often confusing on this mortal level.

I QUOTE from a manuscript that came into my office for publication in laterissue of my magazine: “People on the earth are much disposed to herd together according to their kind. The rich seek each other, the poor huddle into crowded tenements, and the thieves and gangsters have their resorts. Every city has its Four Hundred section, its Bohemian Quarter, and its slums. In the Land Beyond the Veil, people are also separated—on the basis of their moral development—into levels, more commonly called “planes” or “spheres” that surround the planet.

“The ‘spheres’ of lowest vibration—though of a vastly higher vibration than what we know on earth—are closest to the earth—in fact, the lowest intermingles with the earth’s surface. In a regular ascension from the center are spheres of higher and higher vibration, and in each of these spheres reside people—ex-human beings—of various degrees of evolutional development, the ignorant and the sinful occupying the lower spheres and attaining to higher spheres as they advance in love and wisdom.”

TO QUOTE further: “ When a truly good man dies he is usually not conscious in the full sense, for quite a space of time. He passes somewhat quickly through the lower spheres, to about the Fourth—or whatever corresponds in vibration to the moral development he had attained. Those of wicked lives remain in the First Sphere, being what is known as Earth-Bound spirits. They are unconscious for a long while after death, and when they arouse, find themselves in a region of almost total darkness, bate of vegetation and inhabited by the lowest of the low and the vilest of the vile. This condition corresponds to the Purgatory taught by the Roman Church. Swedenborg speaks of it as ‘The Hells’ …

“Those who are simply ignorant and weak, rather than downright depraved and vicious, find themselves in the Second Sphere, where it is lighter, and there is more opportunity to gain knowledge of higher and better things. “The great mass of everyday, ordinary people, not very wise, neither good not bad, just full of blunders and stumbling along—these find themselves in the Third Sphere. Here is where Raymond, son of Sir Olive Lodge, tells us he landed, and though his intelligence and moral development very shortly permitted his rising to the Fifth Sphere, yet he announced that he was going to stay in the Third and await his parents, and so not chance going beyond them and missing them when they came over.

“THE VERY best of mortals, men and women whose lives have been developed to the service of mankind, go to still higher spheres, each sphere being thus inhabited by beings of parallel development, and therefore harmonious and happy. The higher the sphere, the smaller the population, is the condition that follows, and the numbers in the higher spheres are reduced by the custom of those advanced soul’s spending most of their time in spheres below their own, where they go to teach and help the les s advanced and weaker members of the race. Wherever they go they are at once recognized by their brightness. There id no uncertainty as to their mortal standing. No hypocrite in the ‘heaven world’ can pass for better than he is, and no saint can fail to be known.

“A real Master, resident of the Ninth or the Tenth Sphere, is a most splendid object to look upon, with serene and lovely countenance, superb beauty and dignity, and a brilliance dazzling to the eyes.”

I MENTION these matters because as one advances in research, he finds they account for much of the inconsistency in phenomena, and confusing reports of the “after-life”, as given by those who have shuffled off their mortal coils. They also account for the inability of certain souls to communicate at all, while certain vile souls, on the very lowest planes next to earth, spend most of their time raising the Old Harry with the lives of sensitive people whom they can control and obese as soon as the psychical centers have been awakened without full knowledge of how to utilize them.

The question is frequently asked me, why is it that I am expounding so much about the Earthly Revisitation hypothesis, life on life, when hundreds of other sensitives, equally as good recorders, who make contact with those in higher planes, do not get confirmatory statements about the process at all?

I REMEMBER once, in my own development and lack of knowledge of these matters, crying out in anger and exasperation: “I wish these people on the Other Side would get together and agree on their fundamentals to tell those of us on this side!”

Now I know that there are literally millions of discarnate souls on the Other Side, inhabiting the lower spheres where they have no difficulty in making contact with their friends in physical flesh, who know no more about the great life principles than they knew while they were mortal men and women. Souls who know about the process of earthly rebirth are high and advanced, on

planes well away from the earth's surface. They are the ones most completely apprised of the phenomena at work in letting souls get down into earthly bodies—so that they are able to tell us in detail about it. Those below them find themselves behaving at the behest of Force that to them are as blind and unexplainable as those that catch a mortal person in the whorl of a Kansas windstorm. He would not be able to tell where the wind came from, what brought it about, or where it was blowing him. He would only know that he was going along.

But by the same token that there are expert meteorologists who know all about how these natural storms are caused, where they came from and where they will expend themselves, so there are the Great Souls up in the Lofty Sphere, who take much time and trouble to explain to those still in earthly bodies who will listen and profit, just what happens to them, in and out of life, cycle on cycle.

> **FOR THE information of the sincerely curious, I might say that I have reason to believe that in my discarnate experience, which I called "My Seven Minutes in Eternity", I attained to the Seventh Sphere—where I found many of my friends residing in the most colossal beauty and harmony of environment and relationships. I say this for what it is worth to those who enjoy knowledge of such matters. But it seems to be rational and reasonable, because of the machinery that I feel I have developed, that I am cutting through the reaches of the various lower levels and getting my instruction that I am passing on to my fellows now from Great and Wise Mentors who are residing upon the Ninth and Tenth Sphere of activity.**
>
> **It is really a form of super radio, that I believe I—and many others—have developed within our organisms over the cycles of lives we have lived and the many descents we have made into flesh to become masters of the process. Be that as it may, I had to attain to conscious knowledge of these vital facts in a new earthly body this time, by trial and error with the lesser developed entities, by instructions over the automatic pencil, and by the final development of my Inner Ear, before I was able to penetrate up to that Thought velocity where I could get**

simon-pure instruction.

It is a process that seems to be necessary to perfect all over again in each life cycle, although I know now that I did bring much through with me subconsciously when I entered my present body nearly seven decades ago. I had to reach that stage of cosmic learning by definite experiencing, so that I could recognize to what Level of Thought any given soul had attained who communicated with me, by the knowledge of cosmic facts that they had to communicate.

I HAD gone through an agonizing period of disillusion up to the time the Master Message began to be delivered to me. Whenever I became depressed or fretted, I had opened up my sensitive equipment to persons One, Two, and Three Plane high—in a manner of speaking. They were the ones who were tricking or confusing me.

And yet I did have a subconscious realization that there was something higher and better to contact, and that by keeping on I would contact it. I a manner of speaking, I was "remembering my own kith and kin" back up there on those lofty levels of Thought and Service. I knew that they would not let me down. Ultimately I had to win through to my goal.

That subconscious faith, it was, that kept me going, when otherwise I would have ditched the whole business as the work of sheer evil.

It was to awaken me to this subconscious knowledge that I found now that I had been brought back to New York. I had been put in funds, and I had traveled back to Manhattan from California, not to be hoaxed and disillusioned by those on the first two planes of life who had found they could make themselves known in my affairs, but to meet certain members of my own group in mortal flesh who were more fully awakened that I was, propinquity with whom soon began to bestir my own subconscious as to our group missions.

All this time I had steadfastly kept from writing about my

discarnate experience in California, and I had told few friends about it. I continued to write clairaudiently, night after night, to meet people more awakened than myself, to feel the dim stirring of recollection in my mind and heart. The weeks began to go by.

I remained in New York, living at the Commodore Hotel, writing many stories and articles for the national magazines, trying to absorb the realization of the stupendous things those High Masters were occasionally getting down to the Group.

December passed.

One morning in January, I got a queer, sharp command I shall never forget.

THE EDITORS of the American Magazine had again and again suggested that I write the story of my "rejuvenation", but as I have said before in these pages, I had no desire to emulate Sir A. Conan Doyle and "spoil" my writing career by "going Spiritualist" … Really, I never expected to write of my experience—and what was following it in clairaudient development—unless it might be for private distribution.

One morning early in January, I had come up from breakfast and had prepared myself to write a fiction story, when a semi-audible voice spoke to me in tones of terse command—

All is propitious. Write the story of your Dispensation today. You will find that it will be accepted with alacrity and will have the repercussion in enlightenment that we want to produce in society at this special time.

I was cheerfully willing to cooperate then. I sat down at my machine, twirled in paper, and wrote "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" in slightly less than two hours. Some of the pages seemed literally to "write themselves" … I finished the manuscript, jogged it up, clipped it in a folder, took up my hat after hurriedly reading what I had written, and went up to the

American Magazine offices. It was then about noontime.

“Well, I’ve written then article that you wanted,” I said. “Here ‘s th e story of ‘getting out of my body’ that night six or eight months ago.”

The editress before whom I laid down the manuscript had already pinned on her hat—they pinned their hats on in those days—and was ready to go to lunch. But she delayed in order to read the first two or three pages of that “Seven Minutes” article. Suddenly she sprang up and went into the office of the editor-in-chief. She was gone forty minutes. In those forty minutes I cooled my heels and wondered if I had made a supernal ass of myself. But Merle Crowell himself came in. There were tears on his face.

“I’ve just read the story of your discarnate experience,” he said. “We’re buying it from you and dispatching it to the printing-plant in Springfield, Ohio, this afternoon to catch the current issue of The American that’s now about to go to press.”

What they actually did was to stop the presses in Ohio and insert my Seven Minutes in Eternity story, beginning with page one, ØllingC~ɬıe featured article that had already ~aþened[~ɬıe March 1929, issue of the magazine. Two weeks later, some three million people read my account of the hyperdimensional visitation I had made out of my Altadena, California, bungalow some eight months before.

The Crowell Publishing Company paid me $1500 foe the contribution.

Within a week it had sold out the current issue of The American Magazine, and a mail comparable to Col. Charles Lindbergh after he had flown to Paris, began to show up in the offices of the publishers. I had thrown a major switch in my personal career.

Chapter VI

PROPHECY CAME NEXT

I LITTLE realized, as I lay down to sleep that memorable night in May 1928, that I had come to the end of my secular career.

All that I had lived since birth, up to that moment, had been nothing but worldly preparation for that which was to open with the coming of morning. My life was to change, my thinking was to change, and even my mind and its properties were to change. I was to find out the true reasons for my life at all, and proceed henceforth to discharge my Job.

The discarnate experience came and went. I found myself in possession of strange talents and powers. I went through six months of increasing awakening to the realities of life, and the significance of my experience.

But it was not until I consented to write the story of the whole uncanny episode foe the American Magazine, that my career opened definitely into channels that were to lead to … Soulcraft!

My interests in California had called me back there again, and I was living temporarily in Pasadena, when "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" was published throughout the nation.

Over and over again throughout my automatic writing work, the phrase had been used in connection with comment on the story, "Now is the time that was planned from the Beginning". … But just what was meant I could not then decide.

With the appearance of the magazine, however, on the notion's newsstands, I was quickly to realize that Kismet had

spoken strangely but truly.

I HAD supposed that when that article appeared I would have to run a gauntlet of raillery or skepticism, slander or abuse. I had decided in advance to be prepared for commiseration from those who would think that my head had gone addled. I had an armor of defense-mechanism around myself—an air of indifference to the outcome that I by no means felt inside. My first reactions came from people with whom I had been intimate in business relationship in Pasadena and Hollywood.

Instead of an outburst of skepticism and scoffing, people sought me out with the magazine surreptitiously concealed about their persons, to close my office door mysteriously and ask for confidential interviews while they gave me information.

I began to discover that the same experience had been undergone by my most intimate friends.

Man after man came into my office, apologized for his confession, then launched into details of psychic or discarnate experiences that soon had me wondering "where I had been all my life," that so many people about me had been undergoing them in s silence that had never permitted me to know there were such things in the world.

I SHALL never forget one experience with such a man late one night in an almost-empty office where we had repaired for a private conversation.

I had gone back to C alifornia this time with the idea of permanently closing up my affairs, disposing of the bungalow home in which the experience had occurred, and returning to New York to make Manhattan my residence. With great difficulty I nipped off the threads of enterprise after enterprise in which I was embroiled, sold the lease on my office, disposed of such effects as I did not mean to transfer to Manhattan, and offered my real estate for sale. The landlord

of the building in which my office had been, allowed me an empty room where I had moved a desk and some chairs. I sat in this room one night with a business associate with whom I had been connected for a year without the slightest inkling of knowledge that such matters were even known to him by hearsay. As we sat talking, I felt a strange vibration in my vicinity as though someone had taken a position behind me. My left arm, which had been supersensitized since I came back into my body that night six months before, told me that we were not alone in that office. Glanc ing at my companion, who had been talking until that moment about a business project, I saw his eyes widen and heard his voice sink till it trailed to a whisper.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Do you know there's someone standing behind you?" he asked.

"Yes," I admitted, wondering how he knew. "Do you mean you can see—?" "—He stand about six-feet two or three, dressed in long white robes… I can't see his features; they're so brilliant… he's got his hand on your left shoulder… now he's moved it to your right…"

All this time my friend—a solid, substantial businessman—was gaping at empty wall-space behind me, "I'm aware of it," I assented. "I can feel the hand." "I see," Joe faltered, "a n-name … as though in burning letters, just over your head and across his chest. I can see the letters BAR… HAVA… I can't read the rest—it's blurred in his brilliance."

I was puzzled. The name meant nothing then. Latter in New York I was to recall my friend's second-sight phenomena with startling implication. The "vision" faded and we resumed our talk

I WENT over to Hollywood and met a friend with whom I had associated in my film ventures. Of all persons on the West Coast, I expected facetious comment from him. When I

walked into his office, he had a copy of the American Magazine lying upon his desk, opened to my article. He looked up with a whimsical smile.

“Thank God, Bill,” said he, laying his opened palm upon the page, “you’ve come to your senses at last.”

“What do you mean, come to my senses?”

“Somehow I always thought you’d awaken someday to certain facts of life. It’s come in one night. You ought to be grateful.”

I had spent this man’s money, worn his clothes, slept in the same bed with him, driven his car, over a three-year period being in the closest business associations with him the while—without even knowing that he was an adept in metaphysics and performed such strange feats as talking with his brother nightly in a distant country by physical thought transference, besides having many experiences out of his body, in which he had seen himself in previous incarnations.

So it went.

Once I had “broken the restraint” or reticence by my article, I found scores of people ready to talk about such matters and attest to the validity of such phenomena. People in file land whom I had supposed would “razz” me until it hurt, would call me on the phone, waylay me in corridors, ask me into corners-to discuss similar experiences of their own and ask interpretation, several of these confidants had seen their relatives pass out of their bodies at death. It was all most unbelievable.

I GAVE away Laska, my police dog, to a friend, dismantled my bungalow, packed my goods for shipment. And yet night on night I was still doing my daily allotment of automatic writing, getting a grounding in metaphysical fundamentals that later was to stagger me again when in New York I came to compare the knowledge in my messages with profound books on the same subjects received by others.

Not only was it wholly unnecessary for me to read occult books written by others, but gradually I discovered that in many cases the wisdom I had been allotted surpassed that which had been compiled by the most erudite metaphysicians. I will return to these later in my story.

FINALLY one night I took another upward step.

With the goods of my household in process of moving, only a few chairs and a table cleared for use amid the crates and boxes, I was seated in a corner of what had been my library dictating my mirror-penmanship aloud to my nurse friend who had come up to assist me in my packing. Late in the clear California twilight, with scarcely a sound to break the crystal stillness, I glanced up at her in puzzled surprise.

"These words I'm writing backward … I'm hearing them spoken distinctly to me before my pencil pushes them out on paper!" I cried. "You're sue?" she asked. "Or is it your imagination?"

"They're being spoken clearly and distinctly within my head. I don't need the pencil! I can hear them as plainly as I hear your voice. Take down what I give you as long as it continues." She started to do so. The voice continued to talk on and on.

Frequently I interrupted it when some word was spoken that I did not understand.

Someone within that room, invisible, was definitely speaking to me, and I was hearing him!

The voice talked on and on, into the hours of early night. In the quarter-century that has passed since these weeks of which I am writing, I suppose five thousand persons have put the question to me, about how it "feels" to get the clairaudient voice inside one's head? Do I hear it literarily or do both. I hear the communicating voice addressing me "in thought". But strangely enough, I frequently know when the communicator is chuckling "in thought". I have been in the

midst of a message of gravest import when the room's telephone has rung. I have excused myself as I might to guests who were present in the flesh. I have carried on a lengthy phone conversation about some business matter; to return to my chair and have the "voice" resume the clairaudient dictation from the middle of a paragraph.

That it is an independent intellectual force operating externally seems attested as well by the fact that on other occasions I have had this thought Voice speak to me in languages other than English—and ancient biblical Aramaic is the only tongue with which I am familiar outside of English. Six to twelve pages of purest Sanskrit was thus "dictated" or "overheard" one evening later in Manhattan—which on being recorded phonetically was quickly and readily translated by Sanskrit scholars who saw the original. I was to spend a prodigious *nine years* recording the 844 pages of the *Golden scripts,* and twenty-five years recording the 1,500,000 words of the Great Soulcraft doctrine that now is world-wide in its reading public. Today, up here in 1954, the physical rematerialization of many of these Mentors has long-since corroborated and confirmed what they have so generously conveyed to me. After that night I continued to rely on that clear Inner Ear. To show how accurate it became, this happened: After a fortnight of continued instruction in actual events ahead in my life, many of which have since come true, I found myself complaining because I was being held in California by an escrow that I could not close until I had more money. I felt it absolutely essential to return to Manhattan. But go I could not till the money was raised.

I had stopped sleeping in the bungalow and taken a room in a hotel in Pomona in order to be near some friends who lived there. Each night, after a day spent in closing my Pasadena affairs, I would get into my car and drive the thirty miles to Pomona and bed.

One night I was especially upset at the way things were dragging. Suddenly came the Voice:

“You will have the money within 24 hours and be on the Santa Fee train tomorrow afternoon!”

“More mischief!” I lamented. “There’s not the ghost of a chance of my getting the cash I need within 24 hours. A miracle would have to happen.”

I had a bad half-hour. The Mischief-Makers were appearing again, evidently to hoax me so at a time so important. I abused them. I told them to pack themselves off and get out of my life.

The Voice was insistent, gentle, and patient.

“You will have the money within 24 hours and be on the Santa Fe train tomorrow afternoon!”

My friend and I ended our scripts in dismay. If any such money failed to materialize, I didn’t know what to do thereafter, or what Voice to trust. I locked the bungalow, backed the car from the driveway, took my friend home and started for Pomona.

I had a bad drive down. My life had all gone sixes and sevens. If I were to be hoaxed about this money promise, how could I depend on the other intimations of impending events and my part in them?

By the time I reached Pomona I was flaying myself for being so gullible as to so disrupt my affairs to follow such a Willo’-the-wisp. What had seemed so alluring was as the voice of forty devils sneering and jeering at me. And I was beggaring myself to go on serving them. Or so I thought. Then this happened swiftly: I found a garage for my car and walked over to the hotel. As I came in the door, the night-clerk sang out: “New York’s been trying to get you on the long distance phone ever since 8 o’clock, Mr. Pelley. They’ll call again at 11 o’clock and asked that you be here.”

New York! Who would call me at such an hour from Manhattan?

At 11 o'clock I was in the lobby when the phone-bell rang. It was one of the editors of the American Magazine.

"What are you doing out there all this time?" was the disgruntled demand across the continent. "There's a mail like Lindbergh's awaiting your answering here in the office from your Seven-Minutes article."

I CAN'T go back till I've closed an escrow out here that will take a lot of money, I explained.

"How much money?"

I named the sum.

"Is that all that's holding you? If we have that sum advanced to you by bank draft the first thing in the morning, will you be on the returning Santa Fe train tomorrow afternoon?"

"I will!" I promised.

"California is four hours behind New York in the matter of time. We'll have our bank transfer you the money so it will be available to you by the time you get out of bed in the morning."

I fumbled the receiver upon its hook.

At nine-thirty next morning when I got to Pasadena, the sum was on deposit in my bank. I closed my escrow, caught the 2:30 train. The Voice had not hoaxed me. I was heading east, to New York for good.

ON MY arrival in New York after closing my affairs on the western coast, I took a bachelor apartment in the West Fifties and converted it into a combination living quarters and office. I furnished this apartment with the appointments of my California bungalow. I mention these furnishings because of an incident that occurred in connection with them, which I

shall describe in a future chapter on Levitation of the Consciousness.

The bigger job that confronted me in that strange spring and summer of 1929 was the answering of the tremendous mail that came to me as a result of publishing "My Seven Minutes in Eternity," in the American Magazine. Daily I would go over to the offices of the Crowell Publishing Company, on Park Avenue, and bring back armfuls of unopened letters in sheaves of heavy manila envelops. I have never fully counted how many of these there were, for they have been continually arriving over the years that have since intervened. They ran over thirty thousand.

Those letters, which I took away with me, were addressed to me personally. The editors of the American Magazine received an equally appalling burden of mail. The American's circulation at the time Seven Minutes was printed, was approximately 2,250,000 copies. The great advertisers of the nation figure legitimately that every copy of a standard magazine is read by four to five people before it is finally given away, filed away, or destroyed. Figured on this basis, it may be suggested that "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" was read in that magazine alone by something like ten millions of people. Not all of them took the trouble to write either me or the publishers, expressing themselves upon the article, else I should probably be answering vast quantities of mail even to this day. But enough letters were received so that I kept one, and sometimes two, stenographers busy for nine months, acknowledging or commenting on the astounding epistles that the article prompted.

HAVING read the first letters, I sorted them into classifications. I found that at least 50 percent of them were merely letters of commendation, praising me for my "courage" in penning and printing such an article and attesting to the unspeakable inspiration the article had proven to my correspondents. The majority of these bagged me to go on and tell them more of such experiences; in fact, I understand that request was the burden of almost 90 percent

of the mail that went directly to the American's publishers. To these I gave a more or less formal reply, thanking the writers for their interest and good wishes and promising to let them know when I next published anything further of similar tenor in the nation's press.

The second great classification came from writers who had undergone similar experiences and wanted me to know about them. Some of these narratives would run to dozens of typewritten pages. Strange psychical experiences, adventures in the levitation of consciousness to distant parts of the earth or into the higher planes, the attested materializations of people who had "passed on"—these began to pile up until I realized that all unwittingly I had the nucleus for a miniature psychical research society in my private files. But what staggered me most of all in these testimony letters was the great number of persons from every walk of life, of every age and of both sexes, who avowed to a similar experience—or similat experiences—at some time in their present lives. And here was the amazing evidence that these correspondents were not fabricating—

In four cases out of five they would not only affirm having gone through exactly the same sensations as I went through in my own discarnate experience, but they would go further and give me details and descriptions about the sublimated planes of consciousness which I knew to be true because I had witnessed them on my own adventure, and yet I had said nothing about them in the article nor mentioned them to a living soul!

HOW DID these people get their information unless they had penetrated to a definite place, as I had claimed to have penetrated to a definite place, and seen or contacted exactly what I recalled having seen or contacted? In only two cases that I recall were there details given in letters that persuaded me the writers were fabricating, or the victims of delusions of grandeur. I recall in particular one astounding sheet of manuscript which I started to read, sent me from an address up in Massachusetts. As I perused the sheet I became

increasingly astounded. Whoever had written the text was giving me the most minute descriptions of what I said and did that night on the plane that I reached after quitting my body.

It attested to my personal behavior; it spoke of the specific friends I contacted; it mentioned the mistakes of which I was guilty, in not recognizing certain "dead" friends at once on account of their enhanced personal aspect over that which I had known of them in mortal life.

How did this writer come to be apprised of such definite and truthful details? **I got to the bottom of the sheet and found this footnote:**

"The above communication was sent through Mrs. Blank sitting in S …… Mass., on last Thursday evening, by Dr. N …… attesting to the veracity of Mr. Pelley's published narrative. Dr. N. is spirit and has 'been over' since 1925."

THE THIRD class of correspondents comprised that great army of readers who had recently lost loved ones of their own and wanted more specific details of their survival, their daily lives, customs, and possible abilities to communicate.

Some of these begged for more light in way so pitiful that it wrung my heart. They propounded questions to me which I simply had to answer. And yet the answers involved long expositions of cosmic law that would have been magazine articles in themselves. Some of them meant replies that would have taken me a half a day to answer. I simply could not do it. And yet the appeal of them haunted me.

There must be some way of getting this vital information out to people, information that current theology kept people from procuring, telling them that such was "sin" … I meditated on this problem through the balance of that year, trying to explain to the most pathetic cases, in as satisfactory a way as possible, why I had to respond in a manner so circumscribed.

MEANWHILE, this floor of correspondence was running into

money that I could not afford. People begging me for advanced information would enclose a two-cent stamp for reply, and apologize profusely for taking up my time. Thereby they assumed they had done their whole duty, and there were many who later wrote abusively, accusing me of fraud, when I failed for purely economic reasons, to give them the satisfaction they sought. If I had really had such an experience, and was poss essed of so much information about the higher planes of life and the fact of survival, why was I not frank and generous with my responses?

I was spending three to five hundred dollars a week even to be courteous to these thousands of inquirers. No matter h ow short a letter I wrote, and I simply could not be short to most of them, the cost of answering was averaging 50c per letter. The American Magazine did not, and would not, help me stand a cent of this expense, although the publishers did make certain advances to me against future deliveries of fiction manuscripts when the demands on my time answering this correspondence withheld me from turning out my usual fiction and thus keeping up with my current expenses. Moreover, the American's editors emphatically did not want any further articles on this great subject, after perceiving the furor, which the first had stirred up. "It is obvious that we cannot make the American a metaphysical magazine," they announced, "and that is just what we might do if we continued to publish more articles by you along the some line. Moreover, we know of no corps of trained writers capable of handling such material in addition to yourself, and we must think of our other writers. There are just as good writers as yourself in these United States, and we must play equally with all of them; we cannot afford to let you become indispensable to us. Go back to your fiction and try to forget this whole *faux pas* in publishing Seven Minutes, as soon as possible!"

BUT THERE was no such thing as "trying to forget the whole *faux pas*" … for the public would not let me do it. Answering a correspondent's first letter as politely and exhaustively as I could did not solve the problem. For every one-page letter that I would finally get around to answer, a five-page letter would

come back from that same person. Moreover, great numbers of them would pass my replies about, and that would breed more letters. But that was not all.

So titanic was the interest in this question of survival as I had attested to it, that the March issue of the American containing the original version of Seven Minutes disappeared from not only the nation's newsstands —selling out clean! —But it disappeared from library shelves and cellars and attics where past issues of magazines u sually arrived before reaching the junk-man. Every back-number magazine shop, not only in Manhattan but throughout the country, became suddenly denuded of American Magazines for March, 1929. Uniformly they brought $1.00 a number whenever they could be located. I have known of cases where prices as high as $10.00 were paid for this specific issue. I saw scores of instances where the article was clipped out, pasted together, and carried in a pocketbook until it was ready to fall apart from much handling. So when an American Magazine could not be produced with the article I it, other publishers began to write the editors, or myself, asking permission to reprint the story in their own magazine and thus supply the demand. As I had written the article to get a great truth out to the public, and not to make money—since I could have written a fiction story in the same time and made twice as much money as I got for Seven Minute —permission was freely given for republication.

I had in my library at one time fully twenty publications besides the American that had reprinted the account. This added hundreds of thousands more to the number of readers who had seen the account as it first appeared. These too began writing their quota of letters.

AS A reasonably popular writing-man, I had penalized myself heavily for daring to open up a subject in which the reading public showed such interest. I had been with the American Magazine on and off as contributor since its inception in its present form in 1951. Once before, in September 1917, I had written a bit of literary work for them that had cleaned out all copies on the nation's newsstands. The Crowell Publishing

Company was my "bread and butter" in a manner of speaking.

It is not generally known to the public that writers uniformly go by "families" … there is the Saturday Evening Post group, the Hearst group, the Crowell group. High-priced popular writers acquire such personal relationships with editors from constant contact with them that they follow the legitimate practice of making all first submissions to the editors of the group who publish most of their material and give them greatest favors in the way of exploitation. I had been more or less identified with the Crowell group ever since the regime of the American's great editor, John Siddell that ended with his death in 1923. But now having written Seven Minutes, it gradually came to me that I had been too successful in stirring up a mare's nest. One of the American's editors said publicly at a luncheon one noontime, which I attended at the home of a friend in East 74th Street:

"Publishing Pelley's Seven Minutes was one of the most disastrous mistake the American ever made. It aroused a demand on the part of the public, which the magazine couldn't continue to supply. But worse than that, it diverted Pelley from a highly successful writing career. It turned a first-rate popular author into a second-rate metaphysician who has yet to prove himself." This, remember, was in 1929.

SHORTLY after the publication of Seven Minute, those editorial luminaries on the American who had most to do with getting the original article published, handed in their resignations and left the company. I wrote two fiction stories for the magazine, mostly in the endeavor to discharge the advances made me when I could not work because of the mail that needed answering. Just before the resignation of this editorial regime, I also wrote a short serial for the American, with a slightly mystical motif. When the new editor took charge, I saw him only once and that not by his invitation. He graciously said that he had always liked my material, but that the American intended to conform to new standards of publishing; it was "going in" for sports, business articles,

typically American from the metropolitan view point. The story with the small-town, or mystical motif was to be persona non grata.

I have written little since for the American Magazine.

BUT I could not suppress the interest that had been started. Mail, mail, mail! Day after day! Why didn't I write more for the American? Why didn't I write more like Seven Minutes for other magazine?

I tried, and the material was consistently refused—excepting in some of the smaller five-and-ten cent store periodicals where my name went unnoticed. Yet something had to be done! It came to me with overwhelming force that under the skin of the average person there was more real interest in this great subject than in all the "sports, business articles, and American from the metropolitan viewpoint" that would find publication in American periodicals in the next twenty years.

Whereupon came astounding directions from psychic sources instructing me to write a novel that should explain to distraught and perplexed people what they so avidly wanted to know.

Chapter VII

STRANGE AID IN MY BUSINESS

THE SUMMER of 1929, which now came on, seemed to be one full program of a series of psychical happenings. I had seen evidences of discarnate guidance so pronounced in my affairs up to this time, that there no longer remained any friends whom the world called dead were not only alive but in touch with me and intensely interested in everything I did.

This attitude of mind left the door wide open for anything to happen. I consequently happened. And I grew to think little of it. As I have said elsewhere in these pages again and again, by admitting the imponderable we have the ponderable demonstrated.

I accepted the fact that the dead were not only alive but far more sentient and active than people are in the mortal state. And while unusual occurrences brought their quota of surprise, in the main I ceased to be awed.

I continued the taking of psychical transcripts day after day and night after night. Two outstanding events occurred to show how supernormal guidance manifested.

The first was the sale of my third novel, "Drag," as a motion-picture; the second was the writing of my fourth novel, "Golden Rubbish."

I WAS taking a doctrinal message in the apartment of a friend one evening early in the summer when there came an informal aftermath to the discourse. The Friend who had been transmitting the communication always chatted a few moments with me before ringing off on the Cosmic Wire. This particular evening he declared to me:

> **We rejoice to tell you that something extremely pleasant is in prospect for you. We look ahead and see a man in a certain office signing papers of sale on literary property which you own, that will mean a large amount of money for you.**

I have always been skeptical of messages which purported to predict "large amounts of money," legacies, and other expositions of unusual good fortune. It has been my experience that if these things are to happen, they will happen anyway. To talk about them and discuss them in advance frequently sets vibrations in motion that defeats the end in materialization.

Besides, it is a favorite dodge of the mischief-makers to predict wonderful good fortune that fails to materialize and thus cause loss of faith and confidence in psychical interpretation. So I said"

"That's fine. When and how does it happen?"

The answer came in the clearest clairaudience:

"Tomorrow morning you will receive a phone-call from a man here in the city who wants to buy the rights of your novel "Drag". He will make you an offer that seems ridiculously low. Do not accept it at once. Wait for my voice instructing you. I will advise you what is going on in the inside of his brain; he has been instructed to buy the work within a certain price but he will not tell you what that price is, at first; you set your figure high a nd bargain with him; when you come within the neighborhood of the price he has been authorized to pay, I will advise you and do you close your deal. Do you refuse to be hoaxed or intimidated? He wants this book and is willing to pay a satisfactory sum for it. I will be an unseen third party to the deal because you are in need of the funds to carry on our mutual work. Do not forget. No matter how the trading goes, wait for my voice advising you when to close your deal."

I WENT home wondering whether I confronted a new manifestation of mischief. Those were anxious sequences, waiting for the Higher Counsel to prove up in event whether or not the voices could be trusted.

Nevertheless, around 8:30 the following morning I was awakened by the ringing of the phone near the head of my bed. My motion-picture agent was on the wire.

"I've just received a call from First National Pictures," he informed me. "They're interested in buying the movie rights to 'Drag' to make into a production starring Dick Barthelmess. We're to have a conference with their New York purchasing representative at ten o'clock. Please be at my office and we'll go over and discuss the deal together."

At ten o'clock we were in the office of the picture concern on upper Madison Avenue. I learned that my Counselor of the evening before had been absolutely accurate in his statements. The trading commenced. Pursuing the tenets of his calling, our buyer started in by telling me what a frightful writer I was, and how the novel that he wanted to purchase was shop-worn goods that I ought to feel honored to have First National make for nothing. But he graciously condescended to refuse—by which the transfer of the rights might become valid in law.

WHAT no one in that room, at least in mortal form, knew but myself was the fact that we three mortals were not alone. I could "feel" the vibration of my unseen Friend's presence in my sensitized left side like a galvanic battery. I knew hewas standing about 20 inches from my left shoulder, taking in all that transpired. Clearly in my Inner Ear came his voice. "Tell him you want the following amount of money for the rights," and a sum was named almost three times what our buyer had first proposed.

I did so.

"Are you craze?" cried our buyer. "We wouldn't pay that much for movie rights to a best seller by a first class author!"

"Suppose we split the difference," suggested my agent.

"Never!" cried the picture man, "but I'll come up three hundred dollars."

