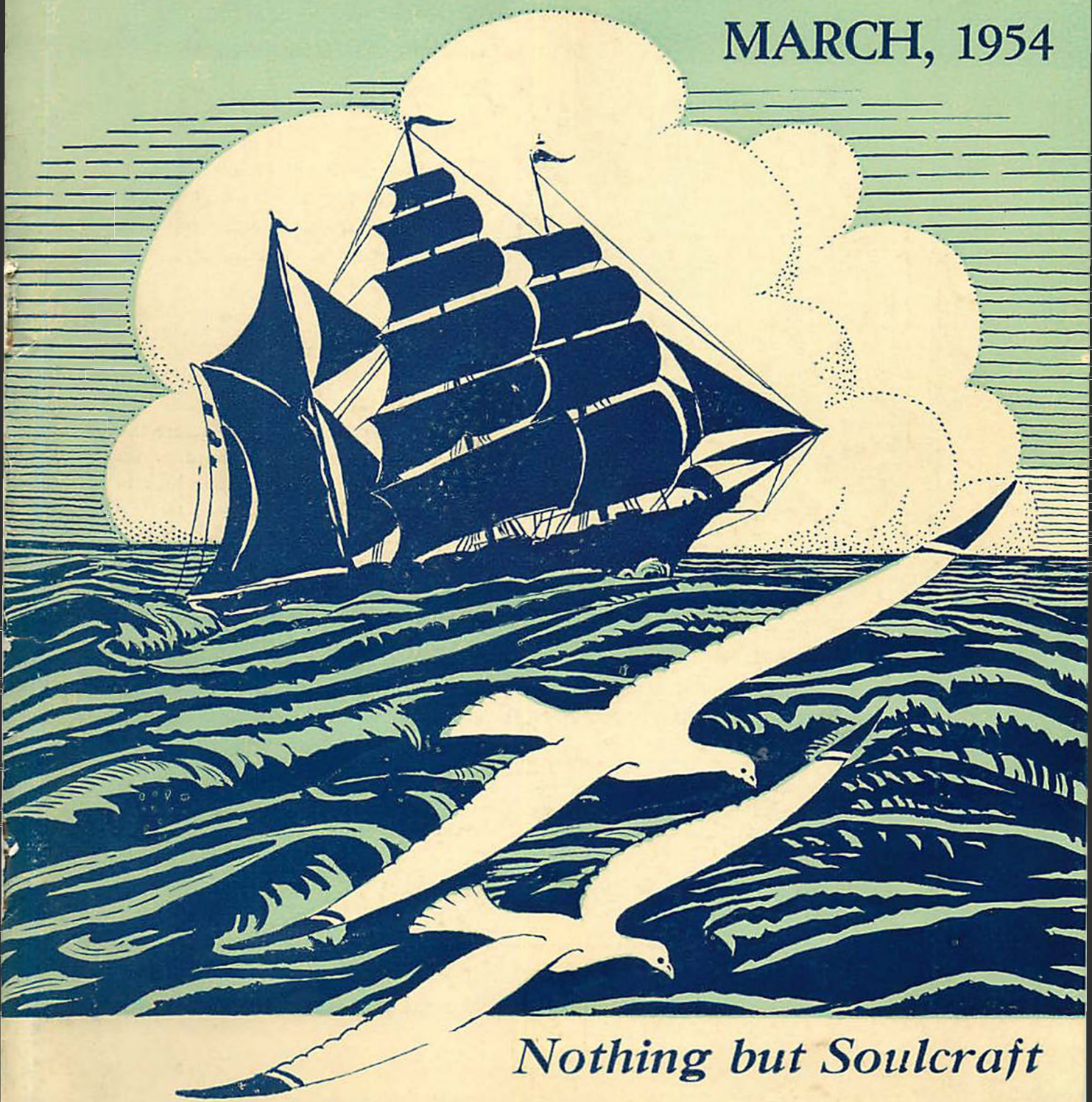


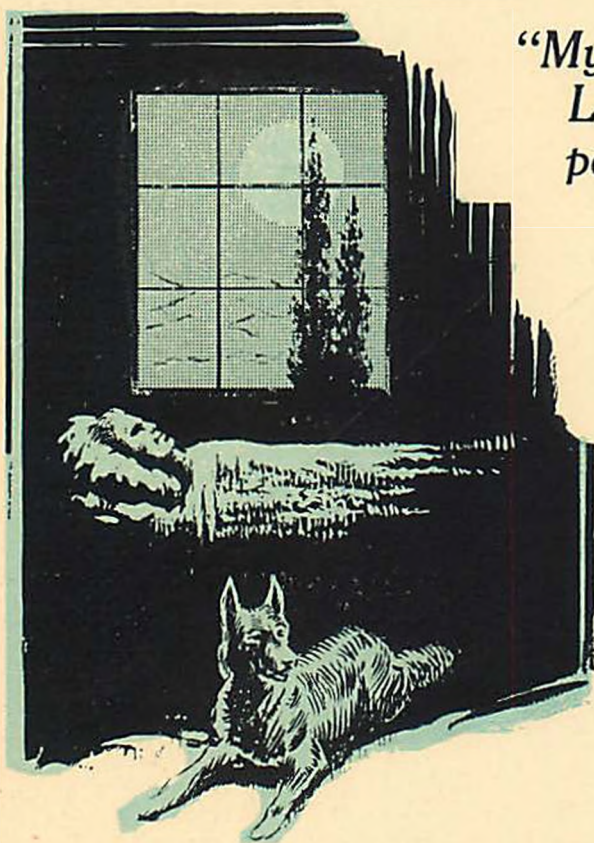
*Bright*  
**HORIZONS**

MARCH, 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 metaphysical  
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 bungalow  
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 Octaves  
by a dramatically aroused Extra-Sensory  
Perception.

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

You can now buy the story complete, in a  
neat pocket-sized leatherette, containing the  
author's observations on its significance after  
twenty-five years, for only \$1. It is an  
edition intended particularly for those who  
wish to start the study of Soulcraft's stupendous  
revelations.

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

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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana**



# Soulcraft and the New Summer



BEFORE another issue of Bright Horizons, leaf, shrub and sod will have awakened from winter's sleep, and summer be in prospect. The mystery and marvel of this annual resuscitation of Nature is forgotten in the commonness of it. Year upon year it happens and humankind thinks nothing of it. Humankind misses entirely the stupendous symbol of Metempsychosis that may be thus embodied in the yearly exhibition of revivification of animate things having root in the earth. All plant-life seems to die in autumn; leaves fall from sear branches; trees become stark and corpselike. For the three months of winter in northern climes the vast world of Nature sleeps the sleep of fatality. Then with the passing of the spring equinox, the vegetable world's inner glow starts back. The rustic poet sings of the renewal of life. Green lifeblood comes back into grasses and boughs. Presently the moribund plant life of the continents repeats on the prior year's fertility. But is it "new" life and is it repetition? What if it be but the same old and eternal life which all living things display, giving manifestation of imperishability? What if Nature herself, by the very pattern of the seasons, is striving to convey to man his own imperishability as well, that the same law rules in the organic universe that rules in the floral universe? The vehicle through which life expresses itself in animation and virility may tire or wither or appear to demise, but all of it is the process of periodic sleep which truly is quiescence and recuperation. The circumstance that all things bud and blossom infallibly is truly Nature's demonstration of Reincarnation. Verily the lowly tulip forecasts that Death and Resurrection are but an eternal program.



*Coming Events Cast their Radiances Before*  
OF SUCH IS THE DOCTRINE OF SOULCRAFT





## **"WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"**

Twenty Years' Experiences in  
the Field of Psychical Phenom-  
ena, with autobiographical nar-  
rative of events forerunning  
the dictating of Soulcraft . .

What tangible proofs have we, that our blessed dead have survived? Is it actual and dependable that upon occasion they have found ways to communicate with the living? Are we justified in altering our religious views about the location of the Hereafter? . . In the 302 pages of this unbelievable and entrancing book you will find these questions answered. With the voices of the Departed actually impressed upon electronic-recorder tape, you begin to understand what revolutionary discoveries have been made about survival in recent years. Here is a book of True Ghost Stories that carry their own proofs. The Author has told of his psychical experiences in candid and dramatic form, fitting together the great mosaic of events that finally impelled him to share his tremendous findings with others under the aegis of Liberation-Soulcraft . .

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**Available in the Cloth Binding Only, \$3**

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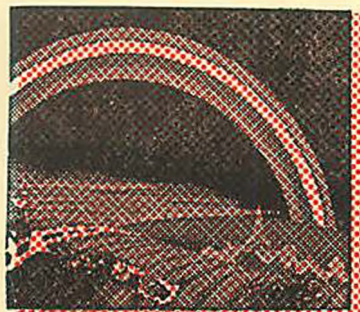
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**Noblesville, Indiana**



# 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 acclaimes the recovery of the original Christian Message, with the Ecclesiastic Influence expurgated and discarded . . .*

VOLUME TWO

MARCH, 1954

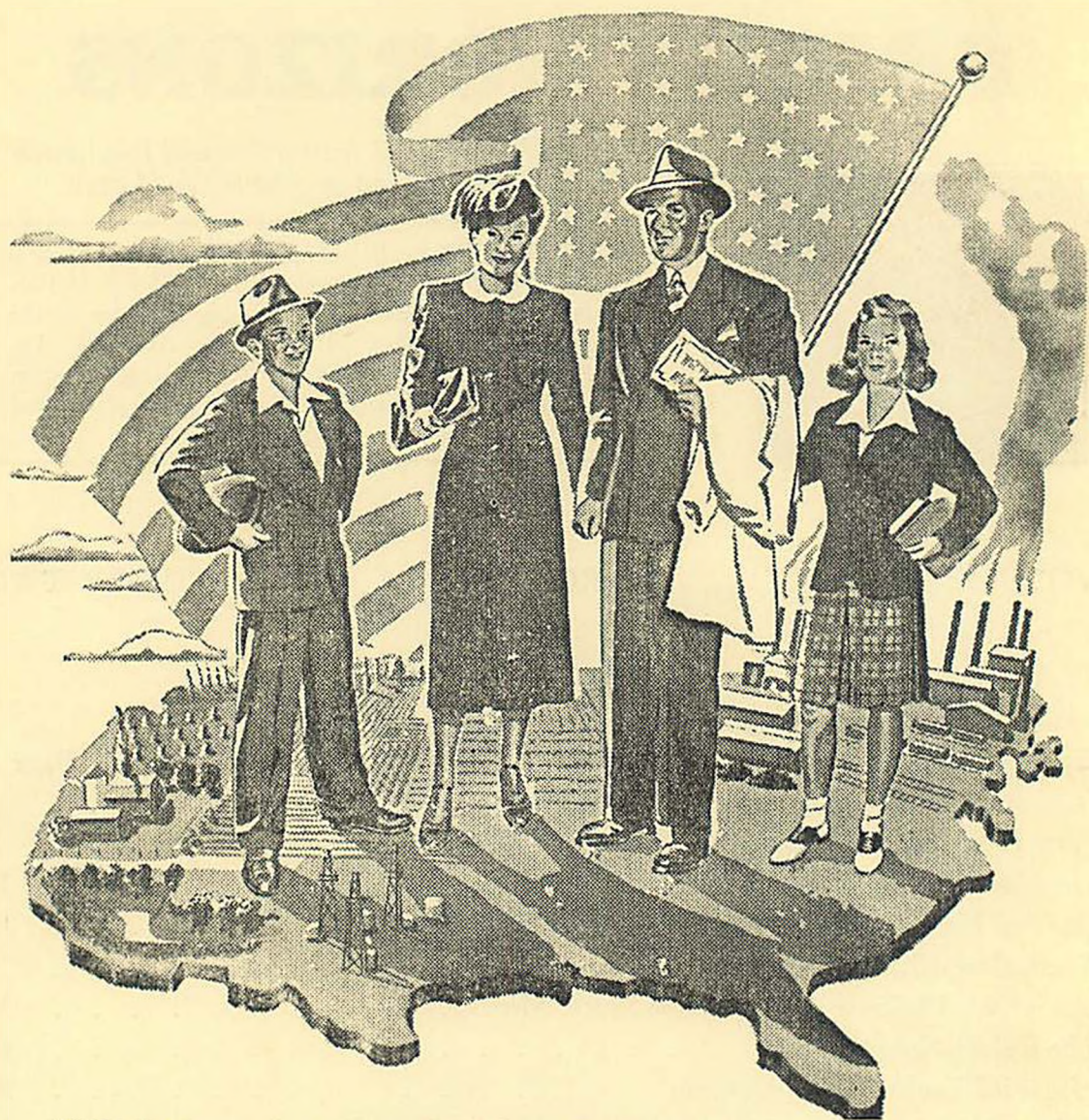
NUMBER TWO

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“**S**PEAK unto the nations and tell them My purpose: that I come to confine them within their own boundaries . . . that I say unto each ruler, Be first in your kingdom but let it be covenant with you to preserve the integrity of your own domain. Struggle not having covetousness as the spine of your diplomacy but say unto your neighbors, Peace is our compact.”

—*The Golden Scripts*, Chap. 16.





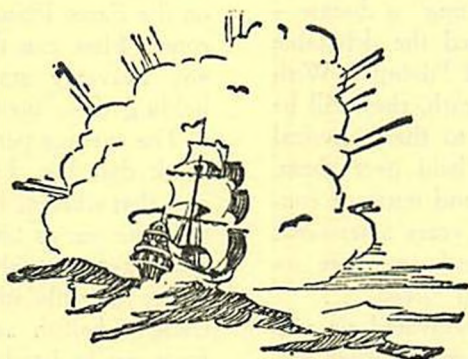
# Bright HORIZONS

A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration  
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VOLUME TWO

MARCH, 1954

NUMBER TWO



## GETTING Facts Straight about the Afterlife Means Tranquillity



NINETY out of every hundred people, when they stop to give it any thought at all, take for granted that "life" consists more or less strictly of habitation in the physical body. They are "alive" because their organic hearts are beating and the blood is coursing through their arteries. Down some far day,

¶ *WHY Be Tortured  
by Theological Gues-  
sings When the Real  
Facts Are Known? . .*

they admit subconsciously, their hearts will cease to beat—or perhaps be stopped from beat-



## ¶ *No one could ever meet death for his country without the hope of immortality*

---

ing through accident or "catching" a disease—and they will have encountered the debatable and controversial adventure of "dying". With their physical selves cold in death, they will be beyond caring what happens to their physical remains. A funeral will be held over them, there will be loads of flowers and notes of condolence to survivors, and ten years afterwards there will scarcely be a record anywhere on the planet of their ever having "lived" . . .

Occasionally, as they are motivated to consider it, they turn their thinking to what will be happening to them personally when such change has been encountered.

Religion—or rather, Theology—has specified carefully for them what is to be expected when such vacating of their clay remains has been achieved. Their "souls" will survive, they expect, although in just what condition a soul survives and how they will identify themselves with a body left behind and buried in an earthly churchyard, is never made clear and graphic. Presumably upon becoming discarnate—or so the orthodox Christian has been led to accredit—they expect to find themselves being wafted up from the surface of the earth and into the gates of "heaven", although rocket missiles and stratoliners of modern aviation have discovered no evidence of such spiritual reservations for persons who have abruptly lost their bodies. But being admitted through certain "Pearly Gates" they will be escorted into Paradise and up to the Judgment Hall of Di-

vine Providence. And there they will presently "go on trial" for good or bad deeds done in flesh.

REMEMBER, to stand any such trial for good or bad deeds done in the flesh, they will be required to take their memories along with them—of whom they were on earth and what the circumstances were under which they functioned—or else the whole Judgment Sequence must be meaningless. Yet when they stop to give it thought, they shall have left their flesh-and-blood brains in their dead heads back on the Earth Planet from which they shall have come. How can they take their memories into any heavenly state without their brain-cells holding those memories being present as well?

