

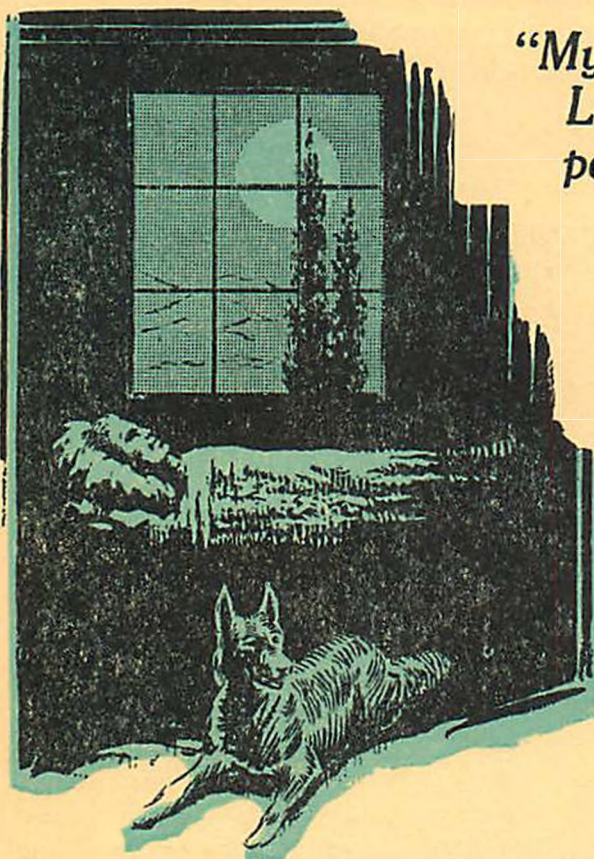
# Bright HORIZONS

FEBRUARY, 1954



*Nothing but Soulcraft*





**"My only companion was  
Laska, a mammoth  
police dog . . ."**

wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY  
in beginning the article that was  
to make magazine and metaphysi-  
cal history in America under the  
title of—

### **"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"**

Perhaps you recall the furore this  
article caused when printed in the  
March *American Magazine* back in  
1929. Its author had gone to sleep  
of a May night in a California bun-  
galow to find his soul-consciousness  
quitting his body and gaining to a  
plane where he encountered scores  
of "dead" acquaintances face to face!  
Returning to his body, he stayed in  
touch with sages on the Higher Oc-  
taves by a dramatically aroused Ex-  
tra-Sensory Perception.

**The entire great literature of the  
Soulcraft philosophy, a million  
or more words, came from this  
transcendent spiritual experience**

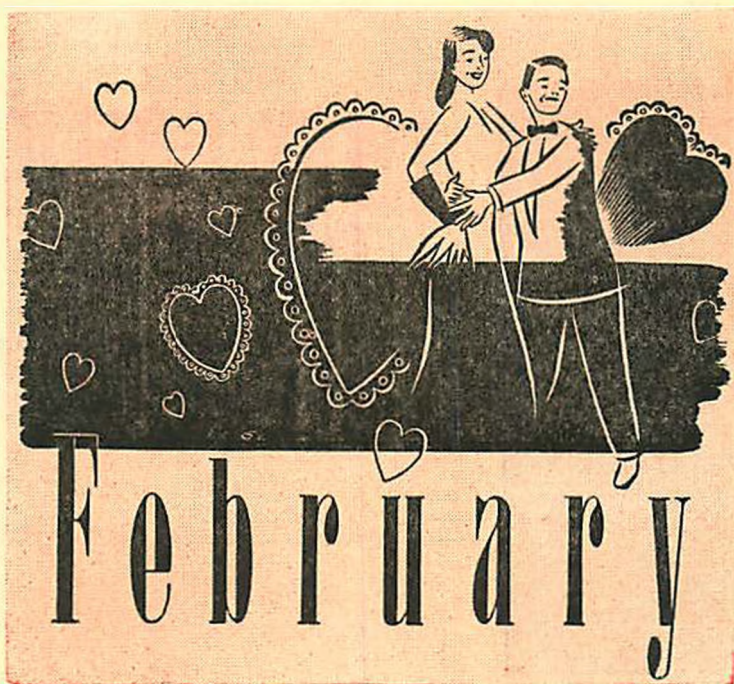
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pendous revelations.

**Here is a story that has  
confirmed the faith of a  
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people in Survival \$1**

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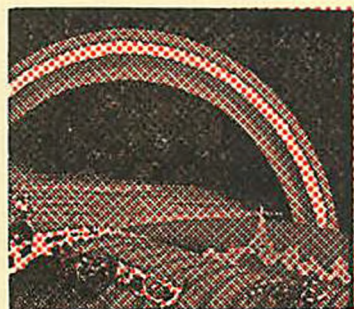
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# BRIGHT HORIZONS

A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration  
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal

*BRIGHT HORIZONS* calls public attention to new mystical concepts based on *Psychical Discoveries of Higher Life Phenomena* beginning to gleam with increasing splendor in the prospects of man's spiritual vision as the Aquarian Age comes in. It acclaim's the recovery of the original Christian Message, with the Ecclesiastic Influence expurgated and discarded . . .



VOLUME TWO

FEBRUARY, 1954

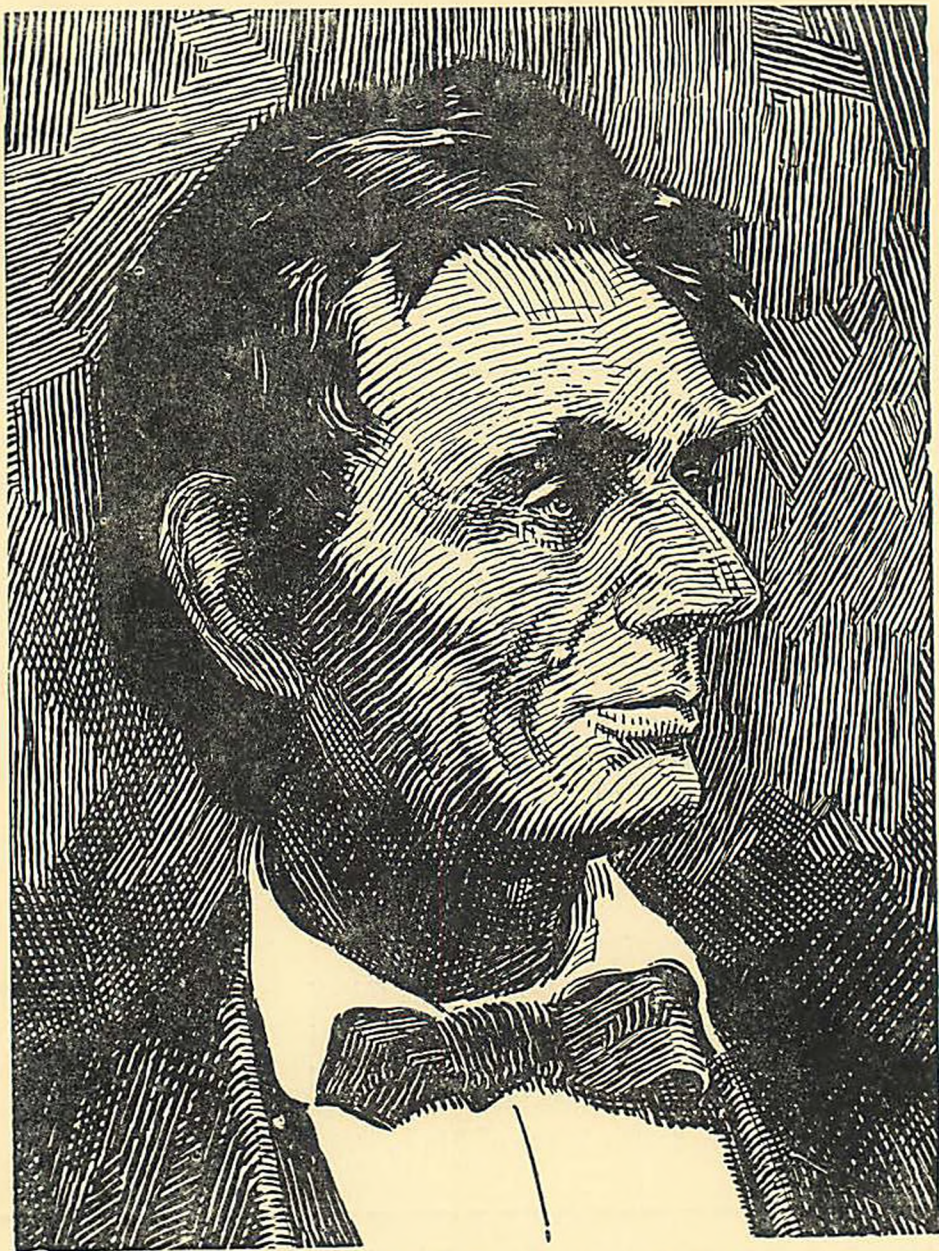
NUMBER ONE

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*"Kindness large and plain as a prairie wind . . ."*



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A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration  
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal

VOLUME TWO

FEBRUARY, 1954

NUMBER ONE

## WHAT Would You Achieve by Becoming Psychic?



**A**RE YOU one of those persons who aspires to be psychic? Assuming the answer to be affirmative, what do you understand *psychic* to mean? The question is not asked in curiosity. Put it to five different people and hear five different explanations.

The average person considers it to mean Clairvoyance—in the sense of being able to foretell events in future. His neighbor re-



gards it as Clairaudience, or the ability to hear voices of invisible people. A third takes it to mean Telepathy or the ability to read thoughts projected by others, whether they be visible or invisible. A fourth holds that being psychic means being sensitive to proximities of discarnate intelligences. Finally, the fifth will tell you he regards psychism as supersensitivity to any activities of consciousness above the strictly physical or organic.





This fifth person will be closest to the definition accepted by erudite esoteric scholars, excepting that such receptivity may not be confined exclusively to consciousness.

A psychic person is one whose sense attributes transcend the physical and perform in response to any motivations that affect the soul-mind. Webster describes it as "pertinence to soul or mind outside the realm of known physical processes."

Such being understood, is it an advantage or disadvantage to be thus equipped, endowed, or talented?

**T**HIS latter inquiry may cause some surprise. The nonpsychic person takes it for granted that "being psychic" should be a most inviting thing indeed. He bases such assumption upon acceptance that whatever might come to him of a supersensitive nature couldn't possibly be otherwise than beneficial. What could be to

more advantage than looking forward in Time and enjoying foreknowledge of events presently to happen, or hearing words and sentences addressed to him that his neighbor may not hear, or being able to read thoughts in minds of contemporaries, or knowing instantaneously when soul-spirits are about that might not otherwise be suspected? That he might be able to look forward in Time and behold events of a disconcertingly terrible import, or have words and sentences addressed to him when he is not in any mood to receive them, or get thoughts from minds that upset or disillusion him about the integrity of others, or be kept in a continual state of turmoil from the incessant vibrations of Invisibles . . . he does not stop to realize.

However, the advantages or disadvantages of being psychic are not the purport of this monograph. What is herein offered is an insight into the nature of psychicism itself . . .

**T**HE PERSON who has assumed that being psychic is being clairvoyant or clairaudient or telepathic or even psychometric, has not been *wholly* wrong, because any individual possessing any one of these talents is most decidedly supernormal. The point is, that psychicism is not limited to any one of them. Truth to tell, even the person given to uncanny hunches in respect to things imminent is psychic, else he would never feel them. But there is a difference between being blindly psychic and intelligently psychic.

The intelligent psychic is aware at all times of precisely what is happening in respect to his senses and orients himself to profitable reacting. Then there are always those unfortunates who upset delicate psychical centers in themselves by accident and are called upon to suffer effects which they have by no means invited. How to close those centers again against outrageous distractions, is frequently not so easy as opening them. And each belongs in a category by itself.



Now exactly what does a person do to "become psychic" in the first place?

WELL, nine-tenths of the everyday people who consciously uncover their super-senses, do so customarily by experimentings with such gadgets as the ouija-board, or becoming obsessed over contraptions like the Psychic Pendulum.

Throwing themselves into an inviting frame of mind—which only means advertising their hospitalities to discarnate phenomena of all sorts—they suddenly confront what appears as irrefutable evidence of the presences or activities of entities certainly not discernible by normal sight and sound.

Awed out of plumb—meaning mental balance—by such demonstrations, too many go "overboard" in utter disregard of rationality and discrimination, persuading themselves they must be highly favored by fate or Deity, and accepting whatever is relayed to them as gospel truth, merely because it comes to them thus mystically.

If they be instinctively religious, they too frequently resort to orthodox designations in their communicators. If they question some character as to his identity and the character responds that his name in mortality was Samuel, at once the conclusion is embraced that none other than the ancient prophet Samuel must be addressing them. If the name supplied be Paul, it couldn't be Paul Whoozis who plopped through the ice last Valentine's Day and was drowned—it must be the Apostle Paul and none other. Some even go so far as to hear from Moses Glutz who formerly kept a pawnshop on the local Skidway, translating him in to the original Moses who led the children of Israel toward the Promised Land but missed out on the finish.

One of the most poignant cases ever to come to this writer's attention was that of an elderly lady who "broke through" into psychicism by means of the automatic pencil and kept getting Daniel. Daniel first quoted Scripture to her

¶ *WE are healed of a suffering only by experiencing it to the full . .*

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by the ream, then switched to gibberish which she ascribed to Aramaic, then began threatening her with all kinds of dire torment if she didn't perform the most ludicrous of social antics. Inquiry developed that she'd possessed a brother-in-law who'd been a practical joker in his mortal lifetime and had never liked her very well, anyhow. His first name had been Dan. It caused considerable of a wrench to orient her to the fact that she'd been hexed by the joking brother-in-law—who'd fallen into a buzz-saw in the local mill a year come Michaelmas—and not the Prophet Daniel of the celebrated sojourn in the Old Testament menagerie.

Understood, none of these good souls are having fun poked at them, but it is always well to remember that *what makes sense on this plane, makes sense on all planes*, and the Prophets Moses, Samuel, Paul and Daniel would undoubtedly have weightier business on their celestial souls than flitting in and out of pantries or snapping on cellar light bulbs to the consternation of middle-aged housewives who have answered an ad in a magazine on how to be psychic in ten easy lessons—at \$2 the lesson.

Besides, such celebrated souls would long since have reincarnated as intervening characters of history in scores of instances, not be fooling around the astral to give demonstrations of mystical legerdemain on any occasion that invites.

What then, is true psychicism and can anyone be psychic?



**M**OST honest adepts will attest that psychicism is not a gift, any more than organic sight or hearing is a "gift." It is, generally speaking, discovering senses that all persons are born with—if they possess reasonable intelligence—but never have called into use because the rank and file of humanity doesn't call them into use, therefore they are not popularly accredited.

First of all, it should be borne in mind that true intelligence is received and assimilated by the Mind, which is a thing of Spirit in itself, and not a thing of organic brain. Organic brain is merely the great cranial ganglia that convey sense impressions to Mind, the brain of Spirit. Mind operates as an imperishable unit unto itself, and functions most actively—meaning freely—in interims between lives, lived on the so-called Thought Planes.



Most "sight" on the Thought Planes is perspicacious vision; most speech is "mental speech"—in other words Telepathy. Most sensitivities of feeling are the correct reading of vibratory phenomena connected with capabilities in the periods between three-dimensional ensoulments, "thinking nothing of it" because they are of universal acceptance. But coming down into this subcellar of mortality, where society limits normal performings to the activities of the strictly physical, such spirit capabilities quickly are thrust into the background of the subconscious where they lie dormant. This is the state of affairs when ouija-

board phenomena, or automatic writing, or excessive hospitality to hunches, enkindle a subconscious desire to activate them. So subconscious mind—which is another name for Eternal Mind—calls them out and brushes them off.

But for the true practitioner there is always that period called in the East, "pledge fever", when the soul-spirit must learn the scope of his resumed attributes, in that he must acknowledge that practices on this plane may not necessarily be the practices on former higher planes, and vice versa. He must recover from his own awe, in other words, that Mind can operate independent of brain-organism or superior to it, and establish himself securely in his former environment of supersensitive mentality, spiritually used and operated.

Anyone of common intuitive talent is usually evolved to the point that psychicism is a proper and natural endowment. But it must be regarded with all the discrimination that the telephone or radio calls up. Merely because a voice on the telephone says the speaker is Adam, Noah, William the Conqueror, or Napoleon Bonaparte, is by no means proof just because these celebrities have resorted to the invention of Alexander Graham Bell. Abbott or Costello may make up like Captain Kidd, Mohammed, or the Biblical strong man who slew ten thousand of the enemy with the jawbone of an ass, but merely because one sees their faces on television is no guarantee that they are the originals in the flesh.

*It must be the overwhelming import of what is transmitted that validates the identities claimed, not to mention the irrefutable epiphanies that usually accompany the transmissions of intelligence from the highest spiritual levels.*

All of which is another story . . .