"Then I'll come down three hundred," I rejoined, making the result equally as absurd.

Up and down, back and forth we jockeyed. Again and again my unseen counselor at my shoulder advised me at each new offer:

"He's not telling the truth as to the highest price he's been authorized to pay. Keep on trading."

Several times we drifted off upon other subjects. Again and again we came back to how much the movie rights to the book were worth. It had been ten o'clock when we entered the buyer's office. At a quarter to twelve he jumped to his feet, thumped a copy of the book upon his desk and cried" "Listen to me, both of you! I'm going to tell you the topnotch price I can possibly offer you. If you don't want to trade on it, everything's off." He named a new price.

Distinctly and emphatically in my ear my counselor cried"

"He's telling you the truth. Accept it and close your deal. But make him give you a certified check before you leave this office."

"Okay," I said aloud. " But only on condition that you draw my check at once." I walked out with the check in my pocket.

THE adept student in psychical phenomena may raise the question concerning this episode as to whether or not the whole affair might not have been my clairvoyant powers coupled with the practice of cryptothesis or subconscious mind-reading which I translated to myself in terms of a discarnate voice of an unseen friend at my elbow.

My answer is" it was indeed possible but not probable. I base this contention on the vibratory phenomena that went with his presence, and the nature of his asides to me clairaudiently from time to time during the trading. He gave me a more or less literal recount of exactly the thoughts that were transpiring in that buyer's mind, things which it would not be in the nature of my own perceptions, conscious or subconscious, to receive. Also, if I had this gift of cryptothesis, why should it be confined only to business deals of this kind? Why do I not have it for use in a hundred other situations? I solemnly affirm that I have not. It was only for this one sequence that the clairaudient voice came to me advising me so. Try as I may, I cannot summon a repetition of the

performance at will.

I TOOK the money, relieved a badly strained financial situation which had accrued from pulling up stakes and moving to New York from California. Then a month or so later a similar phenomenon happened "out of a clear sky" so to speak.

Again I was in communication clairaudiently taking a doctrinal message. The voice added:

"During the week that is ahead, you are going to be invited to a dinner with a certain New York publisher. He will proposition you to write a book for him. When he makes you the proposal, do you accept it. The book will be dictated to you by us for a very special purpose in connection with the work you are doing. He will make you the proposal at our instigation although he will not be aware of it."

At the time I received this news I had no intention of writing a new novel. I was far too busy with other things. But two or three days passed and then I was suddenly invited to go to the old Waldorf-Astoria to hear a lecture by Dr. Crandon, husband of the famous trance-medium, Marjory, of Boston. The friend who gave me the invitation mentioned offhandedly that she had also invited one of the members of the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam Sons to go along with us. We would have dinner first and drive over for the lecture afterward.

THERE, apparently, was the opening that had been predicted. I accepted both invitations and on the evening in question sat through the meal with no proposals coming from my newly-found publisher friend. Not until we were approaching the Waldorf in a cab did the talk turn on the literary work that I might have in prospect. I mentioned something to the effect that I had had such poor luck with my last publisher that I had no heart to write another novel for anyone just then.

"Do you mean you're thinking of changing publishers?" he demanded. "Perhaps," I bantered, "if I

got a proposition good enough."

"We wouldn't take you away from another publisher unless you wanted to make the break yourself," he declared. "But if you're seriously thinking of changing, won't you come and see me before signing up with anybody else?" Again the voice seemed to know what it had been talking about. I said that I'd drop in and talk him about it the following afternoon.

TO MAKE a lengthy episode brief, I had a new contract for three novels signed, sealed, delivered, and stored away in my safe deposit box, within a week! But what to write about?

I recall that I was not in an especial "story-telling mood" … the creative impulse was not really strong enough just then—with all that was happening to me psychically—to apply myself over the extended period of time that a book requires for its composition.

I went home and looked through my old manuscripts of partially-written plots such as every writer had stored away in his bureau drawers against faulty inspiration. Finally I found the beginning of a story that I had begun three years before and abandoned. It presented possibilities and as I had the product s old before it was produced, I felt justified in reopening the yarn and seeing how it went under possible psychic guidance.

No sooner had I revamped the premise of the plot and gotten launched in the first two or three chapters, than I was aware of that strange vibratory exhilaration at my left shoulder.

Someone was standing there, directing what I was writing!

Chapters flowed out from beneath my typewriter keys with amazing facility. It seemed time after time that I was merely taking dictation. The language and the style were not my own. I would type whole pages swiftly as my fingertips could touch the keys.

The moment came finally when I leaned back in some perplexity and demanded:

“Is someone literally dictating this story to me?”

The answer came distinctly: of course!

I asked: “Who is it?”

Whereup I heard the name of a world-famous author spoken as plainly as I might have heard it addressed to me across a telephone wire.

“I can’t believe it.” I told a friend who later came into the room. “Who should a man so famous spend his time following me around, giving me a story in his own style, when he’ll never get any credit for having composed it? I feel as though I were sailing under false colors, anyhow.”

Within a week I was getting absolute proof that this great author—several years dead—was indeed aiding me, and the reasons why he was doing so.

He spoke to me confirming it, by a voice heard in a room by half a dozen people who were present at the episode!

Chapter VIII

I TALK WITH “DEAD” FRIENDS

I NOW come to the most intriguing, and—to my way of thinking—the most convincing phase of my personal experience, attesting to me beyond all doubt that there is no

such thing as Death or blotting out of the personal consciousness.

It is one thing for a person to claim that he has had some sort of sojourn in another octave of time and space, and quite another foe him to prove it. It is one thing to claim that he has "hearing" so finely attuned to Thought Speech that he can pick up message from the higher realms of life and still another to demonstrate scientifically that he is not subconsciously composing what he "hears", though he may not be consciously aware of it. But in the winter of 1929, in New York City, and on into the spring and summer of 1930, I had a series of experiences which there seems to be no refuting, rationalizing of, or explaining by any other method than that I was actually talking with the souls of people who have gone Beyond the Veil. It will take several chapters for me to relate in detail all that happened. But the first experience happened while I was writing my esoteric novel, "Golden Rubbish

I HAVE mentioned that while writing this book it seemed to me that whole pages, and even chapters, were being dictated to me faster than I could record them on the typewriter. I was making no effort to "think up what I was writing", but the words poured into my brain in such connected, logical, and artistic fashion that all I had to do was put them down, and I had my story. Whereat I cried: "Is anybody dictating this narrative to me?"

The answer came back distinctly: "Yes! You have so much work to do that you are being helped in composition—," naming a celebrated author who had "gone over" during the past decade.

As I recently stated in these pages, I was skeptical that any such personage should be devoting his world-famous talents to aiding me. Why should he do it? And yet beyond a doubt, whole sequences of the story were his, in his style and filled with his idioms. I had read much of this author and admired

him much. But

I had never become so imbued with his style that I had subconsciously copied it;in fact, my style in my three other novels and scores of short stories was about as far removed from his as two author's style could possibly b e.

This was borne out so graphically in the story itself that many people have since refused to believe the novel was mine when it appeared in print. It was in fact, a curious hodge-podge of two men's literary styles and is a curious exhibit of what can happen when this type of clairaudience is practiced consciously.

TO CONVINCE me that I was indeed taking the dictation of another brain in my story, this strange episode occurred:

I had reached a place in the narrative where I wanted to describe Louise Garland's resentment at her early life—or at life in general—because it had denied her social advantages. She was furious at the way she was bested time and again in the social comities, and her lack of childhood training brought her social handicaps that maddened her.

I struggled with the right word to describe her plight. Suddenly my famous author's voice said gently in my ear: "Use the word 'interclusions' William!' "Interclusions!" I cried aloud. "There's no such word; at least I never heard of it." "Oh yes, there is, " my discarnate helper returned. "Consult your dictionary and you'll find I'm right."

I recall that I walked into the front living-room where my big dictionary was kept, and hunted for the word. I found it! And it meant exactly the thought I had been struggling to get over.

Little 'proofs' like that can sometimes be more convincing than spectacular seance-room manifestations. In the seance room manifestation there is always the wonder as to whether or not the Sensitive has put over a trick or illusion. I went

back to my machine and used the word. But I did much thinking the balance of the day. More dramatic things had happened to me, and were slated to happen to me still, convincing me that those in the Higher Dimensions can communicate with people in mortality at will. But the 'speaking' to me of this utterly strange word—a word I had not known as existing—made a profound psychological effect on me. There was to be still more concrete proof of this author-discarnate, however.

That week I made the acquaintance of that very remarkable psychic, George Wehner.

I DO NOT know whether you have ever chanced to see, much less to read, George Wehner's autobiography, "A Curious Life". It was published by Dutton, I think, back in 1930. In it he told exactly how he came to recognize and develop his peculiar talents.

George was a commercial artist, about 30 years old, a bachelor, who had shown the remarkable faculty from childhood of separating his soul-mind from his physical body, vacating the latter, and handing it over to "disembodied souls from a higher level of life who wished to use his organism for a brief visit to earth conditions. In other words, he abandoned his own physical mechanism with which he had been born and gave it over to the temporary use of some "dead" person, allowing its spirit-soul to come into it, take possession of it and use it as though it were his own. George got out of his own bodily vehicle, in other words and loaned it for a couple of hours to souls who had lost their own bodies by the process we commonly know as "death", thus permitting them to converse with their former relatives or friends precisely as though they had ad their former bodies restored to them.

An interchange of souls took place, and on a score of nights I saw it happen. George "went off" with his mother—so he told me once—for en evening with her in the discarnate octave, and permitted discarnate or bodiless spirits to inhabit his physical self until his return when mortal 'visiting' was over.

He would arrive at my apartment, where I always had friends gathered to witness the phenomenon, about 8 o'clock in the evening. The room would be closed and heavily curtained; it was usually lighted by one floor lamp. George would relax himself in a chair with his head thrown back comfortably and those of us in a semicircle about him would recite the Lord's Prayer to tranquillize all of us. Then I would turn the dials of my radio until I came on some selection of dreamy music that aided the medium in falling into a trance. George would at first appear to drop to sleep. His eyes would close; his head would droop. Next it would seem as though his eyeballs sank into his skull. His face took on a waxy corpse like hue; his mouth fell open and his tongue filled it. It seemed to those of us who were watching that a dead man say in the chair before us!

The breathing became phlegmatic, them seemed to stop altogether; the hands grew cyanotic. Eight or ten minutes of this, with the radio finally shut off and silence in the room where all the doors had also been shut. Then suddenly it would appear to us that our "dead man" was in distress! The breathing resumed, signs of vitality came in his face, but his head would start jerking and rolling in his collar. His hands would come up and claw at his throat. A moment of this and then he would start whistling.

AT FIRST sittings it was all rather terrifying. But I soon got used to it. When the whistling came, I learned that George's spirit had left his body and it had been taken possession of by the soul of a young musician, who told us one night that he had been killed in an accident in Detroit some years before. He always rendered us an obligation of his own composition before the real work of the evening commenced with the entities.

Frank stayed with us for about ten minutes and then the transition took place as before. George's body went through another period of distress and then the deep bass voice of an American Indian would issue from the medium's lips with a

salutatory “How!”

THE question is repeatedly asked by the novitiate why so many mediums have these American Indian “controls”—or souls who act as guards and protectors while the rightful soul is out of its body, to see that it does not become permanently possessed by entities who have no right to such permanent possession.

The answer seems to be that our American Indians lived so close to nature that they are still vibrating in what might be called the “elementals”. That is, having always lived in close earthly conditions throughout their mortal lives, they are more conversant with work of this nature, and it gives them an opportunity for service peculiar to their earthly capacities.

Be that as it may, the voice of an aged Indian issued from George’s lips and greeted us each in turn. He gave his name as White Cloud and persisted in singing us a ditty in his own language. The rendition over, he addressed me personally.

“You like my people?” he asked.

I said that of course I liked his people.

“You make words walk on paper,” was his manner of describing my vocation as an author.

I assented to this, also.

“You make words walk on paper about my people,” he informed me next. “You make words walk on paper about old chief. You are good man. You make words walk on paper about your people who are good men. They help old chief who is good man,” and he waited for me to confirm this.

I SEARCHED my memory. What was he talking about? Then it came to me. Twelve years bygone I had traveled for a time with a Wild West Show outfit to get some first hand material for a series of stories that appeared in *The Saturday Evening*

Post. There had been many Indians with out outfit. One sedate old Ogallalah chief had intrigued me by his size. I had become acquainted with him and written a yarn about him. And White Cloud knew about it and was recalling it to my attention. Not another person in the room had known I had written such a story. I asked White Cloud to suggest more details about the pot of the story. He did so! He was quite correct.

Perhaps he read my subconscious mind to accomplish this. I cannot say and the matter is unimportant.

What is of importance is, that on this particular night White Cloud had no sooner finished his comment on my _Saturday Evening Post_ story about the old Ogallalah chief, than we beheld Wehnre's body sinking into its "dead" aspect again and we knew that a substitution of souls was taking place. When the substitution had been made, and the body in the chair had shown signs of reanimation, I beheld the muscles of the face altering till the expression of a celebrated author of English sea stories had become so plain that the identity might be recognized. This author, by the way, "went over" in 1923. When this entering spirit-soul had oriented himself to the Wehnre mechanism, he started a strange motion with his right hand, while his elbow rested on the chair-arm. After wards I grasped that the motion of the hand and wrist was really the capricious swinging of an invisible monocle … "Good morning," he greeted me and my companions.

"Good morning," I replied, properly awed if this was indeed the speaking soul of the world-famous literary-man whose books are known in every quarter of the globe.

"This is—," giving the name of the famous author who had addressed me clairaudiently several days before.

Continuing to swing the invisible monocle, he turned to me, seated on his left and asked whimsically as if identifying himself— "Well, William, have you learned the meaning of the word 'interclusions' yet?" Here was a double-check on the

incident of the previous afternoon when I had been alone in my apartment and heard obviously this man's thought-speech in my ear only. Wehner had known nothing of the dictionary reference. I certainly had not been expecting either the famous author's advent into George's mechanism nor any allusion on his part to his dictionary suggestion. How to explain it?

It was easier and saner for me to accept the obvious and concede that the clairaudient speech was bona fide than it was for me to figure out the hocus-pocus in it—if the episode were fabricated.

It might have been cryptothesis, or subconscious mind reading. I grant anew—if the incident had comprised allusion to the word and nothing else. But I forthwith proceeded to have a lengthy conversation with this particular author about the book we were jointly engaged in writing, about literary work in general, about incidents in his own writing career that were not generally known and which were not in my subconscious mind at all.

Not only did he confirm his precious contact with me by discussing audibly through George's larynx, points of story development which we had previously debated clairaudiently, but he gave me information about his own work while in mortal life that would be priceless if the public could only be convinced that I had actually talked with his "departed" soul.

I recall that I said to him: "It seems a little bit unfair for you to dictate literary productions for me out of your own fine mind and experience, and by your skilled technique, giving them to me for publication as my own. I feel that in putting out such material over my own signature, I am masquerading under false colors."

Smiling indulgently he answered: "My dear William, you will discover as you go along in this work that such is the procedure. In aiding you I am but paying my debt to others who in my own mortal writing career, aided me. I got all my

own books psychically, from another dimension, exactly as every author does, whether he is conscious of it or not. And when you return to us after your own work is completed, you will repay not me, but some other craftsman who needs higher supervision."

"Are you still writing?" I asked him.

"Certainly," he answered.

"What disposition do you make of your writings when done in the higher realms of consciousness?

"We have great libraries over here," he replied, "whose size and contents your mind could not grasp. We write for people in the higher dimensions exactly as we wrote in life for those in the three-dimensional world. More often we compose, however, for transmission to some mortal author to aid him in his career, although he may accredit our help only in the sense of 'inspiration.'" "But why were you especially drawn to help me?" "First, because I had read and admired your work before I made the Transition, and was able to get close to your character mentally and spiritually when I had shed the husk of my physical self. Second, and the more important, I am interested in you for the greater work of spiritual revelation which you are attempting."

"You mean psychical work?"

"I mean the candid way in which you are telling the public the truths about what each person actually encounters on passing through the change called Death. It would make such a cast difference in mortal psychology, and the inter-relationships of men everywhere, to have actual facts of common knowledge—abolishing all fear of Death and thus making life itself more beauteous—that we all want to assist in such revelations. You would scarcely accredit the identities of some of the souls who collaborate to gibe you the messages which you receive and pass on to the public."

MY CELEBRATED author-friend stayed with us almost a half-hour, discussing literary methods, technique, careers of other famous authors whom he claimed he was living among on a higher plane—material which by no stretch of the human imagination could have been in the subconscious brains of either George or myself. Then he bade us a polite adieu and we beheld George's physical body in the process of devitalization and gradual moribund coma. We sat discussing among ourselves some of the precepts we had just heard—for one of my friends present was a prominent New York magazine editor—when sudden vitality appeared to seize hold of George's body and a woman's voice issued forth from his lips.

"Hello, Bill" came the clear, surprised greeting. "How long have you been interested in this sort of thing?"

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"June!" came the answer in a tone that seemed exasperated that I did not grasp it at once. "June Mathis!" in a flash I adjusted myself. I was talking with the soul-personality of a famous Hollywood scenarist who had "gone over" some two years before on sudden demise while at a play in a New York theater.

Looking backward over ten years of the most dramatic of experiences in psychical research, I am forces to assert that no other one incident has since

furnished me with more conclusive and irrefutable proof that there is survival after mortal death, than the appearance of this woman in George's physical instrument, and the conversation which consumed the next half-hour between us. Talking "face to face" with people who have made the passing is always a hair-raising experience

I had known her on and off for a three-year period on the West Coast while I had been out there, making movies prior to my "awakening." She had at one time been story-editor for

one of the big film companies and I had sat in her office for lengthy period and discussed prospective screen material with her. Here was a person whom I had definitely known in life in recent years, of whom I could ask questions, the answers to which were known only to myself—thus proving the survival of personality irrefutably.

“Haven’t you heard of my Seven Minute in Eternity article in the American magazine?” I bantered.

“Yes,” she replied, “only just tonight. But the world over here is a dozen times the size of the world of mortality, although contacts are pretty much the same. I heard about you tonight through your English author-friend and came along to be present because of my great admiration foe him.” I had a way to check up on this woman—unquestionably. It was a way that George Wehner could never fabricate, if all this were a phenomenon of his subconscious mind.

“Do you recall where I last met you in earth life?” I asked.

Just before she “died” in the National Theater in New York, June had married one Balboni—an Italian gentleman of parts who I understand became head of Mussolini’s state movie of their own from a script called the “Vienna Melody.” But they had decided this name not to be a good box-office “pull” so they ad—wittingly or unwittingly—purloined the name of my first novel “The Great Glory” for their picture. I had required to sue them in the California courts for this bit of appropriation, and had won a decision. They had recompensed me $2,500 foe this use of my title. In consequence, my first pleasant contact with June had terminated in a legal coolness. However, tonight—occupying George Wehner’s body for the moment, she seemed to have recovered from it. But I recall definitely where I had last seen her in the physical flesh—a meeting that was known only to the two of us. I had been out to the First-National-Warner studios in Burbank, just before quitting California, and had inadvertently come face to face with June at the flowered gate just behind the administration building. None but the pair of

us had been around. I had opened the gate for her and spoken to her pleasantly. But the memory of our recent lawsuit over the "Great Glory" title had still rankled and she had given me only a perfunctory nod. No matter! She had come through to New York the next fortnight, gone to the National Theatre to witness a play, and dropped dead of heart failure I one of the aisles between the acts. Now I wanted the June Mathis spirit-soul in Wehner's body to tell me where we had met face to face for the final time in California. The spirit in Wehner "thought" for a time.

"Yes," she responded. "Out in the rear of one of the executive buildings at First National Studios in Burbank, California. We met at the gate over one of the walks that led to the stages." This was absolutely accurate, but how could George, the medium, know it—if it was George masquerading as June?

Come on, you materialists and skeptics who declare that "death ends everything" and that there is "no device not wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." If June Mathis's discarnate but perfectly conscious and remembering spirit were not located in George Wehner's organism that night in New York, how did whatever personality WAS in George Wehner, know how to reply to me accurately in the matter of this last spot and place in which June and I had ever come face to face?

Try and explain it by your fantastic theories of Cryptothesis if you can! I say you can't do it—or rather, that our "explanations" must be three times as fantastic as the one made obvious by this Mathis -Wehner-Pelley episode. If you want more positive proof than this that personality and consciousness endure after physical demise, I'm afraid I can't give it to you.

I CANNOT report in detail the conversation that followed, because it appertained to private contacts, relationships, and business associations that June and I had experienced in screenland. But here is the absolute proof on which I rely, that I was talking to June, and that she is very much alive in her

new phase of consciousness.

She made intimate statements about her contacts and business associates while in life, and confided data to me about the personal affairs of people in movie-land, that I had to check up on then I was next in California, and which I proved to be absolutely correct!

Here was information about this woman's activities while in mortal life, and her trade and professional relationships, that in a manner of speaking were secrets "buried with her." By no chance could they have been known to anyone present, either the medium or myself. Yet here she was, telling them to me. And they turned out quite correct when I made inquiries in Hollywood months later. She told me what certain Hollywood officials were doing in the business at the moment, what future plans they had for the industry, which were to be trusted and respected in future dealings, and which were untrustworthy and to be avoided.

Incidentally, she confided that she in turn had become a great screenwriter while in mortality through having a thorough knowledge of psychics. She said that a world famous movie star, in whose career she assisted, had been clairaudient as I was clairaudient. They had shut themselves away in a Hollywood room together time after time and gotten story material from others in a higher dimension, which she had sold, to Hollywood producers without the slightest difficulty. All her professional life and affairs were guided by instructions received in this manner.

It was a half-hour's talk with an old friend just as graphic and real as though she was there in her own physical body. And yet in Hollywood during her earth-life it had been "touch and go" between us. She was no intimate of mine. We had met in trade contacts as fellow authors and nothing more. There was no especial tie between us, impelling her to look me up.

The visit ended and June withdrew/

It was a perfectly gorgeous time that I enjoyed with "deceased" literary celebrities on this particular evening of which I write. June had no sooner vacated the Wehner mechanism than a soft, beautiful and obviously cultured spirit-soul took possession of the Wehner mechanism. "Robert Louis Stevenson!" it announced.

THIS was pretty "tall"…

Were all the famous authors of Eternity crowding into the Wehner body that night, intent on honoring me with their felicitations? Frankly, I was a bit skeptical at first. But not after Robert Louis started talking.

He began to tell us —myself, and the group that was present that evening—of his "explorations" on the bottom of the Pacific in the discarnate condition, since he had been living in the unobstructed universe. "Why are we thus honored?" I wanted to know.

"Authors," he explained gently, "are a special family unto themselves in the Higher Dimensions. Their mutual profession unites them together. We who have been over on this plane foe a time have come to identify the Great Souls who are incarnate in the bodies of unknown people of the present earth-period, and we want to do that we can to facilitate their present worldly labors. As for my researches, I wish that I could prevail upon you to take clairaudiently the result of my Pacific Ocean researches since my demise in Samoa. I have been down to unbelievable depths. You have no idea of what is hidden by that great body of water. I was not only impressed by the submerged Lemurian cities but by the forms of animal life that exist on the deep floor of the Pacific. For instance, there are worms down there that never have seen the light of day, that measure thirty to a hundred feet in length. They are tremendously scaled, to withstand the water pressure at the depths at which they live. Occasionally a submarine volcano or earthquake precipitates them to the surface, and when they

appear at the top of the water, sailors behold them and take tales of 'sea-serpents' into port. But actually they aren't serpents —they're worms!" The description of the submerged Pacific life that the spirit purporting to be Robert Louise Stevenson gave us that night made us forget that we were present at a sort of spiritualistic seance.

"Will you take a manuscript clairaudiently which I have written?" he requested.

I was "snowed under" with literary work at the time, and yet didn't wish to appear impolite.

"You come to me clairaudiently as you can," I said, "and if I can get your 'voice I'll transcribe your manuscript."

It was a couple of months before we actually made the contact, however, and I only "captured" one chapter of the Stevensonian manuscript. I still have it in my books of "scripts."

I HAVE never had much patience with the type of investigator in psychical research who passes over the obvious explanation for phenomena simply because it is obvious and frantically hunts for causes of unusual happenings on the principle: "—if something ain't wrong, t'aint rigtht." Such a type is not an investigator, anyway. He is not interested in getting at the truth. He is perpetually witch-hunting fraud. If he cannot find fraud, he is subconsciously disgruntled. He does not accredit that in failing to find fraud he may have confronted new and startling discoveries. He says: "If I have failed to find fraud, it doesn't prove that fraud does not exist; it merely indicates that I have not been smart enough to detect it."

All this is viciously negative.

No engineer would go about investigating the possibilities in electricity by first assuming that electricity does not exist. Yet that is precisely what happens in the matter of psychical

researchers of the type who try to convince themselves of the truth of survival, negatively

ENTERING into this subject with the serious attention it deserves, we find people disposed to accredit only that which they can perceive with their physical senses. They fail utterly to take into account that those with whom they are establishing contact are operating from a dimension where all the laws of procedure applicable to the mortally finite do not maintain. Consequently when they do not get the same kind of proof in manifestation that they get in the material world, they are either disgruntled or skeptical. It is a childish attitude, but one that often worked incontestable harm, inasmuch it leaves the researcher open to constant doubtings, and these doubtings in turn reduce the investigator to that state where all sorts of misrepresentations occur from the dimension being investigated.

Now the alternative to all this is not to cast all phenomena aside and say that it is falsehood and fabrication, but to take into consideration the handicaps and limitations which people on the Other Side are under in forming contact with This Side, and appreciate in a way that our problems are their problems as well, inverted or turned about.

They want to form contact with us and convince us of their existence, but they have just as much difficulty in manifesting in the conditions of our dimension as we have in manifesting in theirs. So we have to look for proof of their existence to the kind of manifestation that is reducible to the medium in or from which they perform.

This is not rationalizing, but the truest part of truth, as thousands of sincere and positive investigators have discovered to their profit.

Which is all another way of saying that people on the Other Side give evidence of their survival via the mental senses — mentality being the medium in which they function—whereas we on this plane give evidence of our survival via the physical

senses. And the wise constructive investigator has to correlate the two.

Now and then this is done successfully, as in the incident I am about to relate.

ONE EVENING in the Wehner sittings, a person who identified himself simply as "Frank" came through and talked with one woman member of our group that I shall refer to hereinafter as "Minnie". He claimed that just after the Spanish War he had been killed in Detroit in a streetcar accident. Succeeding to occupancy of George's mechanism for the moment, he conversed with Minnie about himself and his ante mortem adventures in a way that allowed Minnie absolutely to identify him. They chatted as old friends, because Frank had reduced himself, as it were, to the physical by being allowed to use Wehner's mortal mechanism. I was auditor to the conversation that went on. They referred to childhood pals and outings together which by no manner of coincidence the medium Wehner could have known about. If the claim is made that the medium might have possessed himself of all this knowledge beforehand, I want to ask two questions: How did he know that Minnie was going to be present that evening, so as to prepare himself and acquire al this information in advance, and how could he possibly acquire a plethora of such information that he had a ready and absolutely accurate answer foe any reference which she made to past acquaintances that came to her mind at the moment?

It would have been necessary for the medium to spend weeks running down the information and get it in such perfect form that he knew the "ins and outs" of Minnie's life as adequately as she knew it herself, in order to carry on such a conversation as we listened to between them, that evening.

I AM PERFECTLY aware that a great library of information exists among charlatans, which they exchange among themselves for a consideration, informing them of the past histories of those coming to sittings. But here was a case of a

woman who was an utter stranger to the medium, whom he did not know beforehand was going to be present this particular night, and who asked questions on the spur of the moment as they came into her head about people who could not possibly have been known to any others than herself and the friend who had died at the time of the Spanish War. The streetcar accident in Detroit she had not known about.

If there is a simple and reasonable explanation for such happenings, why not accept it in preference for one that is so involved and preposterous that it exceeds in phenomena the obvious one of survival and contact?

Minnie and Frank talked together as old friends, and not in one single reference or allusion was there a flaw in the information, an evasion, or a hesitancy, in carrying on the complete conversation.

But Frank was only a precursor of the much greater evidence that was presently coming, proving survival definitely in an episode that stands out in my own thinking and acceptance, higher and clearer than almost anything else that has happened to me within recent years.

A few nights later we were in seance with wehner and the same moribund conditions of his body were evident as before. Suddenly after one of his phys ical revivifications, the voice of a little old lady—feeble as became her years—sounded from the mouth of the medium. She was not talking in English, however. She was talking in German …

It was Minnie's grandmother directly addressing her, with the intonation, accent, and idioms of that particular woman's speech, which no one could have duplicated without knowing her personally.

And Minnie's grandmother had been on the Other Side something like forty years!

It was a somewhat poignant reunion. I sat to one side and witnessed the whole of it.

Haplessly, however, I do not understand German.

THEY discussed different members of the family, details concerning the last illness of Minnie's mother—who had Gone Over a few weeks previously—idiosyncrasies of friends and situations, domestic and financial, which prevailed among them.

After recalling little intimacies between them which had occurred four decades before, and which Minnie had well nigh forgotten, the grandmother gave as near-perfect evidence of positive survival as I have thus far confronted. She proceeded to sing a droll little German folk song to Minnie, with which she had rocked Minnie to sleep as a child.

HERE was no medium asking for cues and headlines on another's life, fumbling and evading, suggesting and fabricating, making slips and mistakes, and generally groping to present the illusion of a discarnate person sending a message. Here was all the evidence of a grandmother and granddaughter meeting after a forty-year separation and chatting about life as they had lived it in intimate contact in a little Iowa town among people long forgotten. It was not invited, the medium could not have known who was to be present that evening—in fact, he knew almost nothing of Minnie or her association with me or the work at that time.

Even a little dachshund named "Tip" was brought into the conversation, and Minnie had to search her memory to recall that when she was about three years old her family had owned such a dog for a time, but that her mother had been forced to put it out of the way because a neighborhood puppy afflicted with rabies had bitten it. Her mother was fearful that the dachshund might develop hydrophobia and bite the young children with whom it romped. Her grandmother declared that the soul of that long-forgotten pet was now with her mother in the Higher Level of conscious life, and was her

incessant companion!

THE whole session was one of the highlights of my psychical experiences. Other manifestations I have had—from my own "dead" relatives and others—but none were quite so clear and convincing as the rendering of that pathetic lullaby in German, which by no reasonable chance could have been fabricated under the circumstances. The medium would have had to be possessed of the entire life-knowledge of those who were functioning in this peculiar mental-physical manner, and there was no source or sources of such information in existence outside of the brain of Minnie herself! In the face of such evidence is it gullibility to accept the obvious explanation: that Minnie's grandmother was alive and was functioning—conclusively proved to both mental and physical senses—through George's organism? The claim is often put forth that persons trying to identify themselves from the Higher Levels us e too peculiar allusions to accomplish it. They call to mind descriptions of persons, scenes, or episodes, which the one on the physical side thinks frail, insignificant, or to which they do not have ready mental access in memory. But suppose that a friend you have not seen or heard from for twenty years suddenly calls you up on the telephone from a distant city and says: "This is Joe Smith. Don't you remember me? We went to school together twenty years ago in Oshkosh. Don't you recall the picnic at Watson's Glen? I was the boy with the red hair." You may have forgotten any specific picnic at Watson's Glen, for you went to a score of them while you lived as a child in Oshkosh. And scores of companions might have had red hair. On the other hand, Joe Smith with the red hair s aw that picnic through wholly different eyes and remembered you distinctly. Furthermore, it may have been the only picnic he ever attended at the Glen. The episode stands out in his memory and he uses it to identify himself. But because it has not remained with equal clearness in your memory is no proof that Joe Smith is a hoax, or that the man at the other end of the line is an impersonator. He may be, of course, but the chances are twenty to one that he isn't, because he would know that sooner or later he could recall something

to you that would rather irrefutably identify him or expose him. So it is in identifying those who have been graduated from mortality over a period of time. Giving them the benefit of the doubt leads to other contacts that gradually prove they are bona fide acquaintances of other years. Whereas to slam down the mental receiver on the hook and assume impersonation and hoax as a policy, can result in nothing but total termination of any contact whatever.

Results depend entirely on proper cooperation!

I ARGUE along these lines, not because I am over-eager to establish contact with those who have gone and therefore seize on such phenomena as reasonable proof, so much as because I have found this psychological attitude to be productive of the most astounding and convincing results. Minnie's German grandmother talked to her for half an hour on the most intimate phases of their family relationships, referred to happenings back over forty years in a little city in southern Iowa, and then terminated the visit finally with the singing of the lullaby.

How could George Wehner ever have gotten that detail concerning Minnie's family into his subconscious mind in a million years, without having been a member of Minnie's family himself? How could he have known what the lullaby was, which Minnie's grossmutter had sung to her, nearly a half-century in the past? Minnie had practically forgotten it herself. The voice which came from Wehner's throat was not his own, but the old lady's personal voice—something it would have been difficult to fabricate. True, it was produced audibly by Wehner's vocal chords, but the pitch or tone of anyone's voice is largely determined by the tension or "frequency" of his own individuality.