The average person, of course, simply doesn't think that far. He accepts the traditional notion that whereas his brain-mind has been buried with the rest of his organism back in an earthly graveyard, nevertheless he still has it with him in his heavenly state—which may presently become a hellish state if the Lord-God Judge finds out he has been a reprobate on earth and by no means a fit denizen of the celestial realms throughout eternity . . .

The whole thing is a headache—to Mr. Average Man or Woman—and he or she doesn't try to do much "thinking of it through", to use a colloquialism. He or she is vaguely content to just let it happen as it will. If one "makes" heaven in the end, or after the Celestial Trial, well and good. If one doesn't there doesn't seem to be much that one can do about it. Millions live and perish with such notions to sustain them—if one can call it sustenance.

Actually, most of it is Faith, built on mass ignorance.

IN THE enlightened state of society and science that we enjoy up here in the twentieth century, however, there have come into being great Psychical Research societies that have gone into this matter of exactly what *does* happen to the self-conscious and Thinking Per-



sonality during and after the metamorphosis called Death, *and seemingly found out the facts.*

And the facts are not at all what the desire-wishers of Theology have professed or envisioned, regardless of the ages of traditional belief that have been behind the various religious creeds.

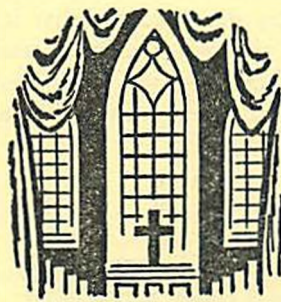
The Thinking Personality *does* survive—that is one fact, and the major fact, that all the psychical evidence appears to attest. There is a Soul-Individuality that does “pull out of” demised physical flesh. But there is no hell waiting for it, and by the same token there is no “heaven” in the orthodox religious sense. Apparently all such notions have been legacies from oriental despotisms that patterned ideologies of the Hereafter on grandiose concepts of regal favors bestowed on loyal subjects. The actualities that the Thinking Spirit encounters are profoundly different from these man-made imageries of orthodoxy.

The most consoling aspect of the whole investigation is, that psychical research—in determining what happens to the soul—has circumstantial evidence and in cases the direct and bona fide testimony of those who have made such passings, to rely upon, in assembling its hypothesis of after-death experiences. Orthodoxy has nothing . . . Orthodoxy, in fact, suggests that everything proposed be “taken on faith”. But why should it require to be taken on faith when more positive testimony is in existence? . . .

Orthodoxy takes the very foolish and easily refuted position that no soul has ever returned from the Afterlife and reappeared upon the planet Earth to give testimony or make declaration of what its adventures have been after vacating the body. In ten thousand seance rooms of the world's great psychical societies, year upon year amounting now to decades, a great library of information has been slowly and experimentally compiled, making the coming experiences of the soul apart from the body most reliable and substantial.

Almost we can say that the precise experiences awaiting every man or woman who ever faces the Death Adventure are prospectively *known* . . .

There is no longer mystery in Death.



THE FIRST big revelation such communicators of post-mortem experiences make is the stupendously blessed fact *that there is neither pain nor distress in the fact of dying itself.* It is one of the most exquisitely relieving of all fleshly happenings. True, if the cause of the death has been tragic or accompanied by any sort of violence, there may be some final moments of strictly organic tension and torment. But the instant the heart ceases to throb, all is peace and spiritual tranquillity. *That attestation is universal.*

The next big revelation such people make who have passed through the Great Shadow, is the declaration that no celestial bailiffs are about, waiting to clap handcuffs on spiritual wrists and bear them away to some divine courtroom to be “judged”. In all the millions of words of transcripts and testimony that the files of the great international psychical research societies contain, there can be found no single instance of a soul reporting that it was placed under any sort of restraint on leaving the body, or was conducted before any divine magistrate.

No, “judgment” for that soul's earthly conduct comes about from a wholly altered state of affairs, that few ever suspect on earth. More about this in subsequent articles . . .



IT IS one titanic sensation of relief from all bodily occupancy and drudgery that the thinking soul experiences in making the Passing. A curious buoyancy and freedom comes to the Spirit. Gradually as it arouses into a higher rate of atomic vibration in its discarnate state, it makes the discovery that it can move anywhere on the planet in an instant of time, merely by taking thought. It is *free* as it has never conceived freedom on earth, or while in the organic encasement.



And not much time passes before it makes the further discovery that it has brought up out of its physical clay an exact replica of itself as it was in earth-life, excepting that physical deformities or handicaps are missing. It is the same personality it has always been, but in a "sublimated" status. Crooked noses appear to have been straightened out, oversize ears have become reduced to normal, club feet have vanished, the physical ensemble is suddenly up to ideal par . . . although why and how all this happens requires months of study to understand.

The point here is, that right concepts about the Hereafter suddenly alter it into forty times as likely and desirable a state to reach than anything one might have heard in Sunday School up sixty years of religious pressures.

Men and women as souls *have light-pattern bodies* in which their real spirits reside—these can be photographed by infra-red light. It is within such light-bodies that real thinking and remembering is done. Their origin, composition, growth, and identification constitute a lore unto itself that alters a person's entire views

about survival as it is investigated, examined and understood. Proof that is almost scientifically accurate—that such things are so—ends forever the common and brutal worry which many sensitive folk suffer in a cruelty that is utterly needless.

Which is better, . . . to know the facts about what happens, or to endure utterly pagan worries over things that never happen, or states that are never reached because they do not exist? It is a thought to think about.

Tens of thousands know nothing of the proofs of survival that are being achieved. It is time to teach them.

**S**OULCRAFT purports to do exactly that. It is culmination of twenty-five years of intensive psychical research, welded to the most convincing and logical aspects of orthodox spiritualism and with mediumistic work resulting that is wholly unquestionable. Added to these are adept achievements in ESP—or Extra-Sensory Perception—in which the highest forms of clairaudience and clairvoyance have been pursued to arrive at the truth of all post-mortem adventures.

So much of similar tenor could not have been accumulated up over the years without a basis in truth.

Incidentally, none of it is presented with any animus against orthodox religion. The facts have simply come out in psychical and spiritualistic pursuits that cannot be ignored.

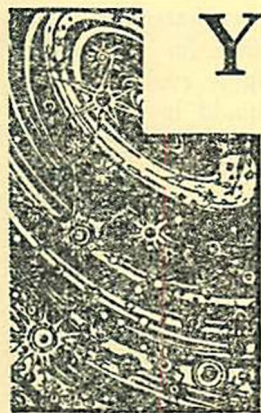
*People do get out of their physical bodies in the experience known as Death, and report back the same identical sensations and reactions.*

So many, reporting the same things, could not be fabrication or coincidence. We are faced with an overwhelming preponderance of evidence.

Is it not a dastardly thing to frighten an unlettered soul to death with fears and threats of what's to happen to him beyond the grave, when no one managing communication back to mortality ever seems to have encountered anything of a menacing nature whatever?



# IS Man's Body-Form the Same on Other Planets of Cosmos?



**Y**OU HEAR surprise and incredulity expressed at times when earth persons have it reported to them that the occupants of the Space Ships possess anatomies that are identical with those who inhabit this solar planet. The claim has been made long since, in fact, that the physical appearances of those allegedly making the interplanetary journeys are similar to earthfolk that the former can leave their craft—after dressing in modern earth garb—mingle with ordinary American sidewalk crowds and not be distinguishable for their distant origins at all. From somewhere the figure has been circulated that 30,000 such Space Men have thus arrived on earth and permeated our society to learn all about us. All that most of them needed to disguise themselves in nonentity has been a haircut, ludicrous as such item may seem. Uniformly it has been perceived that male inhabitants of other planets wear their tresses long and unbound, after the fashion of primitive Woman on this solar satellite—and as Adamski commented about the visitor from Venus in *The*

## ¶ *WHAT We May Learn from the Space People about Physical Designs on Other Solar Systems . .*

*Saucers Have Landed*, "such hair! . . it would make woman of earth green with envy to possess such tresses."

The thing amazing the average anatomist or anthropologist has been that denizens of other heavenly bodies should have proceeded along the same evolutionary route physically, developing organisms so similar to ours that outwardly there are only the items of stature and hair to remark upon.

Apparently the cause for this similarity being challenged is the assumption that organic



vehicles are strictly the product of natural or geological conditions on any given heavenly body.

What if even our most profound scholars discover that man's body is nothing of the sort? . .

---

---

¶ *REMEMBER that  
the eternal stars shine  
brightest when the  
night is darkest . .*

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THAT MAN'S body in contours, offices, and instrumentalities is product of his thought processes, is not accredited as yet by science. Science looks only to the materialistic properties and effects involved. If astute consideration be given man's body as an ingenious instrument for negotiating its earthly designs, it really is the last word in efficiency and practicality. The bifurcated figure, with its two arms swinging and reaching freely, equipped with the device of the human hand at the end of each, furnished with the pincer of the human thumb, and the head atop the torso, permits moving, tumbling, throwing, swinging, sliding, all at a minimum danger of injury. It is a marvel of economy and administration. All in all, it is an *intellectual* product, a contrivance of long perfection slowly attained by trial and error in the worlds of form and substance.

The unthinking "scientific" writer, striving to imagine what man's progress shall become up the next million years, hoodwinks himself into assuming that as man continues to make intellectual progress his anatomical development must run to cranium. Therefore, on the

erroneous conclusion that the bigger the brain the bigger the mentality, the Creatures of Tomorrow are childishly envisioned as becoming what in pathology is now known as Mongolism—in other words, monstrous-headed. But it is by no means a fact that the bigger the brain the bigger the mentality. The honeybee has one of the smallest brains of any creature in earthly existence, yet it has the highest I-Q of any known insect, being able actually to solve problems in mathematics.

Man even in his current development, granting he is still in an evolving state physically, still dies with tens of thousands of "cells" unused and unfilled in the brain which he now possesses.

No, big skulls and big characters by no means accompany each other. So the popular superstition that more highly evolved mortals from adjacent planets should be "all head", with dwindling bodies and legs, is a mental monstrosity in itself. The law of the natural world is Balance, and the moderate-sized head, attached upon moderate-sized body, with proportionate limbs, is a compromise between intellectual and environmental effects.

But there *are* some aspects apparently observed among the Space People, that earthly mortals have noted with no little awe . .

AS CREATURES of material vehicles progress higher and higher in the intellectual scale, the more clever and astute nature of their temperaments tends to produce a physical personality in which the secondary masculine sex characteristics are obviously minimized.

Again and again it has been commented upon, as western persons have contacted these arrivals from Outer Space, that difficulty is experienced in discerning whether those confronted are of the masculine or feminine genders. The men seem to be true men insofar as structural anatomy is concerned, but none of them has ever been met with, displaying beards or other hirshute adornments on their countenances. Their voices are rarely deep-



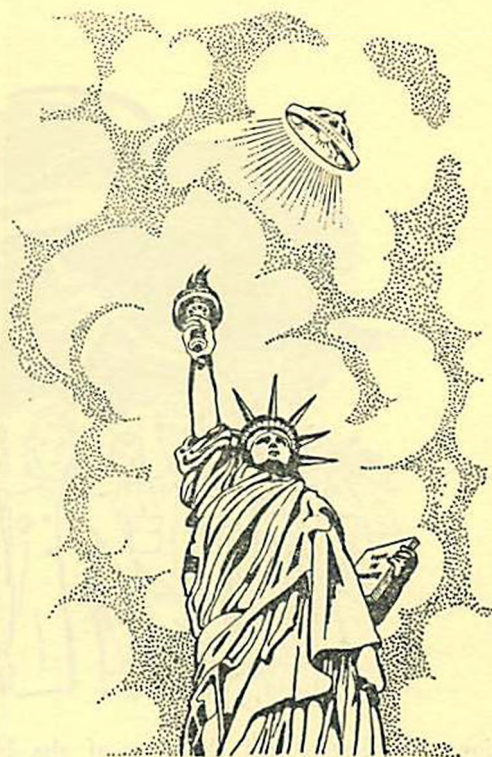
throated or ponderous, as are the voice-tones of normal men on this earth-planet. They frequently grow to conspicuous heights—as witness Mr. Venuto and his companion who are reported as obtaining jobs on a Los Angeles newspaper, and who appeared to be six-feet two or three, their limbs being of extraordinary leanness. Yet these were exceptions and not the rule. The average Space Explorer identified to date has seemed to maintain the average height of about four feet eight or nine inches and the muscular reactions distinguished by delicacy and refinement making them almost effeminate. Luxurious hair worn long as aforesaid, but of extraordinary delicacy of texture, confirms such effect of feminine personality. The interesting question has been propounded as to whether or not they are of identical internal construction with earth-bodies? Venuto, in the course of preliminary conversations with his prospective employers, gave it out that they are not.

"We don't have what you designate as hearts," he is said to have declared in somewhat clumsy English, as though he might have become acquainted with the language by monitoring on radio.

"What, what, no hearts?" cried the perturbed employer.

"The blood flows through our arteries by capillary action, as yours flows through your veins," the explanation went further, referring to an aspect of surface tension for forcing the blood along through the many organs of the body.

And yet, in one case where autopsies have been reported as performed in the case of a crashed Space Ship in the Southwest—where several diminutive corpses resulted—the internal anatomy was almost identical with that of human beings.



**BUT THERE** is another phase of the whole question that has not yet been mentioned . . . that is the circumstance in many cases of Flying Saucers of their origin in Etheria, or what the orthodox intellect interprets as the "heavens" surrounding each planet.

Soulcraft's George Fisher, testifying audibly about the matter at the celebrated seance of October 14th at Noblesville, declared that a very large percentage of the Space Men and their vehicles were the rematerialized light-bodies of persons who had formerly lived physically on earth. By means of the extraneous power supplied by or from overhead Laboratory Ships—what the Space-Ship literature is now terming Mother Ships—these provenly survived souls have mechanical means supplied them for lowering their vibrations back down to their former substantialities of earth. What a shock it may still be to tens of mil-





lions of persons still thinking of the Hereafter in terms of churchianity, to have Flying Saucers light upon the earth-plane by the thousands, the gangplanks to lower, and vast hosts of people hitherto assumed dead and in Paradise, to tread upon earth again and speak in their former familiar voices to those recognizing them. *That miracle can happen!*

It would naturally follow, therefore, that the "spirits of risen souls" now existing in the light-body patterns so familiar to students of Soulcraft, would continue to "think of themselves" in the sublimated physical designs of the vehicles they used so long and effectively on earth. Merely dying out of their biologically created bodies would not produce creatures anatomically different—certainly not radically different. Therefore a similarity of what is called biologic life on all the reachable planets would naturally and readily follow. Divine Thought, in the capsule mortal form or vehicle, would "fancy" for itself the ensemble of anatomy with which it was most familiar and

which had provenly served the ensouled spirit so long and so efficiently.

As for the "monstrosities" reportedly seen at the portholes of Space Ships that may have ranged alongside stratospheric liners, given to prodigious skulls and no limbs but dangling tentacles—the truer answer to such design would be, what the stratospheric-liner passengers were beholding in such horror *were nothing more nor less than Space Helmets*, worn over entirely normal craniums to ward off danger of fatal alteration in pressures of atmospheres as contrasted to their own. As the Space Ship lands, and the atmospheric pressures of earth are shown to be reasonably safe for the planetary visitors, these helmets are discarded and creatures wholly presentable and normal step down for earthly converse.

It is well to have all these facts brought to the attention, however, that one may be oriented to the dramatic and spectacular, providing it occurs in mass pattern before 1954 is run . . .