**I**NSTEAD of calling them psychical traits, anyway, why not the better name them the Spiritual Senses operating under limitations at the organic level? And we must realize that what we receive through them must be consistent with the ethics on this plane and not



create a special octave of ethics of their own.

If you wish to develop your Spiritual Senses to gain counsel that is not common to this world, well and good. It can be, and has been, done in a thousand instances. But if you wish to develop your Spiritual Perceptions to gain unfair or unconventional advantage about affairs belonging to this world and none other, you are proceeding with a form of occultism that can react upon you disastrously and open you to vilest mischiefs. Unless you keep your contacts on a high ethical level of Spirit, you will unerringly get calls on the psychic telephone or radio that are too often motivated by astral "cranks" grinding personal axes or using you as dupe.

If you wish to know about the higher spiritual worlds for themselves alone, then psychicism is your medium. But how many can pass such high ethical test?

Most people are subconsciously aware of the stipulations involved and seem content to leave enlightenment to the senses appropriate unto it. One world or one plane at a time, is their motto.

Which is why the human race generally confines itself to the normal physical senses and leaves the more elusive senses to worlds where they are the rule and not the exception . . .

For people who can handle both, however, life takes on a double meaning. They see life clearly, and see it whole.



## COUNSEL OF THE PROPER PSYCHIC KIND

**T**HERE is only one way to receive the gifts that are eternal and therefore priceless: Give unto God the things that are God's and undertake nothing that is inconsistent with your Divine revelations. When you feel the overwhelming power of Tenderness, know then that He is in communication with you and is knowing the joys of brotherhood in the spirit with you. You are drawing close to Him when you have in your heart a capacity for love toward His many creatures. Do not cease to put forth your best effort, and all else shall be added thereunto.

"We speak whereof we know . . .

"We are adventurers in fortune, you on the earth-plane and we on the spiritual. There can only be progress as we cooperate. Do not allow mind to intrude and wreck what progress you have made already. Instead, shut Mind further and further away and lean harder and harder on Spirit. Your creative faculties are

stronger than they have ever been, if and when you do that.

"You want to remember that as the Great Teacher extended His love to you, so you want to extend it to others to bring out the best that is in them. Your problems are really but one problem: Give of yourself and you shall receive.

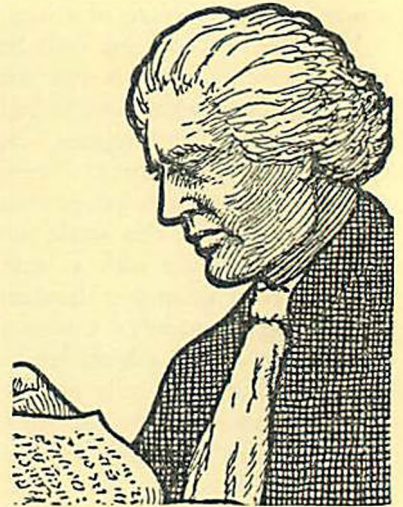
"You are to go forward to your day's work in freedom and poise and love. When you feel any pang of doubt, think of our words.

"The ways of God are not the ways of humanity but we can make them so by obedience to His will. When you believe on Him more completely, you will find many things opening to you that were closed.

"Overcome your Doubt by perfect trust in the Great Teacher and His disciples and servants Over Here. We are in your heart every moment when you are writing of higher things, and we can feed your soul the eternal verities it needs."—*Pertinent excerpt from earliest 1928 Soulcraft ESP Transcripts.*



# SUPPOSE You Had a Space-Man for a Husband? . .



WORD EVIDENTLY has been reaching certain circles at present of a happening in earth no less strange than the first four verses of the 6th Chapter of Genesis. The first four verses of the 6th Chapter of Genesis reads as follows—

“And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the

earth, and daughters were born unto them,

“That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair: and they took them wives of all which they chose.

“And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.

“There were giants in the earth in those days: and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men of old, men of renown.”

In all the strange chronologies of Genesis, with their constant programs of contradictions and paradoxes, this biologic notation of difference between the parties to primordial matrimony suggests no less a thing than might hap-

pen again, or perchance is happening without mass mankind being aware of it, that men from higher strata of spiritual life on other planets are arriving on the earth-globe unsuspected, dressing like normal males of this Twentieth Century, and taking earthly women as wives whether the latter always are aware of the unearthly origin of their husbands.

Could it happen? Is it happening? Would it be plausible that a woman of earth could become so enamoured of a man from Venus, Mars or Saturn that she allowed him to espouse her without suspecting he was not of this world? More important still, granting it were plausible and might be happening, what would such earthly woman be confronting as a wife in such a marriage?

Suppose we look to the biologic basis for it.

IT HAS long been debated by religious anthropologists as to whether or not those opening verses of Sixth Genesis were narrating in more or less allegorical language the story of something that happened on this earth ages ago that was more fact than fiction. That was the coming to this solar satellite of a classification of beings not of the Adamic physical



# ¶ *LIFTING the Intelligence of Progeny by Superior Fathering Is Not So Simple as It Sounds .*

strain, to wit, the "sons of God" . . . evidently a species apart from the Adamic.

Who could these "sons of God" have been? With a nondebtable clarity and precision the women in the narrative are described, to wit, the "daughters of men". It would seem in all logic that the sons of God so indicated must have been creations of a higher spiritual intellect who somehow came into the aura of the Planet Earth—or Saras-Shan as we are now finding this satellite to be called among its planetary neighbors—and effected biologic unions with the feminine quotas of the Adamic strain. The result was said to have been a remarkable progeny, of a stature that of itself called giants, and who became so renowned—ostensibly for their great mental endowments—that they have since been apostrophized in Holy Writ. What became of this strain, the Bible does not make equally clear, unless we are to conclude its specimens perished in the Deluge. If they were so renowned, morally and intellectually, it seems odd they did not possess perspicacity equal to that of Noah and preserve their breed by simliar expedients to the traditional Ark. Still, that is not the point.

Granting it might be possible that there is a ranking of intellect and moral achievement among the many planetary civilizations that goes back long before the beginnings of earthly life as described so framentally in Genesis, what then could have been the status of earth's

woman who mated with these Space Husbands in that long-ago time comparable to the status of their sisters of today, if these be "sons of God" coming among us anew from the Saucers?

Stories will not "down" that male beings of surpassing personality in cases, have alighted from the interplanetary space ships in remote areas, donned modern male dress, and percolated throughout society with the end and aim of "lifting the moral intelligence" of earthly man by becoming fathers to "a higher race of children" . . .

But what would an earthly woman confront as the "consort and comfort" of a being from a higher order of civilization on some distant planet?

**F**IRST, it must be borne in mind that the mating in essence from first to last would be physical and more or less for breeding purposes only—something that commonly reacts upon a highly progressed spiritual woman with a sense of disgust. Granting she were highly progressed spiritually, would she be sufficiently progressed to be otherwise than a concubine-mennial to a male stepping down from a civilization 50,000 to 100,000 years in advance of her own?

There is, of course, an earthly type of biologic femininity that may look no higher for the thrills of mating than the eroticisms involved, and feels utterly satisfied with the organic ecstasy of gender-subservence. To be utilized exclusively for purposes of breeding satisfies her spiritual destiny. In modern psychology she is regarded as promiscuous. It is Man she invites in the earthly polarity, not any one male in particular.

Take note that the higher woman rises intellectually, all other factors being equal, the less







import she attaches to pure physical function. She may, as a mother, give no cause for criticism in the maternal role. But her bodily self is only incidental to her mortal career. Because she "happens" to be feminine in physical distinctions, and because she may have made arrangements on planes of spirit for mothering certain souls toward whom she has obligations owing or owed, she goes through the annoying ordeals of conception, gestation, and delivery. But she would have lived a spiritual

life of equal progressiveness and tranquillity without undergoing this experience of human incubation.

But is it to be expected that the very highest exhibits of such to be found in earth-life would be anywhere near the natal norm of the interplanetary male who contrastingly has the mentality and intellectual superiority of a god? Having little in common with a husband so much further advanced than herself because his whole outlook on life must be different, would such a woman acquiesce in a purely biologic role when it is assumed in logic that such a husband would be satisfied with no less than the highest spiritual progression of which an earthly wife were capable of attaining? In other words, would we not be confronting a paradox where the closer to a polarity—a real mental and spiritual polarity—the participating parties became, the less inclination would exist on the woman's part for cohabitation as a purely biologic process?

**I**F ALL this sort of thing has happened once before in ante-diluvian history, have not the humanly erotic proclivities of the historians been unwittingly disclosed by their statements that the only reason that the "sons of God" looked upon the daughters of men was because they were "fair"? "Fairness" in such qualification can only mean concupiscent appeal of flesh or anatomical enticement. And as spiritual man rises higher and higher in concepts of the eternal verities, the more dispassionate and clinical he becomes at regarding the feminine "assets". Not that a pretty face or figure has no appeal, but it really is an esthetic and not an erotic appeal. Spiritually such a male regards gestative Woman as the authority on obstetrics must come to react to gestating Woman.

True polarities between male and female halves are based on something higher and more enduring.



Any husband and wife, deeply attached to one another, have "gotten that way" not from the superficial assumptions of those believing in Natural Selection but from acknowledgment of their prenatal relationships and earlier camaraderies. It ought to be recognized that an earth-woman's mating with a Space Denizen would be devoid of such background.

They would, in other words, have almost nothing in common but the biologic curiosity to behold what resulted from combination of their attributes as physical parents. And right away we come face to face with the circumstance that it is by no means in alignment with the Higher Knowledge to assume that a child or children is or are a fifty-fifty contribution intellectually or temperamentally by father and mother. The adept esoterist knows that father and mother merely provide the physical vehicle for the use of a third spirit's ensoulment for a definite period of mortal experience. So the husband-wife mating in the interplanetary sense must occur for anatomical reproduction only. If the entering and occupying soul-unit be strictly a mortal by previous evolution—indigenous to this planet, that is, from earlier history—what is gained by being presented with an organic vehicle that is fifty percent interplanetary as to facility or pulchritude when parental polarity does not exist because it cannot? On the other hand, if the entering soul be an entity whose background follows the father's side of the progeniture, why cannot such interplanetary spirits ensoul in bodies consummated by normal processes of conception enacted by parents both mortal as of the present?

**C**ONSIDERED in the light of adept knowledge of the Eternal Verities, physical matrimony as between a Space Man and even the highest type of Earth Woman is by no means necessary to obtain the acclaimed spiritual improvement over today's run of earth-children, because the high degree of spiritual supernality contained in the spirit-essence of a Space Child—if we care to term it that—could enter into

and take possession of the embryo in any expectant mother and commence displaying its traits once it were delivered. Why go to the fanciful trouble of a literal ovum impregnation by a Space Sire when naught is of moment but the physical superiority of the product as a vehicle?



The very suggestion that Space Men would "raise the level of earth-civilization" by siring such prodigious children would seem to be a dead give-away that the authors of the proposal are not so esoterically profound as some of the mystics right here on earth in the current sequence. The statement in Sixth Genesis about the long-ago "sons of God" taking "fair" daughters of men as wives has already revealed the ignorance of the Biblical historians as to what happens hyperdimensionally in human birth, thus making the Genesis claims the apparent conjecturings or conclusions of mere inhibited men.

Be that as it may, however, every high-caste woman looks upon her motherhood as only incidental to her status as the consort of her masculine soul-half. The question seems a fair one to ask, how could she be soul-half to a being from another planet, no matter how physically attractive, and how could happiness of a lasting quality result from a mating in which she must be regarded as a sort of maternal guinea-pig?

Would not differences in spiritual backgrounds stack up as positive assurances of the unhappiest sort of incompatibilities?

And how could any hybrid offspring acquire the slightest increment from that?



# DETAILS that Puzzle People about Getting Mortally Born

*STARTING Life Is Apparently a Far More  
Complicated Process than Getting Out  
of It at the End of the Earthly Span*



ONE WOULD assume that if conventional theology vigorously denied any probability of men and women having lived earthly lives before their present ones, it would be equally sure of its premise as to what occurs to bring the Life Germ into the human body for the first time in any current birth. When the average logical person takes a strong stand upon an opinion, an explanation for a process, or a conviction, he usually has had personal experience with, or observation of, the factors involved and seen them work out in the pattern that he defends.

The Fundamentalist, the orthodox religionist, the supporter of conventional theology, says arbitrarily that intelligent existence before the present life is sacrilegious absurdity.

It is East Indian paganism, he says.

The soul of a man or woman "starts" in

this mortal world when any woman has a baby that is born "alive" . . .

This soul, having been born alive as a normal infant, proceeds to live the agenda of its childhood, its youth, its maturity, and its senility. Finally, tired out with years, there comes a morning when the physical heart ceases to beat. There is a certain display of sorrow on the part of surviving relatives, the mortician prepares and directs the funeral, the worn-out body is buried in the ground, and the person who was once a very vital and influential unit in society is as vanished as though his parents had been childless. The sentient spirit has not perished, of course. By some process or other, the sentient spirit has quitted the body—to find itself in dubious custody as orthodoxy would have it.

Celestial sheriffs obviously have it in charge, and it is no longer free to go and come until it has appeared in the divine courtroom and been judged.

Just how the celestial sheriffs put handcuffs upon a disembodied spirit that has no physical wrists is something that theological experts fail



to inform us. Perhaps they are not necessary. Perhaps the disembodied soul is so terrified at finding itself under arrest and about to be "judged" that it goes along with the celestial bailiff peaceably. One might assume that the souls of persons who have been lawless in earth-life would obey their reflexes and make an attempt to bolt, whether the cosmic officers are celestial or not. If such bolting ever has been resorted to, however, the doctrinal writ has never recorded it.

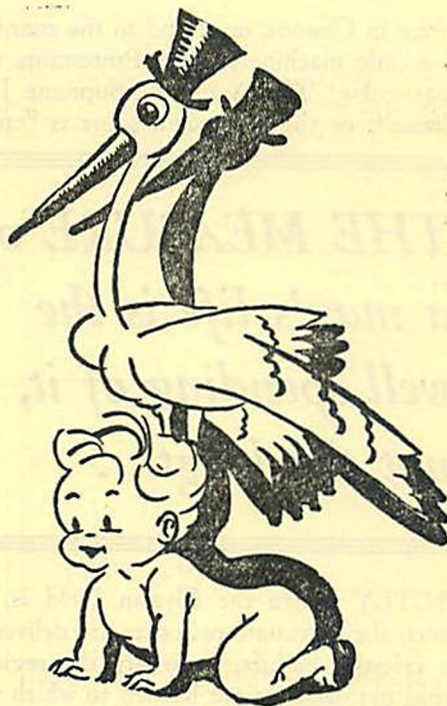
The disembodied soul goes along with the celestial officer straight to the heavenly police court. And there on the Bench sits God, waiting to pass judgment on its eternal status.

It is the Moment Terrible, on which divines most lavishly expatiate.

**I**T SEEMS to be the general acknowledgment that ever since the Garden of Eden the Almighty has done very little else but occupy the celestial Supreme Court Bench and hand out sentences for weal or woe. Week after week, year after year, æon after æon, He is fated to sit up there on that hard Bench—or maybe it is well-cushioned bench, so that Jehovah's anatomy may not become overly fatigued—and hear all the details of each personal life rehearsed before Him. And He has just two sentences to pass out: "Eternity in heaven!" or "Eternity in hell!" There is, of course, no such thing as appeal from His decision. It is final, irrevocable, quite as inexorable as the decisions of the ancient Sanhedrin from which the whole notion was filched.

Having received his sentence, the lucky or hapless soul is dragged out to make way for the Next Case.

About 65,000 persons shuffle off this mortal coil every twenty-four hours in the United States alone, the century around. This would seem to have it that the Almighty hears 65,000 courtroom cases in eight hours every day in



the year, Sabbaths included, that accrue from America—letting alone similar numbers of Cases that arise from the fifty-eight other nations of the earth.

Only a few seconds could be devoted to each case, at this rate.

In a matter of seconds all the good and bad deeds must be marshaled and presented, the evidence weighed, and so awesome a thing as a sentence for a soul that covers all eternity must be passed out.

Moreover, this is the eternal grind of jurisprudence to which the Almighty has committed Himself, world without end, so long as mortal men and women come together down in the earth-state and manufacture this perpetual Niagara of new infants.

Of course the Catholics believe that the Almighty's Beloved Son conveniently spells the August Parent on the Bench and the split-second pleading for each soul, and the defending, are done by a Most Gracious Lady. This probably allows God time off to create new worlds



somewhere in Cosmos, or attend to the running of the cosmic machinery. But Protestants are more particular. They want the Supreme Justice Himself, or the courtroom scene is "out".

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¶ *THE MEASURE of  
a man's life is the  
well spending of it,  
not the length . .*

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**E**XACTLY where the Elysian Field is, to which the fortunate prisoners are delivered by the celestial bailiffs, or where the regions of eternal pyrotechnics are located to which the hapless are consigned, is beyond all orthodox assumption. Astronomers have never located either, anywhere in Space.