How could the whole feat, I demand, have been accomplished by other methods than those indicated—the interchange of spiritual personalities in the one body? The whole thing was done in a fully lighted room and without the slightest preparation have been made in regard to who would be

present. I have had plenty of cause to learn all about the breed of psychic renegade who makes appointments to give some student—seeker private “readings” of a phenomenal nature, and who reads up on the innocent and gullible victim—eccentricities, experiences and family complications—or gets such information from colleague scoundrels, and equipped with such information merely turns it back to the victim as psychically acquired. None of this could have happened at the Wehner sittings, evening if he had been that kind of Sensitive—which emphatically he was not. In the first place, George almost never knew who was going to be present at these groups in my apartment until he had arrived there and been introduced. Sometimes I did not know who was to be there, myself. Many of my group’s members would bring in friends unannounced. But George—or whatever spirit-souls came into his organism—would converse with these last minute arrivals quite as intimately as Minnie’s grandmother talked with her about their family life back in Iowa. Another phase of the strange business was this — Lest it be argued that Wehner as a “sensitive” could read the subconscious minds of such sitters, how explain the fact that time and time again throughout the balance of that summer of 1929, as we held the gatherings one eveining a week, the “occupying” souls would impart information—later found to be absolutely correct—that had not been in our subconscious minds at all? June Mathis did this several times.

She chatted with me about Hollywood and movie-colony affairs as if she might have come on from the West Coast within the week, and when I next went through to California and checked on what she had told me, I discovered she had been right, to the hair.

It’s merely a rationalization of something that can’t be otherwise than the obvious, to call all such phenomena “the action of subconscious mind? What sort of action, and just what part of subconscious mind? The rationalization in scores of instances was far more unlikely and even bizarre or fantastic than accepting the fact of consciousness-survival.

Chapter IX
THOUGHTS ARE THINGS

I HAVE uniformly kept to the viewpoint in examining or receiving these higher and more delicate exhibits of life, that personal actuality and identity require stabling by something more reliable than fantastic displays of phenomena to physical senses. What I mean is: it would satisfy most people to see with what they term "their own eyes" the fully materialized body of a friend or relative that had previously been lowered into a cemetery grave. They would then subscribe to the evidence of their senses, or what they take to be such, that the identical person was not dead but very much alive and the question of survival no question at all. What they want for proof is Form, or rather, Appearance. Given this, they are appalled but satisfied. On the other hand I have never yet encountered a researcher in psychics of any prestige or experience who has not agreed that nothing is easier to trick than the eye. When I say trick, I do not mean intentional hoax. I mean illusion. If the apparently materialized figure of one's grandfather walks out of a medium's cabinet, corresponding as to size, features, whiskers and general corpulence to what the old gentleman resembled a w eek before his physical death, there is reasonable indication that his Light Body has somehow gotten itself clothed with ectoplasm and that it is indeed he whom one visited in the country on so many pleasant vacations when one was young. But if, in the conversations that ensue, the materialized personality cannot describe where his farm was located, or give the first names of his children, or carry on intelligent intercourse concerning the principal happenings in his long and venerable life, then something is decidedly wrong and though the projection look like one's forebear, even to the mole below his eye, little or nothing is proved beyond the fact that a replica of one's

grandparent's figure is existing in the room.

Speaking for myself, I have never been one to scurry around from séance room to séance room, observing the "work" of this or that medium, watching for deceits or witch-hunting frauds, and taking delight in stirring up and recording fresh psychical sensations to gratify curiosity or "prove" survival. Somehow my inclinations didn't exercise that way. Particularly they didn't exercise that way after I began to realize the terrific potency of so-called Thought Forms. Also in my Higher Instruction I continually had hints as to Astral Husks of people who had in turn "died" out of the next elevated octaves and left their more tenuous "remains" for possible occupancy by mischief-makers or renegades.

What I did instinctively was to concede the probability of spiritual survival, make it after a fashion a fundamental of my thinking, and thereafter left things happen. Uniformly, I say, they happened. But when it came to checking validities and identities, I found myself giving forty times as much credence to a proof of survival contained in the German folksong rendered by Minnie's grandmother as I did to materializations that pounded tables, creaked chairs, levitated trumpets or picked up some fat man and hung him from the steam pipes. I say this; no matter what familiar aspects such materializations take. After all, personality is a thing of spirit. I know you, and you know me, directly and definitely because of what is embedded in the way of knowledge of one another and our concerns, in our minds. If you die physically while I am owing you a sizable sum of money, and you find a way to contact me after your passing, either through a clairaudient message or a mediumistic materialization, and cannot tell me how much the sum was and under what conditions the debt was contracted, I have every right to entertain reservations as to your identity till you do tell me. "Dead or alive," you may well remember all right, whether in your new orientation you may have forgiven me the debt or not. So what I call Mind Proofs have been the criteria of identity on which I have relied up across the last dozen years, to establish implied contact

with personalities I have known in overcoats of flesh.

I would far rather have two or three irrefutable Mind Proofs to demonstrate to me that the "dead" are alive, than all the ectoplasmic materializations that could be crowded into a séance room the size of Grand Central Terminal. Again I say, thought Forms and Astral Husks offer too many chances for willful or witless deceiving.

THE OTHER day, visiting in Baltimore, one of my colleagues told me of a medium whose séance he had recently attended, who materialized some twenty-two separate and distinct persons during the course of the evening-a remarkable feat no matter how you view it. Among these persons was my friend's own sister who had passed over while a girl but attained to her majority in the elevated octave.

This sister succeeded in accomplishing a materialization so opaque that as she sat sown in the chair next to her brother, she caused the chair to creak beneath her "weight". She sat beside her brother for ten to twenty minutes, touched him occasionally as an affectionate woman will, discussed family complications from the angle of intimate knowledge and deported herself to all intents and purpose exactly as she might have done had she returned in her physical body. The thing that made the materialization of interest to me particularly was my host's description of the beautiful flowing robe which he said his sister wore. Her materialization was so complete that she allowed him to take a fold of the "fabric" in his hands and stretch it between his eyes and the light. He told me that it seemed to be of the same wonderfully soft substance that composes a bat's wing-yet possessed of a sheen as exquisite as rayon. Anyhow, it had no weave in it.

All the same, I was far more convinced of her hyperdimensional personality from the fact that she had seemed to know everything which had passed between her brother any myself in the political campaign of five or six years ago, and that she had been keeping track of my own personal activities along patriotic lines since and imparted to

her brother details of them which he could have had no way of knowing about unless he had remained a member of my intimate personal circle. Which decidedly he had not… On the other hand, consider the episode described to me by Dr. Henry

> **Hardwicke and his wife of Niagara Falls, N. Y., the first time I visited at his home to arrange with him for going to North Caroline and lecturing on psychics at Galahad School in Asheville.**

PERHAPS you may have heard of the celebrate medium, Marjory, wife of the physician, Dr. Crandon of 10 Lyme Street, Boston, who attracted national attention for her remarkable exploits in connection with her deceased brother, Walter Stimpson, during the 1920's. If not, I had better mention her, for it ties into the Hardwicke incident I am about to relate.

As mutual acquaintances told me the story, Dr. Crandon had been a physician in Niagara Falls, N. Y., before going to Boston to take up practice there. Be ing a local colleague of Dr. Hardwicke's, my later psychics professor of course knew him well. In fact, I understand they had been brother physicians in the same neighborhood. But in due time the Crandons moved to Boston, where Mrs. Crandon's brother, Walter Stimpson, was killed in a motorcar accident about 1972. Mrs. Crandon naturally grieved for the lad, by no means being aware of her own mediumistic abilities or what was specifically to result from his "death One night—and I admit that I am now relying on memory for the details —the doctor's wife went to dinner at a friend's home in Newton or Newton Highlands, when, after talking about Walter, she felt a strange lassitude stealing over her. Presently her head went down on her arm amid the teacups. Guests thought she had fainted or dropped into a nap. Instead, her husband's quick examination showed her to have fallen into coma. Suddenly as though from the center of the uncleared table, the literal and audible voice of the "dead" brother, Walter, spoke to the whole dinner group. He greeted them cheerfully and energetically, explaining in the following dew minutes that if

the actinic rays could be filtered he had taken ectoplasm from his sister's body and fashioned it into a synthetic larynx through which he was addressing them. This was later found to be so, because photographs of that ectoplasmic larynx were taken on another occasion. There was nothing "phony" about such pictures because I have personally seen and examined them, and I know something about "trick photography" as a result of my eight years at movie-making in Hollywood … Anyhow, that was the beginning of the Walter demonstrations. They became of outstanding importance in psychical research, because over the next three years Walter materialized his hands and caused some seventy-two sets of his fingerprints to be impressed on dentalplate wax under conditions which precluded all trickery, and upon comparison with prints left by Walter on toilet articles and objects in his room before his death, were attested by the Boston Police Department to be irrefutably authentic. I may come back to Walter later. Buy to get back to Dr. Hardwicke and Though Forms.

IT WAS a Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1932 that I sat with Dr. Hardwicke and wife in their living room in Niagara Falls and our conversation turned upon Walter and Marjory.

"One of the most marvelous things I have heard of in connection with psychical research," remarked Dr. Hardwicke, "happened right here in this room. Dr. Crandon was back here in the city and had dropped in for a half-hour's chat to renew old acquaintances. It was not quite dark and we had the lamps switched on. Half a dozen relatives and neighbors had come in. we were sitting in chairs about this room when all of a sudden we heard Walter's voice—audible to all of us. "Hello, Henry!" he cried, addressing me. "Think I'm dead, do you?" Man, what couldn't I shoe you if I could only use that nice rich yellow aura of yours! I recognized the boy as I had known him a couple of years before . 'Go ahead,' I assented jokingly." Whereupon Dr. Hardwicke recounted to me how he presently felt a strange drowsiness stealing over him, and a few minutes later, to all appearance, had dropped fast asleep. Whereupon his wife, Kate—who later came to Galahad School with him—took up and completed the

narrative. “Walter started talking to us,” said Mrs. Hardwicke, “about the terrific potency of Thought Forms. When we thought positive and dynamic thoughts, he contended, we actually projected a literal creation into the higher Octave universe. ‘For instance, and to prove what I mean,’ Walter said, ‘suppose you pull off the stunt of “thinking into existence” the light-pattern body of a bird on the corner of the upright piano. Then I’m going to see if I can take ec toplasm out of Henry’s carcass and coat the pattern body so that all of you can see it. Wait! we waited,” narrated Mrs. Hardwicke. “And believe it or not, in a moment or so we were conscious of a strange fluttering on the corner of the piano among the mementos and photographs. A small sparrow hawk took off from the top of the piano—while Henry continued to sleep—and darted three times around the room. Finally it came to light on Mrs. Jones’s head.” The name of this lady wasn’t Jones, by the way, but it will serve to describe what presently happened as Mrs. Hardwicke related it.

“Mrs. Jones let out a startled shriek and instinctively raised her hands to brush it off. ‘Don’t touch it!’ cried Walter, still talking audibly to us, though none of us could see him. But he spoke too late. Mrs. Jones had already touched it.”

I MIGHT say, myself, by the way, that this same Mrs. Jones was present there in the livingroom when the Hardwickes told me these details, and she corroborated all of them. In fact, she interjected at this point. “It felt exactly as though I’d thrust the tips of my fingers into a jar of cold menthol. But the bird did fly off my head at the contact.” “I’ll say it did,” added Mrs. Hardwicke. “It swooped three times around the room almost faster than the eye could follow it, and then made a swift dart for my right ankle. Its tiny claws cut through my silk stocking and drew blood. I screamed and tried to kick it off. Everyone here knows that the tiny wounds that its claws made, were two to three weeks in healing up and disappearing.”

“What became of it?” I asked both Hardwickes.

“Walter’s voice broke in,” concluded Kate, “with the exclamation” ‘I guess this thing has gone far enough. I’ll take the ectoplasm off.’ Again, believe it or not, that tiny sparrow hawk simply dissolved from its grip on my flesh. It seemed as though it turned to smoke and was gone. ‘I wish I could get it through your heads,’ Walter told us, ‘that you people in mortal bodies use your minds to manufacture such Thought Forms a thousand times a day, and that those Thought Forms are literal things—or they would be literal in your dimension if they could only be coated with etheric substance. Be careful what you think! You’re projecting literal creations into the higher octaves, just as that sparrow hawk was nothing but your own envisionment.’”

I had no reason to doubt he Hardwickes or to assume that they had any motives for hoaxing me with such an anecdote.

Later I was to see and possess actual camera snaps of similar thought forms, photographed through the filters of a quartz lens. Such cameras do not lie. They retain what is *THERE*.

I learned of an experiment conducted in New York in 1930 or thereabout, when a research worker assembled six people before a bare white wall. On the wall he marked out an area six feet high and about thirty inches wide. At it be pointed his quartz-lens camera and inserted a plate. “I want you six people,” he said, “to imagine with all the thought force at your command, the literal presence of Abraham Lincoln standing in that space, as in life. I’m going to keep my camera lens opened on it and see what it produces.” The thing that resulted was a queer impression of six Lincolns, superimposed one over the other, but with features of face and figure that could be recognized anywhere.

He had photographed literal projections from six human minds. I mention them as contention that it may be entirely possible for a person to go into a séance room wanting to contact a certain departed loved one, hold the thought of that

person's appearance in his mind, and get a Thought Form coated with the medium's ectoplasm, in result. The eye could be tricked, of course. But unless there were intelligent and motivating spirit inside the Thought Form—grandparent or otherwise—I for one would be skeptical as to whether he was my forebear, dead or alive, real or fancied. I would want him to converse with me on what he had done specifically when as a boy I visited his home in Lynn, Mass., and report precisely what subjects we had discussed during the long talks we had together. Then I would accept that he was father's dad, indeed …

YET IN my own case, and continuing the same thought, consider this—

In the late spring of 1932, it happened that I delivered a series of five lectures in Norfolk, Va., on precisely these subjects. Night after night, down to my right in the audience as I faced it from the platform, I noticed an important-looking gentleman of middle age in a naval uniform. Finally, toward the end of the week, I was moved to go down and speak to him.

"I'm Captain J—," he told me, "pf the United States Battleship M—, which is laid up in dry dock here this month. I'm Scotch by ancestry and was born with the gift of second sight. All my life I've been intrigued by these demonstrations of higher existence, but I've been coming out to your lectures here night after night for quite a different reason than to hear you speak. Much of what you've said, I've known for years."

"Well," I asked, "What *has* brought you out?"

"The demonstrations of help you get from the two gentlemen on the platform with you," he replied.

"Nobody has been with me on the platform!" I exclaimed.

"Even the chairman went down and sat in the front row of the

audience after introducing me."

"Maybe," laughed the navy man, "that's what you think! But I've been able to see two personages on that platform with you. One is a tall, dignified man in a flowing white robe with a fright golden beard and blue eyes. His job seems to be scanning that audience with an eagle eye to make sure no one in it intends to do you harm. Call him your invisible bodyguard, for that's what he seems to be. The other man on the platform is an elderly gentleman in modern dress, with a short gray beard and a mane of iron-gray hair. Also he has a peculiar mannerism of pushing his beard down flat upon his chest and tilting his right eyebrow with a sharp twinkling eye beneath." I recall that I gasped a bit. He was describing my grandfather Frederick William, to a tee. "Well," I asked, "why is he there with me?"

"He seems to act in giving you your cues," replied the captain. "Hour after hour as you've been speaking here this week, he'll step close to your left shoulder as you conclude a thought or exposition of some point in your discourse. He'll whisper something into your ear. Immediately inspiration will break over your face and you'll pick up a fresh thought and go on with it. Grandfather Pelley might "materialize" the husk of himself in a hundred séance rooms, but not one of them would so convince me of his survival and literality, as did Captain J's perfect description of him that night in Norfolk. It's the spirit-soul identification that convinces me of the correctness of such contacts. You can have the bat-wing robes on the materialized bodies of your sisters. But I want my deceased grandpop to tell me what he spanked me for in the cellar bulkhead in the year 1894. if he remembers0as I remember~ prepared to concede he still the literal Frederick William

Chapter X

WONDER BENEATH A CHAIR

AND YET materializations do have their place in persuading the ultra-skeptical that there are forms of life, or octaves of reality, that are entirely apart from the states we call Mortality. I bring to mind an instance of this in the case of a certain medical doctor who came down to the summer school in Asheville in 1932. I will give him the name of Dawley. That wasn't his name—as I remarked of the woman in the previous chapter who knocked the sparrow hawk off her head—but I do have to be careful about using correct names in pages such as these, because of the unwelcome publicity from curiosity seekers that immediately results when such a book as this is published. I can, however, locate the gentleman if a situation arises where my claims are seriously challenged. Dr. Dawley came down to Asheville with his wife and remained throughout the summer. Originally he had been a physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, but subsequently had become one of the outstanding endocrinologists at the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

Late one night in August of 1932, I sat with him on a moonlit veranda in Asheville and asked him how or why he had contrived to acquire an interest in the subject I was publicizing at the school.

"To explain satisfactorily," he said, "I would have to tell you of a thing that happened when Ada and I were first married."

Ada was his wife, a former nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital, whom he had married some ten to fifteen years in the past. She was sitting a few feet away, and confirmed what he presently said.

"WE HAD not been married many weeks," Dr. Dawley related, "before I became conscious that Ada was leaving our apartment in Boston every Thursday night, going out

somewhere in the city and not returning till after midnight. As she volunteered no information explaining these trips, I began to grow suspicious. Where was she going, and why didn't she offer to explain her absence? It may have been a caddish thing to do, but I admit that after several weeks of it, I made up my mind to follow her.

"The night that I did so, I saw her go over to Huntington Avenue and finally turn into a brownstone-front that was in every way a private residence. Then I loitered around outside till she reappeared—which was nearly one o'clock. I accosted her and demanded to be told what she had been doing in the place. "She answered me: 'next Thursday night, you come along with me. I haven't told you about these Thursday-night absences of mine because I didn't think you'd be interested. Your mind is so scientific."

"I waited with ill-concealed impatience till the following week, however, and when Thursday night came, she kept her promise. Into the brownstone-front I went with her, and presently I found myself in a big front room furnished only with a rug, a floor lamp, a victrola, and a ring of hard-bottomed chairs. There were twelve to fifteen of them.

"THE PEOPLE to whom I was presently introduced were refined, educated, and in every way desirable to know. They presently took their places in the big front room, alternating a man and a woman around the circle. Ultimately someone started the victrola playing soothing music. We were instructed to join hands. Ada was sitting on my left. I took her hand, and the hand of the strange woman on my right. It seemed rather silly at the moment, but I was determined to go through with it and learn what had made such demands on the fifteen minutes we had been sitting so, when a startling thing happened … "Ada's chair began to wobble. It began to heave and rock, as though an invisible force were pushing it upward from the floor. Finally with a little cry, she got out of it. The leader—I suppose you'd call him a medium—made a

quick cry for us not to break hands, but there was no doubt that something had pushed Ada's chair upward and an instant later it went over with a thud. "Something was actually under that chair. I was as close to it as I am to you at this moment. It was a great rotating ball of substance that looked like grayish-white molasses candy, some two feet in diameter, in convulsive motion. I watched it, stupefied.

"Finally it propelled itself out before me in the center of the circle. The room was well enough lighted to watch closely exactly how it behaves. It writhed and contracted and elongated and took shape. Then it began to assume the form of a human torso, with arms and legs growing at the corners. A protuberance like a head came out. What I was actually watching was the 'built-up' of a mature human body—a women's body. Believe it or not, by the end of ten to twelve minutes a fully formed and respectably dressed girl of some twenty-five to thirty years was fully molded in the center of the group and to all intents and purposes quite the counterpart of any of the mortal women in that room. Somebody broke the chain of handholding then, and righted the wooden chair, which had tipped over under Ada. This strangely materialized person thereupon sat sown in it. Right beside me!"

"I gather that she rather enjoyed my stupefaction. 'Well, Doctor,' she queried me, 'what do you think of that?"

I INTERRUPTED the Doctor to comment: "Then Ada had simply been going out each night to some sort of spiritualistic séance? Hadn't you ever had experience of such phenomena?"

"No," said Dawley, "and if I hadn't seen what I had, with my own eyes, I would have taken it for fact that I had married a psychopath—that is, if she'd ever come back to the apartment and tried to explain what happened at these meetings she attended."

"Well, the woman was fully materialized. What happened

next?"

"Although I'd seen the apparition shape itself right before my eyes," Dawley went on, "I still didn't know what to make of it. A fully-grown and handsome young woman had evolved out of the great blob of ectoplasm that had somehow gotten under Ada's chair—from where, I couldn't say. She sat down beside me with a sort of Mona Lisa smile on her face and dared me to be skeptical. I seemed to be the only one in the room who was particularly startled. I remember that I asked her, 'Are you real, or am I suffering some sort of illusion?' She replied to me, 'Oh, I'm real enough. Would you care to make an examination?' being a physician, I said to her, 'Yes, I would—if you'll permit it.' She said that she would. You see, I wanted to find out to my own satisfaction if she was just a husk or shell of a female, or a regular woman all the way through."

DR. DAWLEY paused to toss the ash of his cigar over the veranda railing. "Well," he said, "I motioned to Ada, and we took the materialized lady into a small side bedroom. I made an examination of her, all right. And believe me, she was as solid and substantial, internally as well as externally, as my own bride, Ada. That is what astounded me. All her organs were quite as normal flesh. She got a great kick out of my increasing stupefaction."

"'So you expected to find me a papier-mâché lady, did you?' she bantered when I admitted I was satisfied."

"'I don't know what I expected,' I replied."

"Anyhow, we went back to the group. And for the next half-hour I got a discourse on hyperdimensional reality that altered entirely my thinking and my practice."

"What she told me was, that people on 'dying' merely pulled their spiritual souls or thinking consciousness out from their gross physical flesh, as a more tenuous pattern-body at once went into function on a higher frequency of electronic energy in Matter. They were by no means plunged at once into any

theological courtroom, with God himself up on the dais to 'judge the quick and the dead'. These were no sensation occurring to them that they were actually 'dead' at all. They were continuing to exist in the same scenes and orientations that they had known in mortality. They could see people in this materialistic third dimension but conversely the people of the third dimension couldn't see them.

What this girl had actually done, after a clumsy fashion of explaining it, had been to lower her vibrations to a point where she became perceptible to people of the third dimension—using the medium's ectoplasm to solidify her Light-Self and reduce it to a substantiality where I could see her and touch her as I had lately done in the bedroom. It was a real education in psychics that I got that night, and for a long time afterward I couldn't make out whether I fancied it or not. Of course, whether I fancied it or not made not the slightest difference in the actuality of the conditions that people like her confronted when they passed through the change called Death. Still, it was all so novel, and counter to what orthodox theology had gotten me to believe since boyhood, that it took a bit of time for adjustment."

"How did it end?" I asked Dr. Dawley.

He cast a mischievous glance at his wife. "I'll bet you'll never believe me," he said, "but as I went on talking to this strangely materialized young woman, it seemed to me that she was not quite as big as she had been ten minutes before. In fact, she seemed to be shrinking in size, right before my eyes. I remember that I glanced down at her feet. They failed to touch the floor. Really, she was like the fantasy in Alice in Wonderland when Alice ate the Wonderful Cake that reduced her to a size to go through the gate into the magical garden. The girl was growing smaller as I watched—and as we talked." "By the end of a second ten minutes, she was obliged to jump down off the seat of the kitchen chair or she might have hurt herself getting off it at all. She finally walked out into the center of the circle, a doll-like creature some

twenty inches high. And yet she still kept getting smaller."

"When I last could distinguish her voice, she was standing out in the middle of the group, a little figure, still perfectly formed, some fourteen inches high. Then she seemed to pivot on her heel. With a little wave of her hand to me, she was gone. Yes, sir, gone! She had shrunk and evaporated into the atmosphere of that room not unlike the disappearance of smoke that dissolves into the atmosphere after coming from the stack of a locomotive."

IT WAS a bizarre recital.

"So, after that," I said, 'I take it you continued an interest in psychical research?" "I certainly did," he answered. "I've never been able to get enough of it. Ada and I went regularly to the séances on Huntington Avenue every Thursday evening after that. I saw many strange types of materialization but nothing to equal that girl who 'created herself' from a ball of effluvia under Ada's chair and then shrank to the proportions of a doll before my eyes." "It was remarkable," I contended, "that she could make herself so solid. The medium must have been able to part with a lot of ectoplasm." "I have often wished," Dawley told me, "that I could have had a set of scales at hand to weigh her, during that physical examination." "You would doubtless have discovered," I said, "that she by no means was as heavy as a normal mortal woman of the same proportions. We find uniformly in these materialization that if the medium weighs, say, a hundred sixty pounds at the commencement of the séance, and the materialized entity tips the scales at, say, eighty pounds, then the medium during the phenomena will reduce in weight to eighty pounds."

"In other words, it's a weighable physical substance that departs the medium's body and is used by the Light Body of visiting spirit-soul to make itself opaque and substantial?"

"That's it," I answered. "And I understand that such ectoplasmic 'material' had in several celebrated cases been

severed in a chunk from the materialized body, taken into a laboratory and analyzed. The great medium, Valentine, permitted this to be done on one occasion during an American visit. The ectoplasm was found to contain exactly the chemical components and in much the same ratios, as exist in the ordinary physical vehicle …"

Chapter XI
WE LAY A GHOST

INTRODUCE the subject of discarnate e xistence in any mixed company and you are certain to find one individual present who responds positively and not a little pityingly, "I don't believe in ghosts!" they say it as though it settled the controversy as to whether ghosts had actuality or not. Usually the tone of voice implies, "—and I do not wish to hear any more about them either." Such people are saying, "I have never had any authenticated experienced with souls in a nonmortal condition and had just as soon not have. I would not only be frightened if I did, I'd be plain scared out of my senses." All of which are asseverations based on purest ignorance. Undoubtedly we have people somewhere in the United States who do not believe in radio, and I ran across an old mountain woman down in the State o f North Caroline a few tears ago who did not believe in the moving pictures. "Come up to Asheville," I invited, "and I'll take you to a movie show. You can see that pictures do move, for yourself." "No," she repeated, "I said that I didn't believe in them." I have long since suppressed any feeling of obligation to convince the "I don't believe in Ghosts" people that they should change their views. Mature people, I note, rarely quarrel with ignorance. Besides, most of those nonbelievers are probably afflicted with a prenatal fixation. It is not so much discarnation that they fear as the recognitions and admittances that discarnation carries with it. They have plunged into physical materiality as assort of spiritual

anesthesia, to forget the terrible obligations of karmic adjustments, consciously. They want to live one day at a time on this place and persuade themselves that things are what they seem, or at least what mankind commonly names them. To admit the facts of discarnation, to witness phenomena attesting to the actuality of lift in more tenuous octaves, would make a perpetual controversy as to the value or reliability of this one. They like to think they are practical-minded, meaning that those who are wiser in such matters are featherheads. What they truly mean is, that the9ir standards will become upset whereby they measure the marvel known as Existence and lest it happen, they will have more peace of mind if you will change the subject. Then again, there is always the terror of confronting a situation with which the beholder has no weapons to cope. It is the old, old panic of meeting the dinosaur without the knotted club.

THROUGHOUT my childhood, I recalled the atmosphere of the weird, with which I heard father tell of phenomena in a house into which he and mother moved when first married, though not the house where I was born. Those were the days when young couples spent most of their engagement period getting their forthcoming home ready and matrimony was the final act enabling them to move in together and inhabit it.

Father at the time was foreman of a shoe factory in Lynn. Mass, attending divinity school nights. He had proposed to mother and been accepted. They rented a modest cottage and proceeded to get it ready for occupancy. Movable rugs were unknown back there in the Eighties; each room was measured and carpets bought, cut and sewed to fit. Newspapers were laid down against the flooring and then the finished carpets tacked along the edges. The only time father had for such work was very early morning, his evenings as aforesaid being taken up with his studies in Boston Seminary. He would arise at four-thirty or five o'clock as the world was just getting light, go out to the new home and work on the carpets till seven.

One morning he had let himself into the house and was sitting

cross-legged on the floor, sewing carpets in an upper front room, when he distinctly heard footsteps in the empty rooms below. Thinking that perhaps the landlord had come in, he went to the edge of the banisters and called down, "Hello! Who's there?"

He received no response to his summons. But he heard the footsteps retreating across naked floors, out toward the kitchen.

Going downstairs he passed from room to room, looking in each. No one seemed to be anywhere in the house. He called again. No one could have retired through the back door because he declared that he found it securely locked. He was about to explore the cellar when he gave a start of fright. He was hearing the same foot treads in the rooms above his head. Whoever had gotten into the house must have managed to get above stairs. If there was one thing that my dad possessed, it was plenty of moral courage. I can believe that he did what he says he did: moved cautiously up the flight to ascertain without giving his own presence away, in which room the steps were being made.

Outside the sun was coming up. Street vistas were still filled with mist, with an occasional early laborer going to work afoot, carrying his dinner pail. No noises were perceptible anywhere but those footfalls right there in his "new" house. In a moment more, father says he heard the footsteps coming from a small bedroom at the back end of the upper hallway. Creeping forward, he threw open its door.

The room was as barren of either furniture or intruders as it was the day the structure was built.

Father at that time was one of those who "didn't believe in ghosts." He entered the room and looked all around him. He even pulled open the door of the room's one closet. Still he found no one.

And while he was debating the origin of the noises, the some uncanny footfalls sounded in the bigger room on the other side of the corridor. And the only way that an intruder could have gotten into that opposite room would have been to pass through the walls. Right there my parent began to get scared … Nevertheless he pussyfooted across the corridor and threw open the larger bedroom's door. That room too was blank. Shutting the corridor doors to both rooms, he debated whether he should bolt. But waiting with his hands on both doorknobs to see in which room the footsteps sounded next, he suddenly heard them distinctly in the smaller bedroom. He pushed its door open. Again he could see nothing, and with the morning sun well risen, the compartment was well lighted.

His terrors got the better of him then, and he departed that house with alacrity. Next morning when he returned, he had a companion. But as the next morning, and several began to take courage. Maybe it had only been a freak of the house's acoustics. Saying nothing to mother, in order not to frighten her and spoil her happiness in their new nest, he finally got the carpets laid and the furniture in. they were duly married and began their housekeeping. They heard no more footfalls on the premise, but mother had not been domiciled in the rooms a week before father saw that dome strain was beginning to tell upon her. He was restless and worried. Finally he asked her what was troubling her.

"Perhaps you'll think I'm silly," she answered him, "but something's decidedly wrong with this tenement." "How do you mean, wrong?" father wanted to know. "It only happens at night, after you've gone to your classes, when I'm washing supper dishes at the sink in the downstairs pantry." "What happens?"

"That's just what I can't say. I only wish I could. I hope you won't laugh at me when I tell you that on several occasions I've had the direct and positive sensation of a strange man's entering and taking his position behind me while I'm finishing up my pantry work."

“A man! Have you seen him?”

“No, but I’ve ‘felt’ him.”

Father then ‘fessed up what had happened to him while laying the carpets. “Let’s move out of this place,” mother said firmly.

They did move out of the place—into the house where later I was born. But the mystery continued. Another young married couple with whom they were acquainted, took the place and lived there subsequently. “I hear you’ve moved, mother said to this young woman meeting her of an afternoon. “We certainly did,” the other replied. “I can tell you that Henry Avenue house has a haunt!”

“Then you discovered him too!”

“I wouldn’t keep on living in the place for a million dollars a week. Why, every evening when I’d go to wash the dishes at the pantry sink, someone would come in and stand behind me. I’d swear I could hear him breathing! ...”

THIS sort of phenomena would seem to postulate that discarnate bodies possess enough weight to cause floor boards to creak, or to give off sounds of their literal footfalls, even though not opaque enough to be seen by the eye. Flammarion the great astronomer, in his studies into “haunted” houses in France and Belgium, came to such conclusion. How it is done is beyond determination by present day physics. In his celebrated report on the mysterious happenings in Calvados Castle he relates how the discarnate, operating on the premises, delighted among other spookish pranks to clump through the great rooms of the place with what seemed to be small boards attached to its feet—boards twenty inches long and eight to ten inches wide. It seemed to be able to pass through the walls with these freakish appendages, moving from one room to another.

One night the Abbe of Calvados, having undertaken to sleep in one of the bedrooms in aid of Flammarion's investigations, heard these prankish f ootsteps coming across the room next his own. The abbe was undertaking to sleep in a fat French featherbed. They made affidavits that the board footfalls not only approached through the wall across from the foot of the bed, but traversed the width of the room and mounted the side bed over footrail. Across the bed they "walked" within an arm's length of the abbe's quaking body. Moreover, the obsess feather bolster showed the imprint of the oblong "feet" as they made their final imprint on the pillow and then passed out through the wall against which the head of the bed was shoved. We can conjecture that the abbe got to the devil out of there as fast as his holy legs permitted him. What we are trying to do, groping about as to why these noises and imprints are perceptible, is to reconcile the physics of this octave with the physics of octaves transcendent to our own. The time may come when we will do it. At present we are only scratching the surface of facts about the physics of our own octave. But as partial explanation of why such phenomena should occur at all, I can fall back on my own strange experience in 1929 in "laying" one of these locality-bound discarnates.

I WAS typing in my flat on West 53rd Street in New York one August morning when the doorbell rang and I pushed the gadget to admit a lady member of our Manhattan psychical group who had lately taken a job as caretaker of an old mansion up on the Albany Post Road above Ossining. She had taken the job not so much for the money involved as for the sec lusion it gave her to finish a book on which she was working.

"I want you to come up to that old house and stay there throughout one night," she begged.

"Well, what do you think is wrong with it?" I asked.

"The place has got a haunt that's a honey," she responded in her usual practical manner of expression. "Around midnight

some nights, the worst sort of mischief breaks loose up in the third floor, and it's now getting so bad that even I can't stand it."

My caller was well versed in most phases of psychical research, so if she maintained that things were bad, they must be very bad indeed.

"I might as well tell you," she went on, "that the old place is going to wrack and ruin because of the high jinks that go on inside it. The family that formerly occupied it is now living in Europe. When they gave it up and moved abroad, they took all their furniture out and stored it excepting some wicker chairs and a bed that I put on the screened porch overlooking the stretch of lawn to the south. There isn't a stick of furniture anywhere else in the place. There aren't even electric lights on in the house; I use an oil study-lamp myself, when I went to work evenings. Whey knew of my interest in psychical phenomena and offered me a free home there for the summer if I wished to stay and keep neighborhood boys from breaking the windows. But I'm telling you again, the fumadiddles are too much. They're getting on my nerves."

