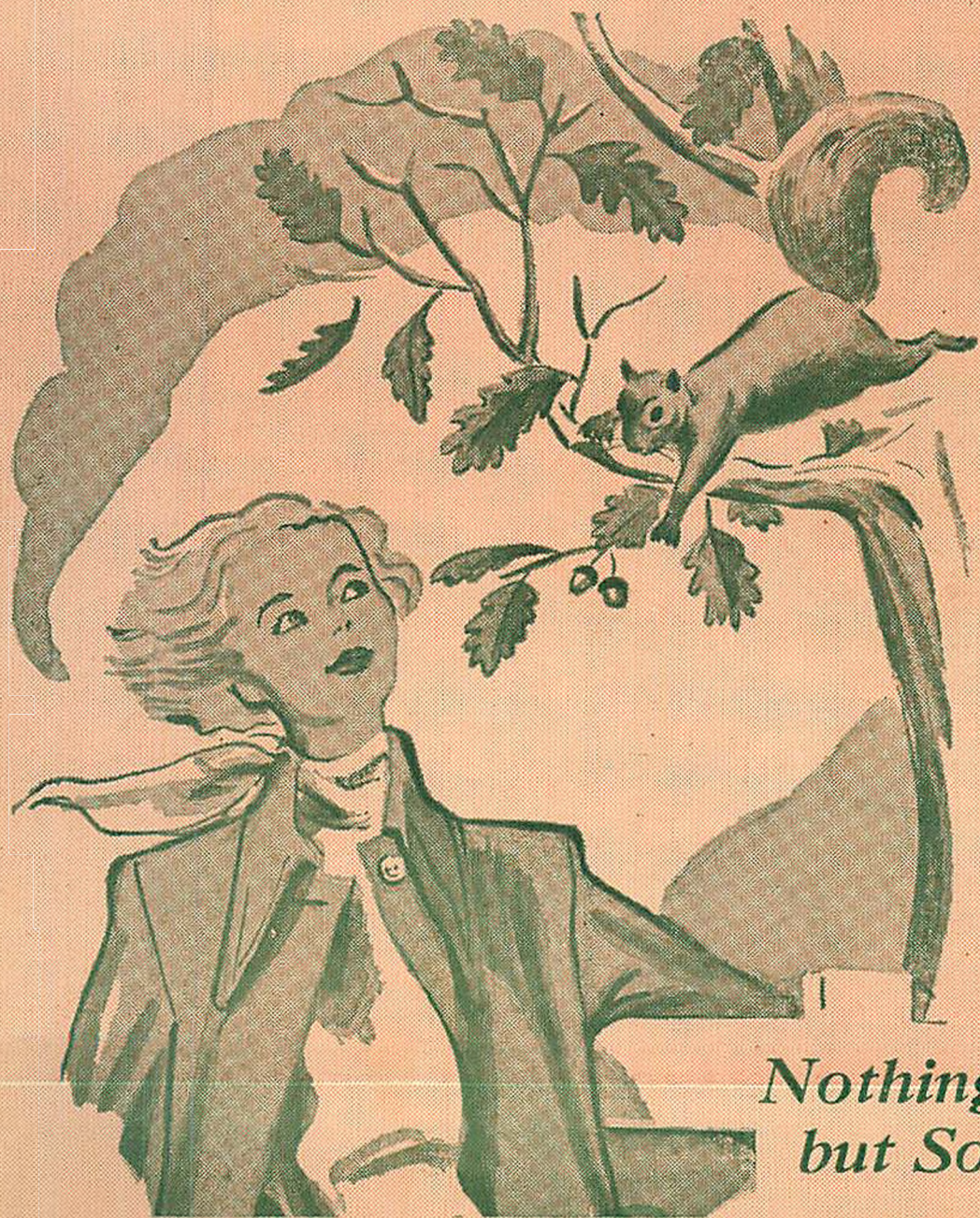


Bright

OCTOBER, 1954

HORIZONS



*Nothing
but Soulcraft*



*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.

*"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.

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

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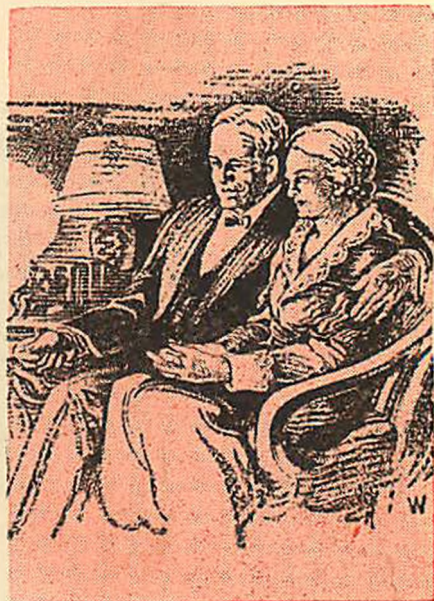
AFTER ALL, it is the maturing generation on which the responsibility falls for espousing these great cosmic truths and erecting on them tomorrow's social history. The contents of this publication seek to cover most of the prominent enigmas confronted by Youth in advancing into Adulthood. What really constitutes the enlightenment which the parents have never known? As clarification comes, so will the Mind of tomorrow be illuminated and the social scene bettered. That is correctly the end and aim of all Soulcraft—to educate for the practical problems of the future in the light of transcendental wisdoms . .

In the Cosmic Marathon, Soulcraft Is the Fire In the Relayed Torch!

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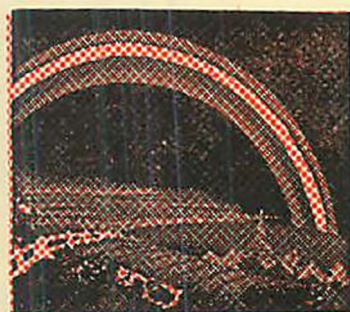
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BRIGHT HORIZONS

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



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

VOLUME THREE

OCTOBER, 1954

NUMBER THREE

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Bright HORIZONS

A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
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VOLUME THREE

OCTOBER, 1954

NUMBER THREE

WHAT Use Are Experiences in Mysticism . .



Unless You Understand their Significances?

IT HAS been roughly estimated that if a poll could be taken among all the normal adult people of this nation, or for that matter the world, about one in thirty-three has met up with a psychical or supernatural experience whose significance has been a mystery. Many of these have been encountered in association with bodily illness, although by no means does one require to be ill to undergo an adventure strictly of the spirit.

One in thirty-three means three persons out of every hundred!

When the editor of this magazine underwent his discarnate California experience in

1928, now known as *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, and narrated it as leading article in *The American Magazine* for March, 1929, something like 30,000 letters came back to him from readers unsolicited, attesting that similar discarnations had occurred to themselves. That was by no means any poll. Thousands read the article who had recollections of a like experience in their own memories who did not concern themselves to write and tell the Seven-Minutes's author that fact. But that 30,000 persons were moved to write spontaneously was significant. It meant that their own adventures of the spirit were sufficiently vivid and portentous to mention them to strangers. And what was the burden of the greater majority?

. . Perhaps twenty thousand or more declared in substance—

"I found myself operating outside of my physical self, looking down upon it, realizing I could operate my consciousness apart from it. Do you mind writing me explaining if you can how such a thing could have been possible, seeing that my Mind appeared to be performing apart from physical brain?"

Approximately one percent of the *American Magazine's* clientele voluntarily attested to such phenomenon occurring. It was a revealing percentage. The editor answered every letter as he could, but alas his erudition was not so deep nor profound as it later became after a quarter-century of clairaudient enlightenment.

As he recalls that significant correspondence today, the other ten thousand posed a different side of the enigma. Describing what hyperdimensional experience had been theirs, they would add the question—

"Please tell me what the *significance* of my adventure was, seeing that nothing came out of it explaining why I should have suffered it?"



SIGNIFICANCE of any psychical experience, indeed! As well ask what the significance might be of a chance motor-car flashing through the evening street seen through a window where curtains are not lowered—or a wisp of melody drifting across a night-time lawn where a next door neighbor's radio was active.

It was merely an Operation of Consciousness whose only import was its own happening.

Thirty thousand people contended they had been consciously outside their physical selves without death resulting. But scarcely one of them appreciated that what had happened *proved the utter fallacy of death.*

How many millions of human beings find themselves similarly "outside their bodies, capable of looking down on their organic selves" and do *not* find it possible to slip back into those organisms and go on with mortality? The grieving relatives declare them "dead", getting a coroner's certificate to that effect, and in the course of seventy-two to ninety-six hours the vacated flesh is consigned to a grave. But their spiritual "minds" continue straight along being conscious. What would occur to halt it?

The issue is thereby raised, what technicality is "dying"?

Is dying merely the cessation of the heartbeat and the halting in circulation of organic blood? Or is true "dying" the severing of some sort of life-cord between the thinking spirit and physical clay? Soulcraft's files are replete with instances where the conscious psyche has gone outside its fleshly enhousement, even traveled to a distance and seen and been seen, to return and take possession of such enhousement as though no such vacating had occurred. And quite normal human beings do that in natural sleep far more often than they suspect. Seen or unseen, however, what difference does it make to the seat of consciousness itself?

The first time the editor encountered such slumber-vacancy was in Manhattan in 1929. The celebrated medium George Wehner was in trance in the editor's apartment at about 10:30 in the evening. To the editor's consternation, between visitations of various discarnate folk, his mother's voice suddenly addressed him from Wehner's lips.

He had not been apprised that his 78-year-old mother had died, yet here was her familiar and characteristic voice speaking with utmost affection but nonchalance. He slipped from the trance-room into his rear chamber

and put in a long-distance 'phone call to his mother's land-lady in Springfield, Massachusetts.

"Please go up to mother's room," he requested, "and find out whether mother has Passed in her sleep. I'll hold the wire."

The land-lady accommodated and was back directly.

"Your mother retired at nine o'clock. Right at the present moment she's sleeping soundly. I felt her pulse to make certain she had by no means died."

The elderly mother *in slumber* had merely projected her consciousness to her son in New York and in such discarnate condition moved into the medium's organism for direct converse with him—although next morning she had no collection of it when her son called Springfield again on the telephone.

Outstanding among the contacts made in the aftermath of the Seven-Minute publishing, however, was the celebrated case of Jack Lawler of Oklahoma. While the narrative appears elsewhere in the Soulcraft literature it will bear repeating here to new readers . .