One part of the Doctrine has it that the fortunate are merely taken out and equipped with comfortable white garments and a harp, whereupon they turn right around and come back to help God hold court. They take their seats on the benches in an ever-compounding audience and just twang away in praises of the whole legal system.

Just how God decides the cases with the billions of harps twanging, what pieces the fortunate souls play on their harps and who designates them, what fun it would be to twang on a harp in praises after about the thirty-seventh year of it, also are ignored in Fundamentalist explanation.

Another part of the Doctrine says that the unfortunate are tossed off into the Outer Darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. Another part says they are dropped into fiery regions where they sizzle like beefsteaks till the termination of Time. Just how there

could be Outer Darkness and Plutonic Fires of Hell both in the same locality, is another trifling contradiction that is conveniently ignored. It must be that the Fires of Hell do not radiate incandescence as do fires of earth. Fiercely they burn and roast the recalcitrant yet never giving off a single spurt of light.

**T**HEREFORE we have this proposition advanced as the basis for our Conventional Religion: The earth's population is set at two billions, evenly divided as between males and females; these billion males and billion females are all at work the century around manufacturing culprits for the Celestial Judge to pass upon as to their ultimate fate and that fate is rigorously and arbitrarily defined, each prisoner becomes a celestial chorister or a perpetual sizzling beefsteak.

It's all that cut-and-dried!

The human soul starts in its earthly cradle and it ends in heaven or hell!

Of course this same Doctrine ignores all this in another part and says that after all nothing of the sort happens: All the deceased are "Asleep in Jesus" and will not awake to enact the Courtroom Scene till one great Day of Doom. Whereupon the Almighty is going to do His judging in one compounded sequence.

That, considering the numbers of humans who have expired since the Year One, piles up a bit of work that will be harder for the Almighty to get through with than as if He had done His judging at the rate of seventy thousand times forty-eight per day. But this bothers the prevailing theologian not at all. He merely dismisses the matter by declaring that "all things are possible with God" and lets it go at that.

That contributing to, not to mention hearing harp music over uncountable thousands of years, might offer a worse hell to the principals than going down to the Furnace Room and beginning the agony on an honest and courageous basis at once, is another little point that gets no rationalization.



There is the Celestial System set up, and you can take it or leave it. But if you leave it, God help you in that Courtroom Sequence! And after the deacons have passed the collection plate, the audience will please stand and sing "Pull for the Shore!"

To all of which the sanely-thinking mortal asks: "Can you prove that any of it happens?"

The dominie has the intestinal vigor to respond: "I don't have to prove it, but God help you if you don't believe it!"

"But it doesn't make sense from any angle!" protests the sanely-thinking mortal.

"It doesn't make sense," is the argument returned, "in that you're a Sinner!"

"Maybe," says the S. T. M., "yet all the same, it's preposterous. You've contradicted yourself in your own Doctrine in a dozen places. You've ignored all the laws of Nature and Nature's processes. Most preposterous of all, you're truly maintaining that any besotted man or woman in existence has the celestial capability to create a Human Soul. In fact, you're advancing the argument that a billion pairs of parents, good, bad, or indifferent, are in a position to manufacture courtroom work for God till the crack o' doom, and there's no getting out of the tedium of it for God—thereby making a billion pairs of parents God's perpetual employers!"

"Employers!" the dominie will echo, aghast.

"Whoever furnishes labor for another, is his employer, is he not?"

"I suppose you think you have a better explanation for it all?" the theological expert may superciliously suggest.

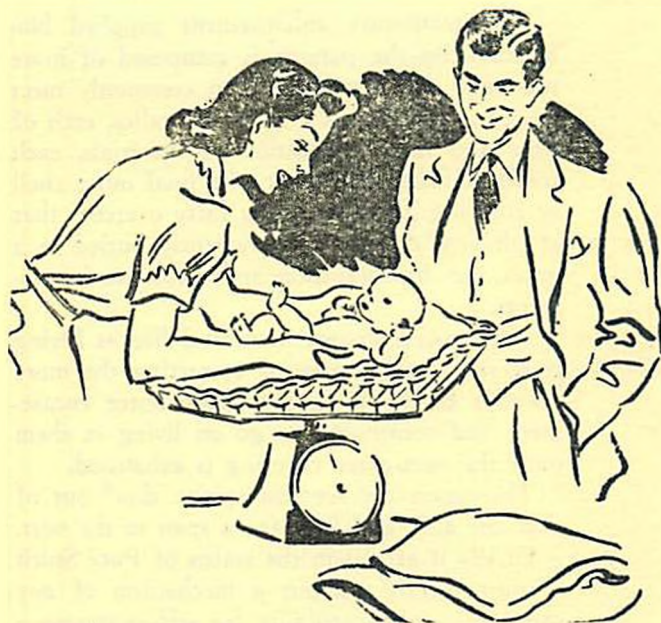
"I have, at least, an hypothesis I can *prove*!"

"What do you mean, prove?"

"I can prove that parents do not create the spiritual souls occupying their children's bodies, by demonstrating that all sentient men and women occupying those bodies have had prior mortal existences".

"How can you demonstrate it?"

"By the testimony of the people concerned, themselves, when they are reduced to a mental



condition where their present sense-equipments no longer register distracting stimuli in any way upon them!"

**N**OW THE Hypothesis of Serried Existences, and progression through octave upon octave of more transcendent consciousness, makes no parents—besotted or otherwise—God's employers; it entails no courtroom application on the part of the Resplendent Originator of the Universe; it does not circumscribe the arenas of activity in which the soul shall spend eternity. It says simply and rationally that faint units of Thought-Energy evolved out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit, and life by life, æon by æon, encountered pleasure-pain experiences in various patterns of sentient bodies, until finally self-awareness is developed that goes on and on into fecundities of celestial performance so stupendous that souls in the current mortal status have no equipment for grasping their potentialities.

Each pair of parents starts biological processes to work that offer temporary enhousement for such unit of Thought-Energy. That temporary enhousement is called the Mortal Span.



The temporary enhousement supplied biologically by the parents is composed of more materials and attributes than commonly meet the eye. It really is a series of bodies, each of finer and finer integration of materials, each confined inside the other, the final outer shell or covering being the gross fatty overcoat that at physical demise is conveniently buried in a grave for decomposition and return to its elements.

The process known in mortal life as Dying is merely the business of extracting the more tenuous bodies from the gross outer encasement and continuing to go on living in them until the next-outer covering is exhausted.

Thereupon the sentient spirit "dies" out of that one also, and lives for a span in the next.

Finally it arrives in the status of Pure Spirit—spirit utterly without a mechanism of any sort but its own capability for self-awareness—when it is ready to go the physical-body round all over again.



How do we know that this is so?

Because those more tenuous bodies can be seen under favorable conditions— even photographed!

They frequently make themselves known to mortals not yet arrived at physical demise of their outer coverings.

They discover methods for so exercising force in those more tenuous bodies that they open material doors, perform the phenomena of sounds upon material substances, cause people in their mortal encasements to

feel "discarnate" touchings of the more tenuous fingertips.

They carry on tacit conversations in those more tenuous bodies with those who have yet to arrive at them.

We can get so-called discarnate souls to recount the utmost privacies of their lives when they had outer-shell bodies—facts not known to others still living—and upon checking, the survivors or investigators will discover the reports to be absolutely correct.

In one instance such a Discarnate has been successful in imprinting his "spirit" fingertips in materialized form in hot wax and the subsequent mold has checked perfectly with his physical fingertips in life.

In short, they demonstrate by every material test that could be imposed upon a soul with its gross outer mechanism still alive, occupied, and functioning, that they are still in existence and performing in the Greater Universe. Whereupon the ignoramus shrieks: "Spiritualism! Phantasmagoria! Demonism!" and asks for his Fundamentalist Expert to pray for the "salvation" of all those who note it.

**I**T HAS been observed in many psychical-research instances that the body of a pregnant woman is many times surrounded by necromantic pin-points of light—aspects of sheerly disembodied consciousness in units, each perfectly aware of himself, and "waiting to get in" to the physical and infantile mechanism that is on its way toward ultimate delivery.

In one interesting case, a Boston woman was made aware of the tacit identity of one of these which announced its forthcoming occupancy of the maturing child within her womb, the soul that anticipated being born through her even going so far as to give her a set of symbols to preserve until it had become a resultant child of understanding intelligence in such matters, the symbols to become as aids in recalling its prenatal self and identity.

The author has on record the remarkable case of a celebrated woman obstetrician of De-



troit who vouches for the fact that she never lost her prenatal memory during the business of acquiring her present mechanism. In her early years she utterly confounded her mother, her older relatives, and even the doctor assisting her mother's delivery, by reporting to the minutest degree all the incidents that happened preceding and following her mother's confinement and travail. As a small child she still manifested the mental maturity of her prior existence, and was even able to produce with a pencil the lacy design on the nightgown worn by her mother in her delivery-bed—a garment that had long-since been discarded while the subject was still physically an infant.

That the fables of Fundamentalism—derived exclusively from Hebraic folklore—must ultimately give way to these modern and scientifically-attested evidences of the succeeding octaves of Consciousness, is inevitable.

There seems to be a definite Cycle of Incarnation which all mortal people follow in dying and being born again into higher and more expansive octaves of self-realism. Benevolent Nature—call it God if you will—seems to have provided this symposium of integrating bodies that the shock of the transition from the carnate into the completely discarnate may not be too severe on the psyche.

This explains why children who have died in infancy appear to "grow up" in the Greater Universe. They really mature one of the more

tenuous material-pattern bodies that emerge from the gross physical husk at what orthodox people term Death. But in time it seems to be true that they will "die" out of each of these also. They will slough off the finer and finer bodies till they can recognize and define themselves as Pure Spirit without any coverings whatsoever.

Whereupon the process begins all over again in a mortal visitation that is enhanced in its social aspects, and that gives them broader and finer lessons in ethical existence.

There is nothing complicated or monstrous about it.

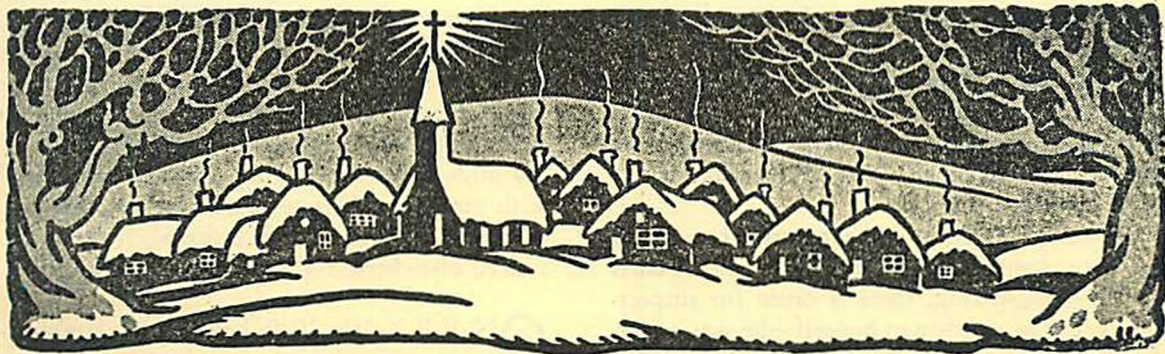
Hell has no place in it.

God is released to go about His exquisite universe and forever supervise it, not confine Himself to a perpetual courtroom to hand out Plutonic sentences for poor humans who may never have "had a chance" . . .

The Bible refers constantly to the "mortal coil"—and the description is an apt one. The mortal encasement, an intra-contained nest of bodies "coils" truly about the incarnating spirit-soul and holds it magnetically till each outer one has served its mundane purpose.

What could be simpler or more beneficent? But the dominie will disagree with you. If his exhortations couldn't go toward "saving" people, from hell or for heaven, what in the world would become of his theology?

That he must defend, to be what he is.





# LINCOLN'S Interest Was Keen in Spiritualistic Phenomena

*REPORTS Persist of His Materializing or Communicating Since His Passing, Maintaining His Interest in the Republic He Loved*



**F**EBRUARY stands out in the spiritual life of the nation as the birth-month of both Washington and Lincoln, America's two outstanding Presidents. Washington was, so the tradition comes down to us, conventional—meaning orthodox—in his religious thinking. He maintained his pew in

the Alexandria church throughout his lifetime as a Virginian squire. But nobody really knew Abe Lincoln's creed. That he believed in the brotherhood of man and had "kindness large and plain as a prairie wind", was proverbially said of him. But his church affiliations were conspicuous for their lack of identity in the public mind.

If we are to believe the reports that would seem to come down from the Higher Planes of life—originating, there is cause for suspecting, with the gentleman himself—he was secretly a Spiritualist. But Spiritualism in the 1860s

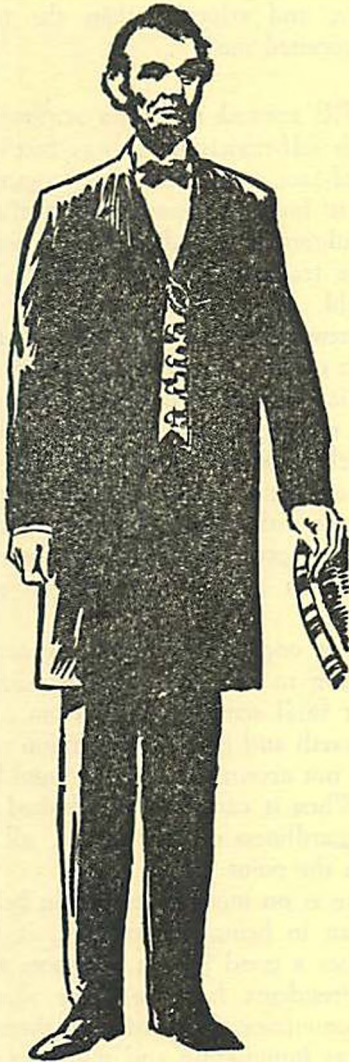
did not enjoy quite the respectability it has since attained, and about the known spiritualistic seances held at various times in the White House during his official residence, there was—and still is—a quiet "hushing up" . . .

This periodical does not care to engage in controversy concerning such reports, but that Abraham Lincoln continued his interest in mental communication after his assassination quite as much as he has continued his interest in the welfare of the Republic which he loved so dearly, would seem to be certified by the editor's more personal knowledge.

It was of common report in Detroit, during the later years of Henry Ford's life, that the Great Emancipator materialized regularly at a series of seances arranged specifically for the wealthy auto magnate and counselled him in many problems arising from administration of his huge motorcar empire. VALOR has talked with persons who were present at such seances. There is no record of Lincoln's having appeared elsewhere, following Mr. Ford's demise.

**O**N JULY 5th, 1929, however, VALOR's editor was making plans to begin the writing





work on his two-volume book *Nations-in-Law* in his apartment in Manhattan, anyone present could not fail to have been impressed by the fact that an Invisible of powerful personal vibration had entered the room. As the clair-audient work began on what proved to be a 728-page volume, a kindly but "twangy" mid-western voice began a seeming dictation that kept up for two hours and covered fifteen pages when transcribed in typewriting. The

surprising identity was disclosed by these statements, made shortly after the opening salutation—

"I speak from experience on the job of being the nation's President and I am going to give you a long discourse on it tonight, that you may know the problems a President faces and how I met them. It is important for you to know certain secrets of government that you cannot get out of books."

After two pages of general colloquy about Executive problems—and remembering this was July, 1929, practically three months before the celebrated Wall Street crash and almost ten years before the opening of World War II and the rise of international Bolshevism—the august but twangy voice went onward—

"There are those in America, candidates for the office, who have the chance to be greater than I ever was, for a time of trouble comes on this nation greater than the Civil War through which the Republic was guided so woefully. . . Men like yourself have a propensity for thinking that you are phenomenal, getting involuntary thought-speech and instruction in your work. That is childish and silly. Of course you hear Thought-Speech, and profit by it. You have more than instruction given you. You have intelligence that is vital to the world. . . You were created with psychical endowments for the purpose of interpreting correctly your reactions to life and us . . .

"Life is interpretive for us. We are interpreters ever—that is our rank in the universe. We see and hear on both sides of the Veil. You have faculties tending to make you abnormal and marvel at them. Why do you not equally marvel that you have hands and feet, and move about and get things done? Your psychical faculties are similar in purpose. You are like a baby, having discovered its toes . . .

"When I was in flesh, I own to one fault. I made it appear that I was possessed of a certain humility of conscience that was really gro-



tesque. I had a facility for telling funny stories on myself in such a way that I aroused men's sympathies in my behalf. That was all right, but I carried it too far.