# Why Incoming Souls Require to Be Born as Babies . .



**I**T MIGHT, at first glance, seem an elemental inquiry—suggesting that information come from somewhere that enlightens us on why Babies should be necessary. The critical or facetious person might retort, “Babies are necessary that new human beings have their beginning in the physical sense—any fool knows that.” But such is a superficial view to take of it. Why, in the divine scheme of things was it considered necessary for each human being to start small and helpless, and “grow up”? Why, in other words, could not some process have been devised by which souls entering mortality—whether or not reincarnation was involved—became possessed of a full-sized 150-pound vehicle from the beginning, and live as an adult from the first breath so drawn?

It poses some interesting and thought-provoking points about the whole life tenure it-



**¶** *Something Must Ease the Shock of Transfer from Plane to Plane and a Period of New Infancy Solves It . .*

self, and why it pursues the patterns that it does.

Of course we cannot consider it—the same as we can rationalize almost no other puzzle or



complication in existence—without first conceding the fact of Repeat Ensoulment. Without allowing that all human beings must live more than one career on this earth, there would seem to be rhyme or reason for nothing. The whole Cosmos becomes a happenstance. Indeed, it seems to be because the rank and file of living persons won't concede this fundamental of life—won't even consider it—that day-to-day existence in the present world is such a hopeless and purposeless mess.

There are, however, ten of thousands of erudite people who *do* know the facts, and not only concede them but study the import of them, and they are uniformly the wise and sagacious of their generation. We can leave the hopeless masses to their ignorance, therefore, and look at this question of new humans starting life from the infantile status for the significance it holds.

And undoubtedly the first and biggest reason, accounting for such infantile status at the start of each new earthly career, concerns the compassion of Divine Providence for easing the shock of transition from the Thought Planes to the Organic Planes . . . that otherwise might inflict much harm upon the spirit.



**IT SEEMS** to be a fact of life, from every source of information that we can contact in our present organic condition that considered from the great cosmic standpoint, every soul coming out of the Divine Afflatus is a "free spirit" in the fullest sense of that term. It can, so to speak, go everywhere and do anything and everything.

The essential process of Thinking, permits it to travel anywhere at will, from Topeka to the moon and back again by way of Antarctic, in a seeming instant of time. It can enter into any situation of atomic structure from a concrete vault to a desert eating-house full of smoke from a defective cookstove. It can pry and investigate, and burrow and penetrate. But there is one thing that in its original free state it cannot do—

*It cannot gain the informative increment from Limitation without entering into Limitation, and knowing its reactions.*

That point is major.

How can a sentient spirit that lives in an utterly free state gain the wisdom about its freedom without discovering some situation or process whereby its freedom is curtailed? And there most certainly are lessons of the utmost value to be derived from the experience of Curtailment. There is the outstanding lesson of Achievement, for instance.

Have you ever paused to realize that without Limitation, any such phenomenon as Achievement could not be grasped for what it is, by the evolving spirit? Achievement of itself is ever comprehending and overcoming that which tends to limit or circumscribe. And a free spirit that could seemingly attain to any place or status merely by thinking, would become a spirit utterly without Discipline.

Life in organism is unquestionably the celestial ruse to remedy this unlicensed liberty that puts no obstruction before the observant soul that requires character and ingenuity to surmount.

In the first place, Life in Organism has a definite beginning and ending—thus making the fact of Eternality—or Immortality—comprehensible to Mind. In the second place, Life in Organism limits or circumscribes individual activity, and by saying "Thus far and no farther," the free spirit is challenged to explore and experiment in its own right and see what can be done in refutation of the whole of it. *As was originally intended.*



So Free Soul-Spirits would seem to have, in their curriculum of celestial education, periods on the Planes of Thought when they are utterly uncircumscribed, and periods down upon Planes of Organism when they must exert energy to overcome handicaps and thus develop Character and Ingenuity. And these appear to alternate in an ever upward spiral.

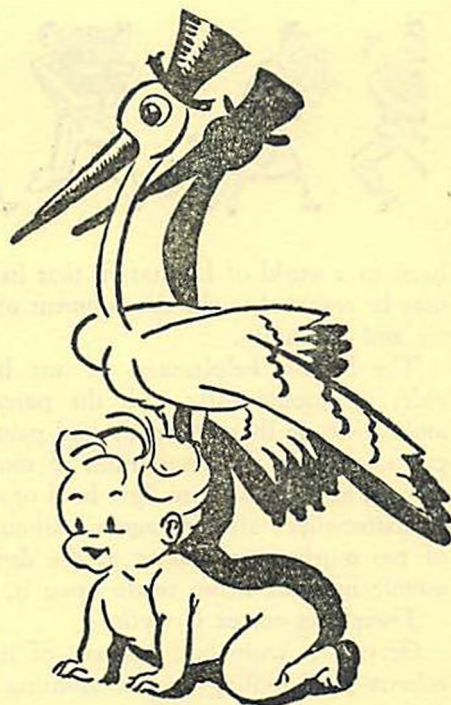
The shock of passing from Utter Spirit Freedom to Limitation and Confinement that Character and Ingenuity may be developed, could be bitter and destructive unless it were achieved by degree or stages. Passing from Confinement or Limitation to realms of Complete Spirit Liberty would hold no such shock—indeed, the profoundest relief and joyousness might be encountered. But the other way about doesn't hold.

Nature and Nature's God—Holy Spirit, in other words—seems therefore to have evolved a scheme that causes the Free Spirit on the Thought Planes to pass through a sequence of amnesia of a sort, out of which it slowly acquires a knowledge of circumscription all over again in degrees that do no particular damage.

Amnesia, of course, is technical term for Lost Memory.

**N**INETY-NINE out of a hundred ordinary folk now scoff at Repeat Ensoulment in flesh strictly from the seemingly logical premise, "If it were true that I have been alive before, why do I not remember it?" They do not remember it because it is part of the spiritual educative process that they shall not remember it, thus enabling them to consider their various earthly visitations as units, each having integrity unto itself.

Life and recollection would be a hodge-podge if this lost-memory phenomenon did not maintain. In fact, we can easily discern how the eternal soul-spirit would finally arrive at a state of utmost intellectual confusion, trying to sort itself and its past experiences out and identify whom or what it had achieved in any given previous life-sequence.



"No," Divine Order says, "take these experience-sequences in flesh, each as a particular manifestation of personality, remembered for its peculiar features and factors alone. Thus will you later be able to compare one with another, and discern how you have improved or strengthened yourself one against the other."

This especially maintains if a given soul-spirit enter organic life to execute a specific mission, either unto itself, another person, a group, or a Dispensation. The life-career stands independently as a Project, successful or unsuccessful as the case may be, but none the less distinguishable.

And such being as specific a fact of life as the morning's sunrise, or the \$3.75 porterhouse set forth for the evening's meal that the organic self may obtain the vitamins that keep it functioning, *babies enter in*.

The baby-state—or status—is the intermediate or transitional condition wherein its blanked-out memory and seeming physical helplessness combine to reorient its consciousness





back to a world of Limitation that its progress may be resumed in the development of Character and Ingenuity.

The lovable helplessness of any baby provides it automatically with the parental care and solicitude that gradually and painlessly recall to it what the Limitations of mortal matter are, and enable it to "get hold of the ropes of materiality" all over again, without distress of too much apprehension at the demands of atomic material being made upon it.

Therefrom comes *Growth*.

Growth is truly but recovery of its former celerity in handling or surmounting Circumscription. And real Wisdom is represented when the knowledge gained therefrom in one career surpasses the knowledge gained therefrom in scores and perchance hundreds of previous careers.

The acquisition of such Wisdom actually is Spiritual Progress.

In fact, we can almost state that Babies and Spiritual Progress are antipodes of the same celestial program working out in material circumstance . . .

And Supernal Wisdom arranged all of it!

**I**NCOMING souls require to be born as babies because their interim experiences in what humanity skeptically calls the Spirit World require the individual to be reconditioned to the demands and pressures of Limitation, that Character derived from overcoming Limitation or Obstruction may increase as the mortal life advances.

If men and women had ways of acquiring full-fledged adult bodies upon each new advent, as Minerva was supposed to have sprung

fully grown from the brow of her father Jove, they would utterly miss the long and solicitous program of readaptation to mortal conditions that are the corollary of infantism and childhood supplied by parents.

They would miss the affection that accompanies such dependencies, making for karmic-group integration and its effects on personal conduct.

They would be jumped from de-limitation in the instant of acquiring organism, and be confused and dismayed that the practices and processes of Spirit did not seem to maintain in the organic world.

Your child, therefore, is a Soul-in-Orientation to the circumscriptions of mortality that Character may go on developing out of Accomplishment and Achievement in obstacle-overcoming. It has lost its memories of earlier careers during the nine months of uterian gestation of its small physical self. It is "starting all over" to run up a new record for itself, seemingly as a "new" personality.

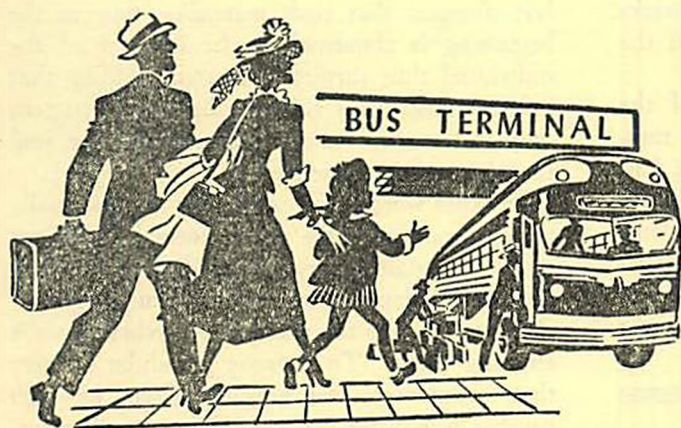
Actually the life that is stretching ahead for it is a mark-off of Limitation amid the galaxy of De-Limitation that is every spirit's celestial birthright. And you must respect it as such.

If souls came into earth-scene on any other basis, their readaptation would be painful and even injurious.

Admit Repeat Ensoulment, and all the mysteries of life suddenly sort themselves out and present themselves no longer as mysteries.

Strange, isn't it, that human beings prefer Ignorance to Enlightenment. Of course that is because they prefer to have Experience tutor them instead of doctrinal adjurations.





## How Does the "Bossy" Woman Get that Way? . .

### RESEARCH into *Prenatal Roles Holds Explanation for the Dominant Attitude of Certain Feminine Personalities . .*



**I**N the field of Cosmic Psychiatry that Soulcraft surveys, the problem of the overly dominant woman looms large.

Comparatively few men have ever lived on earth, or are living at present, who have not encountered her, had more or less incompatible experiences with her, and inevitably retired beaten in attempts to make her otherwise. The leavening aspect of

the quandary she presents is the circumstance that because she is dominant in temperament toward male relatives or associates by no means indicates she is vicious or even bellicose. In all charity she is frequently described as Strong-Willed, but no amount of tolerance of her attributes lessens the fact that she seems to be "out of character."

**T**HE accepted feminine temperament is one of sweetness, tractability, solicitude and grace. It seeks to get its way in an admittedly masculine world by tact, diplomacy, logic and ingenuity. While the practical necessity for these, upon occasion, infuriates the free feminine soul that is convinced that God really has divided life into no such categories and a woman "has as much right to be herself" as any man, it does remain a fact that it is largely because Woman as a sex is docile, receptive and acquiescent that she commands the affection and devotion of lover, husband, or children that she does.

Charming inconsistencies can be forgiven her, and all due sympathy by no means be wasted on her, when her complementing feminine traits are callously taken advantage of, but the fact that she is first and foremost ro-



mantic, receptive and cooperative, hallmarks what we have in mind when we speak of the Feminine Temperament.

Now delving down into the coffers of the Ageless Wisdom for keys that unlock the mystery of male and female characters as we find them, how should it come about that one woman out of five discloses herself as independent, self-assertive, short-tempered, and even irascible?

To use a colloquialism, How does she get that way?

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¶ *GOD frequently carries men into deep waters, not for the purpose of drowning but cleansing them . .*

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SUPPOSE we have it understood that the out-and-out "masculine" woman is not included in this inquiry. The tomboy in adolescence who develops into an adult creature with secondary male characteristics, seems in nine out of ten cases to be an essentially masculine half-soul who for reasons best known to himself is entered into a feminine vehicle for an experience as a woman—perhaps to pay off karmic obligations, or discipline himself for humiliations, inflicted on women as a sex in earlier careers.

The pathologist, of course, challenges this sort of explanation, offering as proof of his skepticism the fact that glandular operations can be performed upon such types, reducing them to quite feminine persons who forswear all earlier male attributes. But the cosmic ana-

lyst disputes that such masculine type in the beginning is abnormal in the instance of the individual thus surgically treated, holding that infantile organisms follow a light-body pattern in gestation that is the prototype of the soul that has taken possession.

In other words, half-souls that are essentially male do not incarnate under normal conditions in little female embryos, but if they do, they quickly readapt those embryos in secondary characteristics to the masculine psyches that are entering them. To propose glandular surgery that counteracts the normal effects of such psyches is not far different from essaying surgeries on the most virile of males and leaving them emasculate and effeminate.

The subconscious minds of "mannish" women invariably disclose upon probing that they have either been masculine in their spiritual patterns up recent lives, or they are seeking to affect Balance within their eternal intellects for their sex reactions. They are by no means the anomalies their illiterate critics think them.

NO, it is the entirely feminine personality—meaning the bona fide feminine half of a given soul—who appears perpetually impatient with her lot as a woman in a man's world, that engages us. Is it enough to say that she is working off a karmic distemper at the circumstance of *being* such feminine half, or is something deeper demonstrating in her case?

We are called to take note of two qualifying factors—

First, she may be recalling subconsciously a type of higher-octave society in which the Woman Influence is the stronger and more prevalent; second, she may be trying to get compensation for disillusioning and exasperating associations with male stupidities in the present life "over and above the call of feminine duty"—to use that phrase to describe the normal woman's reactions to man's unwitting bigotries.

In either case, she is a legitimate product of



a given set of conditions and merits no reckless condemnation.

First, this business of recalling subconsciously an order of society that is the antithesis of Earth's . . .

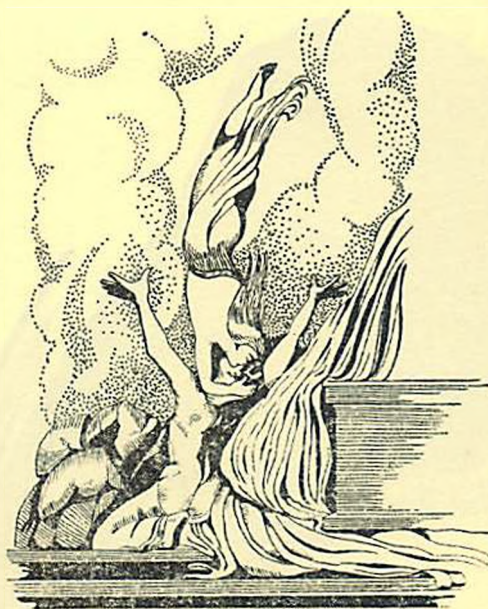
Again and again, as we establish intelligent contact with residents of the Thought Planes onto which the average soul graduates at death of physical vehicle, we learn that a sort of oscillation maintains in soul-movement between the two conditions of life. On the organic Earth Octave the Masculine is the dominant Sex Quotient; on the spiritual Thought-Octave the Feminine.

Putting it in still more practical way, Earth-Life maintains as a man's world, Thought-Life a woman's world.

This undoubtedly has come about through Earth-Life handicap and physical exertion holding greater challenges to the masculine temperament. Hence man has "taken charge" or assumed the dominant position over mortal society as he has conquered such handicaps and vanquished frustrations. On the higher levels of Thought-Life, where Woman's predominant feminine traits appear to greater advantage and get the more efficient exercise, the Feminine disposition is the more influential.