LAWLER appeared at the editor's apartment in New York shortly after Seven-Minutes had been published. He had come to Manhattan purposely to question its writer. He introduced himself as a railroad fireman employed on train-runs between Oklahoma and Texas.

"I came in from one of my runs of a noon-time," he narrated, "ate lunch at my railroad boarding-house, and went out upon the veranda for a nap in the hammock before returning to the roundhouse for my three o'clock run. Lying in the hammock was my landlady's copy of *The American Magazine* with your article featured. I read it, was impressed, and laid aside the magazine with hands behind my head. How wonderful if such an experience could be actual for all of us, I thought. Then I must have fallen asleep, because next I seemed to be aroused by something flat and

hard rubbing the tip of my nose. I opened my eyes. *I was staring straight into the blue-painted woodwork of the veranda ceiling!*

"How had I come to such an elevation? I raised my hands, pressed myself lower from this woodwork, and turned to glance downward at the hammock. Plainly there below me was my inert body, obviously asleep, because I could see the rhythmic rise and fall of my own chest. I was 'out of myself' and yet I wasn't dead. What in the world *was* death then?

¶ *SOLOMON was undoubtedly the wisest man in the world because he had so many wives to advise him . .*

"Well, I worked my way along the ceiling coping to where I could see across the lawn and street. But across the way the roundhouse had disappeared, or rather, it seemed shrouded in thick mist. I worked my way down the veranda post and righted myself. I was weightless, yet I could control my own physical movements—for I seemed to be operating in a body that was the exact prototype of the sleeping husk in the hammock . . I moved across the lawn and street to prove this. In other words, I went into the mist . . and do you know what appeared almost at once I got into the mist? . .

"Enshrouded in it I beheld a Queen Anne bungalow house with a rockpile on its small front lawn and brick steps leading up to an entrance-portico with curved overhead arch. On the front of the bricks forming this arch were metallic brass numerals, 3336 . . "

THE RECORD



HAVE to live with myself, and so
I hope to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself in the eye;
I don't want to stand in the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a special shelf
A bundle of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man that I really am;
I don't wish to clothe myself in sham.

I wish to stand with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But during this struggle for fame or pelf
I wish to be able to like myself.
I don't want to think as I come and go
That I'm bluster and bluff, an empty show.

I never can hide MYSELF from ME,
I see what others can never see,
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself—and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be,
Self-respecting and conscience free.

If 'twas only one life, one day at school
Then possibly one could play the fool,
And hide the score and scorn the debt,
But no one has done such thing as yet.
A record is kept by MYSELF in ME
And I have to face it eternally! . .

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

and put in a long-distance 'phone call to his mother's land-lady in Springfield, Massachusetts.

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The editor was sitting up and paying attention because the railroad man, a painfully honest type, was accurately describing the front of the Altadena structure where the Seven-Minute adventure had happened. "When was the last time you were in California in your normal body?" the editor asked.

The railroadman replied, "When I got a pass to visit San Francisco in Nineteen-Sixteen."



There must have been a full ten years before the Altadena bungalow had even been built. But Lawler went on—

"I was about to press the doorbell on the front portico when the thought occurred to me, what was I going to say, explaining my presence there to anyone who answered? So I turned without ringing and went down the steps. I skirted the corner to the south and climbed three or four cement steps to a side entrance. But when I started to knock on the panels of the door, my knuckles went through them as though the panels were made of crepe tissue. So I followed through likewise with my body . . .

"To the left as I got into a small entry, was a white-enameled kitchen. To my right was an archway opening on a tiny dining room. Seeing no one in the kitchen I went into this

dining room. And almost at once I saw another archway to the north that opened into a studio living room. To the east was a high glass window. Opposite on the western wall was a red brick fireplace with painting of a full-rigged ship above it. Books lined the walls. And seated with your back to the tall window, in an easy-chair, I saw you . . . reading a book. What should I say to you, accounting for my presence there? For a moment I wouldn't have been able to say much of anything because a mammoth police-dog was raising such a barking rumpus over near the desk. The dog could see me, and did see me, even though you didn't."

What confirmed the episode in the editor's mind was the fact that he recalled specifically the early afternoon when he had been seated so in his studio-living room and Laska, the famous police dog, had so acted up.

FOLLOWED then a recital by Lawler of his explorings up front hall and floors above. He described the furnishings of upstairs rooms without making a single error, told how he had come down, gone through the eastern walls to the outside, observed the articles stored in the nearby garage—every detail being accurate—finally wandered off across Mount Curve Drive, seen his Oklahoma boarding-house loom up through the "mist", mounted its veranda, decided to lie down directly on his still sleeping body, and literally "fallen into it", resuming his physical functionings.

People *do* travel earthly distances from their bodies without death resulting. Psychological adepts cultivate the practice of doing it deliberately. The editor of BRIGHT HORIZONS can and *has* done it deliberately. What greater proof that Mind and brain are separate factors and Mind can function independent of brain?

When people ask therefore, what significance did their experience apart from their bodies hold for them, they well might inform themselves that the significance truly could

have been a premature adventure in the Transition itself, that it hold no particular terror when the Real Thing arrived.

It is a somewhat startling piece of information to pass along to the average benighted man or woman, that he or she may actually make the "passing" and scarcely be aware that he or she has done it. To arise from a bed, walk before the mirror of a sunny morning *only to discover that the glass returns no reflection of one*, then turn in bewilderment and behold a familiar effigy of one's self still under the bedclothing not visibly breathing, is one of the characteristic experiences of thousands who have found ways to report back their experiences of physical expiration. To think of what the happening may mean to a distant father or mother, recall them, and find one's self immediately in their presences—lit-

erally by the "powers of Thought"—is further confirmation of the fact that they are as "dead" as they ever will be.

Commonly people's psychical experiences are merely their spiritual operations, independent of organic housings. Therefore are the metaphysically erudite not unduly upset to discover what metamorphosis they have achieved without the slightest distress organically.

Where one goes and what one does after the chamber mirror gives back no reflection of the person is another subject wholly. But if you can "think yourself" into a levitation, or transport your consciousness to a distant place now, dying can have no terrors for you in future.

Dread of death anyhow is only ignorance of what happens. Get that fixed in your mind and you can contemplate the Change with confidence . .



. . VISTAS AND MIRAGES . .

IN youth the days are short and the years are long. Old age life follows the reverse.



NEVER inquire, Where are you going, my pretty maid? She's going no place of importance or she wouldn't stop to hear what you said.



MANY a modern celebrity has hitched his wagon to a star, only to discover it was a Flying Saucer—and is still discovering it.

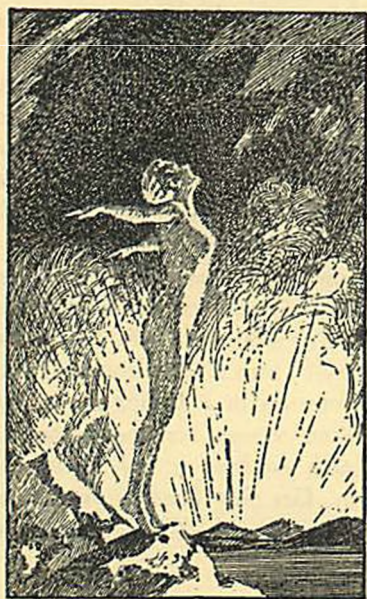
THERE is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king.



ANIMALS show their superiority by their outsides. Men shows theirs by their insides, but the animal-man has no sides at all.



MILTON said, better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. Another way of saying this earth is hell because too many bosses.



What if You Died but Had to Be Persuaded of It? . .

¶ *IF Puzzled Why the
Mirror Gives Back No
Reflection of You,
You Are as Dead as
You Ever Will Be . .*

PEOPLE get strange ideas about the process of dying, mostly due to esoteric ignorance.

For instance, they assume that when they do "die" they will be consciously and graphically aware of it. That they may pass through the metamorphosis and require to be told they have gone through it and have nothing more to worry about, is almost too much to credit. Ninety-nine out of every hundred carry the notion in their minds that when they come face to face with the ordeal of the Passing, they will be able to say to themselves, "This is it. I am now *dying*." And with a convulsion of the physical frame they will make the last supreme effort to live—and lose out.

Hundreds mounting into thousands have reported back through the great psychical agencies of the world, or at their materializations through honest and competent mediums, that they truly made the change and were so un-

aware they had done so that it devolved on their relatives and guardians on the Higher Side to take them back into the earthly condition and show them their own physical bodies stretched out in the morticians parlor, before they would accept the fact of it. "How then does it happen," they demand to be told, "that I've got a body that's the exact duplicate of the body I've always known on the earth-plane? How did I come into possession of *two*?"

Thereat they have to be instructed—in ways that the adept metaphysical student has explained to him long before the fatal incident happens—that every living human being has several replicas of the outer body, one contained inside of the other—to explain it crudely—and that "dying" is merely the process or adventure of each "coming out of the other" into finer and finer gradations of atomic vi-

bration. On each grade of atomic frequency there is a whole universe of seeming materialistic reality, known as a "plane". The vacating spirit-soul transports the inner "pattern" body to the plane which best represents its new condition and status of spiritual development. But as for complete consciousness of going through the experience, it is something that may happen with the soul-consciousness utterly unaware of it.

About ninety-five percent of people dreading the ordeal of death with a paralyzing dread, discover themselves thus self-hood-winked . .

ONE of the great secrets of subconscious mind, determined only after the necromantic resoration of the eternal memory, is the fact that practically every person of any intelligence whatsoever carries around with him through all the years of his mortality almost a positive date at which he is supposed to make this Passing. "Death" is by no means the hit-or-miss accident that millions of the purblind think.

"I will go into life and stay approximately so long," the soul-spirit determines in advance of physical birth. "When my time is up, I will relinquish my body and return to my previous existence on this plane from which I am departing."

"Life" is usually as cut-and-dried as that. So the year and the month and the week and day and hour arrives, and if they be not hit by a motorcar and knocked a hundred feet, they simply halt their heart-beats by the dictates of their subconscious and vacate.

The world's newspapers report that the greatly esteemed Mr. So-and-So, or the beloved Mrs. Such-and-Such "suffered" an attack of heart failure while crossing North Main Street at 4:30 this afternoon and was pronounced dead on arrival of the physician with the City Ambulance.