"Well," I persisted, "specifically what happens?"

"Racket!" Hazel answered. "Racket and strange greenish lights! You'd think some midnights that a whole family was kicking wash-boilers over the third floor and down most of the stairs. And then there's a phantom white dog that nearly cost my sister her life last night …"

"Your sister!" I cried. "What's she got to do with it?'

"My married sister came on from Ohio last week to spend her vacation with me. She's going to become a mother toward the last of November. Last night, just before we retired on the bed on the screened sough porch, she came to me wanting to know who owned the white setter dog that seemed to be racing around the house as though getting evening exercise. I said

that I hadn't heard of, or seen, any such creature."

"Is your sister psychic?" I asked.

"No," said Hazel, "and fairly scared to death by anything abnormal. Of course, when she showed up to spend her vacation with me, I didn't want to tell her what went on some nights in that house. So I didn't make much comment about the mysterious white dog. Anyhow, we went to bed after carefully locking all the screen doors. I always do that, anyhow, being afraid of tramps so near the railroad and the river. Suddenly about two o'clock this morning, Mabel awakened me with the most ungodly shriek. She was sitting up, leaning on an elbow, the bedclothes pu;;ed to her chin and indicating something at the foot of the bed."

"The dog?" I suggested.

"Yes—the dog! The creature was right there inside our solarium sleeping-porch, standing on its hind legs, with his front paws on our bed." "What became of if?"

"That's what caused Mabel almost to lose her baby. The fool beast sprang down and went with one long graceful leap straight through the screen door, which was shut tight and locked. Mabel has gone back to Ohio. I've just seen her off at Grand Central. Will you be one of a party from our psychical group to go up there tonight and see what can be made of all the fiddle-faddle? I know it sounds crazy and against all laws of reason. But that's what I'm up against, and the thing is getting on my nerves."

WELL, the long and short of it is, that we made up a party with two more persons, one a famous New York magazine editor, got together the food for a basket picnic, and drove up beyond Ossining in the late afternoon.

The old place, built back in the time of mid-Victorian architecture, overlooking a lovely expanse of the Hudson, was entirely surrounded by a grove of elms and maples. It was

reached by a private driveway back from the Post Road. The house itself, three stories in height, with a campanile, ran north and south, the lawn stretching from the south wing being entirely banked with frowsy shrubbery which had known no gardener's care for years. Before it got dark, we inspected all the great cavernous rooms and bedchambers. They were, as Hazel had reported, barren of furnishings of any sort. Not even shades hung before the windows and most of the weather-beaten blinds were shut.

In sunset we spread our basket's contents on the lawn and had our picnic meal. After the sun had vanished, the mosquitoes began to bite, s o we withdrew into Hazel's sleeping porch and lit the studies lamp. We assumed, of course, that we had five or six hours to wait for the nocturnal phenomena to start. I had lighted my pipe and was tilted back in a hard -bottomed chair against the middle post of one of the window -casings that held screens themselves, grew a bank of ragged lilacs. Suddenly during a lull in our conversation, it seemed that I heard a strained whispering voice. I could have sworn that it came from amidst the lilacs banked against the screen ten inches from my head. "I'm Scott Hillstone," it addressed me. Scott Hillstone isn't the name that was spoken, but it was a sufficiently unusual name so that I couldn't have called it up at the moment for the sake of deceiving myself.

I held up my hand in a warning to my companions to keep silent. "Yes?" I said aloud.

"I was murdered down here at the foot of the embankment," the labored whispering said next. "If I'd been able to go on living in my body, I think I'd be eighty-eight years old."

"Get a pencil!" I said quickly to hazel. "Take this detail down. We're going to get something!" Then I pressed my head against the screen and lilacs. "Go ahead," I coaxed. "What about it?"

"It's a long story. Thank God I've found someone who can

hear me while I tell it … back before the turn of the century I was in the stock investment business down in New York. I had a crooked partner. He stole one of our client's trust funds and contrived to put the blame on me … Can you still hear me?' "Yes. I can still hear you. What was your partner's name?"

"I … don't want … to tell you that. After all, I've forgiven him … but I went to Sing Sing for two years, being unable to show I wasn't guilty. For two long years I was a convict for something I hadn't done … and every day of those two years, I schemed and planned how I was going to get even after I got out …" Hazel was writing rapidly. I asked, "But how were you murdered?" "Finally the time came for my discharge. They let me out one afternoon about six o'clock. When I finally came through the gate, two men who looked like Italian thugs seemed to be awaiting me … they asked me if my name was Hillstone … I said that it was … they asked me if I had known that I was framed on that theft charge and that my partner had done it deliberately. I said that I did and was going to have my vengeance. Then one of them said, 'we've got plenty grudge against that partner of yours, too. The three of us should put our heads together and find a way to 'get' him that's sure-fire. Suppose we stroll up the railroad tracks and talk it over.' These men seemed to be in earnest and I fell into step beside them. We walked northward along the New York Central tracks till we came to a spot just below the embankment on which this house is built. The story was going better now, or I was tuning my ear the better to get the details. Hillstone, if there was indeed such a person, went on— "Suddenly a fast freight train hove in sight, speeding down the river toward New York. We saw its headlight and stepped aside out of the tracks to let it pass. It was fairly dark by this time. Just as it was about to get abreast of us, I felt a violent push and a frightful shock and somehow I was free on my body. What was left of my body, when the red lamp of the caboose had vanished around the southern curve, was being kicked into the bushes by those scoundrels, who presently darted into the rows of freight-cars standing idle on the

sidetracks, and were gone …"

"In other words," said I, to encourage the narrator, "those two men must have been in league with your partner."

"They were," the weak and ragged "whispering" continued. Expose him, and he had hired them to make an end to me. So … I never showed up at home … my wife and family took that for confirmation that I had been guilty, and had no defense to make, and had gone back to a life of crime." "Have you got folks living now who might identify you and your report?" "Yes, my wife is living … she was much younger than I was … and one of my girls is living … but I wouldn't want to disturb her present peace of mind … I've had a long rime to think … it's my sister to whom I want to get a message about what actually happened. Would you somehow manage to get a message to my sister?"

"What sort of message?

"She's an old lady now, living in Tucson, Arizona. But on October she'll be up in New England—at Winchester, Mass.—for the winter. I wish that you'd write her at Winchester, the address I'll tell you, and describe to her just what I've said to you. I don't want you to write her in Tucson. The people she's living with aren sympathetic and might put her in an institution thinking her crazy, if she began talking suddenly about hearing from her brother. She's the only one I want to have known that I never did go back to any life of crime. Write her in Winchester after October first. Will you do that? I've remained around here, around the spot where it happened, an awful long time, just to have someone come along to whom I could talk."

I said: "Are you, then, the party who's been making all the racket on these premises of late? Are you the 'haunt' that's mage people abandon this house because what goes on here has gotten them so frightened?" "I don't make any trouble

that I know of," the sad voice responded.

"What about this white setter that races around the place in deep twilight or moonlight?"

"Oh! Now I know what you mean. I guess if there's any upset about the premises, it's Mrs. Makarian making it."

"And who's Mrs. Makarian?"

"She's some sort of foreign lady whose husband used to be in the oriental rug business down in New York. He and she built the house, I understand. And she flies into a terrible rage sometimes; at the way the present owners are letting it go to wrack and ruin. She's got such a dog."

"And small wonder," I returned—Hazel still writing frantically and throwing her rapidly-filling sheets on the floor—"when you people who've made the Passing are allowing yourselves to become discernible to those still in their bodies and continually scare them to death. Can you connect with Mrs. Makaeian and talk to her?"

"Yes, I think so.

"All right, we'll make a bargain with you. This young woman wants to remain here for the rest of the summer and finish her novel without being bothered by Mrs. Makarian her poodle, or any other signs of discarnate activity around the premises. You see Mrs. Makarian and make her understand that the reason present owners are letting this fine old mansion go to ruin is because of her annoying rages, which they heat at times with their physical ears. Tell her to stop the whole of it and tie up her dog. She'll see then, quickly enough, that the property will come back." You do that and we'll promise to write your sister about this communication."

"But after October first!"

"Yes, after October first. Now where should we address such

letter?"

Have gave us the name and Hazel recorded it. With a weak "Thank you!" then, and a promise to be on about better spiritual business, his whispering died away …

WE WAITED for ghostly phenomena at midnight. But none came. At two o'clock I stretched a hammock out between two of the trees on the side lawn, while the women made themselves comfortable as they could in the solarium. Next day we drove back to Manhattan …

By the end of the fortnight I saw Hazel again. She reported that never the slightest sign of any ghost phenomena had showed or been heard since that night's talk with the murdered stockbroker. Nor had she heard any more whisperings herself.

Quite recently I rode up the Hudson River on the Empire State Express and chanced to glance upward at the old mansion from the window of the Pullman. It was renovated, painted, landscape and gardened, and very much occupied. Apparently the ghostly phenomena had stopped with that night. Now comes the strangest part of the episode.

After October first, Hazel wrote the letter to the sister and directed it to Winchester.

After ten days it was returned to her by the postmaster in that place. Across its face was scribbled a notation in pencil—"This addressee deceased in Tucson,

Ariz., around Sept. 1st last!"

Scott Hillstone apparently hadn't been aware that his sister was going to make her own Passing in a mere matter of days.

Chapter XII

THINKING BEYOND THE BRAIN

WHAT do we want as proof that the so-called "dead" are existing in higher forms of Consciousness? Do we went them to walk around in mortal bodies in this form of Consciousness, to open doors and hoist windows, to eat with knifes, forks and spoons, to drive motorcars and punch typewriters? If they did all these things, how would their form of existence differ from ours? Why would these be any reason for graduation out of one octave and into the other? What we are chiefly interested in finding—or determining to a certainty—is, that their personalities remain intact, that they are living, thinking, and operating as individuals, that it is their habit or arena of performance that has been altered, not the essential personalities of human souls as souls. The complaint is frequently heard on this plane: "If there be actual survival beyond physical discarnation, then why is not the contact with those of us sill in mortality more common than it is? Why mist we rely on séance rooms and mediums, on the chance episode of materialization, on the all -too-frequent incident of discarnate evidencing themselves in times of great stress in the mundane world?" we forget our unwitting bombast in thus stipulating circumstances.

Who are we, in this mundane octave, to demand that the "dead" shall do all the "work" , that they alone shall take the initiative in achieving materializations, that all we must do is to sit back and wait impatiently for them to perform? Have they not as much right to say to us, "If you want to prove the reality of our existence, how about you mortal folks making a few efforts to come up onto this plane, and contact us, as you expect that we should contact you?"

Only one individual in ten thousand deliberately sets about the efforts to elevate his consciousness above this mortal octave.

Why should we look for those who have graduated into the higher octaves to make manifestations of themselves to us in any greater ratio?

THE FACTS of the matter seem to be, that when a soul has shuffled off his mortal coil, he finds conditions in the more tenuous realms s o agreeable and opposite to everything he has known in physicality that only under special circumstances can he be persuaded to take any interest in the form of worldly performance, which he has left.

Why in the name of all that is logical and reasonable, should any spirit-soul that has gotten done with the trials and tribulations of mortality, with its plots and counterplots, its greeds and its grasping, its wars and competitions, bethink that it devolves on him to make deliberate effort to come back into it, merely to convince a lot of dunderheads —who will fight the demonstration, anyhow—that survival of personality is a fact, that is a problem causing us to wonder why we even have the demonstrations that we do.

The more I delve into the subject, however, and the more evidence that I have brought to my attention concerning the certain survival of the "dead", the more I am persuaded that such exhibitions of discarnation as we do have, are prompted by complexes in the minds of so-called "dead" people, more than they are prompted by any desire on those discarnate person's part to convince those left behind in flesh that life has its continuity and there is no such thing as perishing to extinction …

In other words, the "dead" have purposes of their own to serve in entering back into the physical octave, and they are usually serving those purposes —unmindful of us—when we catch glimpses of them in light-body manifestations.

The more I probe into this entrancing subject, the more I am convinced that everything resolves itself into a matter of what "frequency" the mind may be operating on.

The attitude that some people disclose, that because spirit-soul have shuffled out of their physical mechanisms and begun to employ themselves in an unobstructed universe, they are spooks, wraiths, shades, abstract ideas, "the stuff that dreams are made of,' unwittingly puts the only premium of importance on materiality. If, in other words, you are not clothed with substance, you really amount to no more than last year's crow's nest—so we might gather from the people who consider discarnation as becoming comparable to the summer's zephyr.

It is very like a fish on the bottom of the sea expressing an opinion on the gull winging above the rolling billow and saying, "Because they are not down at my ocean-depth and knowing its stresses and strains, I consider that they amount to no more than the off-shore wind on which they glide. Life sown here at my depth is black and thick and fraught with everpresent menace. Therefore it is the only life that can truly be called such. These sea gulls high over the ocean's surface may think they're alive, but inasmuch as their existence knows little or no obstruction of what earthly use are they, to themselves or anybody?" The gull could tell the sluggish, provincial and menaced fish much about freedom of action that the fish never dreams about. And yet, granting all that, the average person does seem to think that it should be easier for the "dead". They exclaim—

"We are told that upon making the passing, souls don't 'go' anywhere—in the sense of separting for some distant planet or celestial elevation—so if this be true, and they're somewhere in our vicinity, and are more conscious of being I our would, though in an unobstructed state, than we are conscious of being in theirs, why don't they gibe more evidences of themselves than they do and leave no question or doubt about survival?" If I were to answer that question in the light of a thousand attestments or communications that have come to my notice since I began my examinations of psychics as a study, I would say it is because it gets them nowhere to do it as

a practice. In other words, they make the discovery of the futility of doing so. Either friends or the public will not accredit the identity or manifestation, or the human race behaves generally as though life in the mortal vehicle were the only life that counted and any type of consciousness outside of it must be ephemeral and capricious.

TO ILLUSTRATE what I mean, a few years ago there was photographed in the talkie newsweeklies an interview with a seventeen-year-old boy who had been the victim of a near-drowning accident in a lake in central Pennsylvania. At a picnic one afternoon his canoe had tipped over, he had been unable to do much swimming on account of sudden cramps, and before rescue could be summoned his lungs had filled with water. State troopers ultimately recovered the body and laid it out on the shore. Both pulse and respiration had stopped, insofar as any physician could discover.

Recalling the details from memory now, I think it was a Boy Scout leader who begged permission to work upon the corpse and see what could be done by applying artificial respiration. The troopers and physicians permitted it while waiting for the mortician's wagon to arrive. At the end of twenty minutes to half an hour, officials and spectators were stupefied to see the physical mechanism responding. The heart began to galvanize, and to make a weird tale short, eventually the drowned boy regained consciousness. Rushed to a hospital, he gradually recuperated.

Of course, everybody wanted to know that his sensations had been, where he had "been" himself" as a spirit-soul after the water strangled him and before the Scout leader got his heart and lungs functioning. "It seemed as if I came up out of the water and took to the air like a bird," he attested haltingly before the talkie microphone in bucolic English. Of course, everybody in the theater tittered …

"Were you at all conscious?" asked the interviewer.

“Sure I was conscious. I just drifted back and forth over the water and the shore, and when the Scouts brought me in and the Scouts went to work on me, I was outside my body, watching ‘most everything that was being done”. “But floating around in the atmosphere, ah?” his questioner emphasized. “Yep—that’s a sort of like it. I saw everything being done to bring me back, all the same. Then I felt a sort of ‘pull’ that I had to come back into my body, and so I come.”

The audience laughed out loud. It was all so very ridiculous. When peopleactually died, they went immediately to heavens, of course, and were judged for their sins; they didn’t float around over Pennsylvania lakes and watch resuscitation efforts in progress. The boy had not truly been dead—according to the acceptance of that jocular audience—the spark of life had still been in him and he had dreamed a dream of being out of his body. After which assumption, what audience settled down to enjoy the near-seduction of the screen heroine by the Hollywood villain and his ultimate beating-up by the hero in consequence. That audience, in other words, didn’t have the psychical acumen to realize that what the lad was recounting to them was the sternest phase of truth. The point I would make, however, is: If that lad, returned to flesh by artificial respiration, couldn’t convince that movie crowd of his manifested consciousness when out of the body, how could he—or anybody in similar predicament—hope to do it with the rank and file, when such discarnation became permanent?

For that discarnation, I that particular youth’s care, might have been made permanent, had the Scoutmaster not decided to go to work on him. The mortician’s wagon might have come for the remains, taken them to his shop, and embalmed them. Two or three days later the funeral would have been held. Would the boy’s consciousness not have continued to function just the same, exactly as it functioned while watching the

resuscitation efforts being made? This lad came back to tell of it, however, and because he did come back and did tell of it—even to the extent of an interview in the news weeklies—his hearers said that of course he had never been dead, that in his strangled condition he had merely dreamed a dream.

Countless are the numbers of people who have undergone a similar experience of discarnation, and detached observation, while under the influence of surgical gas or ether. We had one laughable case of it in North Carolina shortly after the Galahad summer school of 1932 came to a close. Dr. Henry Hardwicke, the same man who had related the story of the materialized sparrow hawk in Niagara Falls, suffered from a serious glandular malady in the throat. He was finally prevailed upon to go to the local hospital for a fortnight and have the gland operated upon.

He jokingly told later of getting his consciousness out of his body during the actual surgery and wandering around through the corridors and rooms of the hospital and inspecting the cases and condition of other patients the while. Being a practicing physician himself, these held more interest for him than because he wanted to satisfy an idle curiosity.

When he ultimately came back into his body after the surgery had been dressed—"after he came from the ether" as the attendants and nurses phrased it—he quickly threw that hospital into a stupefied turmoil by commenting upon, or discussing, outstanding cases in the rooms on the floor above. "That woman in five-thirteen needs to have better attention," he advised the doctor who visited him a half-hour later. "Blood-poisoning seems to be setting in, and you'd better begin applying serums immediately."

"How do you know anything about any woman in five-thirteen?" the astonished physician demanded.

"Because I got out of my body and went through most of the rooms and wards," returned Dr. Harwicke, "while you were down here cutting my throat." His further narrations well

nigh got the nurses of the hospital into a dither. Physically he had not been anywhere in that institution but the one room into which he was admitted for treatment when he first arrived. Challenge: Suppose Dr. Hardwicke had elected not to go back into his body, after his throat had been treated and dressed? The report would have come forth, of course, that he had failed to survive the operation. But why should not his consciousness have gone on functioning? Why should he not have left the inspection of the hospital's cases and gone out into the town, gone where he pleased in the whole unobstructed universe, for that matter? … Incidentally, Dr. Hardwicke did make such Passing in New York City a couple of years ago and is at this moment enjoying life and consciousness in such unobstructed arena of existence.

OF MY own similar discarnation in "Seven Minutes in Eternity" I have told at too much length in my autobiography, "The Door to Revelation" to take time or space to add any more here. Except this—

When I published the narrative of that experience in the American Magazine for March, 1929, I got thousands of letters from all over America, from persons who at some time or another in their lives had encountered allied or duplicate adventures in those higher octaves. But I also got an occasional letter from some skeptic who advised me that from the psychopathic angle, what had actually happened to me was the dreaming of a grandiose or supernal dream. Particularly, the orthodox psychiatrists took such position. Some of them were openly insulting about it. But how explain this—

One letter I got from a psychical group up in Salem, Mass., where the member commissioned to write the attestment to me, said that during a seance the previous week a certain discarnate physician who had been working with it from the Other Side had been queried as to whether or not my experience had been bona fide.

"Absolutely!" this person had responded. "I was one of those who witnessed the author's discarnation that night, and saw

him in most of his reactions. If you want a checkup on this, write to him and ask him if in that hyperdimensional adventure he didn't do the following—" and forthwith the Salem letter contained a series of paragraph-descriptions of some phases of my conduct and behavior, not to mention my contacts and addresses, that I had not imparted to a living soul up to that moment. In fact, in one or two instances, this Salem discarnate recalled episodes to me which I had well-nigh forgotten, myself. How could such a psychical go-between, working with an unknown group in Massachusetts, have been in any position to describe such items if all that happened to me that n ight in Altadena had been only an epochal dream? Of

course I realize that such "evidence" is evidence to me alone, but it has been just another bit of confirmation of my gradually built up conviction that consciousness need not depend for its self-awareness on the housing of the physical brain, that the same consciousness and sense of awareness that I took with me into that Seven Minute octave could have gone on operating. They might have found my discarded remains in that Altadena bungalow and interred them ultimately, but I would have gone straight along "being myself to myself" …

In these pages I am merely setting down in book form what my experiences have been as an individual, convincing me that the "dead" are alive. They may not have been your experiences, and you may not be convinced as yet, as I am convinced. I am simply telling you how it has been with me.

Still I haven't finished what I started to say about the "dead" not commonly manifesting themselves to friends or intimates still confined in mortality …

MY PERSONAL conclusions are, that if any particular soul makes the Passing with life business undone, or is obsessed with any notion that involves an earthly spot, act, or relationship, such mental concentrations may produce the effect of making his Light Body visible to earthly eyes upon special occasions. Finding after a time, however, that they are

not commonly accredited in the mundane and that they cannot get the common contacts with men and things that they got while operating their former vehicles, spirit-souls simply lose interest in things mundane as fecundities of their new and higher octave begin to entice them.

To be slightly facetious for a moment, if you had been a poor fish for fifty or sixty years, and all of a sudden you found yourself a bird—with real wings, able to soar anywhere—you would scarcely over-exert yourself to make your way down to the sea-bottom and hunt up your former brethren-fish just to prove to them that you had abruptly changed into a bird. After all, suppose you c ontrived it, what of it? You know that you're a bird, and that's that. Convincing a lot of fish that you're a bird would butter no parsnips wither for you or for them in the long run. After you'd sincerely tried to do it for a time and gotten what might be called a first class fish-laugh, you'd rather lose interest. You'd exclaim to yourself: "I'm going to fly and enjoy my wings. Let those piggish creatures who get their motion with fins, go ahead and imagine they're the only form of life in the universe that counts." And you would do so, regardless of the circumstance that many of your former fish-relatives would cry, "Poor Whoozis! He once tried to convince us that there was consciousness above the fish-octave. If there is, why doesn't he come back and be a fish again for a time, to save us from recalling him as a fanatic or a liar?"

And yet it does happen constantly that there are many fish-persons who have existed as fishes for so long, and gotten the fish-complex so firmly fastened into their consciousness, that being birds does not appeal to them in the slightest. And some of them have a strange sense of humor and often exercise it to prove their continuity. In life they may have been practical jokers. When they become discarnate, they get a great "bang," as we say in the vernacular, from doing things that mystify or upset people still in bodies of substance. When such a one "learns the ropes" in the matter of getting physical results though discarnately motivated, he is termed in psychical

lexicography a “poltergeist”.

The world is German and means “mischievous spirit”. In nine out of ten cases, running down the identities or personalities of such poltergeists, we discover them to be children or youths—or sometimes lunatics still carrying their idiotic reflexes into discarnation—who have simply learned the technique of moving material objects in this octave from the dimension in which they have found themselves thinking deliberately.

Uniformly these entities stick to one particular locality, or one particular house, because if either gets the reputation of being haunted, it will draw maximum attention and thus the poltergeist will get itself and its conduct recognized. Flammarion tells about one of these that became associated with a peasant’s farm in Brittany and found delight in throwing apples out of its fourth dimensional state, into this third dimensional state. Evangelical Pastor Laval wrote him from Saint-Michel-de-Chabrillanoux, on December 15, 1922 as follows—Dear Master: The incomprehensible facts, which I related to you last year, begging you for an explanation, and which you asked me to verify as far as possible, are unexceptionable. I am sending you an exact plan of the house and its surroundings as well as the names of these good people, who are much impressed by what had happened to them, and you can locate the spot geographically. I do not see any objection to your publishing my name and address, if you consider it useful for your scientific documentary evidence.

Poor M.R. has suffered a great deal mentally from the stupidity and credulity of the people, who look on him as one sold to the “evil spirits”. Perhaps it would be better not to give his name, which I communicate to you personally, as I do not wish to take away from the scientific value of the document. This M.R. is a farmer in our local parish and possesses property comprising an old house, not far from which there is another belonging to M.E. He goes to his farm in the busy agricultural season. The nearest houses to these two are 440 yards away. You have before you a plan of the two houses, with their barns, the streams, roads, and neighboring

meadows, the lower fields, vineyards, tobacco patches and woods on these rural properties. I have marked the rooms into which the stones and apples were thrown from no one knows where; also the place, at the crossing of two roads, where I myself was hit by a stone which grazed me vertically from head to foot.

The stones first began to be thrown in the early days of September 1921 and continued—with some interruptions—till the end of December. The maximum phase can be assigned to the first ten days of October.

They fell at all hours of the day, and even followed M.R. in the fields, 220 yards away from the house. The front door was hit, window No.1 w as broken, window No.2, which gives onto an open space of ground 440 yards long, was the one that received most of the hits. The stones arrived without anyone being able to tell how; they were not seen until they touched an object. Some fell vertically. M.R. has three children—Heli, twelve years old; Andre, aged seventeen; Henri, aged twenty-two—who were very naturally accused. Consequently they were watched and spied upon as much possible, but they were not caught in a single suspicious action.

One Sunday M.R. begged me to write out for him a complaint to the Public Prosecutor. I was anxious, first of all, to satisfy myself as to the facts. The next day, at five o'clock in the evening, I was in the farmyard, having two children with me and facing me, when the stone the size of a hen's egg came down vertically, grazing one of the children. A litter later another stone grazed me in the same way, about 52 yards from the house. The children were in sight close by my and they could not have been the cause. The stones fell slowly, and gave one the impression of falling from a height of about six feet only. This was often remarked. It was incomprehensible.

I decided to go to bed. Nothing happened in the night. The next morning, about seven o'clock, in full daylight, while M.R. with a friend worked in a room adjoining the kitchen; two apples hit the closed shutter of a window and touched the

father. The first apple knocked out an old board in the shutter, which was very loose, the others coming in through the space th us created. The friend, believing that I was the perpetrator of the deed, said, "Is that you, M. Laval, who are throwing apples at us?" Imagine my surprise! It is true that just at the moment when the apples were thrown, I happened to be outside facing the window aimed at. An extraordinary thing was, that I heard something strike the shutter but saw nothing. Convinced that I had not thrown anything, this friend, a neighboring farmer, joined me quickly to see what was happening. Some seconds later, two other apples arrived through the same opening into the room and rolled to M.R.'s feet. As in the first case, we heard the shock but could see nothing.

The apples really came from the outside. They arrived in a horizontal direction with considerable speed. It would have been humanly impossible for anyone to hide in broad daylight in front of the window, which opens onto an empty field 440 yards long. The most able man, unless he was quite near the window, would never have succeeded in throwing an apple through a hole of an inch or so, however well he might have aimed. While we were outside, we heard a blow on the window, but saw nothing entering from outside. M.R. called the gendarmery of Gourdon which arrived on the spot. During the four months of these happenings there would surely have been ample time to surprise tricks of children.

M/R. suspected his only neighbor, whom I designate as M.E., who has two sons, aged seventeen and twenty-two respectively. I conveyed a remonstrance to the E. family but they replied, "Yes, we are accused, but we are innocent. Having lived for a long time on a good footing with M.R., and having up to now considered him a good neighbor, we declare before our conscience that we had no part in the inexplicable occurrences at his house."

"How can we explain these things?" writes Pastor Laval to the great astronomer. "Are we, without knowing it, plunged into an unknown psychic environment? Do electropsychic forces

exist which thus show themselves?"

PARALLEL to this case is the episode of the Haunted House of La Constantinie, described in a lengthy monograph by Colonel Albert de Rochas, administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique, published in Paris, in 1896. M. Maxwell, Procurator-General, conducted his own private investigations into the phenomena and aided in the compilation of the details. The most significant excerpts follow—

"La Constantinie is quite a considerable property. The dwelling house, built on the side of a hillock in Correze, is composed of structures in the form of a square. That portion of the house that contains the front doors is on a ground floor, raised some steps above the ground. It contains a large kitchen running the length of the building. To the right of the kitchen are a drawing room and bedroom …

"The personnel of La Constantinie comprised a certain number of farm servants, Mme. Faure, her mother-in-law, aged eighty-five, and a young servant of seventeen, Marie Pascarel. Mme. Faure is a well-educated woman of culture. She comes of honorable family. Her aged mother-in-law appears to have preserved all her faculties though heavily burdened by her age … "The numerous servants of La Constantinie take their meals in the kitchen, on a solid wooden table three feet wide and nine feet long. The kitchen contains an oven, an immense fireplace with a little bench on the left and two chairs on the right, and some cupboards and shelves.

"The phenomena started in the second fortnight of May, 1895, with knocks apparently made on the wall separating the dining room from the bedroom of the elder Mme. Faure. On May 21, at about 9 a. m., Mme. Faure told her daughter-in-law that her bed seemed to move and strike the partition. The younger Mme. Faure did not attach much importance to this remark, which she put down to a mistake. Next day, at exactly the same hour, the sound came again in the same place. This time the younger Mme. Faure heard it distinctly. On Friday morning, the 24th, the noise started afresh in the same room

with greater force. The noise was as if the bed had hit the partition. “An hour afterwards, the younger Mms. Faure entered her own bedroom and found the quilt, the blankets, the sheets, and the pillows thrown on the floor. Other disorders occurred in the house. Three empty casks were displaced in the cellar. In another room the bed was disturbed, a statuette of the Virgin and a coffeepot filled to the brim had been transported from the cupboard to the middle of he room. They were on the floor beside a crucifix, which had been taken down from the wall.”

“These things appeared inexplicable to the two women and they became frightened. Mme. Faure the younger asked her mother-in-law to sleep with her through the nights Friday and Saturday. Marie the maid slept in the same room.”

“On Saturday morning three great blows were struck on the door of the attic. The stairs leading up to it were closed by a door opening from the upper hall.” “When the Faure ladies came to pass through their bedroom, the beds were in wildest disorder and coverings again off upon the floor. This time the coffeepot was broken. Leaving this room they went into the kitchen, but they had scarcely gotten there before they heard a frightful commotion. They found three sugar bowls, a dozen cups, photograph framed and engravings broken on the floor.” “The three women were now very much frightened, for at the moment when all this damage was being done the farm servants were in the fields and nobody was in the house excepting themselves.”

“AMELIE BAYLE, an intelligent and reasonable woman of thirty, went to the Faures’ at 7:30 to see the damage. In her presence the cover of a soup dish standing in front of the fire was thrown violently into the center of the kitchen. Amelie was at that moment sitting in front of the fireplace, with her back to the fire. This phenomenon scared her. She at once left the house with the two young servants. At 11:30, however, they returned. Marie, the maid, was busy in the kitchen picking up the broken crockery, which littered the floor. For, according to the witnesses, pots, plates, glass es, and dishes

were taken down from the shelves by invisible hands while they watched, and thrown upon the floor where they broke. Mme. Bayle saw a wooden bottle jump from a shelf and crash at her feet."

"More disorders were found in the room where the Faure ladies slept. The bed was upset. A mirror was taken down. Papers from a shelf were strewn on the floor. Later one of the papers was opened and two drops of blood, still moist, were found upon it. Five minutes later when Marie, the maid, went again into the bedroom, six drops of fresh blood had been added upon the paper. Nobody in the house had any wounds or could have done the bleeding.

"From Sunday, May 26, to Wednesday, May 29, inclusive, no phenomena took place. But on Thursday the 30th, they started afresh with increasing force. Saucepans hanging from hooks in the kitchen chimney were violently thrown to the ground. At six o'clock that night, old Mme. Faure saw her bed move along by itself in her room. The chair on which she was sitting was drawn back. She got up at once and the chair was upset. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, at suppertime, pieces of wood in the kitchen fell of themselves on the women. Everybody was so much frightened that they wet to spend that night with neighbors.

"On Friday, May 31, they sent for the Mayor of Objat, a nearby town, and syndic of bailiffs of the arrondissement of Brive, a ministerial office of high respectability. M. Delmas wanted to make sure of what was happening as well as to find out the cause of such occurrences. He went into the kitchen and placed some plates on the table, where there was already a stove-brush. He then sat down in front of the fireplace with Mme. Faure on his left. The young servant worked at her duties.

"Under the eyes of M. Delmas, the brush was violently picked up and thrown with circular motion into the fireplace. The servant was at some distance from the table where the brush had been lying. His surprise gave way to uneasiness when he

saw a pair of kitchen bellows which lay on the bench in the fireplace, slide along the bench, and throw itself with a loud clatter into the middle of the floor.

“The Mayor immediately had the house cleared. Just as she was leaving with the Faure ladies, the young Marie Pascarel was hit on the back with a stick 16 inches long thrown with considerable force. They did not see where the stick came from.”

“Hardly had the Mayor returned to Objat than he was summoned back. Fire had broken out at La Constantinie. Marie had absorbed that a thick smoke issued from Mme. Faure’s room. On entering the room it was found that it came from the bed of the younger Mme. Faure. There were no flames and no brazier. Mme. Faure even used this singulat expression in her account of the episode, ‘—the fire went back into the bed.’”

“A phenomenon of this kind had already been observed. Marie Pascarel and the elder of the two ladies had sometimes noticed a thick smoke which seemed to issue from the old lady’s skirts.”

“Two days latter, Marie Pascarel left the service of the Faure ladies without giving notice. They went home and since then the peace of their house has not been troubled …”

ANYONE who has ever been to a true materialization seance and seen or heard a North American Indian “cut up” or “whoop it up” with maximum bombast and clatter in order to give firm evidence of his presence, will note in the foregoing phenomena a recognizable similarity.