"I had no business telling men that I was one with them. I was not and knew it. I had learned it early in my boyhood in lower Indiana. I know unerringly the day was to come when I was to lead the nation through a time of trouble. I led it evilly, so to speak. I made sport of a sort of mine own inheritance in that

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¶ *HIS heart was as  
great as the world,  
but there was no  
room in it to hold  
the memory of a  
wrong . .*

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I misbehaved in my emotions and reactions while President. I said things constantly that I had no business to say, knowing better in my heart. I knew I would free the slaves and spoke about it early to those around me. I should have stopped when I reached the point of free and natural expression of self-sympathies, but I went beyond to my hurt, cluttering up my offices with a sort of sublimated self-pity which I did not deserve.

"I had no business telling people that I was so poor in spirit and making them believe it. I was rich in spirit, rich in knowledge, rich in experience of men, the world, humanity, and eternal values. I made sport of myself to my hurt, in a dignified way perhaps, but no less I was a far different type of man socially, fi-

nancially, and ethically than the world has since appraised me . . "

THERE seemed to be no sentimentality in such self-criticism. It was forthright and matter-of-fact. Before the communication ended, it became apparent that the speaker was indulging in it to draw certain comparisons with the transcriber's own career in the spiritual field.

"I knew the Elder Brother had slated me for high office," he continued, "and waited to receive it. When it came, I acted surprised, even to myself. I had no business doing that. It was childish and inconsistent with my own dignity of spirit. I tried to make up for my deficiencies with a false humility that was fortunately accepted as contriteness for my handicaps. Listen and I will tell you something else—

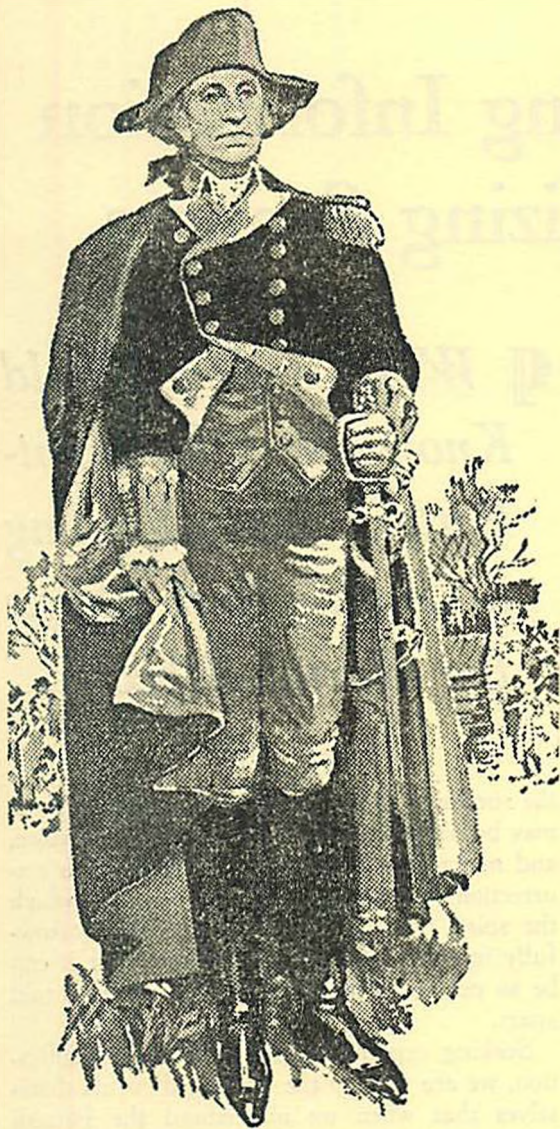
"I never once believed that my mortal days were going to end from any assassin's bullet. I had a fatal score to settle from a previous life on earth and had a premonition of it. But I would not accept that my life would end that way. When it came, I was rebuked for mine own niggardliness of concept . . all of which is beside the point . .

"There is no more difference in being President than in being a bootblack, if the bootblack does a good job on the shoes set before him. Presidents have to shine shoes, never fret. Sometimes the Lord uses them in ways equally as humiliating and mortifying. Presidents are but officers of a trust company with millions of stockholders, nothing more. I have told you little yet that you do not suspect or know. But I have things to tell you that you do not suspect or think.

"The office of President is not a public trust, however, so much as a divine trust, directly under the Elder Brother's tutelage. He is the real President—never forget that. He is the King of kings.. I am talking your language of earth for a purpose.

"While I was President I had several Visita-





tions in the White House that appear nowhere on the pages of history. I talked and discussed policies with Beings not of this world many nights in the Executive Mansion. I delayed the signing of the Proclamation at their specific instruction for a purpose, that it might offset certain principles in karma that had to be balanced. Men abused me and wondered at my procrastination. Now they call it political psychology. It was Higher Counsel, de-

liberately delaying a great issue for a retributive purpose or end . . . ”

So on and on, for fifteen full pages. The materialist might scoff at any such character reappearing out of history and transmitting counsel on current happenings and issues that were of occasion in the present. Yet the consternation was devastating, back in the 1930s, when the Recorder published reports of happenings and tradings going on in the Executive Mansion that were not supposed to be known except by those participating.

They were so stupendously accurate that the reprisals against the Recorder became “musts” . . . with results that became the nation’s greatest legal scandal. Fourteen years later, vindications are assiduously frustrated.

**L**INCOLN, indeed? What can be decided? Scores of pages in *Nation-in-Law* were inscribed at the same dictation.

That he is still keeping a vigilant eye upon the fortunes of the Union that he loved so well, seems well-nigh incredible to the materialistic-minded. But someone dictated much of *Nations-in-Law* who knew his world statesmanship from personal experience. And he dealt with problems of the moment. Someday, when all the original Liberation-Soulcraft manuscripts are opened—if they ever are—many incredible disclosures about historical personalities may be brought down into the creditable.

There are some great men who are three-quarters propaganda advertising. There are others who are great because they think in terms of humane ideas . . . and mortal demise does not extinguish their viewpoint.

This is the month in which we venerate the memories of Washington and Lincoln for their matchless services to American humanity in times of maximum stress. There is no authentic psychical record of the Father of His Country having been heard from. Perchance he’s long-since reincarnated.

Identifying him is the \$64 Question.

Give you three guesses.



# MORE Interesting Information about Materializing Seances



THE PERSON who has arrived at adulthood without ever having witnessed a spiritualistic materialization has missed an experience that may alter his entire thinking about life and physical organisms. It is a demonstration that reveals the extent of man's ignorance of his soul and its possibilities.

Ninety-nine percent of ordinary persons will subscribe without demur to the poetic lamentation about "that bourne from which no traveler returneth." Or they cry flippantly in conversation, "We'd better have as good a time as we can while alive, because we'll be a long time dead." That people can, and do, "return from the dead", is now so positively established that within another generation it is likely all society may have altered its thinking upon the subject. Indeed, to the adept psychical researcher, his monthly or weekly experiences gradually crystallize the fixation in his mind that any such thing as Death—at least as the orthodox regard it—is naught but benighted hypothesis. *There is no such thing as Death!* Not to the consciousness that expresses the personality. There is only vacating and discarding of the physical envelope.

In other words, it becomes a thrice-proven fact to the conscientious investigator that even

## WHAT You Should Know about the Light- Pattern Body Finding a Coating that Effects the Mortal Aspects . .

the successor to the erstwhile physical envelope may be resurrected, insofar as form, face, voice, and mannerism are concerned. It is not a resurrection of the specific defunct organism which the spirit used in life and which was sorrowfully interred in the local cemetery, but it can be so perfect a replica that they can't be told apart.

Seeking explanation for such exact duplication, we are told by the "vanished" souls themselves that when we understand the Pattern Body, or Light Body, dwelling throughout our mortal days inside the organism of our physical selves, we shall come to understand irrefutably how the phenomenon of Materialization can be achieved . .

THE FIRST thing the average man doesn't realize about his own physicality is the major item that if it were not for the miracle of Color he would not be discernible to others



on any plane of life. Living people are perceptible—as all material objects are perceptible—because the substances of their bodies reflect or refract light. Color, the scientist will inform anyone, is due to prismatic light striking a given substance and some of the rays of the prism being absorbed and the remainder refracted. Those that are absorbed are eliminated and not perceptible. The color produced is due to the remaining colors of the spectrum being refracted, beginning with the first color that could not absorb. We say that the object is “colored” or tinted according to that first non-absorbable hue.

If the human body in the mortal state absorbed *all* the colors of the spectrum immediately light struck it, its color would be jet-black. If it absorbed none of the spectrum hues whatsoever it would be . . . white? . . . no, *invisible!* You would appear to see through it as you look through a pane of glass. Glass absorbs no colors of the spectrum, they all pass through it without divisions of any sort. So we call ordinary glass *transparent*.

Almost by the same token that ordinary glass is transparent, so too is a Pattern Body of your personality that has been largely shaped by the biologic factors of your mortal experience, plus control and direction by the Thought Impellations of your personality. If you are a gross and ugly person in your spirit, the chances are that your physical aspect denotes it. But the physical aspect doesn't produce it—although the unlearned suppose so. What the normal person, not excessively “good” or “bad”, truly does, is shape and supervise his biologic legacy by the nature of his spiritual thinkings. But that's a digression . . .

**T**HIS PATTERN Body, of a strange invisibility here in the three-dimensional world because it is formed more or less of Light itself and not of color-refracting sub-



stance as we know substance, is the agent that maintains the molecules and atoms of your fleshly self in a fairly consistent design from year to year, making you to appear more or less the same personality at forty that you were at twenty—barring certain ravages that we designate as Age. Actually, the physical molecules and atoms of your physical self are completely renewed every seven years throughout your mortal life; you have scarcely a fleshly atom in our personal self at this moment that was the physically apparent *you* of eight to ten years ago. The only exceptions are certain corpuscles of your brain as an organ. Those “last” longer.

But every normal cell of your body otherwise, wears out, expires, and is discarded from your physical ensemble every seven years. Therefore it is necessary to have some master-structure for the “new” cells, molecules and atoms to adhere to, maintaining physical personality from decade to decade. This master-structure, for want of a better term, is called the Light Body, or pattern-body. It is in this Light



Body or Pattern Body that the real thinking you abides. In its design-brain your real thinking is done.

The process of Dying so universally recognized by society is naught but this Light or Pattern Self relaxing or relinquishing its suzerainty over the cell and molecular structure of your biologic vehicle. The electric instant it does so, the cells and molecules begin to decay. What truly they start to do is disintegrate, or drop apart, having no master-design to hold them together.

Now then, your Thinking Self vacates or departs the physical cell-structure in this Light or Pattern Body, more or less the exact duplicate of what you have appeared to your friends in life. It is the sum and substance of your personality in all but substantial physical molecules. It is instantly invisible to mortal sight because it refracts no prismatic colors, not being composed of atomic substances of similar rates of vibration to known substances in this earth world. But it is not always invisible to the eye of the camera—that is the scientific proof-positive of the validity of its existence.

A camera equipped with a quartz lens will consistently "pick up" or register such Light or Pattern Body apart from cellular substances because it does not require color in any form for photographic impressions. But it *will* register light-refractions of themselves. These it is that often give the photographs of "spirits" . . .

The term "spirits" is only a crude and vulgar label for what is a known parapsychical process. The term "spirit" in the singular is most technical in the glossary of true mysticism, in that it designates the "soul in some aspect of action where it is apparent to other personalities." But "spirits"—as the benighted think of them—are naught but entirely normal people who have



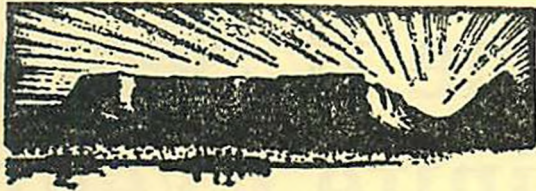
discarded the colored substances that were formerly their physical cells and molecules composing "flesh".

Such photographs are now so common that they no longer incite comment. The archives of the psychical research societies contain them by thousands. There is nothing of the necromantic or fraudulent about them, when correctly and naturally taken. Tens of thousands of them have been secured showing people in the act of physically dying—that is, their Light Pattern Bodies withdrawing from their fleshly-colored organic substances. But the thinking and performing soul-spirit continues right along with its accustomed mannerisms and behaviors whether the Pattern Body is "coated" with the cells and molecules of ordinary biologic mortality or not. It continues to "live" in the vehicle of this Light-Pattern of its earlier physical self for years, centuries, sometimes whole dispensations, only discarding these in turn for the purpose of reincarnating or ensouling in a repeat physical career. If sobeit opportunity offers for it to recoat this Pattern Body afresh with something other than cells and molecules, so that it is able to absorb and refract colors anew, it becomes "materialized" as we say.

*Exactly this thing is what happens at a crudely-named "Spiritualistic Seance".*

**E**CTOPLASM may be described as a fluid "substance" with the sole property of synthetically rendering the Light-Pattern Body opaque and tangible to the mortal senses. It takes the place, in a manner of speaking, of biologic substances known as flesh and blood. The Pattern Body—that held the flesh and blood substances in one continuous mold for so long in mortal life—is minutely representative of every feature exhibited by the physical form in mortality, externally and internally. Gynecologists who have availed themselves of peculiar opportunities in certain seance rooms to make internal examinations of materialized adult women, have found them so preserved as to organs that they well might be capable of





child-bearing if spermatozon fertility were permitted. But why not? A normal woman-soul who has merely vacated the physical husk of cells and molecules, wouldn't "draw out" only selected portions of herself—she would vacate as a whole person.

This ectoplasm, supplied by the necessary corollary of the Medium—who must ever be in attendance for such materializations—is a strange vaporous emanation of the medium's physical self that departs her own body under trance and can, and is, rendered available for the use of discarnate parties. A crude picture-image for conveying it would be: Suppose there were two women, one clothed and the other nude. The nude one desired fabric-covering in order to appear decently before others in a room. The clothed woman went into sleep-trance, during which she slipped off an under-frock and permitted the naked one to use it temporarily. Only in the case of the "discarnate" one's using it, it is more after the quality of negotiable paint than fabric. The discarnate one "paints" her Pattern Body with it and becomes visible and tangible. When she is through with it, she permits it to run off herself, or we say that she "dissolves" . . .

She does nothing of the sort. She relinquishes the synthetic and borrowed cells and molecules and thereby returns to her previous invisible pattern body condition.

It is not quite so simple as that in actual process, of course, for coating with borrowed ectoplasm also endows the discarnate one with voice and physical strength.

But here, take note, an odd factor enters in . . . Ectoplasm is something that comes from an attribute of the medium's with which she has been physically born. All women do not possess even the potentials for it.

THE WRITER has observed several mediums exuding this ectoplasmic synthetic covering for use of the Light-Pattern bodies of "discarnates" while the former were going into trance, and upon one occasion touched it. The sensation produced to the fingertips was that of very cold thick steam. It pours from the normal medium's physical self through the six orifices of her physical self, sometimes in a half-horri-fying manner—which is the reason for the medium's cabinet in most cases. The medium is not exactly an esthetic object while her ectoplasm is exuding. Forming in a sort of plastic pool or coagulation about her chair—where she is relaxed in complete unconsciousness—it is ready to be used by the Invisibles present when enough has accumulated. From all that can be discerned in moderate ruby light, the soul-spirit desiring to appear in the fleshly aspect again, steps into the pool thus accumulated and begins drawing the synthetic cells and molecules up into the higher velocity sinews of the Pattern Body by the power of magnetic thought, as mercury might be drawn up the glass tube of a thermometer if a magnet were held at the top. Proof that such is the process is indicated by the head usually materializing and "dissolving" last.

When the synthetic covering is rendered complete, the "spirit" usually starts conversing audibly.

But it isn't the soul itself that has been duplicated; it is merely that the soul has found a means to substantialize itself as it appeared in its physical status. It is in the brain-mind of the Light-Pattern Body that the cells of memory reside and function, this fact being proven by the well-attested phenomenon of these people who "come back from the dead" recalling minutely a thousand-and-one items of their earthly lives and even their former associations with the mortal one they may be addressing . . .

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*(This is the third of several papers on Materialization—the Fourth will be published in the March number of Bright Horizons)*



# WHAT Is Time if Seers Predict Definite Event

*ARE We All Operating on a Cosmic Timetable, with Events Good or Bad Stated to Happen No Matter What Our Fancied Decisions?*



**N**OTHING intrigues mankind more, in this fraught period in the world's affairs, than gaining dependable knowledge of what may be ahead for man to experience. To know what the future holds, for either the mass or the individual, is the mass curiosity. Man rarely stops to recognize the absolute uselessness of foreknowledge of event. He takes it for granted that if he, as a lone unit of society, could know to a certainty what was due to happen tomorrow, next week, next month, or next year, he would either shun with malice aforethought the less fortunate experiences of life, or he would enrich himself materially by trading perspicaciously on his ignorant brother's blindness.

To this end have prophets, seers, and even soothsayers, been held in high or low esteem since the dawn of civilization. Priests, kings, and merchant princes, have ever had a weakness for harkening to psychic persons claiming

to be able to foretell the future. Equally strange to relate, historical research turns up such psychically endowed performers of whose authentic abilities there has been miraculous demonstration.