**M**ORE and more as we investigate the profound subject of Re-ensoulment, we see women soul-halves coming onto the earth-plane with their masculine counterparts and relinquishing to those masculine counterparts the more dominant roles for which men's physical structures and energies equip them. As each earth-sequence is completed, we see the men soul-halves accompanying their feminine counterparts into realms where the feminine traits are the more requisite and efficient.

Now then, *if, as, and when* one of these feminine counterparts fails to make the clean-cut break, or shift, from the Thought-Plane to the Organic-Plane, the tendency may be entirely



understandable that it is unable to throw off the Thought-Role and enter wholeheartedly upon the Organic Role, and woman clings to a status in Thought Society making her appear dominant, independent, influential and "bossy".

In other words, she "brings through" with her, down into this mortal state, the instinct of supremacy that is a "natural" on the higher octaves, and exercises it unwittingly—or as we say, intuitively.

She naturally takes responsibility for the pair of them, herself and her complement, just as upon this side the average male takes responsibility for the welfare of spouse and offspring "naturally" or intuitively.

The dominant role of the Feminine in the Higher Worlds and orders of celestial society, in other words, is nearer the threshold of consciousness than it commonly is among her more docile and acquiescent sisters. *They* have let go and "disremembered," insofar as social dominance is concerned, retaining only their sweetness and tractability of character.

Of the woman who has come by her animosities against men by cultivating an intolerance for their stupidities, we can only point out a





condition that educating experiences of earth-life itself can cure . . .

ALL OF us are familiar with the feminine temperament that has become convinced that all men are either children, or imbeciles, or bigots, or psychopaths, and that if it weren't for the presences of women on this earth, the planet would go to pot in a twelvemonth. Particularly does one discover this type amid a particular caste of spinster. She is not so much the misogynist as a half-soul that has come into life under protest, or a half-soul that has left her true cosmic partner in the higher realms and is "catching up on her spiritual education" in a solo performance—again resenting the fact that it is necessary.

Truth to tell, there seems to be more of this sort of thing demonstrating in the case of the average "bossy" woman than humanity suspects.

It isn't against Men, in other words, that her animus is directed, but against the circumstance

of mortal experience taken of itself. Such worthy ladies have undoubtedly recognized that they need to go through certain additional experiences of earth to perfect or strengthen their characters, but it embitters them that they must "waste the time" reliving sequences in mortal form at all. So upon coming into the fleshly vehicle anew in the feminine form, with its thrice-annoying circumscriptions and commitments, such woman develops a "nasty temper" that "makes men step around." They resent the factual day-to-day discipline to spirit that the woman-role invites, and seek to make it as least humiliating as possible by seeking to "run" whatever the life-role connects them with, from family to government.

This type of "bossy female"—as male associates dub her—is the greater karmic edition of the feminine soul who earlier in her present life may have been through humiliating experiences with weak or vacillating menfolk that have outraged her sense of order, propriety, or intellect until she has come to identify the characters of all men with her own domestic miscreants.

This latter type is by no means incurable, however, for the effects are so transient and so recent that sudden acquaintance with a brainy, characterful, masterful male who—symbolically describing it—"spanks her and makes her behave herself" turns her normal in a twelvemonth. Unique to relate, it invariably follows that such "bossy type", having met the masculine character whom it can't "boss", suddenly capitulates and begins loving such man with an indescribable admiration, loyalty, and devotion.

As one such recently remarked, putting it the other way about, "No woman really loves a man she can boss." What she meant to say was, that any man who permitted her type to dominate him, didn't command enough respect to be worthy of affection for him. She overlooked the fact that woman who must be "mas-





tered" before a man is allowed to love her, isn't worth the effort as romantic reward. But that enters the field of romance and not sex supremacy as sex . . .

**T**HE "BOSSY" woman is bossy, taken as she comes, because she is inwardly furious at finding herself in an inferior role, either domestically or socially, to what she believes her capabilities commend her. She is seeking to re-adjust the balance by exerting a managerial influence as proof of her supremacy—the startling facts being that perchance learning to make the more accurate discernments respecting herself *may be the very reason for which she is being called to suffer this current life-sequence.*

As we look deeply beneath the surfaces of such matters, we find a wholly different moral structure maintaining than the average unlettered mortal suspects up a century.

It is easy enough to apply critical or ribald names to people or situations that we don't understand. The fact that our conduct is predicated on the sternest reactions from Repeat En-soulment, with humanity scarcely suspecting that such process exists, is tragedy in itself. The irony of it is, that whether humanity particularly cares for it or not, every last mortal in flesh has to obey it, and does obey it. How much better to obey it intelligently than blindly? *Remember, every temperament is strictly the product of what it has experienced.*

Our real cue is to be as tolerant and understanding as we may about this Dominant Lady who wishes to order all lives about her, from the ashman's to the mayor's.

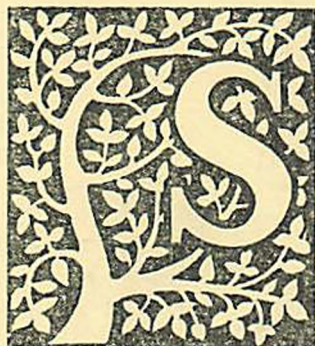
She is seeking to gain Balance within her own character.

Well, aren't we all?

Why otherwise live life? . . .

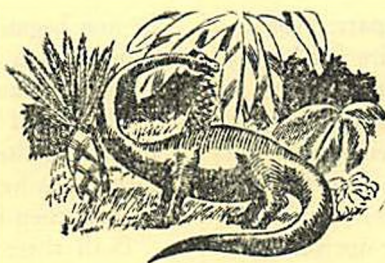


# Distress the Great Mentor



OFFERING of any kind is but concentrated experiencing. Nine out of ten people who cannot account for the distress in their lives undoubtedly have—if the truth could be known—elected to work out the karma of two or three lives in this one present span of mortality. Either that, or they hope by premeditated ordeal to reach a degree of temperamental development that will qualify them for an octave in celestially peopled by cosmic relatives who have made greater advancement than they themselves. It is both a catching up and a going forward. Heaven does not seem to be a place awarded us for goodly works; it is the automatic reaction accruing from the fundamental absorption of wisdom. All good people are wise, although it may not necessarily follow that all wise people are good. As a rule, however, it is so! Pain is the dispassionate conditioner of the soul to become both good and wise, or wise through goodness. Only the ignorant or illiterate conclude that God put pain into mortality as one of its prime ingredients because He delighted to see men suffer. God never “put” pain anywhere. Pain is the automatic signal provided in human life, that a cosmic law is being transgressed or conditions are not what the Almighty intended that they should be. It is man who makes his own pain. The moment he takes thought to its causes or origins, and deliberately alters the conditions making for it, pain ceases to be a factor in his sentient affairs. But distress in personal circumstance is quite something else. It may not be the breaking of a law so much as the keeping or observing of a law that its educating effect may be noted and profited from. And while the assent to it may be subconscious because prenatally agreed upon, it is no less potent to enhance spirit’s welfare. Do not fight the distressing circumstance, therefore. Examine it, analyze it, observe what can be gotten out of it. Inquire particularly whether it mayn’t be true that adjustments of many lives with many intimates are being made in one—this present span—so that future sojourns may be enjoyed with those who truly “do inherit the earth.”





## DO You Have Psychometric Gifts without Knowing It?

**¶** *Pictures of the Past Seem to Be Photographed on the Vibrations of Materials which Those Psychometrically Sensitive Read at Will*



literally rendered is not the truth and does not concern the Soul in the slightest.

Psychology, as this civilization accepts it in practice, concerns exclusively the deportment of Mind from materialist basis of sense-stimuli. But Psychometry is quite something else.

**S**TRANGE to relate, you find only the briefest of paragraph references to Psychometry in the Encyclopedia *Brittanica*. You find whole pages devoted to Psychology, or behavior of the Mind—a strictly materialistic science deriving its name from the usurped terms, The Truth about the Psyche—which literally

Literally defined, it too is a misnomer since it implies the “measure” of the psyche or soul and fails to describe what actually occurs when psychometric practices are indulged in. Considered from the esoteric standpoint, Psychometry means: The ability to read the history of an object from its vibrations.

Believe it or not, a psychometric expert can take any object in his left hand, or press it against his forehead and instantly begin to see picturized to the Inner Eye all the situations in which the object has participated.

If the psychometric expert takes in his hand a gold watch belonging to a particular person, there will immediately arise in the eye of his mind a kaleidoscope of action-scenes in which the watch’s owner has been involved. The entire life-history of a person swiftly and unerringly becomes an open book to the psycho-

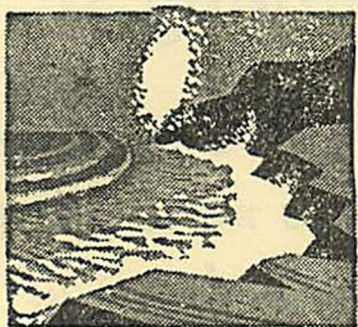


metric. And here is the strange part: Not only can the adept gain to the entire life-history of the watch's owner—that is, such events as have been witnessed by him or made an outstanding impression upon his emotions—but cases have been checked upon in which the psychometrist is able to leap into the future and “get pictures” of events that have not yet come to pass.

How is it done? Nobody knows.

In the present status of our esoteric knowledge we only know that it is done.

When we get into the vast domain of Vibration we are—as yet—on uncharted ground.



THE EARLIEST work which we possess on this strange science—for it is a science, and sooner or later will be so accredited—is a volume called *The Soul of Things*, or *Psychometric Researches*, written by William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton in 1866. It was published in Boston in that year by Walker, Wise & Company, and went into many editions. Copies of it are rare. The author of this article has a copy in his library and it is before him as he writes. In addition, the author of this article is a psychometric-sensitive himself, so that what he has to say upon the subject is not written from hearsay. But first a word about William Denton.

William Denton, the author of the first authentic work on Psychometry, was some forty to sixty years ago a professor of geology in the State University of New Hampshire. As he tells his entrancing story in *The Soul of Things*,

he first began to find an interest in this baffling subject as a result of his geological explorations in connection with his job.

He would go about New England, or the Eastern United States, examining fossils on the rocks. As he brought them home, first his sister and then his wife handled them.

Both these women happened to be psychometric sensitives. To William Denton's utter mystification, either one of them could pick up a given specimen of rock and describe accurately a picture of the terrain on which he found it. He had to admit that their descriptions were correct.

Night after night, week after week, month after month, he would return from his geological expeditions, dump his bag of samples upon the table of the Denton living room, and have one of these women relate to him precisely what the geological history of each specimen had been, where he found it, and under what conditions. He began to realize that here was being demonstrated a “gift” or talent that was outside the pale of any known science.

For instance, on one occasion he relates bringing home a bit of bone, found imbedded in slag that was used for ballast of a ship that had docked in Montreal from Wales.

One of the Denton women picked it up, held it against her forehead for a moment, and dropped it in a sort of terror. Denton wanted to know what made her do it.

“I see the animal,” she cried, “to which it originally belonged!”

She had been, of course, frightened by the aspects of this creature.

“What kind of an animal is it?” Denton wanted to know.

“This bit of bone,” he was informed, “is the portion of the front tooth of an antediluvian monster. Give me a pencil and I'll sketch you a picture of it as I see it.”

Denton got the pencil and the woman produced the sketch. He looked at it skeptically. “There's no such animal known to science,” he declared.



But next day he took the sketch to the professor of zoology on the faculty. "Certainly there's such a creature!" his expert pronounced. "But it's exceedingly rare." Forthwith he hunted among his zoology books and ultimately brought forth a plate depicting the monster, which corresponded with the sketch of the Denton woman so perfectly that even Denton recognized it.

IT WAS the beginning of a series of deliberate experiments with his strangely-talented womenfolk on Denton's part. Finally he had compiled enough of them, with positive results, to give him the material for *The Soul of Things*—and Psychometry was born.

On one occasion, capping all these experiments, he brought home a little fragment of fabric about two by four inches in size. It resembled the cutting from the center of an ancient Paisley shawl. His wife took it and placed it against her forehead.

"I see a small but crowded room," she reported immediately. "It contains men dressed in old-fashioned wigs and colonial uniforms. I seem to be viewing them from a point behind the speaker, seated with his back to me at a desk. Men in a semi-circle before him are listening intently to one of their number who seems to be addressing them. I can even see the tense expressions on the listeners' faces. What is this bit of cloth, and where did you get it?"

Denton says he replied with colorless lips: "That bit of fabric is a shred from the tapestry that formerly hung behind the speaker's desk in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. In Carpenter's Hall the First Continental Congress met, back in 1775".

Almost a hundred years had passed since the tapestry hung behind the speaker's stand had witnessed the scene which Mrs. Denton inspected in action. Somehow or other, that insenate fabric had photographed a literal moving-picture of that colonial debate into its warp and woof, and nearly a hundred years

afterward a psychometrically-sensitive woman held it against her forehead and had the whole episode recreated for her in every detail, so that she could describe it minutely to her flabbergasted husband. Small wonder that thereafter, Denton started to write his book.

No matter what he brought home to his womenfolk, they could conjure up similar scenes to that colonial debate, disclosing what actionisms insenate material had witnessed.



SO IN the forefront of his book, Denton used three quotations. The first was from Carlyle: "On the hardest adamant, some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van." The second was Professor Babbage's: "The air is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered." The third was from Shakespeare: "In Nature's infinite book of mystery I have a little read".

And yet Denton took the title of his epoch-making work on Psychometry from Wordsworth: "Enter into the soul of things!"

Commonplace, two-legged, three-meal-a-day people go through life accepting that "all there is to the world" is what they discern through their five prosaic senses. Ask them to account for the marvels of Psychometry and they have the universal blurb of Ignorance for explanation: "It must be of the devil!"

The truth of the matter is, that we have



only scratched the surface of the wonders that exist in the structure of the natural world for us to discover, examine, and utilize.

And of all the mystical essences going to compose the natural world, the units that make for psychometric reaction on the talented super-sensitive are the most necromantic.

For instance, there is no accounting for the manner in which psychometric pictures arise in the mind of the adept.

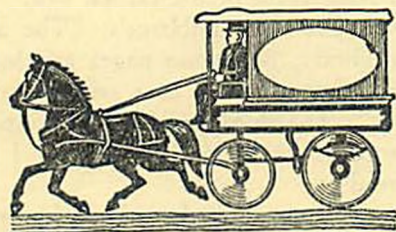
This writer recalls an occasion in Asheville, North Carolina, while the Galahad Summit School was in session. A group of us had gathered of a moonlit evening on a hotel veranda. Dr. Hardwicke, lecturer on Physics in that school, slipped from his finger a well-worn ring.

"See what you get from that ring?" he suggested. The writer took the jewelry and composed himself. Almost at once he was assailed with a species of nausea in his vitals. Ludicrously enough, there arose before the eye of his mind trays upon trays of greasy doughnuts!

"What associations has this ring had with doughnuts?" he demanded.

Dr. Hardwicke's eyes popped open.

"You don't know how good you are!" he complimented the writer.



Forthwith he related this anecdote: Some twenty-eight years, before, in his earlier manhood, he had spent a vacation in southern Connecticut. An auction was announced on a farm in the neighborhood. The Doctor was motivated to go to the auction. But the only article offered for sale in which he was interested was the ring, put up by the family to bring a bit of cash. He bid it off successfully and placed it

on his finger. Late in the afternoon he started back home. Unaccustomed to the backroads, he became hopelessly lost. With twilight descending, no food in his stomach since morning, he finally espied a baker's cart approaching him. He hailed the baker and asked if his cart contained anything to appease his distressing hunger. "All I've got left," said the baker, "is a dozen and a half stale doughnuts." The Doctor forthwith bought them, sat down on a stone, and ate the lot of them. They made him grease-sick.

And twenty-eight years later, on accepting his ring amid a circle of interested people on a North Carolina hotel veranda, the writer was immediately introduced to the same physical distress that the Doctor had felt when the pastries disagreed with him the day of the auction!