What we conclude from observing the acts of these somewhat elemental personalities, is, that so long as they have someone in the vicinity from whom to draw the materialistic force, they can exert strength on inanimate objects precisely as though they were operating in normal mortal bodies. The person from whom the force is drawn may not be cognizant of it at the time. Usually a young and extremely robust person is drawn

upon. The account of the phenomena in the Faure household ends with the simple statement that Marie left the premises without notice the upset stopped abruptly. Naturally it would be the logical thing for the novice to conclude that by some hocus-pocus the maid was making the disturbance—although how she could whack herself on the back with a 16-inch stick out of nowhere, would require some explaining. The more expert investigator would rationalize it from his wider observations, that whatever "wild Indian" had seen fir to attack the FaureM premises and scare three women witless, had obtained the electro -psychical energy from the maid's body and when she removed herself from the premises, the "Indian" no longer had it available.

Not all persons are possessed of this electro-psychical energy in sufficient quantities so that it can be used extraneously to their own conscious wills, which is probably why such phenomena are not more widespread.

When, therefore, there is a room, a house, or a locality where material objects are shunted about seemingly without hands to shunt them—manifestations of what the unlearned call "spooks" or the supernatural—where pictures sway or crash, clocks stop, pots and pans bang around, and thumps are heard in floors , walls or ceilings, the psychical adept is coming to believe that nothing more is at work than a spirit-soul who has graduated out of his former physical body but not out of his mundane psychology, that such spirit-soul is undoubtedly that of a child, youth, or practical joker who has discovered the technique of "borrowing" energy from some handy person in flesh and is using it for the bombastic pleasure he derives from mystifying people or scaring them.

The latter wouldn't be particularly "afraid" of such child, youth or practical joker if her retained his own physical body and did the some things. Why should they necessarily be terrified because the same effects are gotten vicariously, or with a body of too delicate a substance to be seized hold of, or bundled out, or chastised? Of course, it's all in the point of view. Knowing, however, that there probably is such a thing

as an exertion of physical energy on inanimate objects that can be made from another octave or dimension should be a trifle of consolation at least.

Sometimes such demonstrations can be poignant.

A FEW years ago I had a pastor friend who took over an Episcopalian parish in a little town in eastern Massachusetts. The rectory he was called to occupy dated back over a hundred years. This pastor friend, incidentally, was something of a musician and a particularly good performer on the harp for his own amusement and relaxation.

He told me that he had no more than gotten his family settled in the old rectory, his study being located in the big front room on the second floor, when he uncovered and tuned his harp just before dinner one evening, leaving the instrument uncovered while he ate his meal on the floor below.

During the dinner's progress, the doors and stairs being open and unobstructed to the second floor, he and his whole family were suddenly transfixed by the sounds of exquisite harp music drifting down from the floor above. Mounting the stairs in perplexity and no little awe, they could look into the study and see the harp apparently "playing of itself". The instant they moved into the room, however, and approached the self-playing instrument, the music came to an end as though "smothered". This happened on several occasions. My friend's foster-sister, a woman of forty years, undertook to solve the mystery of her half-brother's self-playing harp. Finally she located a very old lady of the parish who remembered that forty to fifty years before, one of the rectors who had lived in the house a decade or more had possessed a crippled son—a boy of fifteen years—who had spent most of his life in that second-floor front room. To relieve his tedium, this lad had learned to play the harp. Question: Was this lad's spirit-soul still bound in some inexplicable fashion to that apartment and when my friend's instrument had suddenly been made available had the cripple seized upon it? What else may we conclude? Why should the boy's spirit-soul have

“stayed there” in the old rectory long afterwards? There we meet with enigma.

Nevertheless, my pastor friend was hardly the type to fabricate the episode, and his sister corroborated this account in every particular. The harp when thus uncovered, continued so to play at intervals till my friend gave up the parish to become a chaplain in the first World War …

Chapter XIII

DYING WITHOUT WISDOM

THE CATHOLIC, being brought up theologically to the idea of Purgatory, of masses being necessary for the souls of the dead or for the “peace” of such souls —has difficulty in either accrediting or accepting what modern psychics are turning up as to the facts of survival. Suppose we take a moment to examine this ancient tenet of the Roman Catholic Church and find out, if we may, where it originated. Let us see if there be any substantial basis for the ritual of the requiem mass for the “repose of the souls” of fathers, mothers, aunts, or uncles, who may have died in that faith. The doctrine of Purgatory is based upon the assumption of “purging” the soul from sin, so that it may ascend into realms of suppos ed heavenly bliss. According to Roman Catholic faith, it is a state of suffering in which the souls of those who die in venial sin, or of those who still owe some debt of temporal punishment for mortal transgression, are rendered fir for the higher octaves of eternal consciousness. It is believed that such souls continue to be members of the Church of Christ; that they are helped by the suffrages of the living—that is, by prayers, alms, and other good works, and more especially by the sacrifice of the Mass—and that, although delayed until “the last farthing is paid”,

their salvation is assured.

Catholics support this doctrine chiefly by reference to the Mosaic belief in the efficacy of prayer for the dead, the tradition of the early Christians, and the authority of the Church.

Many points about Purgatory, on which the Church has no definition, have been subjects of much speculation among Catholics. Purgatory, for example, is usually thought of as having some position in space, and as being distinct from the theological heaven and hell; but any theory as to its exact location, latitude and longitude, such as underlies Dante's description, must be regarded as imaginative.

Nevertheless, the whole concept of Purgatory could not have sprung from human whimsy. Something that is basic in discarnate conditions must have first given rise to the original concept. The adept in posthumous research therefore comes upon some interesting fundamentals of spiritual evolution …

IT SEEMS to be a fact, from all that we can learn by communication with those in the discarnate state, that any soul goes forth from its bodily mechanism with just about the same concepts of consciousness that it has evolved upon earth—that is, in mortality. It is not yet adjusted to its bodiless status. It discovers itself "living in pure thought," to use a somewhat conventional phrase. In such state, it exists "in its own evolved complexes". Life to it, in other words, is the sum-total of what it has come to accept and believe sentimentally and ethically. It finds that Thought is more or less a creative power unto itself, just as Mrs. Hardwicke "thought" the idea of the living sparrow hawk on Dr. Hardwicke's mantel. If such thought-world be provincial, petty and evil, because of the ignorance or circumscriptions of a given person in his current mentality, he is going to find himself living in a sort of hell indeed. How to get out of it? That is probably where the primitive church hatched its ides of Purgatory, or that mental condition immediately after discarnation when the spirit-soul is in turmoil because its own thought-universe is disclosed to

be in such a mess. Suppose, for instance, that a person were suddenly withdrawn from active life and confined, while still in the physical body, in a cell or dungeon in inky blackness where even the sense of touch encountered naught but smooth walls and no means of egress. After the first hours of utter despair wore off, all the thinking of such a person would perforce be turned inward on himself, if his environment offered no distractions or diversions to his senses. He would suddenly find himself alive "with" his own mind quite as much as alive "in" his own mind. If such minds are a mad turmoil and tumult of rages, vengeances, petty notions and sterile concepts, even resultant madness will be no relief. They must face the fact of their own limitations and either "sort themselves out" or get help from somewhere to acquire new and better ideas about consciousness and factual existence. The adept psychical researcher seems to learn through various types of communication, that external help from relatives and intimates, who the spirit-soul has left behind, actually begins to profit and elevate the unfortunate from his handicapped and purblind condition. The mass of good will thought-force that comes from a great group of survivors, gathered in a room for a prayer meeting or a mass, seems to be some sort of literal essence that the discarnate and confused one can utilize to obtain light and explanation of his condition …

THERE seem to be seven octaves, or "planes", to which the spirit-souls of our discarnate intimates go gradually after quitting their bodies —seven planes at least with which we of the mortal octave appear to have deliberate contact. The top one is apparently the "Seven Heaven" referred to in the Bible. The lowest or first octave or plane would seem to be the black, earth -bound condition that is simply mortality without the body. In between are the various gradations that the spirit-soul finally "makes" according to his moral or ethical evolution at the time of his latest demise.

Incidentally, the observation is thrown in here for what it may be worth to some, that the great rank and file of humanity, on demise usually gravitate to the third or fourth plane, according to their self-awareness and spiritual development,

and reside in it till the time comes for further evolvement, unto complete discarnation, and, in due course, further trips around the reincarnational cycle

But the person who C~oes out~f the body, professing not to believe in existence after mortal demise, seems to exist in a sort of self-induces coma, a deliberate and willful refusal to accredit that survival is a fact and available if the spirit will only take advantage of it.

For instance, the great rank and file of the Mosaic race, not accrediting the wonders of immortality and discarnation, usually discover themselves in this tumultuous ®IacknessC~rom which getting out is long and tortuous. I call to mind some experiments being made just now in some of our penal institutions with methylene blue and its results on human consciousness.

Out in California recently, the legislature changed the penal law. It declared that men legally condemned to death should no longer be electrocuted but executed by being confined in an air-tight chamber and breathing the fumes of sodium~yanide eggs, dropped into acid. Lethal vapor rises from such mixture in thin ribbons of fog. Taking it into the lungs, the condemned man immediately feels consciousness slipping. Insofar as his own sensations are concerned, he simply falls asleep. And he neverwakes up! How does anyone know? Because persons who have accidentally inhaled sodium~yanide fumes and experienced the same physical sensations as these men not allowed to awaken, have been revived to tell the tale.

But here is the uncanny thing making death by these fumes of interest to psychical students generally

The first two men to be put to death by the State of California in its new gas chamber were Albert Kissel and Robert Cannon. The report of the executions had it that Cannon was so anxious to get the ordeal over with, that he leaned as close as possible to the acid bucket and inhaled deeply. He gasped, and the shock jerked back his head0as the head reacts when

the nostrils accidentally get too strong a whiff of ammonia or smelling-salts. His eyes closed, he coughed, and thereafter was quiet. Five minutes later, the physicians pronounced him dead. But according to medical scienceDand whether we choose to believe it or notOhad a belated reprieve come for Kissel or Cannon within five to fifteen minutes after being pronounced dead, both could have been brought back to life.

For among the official witnesses of these first executions by gas in San Quentin Prison was San Francisco Director of Public Health, Dr. J. C. Greiger. And upon Dr. Greiger person was phial of liquid that sould have made these two condemned felons living men again.

The substance which could have worked the seeming miracle and which Dr. Greiger had succeeded in developing and using on human beings who had been victims of cyanide fumes — was, and is, a dye known as Methylene Blue. It is an antidote for both cyanide and carbon monoxide poisoning. A young man by the name of Charles Riley was a medical student who swallowed a large dose of cyanide because his fiancée had jilted him for another man. He was rushed to San Francisco's Emergency Hospital, and upon arrival his body showed no signs of life. He was, to all tests and appearance, as dead as he ever would be. Without the antidote handy, he would have been so pronounced and his body turned over to the nearest undertaker for embalming.

Dr. Greiger injected a solution of a new preparation, Methylene Blue, and within fifteen minutes that would be suicide was breathing almost normally. "This case was unique for two reasons," Dr. Greiger said later. "It was the first of its type in medical annals. Likewise, and even more startling, is the fact that apparently young Riley seemed to remember his experience." Charles Riley said, fully recovered: "I took about fifteen grains of potassium cyanide in forty ounces of water. I had no sensation except a numbness which started at the bodily extremities, and spread slowly throughout my physical system. There was no muscular rigidity in going under …

“Even while supposedly dead, I had a distinct sensation of floating. There was none of the common blackness recognized as death. I felt as if I were coming out into the light—into a vast, glowing place of cool sunshine—like entering a new and mysterious world. It was, I believe, simply another state of consciousness, different from anything that I had ever experienced before. My excursion into this strange realm was brief. I didn’t feel tragic about it, only tremendously surprised and happy to find myself still conscious. I don’t call it a psychical or mystical experience. There was nothing obscure about it. I don’t remember details, there, there wasn't time enough, but I do remember a definite feeling of release, something like emerging from a dim room into sudden brightness.”

The incident is noteworthy, not so much for the physical miracle accomplished by the antidote drug, but from the reactions mentally and spiritually on the consciousness of men thus released from their physical encasements and—brought back!

Significant in regard to the whole of it, however, is the account advanced by two Hebrew persons who had taken to suicide by the monoxide route. Their names are withheld for obvious reasons.

Each of these persons reported, when the Methylene Blue antidote had been applied and it had brought him back to life, that he had not been conscious of any higher-octave environment. He had simply been in a great blackness till the antidote restored him to physical normality.

Accepting this fact, he goes out into “the unobstructed universe” with this fixation inhibiting him, and in consequence, finds himself in thick, unreasoning darkness. It takes him a long, long time to fight through that darkness to the light of personal self-awareness. He has, in a manner of speaking, “hypnotized himself” into accepting that there is no life beyond the grave, and when he

sheds his physical self, being introduced to the world of Thought, he lets his self-hypnosis have full sway.

He is "dead" and there is "no device nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest," so therefore he finds himself without such device or wisdom.

He has bogged himself in his own Luciferian inhibitions, and in that dilemma he stays.

The average Christian, on the other hand, fully and joyously believing in "eternal life", finds himself introduced at once into it. It truly is a matter of his own aggressive expectations. That which one thinks, *is!* You can think yourself into conscious existence on the Other Side, just as Israelite thinks himself into inky blackness or nihility on the Other Side.

Believe in survival and you enjoy survival. Let ignorant or malicious prelates convince you that you are going to roam about in coma till the crack o'doom, and the chances are that you are going to roam about in such coma.

Death, as the modern American regards it, seems to be naught else than an hypnosis!

Refuse to believe in it, and it doesn't inflict you. Believe in it and dread it, and you know it in all its nightmare sterilities … until you work yourself out of your self-imposed darkness …

Chapter XIV

THE DEPARTED DO RETURN

THERE has been, of course, more deception, charlatanry, and downright humbuggery practiced in the name of Spiritism in seeking to convince grieving people that their loved ones are alive and under certain conditions can be restored to them for a bit, than any other form of film-flam that human rascality can devise. People who are attracted by Spiritism at all, seem to be sharply divided into two classes: the utterly credulous and gullible who are poignantly over ready to rationalize the faintest forms of supernaturality—and mind you, I said "forms" of supernaturality and not substance—and the die-hard skeptics who start out on the premise that every mediumistic person is a fraud, that there are no such things as communicating or manifesting spirits. Very, very finely drawn and qualified is the group of persons between these two whose members have become convinced without emotionalism either way that both communication and manifestation are facts and who pursue their unique avocation on the theory that while there are probably more fraudulent mediums than honest ones, people with the true mediumistic attribute should by no means be made to pay for the wiles of the renegades. Because anyone who would try to hoax a grieving mortal soul on this side, for gain of any sort, is just that—a renegade—and nothing less.

The field of the explores into Spiritism presents the picture of the proverbial sandwich, with the austere and inconvincible skeptics on the top, the credulous on the bottom, and in between, the meat of the balanced, restrained, discriminating investigators who approach each new séance from the stand point of, "Let's find out what this new medium can do that adds to our store of wisdom in these matters. If the person is fraudulent, sooner or later his hocus-pocus will find him out."

Condemning the medium in advance, however, is entering the séance room with a closed mind and merely inhibits our own

education and enlightenment. Besides, after exploring in the psychical field over a matter of years, the rational and unbiased investigator develops a sort of instinct as to the presence of fraud. Truly great mediums, worthy to be termed such, do not fiddle around with self-banging tambourines, mysterious raps coming from the wainscoting or the levitation of tables that hang themselves upon the chandeliers.

What value would such childish antics have to a group of scientific men who may have reason to concede that the so-called "dead" do return to life but who are far more interested in finding out what truly motivates the phenomena at the sitting of a capable, sincere and utterly bona fide medium? Mind you, I don't say that the mediums whose work is confined to such phenomena are thereby frauds. Far from it, I mean that the dispassionate investigator is mainly interested in those mediums whose capabilities extend to the tangible materializing of those who have made the Passing out of flesh, in such manner that the latter can be identified.

The confirmed skeptic screeches at once: "There has never been such an identification made, and whosoever says there has been, is a fraud himself." However, to close this volume of my own supernatural experiences, I want to embark on the series of great adventures I have had since 1939 with one medium of outstanding and bona fide talents, who has become an institution in the national Soulcraft work.

To write promiscuously of my contact with this or that medium's work over ten years of psychical observation, and chart what results were gotten here or not gotten there, would be unfair to my mediumistic friends in general. It would make it appear that I was disparaging certain mediums and ballyhooing others. And I am neither disparaging nor ballyhooing in this volume. I am setting down the high lights of the altogether weird experiences that have come to me since 1928, convincing me that not only is death a misnomer but that is just as much radiant activity—although in a higher frequency of matter—among our so-called "departed" friends,

as there ever is in this frequency we call the physical.

I am telling you how it has been with me. Like my Seven Minutes in Eternity experience, I don't ask you to accredit it if you choose not to do so.

I believe the "dead" are alive and functioning, and under certain conditions may function again on this plane, because of such phenomena as I first saw, heard, and touched in a Manhattan séance room of a Sunday night of the year in question.

First, to paint in a bit of background …

I HAD a close friend, executive in a New York publishing house, who from time to time had donated sizable sums of money that my metaphysical writings might be distributed and help others as he had been helped by them. This man, incidentally, was not a Spiritualist.

In the early part of the 1939 winter he had gone to visit relatives in Toronto, Ontario. Meeting there an elderly gentleman of recognized clairaudient powers, he was disconcerted to be advised—

"Both your father and mother are anxious to get in audible touch with you. They want you to go to an address in a city in southern Florida and inform whomsoever answers the doorbell that you have come to make contact withyour mother. They will understand and take charge of you."

It was my publisher-friend's confidence in the integrity of his informant that started him off on the odd adventure. He motored down to Miami, not informing me of his trip and determined to discover how he could receive word in Miami from a maternal parent who had died in Canada in 1923. It was to be the beginning of the greatest psychical experience of his life, incidentally my own as well. He found the address given him in Toronto, without difficulty, and performed as

directed.

THREE days later I got a lengthy letter from my friend. He was utterly stupefied with what had happened to him. At an afternoon private séance he had every reason to believe that he had talked long and audibly with his deceased father and a brother, discussing matters that had only been known to him and to them when they had been alive.

Among the things which his father had referred to in the direct voice were my friend's contributions to my own work and how happy it had made all his relatives in the Higher Octave.

References had been constant throughout to family incidents, episodes and vicissitudes which none but the bona fide spirit of his dad could have known—and the same thing went for the mother. The ensuing Sunday night, my friend had attended a séance in the medium's small "church" where she had gone into a complete trance.

Suddenly out from the cabinet had walked his mother—a portly woman of some seventy-odd years when he had last seen her in life. She was dressed in a quaint beaded blouse waist and skirt that he recalled having purchased for her in Manhattan the last time she had gone there on a visit before her Passing. My friend—and henceforth in what is described I shall call him George—had once been a pattern-maker and designer of women's wear, so he had more than the usual male eye for a peculiar blouse him in the outfit exactly as he had known her in life, he exclaimed at the dress.

"Yes, my son," said his mother whimsically, "I put it on—or so you might call it—purposely so you'd have no difficulty in recognizing me."

IF IT could be said the medium was tricking all this, then it has to be admitted that she was a particularly clever trickster, with s knowledge of George's family life and affairs that paralleled his own …

For ten minutes his fully materialized mother had talked with him, especially about the settlement of her estate among a brood of a dozen children, and how each one had taken his share of her bequest, what he had done with the money and how he should be helped at the current moment. Not a name was miscalled. There was no fumbling for cues by the mother.

Next his sister emerged from the same cabinet. She even wore the same style spectacles that had helped her vision in life. My friend asked her if she still had need of glasses in her higher-octave existence. "Oh, no," she answered, "I just wore a pair of these things because you mightn't recognize me without." She then discussed likewise the most intimate details of the family life in Toronto when they had been boys and girls. The thing that impressed George most about his sister's identity was a characteristic little motion made with her right hand when talking, impressing a point or gaining attention. Every little trick of speech which had distinguished her in the body was evidenced as she gave him counsel in regard to helping another sister and her husband who were in business difficulties of some sort up in Canada because of the war.

GEORGE was so flabbergasted at such a demonstration that he wrote he was coming north to get me at Indianapolis and motor me through to New York, where the same medium was due to visit in a couple of weeks. "I want you to witness this medium's work and tell me what you think of it," he wrote. "I found out after the séances that she scarcely knows who you are. I think I can a rrange to slip you into her Sunday night sitting without any publicity, and let's see what happens. If any of your relatives 'come through' who know as much about your affairs as my 'relatives' knew about mine, then we've just got to accept that the claim of nobody's ever having returned to earth from beyond the grave is purest tommyrot."

Well, more of my political persecution in Carolina was afoot and I was required to go down to Buncombe County that next week for a court hearing. So George came to Indianapolis and got me, drove me to Asheville, and when the ordeal there was

over, took me up to New York through Virginia.

THE MEDIUM was Bertie Lilly Candler.

She was a handsome woman of some forty years, with a head of lovely auburn hair and sincere blue eyes. Later I was to learn that she had been raised in the Methodist denomination in Atlanta, Ga., and had begun to exercise her phenomenal powers following the death of her brother Howard, after she had married and started living in Cincinnati, Ohio. She was accompanied in this New York visit by he husband Edward, who superintended her séance work. My friend George had cleverly arranged the day before I saw the phenomena I am about to describe, that he was to arrive "with a friend" at the borrowed studio where Miss Candler—as she is professionally known—was to go into her trance, and that we were to be slipped into reserved chairs after the other spectators had assembled and just before the lights were dimmed, that any possible notoriety attendant upon myself might in nowise embarrass either medium or hostess.

Twenty persons were gathered at 8:15 when George and I pushed the bell of an apartment on the twelfth floor of a residence skyscraper overlooking the Hudson River. We were admitted just as the hostess was requesting a group of women present to accompany the medium into an adjacent room while she divested herself of her usual clothes and donned her séance robe—a plain gown of olive satin. This to forestall any late charge of fraud, or of taking into the cabinet with her anything that might be extraneous to unassisted phenomena. The room in which the sitting was being held was about twelve feet wide by twenty feet long. The length of it ran east and west in the building. At the western end was a small angular platform, containing a rostrum and a studio piano, raised fifteen inches from the main flooring. This flooring was carpeted with what appeared to be a heavy dark green Brussels rug.

We entered from the public corridor through the main door in the room's southeastern corner. The room had only one

other door, farther west in the southern wall, opening into a little hallway off which were chamber, bathroom, and kitchenette. These details are important in what followed. The cabinet consisted of a collapsible wooden framework with heavy red velours drapes on brass hooks. It made a little compartment about five feet square and seven feet high, inside which was nothing but a plain wooden chair turned sideways to the audience. Several people examined this cabinet beforehand, finding it absolutely empty of anything but the chair. At the right of the cabinet outside was a chair where the medium's husband usually sat throughout his wife's séances. He personally greeted and interrogated the materialized people as they emerged, and made certain that no sitter who was called close to the cabinet, crossed between the materialization and the medium, thus interfering with, or cutting off, the ectoplasmic cord. To the left of the cabinet outside was a small table holding a portable victrola with a pile of sacred records, subsequently played between manifestations. At the northern corner of the platform opposite the cabinet was a small spotlight with a ruby lens, focused on the front curtains. This illumination, after the eyes became accustomed to it, was sufficient to reflect throughout the whole room and show all the sitters in silhouette. At least nobody could move in the room without its being discernible.

After a time Miss Candler came from the chamber in the satin robe, nodded to acquaintances in the room who had been at some of her sittings before, and went into the cabinet. Before the floor lamps were switched off and the ruby spotlight turned on, she sat herself o the chair, gathered the robe about her feet, lifted a corner of the front drape and called out naively to everyone, "Good night!"

Unique to add, Miss Candler's little Pomeranian trotted after her into the cabinet and stretched near her feet. I had it whispered to me that the pet always did that, and slept soundly throughout the whole proceeding.

It certainly was there asleep, and had to be awakened, after the floor lamps were snapped on at the end of the séance. Inasmuch

as some twenty-five entities were to materialize in the ensuing three hours, of all ages and both sexes, it hardly seems possible that a dumb animal—especially a dog—would have slept soundly while they passed in and out of that cabinet, had they been mortal actors putting over any hoax …

One of them, at least, would have stepped on it!

WITH the floor lamps snapped off and the red light turned on, the woman whowned the apartment and acted as hostess —and who was herself one of New York's most famous trumpet mediums—requested that we open the proceedings by reciting the Lord's Prayer in unison. That finished, our hostess put on the first record. It was, "Nearer, My God to Thee." The record contained three verses. When it was finished, we waited. Nothing happened. Our hostess put on another hymn, "Abide With Me." When its three verses had finished in turn, a period of electric silence followed. Suddenly it was cut by a voice. It was a girl's voice, possibly fourteen to sixteen years old. It came from behind the drapes.

"Hello, everybody!" it rang out, clear as a bell. "I'm Silverleaf!"

Now I had heard about Silverleaf from George. She was not so much Miss Candler's "control", as her mediumistic companion. Usually Miss Candler's brother, Howard—at whose decease, as aforesaid, she had truly begun her mediumistic work—acted as her control. But Howard did not seem to be with her this night. Silverleaf took charge of the sitting. She had not only talked with George in Florida but had materialized at all of Miss Candler's séances, which George had attended. He had come to know her rather intimately during the fortnight spent in the South. He had described her to me as an attractive young Indian girl, who usually appeared with a band of jewels around her head, two heavy braids down her breast over an Indian jacket, and a skirt of a billowy white material resembling poplin. On one occasion George had playfully challenged her as to whether her braids were real. She had taken one of them and brushed

it across his nose and face. She called him Uncle Jo-Jo. Many of those present had been at Miss Candler's sittings before and met Silverleaf. They responded to her greeting. "I'm coming out I a minute," Silverleaf went on. "Medie," meaning the medium, "isn't quite asleep yet. Hello, Uncle Jo-Jo!"

"Hello, Silverleaf," called back George. "Do you know who I've got with me?' "Sure I know who you've got with you," she said with a rippling laugh. "You've got Uncle Billy with you. Hello, Uncle Billy!"
"Hello, Silverleaf," I returned, having been at trumpet sittings before and not feeling inhibited at carrying on my end of such conversations.
Thereupon Silverleaf began to call out and greet other sitters personally. She never missed the correct name. Finally she called to out hostess, "Put on another hymn, Nora, then I guess we'll be about ready." The hostess put on "Lead Kindly Light."

NOW understand me, what I am about to relate I saw with my own eyes, I heard with my own ears, and I touched with my own hands. There is no secondhand information to any of it. And I had my friend George for witness as to the accuracy of what I am reporting. When the final verse of "Lead, Kindly Light" had died away, the front of the drapes moved in the ruby lamp's focused illumination. Out of the cabinet stepped an Indian girl of about sixteen years, with long braids down each side of a dark pretty face, her shoulders covered bya beaded jacket, and a flowing white skirt billowing down from her belt. She came out without the slightest hesitancy and with a child's delighted cry of, "Well, here I am!"

A chorus of greetings met her. Somehow it seemed, despite my clandestine presence there, that I had to be singled out for attention, though my last name never was spoken in the three hours that followed. The room was then deathly silent. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop.

Silverleaf came tripping over to where George and I sat, about midway between the two doors along the southern wall. She

stood before us. Just what was expected of me, I wasn't sure. George said, "I wanted Uncle Billy to meet you in person, Silverleaf."

"I told you I knew all about Uncle Billy," repeated Silverleaf. "See, I've got o the same dress tonight that I had no down in Florida, Uncle Jo-Jo." The voice of Mrs. Candler's husband interrupted us from across the room. "Get up, William," he suggested. "Come back nearer to the cabinet here." I arose. To my astonishment, Silverleaf put her hand on my forearm and held me as she backed before me toward the cabinet. It felt as the hand of any 16-year-old girl would feel. There was nothing waxen or ethereal about it. it was no papier-maché hand.

What on earth we talked about when I got in correct position facing her in front of the cabinet, where I did not obstruct the beam from the ruby lamp, I don't for the life of me recall. If I did I would set it down. But I remember George calling out to the girl, "Smooth Uncle Billy's face with one of your braids, Silverleaf, just to show him they're real, the same as you did mine down tin Florida." With a naive little chuckle, Silverleaf caught up her right-hand braid and brushed it playfully across my features. I had expected to feel coarse Indian hair. Instead it was soft as silk and delicately perfumed with lotus. I say that I smelled that beautiful scent and yet I couldn't have done it with nostrils alone, for unknown to many of my friends I lost my sense of smell during a siege of typhoid in Vermont in 1921. Later I had it explained to me that while the "smell buds" in my nostrils were destroyed, the nerves of smell back to the brain centers were not, and it had been these that caught the s upernatural perfume. Then came another startling incident. I thought that Silverleaf had done with me and started back to my chair. To my astonishment, it seemed that she hadn't done with me, because I sensed her running after me, I felt her hand in the crook of my right elbow, and she playfully whirled me around to face her. I weigh 154 pounds. No ethereal "phantom" grabs hold of 1 154-pound man and has strength enough to turn him completely about. As I recall, it was some trivial promise about listening at times

for her voice in my clairaudient ear, so that having thus met her I could identify her, that caused the whirligig. Anyhow, I got back to my seat and Silverleaf turned her attention to the rest of the sitters.

She stood in the center of the group, h alf-way down the room, and addressed practically every person there in turn, calling each one by his or her first name and asking after personal affairs or suggesting times when they had met before. She seemed to take particular delight in her costume and showed it off with the savoir faire of the professional manikin. Her poise was adorable. Finally she said that she had to go back into the cabinet and help "build up the ray" for others. I asked "What ray?" "The materializing ray," she answered. What she alluded to was, that to obtain such results in actuality, this was what took place: As the medium sank into deeper and deeper trance, her body began to release its ectoplasmic content, which poured out through its orifices into a sort of pool in the cabinet before her. This is one of the chief reasons for the cabinet at all, that such exhibition does not frighten or disgust the spectator. Into this flood of released ectoplasm, the more tenuous Light Body of the materializing entity steps and concentrates —with the help of "guides" like Silverleaf who are in the cabinet discarnate —on what his or her physical appearance was in mortality. This concentration acts as a sort of magnetic ray that begins to draw up the ectoplasm aroung the discarnate Light-Body like mercury filling up the glass stem of a thermometer. When the Light-Body, or pattern-self, is completely substantialized, the materialization is accomplished and the discarnate entity can leave the cabinet, to all intents a normal human being.

Don't say, "It can't be done!" It can be done, and is done in a thousand bona fide séance rooms on five continents year after year. It is the operating of a law just as natural as the growth of a blood clot in a woman's womb into a perfectly formed

human being, within the first twenty-five days after conception, though too minute to be recognized for what it is. One is no more a mystery than the other.

WHEN Silverleaf had withdraw into the cabinet, out hostess put on a fresh sacred record. As its final verse died away, the front drapes rippled and parted. Another young girl stepped through—a white girl. She was dressed in a pretty lace frock with a sort of bridal net falling from her hair. Edward got her identity and called out to her father and mother who were seated on George's left. They arose and hastened forward.

The mother gave a sharp cry, "It's really you, dear!" Recognition was instantaneous. Gertrude, it seemed, had caught a chill at her high school graduation dance, taken to bed, and Passed Over of quick pneumonia. This, apparently, was the first time that the parents had seen her in materialization. The reunion was poignant. I had noticed the careworn father and mother seated beyond George just before the lights went off. The father had something like a fold of cardboard in his hands and I had thought it a pad of paper for taking notes. Presently I was to find out what it was. They talked swiftly, eagerly, of events that had taken place in the family since the girl's passing. She gave them what she could of her own experiences in the octave above the mortal. Then still in the ruby light, the father opened the cardboard folder.

"I brought this along just in case we actually saw you tonight," he explained. And he handed it to her. The whole thing was played out not four feet from me and I could hear plainly every word that passed.

The girl took the folder, opened it herself, and held it down against her skirt in order to get the ruby light-beam upon it.

"Why, it's me in my graduation dress!" she cried.

"Yes, dear," the mother said. "You remember it was taken the day you went to the dance, but you left us before the photographer delivered it." "And there's another picture in

here," Gertrude said. She looked at it closely. "Why, it's Tommy!" I gathered that Tommy was a younger brother. Somehow that recognition of the picture hit me as being a more accurate proof of identity of a departed soul than even the things that subsequently happened to myself.

Gertrude handed back the photographs. Suddenly, with a surge of emotions, she threw both arms around her father and mother. The three of them embraced there—like the three normal persons, which they were—loath to give each other up.

Could that father and mother ever conceive thereafter that their beloved daughter was dead, or that she had "perished"? What Mosaic numskull was it who had written back over the years, "The dead know not anything," and 'There is no device nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest?" Rubbish!

Chapter XV

PROOF OVERWHELMING

THE BREAKAWAY had to come between Gertrude and her parents. Seeing her withdraw and go backward into the cabinet was not unlike having her die a second death to them, I suppose, in that she could not walk out of what meeting with them. When she drapes had fallen befo re her figure, we were brought back to realities by another bit of sacred music coming from the victorla. Who would emerge from the cabinet next? We had not long to wait. The curtains parted, the form of an elderly lady stepped through. She paused a moment and then stepped back. The drapes fell before her figure. A second time she opened the drapes. This time she stepped through and at least six feet out into the room. She cried with a husky Irish brogue: "Dennis!" Mind you these voices were not spookish whispers, unless their possessors did not particularly want the whole roomful to hear what they

were saying to their intimates.
As Irish traffic policeman who was present, but not in uniform, sprang up with an exclamation. Apparently this was his mother.
“Dennis, me son, me son!” she cried. What they said privately up close together I could not hear, for the woman dropped her voice a few moments. Then louder we heard her say, “Oh why do ye have to be all the time standing down under thim terrible elevated tracks with the trolley cars going past ye, and thim trucks nearly hitting ye? A dozen toimes a day, me bye, ye give your mither the conniption fits that they’re going to take your toes off.” “Are you there with me, mother?” the copper asked incredulously. “All the time I’m with ye, to keep ye from harm. But ye scare the wits from ye mither a dozen toimes an hour. Why don’t ye give up the job, Dennis, and git a dacent job at man’s wages?”