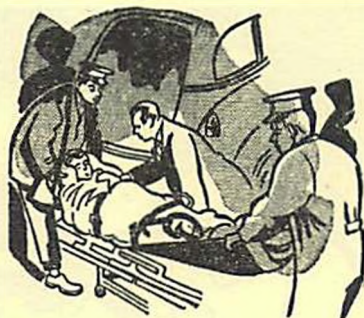
The greatly esteemed Mr. So-and-So, or the beloved Mrs. Such-and-Such, simply knew they

had run their agreed life-spans and "let go" the grasp of their conscious spirits on their organisms. And the floral offerings are stupendous and the survivors have barricaded themselves behind closed blinds in grief.

All of it was quite as normal and natural—from the cosmic standpoint—as their mothers going into labor pains and delivering their infantile bodies some fifty or sixty years previously after 281 days of obstetrical gestation. But try to convince purblind and benighted humanity of that.

Never having been tutored in the most primary aspects of Ontology, they are stricken and nonconsolable. Attempt to tutor them and you are "interfering with religion . . ."

Religion is assumed to know all about it, but curiously enough never gives out information. So what?

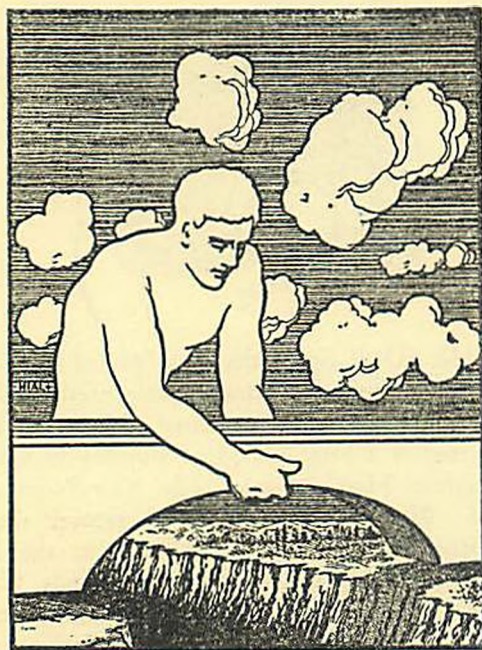


THE SOUL-Spirit that has "pulled out" of its long-time physical vehicle needs a decent time to become reoriented. Nine out of ten require a brief period of slumber in what Daughter Harriet names *The Rose-Room of Rest*. While so slumbering, to recover their spiritual strength for the arousing to the altered existence, the relatives or friends who have proceeded them and know what the practices are in the Higher Life, "weave" the garments that they will require in its new habitat. They do this "weaving" strictly by creative thought.

Every soul, male or female, that departs the mortal clay, proceeds onto the higher planes mother-naked, despite their development in

modesties and moral complexes on the earth-side. "Getting their garments" is almost the first thing they take note of, consciously. Some thereupon express curiosity to go down into the earth-vibration in their new invisible patterns and attend their own funerals, perhaps to discover what relatives, neighbors, and fellow church-members have to say about them in a sort of community life-estimate. But with the funeral services out of the way, and the crowds gone homeward from the grave filled with dirt, they then face the fact that they are right back where they started as babies . . . when they went down into earth-life to acquire the benefits and profits from definite experiences in environments. Have they gotten the things for which they went down?

That is the \$64 Question . .



JUDGING from testimony given by communicating personages at honest and bona fide seances, by the time the very-much-alive soul-spirit has met all the friends and relatives that have proceeded them, and the "new" has

worn off their suddenly attained status, they can apply to the proper dignitaries on the higher planes for what is known as "assignments"—or definite labors to keep them occupied a couple of hundred years until they find it advantageous to try the earthly cycle anew. There seems to be what the communicators call Schools of Assignment, where the earthly care and guardianship of definite physical people are entrusted to their wardship and supervision. Usually—if we care to accredit the evidence—there are two people on the higher side allotted to each soul in organic life. They may work in pairs—if the earthly one is a personage of importance—or they may work separately and "spell" each other. No matter. They are held accountable to the celestial authorities for such guardianship. Usually blood relatives left behind in earth-life are those who fall thus to their lots for supervision.

However, if for some reason guardianship of a given earth-soul is not attractive, they are privileged to attend the most colossal and adept celestial schools . . . Howard Candler upon one recent occasion made lengthy reference to some of the institutions of learning on the Higher Side "in which we have our teachers, *the arch-angels.*"

Apparently it is a serious business, acquiring education in the loftier echalons, when one's teachers are such colossal personages . . . but that is the report that comes back down to us, under conditions that leave small room for skepticism.

And Christ?

Never will the writer of this article forget the odd reaction he suffered at a seance in Manhattan in 1930 when a soul came through and apologized for not appearing at a similar seance the week before.

"Jesus was giving a lecture to over ten thousand of us that night," the communicating one apologized, "and I simply couldn't miss it."

She simply couldn't "miss it" . .

Who, indeed, would want to miss the Beloved Elder Brother in person, standing amid an audience of ten thousand who had come

successfully out of earth-life and were hearing His immortal accents preaching anew the celestial beatitudes? And yet there are those benighted idiots who cling to physical earth-life with hysterical frenzy, palsied with terror at the "fates" which may await them when they have departed this clammy and handicapping clay . .

BUT this business of making the Passing and being surprised at how easy and exquisitely distressless it was, . . like any situation of earth, the first two or three hours are the hardest. People who have "gone out" in dense ignorance, superstition, or vengeful malice—or those who have been so moronistic as to take their own lives bethinking to escape something mundanely unpleasant—these have a period that is called Coming Through the Dark. Having alienated themselves from all wholesome Truth throughout their earthly days, they can scarcely expect to be oriented to their new condition in sudden bursts of radiance.

Rare indeed, however, is the soul in such an utterly reprehensible state that it does not have some loving or remorseful relative on the Higher Side to give him welcome and counsel as it can.

The main concern of the intelligent is to absorb all the psychical wisdom available on the earth-side before the Transition happens, thus "know the ropes" . . Above all, try not to be overly lacrimose over bidding adieu to the

physical sheathing that may have served one so long and faithfully, or have such attachments for any given worldly environment that one elects to remain within it and become "earthbound" . .

Mark Twain once remarked that beds are the most dangerous contraptions on earth, inasmuch as more people die in them than in any other locale which the world provides. People found dead in their beds—ostensibly of heart failure—when comes the morning light, customarily avoid the shock or sorrow of bidding their earthly vehicles goodbye. After all, one is alive in a replica body equally as familiar as just as precious.

Really, if the truth could be known by the masses, it's the dying out of the "inner" bodies into the embryo of an utterly new mortal body that should be greatest cause for tragedy—if tragedy be insisted upon in the process of altering the spiritual habitat at all. Entering into the deadening hypnosis of memoryless physical condition, taking on limitation and physical weight, assuming identity in a social state of work, taxes, and war . . to the truly wise individual it is a mystery why babies ever essay to laugh.

Yet apparently they do. On occasion we have heard them.

Maybe they can recognize that the joke is on themselves, seeing that all roles in mortality are strictly by election.



THE RECORD



HAVE to live with myself, and so
I hope to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself in the eye;
I don't want to stand in the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a special shelf
A bundle of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man that I really am;
I don't wish to clothe myself in sham.

I wish to stand with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But during this struggle for fame or pelf
I wish to be able to like myself.
I don't want to think as I come and go
That I'm bluster and bluff, an empty show.

I never can hide MYSELF from ME,
I see what others can never see,
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself—and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be,
Self-respecting and conscience free.

If 'twas only one life, one day at school
Then possibly one could play the fool,
And hide the score and scorn the debt,
But no one has done such thing as yet.
A record is kept by MYSELF in ME
And I have to face it eternally! . .

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL



Who Are "Familiar Spirits" and Where Do They Originate?

HOW often do you hear some overly pious person exclaim when Psychological Research is mentioned: "I never concern myself with such matters. I try to be a strict Christian and follow the Bible's instructions. The Bible states that we are to have no traffick with Familiar Spirits. If Psychological Research and Spiritism were not wicked, there would have been no such prohibition inserted in God's Word!"

Being slightly nettled by the somewhat lofty and priggish rectitude implied, you ask the person: "Then how do you get around the adjuration of St. John?"

"What adjuration of St. John?"

"The adjuration in which he states that examining Spiritism is quite legitimate and commendable under certain conditions. Don't tell me that anybody who is so conscientious in obeying the Biblical stipulations, is not aware of all that the Good Book has to say upon the constructive side of these matters."

The fundamentalist will commence to blink his eyes at that, nervously finger the divan cushions beside him, and debate within himself

What You Should Know about Folklore and Superstition, with Biblical Admonition . .

whether you are about to catch him in some sort of trap. He will finally ask in wary disgruntlement: "What adjuration is it, to which you refer?"

"St. John instructed the early church fathers: 'Test ye the spirits, to see that they be of God!' Now in all commonsense, the implication is plain that if on testing the spirits we find that they be of God, it is all right to have traffick with them. If spirits are not of God, no one would want traffick with them anyhow, Bible or no Bible, in flesh or out of it."

YOUR fundamentalist will soon begin to evince a lack of interest in the subject. The fact of the matter is, that deep down in his soul he is scared to death of psychical mat-

ters, or anything relating to the so-called supernatural. Somewhere he has heard that the Bible "frowns" on human beings mixing up with the discarnate folks, and its prohibitive attitude suits his fright-complex right down to the ground. Push one of these people further, and you will discover that they have done no investigating about what Psychical Research is or isn't, do not know what breed of spirits metaphysics concerns itself with at all, have never opened a book on the matter in their whole lives, but once when they were thirteen years old they went down cellar in the twilight after apples and saw a queer old figure moving among the barrels, that looked up at them startled and as promptly vanished like a flag that is furled.

And along comes St. John and counsels them, or they think he does: "It's much more comforting to your general peace of mind to let the whole business alone." They would have felt equally as pious and "obedient to Christianity" if St. John had likewise adjured them never to go into the cellar after four in the afternoon unless the place is well-lighted or there is someone with them.



BUT there is no getting around the fact that the spiritual, mystical, and esoteric authorities—and authors of all ages—have steadfastly warned against having traffick with one breed of spirits that are designated as "familiar" even

though squeamish fundamentalists see no difference between them and "those that be of God."