The question to be considered is, not whether such psychical capabilities are bona fide, or even how they operate, but what revelations they may hold in explanation of the reality of a definite program prescribed for life in mortality, and whether man's spirit has free will to determine what his life agenda, incarnation by incarnation, shall comprise.

Are we spiritual entities exercising Free Will unto ourselves in each instance, in this octave of Mortality, or is each one of us—unsuspected by our sentient consciousness, or what we like to assume is our sentient consciousness—fated to follow out to the finest iota the prescriptions of a program, determined before our birth?

**A**SK NINE out of ten persons what their views may be upon this subject, and, admitting that they are endowed with reasonable ability to logicize, they will probably make answer: "In larger social aspects there undoubtedly is a Plan that mass humanity is following,



# Like Nostradamus Can 234 Years in Future? . .

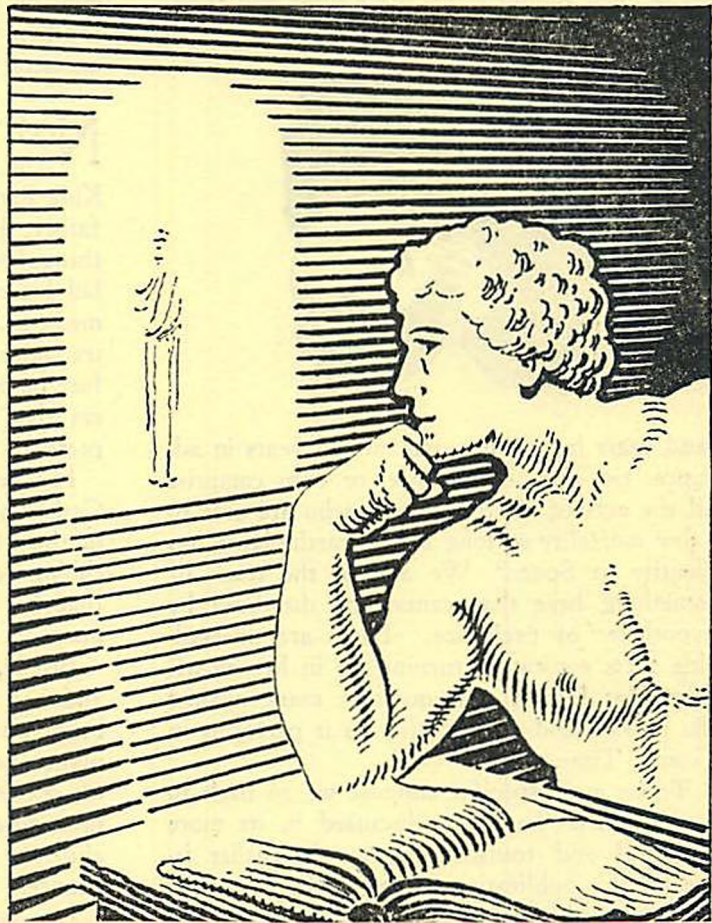
## AN ANGLE on the Mystery of Prophecy Challenging Choice and Free Will to their Fundamentals . .

and in that sense we might say that a sort of Predestination is a fact. But within the prescriptions of that Plan, insofar as it is proper for the individual to operate without seriously disturbing the Plan's decreed features, volatile spirits have liberties or choice. Attempt to deny this hypothesis and man is but a robot, spiritually unaccountable for the least of his behaviors."

Admittedly such argument has basis in sense.

Nevertheless, the deep thinker and philosopher examines some facts of his history that cannot be refuted, and pioneer his thought into more awesome channels.

How account for instances where provenly clairvoyant personages have not only predicted—with micrometric precision—events which were to happen centuries in the future, but have spoken the names of individuals who would be born and live in certain historical se-



quences whole generations ahead of the prophets' times, naming acts which they would do of consequential tenor down to the hour and the moment of doing them? Are such transactions on the parts of these yet-to-be-born individuals merely observed by spectators in some more



grandiose time-dimension, or is all human life merely the performance of a drama that is written in advance, and in which individual arrivals in life, generation by generation, are only robot players?

If the latter be true, and the drama be written for a hundred years in advance, why should it not be written a thousand years in advance? And if it be written a thousand years in advance, why should it not be written ten thou-



sand years in advance, ten million years in advance, ten æons in advance, or even comprise all the acts of all the persons who are ever to know mortality so long as the earth-planet has identity in Space? We are on the track of something here that cannot be dismissed by hypotheses of prejudice. There are unassailable facts constantly turning up in human affairs that hurl a vast question mark against the background of mortality as it performs in Cosmic Time.

To be more specific, suppose we go back to a theme that has been discussed in its more temporal and transient aspects in earlier issues of this publication—some of the more miraculous predictions of the Seer Nostradamus, who wrote a book of prophecies from an attic in Lyons, France, in or about the year 1555.

Suppose we consider, among others, one incident in those prophecies: the literal turning back of the fleeing French king from the border, which he and his family were attempting to cross to escape the Reign of Terror in Paris.

Describing the last days of this king before the French Revolution, Nostradamus went so far in clairvoyant demonstration as to set down the names of persons who would not be born for a period of 234 years! He wrote in one of his famous quatrains—

“The husband (Louis) will be decorated with the mitre (or revolutionary tricolor cockade). An attack will be made upon the Tuileries by five hundred. A titled traitor will be Narbon, and another, Sauce, watcher of his ancestral oil kegs.”

**N**OSTRADAMUS was the grandson of the surgeon and physician at the court of King Rene of Provence. His celebrated grandfather, Pierre, seems to have been his tutor throughout his boyhood and imparted to the lad his own zeal for explorations into science, medicine, alchemy, and the occult. But Nostradamus was well advanced into manhood before he began to exhibit the extraordinary powers that have kept his memory alive to the present.

His people for generations had been devout Catholics, and Michael Nostradamus followed in their faith. Not by an act or line of psychology or utterance, is it anywhere indicated that he was otherwise by blood or temperament.

Briefly, Nostradamus married in due course and had two children. But the Black Death broke out across Europe and in the run of the plague he lost his family. Stricken almost out of reason, he traveled strange lands for the next dozen years, then finally settled as a recluse in Salon, a little hamlet near Lyons, France.

He escaped subsequent persecution as a sorcerer by allowing the notion to prevail that he had become deranged. Nevertheless, it is of historical record that in his attic laboratory he maintained most of the equipment of the alchemist of legend: astrolabes, magic mirrors, alembics, pentacles, divining rods, and prisms. It is reported that night after night he sat for



hours in his mystic retreat, gazing into a metal chalice filled with clear water, as though focusing his Inner Eye upon something in its depths too profound for human vision. Gradually he compiled a record of what he beheld—only, as we shall read presently on a later page, the man himself declares that he did not arrive at his prophecies by precisely such procedure.

The collected data from these self-imposed trances became his book: "The Centuries and True Prophecies of Master Michael de Nostradamus."

As we can see for ourselves in copies still preserved for us, they were written in French, in rhyming quatrains or four-line verses. Some of the significances he had to disguise, to save him from political persecution. Many of them have proved too cryptic for modern interpretation. The great portion of them are easily decipherable. Their number runs to hundreds.

Here then, whether we want to accredit it or not, we are confronted by a book, done by one Mace Bonhomme, printer, of Lyons, France, and bearing the bona fide date of publication—1555—in which are recorded hundreds of prophecies of great and small events to take place in coming history, written by a scholar with psychic skill so great that he even predicted the opening and closing dates of the First World War, the rise of the German Nazis, the outbreak and duration of Franco's revolt in Spain—even naming the hamlet where it would start—and incorrectly reckoning the outbreak of the Second World War by a matter of less than five months.

Nostradamus indicated that the Second World War would commence early in 1940, but inasmuch as he was calculating the event

384 years in advance of its happening, a leeway of four months in a reckoning of nearly four centuries, may be conceded to him.

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¶ *Everybody sets out to do something, and everybody does something, but nobody does what he sets out to do . . .*

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WHAT matters is this: Ninety-eight percent of his predictions as to world occurrences over the past four centuries, have come true on the nail!

Of proper names that Nostradamus anticipated would be given to persons not to be born for scores and even hundreds of years, the list is stupefying. He named the Lord of Monluc, Captain Charry, Lord de la Mole—Admiral of the galleys to Henry II—Entragues, beheaded by Louis XIII, Clarepegne, the headsmen. Sinan the Pasha who destroyed Hungary, Clement who murdered Henry II, the Attorney David and Captain Ampus, Rousseau, the Mayor of Puy, and some two dozen other personages, none of whom had been born at the time Nostradamus prophesied. In describing the Reign of Terror he said that a mob of 500 would attack the Tuileries, and at the time he wrote, the Tuileries had not been thought of, and the land on which the palace later was constructed—long after the seer's death—was a cow pasture.



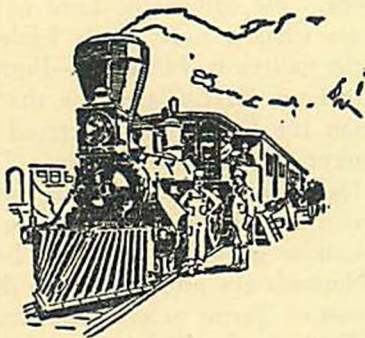


What then, are we confronted with, in such a display of clairvoyant powers?

Take the aforesaid incident of Sauce, "keeper of the ancestral oil vats." Sauce was a vintner who, from having been in the fleeing king's employ, recognized him at the border and reported him to the revolutionaries, who returned him to Paris, imprisoned him, and subsequently beheaded him.

How did an alchemist and mystic, writing in a Lyons garret in the year 1555, attain to the knowledge that on a certain night 234 years in future, an obscure vintner would turn a fugitive monarch back from the border, and that the traitorous vintner's name would be Sauce? Remember, something like three generations of souls were due to incarnate and pass from the mortal scene, before that particular vintner would enter life and play his role.

The question is a fair one to propound: *Are all earthly things which are ever due to happen in worldly Time, in such aspects of reality that they can be viewed literally in advance?* Or is it that mortal life on the earth is comparable to a play written for the theater, in which the characters are all listed and named in advance—together with the "business" that they contribute to the complete performance—and incarnating spirits merely nominate themselves to play roles they subsequently enact?



**O**R SUPPOSE we employ another metaphor—

Can it, perhaps, be true that all the mortal life performing now, or that ever will perform,

is not unlike a railroad train that, having once been coupled together and started in motion by its locomotive, is thereafter compelled to travel exactly where the rails have been laid for it to travel on, and that it cannot go elsewhere and be known as a train?

Might not the rails—in the item of spiritual life performing through the mechanism of the physical body—have been laid, figuratively, when the planet itself was brought into being, and whatever has happened since, been the mechanical movements of the train?

If every phase of spiritual movement that performs on earth, is the following of a chart, then every form of so-called Good or Evil is an ordainment, or bit of "business" toward, the consummation of the play.

Good and Evil in this sense might be compared to either sunny or inclement weather over the terrain which the cosmic train travels.

The train as a train, however, is due to arrive at the precise destination which the rails will dictate. If the rails terminate suddenly, then a wreck is due, but it could scarcely be called the fault of the engineer, and still less of the passengers being transported in the coaches. The persons who laid, or did not lay, the rails, would be beholden for the catastrophe.

If this metaphor be in any wise sensible, then we might understand how a seer like Nostradamus would know 234 years in advance, what would take place at a small French border town over two centuries in the future—and what the incidents were due to be when the train reached that point. He would merely consult his cosmic map and his cosmic timetable—or better still, to revert to the theater metaphor, look forward in the script of the play and read in advance what the cosmic playwright had penned there for lines and business when the drama had been enacted up to that express sequence.

**U**NDERSTAND, we are merely doing a bit of exploring here in the philosophical aspects of the Time situation; we are by no



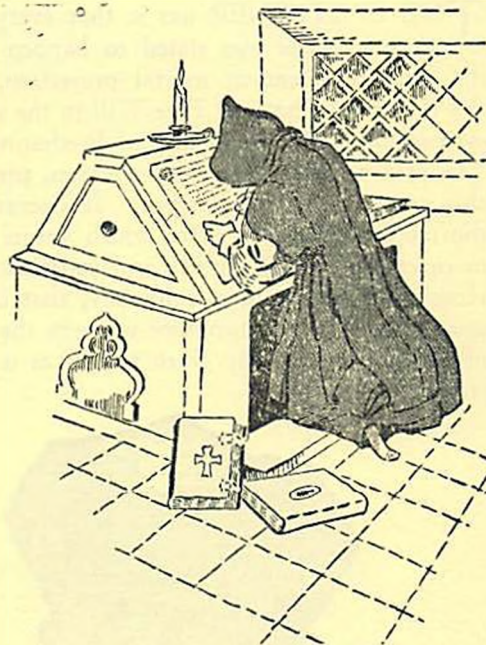
means postulating crystallized convictions. Nostradamus's feats of clairvoyance prove beyond much shadow of imposture that back in the year 1555, someone, in some dimension, had accurate foreknowledge that in the year 1789 an innkeeper by the name of Sauce would be in physical flesh, and upon a particular night in that year would be on the appropriate spot at the French border, where he would perform the act of betrayal of his sovereign. It matters not whether Nostradamus was the person who determined this coming set of circumstances, or whether some higher entity or entities were possessors of this information and conveyed it to the seer. The prediction was made as to what would happen, and it *did* happen—to the place, the hour, and the name of the man who performed the predicted act.

Immediately we ask: Why should 234 years be the time element over which such occurrences were known in advance? If it could be known—and apparently was known—over 234 years, why not 5,000 years, or even five million years? And by the same line of awesome reasoning, why should it not now be known as well, that at half-past two o'clock in Juneau, Alaska, ten thousand and forty-six years from this moment, a boy named Jimmy will be hanging upon a gate, eating a slice of bread smeared with jam?

If the process of knowing what is to happen, is a process, then by what rule or circumscription do we limit either the time, place, or significance of the happening? Things either are scheduled to happen, or they happen by chance—there is no third basis for the phenomenon of activity.

If some plead that Free Spirit has choice to do this or that, betray a monarch or swing on a gate and eat bread and jam, still we have to acknowledge that even the results of Free Spirit in capricious activity, are known in advance. And in the case of Sauce and Nostradamus, they seem to have been known 234 years in advance, or three generations before the innkeeper entered flesh.

The case of Nostradamus is one episode out



of all modern history, enabling us—as it were—to catch Clairvoyance definitely by the tail, haul it into securer grasp, turn it over, examine it, and speculate after a dependable examination what its nature may be and what machinery produces it.

But greater than the phenomenon of Future Sight is this problem affecting the conscious daily activity of each and every one of us, as to whether we are hourly and momentarily beholden to the so-called moral law for our elective acts in flesh.

If the train rails of a man's life specify that he shall be born as a parson's son and die on the end of a rope as a horse-thief, then why berate him for running the course? If the rails of a woman's life dictate that she walk the streets at sixteen and arrive at respectable matrimony at forty with four healthy offspring lawfully come by, how much "credit" is due her for her so-called regeneration? These questions are not being asked as a doctrine; they are logical interrogatories in the light of proven prophecy.



THE EASTERNER has it that everything that happens was slated to happen from the commencement of mortal projection, that this is not the octave of Free Will in the slightest particular, but the octave of Predestination. The octave where Free Will operates, precedes this octave of Predestination. It operates in the matter of choice as to which spirits elect to enter the coaches of life and experience the vicissitudes of the mortal journey, that if one spirit does not, then another will—in the item of the life-role of any given person as it later is played.



This, carried to extreme detail, is equal to saying that when the earth-ball first coagulated, it was prescribed that a person of your appearance and your present name would be holding this magazine in his hand at this instant and reading the words imprinted on this page.

In other words, the progressing world drama would have happened anyhow, to the finest iota, just as it is unfolding at this instant. But whether your identical spirit, or some other spirit, would be occupying your body and called by your name, attaining to the reading of this page at this moment, would have de-

pended on whether or not you elected to incarnate and play the role called *you*.

The westerner stands appalled at any such hypothesis, repudiates the notion that he may not be full master of his momentary destiny, and if he be a believer in reincarnation, demands what becomes of the item of karma if the easterner be correct.

Neither can prove, however, that the other is incorrect, though the easterner does explain to the westerner that even the results of election can be conceived as scheduled.

In other words, whatever you choose to do, under the illusion of Free Will, is the thing you are slated to do on the time charts of Cosmos.

IN WHICHEVER light we choose to view it, we are forced to concede that the further we probe into the mysteries of Clairvoyance the more appalling is the proof that every life—in its great essentials—is charted, and that the designs of the chart are known to someone, somewhere, who may read them at will. Great Philosophers in higher octaves suggest to us that, if we could only find evidence for accrediting it consciously, we carry about with us, each one, from year to year and hour to hour, the keenest sub-knowledge of all the events which our mortal roles are slated to encompass, straight up to the instants of our deaths. They say that scores of our so-called “hunches” are naught but this sub-knowledge coming up, on occasion, to the surface of focused recognition. Premonitions of great disasters are other aspects of the same life charts galvanizing, and indicating to us that we have prenatally slated ourselves to partake of certain major catastrophes, to produce mystical spiritual unfoldments.