“Somebody has to do that sort of thing, mother,” Dennis argued.

“Yes, I suppose so. But do ye take care of yourself. And I know there’s going to be a new wedding ring on your finger in the spring. May ye be happy, me son!”

“THAT’S pretty realistic,” I whispered to George in the ruby dark, as a new hymn played sweetly.

“Look!” George cried presently.

Out from the curtains had stepped a tall foreign-looking cleric in vestments that seemed to me to be of the Greek Catholic church as I had seen them in Siberian mosques in 1918. He wanted his sister Mischa. A stocky Slav girl sprang up and came forward. After the usual emotional greetings, they began talking about family affairs, with references to papa and mama and other relatives and their troubles, which the brother the brother contended he was daily helping to iron out. We thought it was to be just another of those domestic visits which mean nothing to a stranger excepting the

humanness of the problems. Suddenly, however, the Russian said, “Do you recall, Mischa, how we once played and sang together at the piano?” Indeed, Mischa did.

“Would you play an accompaniment for me,” the brother asked wistfully, “and let me sing with you again?”

Mischa acted embarrassed. She didn’t enthuse. “Some other night, brother,” she begged.
“Oh, all right—nichivo!” the man said, the tone of disappointment bitter in his voice.
The audience broke out in a storm of protestations. “Play, Mischa, play!” they insisted.

The brother, in retreat toward the cabinet, seemed to pause and wait. “What do you want me to play?” she asked him. “Would you play The Rosary?”

Mischa went to the piano on the dais. That she was an expert musician was evident the instant her fingers’ touched the keys. She sounded off on the proper chord. Then, to my stupefaction at least, the brother who had remortalized himself for this epochal evening by courtesy of the gracious Florida woman asleep inside that cabinet, cleared his throat and started in with the words. He sang the three verses without slip or falter, though sometimes not quite making the true tone on the high notes. There he was, within five feet of me, doing that thing, his voice having quite as much volume as any man’s in that room. My eyes had grown quite accustomed to the red light by this time. His figure between me and the opposite wall was as opaque as any figure within reach of my vision. It was perfectly made. I could see the man’s chest rise and fall. His accent, not pure English, often flatted on the words. But singing the song seemed to mean a lot to him. When the solo was over, he thanked his sister like a grateful little boy. The approval of the audience, of course, was noisy. “It’s quite like old times,” he murmured to Mischa as he finally backed toward the cabinet. A moment later, he had disappeared from out sight. “What do you think of that?” asked George.

“If I hadn’t heard it with my own ears, I wouldn't have believed it,” I replied. The victrola hymn had started up again.

A PORTLY German father stepped out from the drapes and called to his son and his family, sitting directly opposite the cabinet. The son brought up his new bride to be introduced, a girl who had never seen the old gentleman in flesh. The conversation began in German and finished in German—for a full ten minutes. Not knowing German, I could not follow it. But it seemed to be all about relatives, for I distinguished several Christian names, both men and women. Suddenly, when the German had finished his visit, the voice of Silverleaf called to the hostess over the drapes, “put on the Bells of St. Mary, Nora!” It took a moment to find the record out of the pile by the aid of a tiny flashlight. Nora played it once and nothing happened. But just as at started up a second time, the drapes parted and the figure that advanced out of the cabinet was that of a nun, muttering in what I took to be Latin. She was clad in sharp blacks and whites in headdress and girdle. Her presence was so impelling that the audience forgot to welcome her audibly.

Strangely enough, the room happened to be so silent for an instant that as the Sister trod past me—within at least two feet of where I was leaning forward —I could hear the scuff of what seemed to be her naked feet on the nap of the heavy Brussels rug. That too was pretty convincing evidence in view of what happened when she later “went out.” She moved toward one of the women at the back of the room and spoke. The woman started up. What relation she was to the nun I could not make out. But if I recall correctly, the woman was perplexed over whether or not she should give up her present work and take up nursing.

“No,” the nun advised against it. “If I were you I would keep on where you are. You are doing more good to humanity.”

On and on they talked about more family complications. The way in which these good people—striving against time to cram

all their troubles and sorrows into a brief few minutes of contact—choking hectically over the questions and answers, was heart-rending.

But the nun kept her poise and terminated the interview. Back near the cabinet—I should say some three feet in front of it and yet standing slightly off-center forward the right—she suddenly raised both arms heavenward. She looked like one of those Angels of Mercy on the Red Cross posters. I heard a hoarse whisper: "She's blessing us. Listen!"

It was a Catholic blessing, uttered in Latin. The nun was talking swiftly, almost parroting her words.

And as she repeated the blessing, I beheld her start to sink through the floor with a curious twist of her uniformed figure.

I blinked my eyes. I did everything but pinch myself or jab a pin in my leg. What on earth was I seeing?

The nun's figure sank further. She went down to her knees, her waist, her shoulders. Finally her head went out of sight—through the rug! It was like watching a person sink beneath the surface of water.

Finally we watched the awesome sight of two upraised arms and hands, still heavy with vestments, thrusting upward from the carpet. Finally the left hand nearest me vanished. The right hand lingered as a pool of fluorescence on the rug for ten or fifteen seconds, and then that too disappeared. No part of her had gone back into the cabinet. She had dematerialized—sloughed off her clothing of substantiality—directly before our eyes! I was to have a second such demonstration before the night was over.

It was to be my own paternal grandfather!

Chapter XVI

“THE DOOR IS NOW UNLOCKED”

I KNEW that I was witnessing a display of phenomena that might happen, even to expert researchers, but once in a lifetime—and yet might be repeated, if one were fortunate, no later than tomorrow night. Less than an hour had gone by, and I had already witnessed the equivalent of manifestations that might compose a whole evening’s séance, and a most satisfying séance at that. The victrola played on at my right, and in between records, if a materialization had not appeared, I could hear the suppressed breathing of the score of persons around me, striving as I was striving to accredit that they were all seated in Mayor La Guardia’s New York, with the long strings of automobiles flowing down the Drive below in the beautiful orchestration of Sunday night traffic, and the problems of the war-torn world to be faced in the morning. Most of the materializations, I noted, usually appeared in about the middle of the second playing of any given hymn on the machine, when Nora would instantly hush the music …

Suddenly the curtains parted, the music was stopped, and a figure speared that puzzled as it disquieted me—not that I recognized it, for it was a stranger and yet a somewhat different type of entity than had materialized to the present. Edward, beyond the cabinet, rose to his feet.

“This,” he announced solemnly, “is evidently a personage from a very high plane of eternity.” And he bent toward it with instinctive solicitude.

The man standing sedately before the drapes was not tall—in a few moments I was to stand within a foot of him and find myself looking down slightly into his face. He was dressed in vestments such as I had never witnessed on any cleric of any church. A mitre of some sort seemed to be on his head. He looked eithty years old. A long silvery beard dropped halfway down his chest. There was a quiet restraint, a poise, a dignity

to him that might be felt merely by surveying

“He gives the name of Ari,” announced Edward, “and is here to speak to George.”

The friend beside me started up. “It’s my special protective guardian,” he declared in a whisper. “He materialized twice for me down in Florida.”

This then was the spirit whom George had reported to me as having done something that I considered truly remarkable in the way of phenomena. One night, in a Florida sitting, he had called George up and talked with him privately about his life and affairs. He had seemed so paternal, so kindly, so solicitous, that George had begun to have a sincere affection for the gentleman. When he had turned to depart, he had asked George, “would you like to have something to remember me by?”

George, of course, had answered affirmatively.

“Have you a pair of scissors or a knife in your pocket?” George had a pocketknife and produced it.

Ari had twisted up a lock of his beard and held it taut. “Cut it off,” he had directed.

George had told me that while striving to do this, he had seen the pull of the flesh where the hairs grew out and Ari’s grasp of the lock had been faulty. But he had served the strand and received it in his fingers. “Put it in a locket,” Ari had said. “It will be a constant connection between us.” George, of course, had wondered how that could be, for he rightly expected that his ethereal guardian would presently dematerialize. But when the latter had done so, to George’s amazement *the lick of hair had not!* George had carried it from the séance and shown it to

me in Indianapolis. This then, was the dignitary who had done this wonder and I hoped I was going to be able to ask him how he had performed it.

George, up before the cabinet with Ari, called me to them. He introduced me. Ari laid his right hand with firm pressure on my wrist. I could see him plainly then. I judged his race to be Persian.

"I'm so glad to be able to introduce my friend to you, Ari," George said, to make conversation.

The venerable one laughed pleasantly.

"My son," he returned, "we on This Side know William's work even better than you do. But it gives me great pleasure that we meet face to face."

I said, "George has shown me the keepsake you gave him in Florida. From the scientific angle, I've wondered how such a thing could be managed. How did the hair lock remain in existence on this side when you returned to the higher octave?"

Again that poised, easy laugh from the visitor. "It was meant to remain on your side of life," he responded. "I fixed it so that it would." He put emphasis on the "would".

What more could be said? Any discussion of the higher life processes was impossible at the moment.

I went back to my seat and presently George followed. Ari had spoken a pleasant word to the guests and stepped backward behind the drapes.

AS THOUGH purposely to display a diversity of types a lad of some fifteen years stepped out of the cabinet a moment or two after the next record had been played. He was clad in ordinary boy's clothing of this period—trousers and blouse-shirt with four-in-hand tie—but seemed to be afflicted with a slight

curvature of the spine.

“Tony!” cried the medium’s husband, springing up as though a bit surprised himself.

Tony greeted Edward. He seemed pleased with himself that he had contrived it. Edward explained.

“Tony,” he said standing in big-brotherly fashion beside the youthful visitor, “was formerly a newsboy in Chicago. He made the passing a couple of years ago by being struck by a truck on Evanston Avenue. He drops in to see us at these meetings quite often. Sometimes he sings for us. Don’t you, Tony?” “Sure, I sing!” boasted Tony. “But I don’t think I’ll do it tonight.” The assembly at once pressed him to favor it. But Tony had all the embarrassment of a Chicago newshawk suddenly plunged into a gathering in a drawing room. No, he wouldn’t sing. He just wanted to say hello to Eddie and then get gone. “Loads of folks are waiting to get in,” he declared. It was a queer little episode. Tony hadn’t some to meet anybody in the group. He just wanted to be neighborly and that was that. Having gotten a certain gratification from being thus noticed, he opened the drapes behind him and his personal appearance for the evening was over.

WE HAD to wait a long time now. I wondered if the ectoplasmic force was dwindling. But I presently understood.

A dignified gentleman who must have stood six feet tall, with a well -shaped bald head,a nd a gown resembling an Episcopalian rector’s surplice, with stole, over sinewy shoulders and chest, presently walked out of the cabinet and stood for a moment regarding us all. The woman at my right cried, “Doctor Wainwright!”

“Yes,” the personage responded gravely, “I am Doctor Wainwright. I wish to speak to you first, my dear, about your treatments. Will you please come up here for a short

consultation?"

The lady needed no urging. She joined him, with a couple of women friends, in front of the cabinet. The assembly waited.

I gathered from what I overheard of the conversation that the woman was suffering from an internal trouble with which mortal physicians could scarcely cope.

At some previous séance this higher-octave physician had come through to her and promised to assist her doctor in flesh to bring about an amelioration of her condition, if not her cure. He made the clairaudient recommendations to her mortal doctors, I gathered, and they gave the treatments, whether aware of the source of their prescriptions or not. But the patient was not cooperating, as she should. Hence this personal contact. He went on explaining something medical for at least five minutes. Finally he dismissed her, and noted the group. Edward asked him if he could not speak them all a word of comfort during the terrible times through which the earth was passing.

"We in the higher spheres of life," Dr. Wainwright responded after a moment's cogitation, "do not look upon what is happening now on your plane as 'war'. Neither should any of you privileged persons consider it as such. What the earth world is passing through at present is a stupendous renovation." Dr. Wainwright spoke measuredly, choosing his words most carefully.

"The time has come in modern history," he went on in substance, "for a gigantic housecleaning of all the dark, wicked, mischief-force who so shamefully afflict man and his institutions—especially his political and economic institutions. They are due to expose themselves presently throughout all humanity for their blunderings, their greeds, their inabilities to inspire or direct man in his worldly predicaments and dilemmas. Before the present sequence is run they will be

stripped of their influence because of their own inadequacies. Great wrongs that have afflicted the nations for generations are due to be righted. The earth and its society must come back into a moral balance." Someone asked how far American would get into the war. "There will be no such enemy destruction of life and property in the United States as there had been in countries abroad,' he replied. "At least, those on the plane to which I have progressed seem not to be aware of it. But you must remember that we have no more access to the intentions of the Almighty than you have. We are simply living in a higher and more delicate world of Matter. We have ways of seeing things begin to occur in the astral that are presently to mature in event in the mortal, but it is for a limited time ahead only. This thing I do want you to remember and to count on, however: All of us in these higher states of life have positive knowledge of a great leader who is presently to rise here in North America and by his wise counsel and direction—gained from the same high sources from which we get out counsel and direction—straighten out most of the embroilments in which American humankind finds itself in these moments. You can plan on the coming of such a leader, though you must not question me specifically concerning his identity. He is not so well known now as he is to be shortly. Probably he will come in result of the terrible blunders and shortcomings of those who have had the conflict in charge in its opening phases. He will resuscitate the United States from the spiritual, more than from the political, angle. And when he comes, not the least among you will have much difficulty recognizing him."

The doctor started to back toward the cabinet as he concluded this message. Then with a grave bow to the thoughtful assembly, he stepped inside …

NOW FOLLOWED at least an hour of entities of strictly private significance to other sitters present. The mothers of several persons, clad I most cases in ethereal flowing robes, mode themselves substantial and discoursed with sons or daughters quite after the manner I have described. On one occasion the son of one of the women spectators visited her for

several minutes, expressing his gratitude that he was out of mortality for the sequence now running on earth.

“I did my share in the first World War,” he informed us. “I’m glad I don’t have to go through another such experience under present conditions.”

His mother explained, in introducing him to the group, that he had been badly wounded in the AEF in 1918, and had dragged out a miserable existence as a disabled veteran till death released him some five years bygone. A most poignant note was introduced on another occasion by the deceased fiancé of one of the young women present stepping suddenly from between the drapes, being instantly recognized, and the two of them embracing after she had left her seat impulsively and hurried to him.

“Oh, it’s so hard to get along with you gone, Harry,” the young woman sobbed. “It’s all that I can do to live day after day. Life seems so bleak, so barren.”
With his arms about his erstwhile sweetheart, the young man patted the pretty bowed back, and sought to soothe her. “But can’t you understand,” he argued gently, “that I’m not ‘gone’, that I’m right close to you day after day, helping you as I never could help you had I stayed I life with you?” No, she couldn’t, and she said so. So they clung to each other—and everyone present must have felt a bit embarrassed, as though violating some sort of privacy by thus looking on.
I couldn’t help wondering what the skeptics and ignoramuses—who contend so raucously that no “dead” person has ever “come back”—would say, to sit witnessing such a reunion as this, a young man stepping into mortality for brief ten minutes to put his arms around a beloved sweetheart whom he had been obliged to part with, when he had to go ahead of her into the more exquisite phases of experiencing Consciousness. But the evening was getting on. Between half-past ten and eleven o’clock it was and after the vivtrola records had run out, to be succeeded by a beautiful rhythmic humming of “Holy Night” on the part of the sitters, that the curtains trembled, were pulled energetically open,

and a white figure stepped through without the slightest pause or hesitation, heading straight for my chair.

SOMEHOW I seemed to know telepathically when this Lady in White walked out, that she had materialized for me and none other, though I couldn't tell who she was at once. As she crossed the space of rug, she seemed to loom above me in unnatural proportions.

Presently I was to see that this effect was supplied by swathes of chiffon about her head and held together on the center of her breast. "Dudley, my son!" she cried raggedly as I got to my feet. Now there had been only one such woman who had gone on the other side, who had ever used my middle name in addressing me as a lad, and that was my maternal grandmother. But could this be my maternal grandmother? She had blue eyes, as my maternal grandmother had blue eyes. She had something of the same contours of face. But my mother's mother, Hanna, had been an elderly woman—some sixty-five or seventy years old—when making the Passing in 1912. this lady did not look a day over forty, if that old, and her figure lacked my Grandmother Goodale's portliness.

On the other hand, I had heard plenty in other séances of a process in the higher dimensions of certain souls' "growing back to a norm" of maturity and remaining there until progressing along to loftier planes of consciousness. Was my grandmother going that? Certainly in the ensuing few moments I had small doubt about its being my grandmother's spirit. I followed her to a position in front of the cabinet where the ruby spotlight gave maximum illumination. "You poor boy," she crooned, "what a terrible time you are going through! And all so unfair and unmerited!" probably had I known Grandmother in her middle life, I might not have felt so confused at having a person apparently younger than myself at the moment—at least in looks—designate herself as

my mother's mother.

Feeling stranger in her presence therefore, I scarcely knew how, or what, to reply. But of this thing I took note.

Her mental or emotional anguish was poignant to behold. Her distress was so great that it called up counter-sympathy. As a struggled for poise, she asked me—"what's the matter? Can't you see me? Haven't I done what I've ever done anything of this sort, you know."

"I can't see you all right, Grandmother," I assured her.

"I can't stay very long … it's all so awkward, so different from anything I've ever been used to. But I had to come to you tonight to try to cheer and encourage you in the awful ordeal you're being called to suffer. It's all part of your career, my son. Fancy talking to you, though, now that you're a man grown, face to face!" How does one talk to one's grandmother whom one hasn't seen in substantiality in over thirty years? One thing is certain. One doesn't feel facetious …

This blue-eyed lady, however, had nothing of the ethereal about her except for the chiffon headscarf and robes. She seemed to have considerable difficulty holding the latter together in front. She kept pulling the folds together with her left hand while she tried in a sort of affectionate caress to pass her right hand over my hair and down about my shoulders.

"It's all in one's life work, I suppose," I said tritely.

"But will you remember my words of counsel, son? Will you surely remember them?"

"Meaning what? What counsel?"

"This counsel—that no matter what predicament you think that you're in, with in authorities or anyone else, 'the door has been unlocked already!" Will you remember that? 'The door has been unlocked already.' Promise you'll remember that."

“I promise,” I said.

“Say after me, ‘The door has been unlocked already.’”

“‘The door has been unlocked already,’” I repeated. Inasmuch as not a soul in that room but myself and George knew that I was in any particular sort of trouble, it was on the whole convincing for a materialized soul to proceed directly to giving of such solicitude.

“That’s all I can say. I’ve got to go now. ‘The door has been unlocked already.’” With another caressing gesture at my head and shoulders, she began to withdraw from me.

An instant later she had vanished behind the curtains.

I WAS so upset in my feelings when I again sought my chair, that I scarcely gave any attention to the spirit that now came forth from the cabinet and greeted everyone in the voice of another child—a second little Indian girl, apparently, some ten to twelve years old.

She had not come there to meet anyone in particular. I gathered vaguely that her prime purpose was in displaying a new dress that enveloped her, somewhat after the pattern of Silverleaf’s. She gave some fanciful and lowery name, but I was thinking, thinking, thinking … The child was obsessed with the fact that on the following afternoon, on the plane in which she resided, she was going to a party … Had that recent materialization been that of my grandmother or had it not? If so, and this was an example of “growing back young,” what a lot of surprises some people were in for, at making the Passing themselves and greeting their loved ones on the other side, to find the latter not “lame, halt, blind or aged” as they might have gone out of flesh, but radiantly mature in the golden summer of middle existence. Certainly my “grandmother” had called me by the only name that she would use in addressing me face to face. The solicitude for me was unquestionable. And her message had plenty of consolation in

it after what I had been through in the South that past week. "The door is unlocked already!" what would that mean but that the tide had definitely turned for me, and that the "out" was ready for me to experience as the days and weeks rolled onward? I was still preoccupied with my thoughts in ruby dusk when I realized that Edward was calling "William"! That meant me again. I took up at the cabinet.

A portly man of some sixty to seventy years was standing before the curtains. He was clad in modern male costume and giving his name as Frederick William.

Frederick William had been the name of my father's father. Why should I be deserving of so much attention this epochal evening?

"MY SON, my son!" this entity cried thickly as I stood before him and his right hand reached out and tightened on my wrist.

"Is it you, Grandfather?" I cried in new perturbation. Then in the upset one feels in all such situations, I recall exclaiming, "—but what have you done with your thick gray whiskers?" My Grandfather Pelley, as long as I had known him, had worn a patriarchal beard halfway down his chest. This was my grandfather's figure all right, but his beard was black, and not nearly so long. "But, my son," he chuckled, "whiskers have generally gone out of fashion. All the same I've got some on—can't you see them?"

No, I couldn't see them, and peered closer into his face. "You've got somethingon," I argued banally, "but the light s so poor, or y eyes aren't accustomed to it, that I can't tell what it is."

"My son, don't let's waste such important time arguing over such a matter as whiskers. I haven't worn mine on my present plane for years." I wondered what was required of me. How could I ever ask him the intimate family detail that I wanted to

ask him, with all these strangers present and hanging on every word? Knowing that many persons with Second Sight had often described him as being on the platform with me and seeming to counsel me as I had addressed past audiences, I felt he should be in a position to approve or condemn my present work. Not thinking how else to put it, I asked— "Well, granddad, how am I doing?"

This brought of a titter of laughter around the circle. My grandsire joined in it. His hand, as strong and virile as it ever had been in life—and he had been a powerful man—continued on my wrist. "My son, you're doing fine," he said huskily after a moment. "In fact, there's times when it seems to your watching relatives that you're doing too much."

"Too much," I echoed. "How could that be possible?"

"You make so much progress in your work yourself that you're not allowing the time for the rest of humanity to catch up. However, they'll do that in time. Be patient. What I particularly wanted to do tonight was to thank your friend George for the aid he's been to you in getting your printing works established. The books that you're printing are doing more good throughout the land than you'll ever know till you get in our position and see it. Will you call him up?" I called to George and he responded.

"This is my paternal grandfather, Frederick William," I announced—as though he had not been hearkening to every word spoken by either of us from the first. George acknowledged the introduction and my grandfather ran his left hand under George's elbow.

"Just let me thank you, dear fellow," he said, "for the help you're giving to our grandson."

George started to deprecate it.

"No, no," cried the old gentleman, "you're as much a part of his lifework as his own wits or pen. And all his relatives are grateful and are showing it by seeing that the two you don't

get into serious trouble."

Hardly had my grandfather gotten these words out than his voice wavered queerly. His shoulders and figure seemed to sway. The hand on my arm relaxed its clutch and dropped.

Suddenly, weird as it sounds to relate, though it did not seem as awesome to watch it happen, the old gentleman jack-knifed at the waist. My instinct was to reach out and catch him, but as I had been warned against seizing hold of these people during materializations since it might have serious effect on the medium, I pulled back a step, and then, before my eyes, I saw my grandsire begin to sink through the floor precisely as the nun had done, following her blessing. He sank through the floor directly at my feet. One moment he had beenstanding before me, talking with me like any normal man. The next he had bent forward and in the bending, his feet had begun to go through the rug as though it were the surface of a pool of water. I stood there gaping while he sank down, down, till only his head was visible between George's feet and mine. *The next moment he was gone!*

There was nothing whatsoever to indicate that he had been there. I was close enough to the phenomena to see everything in utmost detail.

Somehow I got back to y chair and devoutly wished that the sitting would end. I was mentally, emotionally and spiritually punch-drunk. I had been so much that I wanted only get out and *think!* Happily enough, my grandfather's was the last materialization for the night. From behind the draperies we heard Silverleaf exclaim: "Oh shucks! The power's getting so weak that these things fall apart!" It was a queer but practical way to phrase it. a moment later she added philosophically: "Nope, I guess we can't go along anymore tonight, even if there are a lot of folks left who'd like to talk with the rest of you. But I'll tell you who's here …"

Thereat the child started calling out names of persons who

hadn't been able to avail themselves of the mediumistic ectoplasm. She must have called out at least a dozen, every last one of them absolutely accurate. Twice she called out names of former women business associates of George's. giving last names as well as first.

"Uncle Jo -Jo," she said, "you remember Margaret G—, don't you? She says she gave you a pair of cuff links and a stickpin one Christmas. Is that right?" "It most certainly is," agreed George. "Tell her I had them stolen from my house when a prowler got in."

"Oh, she knows that," returned Silverleaf, matter-of-factly.

"What became of them doesn't count. Any gift is only in the giving, anyhow. Uncle Billy!"

"Yes, Silverleaf," I answered.

"A long time ago you had a daughter Harriet, didn't you? She passed over when she was a teeny girl."

"Two years old," I agreed.

"I know. Well, she's a big grown woman now. About thirty years old. And she says to tell you, 'God bless Dad.'"
It was the first time in twelve years of psychical research that I had received trace of my daughter Harriet in the higher realms of life. "Well, I guess we've all got to go now. We've had a nice evening, haven't we?" "A wonderful evening, Silverleaf," responded the audience sincerely. "Then good night, everybody!"

"Good night, Silverleaf!"

Suddenly the maiden's voice, still clear and lovely, began to sing— "Good night, dear one,

Good night, dear one,

Good night, dear one,

Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive

We're going to leave you now!"

The tune was the well-known old song, "Good night, Ladies," only when she arrived at the chorus, she altered it thus—

"Merrily we
fade away,
Fade away,
fade away.
Merrily we
fade away,

Over the Sea of Love …"

The child's voice trailed off, fainter and fainter, as if receding into remotest distance. Presently the room was silent. Edward said to George, "Open the door, George, so that we can get the indirect light from the bathroom." George opened the door. The electric illumination was sickly, garish, as it came through the inner hallway. In a moment someone switched on a floor lamp. Edward went to the cabinet and tossed back the drapes.

"Wake up, Bertie," he coaxed. "Everything's over. People are ready to go home."

Miss Candler was plainly to be seen by everyone. She sat slumped down I the wooden chair, head rolled on one side, unconscious in slumber. Edward shook her gently. She shuddered, yawned, sat up.

"It's so frightfully hot in here!" were her first words since she had bidden us "Good night!" three hours before. "It feels like I'd been in a forest fire."
Edward stayed beside her till she dame fully awake and then helped her to her feet. Coming from the cabinet, she paused before my chair. "How was it?" she asked. "Did you get anything?" "You're a sweetheart!" I cried impulsively. "We

got at least twenty-five people. It's been the most amazing evening of phenomena I've witnessed in my life." This was no exaggeration.

"I'm glad," she said. She walked to a vacated chair and sat down, still rubbing her eyes and yawning.
The woman on my right asked me the time. I looked at my wristwatch. "Ten minutes past eleven o'clock,' I said. Then I left the room, to get out in cool night air for a minute and light up a welcome cigar …

Chapter XVII
GRACIOUS LADY

SUCH was the coming of Bertie Lilly Candler into my life. I had long since established the publishing house that had first been given the title of *Galahad press,* then *Pelley publishers,* then *Fellowship Press,* to finally level off under the significant title of *Soulcraft Chapels.* I had maintained headquarters in New York City, then Washington, D.C., then Asheville, N.C., then Noblesville, Indiana. It was a long way back to that night in Altadena, California, when I had climbed the stairs to my bungalow bedroom to undergo the experience that has now become historical as "My Seven Minutes in Eternity". Water under Time's Bridge indeed! As I draw this revised version of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* toward a close that water has been twenty-six years flowing … Political conditions south of Ma son & Dixon's Line had grown so intolerable after 1940 that I had transferred linotype machines, presses and general publishing equipment up into Hoosierland, buying a property in a wholesome American small town sixteen miles north of Indianapolis, the State's Capital. Adelaide, my younger daughter, was unmarried in 1940 and we likewise acquired residence in the latter city, driving back and forth to Noblesville morning and night. It was in the Indianapolis home, therefore, that Adelaide and I became hostess and host

to Bertie Lilly, and the long series of séances began, in Noblesville and otherwise, that were to cement the bonds of fellowship that have made the Candler name a byword in ten thousand households wherever Soulcraft periodicals and books have been read. Only one other medium has been thus informally connected with the Greater Soulcraft program, ranking anywhere within Bertie Lilly's classification—that was Mary Berttie, of Chesterfield, Indians, curiously enough a materializing adept with whom Bertie Lilly had sat for development in her younger years. Mary Berttie's husband, after her untimely demise in 1952, joined Soulcraft as invaluable compositor in its printing-room. But Bertie Lilly's coming to Indiana in 1941 had opened a new sequence of personal proofs of the utter fallacy of death as any permanent tragedy.

IT IS one thing to enter upon strange premises as a paying spectator, and see what appears to be phenomena occur before the eyes, realizing that the human vision is the easiest of the senses to deceive. It is quite another to have the phenomena projected within one's own home, where one is arbiter of every condition, where one knows to a certainty there can be no secret entrances, where certainly none of the fifteen to twenty materialized types of humanity, either sex and all ages, could have been present five minutes before the doors were fastened and the lights turned off. Insinuations as to fraud or deception are unqualifiedly eliminated. Strangely enough, therefore, it was in the firs t séance thus held in the Indianapolis home, that my eldest daughter, Harriet, staged her initial appearance to me in her recreated "body" … Inasmuch as Harriet herself has since grown into a Soulcraft institution, no volume listing my evidence as to why I believe the dead are alive would be complete without description of that memorable first séance.

Harriet, my first child, had been born in Springfield, Mass. in November of 1912. Two years later, in Wilmington, Vermont, she succumbed to cerebral meningitis. You may recall my recounting in an earlier chapter how Pauline, my brother-in-law's bride, had first gotten in touch with her soldier-husband

at Lake Pleasant, Mass., when learning about "the nurse of the Mohawk Trail." "He's got a violet-eyed little girl with him who's inseparable attached to him," Pauline had reported. She had not known Harriet as a baby not ever seen her in the flesh. But such description had caused us to pay attention. Harriet had been noted for her strange violet eyes—not blue, not grey, but an out-of-this-world violet. Who would "be with" Ernest but out long-lost baby? He had been a member of our Vermont household all through her prolonged illness and demise.

It was a May evening of 1941 that Bertie Lilly and Edward gave us their first séance in our Indianapolis library, where the George Fisher of previous mention had personally supervised the sealing of the windows with beaver-board and created a "cabinet" by stretching two heavy velours drapes across the southeast corner of the twenty-foot-square room. The Candlers had motored up from Miami; George had driven over from Darien, Conn. I had invited a choice assortment of guests and employees to witness the wonders, one of the former being the chief of the state vigilante police, another a leading attorney of the State Capital. Some two dozen people had gathered at eight p.m. in chairs around the north and west walls of the library. The front door had been locked and doorbell and telephone disconnected. The general program of the séance followed the one previously described. The room was illumined by a red spotlight turned on the front of the velours curtains from a position atop the bookshelves in the northwest corner.

The first soul-spirit to substantialize was, as usual, Silverleaf—who greeted each guest by his or her first name, although almost none of them was known to the medium and some of them had only been invited on the spur of the moment within the hour before the affair was called. The second materialization had been a portly stranger of advanced years who called lustily to his adult son seated in a back corner, one of the Miehle pressmen at the Nobleville plant. Charley came forth from his corner astounded.

It was his father, who had "died" before World War I. he proved to Charles' satisfaction that he was the parent, not only by his appearance and voice but by narration of an incident that had occurred in Minnesota when Charles had been a lad of ten—and in 1940 he was in his fifties. "Remember how you got some poison oak on a camping trip we took?" he reminded his son. "What was to fool thing I tried for it, when we didn't have any other antidotes?… No, let *me* tell *you* … It was a mustard plaster I happened to have along, wasn't it?" Charles cried afterward, "He was one hundred percent correct. But no one in God's world but he and I knew anything about it! I'd never even mentioned the incident to my wife."

What do we want for proof that the "dead" are alive? Mustard plasters on poisoned oak assailments … the very quaintness of the incident gave it validity.

Then, for the first time, I saw me beloved first daughter, grown to womanhood …

THE PRESSMAN'S father had scarcely retired within the cabinet, after general banter about the son's vicissitudes since the father's death, when I beheld a great "snow ball" of whitish effluvia beginning to quiver and contort *in front of the drapes.* It seemed to be forming and growing not fifteen inches from my left foot, where I was seated on a low divan to the east of the curtains. Edward, the sleeping medium's husband, exclaimed, "Someone's building up right in plain sight for you!"

The "snowball" lost its rotundity and became elongated vertically. It oscillated, it writhed, it mounted higher and higher. Reaching a pillar of five feet two or three, it gave a peculiar shuddering twist. Then even in ruby light I blinked my eye. *A*

***particularly handsome young woman stood before me, gowned in white.* Her**

long chestnut hair fell in curls down her back from under a

Juliette cap. She was personable, she was graceful. In a voice whose chuckle did not cancel its culture, she accosted me, …

"Well, Daddy, how do you like *that?"*

I could scarcely speak. "You're … Harriet?" I managed to exclaim on my second attempt.
"Uh-huh, … of course! Are you surprised to meet me for the first time, full-grown?"
What could I say to her? Unfortunately, the ruby light—wholly adequate as it was otherwise—did not permit me to determine the color of her eyes. But she placed warm pulsating hands on my shoulders. She looked into my face from a distance of twelve to fifteen inches. Was this actually the beloved child who had waved me a final and scarcely audible "Bye!" from her crib in the kitchen that long-ago winter's morning in Wilmington, Vermont, two hours before the town's physician had rushed her to Brattleboro Hospital? She chuckled again. "I know what you're thinking. You've carried the notion about you for years—while I've been growing up on the Higher Side—that Adelaide might have been my reborn soul. Coming along as she did five or six months after I made that Wilmington Passing. Am I not right?"