The person who has a "familiar spirit" is by no means in the same class with a person who, in the olden language, had a devil or unclean spirit, though many unlettered fundamentalists think that as well—if it can truthfully be said that they think at all.

A Familiar Spirit must in all commonsense be a spirit that is familiar with a given person—that is, over intimate. This reduced to everyday language means a spirit that is always hanging around and giving demonstrations of itself like a misbehaved child, trying to put its ten-cents' worth into every mortal situation, disturbing the guests in the spare room by appearing in their chamber after one o'clock and screaming "Raspberries!" at the top of their spiritual lungs, and generally trying to operate on the mortal and fleshly octave when it might better employ itself with business on the octave to which it belongs.

The Familiar Spirit is the earthbound soul of housewives' gossip and fable, who mischievously or petulantly stays around in worldly conditions and makes existence a hell on earth for those who awesomely indulge it, by attempting to run their lives and affairs from the discarnate condition on the esoteric hocus-pocus that because they are discarnate they are thereby all-wise.

The Familiar Spirit, in other words, is naught but the "psychic kabitzer"—to use the Hebraic term for people who look over the shoulders of pinocle players and advise them which cards they should play—who gradually begins to emasculate the mortal person's judgment and initiative by doing his thinking for him and making up his mind.

That is where the real evil comes in, "harkening unto familiar spirits"—in that over a period of time the earthly person listens to the counsel of the familiar spirit as to the voice of God, or their own commonsense judgment, and becomes just a mortal stooge for some dis-

carnate entity "who gets a great kick" out of seeing earthly people physically obey its thinking projected from another octave.

Particularly are persons who take up the altogether mystical business of Automatic Correspondence, so-called, plagued for a period by such psychic kabitizers.

St. John knew what every investigator in the metapsychical knows: that too often these kabitizers are openly atheistic, or don't even know half so much about spiritual matters as mortal people, or have personal axes to grind, or some temperamental reason for subverting Truth.

If they can gain the ear, or the pencil, of some novice student and impress upon him that they are God's literal voice speaking to him, they can transfix him under a sort of hypnosis thenceforth. And that either tickles their vanity or serves their purpose of philosophical subversion.

SPIRITS that be of God, as St. John expressed it—that is, spirits who recognize the sacred responsibilities in such aspects and demonstrations of supra-consciousness—never cut up such antics. They perceive that the most sacrosanct thing in earth-life is the integrity and expanding self-reliance of the mortal person, gleaning maximum self-profit by making up his own mind on this or that as the experiences of mortality supply him with judgment and discrimination. They also realize that using inter-octave communication to talk about cats, lost rings, lost profits in last month's business, lost sweethearts, and in cases, lost morals, is cheaply profaning a stupendous and fecund process—fecund in the transcription of celestial laws and processes that could become known to worldly persons by no other method.

To exorcise all spirits into the same laundry-hamper, clap down the lid, padlock it, and ship the whole works to the dry-cleaning establishment known as Orthodoxy—or perhaps to the dog-pound where the contents is asphyxiated—is like saying that it is a wicked and unmoral

thing to have paternal grandfathers because a forebear of the previous generation is down in the family annals as having drunk hard liquor, married three women, and finally been hung for killing a tinker.

Even St. John, like all the ancient authors on religious matters, had more sense.

¶ THE WOMAN *who makes up jokes may not be a humorist; she may work in a beauty parlor . .*

IT IS a despairing thing for an esoteric teacher to find himself having relations with a novice pupil who has let himself fall under the hypnosis of some kabitizer thus discarnate. The teacher—having long-since trod the same pathway and learned the pitfalls—recognizes certain signs and tendencies in the material which the novice starts to receive. "Be careful of Mischiefs!" he warns.

Instantly, however, there is a feeling of perversity in the pupil.

"This teacher of mine is just jealous," thinks that novice to himself, "that I'll suddenly show a psychological development that surpasses his own. Or maybe I'll learn something ahead of the time that he aspires to teach it to me himself."

So the blat starts to come over the Miraculous Pencil. "You are the reborn soul of Saint Lizzie the Great," announces the psychic kabitizer. "Nevertheless, in all things you are to obey the Voice that is now addressing you. Dare to disobey it, or pay attention to the envious warnings of your instructor on the earth-side, and unnamable horrors will befall you."

"Who is this talking to me?" ventures the novice in such communication.

"This is the Angel Squeezlehub, who has condescended to take your training in charge."

"Oh my goodness!" thrills the novice. "I'm talking with an angel! Yes, yes, angel? What is it you wish me to do?"

"Go down to the corner drug store. Ask for a man named Glutz. You'll discover him drinking pink soda-pop. When you have located him, tell him to stop messing around with Joe Hamfatt's wife or it will be the worse for him! Hurry, hurry, or he'll be gone!"

So—anxious to do the Angel Squeezlehub's bidding, or the bidding of any other angel's flitting around in the vicinity—the novice drops the pencil, jams his hat on his ears, and hastens to the aforesaid pharmacy.

"Our soda fountain hasn't been working since October," says the druggist. "And besides this is a drugstore. We sell drugs, not ham-sandwiches, automobile tires, nor prime real estate lots."

Back comes the disillusioned novice and picks up the Pencil, all out of breath and not a little puzzled. "There was no one in that drugstore but the druggist," he reports to "Angel" Squeezlehub.

Blandly Squeezie responds: "We knew that, of course, when we started you out there. It was merely a test, to find out the extent of your willingness to obedience for vaster missions ahead."

Whereupon a shot of poetical balderdash of a seemingly "profound" esoteric motiff is transmitted.

And from the kibitzer's standpoint, the novice is "hooked" . . .

Of course, since Joe Hamfatt was not at the pharmacy, it must have been a test. Why else should an angel despatch a poor trusting mortal upon such sterile errand?

The teacher could have told the novice that angels don't flap around, hurrying automatic-pencil writers out to drugstores, or don't give themselves names, or don't submit pupils to

tests that are blatantly and potently labeled.

Instead of being any Angel Squeezlehub, the motivating consciousness at the other end of the physical phone line was probably the physically nonclad soul of a gent by the once-worldily name of Gump, who departed this vale of tears by jumping through a second-story window for being caught in a chamber by an erring woman's husband.

He is more or less ashamed to face his own relatives in his proper octave for his enforced graduation out of earth life, and is hanging around the octave of mortal consciousness hoping that sooner or later the silly novice who is harkening to his "angelic" kibitzing can be persuaded to take a sock at his ex-mistress's husband, he, the said Gump, not being able to do it, being physically without the fist.

THE instance is exaggerated, of course, but the substance should be clear.

Gump has become a Familiar Spirit—or he becomes a familiar spirit, in the exact ratio that the benighted novice-pupil keeps on taking his dictated instruction, whether it comprise chasing out to drugstores looking for soda-drinkers who aren't there, or inflicting his vaporous or banal "psychic discouragements" on a calloused world in the form of publishings which nobody reads but the proofreader.

Earnest and sincere students have permitted themselves to become so obsessed by hypnosis of this origin, that cases are known where women could not go downtown for a shopping trip of an afternoon without getting the "mentor's" advice as to whether to wear the black hat or the red one, and men have lost their All financially, consulting the "spirits" and taking their advice to buy Mousetrap Common instead of Limburger Preferred when purchases the other way around might have netted them a fortune.

Probably the psychic kibitzer handing them the counsel is an ex-stockholder by the name of Phool who committed suicide in the first year of the panic because he too had loaded

up on Mousetrap Common, and lost his shirt, and now wants to see as many fellow suckers as possible be denuded of their garments likewise. Only he never reveals himself as such. His name in the psychic writings is forever Saint Something-or-Other, or the Angel Bow-sprit, or Azusa, or Mugwump.

A plague upon the whole of it!

THE EARLY church fathers knew their discarnate business when they instructed all novice Christians to steer as far as possible from discarnate advice givers, who from preeve or outright mischief might have played ducks and drakes with the faith of early-church chil-

dren. And the esoteric adept of today knows his business when he tells the novice psychic: "Don't accept anything of your new 'mentors' that savors in the slightest of practical advice in material matters. Real counsellors will supply you with the laws of worldly processes and then expect you to figure out their application for yourself. Anything else would tend to rob you of judgment, discrimination, character, and initiative. And 'Spirits that be of God' are not such moral bandits! Be calm, sane, and non-inhibited in your spiritual recordings.

This great psychical process is to counsel you in matters *not* of earth. Keep it up on that level, and the whole grist must turn out profit!"



. . VISTAS AND MIRAGES . .

AMERICA is a tune. It must be sung in unison or its effect is lost.



MAN wants but little here below, the poet declared. He should have been a clergyman and discovered his mistake.



IT IS inconvenient to be caught short of money. It is tragedy, however, to have one's Cosmic bank-account return one's cheques marked No Funds!



THE OLD believe everything, the middle-aged suspect everything, the young know everything—or think they do, which amounts to the same.

GOD doesn't judge man till the end of his days, then all He says is, "Soul, go into the Back Room and give yourself what you think you deserve!"



YOU can't be both a Professor and a student in earth-life. Academics is the business of putting stakes to knowledge. Esoterics is the business of removing them.



WHEN you are shown a group photograph, you always search frenziedly for your own face first. Cosmos is a sort of group photograph. Hunting for your own face is know as Self-Preservation.

NEVER Try to Estimate Consciousness in Terms of Size . .



¶ *YOU Regard the
Universe through
Altered Sights When
Size No Longer Awes
You with Magnitude*

IT SHOULD be considered as performing a service of incalculable value to the average individual, to jolt him out of his everyday apathy and get him to regard himself for something other than he mortally accepts. Nine-tenths of the human race are in the spiritual doldrums because they have come to assume that their life limitations are set. That they have probably become all which they ever can become, that changes take place in their personal affairs at too slow a pace to ever stack up in terms of enticements, and that if they lived for another thousand years, existence wouldn't be much different than they find it at present. When we probe deeply into Reality—or the natures of things as they essentially are—we discover that this fixity of situation is one of the worst fallacies afflicting the human race at present.

As previously asserted, there can be no such thing as the situations of life being permanently fixed. The fact that all things are forever altering—in some aspect or other, no mat-

ter how minute—supplies us with only opportunity we are given for recognizing Life for what it is at all. Turn everything into a state of static, and even existence itself would cease.