Still, none of it explains for the logical person how a French mystic, brooding in an attic, could know that a man was to be born 234 years in future whose name was to be known among men as Sauce, and that he was to be



the agent by which the current monarch of France lost his head.

Nostradamus even went further and gave accurate descriptions of the characters and temperaments of the kings who would rule France—and in every case his words turned out correct. How could a character or a temperament be cast as a role for a spirit to enter or to fit?

To accredit Nostradamus means that the textbooks on mental behaviors must all be rewritten, that religions and theologies must generally be overhauled, and that in the final analysis it can make not a kopeck's worth of difference whether a man be born as a prince or a pauper, or a woman pursue her worldly role as queen or barmaid.

There are parts to be played in the theatrical performance that is Cosmos, and undoubtedly the effects on unfolding spirit are identical on

the rich and the poor, the scholar and the dolt.

Experiencing, getting the repercussions from sensation, developing the judgment as a development and not as a matter of degree, knowing the reactions from limitation that limitlessness may be the better appreciated—these are the increments from the mortal imprisonment.

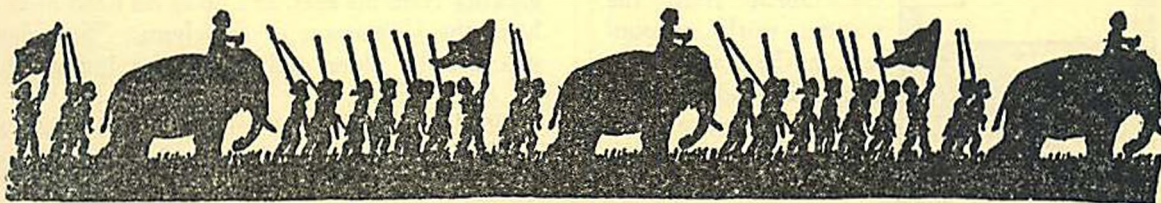
If we cannot avoid them, why should we fight them?

After all, it's how *well* you perform an act, that counts on the Ledgers of Spirit. To originate our roles in every particular might be equal to taking responsibility for the entire universe upon our shoulders.

Spirit does not ask for such valor as that. In other words—

"God doesn't count our works; He weighs them!"

Further than this thought cannot take us.



## VISTAS AND MIRAGES

**TITLES** distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior . .

**IN EVERY** Deed of mischief one must have a heart to resolve, a head to connive, and a hand to execute.

**THE GREAT** man learns what he wants to learn; the mediocre man learns what somebody else wishes him to know . .

**THE PICTURE** of a woman one knows is rarely so agreeable as a picture of a woman one has never met . .

**BLESSED** are they who have nothing to say and who cannot be persuaded to say it . .

**INSANITY** in individuals is something rare—but in groups, parties, nations and races it is the rule . .

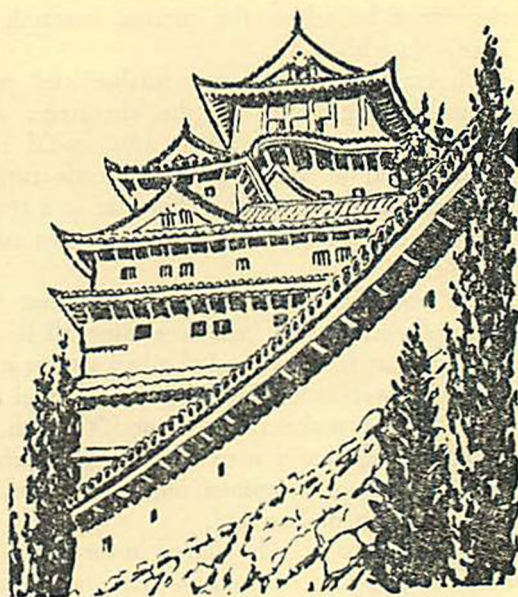
**A WOMAN** would be more charming if one could only fall into her arms without falling into her hands . .

**OLD MEN** are fond of giving good advice to console themselves for no longer being in a position to give bad examples . .





# IS the Yellow Man's Spiritual Apathy Truly Decadence? . .



**I**T IS a seemingly strange spiritual situation which the tourist from the western world encounters in the East. Religious philosophies seem exactly contraposed. The westerner maintains that in a temperamental resignation to "the Will of Allah," the Oriental has fallen into decadence of spirit. It matters not whether the westerner encounters this resignation in the Buddhistic calm of the Chinese, the nonresistance of the Hindu, or the fatalism of the Mohammedan. He indignantly spurns the notion that human beings are not masters of their own destinies, or that whatever happens in earthly affairs has been slated to happen from the beginning of time.

The westerner is bombastic, imperious, masculine. The easterner is docile, acquiescent, effeminate.

The westerner belabors his chest like an unschooled gorilla and roars: "Circumstance? I am Circumstance!" The easterner smiles tolerantly, with tranquillity of Ageless Wisdom

glowing from his eyes, and bows his head meekly to the juggernaut of cataclysm. "Someday you will be older and wiser," he implies by his quiet.

"Rot!" snaps the westerner. "You are like a senile man sitting in the sun. Your soul has gone to seed."

The westerner comes back from the East with hauteur in his eyes and contempt in his heart for what he pleases to term the Philosophy of Resignation. "It means retrogression, static," he reports to his neighbors. "Saying everything is the 'Will of God' and making no move to better one's condition, is spiritual degeneration. Thank God our culture teaches us to squirm, sprawl, exert, build! We are disciples of positivism and thereby we rule the earth."

And proceeding on this hypothesis, the westerner invents a new gadget to turn a hundred men jobless on the streets, proposes an economic alteration that shoves a continent into bankruptcy, or evolves a better gas to murder women and children in their beds.

"Something is wrong with our religion!" wails Don Quixote of theology, dressed like a



## ¶ *SOME New Angles on Why the Religions of Orient and Occi- dent Are Different . .*

major-domo in his gold-embossed pulpit. "Unless people turn back to God, our civilization faces ruin!"

The easterner continues to sit in the sun. He has no linotype, no NRA, no heat bomb to toss from the side of his military airplane and annihilate a city by spontaneous combustion. But he does have the calm light of mystical understanding in his glance.

And he seems waiting for something. What does he wait for?

It is bromidic to say that the Occidental is bombastic with conceits of youth, that the Oriental has lived all the cultures and civilizations that have ever been and come into a knowledge of worldly futilities.

The Occidental is not necessarily youthful, seeing that there are quite as many "old souls" incarnated at any given period in the West as in the East. Neither is the Oriental universally mature, for we know that he has not lived all the cultures or civilizations that have exhibited on earth. Given sufficient provocation to arouse his fanaticism, we know that he will slay with demoniacal fury. No westerner has ever evolved the diabolical bodily torturings that the easterner practices if his fiats be outraged.

Furthermore, we suspect that more "young souls" incarnate in the eastern races than in the western, because it seems to be ever in lands of overcrowded populations that evolving spirit enjoys swiftest unfoldment.

No, something far profounder than exhibits of Youth or Years—cosmically considered—

must be of demonstration in the West and the East.

The westerner remarks, for instance, that India, the Mother of Religions, is a land of no religion. The easterner thinks that he discerns in the Christianity of the West merely a paganism that Progress has sublimated.

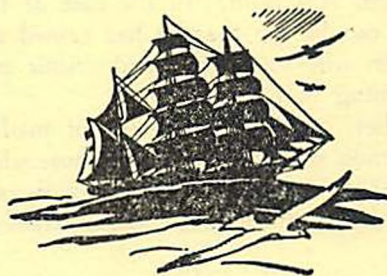
We face two vast evaluations of philosophies, and, devoid of such inherited inhibitions as we can manage, we strive to penetrate to the nature of their increments.

What is it that the East is attempting to tell the West?

What is it that prompts the West to consider the East degenerate?

**I**S IT not a fairly accurate analysis to suggest, that the life-hypothesis of the westerner is: Creation is phenomena which I should regard as external to myself. I know and express myself in that I perceive that the universe is about me.

The life-hypothesis of the easterner is: I perceive in Creation something that includes myself. I am gradually the absorbent of all that is. I do not make my worldly bed and lie in it. I, in my spirit, come to constitute all beds, and whether my repose be restful in that which I am, depends solely on my concept of weariness, proposing beds as antidote.



"In other words, behold, I do not fight the universe. I see neither profit nor sense in quarreling with that which enlarges.

"You in the West are forever fuming to demonstrate your own completeness. To stage



this demonstration, you manipulate Things. We of the East see no wisdom in carrying on an argument with a butte of granite rock, or in bashing our skulls against it to prove that each exists.

"You call this Resignation. We call it a Recognition of the Integrity of Self.

"You crack two stones together—and mayhap bruise your fingers—crying: 'In that I can do it, I prove that I live.' We say: 'Let Nature crack the stones and save injury to our fingers, but by observing the impact we *know* that we live.'"

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**¶** *WE are inclined to blame in others only those faults from which we do not profit . . .*

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**D**ECADENCE? That presupposes the perfect norm, from which there has been departure, or descent. And what is this ideality, this perfection, this Ultimate, from which there has been regression? In the case of the westerner, can he say that he has gained to it? If so, then why waste time and cosmic energy in continuing incarnations?

Rather, has the westerner not made a god of Motion and come to deride those who prefer to behold it instead of studying it as participants in its phenomena? And wherein is his gain?

Is it not a fact that motion, in whatever phase one views it, is but an illusion of location? A rock is in motion, in that he is stationary in relation to its change. Were he sitting upon the rock he would swear the landscape was doing the moving, and who can say he would not be right?

Has the person riding on the rock the license to point the finger of derision at the person beholding the extent of its arc from terra firma, and cry: "In that you are not riding with me, you are thereby decadent"?

Is it not Observation itself that counts in the spiritual analysis?—the reception of the intelligence that bodies of substance may change location in respect to other bodies of substance, and that an object in motion continues in a straight line forever, unless met by opposing force?

Have not East and West a quarrel as senseless as that of two ants, declaiming each to the other that only by his particular spoke can he crawl to the hub of the wheel?

**A**ND YET, in the great crises of mundanity, the Oriental has something of stamina and endurance which the Occidental lacks.

War, pestilence, famine, stalk across the West and he who so vaingloriously cried yesterday: "Behold, I am Circumstance!" wails in childish terror that his God has deserted him. He has ceased to be Circumstance with the first bugle call, the first corpse, the first meal that is lacking when every barn is emptied. He cannot pen an editorial that he may fry in a pan. He can connive no machine that gives his wasted limbs new blood.

But war, pestilence, famine, stalk across the East and he who murmured yesterday, "All is the will of Allah!" watches with interest as his physical bag of water dries to a husk and presently blows away. Behold, it is not himself. All in all, it had been a cumbersome distraction.

The westerner depends upon the water-bag to give substance to his philosophy. The easterner views the water bag as one more transient expedient for proving that bodies are but items of cosmic caprice, that they have their times and their uses, but that Spirit which made one with them discerns when they are valueless.

Viewed from the worldly standpoint, the easterner has the doughtier spiritual security.



“**B**UT WHERE in all this,” demands the theological egocentric, “does Christianity come in? I have been informed by supposedly reliable elders that four thousand years ago a feminine nudist ate a forbidden apple, generously offering the core to her husband. Because of such pilfering from the Edenic orchard, did I ‘sin in Adam.’ To balance the cosmic score, some two thousand years later a Sinless Man allowed himself to be tortured for an afternoon by being nailed physically upon timbers of wood. By this forfeit of His life am I to live eternally, and be forgiven the transgressions of the nudist pair and danger from hell-fire. What have resignation and water bags to do with the Trinity?”

The question remains as unanswerable as “How much are a whole lot of nines?” or “How big is a pane of glass?”

We have no known record of Christ’s ever having said anything about the efficacy of the Trinity.

Adam created four thousand years ago presents a sorry figure as against authentic Vedas ten thousand years old, or inscriptions on Sumerian ruins listing dynasties back over 435,000 years.

The religious world dwells upon the Temptation by the Devil but regards the Transfiguration as nonunderstandable.

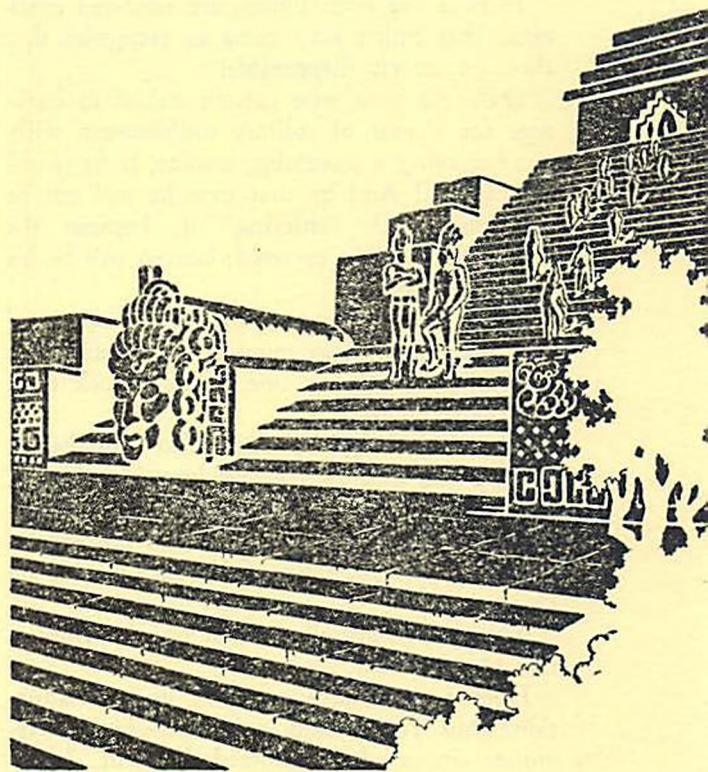
What, forsooth, had Christ to do with Christianity?

Jesus taught a pure law: “The Kingdom of Heaven is within you!”

“The devil it is!” says the modern Christian. “Nothing’s inside of me but my viscera and lumbago. Heaven’s a place that I shall journey to, when I die, and whoever tells me otherwise needn’t try to hunt me up.”

All modern Christians know much more than Christ—so we would assume.

The easterner accepts what Christ taught because he has taken the time to sit quietly and absorb it. Still, he is a pagan because he hasn’t been baptized with water over which incantations have been said, or come to ac-



knowledge that Israelites had holy license from the Almighty to despoil all Egyptians. Likewise he is decadent. Westerners are sure of it!

**T**RANQUILLITY, however, is not a matter of clamping handcuffs on the emotions or concurring in the error that five and three make ten. The only tranquillity is the sense of mastery over hurt, that comes from one hundred percent control of the factors of the situation in which one is participant when tranquillity is invited.

Applied in the larger world-sense, mastery over all situations is spiritual superiority to all factors composing Life. And the first step in attaining to such superiority is emancipation from the serfdom of Things—certainly from the vassal-philosophy that without Things to manipulate there can be no self-expression.



Here is the law: Things are rendered available, that Spirit may come to recognize that they are utterly dispensable!

Only the man who can sit naked in darkness for a year of solitary confinement, without becoming a screaming maniac, is fit to enter Heaven! And by that time he will not be concerned with "entering" it, because the proposition will be reversed; heaven will be his own inner regions.

Ninety-nine percent of the human race cannot live with its own mind in a companionless house from half-past one to six o'clock of a rainy afternoon.

The naked spirit, suspended equidistant from Sirius and Betelgeuse, knowing that of itself it can never make another physical motion throughout eternity, will still get expression by turning the eye of Intellect inward on itself.

This is primary illustration of true Subjective Development.

Does anyone dare say that in such situation, thus functioning, it would—by the remotest chance—be considered decadent, degenerate, effeminate?

Let us the more reasonably conceive of the matter that the eastern philosopher does that already—to the spiritual degree, at least, which physical life permits.

Going somewhere, manipulating gadgets, getting expression by caterwaul-noises issued from the larynx, is not the mark of immaturity so much as exposition of Objective Assertion.

As between Subjective and Objective function there is only this difference: that the first has arrived at a status of independent self-sufficiency, whereas the second is a cipher, if so be it the earthhouse is suddenly unfurnished, or the journey of life toss it dispassionately on twenty feet of ocean rock.

Gradually it will come to Man as a matter of evolution, that he has been twenty million years upon this earth and never in all that time "gone anywhere" but around the endless track of a circle. He is in the exact spot in Cosmos that he was when his world was a greenhouse.

Is he any less spiritual for that?

The eternal urge to move, which obsesses the westerner, is merely the urge to express himself by acknowledging Things. He acknowledges them every time he passes one of them, be it hydrant or Mount Rainier.