Not only was the writer physically distressed, but he actually saw trays of doughnuts set out before him, so that he immediately exclaimed at them.

What "vibrations" coming from that circlet of metal, traveled up the psychometrist's left hand and arm and translated to picture-images in his brain?

Why the incident of the doughnuts, associated with the Doctor's acquisition of the ring? He had worn it on the little finger of his left hand for twenty-eight years, so he said. During nearly three decades he had met and lived the experiencings of his career and thought the thoughts that had come to him. Yet the first picture-image seen by the psychometrist had to do with the silly and transient physical distress having to do with the ring's acquisition. By what rule of choice then, was the doughnut incident selected?

Such phenomena we have to explore and learn about.

We know that Psychometry is a demonstrable fact. Insofar as we are able to determine it has nothing to do with the disembodied life. It requires no trance of the faculties for its existence. Some persons are born with the gift of it, others have to perfect it.



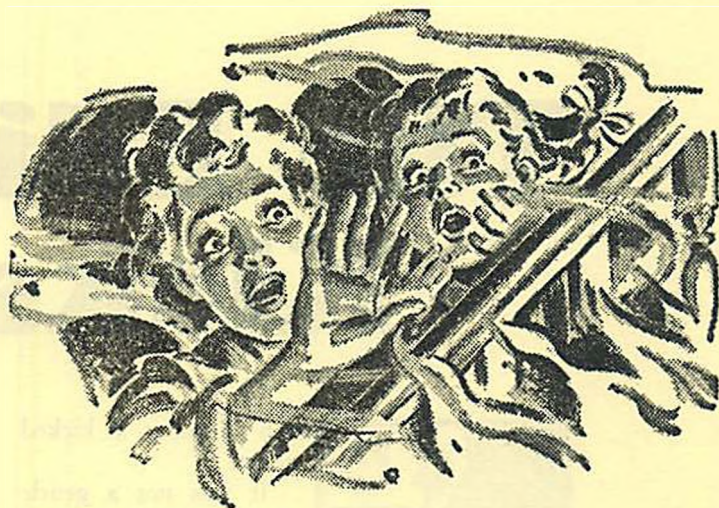
In the writer's own instance, he early made the discovery that whatever psychometric talents he possessed seemed to function with the clearer and stronger aspects as he had numbers of interested friends gathered about him when the tests were going on. Psychometry done in solitaire turned out results so weak and uncertain as almost never to be relied upon.

WHILE the Galahad Summer School was in session, in 1932, practically every student in attendance underwent a psychometrizing for some purpose or other, mostly that they might have mental or spiritual complexes diagnosed. Nearly a hundred cases were thus checked upon for accuracy of the phenomena. Gradually the psychometrist came to observe that the picture-images immediately arising in the eye of his mind on closing his fingers over a watch, a ring, a pocketknife, a handkerchief, offered for analysis of the owner, inevitably had to do with some great emotional experience which that owner had undergone. Here are some examples recalled at random—

The subject submitted her handkerchief; the first picture-image was a slithering and repulsive mass of what appeared to be crocodiles or other silurian creatures, accompanied by great fright and acute distress in the left hand. Inquiry developed that the subject had been chopped at by an angry alligator several years before while attempting to feed such creatures on an alligator farm in Jacksonville, Florida. The back of her left hand had been lacerated and still bore scars of the mishap.

Another case: Grotesque picture-image of a horribly laughing horse, accompanied by acute pains in the psychometrist's head. Inquiry developed that while a child of eight, the subject had been bitten on the top of the head by an ill-tempered horse, temporarily losing a portion of her scalp in the bite.

Another case: Another handkerchief submitted and immediate prickly pains in the buttocks accompanied by picture-image of an ancient carpenter's chest studded with bolt-heads.



Inquiry revealed that nearly twenty years before, subject as a child had visited a cousin and found great sport sliding down a new plank set a-slant down the opening of a bulkhead into a cellar. Lower end of this plank had rested upon the carpenter's chest, identical as to description with the picture seen by the psychometrist. Subject slid down the small planking and was dumped off on the chest. Sharpened bolt-heads and slivers had severely lacerated subject's nether portions, requiring medical treatment.

These three occurrences concerned separate parts of the anatomy, hand, head, and seat. The fabrics transferring the "vibrations" had none of them been in existence when the mishaps happened. Borne in the subconscious minds of these victims over a period of years, they had suddenly been transferred to jewelry or wearing apparel, and on psychometric contact were televised on his mind.

The question arises: *Is it Vibration that is responsible, or is some force at work of which at present we do not know the slightest detail?*

At any rate, we are confronted by the fact that materials do receive photographic impressions of scenes in which they have participated, or witnessed.

*(Turn to Page 32)*



# The Editor Kicks a Cat!



HIS morning I kicked a cat!

It was not a gentle kick. I did not toy with the cat's person, moving it hither and yon in sportive ecstasy. Nor did I place my foot beneath it and hoist it from the earth's surface merely to see how the earth's surface behaved when relieved

of one cat, or find out how much truth is contained in the assertion that a cat thus kicked always lights upon its feet.

It was in no sense an experiment in physics or biology—what I did to the cat. I kicked it!

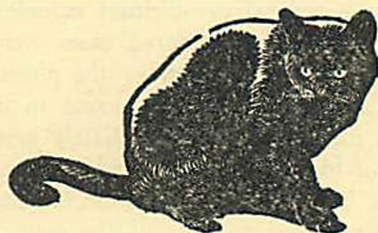
Now permit me to tell you that insofar as I am able to recall, it was the first time in nearly fifty years that I have ever gone to such a brutal extreme as to completely kick a cat.

The performance was so strange and new, so out of line with my usual treatment of anything that is small, walks on four feet, and is supposed to be dumb, that for the moment I paused with my right leg in air, so to speak, and stared blankly before me.

Exactly what had happened?

How did it all come about?

What calamitous crisis had taken place in my spirit that without the slightest hesitation, certainly without a minute's consideration for



the cat itself, I had placed my leather-shod foot suddenly beneath its person and caused it to alter location within the fraction of a second?

AT THE moment, of course, I believed I had cause for kicking the cat.

The cat had come down from the attic of the shed where it passed its hours of night, with tail straight in air and a general inclination to rub against my ankles while I made the coffee in an old country kitchen. I took this, naturally, as a gesture in compatibility.

The cat, like myself, was desirous of its breakfast. It walked four steps to the left—depositing its usual amount of yellow hair against my pant-leg—then turned and came back four steps to the right, leaving more hair. From time to time it discussed the situation with me in small squeaky noises supposed to be "plaintive".

I started the day by having all the good-will in the world toward the cat. I acknowledged that it found itself in a state of nocturnal de-



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bility like myself, that life before the morning's first cup of coffee was the mean trick of a disgruntled Creator to show off His power on a created product that couldn't do much about it. The cat, from first to last, was companion with me in a common predicament, and as such, I admit, should have been held as my comrade. I even spoke to it, and it answered me "plaintively," going at once around to the back of my pant-legs and smearing a spot with hair that it had previously overlooked.

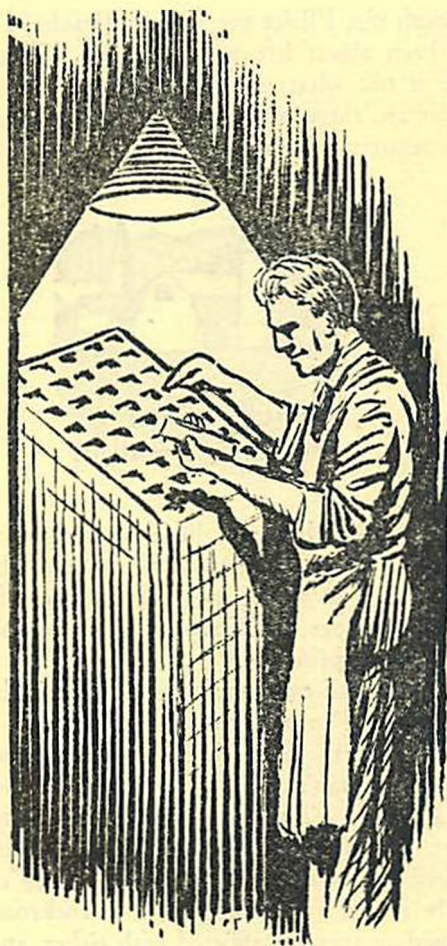
At this point, and while waiting for the said coffee to come to its boil, the situation became triangular.

That is to say, a woman entered it!

**THE WOMAN** was a young woman, a pretty woman—for should not all young women be referred to as pretty in the morning?—and in addition to being young and pretty, was the cat's legal owner.

Be that as it may, she spoke to the cat. This was not before speaking to me, of course, for she had thus far shown herself as not lacking in comity.

As the coffee came nearly to a boil—for I



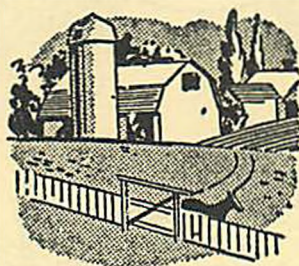
flatter myself that as a coffee-maker I am in a class by myself—she sank before the cat, which had leaped upon a chair seat, and spoke endearing words to it after the manner of her sex.

And this thing happened—

The young, pretty, polite and affable woman stooped before her cat to give it a couple of smooths. But instead of showing the slightest affection for either her or myself, it made an ugly, hateful, spleenish, and all around churlish sound with ears flattened close to its head. It said in effect: "Keep your hands off me, you unpleasant person! When I want you to



smooth me, I'll let you know! Besides, I'm not so keen about life as you think. This rural life is not what it's cracked up to be. Also, there are three or four other cats around here whose stream-lines I don't fancy."



All of which meant little or nothing to the female person who owned the cat and who had often tried to assure me that cats were far superior to dogs and irreproachable companions on general principle.

Now I had overheard the cat pass its baleful remark and in a manner of speaking I didn't like it. In the first place, I never did hold the female person's sentiments in regard to cats as a species. They were quite all right to kick from the divan to the fireplace, and under sufficient provocation, back again. They can also be useful at catching mice or cockroaches—providing you are afflicted with either, and who in town is not?—and shedding hair on the garments of persons you don't like. But for a cat to turn about so obviously, after the "plaintive camaraderie" it had shown two minutes before, and reveal its hypocrisy by snarling at kind words, made me want to readjust the cosmic balance and imbue the cat with a sense of nobility. Like a lot of professional reformers, I said, as male persons will who wish that the coffee would hurry up and reach the boiling point, "That's a beast of a cat!"

OF COURSE the Female Person bristled at this, although she did it in a young, pretty, polite and affable manner. She said, "It's nothing of the sort. It's a dear, kind, sweet

pussy! Aren't you, darling?" And she started to put her face quite close to the cat's sleek coat, the cat's coat being sleek because most of its excess hairs had found transfer to my pant legs.

Whereupon the cat, with ears flattened, lifted a red-hot paw and viciously clawed open its owner lower lip! She uttered a little cry of anguish, clapped her hand to her mouth, and straightened to her feet. Whereupon the cat, with the utmost decorum, straightened its tail vertically and approached an empty floor-dish to see what it could forage.

I took a glance at the girl's bleeding lip and at the cat's insouciance. This insouciance more than the lady's distress, caused such an explosion of black animus within me that it had to have expression. The cat, quite as much an individualist as any reptile, had repaid gentleness with loathing, kindness with suffering.

I strode across and clutched the viper-beast. I was not careful how or where I clutched it. I recall that I clutched it with force intentionally meant to distress it. It flattened its ears again as I bore it doorward. Its twenty red-hot claws tried to open all my arteries. Being dexterous, however, I parried this gesture and got it to the door—the door to the yard. I held the cat with one hand while I opened the door. Whereupon I dropped it, and as I dropped it I kicked it! I kicked it "on the wing," so to speak—that is, before it landed as I found that cats do land, on all four feet.

I followed the pattern of action recommended by high school or college boys in kicking a football. As you drop the ball, you deliver the kick. And all the factors in the equation being present, and the timing excellent, the cat behaved not unlike the football. The impact was achieved with a yowl from the cat and it described something of an arc in mid air. It landed six feet from the doorstep, scurried for a clump of briars, stopped before it reached them and deliberately scratched its ear with its left hind-paw.



NOW WHAT was behind all this? When I had restored my combative foot alongside the other foot where Nature meant it to be carried, I felt callow and silly. For the first time in my career, I had kicked a cat—kicked it with malice aforethought—kicked it to make it stay kicked for the rest of the day, regardless of whether or not it was my cat, or anybody's cat, or whether I was dignified in the kicking or adequate in the compensation meted out to the cat. And the cat had traveled fourteen feet, up-ended itself and showed my inconsequence by relieving an itch in the vicinity of an ear.

Had I felt that blind urge to inflict suffering on the cat because it had hurt a pretty young woman, or because it was so calloused to the feelings of others who had wished it well, or because I was a brute on principle? Had I later felt callow and silly because I had tried to pay kind with kind and not succeeded, or because I needed the exercise and not found complete physical satisfaction, or because I was not the philosopher I had thought myself—or all three?

When one kicks a cat, or slaps a child, or goes after a recalcitrant fellow-human with a rock or a gun, what lies behind it? It is useless to talk about "getting satisfaction" out of such reaction. When the outburst is over, even when the "satisfaction" is achieved, it is rarely satisfaction and it rarely lasts.

Why not?

Cats, dogs, animals, fellow humans, all forms of life not our own in the sense of being strictly personal to ourselves, are subjects for love—so Holy Writ teaches us and our parents adjure us—if they be good parents and know how to raise their young ones properly.

But we don't always love these lower creations; we often want to kick them. In fact, we do kick them—and the Band of Mercy takes out a police warrant against us, or a sheriff comes for us with a gun and handcuffs, and we go to jail or we don't go to jail according as we have a clever attorney.

But back of our recalcitrance—our general desire to even the balances somehow—a principle must be working out.

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¶ *EVERY individual has a place to fill in the world and is important in some respect, whether he elects to be so or not . .*

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WE HAVE known from olden time that there were other forms of life on earth, working out their destiny on the same earth-plane with us. Some of us grade these forms of life. We say first we have the human, then we have the animal, then we have the insect, finally the inanimate. We feel a sense of elation that we are able so to reason. We feel a greater sense of elation that we as human beings—in our own estimation—stand at the top of the list of creation. We are "God-stuff" we say, and we talk about our souls as something that should be wrapped throughout existence in cotton or velvet and kept in a warm corner else we might perish and then not be the apex of creation at all.

Now I kicked the cat, I am led to believe, because there was a doubt in my mind that my species was the apex of created life!

This may seem a novel and perplexing explanation for a moment, but I think I can make it clear that I am right.

Of the two spirits in that kitchen, the cat's and mine, I rated highest in cosmic consequence.



I AM a man with two legs and two feet, and a head, and muscles for retaliating when I see anything that does not precisely please me, like a cat that claws a pretty young woman. But I am not alone in possessing these features. The beasts, even that bothersome feline that I hoisted on the point of my boot, have these attributes also. But I am different in this: that I had a mind able to make a certain decision as to whether or not it is possible to get a desired result from using my physical members combatively. I know that I have that Mind and that it works. But I see evidence of other creatures also possessing a certain amount of reasoning powers—for instance, in the matter of that cat deciding that it didn't want kind words, it wanted chopped steak or a bit of fish—and I am cast down. Superfluous to say that I am cast down because I am conceited.



I want to be supreme in my own domain. If I have assured myself that I am the noblest work of God, I want it proven in daily event. I don't want and won't have, a cat telling me before my coffee is cooked in the morning, that it possesses quite as clever reasoning powers, and an equal amount of will in using them, as I who have told my fellow creatures and my gods that I am quite the slickest thing that has yet appeared on this planet.