Yes, she was right. But I had never mentioned it to anyone that I recalled. She tossed her adorable chin.

"Well, I certainly am no one *but* myself, and Adelaide is no one but herself. And at last we're together, daddy, face to face. Isn't it wonderful?"

Words had no effect in translating the wonderment of it. The lump in my throat was interfering with speech. And Harriet pivoted lightly on her toes and swung completely about for me to view her total figure.

"Don't you remember Aunt Pauline telling you from time to time she saw me in company with Uncle Ernest?"

Here was family evidence that could not have existed even in the medium's mind, since up to then my acquaintance with Bertie Lilly had not been replete enough to rehearse my past domestic affairs with her. So I asked about Ernest. It was the beginning of a colloquy on family relationships that established beyond all doubt that I had met up again in truth with my long-lost baby girl. It was likewise the beginning of a sixteen-year intimacy in other and greater matters, during which I have watched her grow from a vivacious maiden in her middle twenties to s sedate woman of forty-one. I was to confront her equally vividly time upon time when visiting Mary Beattie at Chesterfield and Anderson, Indian—the same girl, same Juliette cap and white gown, same characterful profile, same dainty and cultured voice, same personality in every respect. That to me is the big test of personality survival, to the utter demolishment of fraud. No matter what medium I visited for such sessions, *identically the same girl unerringly materialized.* Moreover, time and again she made references to matters we had discussed or mentioned at earlier sessions when the medium was some other person.

Remember, this was occurring in my own house and library, in which no such physically living girl had been contained when the séance started.

She greeted her younger sister, Adelaide, who was present, and her brother, William, warning him, incidentally, to draw in his long legs from where he sat on the rug directly in front of her so that she wouldn't trip over them. Then she asked the loan of my handkerchief.

What on earth could she want with that? I stammered that I had no handkerchief but the honestly soiled one that I had used all day out at the plant in Noblesville. No matter, I must let her have it. she was going to do something with it I would never forget.

I handed across the wobbed square of cloth. Standing in the rug's center in plain sight of all guest, she pulled it taut across all four corners. Then grasping it by right and left edges she

started a peculiar motion of seeming to throw it away from her. She called it “weaving”.

Presently we were thunderstruck to note tha t the fabric was increasing in size. It was big as a towel. She continued to give it that outward-throwing motion, till it became so wide that she could no longer keep it taut between her hands. Rapidly it was increasing to the size of a bed sheet.

“Harriet, daring, how in the world are you contriving that?” I wanted to know. “I’m increasing the distances—by the power of Thought—between each electron and proton in the linen atoms,” she replied. “It’s the way, too, that we weave clothing for those of you who come up onto Our Side naked when they’ve quitted their physical bodies for good.”

She was commencing to pant from the exertion of it. And the fabric was so sizable and so filmy that it floated and billowed on the still air of the library where twenty spectators about three walls were feeling its gossamer edges against their faces. Suddenly she tossed her clutch of it in air, darted under it, seized it in its center, and began doing a ballet dance under it—unfortunately without music, but no less graceful for that.

Then she retreated to her origin position before me, reversed her efforts, “wove” the gossamer fabric closer and closer to herself—and we watched it diminish in proportions. Back to bedsheet and towel size she worked it, back to the dimensions of a man’s everyday handkerchief. Suddenly with a dexterous flip of her fingers she had seized it by opposite corners, twisted it and tied a knot in it. Knotted thus, she tossed it down upon my lap.

Later in the evening when the electric lights were on, I examined the knotted fabric. It was some sort of fourth dimensional knot she had tied. The diagonal handkerchief corners were *inside* this knot. Try to tie a knot sometime with the corners enwrapped inside, and tell me how you did it. I have that handkerchief and knot preserved to this moment among my psychical keepsakes, and the diagonal corners are

still hidden inside it. “We’re going to have lots of good times together, you and I, Daddy, from here on out,” she promised before leaving us. “It’s the Beginning of something, wait and see!”

And how truly she spoke!

How many times I have confronted my eldest girl in the past sixteen years I cannot say accurately. When Mary Beattie was alive in nearby Anderson, I had only to get into my motorcar after arranging an appointment, and be with my beautiful child in half an hour. I am concluding the writing of the revised version of this book of an afternoon in early September, 1954, and I have met and conversed with her three times under Mrs. Candler’s sponsorship since the first of this past June. During my political incarceration at the hands of the Red fellow-travelers in the Administration during World War ? , Mrs. Candler paid a visit to Seattle, Wash. One Sunday afternoon she went into trance on the platform of silver Lodge, I am informed, and Harriet thud materialized, came to the edge of the dais, and talked to two hundred of my followers in a public address for a matter of twenty minutes. After expounding to them the exact significance of my temporary imprisonment and bidding them to be of good cheer, she disintegrated before their eyes …

“THAT is why I had to leave you, Daddy, when I was a baby, and come out here,” she explained to me in a materialization last October, “to be able to work in association with you—you on the earth-side and I on the heavenly side—to demonstrate to a world of bewildered and error-tormented people that there is no such thing as Death.’

And *how she is doing it!*

Yet always my mind reverts to a winter’s morning in early 1914 when they had phoned from the hospital in Brattleboro for me to come over the twenty miles from Wilmington as fast as I could travel, if I wanted to see my child again alive. As I

urged my panting horse up the western grade of Hogback Mountain, alone in the sleigh, I groaned aloud I my anguish, "Oh, God, don't let her die! … don't let her die!" but I arrived too late.

That was forty-one years bygone, and yet it had been on Kismet's cards to happen, that the very Soulcraft work in which I am currently engaged I my sunset years could go forward. I am still in the mortal role this lazy September afternoon as I write; yet Harriet is back with me and has been sixteen years continuously back with me. I have her piquant and distinctive voice on fifteen electronic tape recordings. Never have I gone to a psychical séance since that first appearance of hers in our Indianapolis library, that she has failed in coming and conversing with me.

Are the dead alive, indeed! …

Chapter XVIII
SEEING SHOULD BE BELIEVING

THE SKEPTIC with orthodox reflexes, who never has witnessed such phenomena, is puzzled or caustic because he does not know what happens. How in the name of sound sense can persons who have vacated mortal vehicles—and these vehicles been interred in cemeteries—possibly "come back" in organic equipment and give every evidence of being alive in former aspects of personality? Likewise, if this sort of thingis actual, why haven't more people heard about it? The first is easier to answer than to second. As you will have minutely delineated to you if you read more of the Soulcraft books treating with such paraphysics, the self-conscious soul of a human being—one hundred percent of human beings —is an

indestructible and imperishable entity. Mortal life is a series of adventures in going into a physical body, using it for worldly purposes a given number of years, and "dying" out of it. But always it is the body that dies, not the soul-spirit. The soul of man is said in the Higher Realms to be a spermatozoic emanation of God Himself, thus accounting for sentient life in each and every instance. As I'll relate to you in my next chapter, I have reason to believe that it was Mary Baker Eddy, beloved founder of the Christian Science Church, who made that clear to e. and this indestructible and imperishable soul comes back again and again in many bodies over vast numbers of years, in different lands and civilizations, until it perfects its moral attributes so that nothing is ever to be gained further by coming back. Thereat it goes on about its higher cosmic business. However, this happens—

The "thinking" of the soul-spirit is done in the intellectual mechanism of what is called the Light-Body, or the Pattern Body. This is the vehicle, operating at a higher frequency of atomic vibration that keeps the atoms and molecules of the physical body in one consistent pattern throughout the earthly sojourn. Remember, the molecules of every person's physical body are completely renewed every seven years, but renewal or no; they always conform to the given design that keeps the physical organism recognizable from decade to decade. When the life-course in run, the business of "dying" is merely the process of this Pattern Body pulling out of the gross atomic body, and beginning to view life in its higher frequencies of Matter. Consciousness, I repeat, is carried in the mental equipment of this Light Body, or Design-Body, else none of us would ever remember what had happened to us on earth, after we got to "heaven" … Very good then … This business of "spirit return", giving it to something that will make the Light-Body or Design-Body tangible again in consistencies of Matter peculiar to this physical or material plane on which we are now living. So-called "Mediums"—like Bertie Lilly Candler or Mary Beattie or a hundred others—are women born with an excessive amount of phosphorus and albumin in their physical systems which under the stresses of trance they can release and provide for the use of others. Such phosphorus

and albumin in combination is known by the technical name of Ectoplasm. They release prodigious amounts of it out of the orifices of their physical bodies and it becomes available for persons who have entered onto the higher frequencies of substance-in-Matter to use to infiltrate their Light-Bodies or Design-Bodies and make them appreciable again to the frequencies of this earth-plane. There is little that is necromantic about it—certainly nothing diabolical, unless we want to call all chemistry diabolical. Calling anything one doesn't understand "deviltry" is, of course, nothing but the ruse of illiterates. What these "spirit" people truly do is "coat" themselves with a material substance provided from the medium, and when the coating is successfully consummated we say that a given "dead" person "materializes'.

THEY are emphatically *not* dead person, of course, because there has never been any death. There is only metamorphosis from one rate of atomic vibration to a higher rate of atomic vibration. Higher rates of atomic vibration can be aware of lower rates but rarely the reverse. In other words, people on the more tenuous octaves of reality can be consciously aware of what is transpiring on the grosser and lower rates, but when they manifest it, usually the earth-people have an attack of heebie-jeebies at the "supernatural" … is there anything particularly supernatural about your turning your radio to get an orchestra in Cincinnati on a "low frequency rate" but a statesman talking in Europe on a short-wave frequency? The analogy is pat.

WE ARE finding now, in this age of radio and nuclear fission, that we have hoodwinked ourselves by saying that "if you can't measure it, it has no existence". There are all sorts and degrees of atomic vibration that you can't measure, and yet one may not be aware of the other, in that both can operate in the same spatial area without their phenomena conflicting. That is what these materialized persons do. They operate in several spatial areas without their phenomena conflicting. They have never perished or gone off to the biblical heaven or hell when their bodies succumbed. They have simply pulled their soul-consciousness out of their defunct organic vehicles

and operated on a higher velocity of atomic matter. When we ask them to present themselves to us in the séance room, we provide them with access to a coating or covering for their higher light-body atoms that make them recognizable to this earthly plane. Their Light-Bodies or Pattern Bodies are just as real to them as our physical bodies are to us. By coating them with ectoplasm they become real to us also. But the people inside them are exactly the same individuals that they were when their vehicles weighed 150 pounds on this plane, had to eat three meals a day to "keep their strength up" and get six to eight hours sleep o' nights or find their nerves misbehaving.

It is a long and somewhat involved technical study, and I am giving it to you in a nutshell as I can, so that you may understand that there is little or no hocus-pocus in one of these séances when honestly conducted by an honest and competent medium. If you want more technical information about it, get the Soulcraft books *Star Guest* or *Beyond Grandeur*.

Actually it is the mass ignorance of *hoi polloi* that creates the phenomenon we call "grief" in this world. Truly informed people never grieve. Principally they lack anything to *grieve about.* Grief is a sign of ignorance—always remember that. If you know what is transpiring, you find nothing to feel sorry over or lament. I am giving it to you as I have had it expounded minutely unto me. However, this proposition about so few knowing about what goes on, is another story …

IN THE first place, it stands without argument that there are not enough bona fide and competent mediums to go around. In the second place, traditional religion—constructed mostly on allegorical theory—has built up a great superstructure of theological conjecture about the Afterlife, and protected itself by announcing that anybody who challenges or disproves it is in league with the Devil. Naturally the illiterate communicant doesn't care to become classified as in league with the Devil, so whenever the phenomena of psychical research manifests itself, the orthodox communicant runs a mile. It is all very

tragic; all very silly and childish and immature.

An age of Science is undoubtedly slated to put the blitz on the whole of it. but not for a little time yet. Science must pave the way to make spiritual emancipation creditable. It jolts some people to be told that if the optic ensemble of the human eye could accommodate a light wave one ten-thousandth of an inch longer than it does commonly at present, the whole aspect of the material world would alter. We would see scores of items and conditions that we do not see at present, whereas another score of items and conditions would become electrically invisible to us. Of course, becoming electrically invisible we would doubtless declare they had ceased to exist. I am told on reliable scientific authority that if the common human eye could accommodate rays of ultra -violet length, *the race would suddenly become aware of the complete non-occurrence of death.*

We should see the Light Bodies of those who have made the metamorphosis ahead of us, realizing they are often moving closely about us. It is their invisibility, owing to the enhanced rate of vibration at which they are moving atomically in their vehicle-composition, which makes us regard them as "gone"

Their entire world of material reality is similarly composed of a vibratory frequency swifter than ours. So it is intangible to us. Not sensing it commonly, we contend it is ethereal. But we are constantly getting indications that it has a reality equal to our world of slower atomic frequencies, that we are visible to those inhabiting it although they are not visible under ordinary conditions to us. Conversely, they tell us that there are octaves of reality above theirs that are quite as unc omprehendible to them as theirs is uncomprehendible to us. References to discoveries of Science should not overlook the possibility that a gaseous chemical now being experimented with, may crack the enigma of death for the lay rank-and-file, making all the "invisibles" in a room where such chemical is released, opaque to mortal sight. It is a sort of synthetic ectoplasm, I am told. But try to envision what such a chemical discovery would mean to orthodox theological concepts of the

afterlife. When the "dead" can be located visibly by means of a peculiar gas released in a room or house, what of the exaggerated allegorical concepts of the departed dwelling in some far-off celestial locality populated by the angels and cherubim, or—without facetiousness—"asleep in Jesus"?

Still another school of scientific thought is considering the possibility that the ultra-violet vibratory rates of the "dead" may be slowed down to the rates of our mundane world by the same variety of resonating magnetic force that is said to materialize and propel today's Flying Saucers.

YOU note that this narrative is singularly clear of stories of phenomenal attributes distinguishing others. I have tried to make it the accounting of what I myself have had attested through the medium of my own senses. But during the twenty-six years of affairs which it covers, I most certainly have encountered plenty of persons whose abnormal eyesight permitted them to see into realms of the ultra-violet. Those twenty-six years have been replete with the presences in my affairs of individuals able to discern at a glance, and describe most minutely, the Light Bodies or Pattern-Bodies of presences not discernible to me or the man in the street.

In particular do I recall a naval commander in Norfolk, Va. who attended a week of lectures I gave there—a man of Scottish birth gifted with Second Sight—who described again and again personages who were visible to him as being on the platform with me during my delivered remarks. And those descriptions were so distinctive that I could identify the personalities thus invisible to my normal human vision.

However, to get back to what we term the phenomena of the materializing séance-room. These graduated people in the swifter velocities of Time and Space gather into the apartment where a materializing séances seems to be imminent, and when the ruby illumination has supplanted the yellow actinic rays of light, stepped their more tenuous personal selves into the exuded ectoplasm derived from the medium's physical self. Forming themselves in the low-rate earthy pattern again

by the direction of their Thought Powers, they walk out to us in their previous aspects of earthly reality, speak to us in voices that we recognize, and reminisce with us on activities together when they were constituted as our present selves. The layman thinks of the process as Spiritualism. It is only Spiritualism as we identify the necromantic activity by the religious cult of that name that openly accredits such phenomena in the religious manner. Those of us who have approached such wonders along the secular route, as I myself have done as described in these pages, no more consider the supernatural aspects of it as Spiritualism than the Spiritualists consider the super-natural aspects of radio, radar, or television as Spiritualism. What the Spiritualists seem to do truly in practice, is furnish opportunity for *hoi poloi* to form contact through mediumistic professionals with relatives who have moved their habitat into the higher atomic frequencies, and their "religious" services take on the pattern of Questions-and-Answers intercourse with those on the next immediate octaves of consciousness. Is grandma suffering any more in her higher vibration, in result of the malady that carried her off? Should Uncle John sell the house lot on the corner of Main and Third Street or hold it for a higher price in the autumn? Is the young man who has started to "go" with Betsy Jane serious in his attentions? Fancy making a religious ritual of such personal trivial.

And yet the Spiritualists have come closer to Truth in appreciating the literalities of the post-mortem state than any other sect distinguishing the modern religious scene. Soul-craft, which is coming along behind Spiritualism, considers whatever is sacred in any vibration of matter on its merits as sacrosanct regardless of any vibratory phenomena—relegating the phenomena to a classification of its own, the mechanistic and not the philosophical.

"Seeing is believing" is the old folklore axiom generally accepted by the rank and file. Only it isn't. None of the five senses is more open to deception or delusion than the sense of vision. But when the unit of consciousness that has materialized, begins a sequence of reminiscing on experiences

it may have undergone in the mortal body with one or ore persons now present as spectators, what more absolute proof can be forthcoming of the authentic nature of the soul-spirit? Again and again I have known this to be carried to an extent well nigh incredible.

For instance, a week ago Saturday night Bertie Lilly Candler was visiting us when a motorcar drove up with some friends from Chicago. Prior to such arrival two or three hours before the séances, Bertie Candler had been unaware of their existence on this earth. She had by no means spent the intervening time picking their brains in any respect concerning their earlier lives or associations. Yet during the course of the evening's session, the nephew of one of the Chicago men—now a lad of seventeen, who had graduated into the higher frequency at the age of four—materialized and carried on a twenty-minute reunion with his uncle concerning parental relatives up in Chicago. This lad, whose name was Roger, expressed his dislike of a portrait of himself that hung beside a living room door in his parents' house of the present. In the course of their converse he voluntarily asked his uncle if the recalled how the latter blew smoke-rings for the small nephew's amusement as a tad, as well as rode him on his outstretched foot. But the real pay-off was a query about a small red sweater the uncle had bought for the boy the Yuletide before the boy "passed coupled with an incident on a Chicago beach in winter when the small nephew had made off with the uncle's fur-lined gloves.

It is going rather far afield to rationalize such memories by declaring that the medium in trance "picks the spectator's subconscious mind" for such poignant memories. What shall be said sustaining this view, when a third person, mutually acquainted with earthly relative and materialized spirit, joins in the conversation and asks questions, with the spirit giving answers that are unknown to anyone present, whose accuracy has to be determined from later investigation? Harriet, on many occasions has let fall remarks or comments about our family affairs that could have been in the subconscious minds of no one present, and the medium could not have been in

prior possession of such bits of information because unaware of the existence of the parties involved.

As for the authenticity of identities thus manifesting, what shall be said of Walter Stinson of previous mention in the sparrow-hawk incident inside a living room, who materialized his hand and let 72 impressions of its fingerprints be taken, found to correspond in absolute accuracy with his fingerprints left behind on the toilet articles he had used just prior to his physical transition? The Boston Police Department vouched for such accuracies.

When the living dead can be fingerprinted and found to be infallibly identified by such scientific means, where does it leave the orthodox or the skeptics?

It is time we awakened to the terrific potencies in what we have been discussing for nearly three hundred pages.

The "dead" are very much alive, and we have their fingerprints to attest it. What more can we demand, in all common sense?

Chapter XIX

BEYOND GRANDEUR

AND SO here I am, at approximately sixty-five, looking back on twenty-six years of this out-of-this-world career in which I have been living in two worlds at once. Death as a finality has gone from my philosophy. I went to sleep that long-ago night in my Altadena bungalow to penetrate before morning into a higher reality of Etheria and return to this physical world and take up the burden of trying to convince the bereaved and

grief-stricken that they are lamenting needlessly. Their beloved relatives have not "gone" anywhere; they have merely changed the conditions of their living and functioning. But along with such assurance I have cultivated the capabilities of my In ner Ear to follow the tacit thought-speech of those in such changed condition, and my converse with them has become continuous. I took down a 6,000-word communication on my typewriter from Ari, one of my outstanding mentors, no later than yesterday morning—since I have written the foregoing chapter of this book. I mention it to refute the claims of the skeptics that as one ages, his Inner Faculties gradually fall into disuse. The Inner Faculties do nothing of the sort. They sharpen and strengthen, as one is faithful in the exercise of them. This I know from personal evidence as well.

I have thus recorded from such mentor-speech something like 11,300 typed pages of higher-life intelligence, all of it faithfully preserved, indexed, and bound for instant reference. No question have I ever put to those so communicating to me without a sensible and rational answer forthcoming. And this goes equally for questions addressed to many of my communicators when they have materialized before me in temporary flesh. There is no evasion, no equivocation. If they possess the information I desire. I get it forthwith. So the great Soulcraft Enlightenment has grown up around such converse. A million-and-a-half words of treatises on every conceivable cosmic enigma, three hundred thousand words of strictly sacred material—long since

memorialized in the *Golden scripts* —twelve volumes of *Soulscripts* for laymen

students, something like twenty-one volumes of my own composition, of which this book which you are holding in your hand is one, … truly a great literature unparalleled in delineations of Mysticism has come into existence, and I can term it such because outside of the last twenty-one volumes mentioned I have functioned only as amanuensis and recorder. There are, in my files, literally thousands of letters from scholars who have examined Theosophy,

Rosicrucianism, Swedenborgianism, Spiritualism and Christian Science, who unreservedly pronounce the Soulcraft writings as going far excess of these in quality, quantity, and profundity. By 1930 I had abandoned all further work for the popular American periodicals and was devoting my time the clock around to the zealous compiling of this great mass of erudition from life's higher octaves. As I believe I have stated earlier in these chapters, I had closed my bungalow in California and disposed of it, in March of 1929, moving my effects to Manhattan

and taking an apartment at 56 West Street—between 5th and 6th Avenue. Here

in three rooms on the second floor of a "brownstone walk-up" I labored throughout 1930 and 1931, beginning the transcribing of the ineffable *Golden Scripts.* In these three rooms too, I had experienced my first mediumistic experiments. The celebrated "vacating" medium, George Wehner, author of the book *A Curious Life,* made an errand of visiting the little group of investigators I gathered around me, each Friday night. George would compose himself, sink into trance, go deliberately out of his body and leave his organism to be utilized by whomsoever wished to converse audibly with me from the higher levels of life and consciousness.

Joseph Conrad was the first of these, as celebrities, who thud made himself known to me. Accompanying Conrad on one occasion was Robert Louis Stevenson. These two declared they were thus honoring me because of our common devotion to the writing crafe. Conrad had told me that he had been interested in my stories of Vermont small-town life published n the English magazines before his 1923 demise. However, throughout the years covered by this narrative, my entertainment of celebrities has been rare. I have always held reservations on the type of psychical operative who seems to form contact out of hand with all the famous persons of any era, chiefly, I suspect, because accuracy of identification is so difficult. Perhaps an excessive modesty on my part has been

responsible, but it has seemed to me that outstanding great souls would have no more reason for looking me up after their passing than they might have had before it. I had several times been apprised during the writing of the heavyweight book on Constitutional matters, *Nations-in-Law,* which ran to two volumes, that none other than Abe Lincoln was aiding me with the diction but I never had physical evidence that it was so. I had known through Detroit friends that Mr. Henry Ford, the auto magnate, a profound esoteric scholar during his lifetime, had retained the exclusive services of an outstanding medium to enable him to counsel with Mr. Lincoln in the management of his gargantuan motor empire, and that Lincoln appeared to Mr. Ford in materialized form constantly. I have talked with reliable and reputable persons who were present at some of the sessions. I understand it was because of this association that the highest priced automobile made by Mr. Ford, bore the Great Emancipator's name.

So the great sessions of my life—in Manhattan, Washington, D. C., Asheville, N. C., and Indianapolis —came and passed with varying degrees of fortune but with sales of these psychically transcribed books growing to extraordinary proportions and finding markets all over the world, when in October of 1953 came the climactic contact in a dramatic and kaleidoscopic career. The gracious personage identifying herself as *Mary Baker Eddy walked into my life!*

THIS unexpected, unsolicited, and altogether history-making advent of the founder of the great Christian Science faith into my personal affairs came on the 14th of March, 1953, and no history of why I have ample cause for accepting that the physically dead are consciously and spiritually alive would be complete without making the details of record. Remember that in what I now relate, putting the capstone on these memoirs, I have a great group of reliable witnesses to substantiate my statements. More than that, *I have continuous*

rolls of electronic recording tapes containing the celebrated Lady's voice at all sessions of her materialized appearance.

These I have duplicated exactly and

placed the copies in hands of trusted friends across many States, to assure their preservation. Fifty years from this present writing, the assertedly literal voice of Mrs. Eddy on recording tape 44 years after her retirement from the fleshly vehicle, may be hailed as a major advance in scientific proof of survival. We shall see.

The materialization of this celebrated woman had been prefaced by a visit one February evening of my head legal counsel to the Noblesville publishing plant to consult me on secular matters. He remained to chat informally about the work of far-flung enlightenment that Soulcraft was achieving among the spiritusllly circumscribed. I had long since collected all the Master Transcripts of the Elder Brother received up across a quarter-century, and issued volume of 844 pages, which had gone out to over ten thousand spiritual leaders not only in America but foreign countries.

Attorney George A. Henry of Indianapolis had been my counsel almost continuously in legal matters since 1935, winning many important law cases for me. Enjoying an unblemished reputation among his Indiana colleagues , he had been a zealous student of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science writings since his return from military service with the U. S. forces in World War I. "I have a strange feeling," Mr. Henry declared, "that you should give serious consideration to doing a book at an early date that bridges the gap between Mrs. Eddy's *Science & Health* and the *Golden Scripts.* After all, there is startling polarity between the tenets of Christian Science and Soulcraft. Christian Science provides health and physical well-being for the student of spiritual matters on the earth-side; Soulcraft continues the instruction in higher octaves upon the ethereal side. Just file my suggestion away in your mind and see what confirmations you may get in your clairaudient work with your higher mentors." I promised to do so, but overburdened with publishing responsibilities as I was in the early sprig of 1953, the chances of authoring such a volume then seemed remote. In fact, I had almost dismissed it

from my mind when the evening of March 14, 1953 arrived. Shortly before midnight on that date I was working alone in my writing studio at the plant, when in the eerie silence of the publishing premises I was distinctly interrupted at my editorial work on VALOR, by a feminine voice seeming to call me softly ...

"William!" this semi-audible voice appealed. "Oh, William!" it seemed to be speaking in a half-whisper from ten or twelve feet behind me and slightly above my head.

"Yes!" I cried, half-aloud. "Who's speaking?"

"Mary Glover," the answer came at once.

One of the quaint aspects of this extraordinary liaison was the fact that not until my midnight visitor made passing reference to the tenets and affairs of the Christian Science mother-church did I "place" the name Mary Glover. It had been the first married name of Mary Baker Eddy.

I could "feel" the powerful feminine presence just at my shoulder after a moment, and it left me fazed with astonishment and shock. As the charming and cultured accents went along, repeating Mr. Henry's suggestion about the proposed book, I cried, "How does it happen that you, who publicly repudiated Spiritist contacts in your much-emphasized chapter against Spiritualism in *Science & Health*, come to me like this and so address me?"

"I was wrong in that repudiation," the Voice declared, "and am paying grievously for it. I have found, since gaining to this Higher Side of Consciousness, that communication between the planes is unquestionably scientific." (I have the same statement since recorded in her audible voice on electronic tapes when she materialized in my studio on October 13th, confirming all of the converse in which we indulged this memorable March night.) "Would it be permissible," I asked her after a time, '"to put paper in my typewriter and make of permanent record th e things you are telling me, for reading

and studying later in the week or month?" "By all means," she most graciously assented. And when I had prepared the paper, she went back to the opening of her converse and gave me the whole from the beginning.

The subject is of such engrossing interest to the millions of Christ Scientists throughout the earth, that I deem it expedient to reprint this monograph in the pages now following, to absolve myself of any charges of capitalizing upon Christian Science in the efforts which its celebrated founder seems purposefully making to extend Christian Science as she is able, into Soulcraft—

Mrs. Eddy's Introductory Address:

DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH:

IT IS excellent that you hear my voice, for I have much in which to instruct you.

We are both Children in the Spirit. That is, it is the care of God that we both perform excellent, you on your earth-plane and I in my heavenly plane—foe compared to yours of the present, this plane indeed is heavenly.

Now that I want to say to you in this initial paper is this: We have great common cause as the foundational structure of our efforts. I do not think you are going to be permitted to go too far out of season with your economic precepts until the spiritual foundations have been clarified. You will know this as you advance. When I headed the earthly sect of those that today are recognized as Christian Scientists, I had a very devoted end in view. I wished to help grief-stricken and blinded humanity out of its serious faults of perception about eternal matters, especially as they applied to current affairs of the presiding life. I had no idea that my own teachings were going quite so far as they did go before I finished. I have been assiduously employed I our Dear Lord's work ever since the infancy of my soul, and shall continue to be so employed. But there are still strictures to be overcome. For instance, I had

been seriously purblind all my mortal days respecting eternal life, or life beyond and above Mortality. I "could not see it," to use that term, because my time and attention were applied solely to aiding persons in the practical—and usually ailing—circumstance. I am above that restriction now. I wish I might declare to you, dear Brother in Christ, all that I now see and know, respecting the true and correct nature of this so-called After-Life… you would be astonished if you could behold but a corner of it.

Now, however, it is not that I wish to superimpose any form of Spiritism upon so-called Christian Science. What I would like to see achieved is the extension of Christian Science as an earth-study of Matter and Materialisms into realms of the psychically abstruse, if I may use that term. I am not a Spiritist in the popular sense of the term. I am not a therapeutic religious teacher, even. I am a contrite and devout woman who wishes to transfer to my brothers and sisters on the earth-place an agenda of what I believe to be true in respect to the eternal survival of the human spirit for greater and greater performings in flesh and out of it as the age progresses into the Millennia of Beauty. Let us seek to work in liaison to such end, will you, please? I do not ask your fealty, I do not propose to attempt converting you to any of the doctrines I propounded at divine instruction while on the earth -place. I merely wish to convey to you as a person in the God-Work with myself, that which I should much like to have conveyed to my earthly disciples in the flesh. If you can find some way to do that, as by a published book or otherwise, you will earn my deathless gratitude.

FOR YOU SEE, I made certain errors of concept while in flesh and doing my teaching.

Privately I conceived of God as a Personage. And Holy Spirit in the God-sense is all the persons who have ever lived or ever will live, coagulated into a gesture that exhibits the God

Purpose. It is likewise all the other manifestations of earthly phenomena that enter into the material or mental scene.

It is the question of a shortage of time "before the Night cometh" that I want to be specific about, and as articulate as I can be, in this my first written communication to you. Shall we proceed? …

Now you are not going to be shortsuited or let down in your plans for aiding to bring in the Kingdom, any more than is necessary to guide you into paths of correct performings for our Dear Lord. But there are principles you must be aware of, as a result of transcribing the beloved Golden Speaking of our Loved One.

First you must be aware, every hour of the day and night, and all moments in between, that He never for one instant relaxes in His care or concernment for you and over you. For always recall that your work is His work, and *vice versa.* He's more accurately aware of your need than you are in your own right. But you must also do this—

Acknowledge when matters do not terminate or proceed as you envision them for what you call Success in your efforts, that you are being prepared for a colossal task to begin in the very near future, and obstacles are really being *removed* from your path instead of placed in it. I can assure you of this, my dear brother, as I can affirm nothing else. So be it.

Now as to time. You have literally "all the time there is," … remember that, remember it. True, worldly events are due to mature to a set and positive schedule, but not the golden cure for the hearts of harassed men and women. Those are not matters of fixed mechanical moments, in turning themselves, or yielding themselves, to His Grace. Remember, the great commander of Israel, Moses, never was allowed to do more than glimpse the Promised Land, and yet He by no means felt sorry for himself in consequence. *He would be on hand in*

spirit when His people did enter the Promised Land, so what

difference did it truly make to him whether or not be happened to go there in physical flesh? You have been called to complete my work, or the work that stemmed from my pen, in a greater aspect in this generation than you realize. **Because you are**

given divine keys of understanding to that which was so abstruse to so many whom I tried to instruct in the Heavenly pathways. No matter. You will do it because I recognize that it is on the Cards of Accomplishment already. Be you aware and positive of much that is of lesser consequence. Why can you not be equally set as to will-power on this last?

You are not to think I wish my books or autobiographical material rewritten … nothing of the sort. I have no desire to see anything I have left behind on the plane of earth disturbed intellectually … that is not my point in addressing you …

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE A CONTINUATION OF MY LOGIC CARRIED TO THE POINT OF MAGNIFACATION OF THE NEXT IMMEDIATE WORLD or

shadow of Consciousness, so that Christian Science presents a well-rounded picture of the entire life errand, from the start of the Soul to ultimate glorification. Use my name and writings, as much as you please, but lift consideration of their import onto the next worthy plane of intellectual effort and you will not be proceeding far wrongly. Don't try to tell what I failed to say. Tell what I might have said had I gained to a broader and loftier perspective of all equations entering into the Consciousness Exhibit and Performance.

Now I am going to withdraw for a time, but I do wish you would entertain my suggestions and see what we can make out of them. I will correct you if you interpret what I tried to express, incorrectly.

Do the thing you fell motivated to do, as you feel motivated to do it and rest assured you will not be falling into much serious error. I shall try to give you as much of my time and counsel

as you may command by your attention to the principles involved.