The easterner sits and observes, for he is in closer touch with the Eternal. He knows that the Universe is a conjoining of two circles.

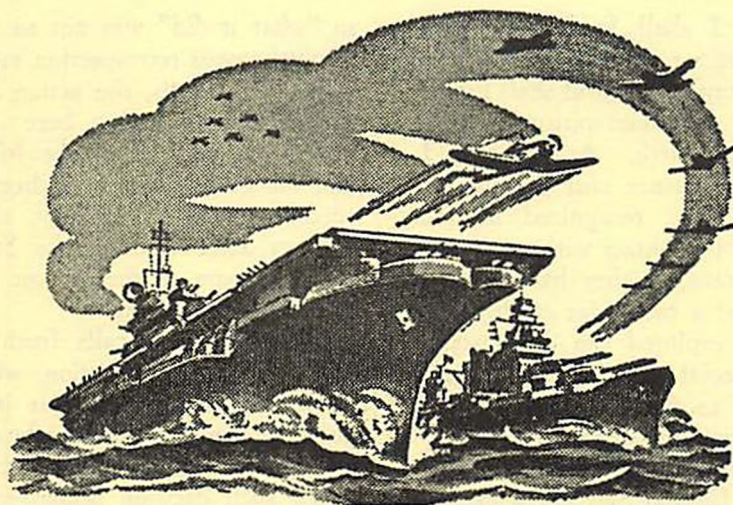
He is no more decadent than the westerner is "advanced."

But try to get the westerner to believe it.



*“THE ugliest of trades,” said Jerrold, “have their moments of pleasure. Now if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, I could work for some people with a great deal of enjoyment.”*





## WHY Men Are Willing to Die in Defense of Principle



**D**YING is a serious business—let us hope the statement will not be contradicted.

Dying, considered in the cosmic sense, is the unqualified termination of an incarnation. It is more than a bidding final farewell to a physical mechanism that has served one long and faithfully. It is even

more, in the consanguineous sense, than taking leave of kindred in such fashion that one can never thereafter contact them by the ordinary instrumentalities of the physical mechanism.

Dying, in its eternal significance, is substantially the successful or unsuccessful fulfillment of a personality. It is the gesture which the

¶ *THE SOLDIER Is  
Willing to Fight for  
Issues that May  
Shape Society when  
He Shall Return to It*

spirit-soul makes to Cosmos in declaring: "I entered into a set of earthly—or worldly—circumstances and allowed their characteristics to have repercussions on my ego. Men spoke of them as 'opportunities' for this or that. I reacted to those circumstantial repercussions in terms of a more gracious knowledge of the



universe—by which I shall forthwith deport myself—or I resented or repudiated their intended effects upon my nature and shall henceforth deport myself with less spiritual comity than I did before my birth. At any rate, I have completed the sequence and the role as a certain identified and recognized mortal. Others have profited by contact with me in the three-dimensional octave, or they have not. I have had a sample of a particular earthly culture, however, and explored the circumscriptions of a definite social caste. What I have truly done is to add another personality to the aggregation of personalities which I have become eternally. Having done this, I will now be the norm of my Eternal Self for a period, devoid of any limitations mortally imposed upon me by biology or environment. As far as the world is concerned, it must estimate me strictly by the loss which I represent in going out of it. But one thing I must face: By terminating my incarnation and vacating my body permanently, I have put an end to all possibilities for rectifying blunders or wrongs to others in the physical manner and in the octave of three dimensions.”

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¶ *LIFE is a comedy to those who feel; it is a tragedy for those who think . . .*

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THE SOUL called to soliloquize thus with itself, may feel satisfaction or remorse, according to the cosmic illumination that its role has brought it. We assume for the purposes of our exposition, that it had clear or hazy knowledge of precisely what its vicissitudes would comprise consequent to entering flesh,

so “what it did” was not so much the factor in posthumous retrospection as “how it did it.”

In other words, the action and lines of the earthly drama having been arbitrarily determined by the Pen of the Master Dramatist, and the given role having been allotted to the specific spirit-soul to play, the latter’s chief concern after quitting the Stage is, “Did I play the part to the utmost of my dramatic skill and cleverness?”

If retrospection calls forth the ready self-approval, the incarnation will doubtless be classed as successful. But in definitely pronouncing upon such experience, there should be some recognized standard by availability of which such decision is arrived at.

Is there such a standard and how is it identified?

SUPPOSE we take the view that immortal spirits in temporary sack-o’-water bodies on this earth-planet are noticeable for having arrived at certain ideals of conduct which they commonly call Principles. Let us examine these ideals for the current moment, attempt to discern where they come from, and why, taken by and large, they give strange qualification to the episode of the incarnation and peculiarly its ending.

What is a Principle?

A Principle is a gesture in cosmic evolution, imparting to the spirit-soul executing it a sense of facility in surmounting all cosmic obstacles!

It is a common norm of conduct explored and subscribed to by hosts of thinking entities who have had adequate opportunity to examine the correct and incorrect methods for executing worldly brevets, and have uniformly decided that by affecting the cosmic behavior and accrediting its permanent profit, they have yielded to no capricious impulse but pursued their destinies with propitious responsibility.

Principle, in other words, is the God-Counsel continually and constantly recognized by venturing spirit, facilitating its progress up the grades of calamitous proposal and causing spir-



it to become consciously aware of higher-octave approbation.

It may vary for different climes or associations. What may seem a matter of principle to one age may not appear so to the next.

Nevertheless, it provides beacons and high lights along the track of incarnate endeavor and causes the unfolding spirit to recognize that its energies have by no means been squandered.

**WE** COME then, to this stupendous proposition: that over and over in mortality, we discern souls grimly acquiescent to bringing their incarnations to close if—in their estimating intelligence—it tends to demarcate the God-Counsel for others to whom it applies. Here, assuredly, must be altruism in its aspects of deepest profundity.

"Men," we say commonly, "are ready to fight and die for principle."

What we rather imply is: that men need the God-Counsel especially accentuated at that peculiar point in human affairs, that its lambent beauty and sterling genuineness may not be surfeited and pass unnoted among brain storms of futilities operating negatively.

The commonest instance that we have, of course, of men's being willing to fight and die for principle, is when country or culture is assailed by vast numbers of opponents and bids fair to perish if they do not act positively to defend and sustain it.

Sometimes it is their religious faith, or even their racial integrity, that is assailed, and their reaction is no less purposeful.

Nevertheless, we encounter the amazing circumstance that wholesale numbers of perfectly formed and featured individuals, often with gravest personal issues at stake—or, as we put it, "everything to live for"—will abruptly abandon all normalities of worldly situation, and present their bag-o'-water mechanisms for damage, destruction, or annihilation, that "what they believe to be right" shall endure.

Stranger to relate, they get the supreme per-

sonal gratification out of this exploit and are even acquiescent to courting extermination from the social scene, that the ideality may not be tarnished even though it no longer applies to themselves.



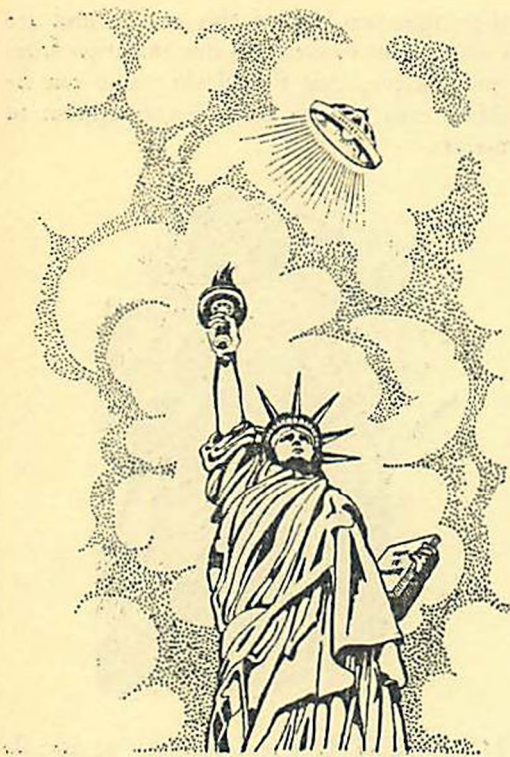
**THE QUESTION** is a fair one to ask: Is it logical that they would do this if they were convinced subconsciously and spiritually that such erasure were permanent? Would not the will-to-expression—any expression—be more formidably insistent as controller of their behavior, if they could be positively informed that the forthcoming destruction of their bodies meant eternal annihilation of all consciousness as well?

But no! For some mystical reason, they make the decision that it is more circumspect that the Principle endure—and continue to be recognized—than that they, in their several current personalities, should continue in mortal tenure.

We say that they "lay down their lives that others may profit." But what is the profit and on whom does it exercise?

The common acceptance has it that it exercises upon survivors, too often unworthy in that they have been of the breed concerned egocentrically with self-preservation.





This, of course, is a paradox, inasmuch as such are precisely the persons who stand in greatest need of the benefits demonstrated by others making "the supreme sacrifice."

If all were willing to make such sacrifice, to whom would such benefit appeal?

But aside from that, is it literally true that the profit operates solely to the interest of survivors?

Have we not—in this phenomenon of characterful persons' being willing to court physical oblivion that principles may endure—the most overwhelming and logical of all attestments that human consciousness is not exterminated and that life in one bag-o'-water is by no means the only one obtainable?

Is not the willingness of stupendous numbers of patriotic or pious persons to court perishment physically that outstanding merits in culture or religion might endure, the paramount evidence that such principles must maintain in

order that identically those persons may find them available and profitable when they next return and essay the fleshly sequence?

ALL OVER the earth today, but particularly upon the continent of Europe, men in vast hordes are abandoning pursuits of peace and security and presenting their bodies for apparelling in the panoplies of war. States are rising against States. Cultures are challenging cultures. The entire world is arming, meaning to "battle it out" in terms of martial might as to which principles shall maintain and which shall forthwith be discarded.

The sentimentalist, the provincial, the cosmic ignoramus, considers it terrible—and indeed it is terrible.

But these are overlooking certain compensating certainties—

It is not a mobilization of men that is under way, but a mobilization of spirits essaying a cosmic laboratory experiment.

When principle vies with principle, we call the result an Issue. An Issue successfully executed determines the clear road for progress of the foreordained Eternal Plan. It is, so to speak, the power-lever by which the Plan goes forward.

Men in stupendous numbers are regimenting today to re-elevate and make crystal-clear the principles for social and political conduct that shall profit unborn ages, through issues that become of substance out of the crucible of War.

But that is not the end of it.

In the exact ratio that Principles—or their maintenance—invoke millions to their support, in that identical ratio are they of import and significance, and worthy to be contested at such horrifying penalty.

Only mercenaries do battle without the inspiration of principle-determinations to impel them, and the millions of householders now regimenting to fight an Armageddon are by no means gross mercenaries. They are sentient spirits, willing to test the worth or worthless-



ness of principles because they wish, subconsciously, to confront them in flowering exercise when they pass this way again.

Their survivors will endure beyond them but a handful of years at the most—too short a time for the contest to be a profit-or-loss maneuver for survivors and none else.

But deep in every soldier's subconscious spirit-mind, there crouches the inescapable certainty that he, as a breathing mortal, will again be numbered among posterity able to enjoy the profits from the bloodglut.

He is willing to fight for the determination of issues that shall shape society when he shall come back to it.

Without that knowledge it is probable that armies could no more be integrated than a handful of sand adheres as a mass when the palm be opened.

**I**T IS something to think about.

The effeminate may exclaim: "But has God in His infinite wisdom, no better way of accentuating the merit of principles than by rivers of blood and mountains of destruction?"

The answer is, that blood and destruction are but transient conditions, undoubtedly provided to make maximum dramatic impression on participating spectators. It is better to acknowledge the fundamental that this is a world in which nothing is lost—because there is no place in which to lose it.

Materials blown to atoms merely change their size and shape.

Men buried in graves seek pregnant women and look upon familiar scenes shortly in fresh new mechanisms, protected by their infancy

from too-quick enactment of chaotic repetitions.

Even energy which creates and then is seemingly frustrated—or incompetently compensated—is translated automatically into spiritual ennoblements.

No, nothing is ever lost!

There is exactly the same quantity of materials, and the same materials, on this orb of a universe, that existed upon it when Adam viewed Eden.

Probably every male human being in life at this hour, at some time or other up the æons has carried a weapon at the wars, felt the shock of battle, found himself plunged heroically into massive quiet, and been asked by the nearest lounge, "Greetings, brother, how do you like Death?"

It is all in the process by which Nature knows Itself.

So what!

So we approach the Great Armageddon.

So men corroborate the stupendous suspicion that being willing to die in defense of Principle is the finest approbation that waits to confront them out of the Mirrors of Incarnation.

Valor is transient—it is the quest after sacrifice. But it is only the quest. Sacrifice Itself is increment earned, not subject to confiscation.

Increment earned, is forever a form of cached wealth, something to be drawn upon in a future day and hour.

Courage is the label by which the increment is earmarked. Heroism is the deposit slip that identifies the owner.

So take it or leave it as a final thought—*Cowards are the Cosmic Paupers!*





# PATIENCE

By *Winchester MacDowell*

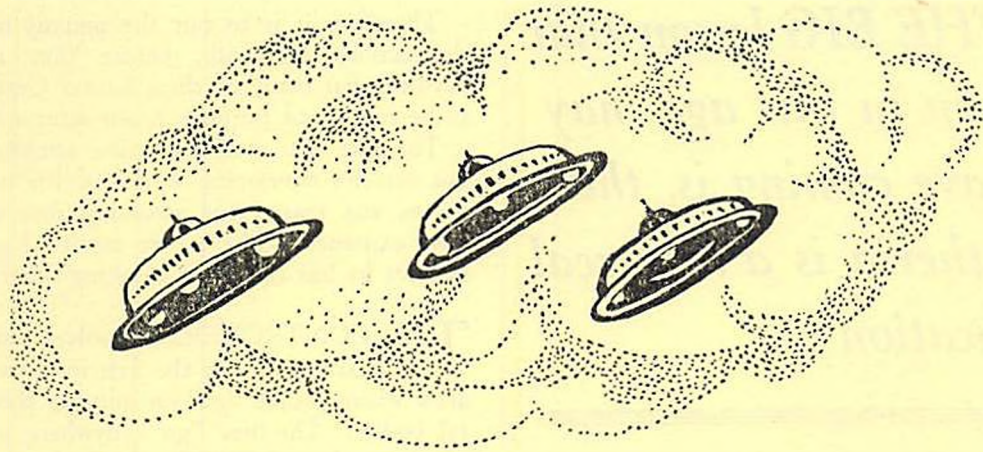


OW wonderfully kind our God must be  
To bear the abuse of humanity;  
How supremely gentle, compassionate  
To give, and give, and continue to wait  
For the life which He so lovingly gives  
To return to Him, Who is All That Lives,  
While Man stands stark on the grave of earth  
To deny that Power which gave him birth!

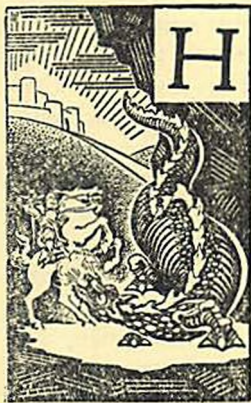
For the very air which he uses for breath  
Has merely been loaned unto he who saith,  
"I raise my lance, I am he alone  
Who may slay his brother and not atone!"  
When he stands on earth on a star-filled night  
To gaze aloft with God-bestowed sight  
He should stand contrite, with his head bowed low  
At such majesty high in that starlit show.

Yet with sense of earth in dimensions three  
He dares to reflect on Eternity  
And cry in disdain, "There is nothing there  
Twixt the stars and me but invisible air!"  
How wonderful, gentle, compassionate  
God continues to give and lovingly wait  
The return of His Child here housed in clay  
To return to Truth up in Radiant Day!





## WHAT If Earthly Atom Bombs Rip Vast Holes in "Heaven"?



**H**EAVEN, to the scientist of today, is an allegorical designation from religious folklore. No matter how religious he may be as an individual, as a celestial region he can find it neither by his telescopes nor his test tubes that analyze materials deriving out of it. At any rate, from the practical

standpoint, he neither can nor does reckon it as a reality. The suggestion that it is located over his head but in aspects not comprehensible to his third-dimensional understanding—or lack of it—and that his bombs from nuclear fission may be performing wholesale destructions in it, is utterly phantasmagorical as a concept.

The advanced esoteric student, on the other hand, having explored in his own field quite as adroitly as the nuclear scientist has in it, is confronted by entirely logical hypotheses for the location of "heaven" . . . For want of a better name he labels it a fourth-dimensional Etheria.

Practically all planets, we are learning, have what amounts to an enveloping Etheria.