But people acquire notions about life, about the world, about themselves as individuals in the world and, it is the notions that become Life for them as they live it. They are dwelling perpetually with a compendium of illusions and never grasping that they are illusions from the cradle to the grave.

Take the item of Consciousness, for example. It is commonly considered as that state of sentience that enables the normal animal, human or brute, to keep constantly aware of the nature as a participating entity. But for a state of anything to exist, the thing that is in the state must first be created. Consciousness,

considered as something abstract, or as something which has existence unto itself, is commonly regarded as unthinkable.

In the human sense, there must first be the individual whose sentient state is known as consciousness. But what is that individual, or rather, what is he composed of, and can he be regarded as apart from his consciousness at all?

For want of a better term, we identify this essence as Spirit. We say that it is spirit that is conscious—or unconscious. We know that the human spirit certainly does have its periods of seeming unconsciousness—as in so-called dreamless sleep or when the mental mechanism has been disrupted by cranial injury or shock. For instance, a person “faints.” One minute he is aware of everything happening about him, and to him. The next he is as dead as the proverbial smelt—insofar as any such awareness exercises. The next minute he “regains” consciousness—or perchance it is the next hour, or handful of hours. He returns to the state of being aware of more happenings about him, or in which he is participant, or to which he is spectator.

To nine out of ten such persons, the solar time intervening has not existed. It is, as we say, an utter blank. If there were no clocks, no altered circumstances in his chamber, no sun that has gone down the sky in the interim, no friends to advise him how long he has been “out,” he would never throughout eternity be aware that any lapsed time had occurred. He might have been “out” ten minutes, or he might have been “out” ten million years. A mental blank is a mental blank. It has no qualifications.

Yet we are bound to concede that such a person must have had spiritual existence during that interval of blankness. Animation maintains in the body, and because it maintains, we subscribe to the acceptance that the spirit has not departed it.

All of which is probably true. And it intro-

duces us to eccentric circumstance that spirit *can* have existence, then, without the slightest awareness on its own part of its own identity or the existence of objective properties.

Of course, it assumedly does spirit little or no good to have existence without awareness of objective properties. Thereby do we likewise concede that spirit only acquires the conscious state to somehow enhance itself. But that is something for another discourse.

Spirit regards itself—when it is capable of regarding itself at all—as conscious. And yet here is the strange delusion entertained by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand people: When they think of Consciousness as exemplified in or by themselves, they estimate or identify it as their physical selves in the animated state. They do not, ordinarily, consider consciousness as being capable of any other manifestation than the state of sentience in the physical mechanism—or at least in some aspect of a material vehicle.

¶ *THREE balls in front of a pawnshop usually mean that two to one you don't get it back*

Tell them that perchance their consciousness has an aspect and identity apart from their physical mechanism, or some aspect of the material vehicle, and they will want to know what in the devil you are talking about—or perhaps they will consider it time to phone the local asylum for a first-class ambulance well equipped with an assortment of strait jackets.

Yet consider this—

(Continued on Page 31)



WILL Man Be Recognizable on this Planet in a Million Years?

THERE is, in the lexicon of philosophers and perhaps a few medical men with a sense of humor, a term known as *Tedium Vitae*. Obviously it comes from the Latin and means "a weariness with life." People af-

flicted with *Tedium Vitae* are "sick of living." They are not exactly sick in the sense of physical ailment. *Tedium Vitae* seems to pertain to the spirit. "Disgust or dissatisfaction with the conditions of life as one finds them" would be the better way of expressing what assails them.

Strange to relate, *Tedium Vitae* never afflicts the young—that is, the very young—though it may afflict the old. In nine cases out of ten its victim is a person in his forties or his fifties. In other words, after existing from forty to fifty years, there seems to come a sense of futility at all earthly maneuvering or attemptings, coupled with a premonition of despair that conditions can ever be different. Melancholia sets in. It is the so-called Suicide Period.

Life insurance companies will give you the exact figures, showing that the majority of

¶ *MUTATIONS of the Species Are by No Means So Capricious as the Layman Thinks*

self-murders occur among people between the ages of forty-six to fifty-one.

Of course, suicides can be motivated by faulty blood circulation on a rainy afternoon, the woman who goes off with the handsomer man or the man who goes off with the more compatible woman, despair at ever being able to make good the shortage in the company's accounts, or physical affliction that becomes unbearable.

Men have been known to kill themselves for being laughed at by a child, for being reprimanded by employers, for having come home at night and found the Missis in bed with all the lights out, and from finding a little faded photograph in an attic trunk, carrying them back to years when life held frustration, every hour was a golden moment, and Time but a thing to pass away. Up in New

England a man once hanged himself because it had rained while he was calling on his brother during an evening and when it came time for departure the brother refused the loan of his umbrella.

Now why should people become tired of the business of living life?

We say carelessly that what they really want is a new deal, a chance to put a period after an existence that has gone sterile on them, a cessation of predicament that afflicts them with distress. But these are really descriptions of effects. They by no means identify causes.

What is it that makes a man or woman desire a fresh start?

On what grounds do they feel cause for complaint that life has gone sterile on them?

What's wrong with any given predicament, that a person essays to escape from it by a process that shortsuits him from ever experiencing any more situations in his present particular body?



THE ANSWER is twofold. First, he is not learning facts about existence that repay him adequately for vital energy-expediture demanded to keep him a functioning person. Second, he is not operating in such a manner as to utilize all the capabilities which he either possesses. And both of these in turn must hark

back to some subconscious ideal that such a one is carrying about within him, against which he constantly makes comparisons that supply dissatisfactions.

When a man exclaims: "I'm no use to myself or to anybody else!" he says in effect, antithetically: "I am cognizant of a better role that I might—and probably should—be enacting, and because I see myself in such role, I am dissatisfied to the point of self-extinction, with this one. If I am forever unable in this life to attain to such a role, I would rather not be sensing or functioning at all."

Tedium Vitae, therefore, is as positive as it is negative. A person may be weary of his present role, but the notion of weariness only comes to him because he has the ideal of a different and finer one lurking somewhere in his system. And while he may not be able to describe details of it, its essence or its totality is a perpetual enticement.

The chances are ten to one that such en-visionment is part of a prenatal memory, but having been denied accurate details of the re-incarnational process by egocentric orthodoxy, he is badly crossed up on any reasons for continuing life.

All of which is another theme.

We are not considering why people select the life roles that they do, or even why they sometimes suicide to end them.

We are considering this prolific thought: that man in his mortal life today, wherever one finds him, performs the queer caper of thinking of himself and his predicament, transient or permanent, always in terms or aspects of finality.

What he is at the moment—any given moment—he accepts without argument as being the totality and completion of the composite Idea that is identifiable as himself to Cosmos.

"I am Bill Smith," he says to himself. "I am forty-five years old and my role in the Twentieth Century is running a sausage grinder for thirty-two dollars a week. I have a wife and six kids. One of my eyes is out of whack,

my nose is twisted, I could use an inch more chin. I am an American, have never been in jail, owe more debts than I can ever pay, and I believe whatever I read in the papers. This then, is Me! I am at this moment the apex of creation, insofar as the Bill-Smith matrix for human beings turns out my particular product. Of course I see points in being John Jones, and having my father leave me two million dollars on which I could travel to Europe or stay up till three o'clock every morning with ladies of the theater who contrive to keep me bankrupt. But that would be the John-Jones matrix-product and not the Bill-Smith matrix product. Taken of myself, I am God's perfect handiwork as to what the Bill-Smith item in creation was meant to be, and whether I like it or not, I am forced to accept myself and not do much about it except blow my brains out—that is, if I have them!" Bill Smith, in other words, thinks of himself, to himself, as a crystallized and consummated product, molded, finished, and labeled—and not so hot as a job, if you ask him. Orthodoxy has taught him that God made him, he never had much to do with making himself, and on the whole, God wasn't turning off such nifty products the season that he, Bill Smith, was designed. Having been so designed by some vague deity in some remote sequence, he was placed in life to make what shift he could. He either has profited from such opportunities as came his way or he has messed them. Most of them, he



is ready to agree with you, he has messed. He has *Tedium Vitae*—only he doesn't call it that, and would run to the mirror to peer at his eyelids if you informed him of that fact. He has

several times considered sending his wife and kids to her mother's, to get them out of the house so that he could turn on the gas and "end it all" after a session of particular distress with a few of the more efficient bill collectors.

That he is changing, decade by decade, he will concede. He knows that he has less hair today than he had ten years ago, and he can't vault a henroost with the agility of twenty. That he is altering year by year, he is even willing to agree, although his wife is the more reliable person to consult on the details. But that he is altering month to month and day to day, and even hour to hour, is something that gives him pause. Of course he must be, after a fashion, since the accumulate of ten years of hours, days or months, produces a change that brings comment by his relatives. But he can't see it, and what he can't see, he doesn't keep in mind. Then converse with him on the minutiae of the alterations proceeding steadily in him from moment to moment—even go so far as to tell him that he is by no means precisely the same man that he was twenty minutes ago—and he will acquire a defensive expression or wonder what brand of spoof you are offering for him to sample.

It is a peculiarity of the conscious ego that accepts itself as forever constant. It perpetually regards itself from the current moment of its experiencing.

To every last mother's son of us, we are, "inside" and "to" ourselves, the personages we have always been since we became conscious of ourselves at all. It isn't that our bodies change, take on either maturity or senility, and finally play out on us utterly after having gone through the paces of infancy, childhood, youth, and adulthood. Temperamentally speaking, our sentient spirits mature and alter as well. But we are usually no more conscious of it than we are conscious that within the past six minutes we have worn our hearts 432 beats toward the cessation of all cardiac activity.

PUTTING it in another way, we are all dying by hours, moments, seconds. We started dying, in fact, the precise instant we were born. And we are gaining spiritual increment from development, expansion and unfoldment, as we can, whilst the business of dying is progressing. Not that it matters, because we are due to have as many bodies as we can use—to infinity! But Bill Smith, nor any of us, thinks of this perpetual process of alteration toward demise, as we regard ourselves morning unto morning in the bathroom mirror.