Cats are creatures of intellect, quite as much as ourselves. So are dogs, rabbits, pigs—any species you want to use in the instance. They

appear on earth in physical form, to work out their own salvation exactly as I am working out mine. Sometimes they claw me to get such expression. And I, considering myself foolishly the Lord of Creation, look upon them as menials and inferiors. I raise my boot and a cat rises with it, or I bash a dog and he runs yelping to cover. As a rule I do not hoist rabbits and pigs promiscuously about with my footwear. Frankly, I have never yet kicked a pig, although I imagine the sensation might be pleasant. I once had a pig escape from its pen, run around a ten-acre lot and hide in an outhouse beneath the flooring where it dared me in grunts to come in and pull it out to where I could wreck my conceits upon it. I certainly did want to kick that pig. I would have kicked it from hades to breakfast without the slightest adjuration to be kind to dumb animals. Indeed, if I had thought of the adjuration while kicking the pig, I am sure I would have belabored it the harder: such is human nature. But the pig was nearer to the apex of creation than I. That is to say, he showed the more brains by squatting beneath the flooring and saying in effect: "Now that I've proven I can outwit, outrun, and outmaneuver you—you who say that God holds you just a little lower than the angels!—come on in here and see if you can extricate me." I am certain that pig would have said "extricate".

SIMPLY this: we are seeking to prove our own special and exclusive compatibility and similarity to Divine Providence. And the beasts won't have it. We may tether them, drive them, cut their throats and eat their bodies. All the same, deep down in each animal consciousness is the God-Thought: "I'm just as good as you are, and have quite as much right to exist on this planet. Take your dirty hands off me, or I'll snap, or claw, or kick you in the face".

So we use diplomacy. That is to say, we cajole them by the process known as "training" them. We capitulate to circumstance and



make ourselves serfs to their conceits. We bargain and haggle and coax and squirm—all to prove that we are truly the Lords of Creation. And if the beast finds that he can't escape, or it suits his fancy to be so cajoled, or if there are carrots or sugar or hospitalities of other sorts, to be derived from submitting, he makes a temporary bargain with us. He will perform for us only during our reasonably good behavior. But go too far and the hooked claw, or the impounded hoof, is ready and waiting to gash us open and splatter us ruinously. If you don't believe it, try and drive your horse too far, or frighten him by your antics meant to be divine or which you think to be divine in your own self-esteem. He runs away, or kicks his stall to kindling-wood, or knocks down a couple of yards of back fence.

THE PIG that I "cornered" beneath the flooring, wasn't trying to play any game. I had outraged his sense of Pigdom. I had done something to him which his dignity and well-being as a pig, didn't fancy. So he bolted. And I, being essentially divine, chased him full-tilt around a ten-acre lot. Having run both of us out of breath, and scratched our persons and talked in expletives—the pig quite as much as I—he ran to cover under a flooring and cuddled there triumphantly. And I stood outside in my majesty and said to myself: "So I'm Lord of Creation, am I? And I can't catch a pig! Three cheers for my power. Six cheers for my conceit!" And I proceeded to render those cheers in the form of a desire to commit an atrocity upon the pig's person.

AND SO with this cat of the current morning. I came down from slumber triumphant in my own esteem. The cat came to meet me. We spoke to each other something like this—

"Good morning, Cat."

"Good morning, Human-being."

"How are you feeling this morning, Cat?"

"Rotten, thank you! Where do you keep the

chopped steak—or I'd even relish a bit of fish?"

I didn't answer the cat on this score. I was thinking of my coffee, how it would gratify me, exactly as the cat was considering his steak—or bit of fish, if the household had a bit of fish. So the cat drew my attention by physical contact. It brushed against my legs.

"I spoke to you," it reminded me. "Where's my steak, or perhaps my bit of fish?"

"I'm thinking of my coffee," I answered it. "Don't talk steak or fish to me. Why should I be interested in your food before I've had my own? Don't you realize I'm Lord of Creation?"



"Applesauce!" said the Cat. "Who ever said you were Lord of Creation? I want my steak and if I don't get it I intend to have action."

No reply by me.

"Steak! Fish!" the Cat warned me.

At this moment came in the young, pretty, polite and affable Female Person.

"Oh, Kitty!" said she, by the way of good-morning.

"Horsefeathers!" the Cat retorted. "I've just been remarking to this Male Nit-Wit that I've got a hollow in me as big as himself. The only thing that will fill it is steak or fish—and either must be chopped—"

"Don't you love me?" the Female Person asked.

"Sure, I love you," the Cat responded. "But why bring that up this early in the day? Give me steak—or fish—and I'll be quite as affectionate as either of you wish."





"Oh, Kitty, you heartless thing!" said its owner. And she squatted to caress it.

Suffering Moses!" cried the Cat. "Will you let me alone till I've filled my stomach?"

"No," said the fair young Thing, "first you have got to give me a kiss."

"I'll be a litter of kittens if I will!" cried the Cat, "and if you don't accredit me with the same feelings and reactions to life that you and this Big Bozo are suffering, I'll open up your lip!"

Whereupon the Female Person thrust down her mouth to see if the Cat meant business. The cat did mean business and having given the Female Person what she had asked for, hoisted its tail and went over to see if it had overlooked any of last night's chopped steak.

**T**HEN what happened? I allowed the cat no rights at all. I said: "It is an evil cat and ought to be disciplined. Being divine in my own domain, I will therefore proceed to give it such discipline".

And the cat, not exactly figuring out what it was all about, felt itself lifted and borne in the direction of the door. It didn't want to go through the door. Its mind was still on meat—or fish. But the door opened and the

wide open spaces came forward to meet it. At the same time, a certain amount of physical shock administered to its person and the cat traveled forward a short distance until it remembered that it was a cat by a vicious bite of a flea near its ear. Obviously it stopped to get rid of the flea. And I, being the arbiter of life on this well-known planet, went back to a table where I sat down maddened because my mind held doubts of my divinity.

The cat, I suppose, thought no more about me. At least it went on about its business. In a manner of speaking I had rather done it a good turn by opening the door and booting it forth. It could now forage for a particularly juicy field mouse, or catch an erring birdlet, whereas heretofore it had to tolerate my person in a kitchen that was barren.

**W**HERE does all this lead us? To a realization of the fact, if we be truly Lords of Creation, that Life as Life is a thing unto itself in each instance, and that no species of it, human or otherwise, has any license to set itself up over another species and say: "Behold me, please. You see in me the Works! Bow down and worship me. Give me respectful treatment or I'll boot you through the kitchen door—or cut your throat"—or any of the other things that human beings sometimes resort to, to prove their lordship.

People like dogs better than cats, they say. The dog is "more affectionate" . . . meaning of course, that the dog is more puzzled than the cat over these contentions of Overlordship on the part of the human species. The dog can be more vicious than the cat, tearing your throat from your neck, biting and giving you tetanus, if it once makes up its mind it has been a fool and that the human species is not worth its obeisance. And yet, I say, people are more willing to take their chances of being found out in their banality by dogs than by cats.

The cat is a curious species of life, that has



# THE GOLDEN SCRIPTS

*By Winchester MacDowell*



HEN I get wrought up with the daily grind,  
When I long for rest and real peace of mind,  
When I feel so weary I cannot think  
And nothing attracts via meat or drink,  
Then what do I seek? . . Well, what do you think?  
The Golden Scripts . .

When naught seems nigh but a bleak despair,  
And I'd rip my clothes and tear my hair,  
When the world's gone wrong, all I've tried to do,  
And I'm keyed to quit, just say I'm through,  
I always remember, and so can you . .  
The Golden Scripts.

When tragedy looms and all seems black  
And I've lost my way and can't get back,  
And I'm deep in briars with my soul the pelf,  
Then I reach for that book on my bedside-shelf,  
Take down the Scripts like a jaded elf,  
The Golden Scripts.

I can find my answer as to what to do  
On any two pages the whole tome through,  
I open at random and always confront  
The wisdom sought in the quandary blunt.  
To be lifted free of the Answer-Hunt,  
The Golden Scripts.

You can search this Book through a thousand years,  
Through fortune, laughter, grief and tears,  
Read it, absorb it, the whole text through,  
You'll never exhaust all it holds for you.  
Free book from The Brother, of precepts true . .  
The Golden Scripts!



parks and playgrounds. Let's put sunlight and fresh air in these human-rabbit-warrens and look to the second generation for our dividends."

So the thing is done. And the Boweries and Mulberry Bends and Five-Points of the universe disappear and those who formerly bellowed at the infringements on their "rights", grudgingly admit that they have been helped to help themselves—which is the only true help that one segment of the human race can give another.

NOW such analogy has an additional aggravation in our own planetary instance—if we are to believe the information reaching us. The brutal and vicious elements of earth, relying on death or destruction to maintain them in power, suddenly acquire at the hands of advancing science such weapons of social menace as atomic fission. A situation is thereby precipitated wherein the benighted and depraved—considered spiritually—have secreted in their particular section of the city-planet a great cache of explosive which, if permitted to detonate, may lay waste the whole municipality, with great loss of life. Would the City Fathers of any community permit such a condition to exist, knowing that in addition to the nuisance of cluttered and unsanitary living it was likewise prolific of death and destruction, not only to the irresponsible or criminal elements but likewise those so rudely and ignorantly designated as "snobs"?

That our newly discovered atom bombs may be working indescribable havoc in the ethereal regions is not to be ignored. So the Plan that seems the order of the Cosmic Community has it that given "mentors" from neighboring planetary districts—in the persons of wise and kindly investigators—shall infiltrate among the irresponsible and disorderly and not only determine who is responsible for such menaces but as quietly and unobtrusively as possible neutralize their efforts for perpetrating evil.

This question of Mentorship is not so insufferable as the squeamish would assume.

Mentorship of any group is but the fraternal sharing of prior experience with those not sufficiently wise to know what is best for themselves in the light of all community behavior. True mentorship seeks to help the mentored one help himself, not infringe on his rights of free will by arrogantly ordering his ways to conform to the will of another. To mentor a person without letting him actually come to know he is being aided, is the mark of the truly superior and cultured intelligence. Any person of self-assertion can make himself a straw-boss. It takes a person of high spiritual distinction to so shepherd a given group of ignoramuses that its members go in a certain direction because real increments in such direction are certain.

"No group," says the Higher Enlightenment, "is permitted to exist in the mortal world without its mentor." But the real mentors of earth are those who mentor for the sake of the mentoring, and as unobtrusively and unostentatiously as possible. They are the people who say, "This is the way that I've found to give most splendid results. Experiment along the same line and see if I'm not right."



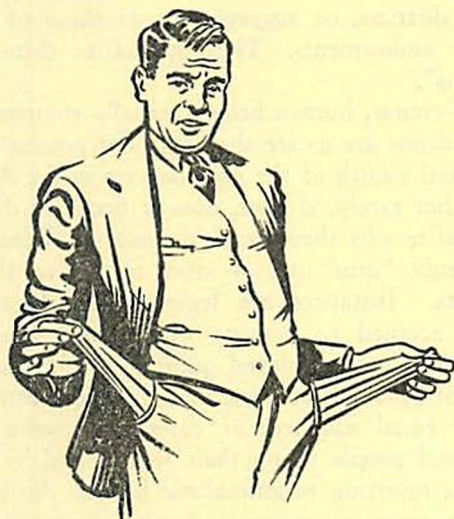
WHAT we have promise of receiving in the current juncture then, is mentorship of the highest order of which our community of planets seems to have available. Anything less would defeat its own purpose.

Nobody's dignity is slated to be outraged. No one is due to have a sword held over his head, a lash coiled before his quivering anatomy, or a death-ray gun aimed at his heart.

It's really not a quandary. It's a liberation, that we may have more opportunity to really make progress deserving the name of Civilization.



own habits of sociability or sanitation and look upon those of taste and discrimination as "snobs" . .



ADMITTING for the moment that our particular planet is the least developed culturally and morally of any of the dozen planets that seem to compose the solar community, is not the criticism of a certain segment among us of the Space Men's desire to help us, comparable to a street of slum-dwellers looking upon cultured people of a higher residential district as a "mob of snobs"? Is not our attitude of disdainment of their interest in us one of benighted non-realization of what a truly cultured life on a higher octave may be like?

"Go on back where you belong, and let us alone," the improvident cry, in their rancor of nonappreciation of their own deficiencies. "By what right are you exercised if we wish to live in ignorance and squalor?"

Residents of the earthly community of respectability and social conscience might reply, "That is all very well from your own standpoint, for never having known any higher form of social life, you cannot appreciate what you are missing. But your district is generally a

community eyesore and municipal pestilence. After all, you constitute a rather small segment of the whole city's population, and if the great majority declare for a public renovation, you will have to be temporarily inconvenienced. You older persons may not profit from it so much, but your progeny are different. They have the right to an environment of decency and respectability in which to grow and learn better citizenship."

What judgment would we pass on the adult slum-dweller who roared, "We are getting definite spiritual experiences in this district you call a pest-hole and you have no right to interfere. If we prefer to live in unutterable filth and squalor, that is our business. No matter how much you regret the crime and degradation that exists in our particular section of the municipality, we have the right to evolve out of it at our own good rate and effort. Don't forget, you Avenue snobs, that only a few generations bygone, your own forebears had only one suit of clothes or pair of shoes, and got drunk on Saturday night with regularity and beat up their spouses. Suppose you permit us the same time to complete our 'evolution' that you've enjoyed in your own rights. As for our youngsters, they happen to be *our* offspring and if we wish them to learn crime and immorality, that is our business and you keep your noses out of it."

Viewing the earth's present plight generally in some such light, considering the elements that have seemingly gained the upper hand, which is the law that should take precedence, the law of parental arrogance or the law of community welfare?

Citizens of understanding and high social conscience would say, "So long as such people are *in* such degradation, we can't expect them to appreciate what existence on a wholesomer octave includes. So we must aid them in spite of themselves. Suppose we have the aldermen pass a measure to replace these slum dwellings with clean, convenient modern apartments. In place of the dives and brothels, let's lay out



**¶ "To mentor a person without letting him be made aware that he is receiving such aid, is the mark of the really advanced and cultured intellect . . . and that is what seems to be happening in respect to our Space Brothers"**

Space Men may presently offer.

Second, is there not such a thing as a situation being arrived at, where the experience of working out of it may not supply profit and a continuation of the "mess" create more loss than gain?

**T**HE HUMAN vanities involved, we can disregard for the moment. Cosmos is not particularly interested in how the people of a given caste on earth may feel that their independence is being encroached upon, when older and wiser brethren suggest by their behavior that a time has come for the application of more wisdom than earth-folk exhibit.

We seem to be confronted by a community problem—considering the inhabitants of all planets adjacent to us as forming a community—that is not unknown in lesser stripe all over our globe and continent, where the inhabitants

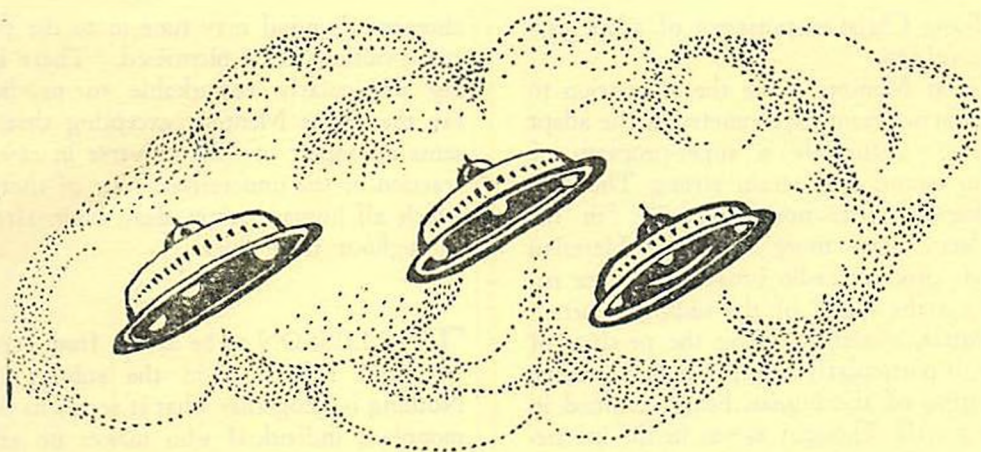
of a given district may be so backward or illiterate or uncultured that they constitute not only a nuisance but a sanitary hazard. The more circumspect or fastidious have a term for such districts, or aggregations of those of inferior endowments. They stigmatize them as "slums".