And now for the evening, I say temporary farewell to you. In our Dear Lord's name let us work in unison and see what matures from the combination of mental effort …

PEACE, LOVE AND HEALING, (ETERNIT)

I WAS properly overwhelmed at recording such converse. Particularly was I overwhelmed at one statement the lady had just made, that I was "called to complete" her work. Well did I appreciate what havoc might result in the ranks o Christian Science who had long-since deified the lady and would tolerate no suggestions that in her worldly writings she could have "made a mistake". As well imply that Christ Jesus Himself, in the Sermon on the Mount, could have "make mistakes". But the phenomena were happening and I could but hide my time and see whether the whole thing proved up or contradicted itself. No October 14, 1953, Mrs. Candler drove up to Indiana from Miami for another week-end visit with us and gave us a sitting at 8:30 p. m. Judge my stupefaction when a commanding and personable materialization issued from behind the drapes, announced herself audibly as Mary Baker Eddy, and made reference to the clairaudient converse she had previously had with me when I transcribed the soul-spirit of the great founder of the Church of Christ Scientist apparently. The interesting feature of the materialization to me was, that I had not disclosed to Bertie Lilly Candler the details of the clairaudient session that had preceded the materialization by something like seven months. The alleged Mrs. Eddy's remarks on this substantialized appearance encompassed the following statements —

"I came to you the other evening, and it was a privilege to make the contact … and I would like you to put this in print and I shall bring you many messages … I was a medium when I was on the earth-plane … the people of those days in Boston

were not ready for the truth, and they called it fortune-telling, and so, I changed the form of the intelligence into the doctrine of Christ Scientist. But since coming Out Here in transition, I see many mistakes. After entering into this New World and looking back upon the space of time upon the mortal plane, I realize many mistakes … I should have acquainted my public with the fact that communication and survival is a fact. Because we *live* out here, and it's beautiful in out world. I want the people to know that we do come back. The Church is doing a great amount of good. It's reaching a multitude of people. But

I want them to know that *communication between the two worlds is scientific!* …

Proven by our return. It has to be possible, because if one Man survived the grave, and returned, as Jesus did, all men do. And I will come and help you with your manuscript, and we'll have a beautiful story … but *you* have to write the book …"

THERE was more to her converse on this epochal evening, but this was the genesis of the book that I did write, *Beyond Grandeur*. I spent many evenings between the 13th of October and May the 8th in direct mental contact with this superb spirit that I identified and accepted as Mary Baker Eddy. That great volume, *Beyond Grandeur,* was the result of the collaboration between us. Already it is a bestseller. I finished the typing of it, put it upon the linotype, and had printed it to page 214, when Bertie Lilly Candler—totally unaware of what had transpired since her last visit—visited Noblesville again and gave us another séance. Out of the cabinet in due order of event stepped this superb soul-spirit that I have accepted as Mary Eddy, and commented as follows—"I am delighted to come and greet you, my friend! … My partner, Miss Henderson, immediately put the question, "Do you like the Chief's book?"

To this, the materialized spirit replied—

"It is the message that I gave him." Then turning to me she said, "I gave you the words," and I interrupted her to ask

directly, "So that *is* your book?" meaning *Beyond Grandeur.* She responded positively, "That is my book!" … I said, "Good enough, j just wanted that confirmation. I didn't know but some of the things I'd said in there had been contradictory to some of the things you might have preached in life." Thereupon Mrs. Eddy favored us with the following homily—

"Probably some of the things *would* be contradictory to the things I taught in life, because when you make the change of Transition called Death, you see things as from a different picture and at a different angle. Then we change out viewpoints and our teachings in many ways. I was a medium in earth-life as I have told you many times before. And I want the world to know that I have had to return to give survival, that we *live* Out Here, and that I denied the great psychic force that worked through me to prove to humanity that man survived the grave and to stand on truth … I denied the truth that was in my soul. And I have had to work it out, and that is why I have returned to bring a message to the people.

"There is good in all religions. But we will not have the religion; we will have the *Truth* of the World of Wisdom that will lead mankind out of darkness into light. Truth will stand forever. Truth will release your soul from cares and burdens. It will give you a great understanding of the principles and laws of life. It will lead you into the great things that are spiritual. When you have found the Kingdom, all else will be added unto you."

I said, "I know. Many of those passages in *Beyond Grandeur,* I'm very happy to hear that you approve of. I wondered if they were correct."

"Yes," Mary said, "they are correct! … And I want the people who read from page to page and from cover to cover to know it has been my message that has been sent through you, the teacher, to gibe to mankind upon the earth-plane." Such was the spoken and audible dialogue of her second visit with me. The third occurred on the 13th of July—

GOOD evening, friends!" she announced herself …"Mary Baker Eddy! … A privilege to come to greet you, my children. (To WDP) My beloved William! … For I will be Mary Baker Eddy to you, and you William to me. I want to thank you for the great work, which you have finished—or not finished—which we are going on with, because we have a great work to do. Our work is never finished, and if I could have gone on while in flesh, and the peoples of the world had understood the great Truth of immortality of the soul, I would not have had to come back like this. My work was *not* finished. The things that I denied, I have to pick up the threads and give the truth."

I said, "And now, Mary, *how* are we going to convince the public of this fact?

***"It* makes no difference," she replied, "whether we convince them or not. Did the Christ convince all people when He was in earth-life?" "Well, He has, in the last two thousand years convinced an awful lot of them," I argued.**

"He has convinced many souls," she agreed conditionally, "but has not reached all mankind."

"No, He hasn't reached *all* mankind."

"Neither will *our* work reach into the hearts of *all* people, but it will fall upon the souls of many."

"I was just wondering about the messages you gave us the other night—*how* are we going to get that across to the people that you want to reach? If you have any suggestions that would help, I would love to hear you tell me what I ought to do."

"I want to say this to you… within their souls there will be arousing… and a desire will be created within their beings, so that they will wish to read between the lines of the book, and from one to another the seeds will be planted in their consciousness, and one by one as sheep they will find their fold

and their leader."

"Well, in other words, it is a proposal of just going along and letting them discover it."

"You think they will?"

"Positively! They're already speaking of it."

"They are?"

"Oh, positively! Many of them are very much aroused and confused. Could it be possible? And then they realize and know what the communications of their being with the higher forces have meant to them in the silence and meditation of their souls and light breaks on them. There is something beyond that comes forth to help them." Then she turned her specific attention to Attorney Henry who was present and listening. To him she said, "I want to thank you, my brother, for gibing the power of thought and word to my beloved William, of whom I speak, and who has found my message sent through into the pages that you inspired him and helped him and told him to go on with. Would you understand that?"

George understood, and so indicated. Mary continued—

"Because it has been wonderful. And to you… you know the truth of Divine Love, don't you?"

I interrupted, "In other words, Mary were *you* the one who inspired the idea for

***Beyond Grandeur* in George's mind?"**

"I did. You must remember this: through the Divine Mind of the Christ there is always a channel open that we can work through. We reach the channel that is opened to bring forth the message. We must have a channel, a clear channel, to work through, and you (WDP) were the only one whom I could find on the mortal plane with a high state of

consciousness what I could reach through, that you could hear my voice, that I could turn in with you and bring forth the message to the peoples of the world."

I said, "That's quite a compliment, … thank you." After a moment's reference to a recent Christian Science visitor from Boston, I asked, "Do you want us to communicate with any of the heads of the Mother Church?" "I will impress him," Mary answered concerning the visitor. "You can tell him that I was here. And through the Divine Love and through communication between the two worlds we continue to live out here and we do not die. And we continue our work in the ethereal form, out upon the high planes of expression to teach back and help others. I was inspired when I was on the earth - plane. I was a medium. The people of those times were not ready for the truth and they would persecute and condemn, and I went into the study and I came forth with Christ Scientist, Christian Science, the development of the soul and mind. Because the soul and mind are part of God, the Christ Consciousness, isn't it right?"

A physician who was present, interrupted to ask, "Will you help *me,* Mrs. Eddy?" She responded, "I shall help all the peoples of the world. All people of the world are my brothers and my sisters."

My partner in the Soulcraft work, sitting at my left, inquired, "Mrs. Eddy, would you see or talk a moment with the doctor's wife?" "I would be happy to see your friends," the Superior Lady answered. Then a moment later she addressed the wife, "You, my child, are in the state of consciousness of not understanding the great laws of communication between the two worlds. You do not appear to know, and understand the great laws of life as your companion. But in the future, and through the reading-matter and the meditations of your soul, you will realize the spark of divinity within you and that we move on, out of one house into another. The mortal flesh falls but the spirit rises and goes on, and I come in my ethereal form to bless all of you at this time. Blessing of the Divine Christ of love upon all of you!" she paused. I felt a

dozen persons were then summoned up to meet the visitor, and she overlooked none of them. Finally turning to me, she said—

"You have a great work to do, William."

I said, "But what I most wish is you cue as to whether I'm doing it right." Thereupon she gave voice to this: "You know, we should put up the threads that were left broken when I came to This Side of Life, and we should have a school, a teaching of the fundamental truths of the immortality of the soul of man and the development therein. We will not take from our Church of Christ Scientist, but we will only add to it, because of life eternal." One of the ladies standing close by, said, "Mr. D—'s aunt is a practitioner in California, Mrs. Eddy," referring to a man-friend on her left.

"Oh, that is very splendid," the Supernal Lady said, "She is probably doing great work."

"Yes,' said the first speaker, "in a State Mental Hospital, Mrs. Eddy." "Healing?" Mary suggested.

"Yes."

"You know, my children of earth, there's healing of the body and healing of the *mind,* through the Christ Light of our Lord … May the blessing of Divine Love that is ever present be with you, and I will go on and help all of you … Good evening! …"

Orthodox critics who rant purblindly about such appearances being of Satan, should be present and hear the great sanctity in which such blessing are uttered. Truly have I heard more devoutness, more solicitude and sacred compassion evidenced by such higher callers at these sessions than I have heard in any churches. Christ Himself once remarke d to similar critics on the absurdity of Satan's house being thus divided against itself by such pronouncements.

Then on August 27th of this year of 1954, Mary came to us a

fourth time and said in the same reverent and somewhat melancholy tone—

“M ARY BAKER EDDY!” I said, “Good evening, Mary!”

“Again it’s a privilege to stand among you … I want to speak to him,” indicating my attorney who was again present, — Henry.”

I said, “Oh, George! … Mrs. Eddy would like to talk to *you!”*

George arose from his chair and came up within twenty inches of the figure robed in bejeweled white. He stood stiffly owing to a foot injury he had suffered many years ago. “This is Mary Baker Eddy,” she repeated. “I come with my blessing. And through the Divine Mind of the Christ may His healing inflow and come and make you well.”

Then turning back to me, she went on, “You must always remember, in *Science & Health,* it is Mind over Matter. But I have changed many of my theories and beliefs since the Transition called death. Because I have found many things that I left undone. Now you are picking up—and have to tuck in—the threads for me because I need a channel to work *through.* And you were my inspiration and my channel that I chose to work through. And we have other work that we’re going to do. We’ll go o with *Science & Health,* and our Church. But our people are going to be quite confused in trying to understand the great laws of Spirit through the Divine Consciousness and the Light and illumination of the Divine Christ. I want you to go on. I want to help all your helpers to find the great consciousness of understanding of Truth, of immortality of the soul of man, because we only move *on* and *out* … out here into the Land of the Living where there is no more parting, and the light of Spirit to guide you on your way. Bless you, my people! We must tie the threads and weave the links of chains together that they may never more be broken. Because links of the Golden Chain of Love and Wisdom will guide the human race into the New Age and into the New Time of the Great Spirit of the Risen Christ … I

want you all to work together for the great cause which we represent from this side of life, through the channel which I have come to work through. I want you to go on and lay your plans, and let us b uild our temple, and let us have our school and our lessons of life to help others, that the Light may shine on the weary peaks of the world that life is eternal and that God is a loving God. Through the Divine Mind of the Christ may He bless you all … Good night!"

THUS the four materialized appearances of this Supernal Spirit Lady who has made herself known to me as I have described. Nothing that has occurred in Soulcraft since its inception surpasses it.

Remember that almost nightly from October to May, I conversed with her by the Inner Voice and heard her respond to me through the Inner Ear. Before I had thus formed this platonic attachment, I had assumed her to be a somewhat autocratic lady pedant with a trace of aloofness for other denominations, given almost to what I might call religious snobbery. In those evenings of writing *Beyond Grandeur* in her company, I discovered her compassionate, magnetic, super-intelligent and altogether charming. Small wonder, I frequently remarked to friends, that during her life in this earth -world she had acquired three husbands. Supposedly eighty-nine or thereabouts when she passed on in 1910, she has since grown back toward her prime—or is in the process of growing back. She appears to be in her fifties at present, easily recognizable for her likeness to the celebrated portrait painted of her by a grateful Howard Chandler Christie for her healing of him before her Transition. But what an irony that the anti-spirituslistic instruction she gave to her communicants throughout her life now works to sustain a barrier between then and herself in these years of the overwhelming success of the Church of Christ Scientist. The tragedy of her postmortem years is this self-imposed insulation from them. She declares that she "knew better" when she wrote as she did, but that she wrote earnestly enough in her desire to keep her people from indulgence in

promiscuous séances with nonspiritual discarnate entities.

It is as clear an instance of the karma that is so prominently delineated in Soulcraft as anything that has come beneath my observation.

How long it can maintain—this alienation—presents an intriguing problem. I have covenanted to do all that lies within my power to aid her to rectify it, and we shall note what it brings forth.

But this is not a volume about Karma; it is a volume reviewing my outstanding experiences of the past two and a half decades that have resulted in my conviction that Death, as a reality is utter fallacy …make of it what you will. At any rate, in any ideological controversy with Christian-Science orthodoxy, I would seem to have the founder of that mighty institution in my corner, as I am in hers.

The outcome may be history making

We shall see.

Chapter XX

"TILL WE MEET AGAIN—"

SO I say, what about it?

Is there evidence that the "dead" are alive, or is there not? Of course you can reply that the evidence as I have described it in this book appears convincing,

but after all it is *my* evidence and not yours. Had the same things happened to you that I contend have happened to me, then the doubt might be in my mind and not in yours. Nine out of ten people declare, "Let me sit in on one of those materializing sessions, and see, and talk with, someone I have known in life, and I'll believe." The odd thing I confront a hundred times a year is the fact that precisely such sight and speech occurs and yet those people by no means believe. It must have been some sort of trick or illusion, they will tell you, or if it were not trickery or illusion, then it was possibly a demonstration by the Devil himself. You would be astonished to realize what numbers of otherwise rational and normal people are more ready to accredit the existence and demonstration of their beloved relatives and friends indicating their existence on the higher planes of life. Again and again I have sought to explain to my own satisfaction what can be operating in the mental processes of such doubters, or rather, accreditors of Satan? I have come to the conclusion that whey by no means believe in Satan literally, but that karmic complexes are operating that they can y no means ignore.

Reluctantly I am compelled to decide that insufferable human *vanity* lies at the bottom of much of it.

People don't care to admit that something important has been going on of which they have been kept in woeful ignorance. The same chagrin assails them as afflicted the Scotsman who was persuaded to bet a shilling on a horse race and to his stupefaction won two pounds. "In the devil's name," cried Sandy, "how long has this been happening?"

Then again there is the chagrin arising from realization that some previous teacher or mentor, in whom they had every cause to repose confidence, may have instructed them wrongly. This apparently is Mrs. Eddy's predicament as being suc h previous teacher or mentor. I had it illustrated the day following one of the sessions I have lately set down, when a life-long Christian Scientist who had been present got me into a corner and asked in a whisper— "Please tell me *what* it was that I witnessed last night?" I asked, "You mean the Eddy manifestation?"

He qualified, "I saw a woman's figure substantial enough in your study. The features resembled Mrs. Eddy's as we have come to know them from paintings of her in life. The voice that came *from* the figure declared it was Mary Eddy speaking and talked penitently and devoutly. But Mrs. Eddy told

us without reservations in *Science & Health* that there is no such thing as spirit-return, *so*

what was I looking at and hearing?”

“Didn’t you hear her say plainly enough that she erred in earth-life in writing that there was no spirit-return or communication?”

“Yes, I heard it. But if I concede that Mary Eddy erred in a single statement anywhere in *Science & Health,* I’ve got to concede she might have erred in a hundred statements? And I can’t do that.”

“Why can’t you do that?”

“Unless I accept that Mary Eddy was infallible in all the statements about Mind and Matter that she uttered in earth-life, I might as well throw all Science overboard. Who am I to say whic h of her earthly statements were true and which were in error?”

“It wouldn’t occur to you, would it, that plain self-chagrin might be working in you?” … That you hate to acknowledge you listened to a teacher who wasn divinely infallible?”

“But Truth has to be infallible or it isn’t *Truth.”*

“Granted. But can’t you grasp that your deification of Mrs. Eddy, as being synonymous with Truth, is *your* weakness, not hers? The lady herself is bog enough in character to admit she made a blunder in that one item of s pirit-return or communication. She is evidently—somewhat pathetically and not damn a great book of hers otherwise because on Page 70 she wrote some inaccurate pronouncements? Are you yourself a congenital liar and not to be trusted in any of *your* statements because you gave business partner some incorrect information about the stock market last week that I lost him five thousand dollars?”

“I am merely a follower of hers who took the entire volume of her principles for granted. If I’ve got to throw the chapter on Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism out of *Science & Health,* I’ve got to toss away the whole book—because I’m incapable of judging what otherwise might be or more ‘mistakes’ …” “Then your own discretions and discrimination don’t enter into it?” “I’m

not capable of having any—not in religious matters." "Why do you imagine you were given a mind?"

"I wasn't given a mind to argue something of which I'm humanly ignorant. So I say to you, what was it I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears last night? I certainly did see and hear something, but Mary Eddy herself said there was no such thing. So where does that leave *me?"*

"It leaves you," I answered, "in the somewhat incongruous position of believing statements she made in print in earth-life but doubting the statements she made vocally in ethereal life."

"I'm not persuaded it *was* Mrs. Eddy who mad the vocal statements." "Very good, who was it?"

"I don't know. It could be someone impersonating her, couldn't it? "To what purpose?"

"To destroy Christian Science."

"Don't be ridiculous, man. How could the elimination of those two chapters in *Science & Health* 'destroy' Christian Science in its profounder and more constructive recommendations of the powers of Mind over Matter?" My visitor couldn't, or wouldn't reply. The face was, his intellect had been sealed up across a number of years against accrediting anything as reality that couldn't be measured, and he didn't propose to unseal it at fifty-six.

Sealed intellects! …. Why is Religion the only field in which the intellect must be sealed and such sealing adulated? Supposing the scientist manifested the same sealed intellect, or the astronomer?

Why go on with it?

LIFE insurance statistics inform us that a person "dies" physically in the United States every eight seconds day and night the clock around. Each bids final adieu to the physical vehicle that has permitted him such characteristic expression since the doctor spanked the breath of life into expression since the doctor spanked the breath of life into his infantile organism and he issued forth into a consciousness of worldly reality afresh. He carries in his soul-self his load of earthly memories—not to mention sense of identity—his spiritual

attainments and even the design-pattern of his physical appearance. If he did not carry his thinking apparatus in his soul-self, even the Pentecostal plan of Salvation advocated theologically would have no meaning, since eternal rewards or punishments would then have no significance to him. Why reward or punish a soul for something that is utterly oblivious to his mental ensemble? If you concede the continuation of the personality in the Pentecostal salvation program, you're forced to acknowledge it in areas of consciousness to which the soul-self does arouse in likelier orientations of Truth. My own conclusions and convictions after twenty-six years of exploring and experimenting in octaves higher than the mortal have it that thinking and reasoning—which entails all the phenomena of remembering—are strictly attributes of the spirit personality, and the bodily brain has little to do with it at all. The bodily brain has been responsible, true enough, for conveying sense-impressions of the material world to that spirit intellect, but the Design-Body is the real repository for them of permanence. If this were not true, the 17-year-old boy, Roger, who materialized in my studio a week ago Friday night could not have carried on a running conversation with his Uncle Lawrence about events in the family in Chicago that occurred back in 1937. "Do you remember the litter red sweater with the turtle-neck you bought me Uncle Lawrence, that I was so proud of? ... these were voluntary interrogations on Roger's part and his uncle as readily acknowledge them. As for the Light-Body or Design-Body being the exact prototype in a higher atomic frequency of the physical self, how about Walter Stinson offering seventy-two replicas of his hand containing his accurate fingerprints, as his toilet articles showed them to have been in mortality? I claim that people who still find objections and challenges to such evidence are putting themselves in the category with my Christian Scientist friend—or the aforementioned Scotsman—whose self-chagrin is apparent in their demand, "How long has this been going on?" But to return to this matte of the personality discovering itself emerged from the chrysalis of the physical vehicle ...

OBVIOUSLY it ascends into a sort of "double consciousness"—of the higher ethereal reality where there are landscapes and architectural structures and forms of society not unlike those it has left in this lower world—and of the coarser or grosser atomic ensemble that we term the mortal exhibit. Having gained to the higher condition, the soul-self discovers it can, by a sort of manipulation of its vibrations, manifest on both levels at one. Or rather, it makes the discovery that the mortal world seems to be the shadow or replica of the ethereal world. It is, certainly, more conscious of the operations of life

on this lower and slower plane than we upon this lower and slower plane are commonly conscious of the existence of those on the higher. Understand me in all this; I'm not attempting to rationalize all conditions of the after-life in this closing chapter. I'm merely conveying to you what obviously happens to the graduating soul as I've learned about it from twenty-six years of aggressive contact. If you want the whole agenda of the sensations of "dying" and the orientation following discarnation, you can get it in a score of other books you'll find I've written on the subject. But here *is* one interesting feature of your metamorphosis … when this Light-Body, Design-Body, Pattern-Body—call it what you will—disengages from the long-time physical self, it seems to go into the ethereal world stark naked. Harriet has described in derail how relatives, guardians or helpers are at hand to take it in charge and convey it to what they call The Rose-Room of Rest. There they permit it to nap for a time and recover its strength and poise. During this interval the relatives, guardians and helpers, "weave" out of higher atomic stuffs by the operations of Thought the fabrics in which the personality will subsequently be clothed in the interests, apparently, of common decency. On only one occasion have I ever beheld a soul-spirit materialize in a nude appearance on this side, and that seemed to be because the tulle-stuffs of which the "clothing" was composed were so tenuous as to seem almost transparent, disclosing the feminine charms beneath. But assuming the Thought-Weaving provides garments for the transitioning spirit, the next occasion is an awakening in truth to the fact that the transition has been made by sometimes conveying the soul-spirit back into the earthly condition and permitting it to be present at the burial service over its lifeless clay.

I recall upon an occasion of the materialization of Harry Martin, my former executive associate in Asheville, that he laughingly criticized the laudatory remarked I spoke over his bier as I preached his funeral sermon. "It was an awfully funny experience," Harry attested, "listening to you pronouncing all that malarkey over my effigy lying in a box surrounded by flowers, whereas the real me was right there in the funeral parlor, practically beside you, conscious o f 'two worlds at once', the world from which I had come and the world which I had suddenly gained." On another occasion in a town near Seattle, Mr. Samuel Labbe of Portland, a former associate of mine in the Northwest, was reported to me as communicating during a public Bertie Lilly Candler séance and saying the same to a group of a hundred listening and watching people. At still a third occasion in Manhattan in 1945, my little 83-year-old mother succeeded in "getting through" and thanking my son-in-law,

Melford pearson, for the help he contributed to her burial services when I had been able to attend. Such data would fill a volume unto itself.

However, while the lowering of the personal "vibrations" down onto the frequencies of the medium's ectoplasm may produce a condition where the soul-self may manifest its identity on this physical plane of earth, by no means does it follow that these are strictly one-way trips. There are occasions beyond listing where living persons on This Side have made incursions but not the higher ethereal strata without physical death resulting …

LOOKING back over all the adventures, explorings, and contacts I have succeeded in negotiating the past two-and-a-half decades, I can appreciate now that such was exactly the thing I described purblingly in the now celebrated narrative, *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. I left my 38-year-old physical self lying on the bed in an upper room of my bungalow on Mount Curve Drive in Altadena, California, on the night of May 29, 1928, and spent something like four hours interviewing former friends and associates whose similar bodies I had seen buried in cemeteries. You remember, if you read that article in *The American* at the time, that I was shameless in describing my "physical" condition in the first half of the experience as being nude. It was not only because no one was present in the first sequence except two men-friends, Albert Boyden and William Derieux, that I felt no embarrassment. My physical condition was simply not an item I my thinking at the moment. This corresponded perfectly with what Harriet recounted to us the other evening about the Rose-Room of Rest. Later, in the second half of the Seven-Minute experience, when a large assortment of mixed company entered the now-famous patio to greet me, I no longer sensed myself as naked. From somewhere I had acquired a sort of Greek chiton to cover me, although I had always supposed it had materialized in the aftermath of my sampling a pool of oddly clear water in the southeastern corner of the beauteous place. Now I'm not so certain that I hadn't "woven" my own chiton garment by powers of though subconsciously, not desiring to confront lady friends in my birthday suit. The point is immaterial.

The fact remains that we *do* vacate our earthly mortal vehicles upon occasion and penetrate the higher areas, just as those in the higher areas do upon occasion descend into our "shadow world" and give tacit evidence of their personality survival. I *got over* 30,000 *letter of attestments from* AMERICAN

MAGAZINE readers, not only congratulating me for writing so candid and revealing an article, but describing similar experiences in their own rights which they had been diffident about confiding to their intimates. I took heart at those. If 30,000 other persons had undergone a similar discarnation at some time or other in their lives, then my own experience after all was not so bizarre nor so peculiar. But more significant than these have been the numbers of persons I likewise have encountered who have attainted some degree of proficiency of ascending from on octave of consciousness into the higher, voluntarily and deliberately. But the attainment of such adeptship belongs in a realm of mystical accomplishment outside the data of this book …

ONE OTHER matter I do wish to touch upon briefly, however, before writing *Finis* to this manuscript … the queries that long-since have come to me about confronting so-called Dwellers on the Threshold in making the passing from the physical to the ethereal.

Judging from what I've been able to compile upon the subject, yes, there's s sort of Astral Purgatory next above the strict physical conditions of earth, where those of low, brutal, purblind soul-expression find themselves blundering in a sort of semi-gloom, unable to discover where they are or how to escape. It seems to be from such Low Astral that Helena Blavatsky compiled her data in which she made such reference to Dwellers on the Threshold—in Theosophy. In this condition the low-grade and nondeveloped spirit finds itself confronting Thought Forms and astral husks that may not be too pleasant to contemplate. But it's more or less a self-elected condition. It is by no means obligatory for the high-quality and altruistic spirit of the enlightened Christian who accredits that he has no more to be fearful of in the After-life than he had in contemplating the facts and factors of physical birth.

Howard Candler, Bertie Lilly's brother, who made the passing when he was twenty-three, gave us a lengthy lecture on this condition of nondeveloped souls at a recent Noblesville séance, from which I quote— I said to Howard, "May I ask a question? … Isn't it true that on this plane we have conditions of conflict between temperaments, but do profit by experience if we have progress to make… whereas, when you have no conflicting conditions, you won't profit?"

"Correct," Howard answered in strong and emphatic accents, "you won't profit, because you must have the mistakes and conflicts to profit. They are lessons in your life." I said, "That's just what I mean. You, on the higher levels then, would seem not to be getting such character-increments in a state

of society where all is tranquil and without dissension. Of the two, would not the earth-state be preferable?"

"But you must remember, my brother of earth, we have the lower planes here, where there is much conflict, where men who have passed have not been prepared for that passing, where souls have been ushered out in war and disasters, and the criminals, and the murderers. They have their place of abode, and many of them come back to the earth and are hovering around it, to seek avenues to get through to destroy because they are not educated. These are what we call Uneducated Souls."

"What I mean is, aren't we developing our own characters by combating those conditions?"

"Positively you are, because if a child never fell down it would never try to get up and move on. If you sat constantly in a chair and never exercised the will to go forward, but just sat there, you would become an invalid. Because you must have that push-power of the mind and the spirit, for the body and the soul to go forward. Every experience is a teacher for you, and it's for every man upon the earth plane to realize and understand and know it's a *blessed* experience he's going through. And too, another thing is not to run away from anything. Because it will follow you wherever you go, and you'll run into something more unpleasant than what you were trying to combat. You cannot hide from a single thing. You must work it out because it's your path. Stars come and stars go, the sun shines and the rain falls; it falls on the just and the unjust. Yet God never changes. He is just in all things. But the mortal mind in sin and confusion has made the mortal world that in which you live at the present time." "Don't we know it!"

"Our world is beautiful. Try to realize our great seminaries, our great colleges; … we have the Great Teachers, the archangels, … we have our fountains and our lakes. We have all the things, my friends of earth, that you have—"

"Howard," I interrupted, "do those interpenetrate the atomic structures of this world or are they higher in Etheria?"

"They're very high in Etheria," he replied. "The atomic powers do not interfere with us. Now some will say that whey frighten us. We do not become frightened because the Spirit in which we move is not fearful or frightened?"

“Then you don’t have any disruptions from the atom bomb explosions?” “Positively not. But those who are living in what you would call Purgatory, what the Catholic would call the Dark Zones, from which whey have not evolved; they become frightened because *they* can hear the explosions. And when the souls from here go out on what you call missionary work, and illuminate their Soul Light to find and help those people, you will see the undeveloped falling with their faces to the earth, or they run down into the Dark Waters to bathe themselves and hide from us because they are afraid of the missionaries, like many of the people on your earth-plane that missionaries would go out to teach and to help. Even in your great schools of philosophy, many people criticize and are afraid of them and want to shun them, isn’t it true? So it is over here. They are afraid and they run to escape the light and illumination of the angels and all the spirits that go to save them as prey from a tiger. Because they do not want to be helped. They have revenge in their hearts because they were so undeveloped when they made the transition called Death. They were so engrossed in sin and evil while in flesh that when they make the transition called Death it is enveloped in their soul consciousness. They have carried this with them in their Thought out here and it had an effective reaction upon them, and they are afraid. I’m happy to greet you, friends. It’s a glorious privilege to have been here. And may God bless each one of you. I shall voice to you again from time to time with my blessing. I will withdraw and leave way for others. Howard Candler.”

THE ORTHODOX Christian cried, of course, “But if what you say be true, then what becomes of our current theology—in fact, our whole Christian religion? The church teaches us that there is only One Man who has ever enjoyed actual resurrection and that has been Jesus the Christ. All the rest of the people who have died since Calvary are ‘asleep in Jesus’ and ‘know not anything until Judgment Day’. How reconcile the two?”

Truth and Error can never be reconciled. And there is not a shred of logic in expecting that they should be.

However, it isn’t that the church has the facts of survival wrong; the church has simply been the espouser of a hypothesis that has been gravely warped, misrepresented and, in cases, wickedly or stupidly prostituted. Christ himself was the greatest psychic who ever trod this earth. He was great as a clairvoyant, great as a clairaudient, great as a psychometric, great as a divine medium. But clerics who knew naught of these marvels behind mortality, or branded them as evil because they feared disclosures from them, edited or

censored out the facts of the early Christian "mysteries" that pertained to all of these phenomena, to suit their own inhibited or fearsome notions.

Today as "sacred" teaching, we get the doctrines that they—and they aloe—have pronounced "infallible", simply because numbers of such clerics have gathered in council from time to time and legislated according to their bigotries instead of the basic life-facts they have gone to no trouble to explore.

ANYHOW, I have written this initial book to tell you exactly how it has been with me in arriving at a constant daily psychology that Death is a misnomer, that mortal life is merely experience in a classroom of earth where out bodies are the garments that clothe us while we enact the role of students.

I am appalled neither by death itself as a fact of Cosmos nor as a possibility for myself at any hour of the day. I was, in a manner of speaking, allotted something like 26,280 days in this earthly tenure to bring myself to maturity, do a certain work, and achieve a certain result. Something like 22,542 of those days I have expended to the moment. How shall I account for the 3,738 days that I have reason to believe are left?

Getting back among my friends in the higher octaves will be like the award that

a trip around the globe might be, with all expenses paid, and somebody along to arrange tickers and luggage.

However, the divine Father has been infinite in His compassion for most of us who may not have arrived at my convictions concerning survival, in that He has instituted a most beautiful process for easing each transition. We do not all make the Passing at once!

As the years roll by, and we grow older and maturer, the relatives, intimates and dear ones who have been with us in many beloved adventures in the body, drop one by one along the wayside. We attend funerals over their tired husks and weep many tears that we shall not know such adventures with them more. But one by one they are simply moving along ahead of us into the Radiant Summerland, until finally there are more of them on That Side then on This. Going to them is but a FINI transport of reunion. We would rather he with the lovely horde of them in realms of beauty than to

continue to plod, stumble and endure in this world of sorrows, disappointments and ordeals. So comes the moment when our own life-equations are balanced, and the Hour Tranquil when we lay us down to the peace that passes understanding … Need these be anything morbid about it? Should we consider it phenomenal or carnal, either?

Well, anyhow, we do know that when we descended to this mortal realm as babes, there were loving hearts ready to welcome us, and loving hands ready to receive us and minister to us. If we have found that to be so in the earthly venture, shall it not be doubly so in the venture that is to come? Will not equally loving voices cry forth their greetings as we are caught sight of in the throng mobbing in through heaven's gate, and arms be thrown about us that mean the end of separation?

I, for one, believe that it shall happen.

Incidentally forgive my mentioning that if, when I come to such moment of entry, there be not a flag-patch pf wagging dog-tails, and barks of excited welcome as all the dog souls I have ever loved leap upon me in hysterical greeting, I shall count my life as poorly live d indeed and heaven not the place that I fondly anticipate. But that is whim-digression …

To me there are no dead, even before the day of such reunion is reached. I have seen the Broad Highroad, and the Grand Progression on it. I have already talked and walked with those who have witnessed the Bright Scene from a thousand dazzling vantage-points. And this is my encyclical—We are truly all gods, advancing together from embryo, and he who would shrink from the realities of Cosmos, performs but a shrinking from the divinity that is himself! Suppose we leave it there …

The Present Moment Always Endures!

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