We only think of what a mess of a mess we're in with society, the boss, the creditors, the McCarthy quiz, and wouldn't it be nice if somebody would leave a quart of cyanide on the doorstep with the morning's milk? But take a slightly different angle on the proposition—

Suppose there were some way to speed up our perceptivity of Time. All of us have seen trick movies where a slow camera took pictures on a strip of film; then when the film was run through the projector at normal speed, obsessed pedestrians darted about, and autos moved at an apparent eighty miles an hour through crowded traffic. Well, supposing there were some way of equally speeding up the tempo of life and its processes of development and maturity. Supposing that the changes that have happened to Bill Smith since he was one year old, had been photographed, one frame a day in the same posture for every day he has lived to the age of forty-five, or will live, up to eighty, and then the Life film finally was developed and run through a cosmic projector. What would Bill see? What would all of us see in our own cases?

HE WOULD see himself swell, fatten, lengthen as to arms, torso and legs, shoot out hair on his face like antennae of some monstrous insect, grow teeth and have them decay and drop out, until finally the reel stopped on Bill Smith as he lies in his coffin—defunct!

Is it not true that never while such reel has

been showing, has Bill Smith the subject been "staying still" or appearing at any instant precisely what he was the instant before?

And the fact that no such photographic record is being made, doesn't alter the premise that the changes are in process and could be photographed, were such photographing convenient. In other words, the fact that they are not photographed, doesn't prove they do not happen.

¶ *CHILDREN should
be seen and not heard,
but even looking at
them too long can get
irksome . .*

If, therefore, there were some way of speeding up our perceptions of Time, so that the eye could see unfolded in six or eight minutes what ordinarily happens in the growth, development, maturity and decline of a person over sixty to eighty years, would the phenomenal exhibit give us any aspect of "permanence" to life, or present it as something that should be suicided out of? Is not life rushing to its own extinction, in the mortal sense, about as fast as contrivable, photography or no photography?

Considered in the light of such a six-to-eight minute display, would we not rather accept Life as a ludicrous fantasy, and only identifiable as Life because it is Change in its essence?

And what goes for the individual goes as well for the species.

Man as we find him on earth today, thinks of himself with the same notion as to matrix-perfection and species-permanence as our friend Bill Smith, sausage-machine operator, thinks



of himself as a static individual. He says of himself: "I am Man, the noblest work of God." Whether God agrees with him, we have yet to ascertain. "I am here on this planet," says he, "lord of all I survey, the highest form in which sentient life manifests. In fact, I am quite the cream in the coffee of creation."

Maybe so.

Maybe not!

Maybe if he could have a cosmic camera put upon him, the changes in his species photographed—as we fooled with the notion of Bill Smith's being "fast" photographed—and the film developed and projected a million years from tonight, we might see mortal life flying through alterations and evolutions with such amazing ramifications that we could not say what man was, or is, at any given point, at all!

Our measurement or perception of Time is merely so crude and slothful now, that the changes are imperceptible from generation to generation; so we say, "such and such is Man!" What we really mean is, "slowness of perception gives us an illusion that such-and-such is Man!"

Truly, how can we know *what* Man is, till all changings—if ever—are complete?

Do we think of Man as being the last word in divine product today? Maybe a million years from tonight, he won't be recognizable as Man—any more than we would have recognized the Bill Smith of today in the freckle-faced boy, shown when we stopped the film when Bill's growth was ten years along.

Doubtless the Neanderthal man, in the caves of southwestern Europe, drummed his matted chest and howled: "Take good eyeful! Me best thing God do!"

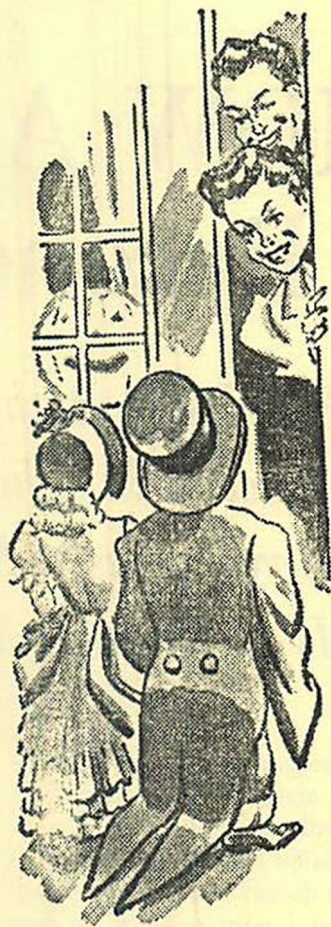
The *bon vivant*, in his drawing room softly shaded at midnight down here in the Twentieth Century, pats his satin tie and thinks: "God certainly turned off a masterpiece when He made me!"

And a million years from tonight, the creature that evolves from Man—as man today has evolved, biologically at least, from the creature half-running, half-crawling through the Cambrian fen of several millions of years ago—whatever poses in front of whatever serves for mirrors in that day, will in his own right pay God a backhanded compliment by congratulating himself that he is the acme of his breed, in his flesh, functioning.

The point to be jotted down and mulled over is, that God doesn't turn off a job—any kind of job—and then take a day off, the first Book of the Bible to the contrary notwithstanding. The first Book of the Bible was written by Hebrews who only imagined how they would behave had they been in God's place. Which, by the way, they wouldn't object in the least to have happen.

God is on the job in one perpetual spasm of eternal alteration—and assumed improvement on whatever is first projected.

This is another way of declaring that God Himself, like Life itself, *is* change. Just as you can't "box" a minute, and say, "Here it began and here it stopped," so you can't "box" a work of God or Nature. The very essence of Conscious Recognition, whether it be through



observation of objective worlds and their furnishings, or of our subjective spirit-selves, is the capability to note or register Change.

The universe is one titanic kaleidoscope where no two patterns have ever been duplicates since the start of creation. And if the kaleidoscope stopped, the whole works would vanish!

To say, then, that one is "tired of life" or is "of no use to oneself or anybody else," is simply to go static in one's powers of cognition.

It is the mind of the victim that goes sterile, not the objective world or its situations—

which comprise the essence of Change or they would not be recognizable or perceptible at all.

IT IS an awesome thought: that you are not, in all respects, the same person who started to peruse this dissertation—just as you will be a different person in many other respects, by the time you reach the last page of this magazine. You may think you are in a box, crated, practically ready to be shipped to the mortician's, muscle-bound or ossified, gone static on every form of self-expanding exercise—as people commonly express it: the Victim of Circumstances.

You can be nothing of the sort. Circumstances are changing, just as you are changing physically and mentally with each seventy-two heart beats that thump in your left breast. Before you have read to the bottom of this page, the telephone may ring, or someone may knock on the door and hand in a telegram, announcing that your rich uncle has departed and left you his boodle, or tell you that son has driven the family car into a storefront and now wilts in the hoosegow, or that daughter has eloped with the milkboy, or that fifty Russian bombers are headed for your bailiwick and you had better stop reading and scam for the cellar.

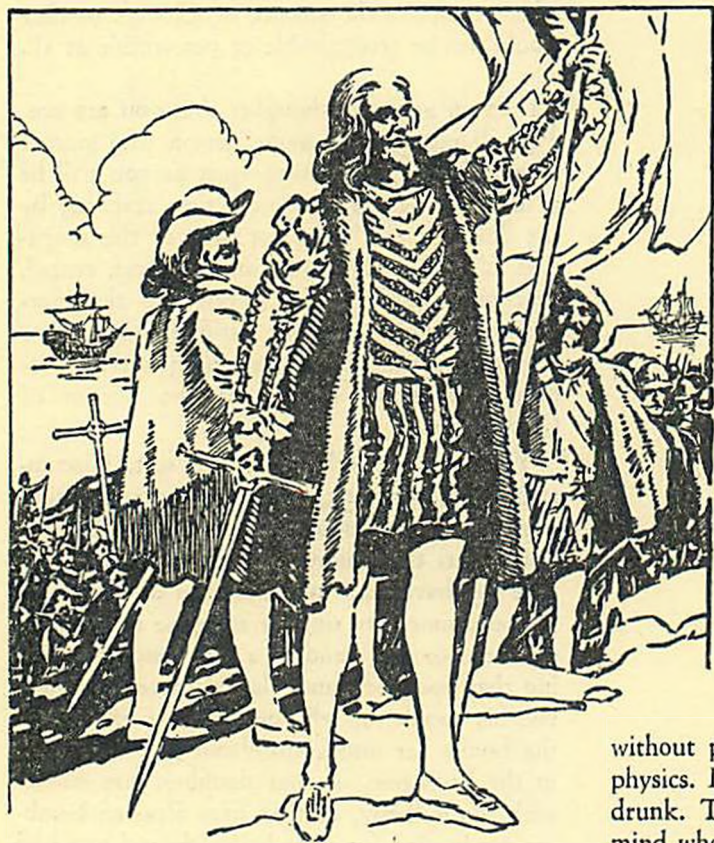
We say "anything can happen," and it usually does.

You can thank your luck stars, or your Maker, that it does. If it didn't, you wouldn't be able to know your own functioning or tell whether you were human or a wart on Betelgeuse.

Are you in a rut? Ruts can be dynamic. If you don't believe it, let the rut freeze, then hit it in your auto at seventy miles an hour. You probably won't ever make another complaint that ruts are insufferable.

Everything is a matter of estimating speeds!

Consider yourself a million years from tonight then, and marvel where all change is ultimately to bear you. What if you'll be Something that your present minds can't handle?



HOW Agg Reconcile

*WHEN We Bethink to
Succeed in Then, W
Anyway as a Matte
Is It Right to Depr*

IT WOULD seem to be a sterile business to go to a man or woman who is in a mess and expect to win their endorsement for a doctrine by informing them they probably had the mess coming to them anyhow, but as soon as they get into a state of mind where they don't care much whether they are in a mess or not, the mess will vanish.

They have the right to retort: "What difference will it make, after I have attained to such a state of mind, whether or not the mess continues or doesn't continue? You are simply asking me to do a mental stunt—so anesthetize myself in regard to the afflictions of life that I no longer sense them. I can do that now,

without pothering around in a maze of metaphysics. I can, as a matter of fact, go out get drunk. That too will put me into a state of mind where the mess no longer exists for me—and I don't have to do any work beyond bending my elbow. What I want to know is: how long must I endure this thing that has afflicted me, and why shouldn't I get relief from it while it afflicts me? Arriving at a state of indifference is no 'out' and telling me that I'll be well-loved when I don't care much about love, is a fool philosophy."