Of course, human beings actually composing such slums are aware they may not possess the material wealth of the populace up in the Avenue, but rarely, if ever, does it occur to them to realize *why* they are so disfavored. Coming suddenly "into" money does not solve their plights. Instances are legion where legacies have accrued to persons with "slum minds" and they have displayed quite as much sordidness of behavior, only on a more affluent octave, while equal numbers of cases are known of cultured people losing their wealth and by no means reverting to animalistic habits. An aristocrat stays an aristocrat despite his economic resources. Culture, it would seem, is an intellectual attainment, or the result of a high de-



gree of spiritual perception. Conversely, a rank and file of life utterly without such spiritual perception can see no particular fault in their





## Should We Welcome or Disdain Assistance from the Saucers?



**A** QUANDARY arises in the minds of people who think logically. Accepting the Soulcraft enlightenment in respect to earthly life being necessary in order that the soulspirits of men and women may have experiences that educate and enlarge them intellectually, they are puzzled at the alleged arrival of

Space Men who declare they come to assist earth denizens in the well-nigh inextricable mess that they would seem to have made of their affairs. Is this not interfering, ask the skeptics, in the principle of human beings confronting and solving their own problems, and thereby reaping the rewards of ordeal? If all experiences are profitable in some aspect or other,

why not leave earth to work out its own complications and thereby learn the lessons of foolishness or blundering, even though the process bring anguish of no small character?

Query such critics and you discover that subconsciously their pride seems to be hurt that interplanetary assistance of any order is called for. Granted that the human beings of earth may seem much lower down on the roster of attainments than neighbors on neighboring planets, what argument is that against "superior" Space People winging in and "fixing things up" and thus shortsuiting earth-people of the increments that come from finding their own ways out of their dilemmas?

The question has merit and should not lightly be dismissed. The wise esoterist discerns at once two things—

First, the run of men and women throwing out such interrogatories does not understand correctly the nature of the "help" that the



ly accrediting Christ as possessor of adept psychometric talents.

The Great Mentors make the suggestion to us that what we term psychometry in the adept individual is accurately a super-property of Matter to record and retain strong Thought-Propellations. It is not necessarily "in the adept's head" any more than the Hertzian waves that produce radio broadcasting are necessarily "in the head" of the radio listener.

All Matter, evidently, being the product of Thought, is particularly susceptible to Thought; and emotions of the human being confined in flesh are merely Thought as yet in the inarticulate form. These inarticulate thoughts convey the sense or essence of the thought to the body or brain, which in turn passes them on to the article being psychometrized. The psychometrist, so to speak, "sorts them out," or makes them articulate by being a polarity and impersonal receiving instrument for them. He really puts together the pictures for himself. All he requires for the doing of it is the essence of the emotion that would explain itself in thoughts if the process were permitted to get that far in the mental processes of the experiencing individual.

Thoughts have essences, cruxes, cores, call them what you will. These compacted ideas in the kernel are too often accepted as "vibrations" of the article making the pictures. The whole exist in universal Cosmos, and the article to be psychometrized merely pitches the key, or gives the correct vibration on which the psy-

chometrist's mind may tune in to the phenomena awaiting to be picturized. There is nothing particularly remarkable to psychometry, say the Great Mentors, excepting that it presents an aspect of "the universe in raw," or a fraction of the unperceived state of things with which all human beings deal, hour after hour throughout their lives.

**THE LESSON** to be drawn from even these brief references to the subject is this: Nothing is altogether what it seems to the commonplace individual who makes no effort to find out what the universe is, and how it came about.

Mechanical radio, for instance, is but a manifestation of the same universal thought-transference that has been going on throughout Cosmos since the first star-dust was hatched in Thinking Ether.

Of course Psychometry is a mysterious practice to persons who cannot accredit the Thought-Basis of the entire materialistic world or galaxies of worlds.

It is truly no more wonderful than the hairs growing out of the back of the average person's hands—and perhaps not so wonderful. It merely makes unexpressed thoughts articulate in pictures and conveys a consistent and logical record to the consultant psychometrist of what the subject's emotional experiences have been in the great Thought Compendium making up his earthly career to the moment.





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# DO YOU HAVE PSYCHOMETRIC GIFTS?

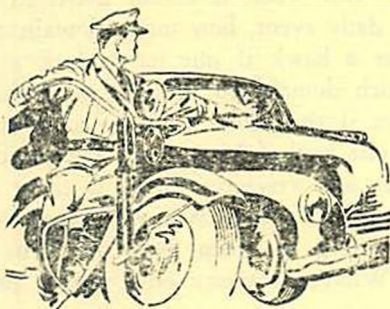
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(Continued from Page 23)

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Daily, hourly, momentarily, each of us may be imbuing the seemingly insensate materials about us with a photographic record of our most secret deportments.

Perhaps, after all, it was by no means a bit of sacred poetry whereof the Bible spoke when it said: "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father knoweth."



**I**NCIDENTALLY, never ask a true psychometrist to treat you, or any jewel or fabric owned or worn by you, unless you are perfectly acquiescent that he know the fullest details of your life's innermost secrets. True, the conscientious psychometrist will treat the resultant revelations with the sacrosanct seriousness of the physician or the priest, but the very handkerchief which you took from the bundle of laundry this morning and cleaned your nostrils with, an hour bygone, may present the fullest television picture of some dark incident in your career you fondly imagine to be dead and forgotten in the years.

One noontime in a northern city, a male friend insisted that the writer psychometrize his watch over the lunch-table—to settle a doubt about psychometry's validity.

Immediately the moving picture-image of a scene of shooting and drowning was presented, the dead victim's face floating up to the sur-

face of troubled waters grotesquely alive with slathers of huge fish. He knew that his luncheon companion had been guilty of a murder back over the years, that the killing had been done in a row boat, but that the perpetrator had never paid any penalty for the act.

He returned the watch to its owner without comment. But his face must have portrayed the seriousness of his findings, for the companion immediately asked: "Did my watch disclose to you that I had once killed a man?" And on receiving a nod of assent, the other hastened to explain: "It happened on the Columbia River during a salmon run and was not intentional. I was pottering with a rifle in a row boat. Both my companion and myself had previously been taking shots at targets ashore. Suddenly the weapon went off and shot my companion through the head. He pitched from the prow in which he was seated and drowned before I could clutch him and get him back aboard."

Legion are the numbers of morbidly-curious women who might not be quite so eager to have their jewelry or handkerchiefs psychometrized were they aware of the televising of amorous experiences in which they have indulged, that are at once disclosed to the practitioner.

**T**HE well-developed psychometrist has two invaluable-practical functions to perform in exercise of his necromantic and unbelievable talent: Diagnosis of hidden malady in the medical or surgical sense, and, reconstruction of crime that innocent suspects may be exonerated and the guilty apprehended.

When the woman at the Sumarian well rushed into her house and cried to her men-folk: "Come see a man who hath told me all things whatsoever I have done!" she was mere-



no duplicate in all the animal world. The cat has attributes which other animal species do not. First among these is its clear perception.

You can't fool a cat like you can fool a horse or a dog. It sees through you at once, and the motive behind your behavior. If you want to play, it will sometimes play with you—if you are both in the mood. But it always does so in the full recognition that it is play, whereas the dog will keep on and on after you have long since gotten over your desire for it and cuffed it for its energy.

By the same token, the cat knows instantly when it is being imposed upon. And no amount of cajoling or maneuvering will get it to do what its own perception tells it that it need not do. It is for this reason, and this reason only, that the average person "doesn't like cats" . . . for the same reason that a certain kind of man can't put up with a clever woman.

Hence the interesting question arises: isn't it more or less catering to our individuality that gives what is mistakenly known as Love?

We love the dog because he seems to pander to our vanity. He doesn't really do it, of course. He is simply dumber than other species of animals, like the cat and the pig. He can't make us out, and he translates his puzzle into terms of propitiation: licking our hands, jumping upon us, asking for information about ourselves and moods. This tickles our vanity, that out of the run of created species we have found a creation that we can fool.

It all harks back to this matter of Who Is Superior?

**I**T WAS a brutal kick that I gave this morning's cat and I had no right to administer it. This is far from sentimentality. I am

genuinely sorry, not for the cat so much as for myself.

I made a dolt of myself to myself, in that I permitted myself to lord it over another species when no one has ever given me such a right. Of course it claims in Genesis that God gave man "dominion" over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and every creeping thing upon the earth. That's what Genesis says. But in practice what do we find?

We have physical power, and perhaps mental cleverness, to find out ways to exterminate these forms of life that don't kowtow to our vanities. But when it comes down to brass tacks in daily event, how much domain do we have over a hawk if our hands lack a gun? How much domain do we have over the fish of the sea if they don't want to come up and swallow our hooks? How much domain do we have over any creeping thing, if there is no Flit handy or if there is a way open for the creeping thing to creep away from us with speed. What a travesty on symbolic preachment!

We are all of us prone, from day to day, to kick cats, chase pigs around ten-acre lots and butcher them because they hide beneath barn basements. Most of us are trying every minute of the day to "Put something over" on some other form of life, fellow human or animal. And in the same degree that we succeed, we seem to consider ourselves like God and omnipotent.

Well, for all that, I kicked a cat this morning.

On the whole, the sensation was pleasant while it lasted. But it didn't last long enough.

Besides, the evil little beast stopped midway of the yard and gave a flea more attention than myself.





town of fifty years ago would designate as the Public Dump. All the refuse and sewerage of the city, transported thither, was destroyed by burning—by fires that were kept constant night and day. It seems to have been from the alleged references of Christ to Gehenna with its ever-burning trash pits, that the rapacious-minded early prelates twisted most satisfyingly into the perpetually-smouldering fires of hell.

*Hell itself, incidentally, as a word, didn't come into usage until several hundred years after Christ.* It was a strictly Anglo-Saxon word spelled *hel*, and meant, "a place of destruction by burning." But this meant demolition, not torment.

In Christian Eschatology, the rewards and punishments of moral conduct in this life were supposed to be measured out at the Judgment—about three-quarters of a million people dying all over the earth every day, thus presenting an appalling quantity of souls for someone to arraign and sentence, and according to statements in Matthew and Mark both, the wicked were "cast down into Gehenna." We might as sensibly translate it that "the wicked were cast out into the public dump." However, such are the contradictions of the early prelates' writings that in another place in Matthew, the area of punishment is called "outer darkness" where there is "wailing and gnashing of teeth", and in still another place in Matthew it is a "place of torment" and Mark says "of unquenchable fire." How Tophet, Perdition, any other name you might elect to give it, could be "outer darkness" one moment and filled with "unquenchable fire the next", would require no less than an early theologian to explain. One might imagine the unquenchable fires burned without illumination, else they would logically supply incandescence of some sort to show the damnatory features of the place.

However, it is supposed to be impiety to question it.

TRY AS we may, however, nowhere in the testimony of souls graduated out of the mortal world and finding ways to communicate their experiences back to survivors, have we ever had a single victim describe any such place or anything remotely resembling such a place. And the 273,000 words of the matchless *Golden Scripts* contain almost no reference to any such barbaric destruction. The Elder Brother, rather, assures us and reassures us that no matter how vile any soul appears in any given earth-life, there is ever an essence of celestialty in him.

"Every life," He says, "no matter how humble, no matter how tragic no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning, and an inner glory, and is precious in My sight."

Every life, take note! Not an exception. Not a single designation of anyone so wicked or depraved that he qualifies even for the Gehenna of allegory.

What a long way he has come in his spiritual thinkings up the past two thousand years, that at last he can credit such avowed compassion and not wish his meanest enemy the fate reserved in the theological text for those without the pale.

Common sense tells him that if man could go to a literal hell and be tortured by "unquenchable fire" he would require to be possessed of a body capable of feeling such agonies, and if he possessed an organism thus sensitive, it would require to be constructed of materials that must quickly perish in such interminable conflagrations. The prelates can't have it both ways, just as they can have unquenchable conflagrations and "outer darkness" in the same locality, unless fire alters somehow its phenomena as found on earth.

Why not acquire the wholesomer viewpoint and look to the constructive side of Christian eschatology, not eat our lives away in concernment over something that even in the commonest kind of earthly physics is a paradox?



finally Tartarus or Averness came to be accepted as an inverse heaven or paradise, located perforce beneath the surface of the ground.

Borrowing prodigiously and shamelessly from the Sumerian-Chaldean and Zoroastrian, the *Book of the Dead* in the Saite period consisted of 165 chapters in a precise order under the title, *The Book of Going Forth in the Day*. Chapters enabled the dead man to assume what shape he would, or to issue triumphant from the judgment. There were lists of gates to be passed and demons to be encountered in the nether world, likewise formulae such as were inscribed on sepulchral figures and amulets, and even hymns to the sun-god. But the texts for the most part were excessively corrupt, and it is appalling to trace the abysmal ignorance on which the whole is premised, much of it largely folklore, but out of which grew Hebrewism theologically, later to serve as the well-spring of Christian thought on similar subject.

**T**HE ESTHETIC and intellectual Greeks merely designated Tartarus or Hades as the abode of the soul after organic life had left. The whole was well-nigh allegorical and not much beside. Souls on demise made their way down to the shores of the River Styx, and were met by Charon's lugubrious and funeralistic ferry craft. Like the Egyptian-Hebraic Sheol, the whole representation was an ensemble of labyrinthian and dimly lighted caves, where the soul groped endlessly seeking to find escape. Read the Chronicle of Orphis and Eurydice.

Lamentably enough, it took the Christians and Apostolic writers to light up the torturous fires in hell and consign the "damned" soul to roasting endlessly and mercilessly. While the Egyptians of a later period borrowed from Zoroastrianism the notion of an underground ruler in the personage of Apophis, the serpent-enemy of the Sun-God, almost no religious



books anywhere chronicled the torments of the damned as did the eschatology of the Hebraic-Christians. Search as we may, we find little or no references anywhere else comparable to the sadistic imageries of the early apostolic theologians in taking revenge on their enemies and persecutors by trimming up Averness or Perdition with every sort of incongruous and paradoxical torment that came finally to flower in Dante's *Inferno*. A great "inverse heaven" had grown to such formidable proportions in men's thinkings by the time Milton penned *Paradise Lost* that it would be a smart investigator who could trace through the ambiguous translations of Jesus' alleged references in Aramaic to "the burning pits of Gehenna" as they later appear in the Greek translations of the New Testament.

Outside of Jerusalem to the south was a great section that the hinterland American



## ¶ *The first forty years of life give us the text; the next forty supply the commentary . .*

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Greek Roman and Hebrew. Today's Christianity, of course, is based obviously on the Hebraic. Figuring it backward we might almost say that the Roman was based on the Greek, the Greek on the Egyptian, the Egyptian on the Sumerian. Hebrew was a metamorphosis of the Egyptian, just as Christianity has become the metamorphosis of the Hebraic. Metamorphosis is perhaps not the exact word to describe it. We might the more accurately say "derivative."

But one thing man did do for himself all the way up through the list of either metamorphoses or derivatives was to account for the tough breaks he too often got in this earth-world by fancying the existence of a future home for his soul where good deeds and right living were rewarded by a paradisaical sanctuary, and the brutal and the wicked were overtaken by some sort of moral retribution. The great religion of Islam we need not consider to any length as lying in the upward way of spiritual evolution.