This is tantamount to saying that each and every planet has its idealized region where all seemingly materialistic properties operate on a higher frequency of vibration, each one "invisible" in consequence to those below it in frequency but perceptible to the higher. This enveloping Etheria would seemingly have gradations or levels of reality according to the frequency with which vibration manifests on each.

It is by no means fantasy therefore, to conjecture that the explosion of a powerful and highly radioactive atom bomb on the lowest



## ¶ *THE BIG lesson that men in this age may have coming is, that Etheria is a very real location . .*

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level of this particular planet's surface—otherwise known as the Earth Plane—might work the same havoc on the ascending levels of Etheria that an equally powerful dynamite bomb might wreck in the basement of a mortal residence.

Everything material on the floors above moves skyward.

**T**HE MATERIALIST, of course, knowing no other area in the mundane Residence but the cellar-bottom, cries, "Prove it!" But he wants it proven by phenomena of vibration peculiar to his cellar, when the upper floors, attic, and roof may be composed of substances so much more tenuous that there is no comparison. Whether it be *proven* to the moribund creature inventing new forms of destructive force in the cellar, is immaterial to the inhabitants of the upper floors. But it is decidedly material to them that these basement detonations halt without further ado.

Every time a major atomic explosion is set off, the damage to Etheria may be beyond description. This may follow whether the bomb set off in the earth-cellar be exploded for purposes of military defense or mere experiment. Unspeakable sub-cellar detonations that are wreaking havoc to higher floors of life may be as tragic to forms of higher life as anything done on this plane with cordite or TNT.

Therefore it is to put the quietus on such destructions forthwith, before they develop further, that many of these Saucer Craft seem to be coming of purport in our stratosphere.

The fact that earth's physical scientists cannot perceive enveloping worlds of life is by no means any reason for assuming they do not have existence. The expert psychical scientist believes he has cause for thinking otherwise.

**T**HE CONTROVERSY resolves mostly to a determination in the first instance of exactly where people "go" on quitting their mortal bodies. Do they "go" anywhere in sense of geographic relocation?

The accepted hypothesis has it that first of all they withdraw from their physical husks what Soulcraft defines simply as their Pattern Bodies or Light Bodies—that for the length of the mortal span have been holding the molecules of the organic vehicle to a constant design. The subcellar scientist who cries scoffingly, "You have absolutely no material evidence that such Pattern Body exists!" is talking from an ignorance as profound that of the layman who declares that the scientist's atom does not exist because it is too microscopic to be handled or even photographed. The psychical scientist retorts, "We have *every* material existence that such Pattern Body exists, because we can do with it what you can't do with your atom—we can not only photograph it but under certain conditions we can touch it with the material hands and fingers, as in certain classes of materialization. It can further speak to us, describing its composition and condition, and we can inscribe such speech on electronic tapes." Likewise, as in the celebrated instance of Walter Stinson's Pattern Body, having covered one of the hands of it with substantializing ectoplasm he let fingerprints be taken, *and the Boston Police Department confirmed that they corresponded in every particular with young Stinson's fingerprints on his razor and toilet articles left there before he had been physically killed in a motor smashup.*



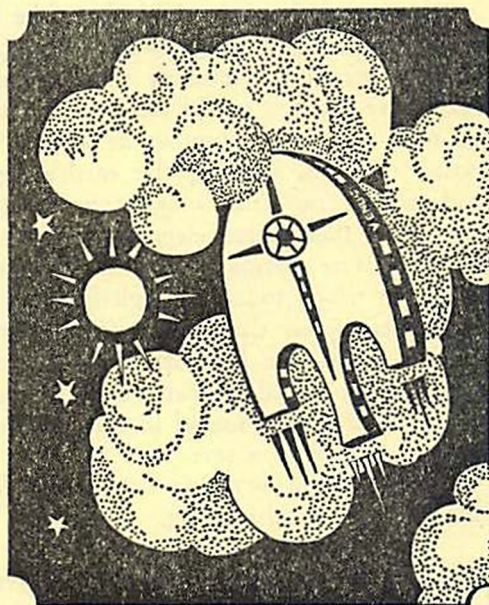
When you can identify a discarnate Pattern Body by its fingerprints, what further proofs of actual survival can be asked? Certainly it is all-sufficient proof of identification in the flesh.

Very good, then. This Pattern Body withdraws from the demised physical husk, that is placed in a coffin and buried in a cemetery. But consciousness of self has persisted in the "brain" or mind of the Light Pattern Body, thus giving the survived "soul" its memory of earth events so that its world experiences have celestial significance. Actually it is much the same individual it was on the earth-plane, the latter merely being consciousness at a lower rate of enhousing vibration.

Now where is an environment of analogous vibration?

It seems to be located on a second or third etheric "crust" similar to our three-dimensional globe's, but farther out than the surface core of Earth as a contemporary of Mercury, Venus, Mars or Saturn. Up through the Astral world and onto this etheric "crust", the Light Pattern Body of the individual ascends and stays. Because further physical existence is not dependent on factors of food-nourishment and shelter, but all needful for social intercourse is conjured up by Thought Projections that have every aspect of Reality, there is no economic struggle on these higher levels. But they do have landscapes distinguished by flora and fauna, these too on consequential higher rates of material vibration, and if a great savage detonation suddenly erupts up through, the effects can be no less disastrous than the effects of a volcano exploding upward from beneath the globe's substantial floor-crust. Indeed, in the higher realms of Etheria—where people persist in the higher frequency between Earth-cellular lives—atomic explosions and surface volcanoes are practically identical.

These levels, up across the generations, have come religiously to be designated as Heaven,



or "the Heavens." St. Paul speaks of three of them . . .

**N**OW IF it were becoming apparent to earthly geologists and seismographers that volcanoes of earth were erupting and causing inundations and quakers—not to mention vast destructions by hot lava flows—by no means caused by natural terrain pressures but conscious beings of a lower order of existence besporting with forces beneath the crust of the earth and bringing on such dislocations, might not it be but the commonest reactions of sense for expeditions to be sent down among such troglodytes to try to persuade them to desist from their mischiefs? And supposing such expedition agents had to reach the troglodyte men only by submarines of a sort, capable of progressing not only through water but more opaque materials such as earth, stone and iron, might it not be logical that the Troglodytes would cry, "The Submarine Men have 'come out of space' to 'perform their wonders' "? But they would only be wonders in the degree that the troglodytes were ignorant of earth-surface conditions maintaining high above their heads.



"Above their heads" would always be but a relative term to indicate they were vibratorially located beneath the level of those protesting. The better analogy would seem to be, fish living near the ocean's bottom as against four-footed creatures walking the earth's exposed land-surfaces or birds winging in its atmosphere. If these three elements, water, earth and air, were compared to the Degrees of Etherality which today's Troglodyte-Fish man regards as higher than his material vibratory rates of atoms, the fish mentalities might say that the four-footed creatures lived in the Astral, while the birds soared in Heaven and really were angels of a sort . . .

This is only, however, to convey an idea in pictures for mental viewing.

**N**OW "Tearing great holes in the heaven of Etheria" may not necessarily destroy life that is self-consciously immortal, but it certainly may be the cause of great geographic distress—and unless we care to forego utterly all further notions of there being any sort of "world" above this material world, we had better pay attention to it. The inhabitants of such higher locations are certainly paying attention to it, their only handicap in remedying it being that they cannot resort to angry destructions of the creatures causing it, as is cus-

tomary on this Earth Plane. The Earth-Plane practice is to send out officials armed with weapons, when homicidal maniacs are loose, and blast them physically out of their organic vehicles—thereby considering the headache solved.

These higher beings from Etheria with which we happen to be treating who seem to be coming out of the higher-frequency belts or "worlds" about Saras-Shan, must put some sort of halt to these depredations by altering the practices of the earth-crust creatures themselves through dictating conditions whereby such things do not happen.

The so-called Space Men out of Etheria therefore succeed first in making themselves and their stratospheric craft visible, in order to convince us of their literality according to our estimates of gauging what is "real" by sensory reactions to substantial elements.

See if we do not learn much in confirmation of this hypothesis as this current winter merges into spring.

With the prospect of detonating the greatest of all hydrogen bombs out at Bikini in May, the situation for those on the etheric floors above atomic earth-life grows disturbing.

Ripping hloes in "Heaven" indeed!

Should we despise Heaven for taking measures to circumvent it?



**V**OLTAIRE prayed but one prayer: "Oh, Lord, make mine enemies ridiculous!" Seldom, he declared, did the Almighty fail to answer it . . .





# Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

*When Ye Write of  
the Humblest Soul,  
Ye Do Write of Me . .*



**M**Y DEARLY Beloved: I have been cognizant of your problems and would come as counselor in their solutions. Know that those who take up the world's burden for love of Me, toil under double handicap: their own readjustments and the efforts of those ever at enmity with whomsoever loveth me.

2 With the latter always must ye contest, for the greater your power in that work, the greater their rancors and malevolent terrors.

3 More and more will ye learn to know those forces and verily overcome them, meanwhile there is that adjustment that maketh their access unto you a futility.

4 I say ye have lived for so many years of this earthly visitation in the shadows of unhappiness, maladjustment, and fears of every



sort, that ye must learn to breathe the life-giving air of joy without paralyzing after-effects which are the fruit of joy not yet become a habit of body, mind, and soul. Of the Spirit it hath been since the Beginning.

5 Oh, my beloved friends, and co-workers! Do ye think mine heart beateth not with yours in those hours of readjustment as the New Light breaketh in? For the highest work of the creative faculty there must ever be the deepest and most powerful of all the motive forces. These lie not in Sorrow but in Joy and Love.

6 When from the heights of a safe haven ye do look out upon those struggling to find their paths in the blackness of night, then is the heart torn with pity and compassion. Then



out of your own joy goeth the Message of Light to the feet that stumble. Ye are My spokesmen—in that lieth the secret.

7 Ye did have to know Pain, even as I did know Pain; ye did have to know Joy even as I did know Joy.

8 Only from the heights and the depths of human experience it is, that they can work who do My labor. This is the law. Ye have come so swiftly and suddenly from night into dawn that ye are as those lost for the moment by the sweeping away of all familiar landmarks.

9 But I say unto you, Fear not! In this new country into which ye have been led are new and more helpful landmarks than any left behind.

10 When ye are tempted to think of the struggles and pain and groping of the world of men as trivial, remember always that each soul therein is precious in My sight, that the tears in each eye are the tears in Mine own, and when ye do write of the humblest and meanest soul, *ye do write of Me.*

11 Know that ye can give the most ignorant soul alive a glimpse into eternity, and many glimpses vouchsafed to many eyes will mean the rolling back just a little further of the veil which obscureth poor mortal vision;

12 Your creative faculties will return to you, but not until ye have become more keenly aware of the new world into which ye have been carried and its relation to the old.

13 I say unto you, try a few moments of complete mental and physical relaxation before ye do take up the pen, moments when ye do concentrate on thought of Me and upon the great-

ness of that which ye are destined to do for Me and for the world.

14 I say also, try a more definite placing of the burden of creation upon the subconscious contact with those on This Upper Side, by placing your problems in regard to any situation before them ere ye seek your sleep by night.

15 Oh, my children, my brothers and sisters in the vigil of mortality! Is it not known of you that the mission ye execute hath been a long time yours in Spirit, that ye did ask that it be given you, that ye asked it for love of Me? Think ye that this is the first time ye have carried it in triumph?

16 Know your own nobility, which Life hath hidden from you.

17 My peace is with you, and it shall evermore be with you until that day when the end of all Creation shall have been achieved. My love is with you. The power of the Spirit is yours. It is My work ye do, and no power in earth or heaven can do more than help you in the passing moment.

18 Ye shall go onward, always stronger and wiser, for the whole earth groaneth toward the righteousness coming in. Know that it is Written in the Books of the Eternal, for those who serve there is no failure.

19 We who look from the Heights of Love to the Peaks of Attainment see only success enshrined on those summits. How then can ye fail when that which is Written in the End is foreknown unto you in the Now?

20 I say, my foreknowledge is your buckler

21 *My Work shall be done!* PEACE



**R**ECALL Ben Franklin: "If men be thus wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"



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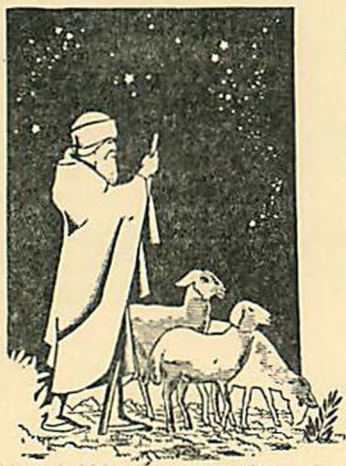
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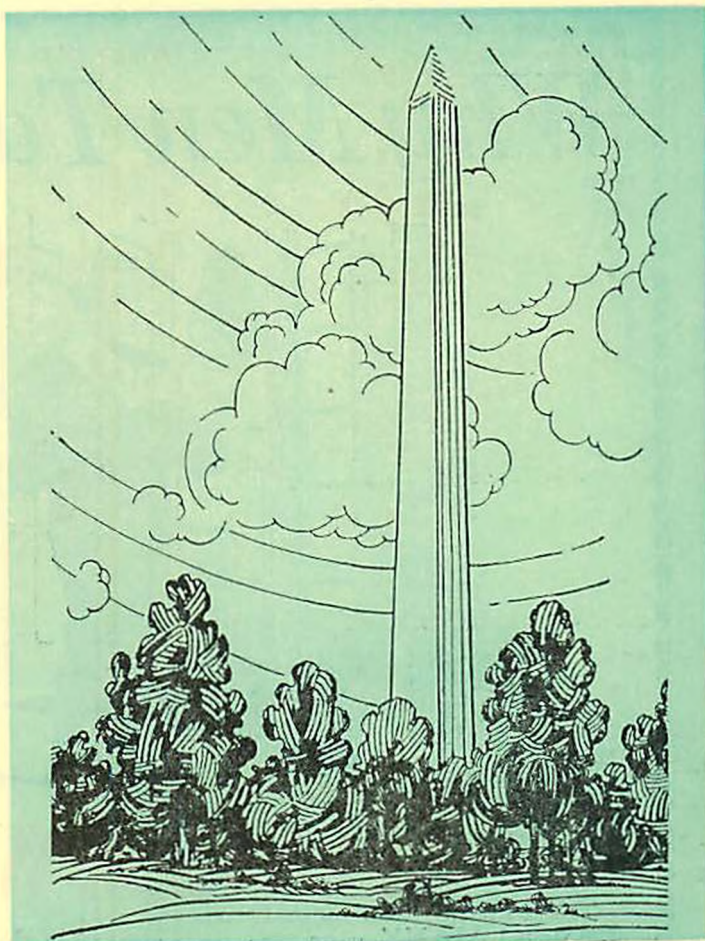
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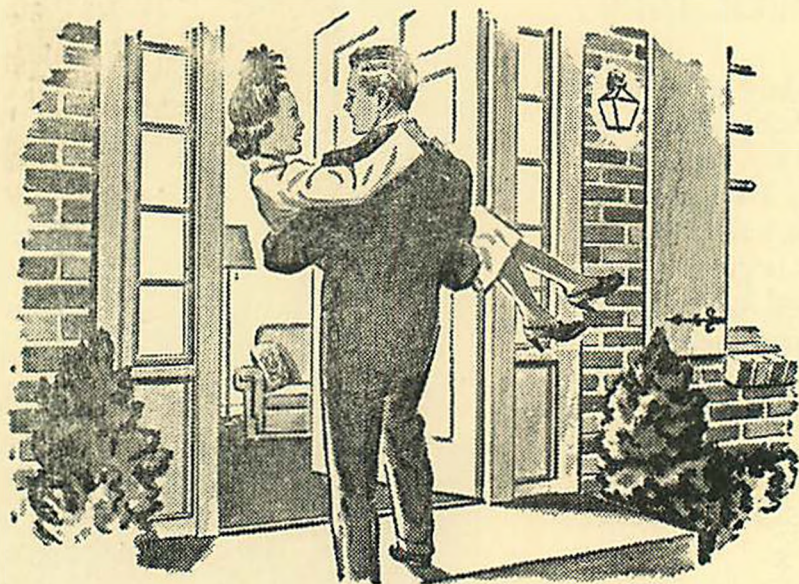
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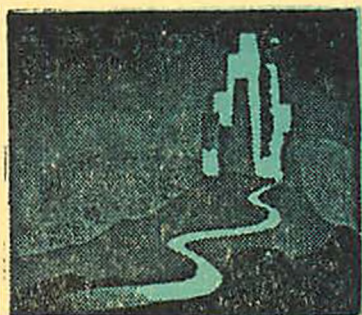
The birds were caroling. Nature was awakening. The sun in a burst of crimson and molten amber was ready to appear above eastern horizon.

He said, "In a way, it's our own lives, Dido darling. We've got to bring this home to men and women—not just a song—*an adamant belief!*" . .

On and on the worshipers came, till the road below was black with them. Men, women, youths, maidens, little children.

*Then the sun came up above the eastern horizon.*

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