So argues the man who misses the point of karma and its discharge entirely, putting the whole plight in which he finds himself—and escape from it—into the category of attaining to a State of Mind.

NOW it is by no means a bad proposition to attain to a proper state of mind—providing anybody can say what it is but the professional Nice-Thought Thinkers—but what we are discussing in talking about the correct

ressive Initiative Can Be ed with Any Soul's Karma

*Do Great Deeds, and Even
Could We Have Done Them
r of Karma? . . and If So,
ecate Constructive Ambition?*

discharge and vanishment of karmic quandaries is not any state of mind but a complete evolution or renovation of the character.

We are talking about viewing quandaries so objectively that we can no longer be affected by them subjectively.

We are discussing the proposition of so imbibing and absorbing—consciously and constructively—the increments from any karmic lesson so rapaciously and amply that the character-need causing the karmic situation in the first place, no longer is of moment.

We commonly call such absorption the Discharge of Karma.

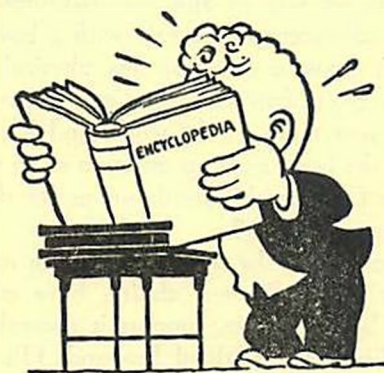
Our karma dictates that we enter upon a given program of events, or even set of passing circumstances, because we require the spiritual profits sure to come from experiencing. We go through with the business. The instant we have gained such profits, there is, of course, no longer need in logic for the situation to endure. So we end it.

Sometimes this termination is brought about

by the little-recognized activity of our own subconscious minds. Sometimes it is brought about by the activity of the minds—subconscious or otherwise—of those persons who have been associated parties in making the dilemma. Sometimes we reach a downright rebellion at circumstances and make up our minds, consciously and deliberately, that we are going to face a change. Whatever the method is that becomes employed, the result arrived at is the same.

Becoming "fed up" with any given situation means that it has imparted to us all the spiritual increment it had to impart to us.

We sense intuitively, as it were, just when we have done all that was expected of us in



a given complication. We know to a hair's breadth just when Compensation is overbalancing Obligation. We may continue in the

situation after such recognition is arrived at, but it will ever be under protest.

¶ *THEY are children of a florist; one is a budding genius and the other a blooming idiot*

WHAT we are interested in examining at the moment is: What part does the deliberate exercise of Initiative play in Karma and its discharge? If we feel that we are in a situation that has a karmic basis, how far is it equitable for us to go, in taking thought and striving to mitigate its harsher effects upon our spirits?—"make the situation tolerable" is the way we might put it.

Let us handle the question in a concrete pattern. Let us be specific as to illustration and take the case of a personable girl who in her younger years and before her bump of worldly sophistication was in any way developed, has had an adolescent love affair with a boy, married him upon a more or less physical basis, perhaps given him children, and then—after she has seen more of the world and life—confronted the heart-rending question as to whether she is fated to this sterile union for the rest of her mortal years?

The man may be a good sort. He may, to the best of his limited ability, have tried to make a home for her, support it decently, and do his part as a faithful husband. His shortcomings are of the head, rarely of the heart. He simply is degenerating into a stodgy, middle-aged man, with few illusions and no ambitions, content to drift with the tide of life

and do his best, whereas the wife realizes that she has natural capabilities cutting her out for something bigger and more significant than mere wife to a nondescript.

Such a woman, seeking solace spiritually for the abrasions from her predicament, gets into contact with some esoteric teacher.

"Your predicament is karmic," says the latter, judging purely from the surface indications. "You made a pact with this man to be his wife before coming into life. Certainly you are brighter than he is, mentally. You could undoubtedly make something of your life if you were detached from him and free to work out our own salvation. But until you absorb all the lessons that are to be gained from your humdrum situation, it is going to continue. This man needs you to mentor him and help him. If you don't do your job by him now, you will find yourself doing it in some future life, so what difference does it make?"

"But," protests the woman, "I really don't know consciously what the lessons are that I'm supposed to learn from going on in this depressive predicament. You tell me that so long as I have need of the lessons, and so long as this man seems to depend on me, my role must maintain. But meanwhile, from the spiritual standpoint, I'm going crazy. My home is a prison. I'm ossifying mentally. If there's spiritual gain in that, I want to be shown it. What is the matter with me, anyhow?"

"Take a month's vacation," advises the other. "Go off and get a perspective on the whole of it."

The wife does so. She visits a girlhood friend in a distant city. One evening the girlhood friend gives a party in her honor. Among the guests is a man whom the wife has never set eyes on before—at least in this life. Yet the instant he steps through the door, and is introduced, our woman under discussion feels a thrill in her heart. It seems as though she has known this man always. He is more intimate to her spirit than the husband with whom

she has lived a decade. Before an hour has passed, she realizes in alarm that she—a respectable married woman—has fallen in love with a comparative stranger at first sight. She seeks her bed that night in a tumult. She feels that it would be a form of legalized prostitution for her to resume habitation with the man she married so thoughtlessly in the romance of immaturity.

As the novelists and scenario writers say: A Situation develops!

She does not return home. She sees the stranger-who-is-not-a-stranger again and again. What she imagines as her former moral code, begins to break down. It comes to her that life thereafter will never be the same if she has to put this man deliberately from her life. Perturbingly enough, the man in the case, feels the same way about herself.

What shall they do?

"You'll have to divorce your husband," he suggests, "and marry me."

"But I can't," she wails. "I've no grounds for the divorce excepting that John is simply the Wrong Man."

In her despair she hunts up the metaphysician and relates what has happened.

"You probably have known this Man Number Two intimately in one of your former lives," he conjectures. "Perchance he's your spiritual counterpart. That's all quite explainable. But until your karma is discharged in regards to John, you probably won't find ways opening to divorce him and be happy henceforth with the man more adapted to you."

"But when shall I know when my karma is discharged in regards to John?" she insists. It is no adolescent romance or infatuation with her this time. She knows who she wants and precisely why she wants him.

"I can't tell you that," he responds, "seeing that it is your own affair entirely. Anything I might say would probably influence your own discrimination in the matter. I can't take your karma upon myself by making direct suggestions."

"Then what good is a knowledge of metaphysics to me?" the woman wants to know. "I'm in a mess and want to get out of it. You tell me I can't get out of it till my karma is discharged with John and I've arrived at a spiritual condition where I'm indifferent as to whether Alfred marries me or not. I may know a mass of esoteric principles, but if I can't apply them consciously to solving this situation, what do they get me? I might as well know nothing of esoterics and go it as blindly as any woman of the streets."



HERE is one of the most trite Triangle Situations that exists in human life. If it does not develop from a woman meeting the Other Man, then it develops from a man meeting the Other Woman. To tell such people, in such a domestic quandary, that so long as they rebel at remaining stifled in their domestic lives, they have karmic need for the stifling and the situation will not—or should not—terminate until they have become calloused or indifferent to it, is to give them no consolation that profits the spirit.

Besides, it is wholly incorrect interpreting of the principle involved.

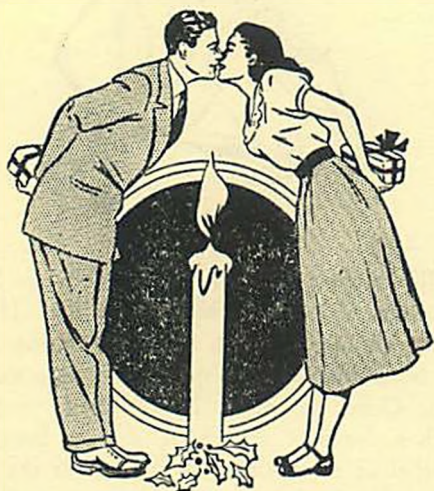
In the first place, the truly astute metaphysician would never tell such a woman that her situation with her first husband was karmic to start with.

Unless he has made deep researches into her

prenatal memory, there is no way by which he knows with authority whether that relationship was karmic or not.

Merely because a man and a woman have come together and married, no more postulates karma between them—that is, the factual working-out of effect from causes arising in previous lives and compensating in kind—than karma is postulated by two friends meeting on the street and one agreeing for friendship's sake to help the other paint a fence, or answer a heavy correspondence, or endorse a note.

Such marriages—and we are told, all marriages—are more or less prenationally arranged for. But prenatal arrangements as to mortal relationships may be made without the underlying purpose behind them being the paying off of anything in kind.



THE WISE metaphysician would diagnose such a Triangle Situation as being what might be termed Incidental Karma, or cause and effect in this current life based upon the incident of a propinquitous romance. Meaning this—

Such a woman as we have described, by the very nature of her broader viewpoint and wider interests in the affairs of life, is essentially in mortal existence to aid or mentor those less advanced in spiritual unfoldments than

herself. Her brevet in life is one of altruistic help unto anyone or all of those with whom she may be cast into contact.

The mediocre man in such cases appeals to such a woman from galvanizing of her maternal instincts. She is fundamentally fearless in the face of life and its demands upon her, and shrinks from no situation which calls for her understanding service. She met this man, youthful though she was at the time physically, and married him because she sensed his need of her.

She would have married any personable man who happened along under similar circumstances and exhibited a similar need at that particular period.

Of course the intimacies of matrimony in the meantime have drawn them together after a fashion, but the fact that she has developed a great dissatisfaction or withering boredom in the continuing relationship, indicates to the wise cosmic psychologist that she has ceased to receive spiritual enhancements herself, even from the act of her mentorship.

This fact in turn indicates that she has done all for that man which she feels capable of doing, and anything further continued in that regard is a sort of waste of her time and personality. The fact that the husband has become stodgy, phlegmatic, and complacent toward her and her services to him, likewise indicates that he too has ceased to imbibe spiritually, and what started out as commendable and profitable relationships between the two has now degenerated—or is degenerating—into a profitless stalemate.

Such marriages “go on the rocks” as a natural and normal denouement because, having nothing to sustain them, there is no spiritual warrant why they should continue.

They are not marriages, anyhow, but legalized cohabitations.

Real marriages are the union of Spiritual Complement with Spiritual Complement, that has endured and been repeated over countless lives, where the man and woman partners are

literal halves of the completed Soul Whole.