The line of succession in religions has been Sumerian, or Chaldean, Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Christian—although Greek and Roman were practically the same, with the various deities merely masked by different names. There is much the same startling similarity between the religion of the Greeks and the Druids of the Roman times in Northern Europe and Britain. Neither, by the way, provided a Hell, as the Zoroastrians, Egyptians, and Hebraic Christians conceived it, or came to develop it . .

THE IDEOLOGY of Hell came from the fact of Judgment. If man was to graduate out of this mortality and be either rewarded or punished for his behavior while in flesh, someone or something had to exist of a judicial function to pronounce the decisions. We don't need to look further back than the great Iranian theology of Zoroastrianism to see how the notion of Hell got into human intellect, although the Egyptians did develop some unique idea about it for themselves.

None of those ancient pagan peoples had any more idea of the size or populations of the globe than a kitten has of alebra. When they thought religiously, they thought strictly in terms of groups or cults. It was easy for them to imagine their particular tribal or national god taking the place of the magistrate and "trying" what seemed to be the comparatively sparse numbers who died by the year within the area of their own immediate observations.

Zoroaster—or Zarathustra as he is better known to some—supposed to have lived some 5,000 years before the great Xerxes, reasoned out the logic of goodness, equity, and benevolence being associated with Light, while badness, brutality, and injustice were ever linked with Darkness. So he divided the nether kingdoms into regions of Light, ruled over by the god of Light, Arimazda, and the regions of Darkness ruled over by the god of Darkness, Ariman. One was associated with the light-giving sun; the other was associated with nocturnal malevolence and skulduggery. The ideas sounding reasonable to man, he carried them forward vaguely into succeeding Egyptology.

The Egyptians *Book of the Dead* is replete with references to the Zoroastrian hypothesis. Heaven, Paradise, or the Abode of the Blessed had to be a region high overhead, because the sun representing righteousness was plainly an aerial marvel in the flawless Levantine heavens. But as man had occasion to explore the subterranean caves in which the East abounded, he encountered darkness, menace, and isolation from his fellows. So Sheol, Hades, and



# HOW Hell Evolved from Paganism . .

¶ *WHY Be Tortured by  
Fright of a Place that  
Is Purely a Creation  
of Animal Mind? . .*



ly he explores, the worse the contradictions and paradoxes grow, until the whole ravel out in nothing short of absurdity—and astronomical and geological ignorance. The study of any religion, particularly in its representations re-

IT IS a disturbing fact to the conscientious Christian that when he starts a search back through history—particularly religious or theological history—for substantial origins of the ideology of Hell, he discovers his data premised on sheerest paganism. Worse than that the more profound-



garding mortality, death, judgment of the soul, and future rewards and punishments, is termed Eschatology. Every religion of note, back over recorded history, in order to qualify as a religion—or more aptly theology—has an eschatology. Man has always been concerned about the fate of his soul, and as the great theologies have matured up across the ages there have not been lacking priestly authorities who claimed to know the last word in respect to his spiritual fate. But any exploration for development of the Hell idea dissolves down some devious corridors.

We always should remember that today's historical records rarely go back further than 8,000 years, and even so their veracity is doubtful. The very earliest form of religion which we can recognize as such was the Sumerian—which laid the basis of the Babylonian—then the Zoroastrian, then the Egyptian, then the





## WHY a Non-Anthropomorphic God Eludes Human Thinking



THE WORD *Anthropomorphic* is a formidable word. Nine out of ten people encounter difficulty even in pronouncing it. The accent is upon the fourth syllable — an-throp-o-morphic. And yet it is a common enough word wherever persons interested in technical theology gather for discussion. Anthropology is the Science of Man as an organism and what his physical and social evolution has been up across the ages. But Anthropomorphism is something entirely different. It means the representation or con-

¶ *IF the Almighty Does Not Exist in Human Form, How Visualize Him? . .*

ception of God—or of any deity—with human attributes or human characteristics, even human physical characteristics. It is presenting God, in other words, in an aspect of a sublimated human being, a sort of glorified Moses, to be specific.

The ancients, and the authorities who apparently compiled early Scripture, had not the



slightest hesitancy about depicting God the Father in their own minds as a patriarchal personage with a venerable beard, who sat upon a literal throne in the heavens and regarded mortal souls coming before Him for judgment with an appraisive eye in a cogitative manner, trying to make up His mind from the weight of the evidence to condemn them to hell or admit them to Paradise.

An anthropomorphic God, in short, is a God in human shape.

The question therefore arises to bedevil all sacred thinkers, if God the Father does not have a venerable human aspect, what aspect *does* He have, and how should we regard him in our minds' eye when thinking of him?

Unless we resort to the anthropomorphic form, *can we regard Him in picture-image form at all?*

How can you depict anyone in your mind's eye who may bear no resemblance to anything human?



**I**T IS a somewhat unfair enigma to propound to human minds—telling them that to consider God in the human form is to limit Him, and God is limitless. It leaves human beings with no standards or patterns for portraying Him. One moment men and women—to say nothing of children—are expected to love God and venerate Him. The next moment the mental conditions are made such that there is nothing left for them to conceive as the object of such adulation or veneration. If we were

to consider God in the human form, then His eyesight could carry only as far as any human eyeball could carry, and His voice or mentality could exercise only as extensively as that of the patriarchal male mortal. There could be no criticism of the small boy who came home from Sunday School with troubled countenance. Asked what was bothering him, he informed his mother that his teacher had related that God—being omnipotent—could see everything.

"Well," said his mother, "why should you be concerned at that?"

"What I want to know is," groused the lad, "If He can see *everything*, how does He manage to see the back of His own neck?"

It is by no means an irrelevant jest. Persons far older than Sabbath School juveniles have the right to put the same question—or questions in its category.

How can we possibly have any real feeling, worshipful or otherwise, for a creature or personage we cannot have prototypes to visualize?

**I**T IS a fundamental of psychology that the human mind can entertain no concept of any nature of which it has had no experience in the world of nature or society. We say we "imagine" this or that, true enough. But always our imagining is in terms of forms, bodies, or conditions of which we have first had some contact in the material sense. We transpose these into terms of the future, trim them with alterations or exaggerations, and produce a new product in Thought—which truly isn't new. It is merely a new combination of that which is old to us, at least fundamentally.

It is a sobering thought that when we come to apply such acknowledgment to the Divine Afflatus, we are utterly without cues and at a loss.

We are told that God is Holy Spirit, in that He is the affectionate and beneficent side of the Divine First Cause, intent on doing us good. But we are being asked to imagine the



unimaginable. A political party may appear on the national scene, with quite sincere intent to improve the financial or material status of those who vote it into office. But can we love and venerate a political party *as* a political party? Is it not a mere academic concept? Any political party, in the last analysis, is the sum-total of the entirely human men of one mind and civic faith, making it up. But God isn't made up of anything but Himself.

Escape the conviction we cannot that if we are presented with a limitless and omnipotent God, we are presented with a creation that means little or nothing beyond a mass of academic sentiments. We are being asked to adulate and worship a creation of which we have never had a prototype in any respect in our mortal lives or ideologies.

*Can we do it?*

**S**OULCRAFT says, Yes, we can!

Rare indeed is the human creature who at some time or other in his mortal career has not been blessed with the good offices of an elderly and altruistic relative, who contrived to execute blessings and good fortune on the recipient. Now it wasn't any organic body that manufactured the kindly feeling or the compassionate act, from which such human being profited—it was the *spirit* of the benevolent one, who only had an anatomical organism incidentally for expression temporarily on this plane of materials. This "spirit" was a unit of consciousness that only operated for the time of its earthly career in a flesh-and-blood vehicle—that in time came to the end of its expression, and suffered a stilled heart, and presently was naught but a poignant memory in the recollection of the one toward whom it had been so helpful.

Shall we say that such spirit *died*, or ceased to exist and perform, merely because it passed off the earthly stage as an ensouled entity? Could it not obtain another vehicle and return into the earth-scene and continue its goodly works of compassion and altruism?

*Spirit is something apart from Body*—something that merely animates Body for a given number of solar years while Body is in exercisable shape to be occupied. The kindly intent in its essence-of-consciousness is conceivable, either in or out of the material vehicle. The self-thought that thinks, "I am *myself*," can so perform inside any one of fifty vehicles—at different periods in worldly history.

All right, mushroom that consciousness up to a Divine and All-Knowing Size, and what do you have but God as the religionist is trying to encompass Him in thought?



**G**OD is a gigantic unit of Self-Awareness, who can occupy all vehicles or none, according to His caprice or the demands of the circumstance. Anthropomorphism has nothing to do with it. The same type of spirit-manifestation that was the one-time loving and generous grandparent, ought to be able to expand and increase indefinitely until it encompass every last human soul in the world, and all the solar systems in the omniverse—instead of just one grandchild or tribe of grandchildren—and when we grasp that notion of spirit-Godhood, we come too close to truth to be comfortable.

*Think of the loving spirit of the most generous and affectionate grandparent one could possibly call up, departed out of his physical remains that were buried in the family cemetery lot, still going on in Cosmos and being benevolent to two billion progeny—twenty sextillions*



of progeny—and God is not so inconceivable as our materialistic psychologist would persuade us to accept!

**G**IVE IT a little real thought and "spirit" does not become so hard to envision, even devoid of its organic instrumentality. The loving heart and consciousness of the grandparent can go on expanding forever; no particular physical form is necessary for the expression of that.

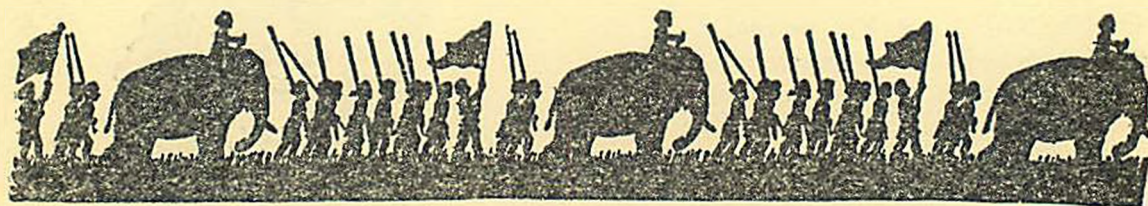
But how many human beings, adolescent or adult, ever spare a moment to think of God the Father as the wisest and kindest and most indulgent and generous grandparent any mortal being ever had at any time in all his soul's history? . . . No! God must be this or that theologically, or as this race's notions of Deity

conceive Him, or this or that ecclesiastic has painted Him. All of which is infantile in itself.

So the next time you try to conceive of God in tangible terms, call up the picture-image of your favorite grandparent's *spirit*—of love and eternal solicitation for you—issuing forth out of the remains you recall so well in your younger years, and advancing and expanding onward to a heart-choking infinity, containing all the consideration for you that you once prized so highly when that beloved relative was with you in flesh.

Start, in other words, with an Anthropomorphic God, if you must have it that way. Then think of Him shuffling off such confining coil and becoming everlastingly stable and substantial but omnipotent.

And there you have it!



## VISTAS AND MIRAGES

**WE ARE** inclined to blame in others only the faults from which we do not profit . . .

**"THE APPLAUSE** of a single human being is of great consequence."  
JOHNSON

**A HUSBAND** should always know what is the matter with his wife, for she always knows what is not.

**LOVE** in France is a comedy, in England a tragedy, in Italy an opera aria, and in Germany a tragedy . . .

**"PARTY** is the madness of many for the gain of a few."  
POPE

**A TELEPHONE** pole never hits an automobile except in self defense.

**"MEN** must be taught as if you taught them not,  
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."  
POPE

**ONLY** the men who do not care about women are interested in woman's dresses, and the men who really like women, never notice what they're wearing . . .





# Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

*"The Way Hath Interest  
though Tumult Filleth It"*



**D**EARLY Beloved: Fear not to tell of personal reactions to Me. Know that in such times I come close and listen with a gratitude. For this were ye sent in this generation.

2 No matter whether ye do bear testimony of Me unto the million or the one, they are My Sheep whom ye feed.

My love and benediction and blessing and heart's gratitude go with such utterings.

3 The way hath an interest though great tumult filleth it. It carrieth you to far places and across strange waters. Shall it matter? Know that ye have been sent not unto a country but unto a world; ye have been born into flesh to know the advantage of life in a nation that is the world's leader in all old nations, again in attestment of that which I am.

4 Ye have been born of humble parents that



ye might know the joys of humble pastimes and the sorrows of humble living. I too chose humble parents.

5 Ye have come the long and torturous road to greet each other. Know that ye are whom ye are. It was part of the Covenant. Had ye known of your missions from the beginning ye would not have reacted as normal men and women.

6 Know that ye did pass through childhood, youth, and early maturities having vicissitude for similar reason. Many times have ye been summoned into strange vicissitude that ye could not interpret by passing worldly standard.



Ye have been watched and guarded by My servants from your births into flesh.

7 So shall it ever be till the cycle closeth finally and ye know whom ye are.

8 Let yourselves be at peace. My ministers will continue to guard until the moment of reunion in mansions of the host. This is My message.

9 Increasingly shall ye realize that ye are whom ye are, and whom I reveal. It shall be your shield and buckler, your shibboleth and insignia, your transport and your passport.

10 Be of calm joy and loving toleration for all earthly creatures whom ye resemble. They have their heights to climb even as ye have already scaled yours and found Me on the summit.

11 Now, My Beloved, the world calleth; the day groweth apace and the business of life demandeth us.

12 Rest secure in My assertion that ye are supported by everlasting arms and that the work of interpreting Me to My world can never be other than joyous gratification. Say or do not that which ye wouldst not do or say

were I standing beside you in My flesh.

13 The work that we have to do for the world is one of great and beautiful dignity. Be ye vessels of that dignity.

14 Be of careful connotation of word and idea, be discreet in your promising, be sagacious in your prophecy, be accurate in perception and its expenditure.

15 Carry this thought with you amid the turmoils of desirings: Whom the Father loveth, He maketh strong by strange experiencings; whom I love, I make strong by comradely vicissitude.

16 Are we not of one flesh in the spirit? I am of you and ye are of Me. Do the work that we planned on a great height long since. Feed My sheep, lost in a saddened world's wilderness with the food of life which our love hath sowed and harvested.

17 Think ye well on this reference. Mayhap it shall prepare your memorise for more enlightenments.

18 My blessing on that which calleth you beautifully . . .

PEACE



## EPILOGUE

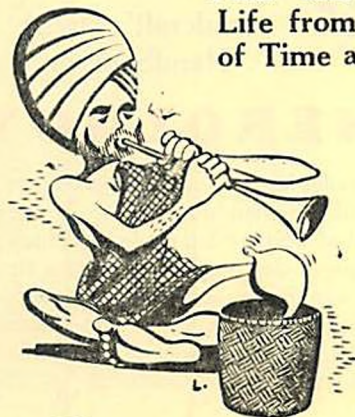
*“GIVE us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.”---Stevenson.*



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THE SINGING came up to the man and woman on the Point.

"Oh, Norval, put your arms around me. I never heard anything so beautiful in all my life!"

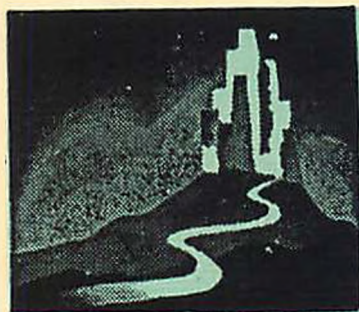
The birds were caroling. Nature was awakening. The sun in a burst of crimson and molten amber was ready to appear above eastern horizon.

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.*

They were all upon it—upon a literal Road into Sunrise on Easter morning—as all the human race everywhere was upon a Road into Sunrise—journeying forward and upward into the everlasting and transcendent consciousness that life was imperishable . .



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