Such people never tire of one another's company, never cease to imbibe spiritually from one another, and would no more consider going out of one another's lives than they would consider parting with a hand or foot.

For our woman in question to consider that she must "serve her karma" with John, when in her soul of souls she feels no karma toward him—and John is too stupid anyhow to know what karma is to begin with—and permit the situation to go on till death or open infidelity on John's part effects her matrimonial release, would be the sheerest cosmic mischief.



WHERE we get the application of the correct cosmic law, constructively and wholesomely, in the foregoing situation, is in being able to recognize just what the prenatal program arranged for, how far it applies in a continuing relationship—that is, how long such relationship is supposed to continue—what the concrete profits from it are supposed to be, when it may be conscientiously and not capriciously terminated, and what methods may be employable to bring it to its end.

Anesthetizing a person's mind to endure a given situation never yet worked a cure that was wholesomely lasting. The product, or condition, resulting is vicious Repression.

Knowing precisely what factors are involved, knowing Conscience for what it is and the role it plays in such dilemma, looking at the point

of true spiritual morals in all sincerity and constructiveness, and then decided to continue in a given line of action until a given quandary has been untangled with intelligence . . . this is what is implied by the personality that raises a person above all hecklements of circumstance.

And Initiative plays its part in solving such quandary quite as much as Patience.

INITIATIVE is the business of giving constructive thought to a challenging situation and taking aggressive action in full recognition of all the values having a bearing on the outcome. Initiative, like patience, is always positive. It presupposes that whether the dilemma be economic, domestic, or abstractly moral, it commands a sympathetic treatment by the reasoning faculties and a decision rendered as to what is best to do arrive at a better condition. If such were not true, why has humankind been given such faculties at all?

Too many people hold the idea that everything their lives and careers comprise is karmic. If a wheel comes off their automobile, it is karmic. If a rich aunt dies and forgets to mention them in her will, it is karmic. If they reach up for a patent medicine and take down a bottle of toilet water—drinking the same to the great beautification of their insides but not to their tummy's tranquillity it is karmic.

All of which is nothing of the sort. We start karma into operation when we willingly and knowingly do things which we feel that we shouldn't, which hinder or prostitute the spiritual growth of others, or receive values from them for which we neglect to compensate.

Such people forget that there has to be a time when karma starts—in this life as well as in past lives. People may easily be manufacturing new karma for themselves with every present day that passes. Initiative in its true sense, properly exercised, well might halt

the manufacture of such new karma—if the truth could be foreseen.

If, therefore, karma is made willingly and knowingly, it can be forestalled or nipped willingly and knowingly as well.

Let us suppose our woman decided that she had to forego marrying Alfred, return to John and sink into a spiritless and lustreless existence as the wife of a hopeless nondescript.

All her spiritual faculties rebel, of course. She becomes short-tempered, slovenly, vindictive, envious of friends whose future is more inspiring. Everyone with whom she comes into contact turns aside from her with a disquieting shadow cast upon their worthwhile ambitions and illusions. She gradually disintegrates into a destructive social influence in the circles wherein she moves. Suddenly one night, in her own soured pique, she decides that if she can't have happiness neither shall her daughter—and she finds excuses for smashing the aid daughter's lovely romance.

That is making new karma with a vengeance and the results of it must be paid in kind. What then, has her sacrifice brought her in practical ennoblement?

¶ *THERE must be a woman in the moon; no man would stay up there so long and be out every night . .*

ALL of this is by no means counsel to those married people, bored by the commonality of an uneventful matrimony, to start forth looking for some new personality—male or fe-

male—to give them thrills. People who still have true karma to pay off toward one another in the matrimonial relationship, usually do stick together till it is run—and sometimes beyond.

What is being arrived at, is the more constructive diagnosis of a case where a woman-person is perplexed as to how far she should endure an insufferable situation, and what her mental attitude should be in the matter of its continuance or disintegration.

We "stand up to situations" because deep down in our subconscious minds we are carrying about with us the most minutely worked-out and acknowledged program of what our individualistic life-errands should comprise. When we depart from them wilfully or capriciously, a strange distress ensues.

We call it Conscience.

But Conscience is truly a self-upbraidment that we have shown a tendency to depart from the prenatal program allotted to ourselves, or agreed upon by ourselves, to get the lesson from life which we dared mortality to get.

We speak of a "hardened Conscience" when what we truly mean is "a disregarded Life Pattern" or a moral defection unto ourselves to take the longer and more permanent gains in lieu of the profits or satisfactions that appeal at the moment.

No two people's cases are precisely alike, but the Greater Laws ruling the social cosmos are inexorable and are in existence to bring order out of chaos in human affairs.

There is an old adage, and a wholly mischievous one, that says: "What you don't know won't hurt you." But the exact opposite is true. It's the things that you don't know that do hurt you. When you know consciously, you take care to avoid the conditions making for the hurt. And esoteric fundamentals do just that! When deliberately accredited and employed, they settle dilemmas without the distresses attending on ignorance. They are revealed to man to make life easier, not to make it hard. But man must utilize them.

Never Estimate Consciousness . .

(Continued from Page 17)

In particularly vivid dreams, we are usually spectators to events without being conscious of physical vehicles in ourselves. Or we go under ether for a surgical operation—as thousands attest having done—and eject something out of our bodies in which Intelligence resides, and in which it goes traveling to other scenes, zones, or octaves, till summoned mystically back into the material mechanism on the operation's completion. Or, to consider the extreme case, people die in the physical self, become spiritually discarnate, remain out of mortality for a period of years ranging from ten to a thousand, and subsequently discover some method for enhousing their spirits afresh in the bodies of properly developing infants. It cannot be said logically that any of them, as he or she appeared in any previous physical embryo or body of a new baby and thenceforth dominates it for a succeeding existence.

Consciousness in some form, or in some unusual aspect, must—by the nature of these circumstances—reach a status of utter and complete discarnation.

Very good, what is its aspect in that Ultimate Condition?

If any one of us, or all of us, had no bodily form in any mortal sense whatever, what would we "look like"?

Would we look like anything at all?

More than all else, how "big" would we be?

NOW ONE of the things that should startle most of us far more than it does, is being solemnly told that in all material creation there is actually no such thing as Size—not as considered as something with an identity unto itself. Size forever has to be figured in comparison with something else. Take away all other



things in the universe but leave just one thing, one item, one object, and you or any other observer of that object would not be able to estimate or pronounce how big it was. This would be true, entirely aside from the fact that you, to make the condition absolute, could not be existing in proximity to it. Therefore you could not do what millions of persons commonly do when called to describe how big or how little a thing is: give answer by some sort of comparison with themselves.

If only one object existed in all creation, and yet your sentient consciousness was able to note its shape and perhaps something of its natural essence, you could not tell whether it measured five inches in height or five miles in height.

For instance, take an apple. You can hold

it, ordinarily, in the palm of one hand. It is, measured by common inches, three of them through its center. The apple, in relation to the house you live in, is reasonably small. But take away the house, take away your body and your hand, let the same apple be suspended in Pure Space, and then gear your thinking to these proportions—



Under a magnifying glass, the seams in its skin are not seams but tremendous mountains, hills, valleys, and canyons. On this apple's skin are existing two billion sentient creatures—of course far too small ever to be estimated by the naked eye—each one perfectly formed as to organism and contour, yet each one standing only fifty-millionth of an inch in height. One fifty-millionth of an inch is a bona fide height, if we but had the smallness ourselves to get down into a similar littleness and view it. Such infinitely minute creatures are going about their day's business on the outer skin of your apple. Only it does not appear to be an apple to them. It is a planet, awesome in size to them, requiring thirty days to encircle its ten-inch circumference according to speeds achievable in that microscopic universe. It is big because they are small.

Now, by the same scheme of thinking, try to think of our own planet Earth as approached by some gigantic entity, or reached for by some conscious colossus standing on Betelgeuse, and plucked out of its orbit in the heavens by a hand sizable enough to encircle it with its fingers. Our planet would be but an apple to that cosmic giant and would not seem particularly sizable to him at all.

No, such a thing as size does not exist of itself. Always, to get size, we compare the thing being estimated either with ourselves in our physical measurements or with the planet on which we dwell for the periods of our sentient mortalities.

COMING back to our consideration of Consciousness, conversely it does not require size to observe bulk in objects objective to itself. A man seven feet high goes out on a starry night and observes distant Sirius. But a child two feet high sees the same star with equal facility. In fact, both in a matter of minutes observe something like five thousand heavenly bodies, millions of light-years distant from one another.

What is the essence that performs such feat, and why should it endlessly consider itself by the relative smallness of its current physical entrapment?

By the same token, why should Consciousness need any size at all, to observe the mortal universe in which it commonly deploys?

As a matter of fact, we are advised by intelligent beings in more complicated octaves of Matter, that Consciousness *does* have an aspect germane to itself, even in its utterly discarnate status, and that it appears to such as recognize it for what it is, as an exhibition or display of brilliant and concentrated bluish light.

Of course no one can estimate the size of a light. One only estimates it as to its brilliance. Brilliance, however or lack of it, may be only a matter of the distance from which the radiance is viewed! But here again, we are confronted by the peculiar vibration of any light

in order to be recognizable at all. The universe is filled with various forms of illumination, we are told, never discernible by the mortal eye, below the infra-red and above ultra-violet.

So, if we should want to toy with the thought that the more masterly the consciousness, the vaster the illumination, we can conceive of the utterly discarnate consciousness of what we might term gods as rivaling the brilliance of suns, whereas billions of individuals of one-cell intellects probably exist, whose discarnate radiance would not outshine the ordinary parlor match.

IT WAS said to a noteworthy psychic upon the occasion of a vital lecture's having been "wasted" upon a hall only one-eighth filled with auditors due to a rainy evening: "You should have seen what we in this higher octave beheld in your auditorium tonight. Your lecture was of such spiritual interest and illumination to those who had departed their physical bodies without their condition's being fully known and understood, that souls in countless numbers crowded the place to hear the speaker's words. We would estimate that close to four million discarnate souls were packed in what seemed to you an empty assembly hall, all unobservable to the lecturer or the twenty or thirty persons attending in physical flesh. Remember, the average discarnate spirit, estimated or measured by worldly standards, is no "bigger" than the ball of your little finger. This is the aspect of utterly discarnate Consciousness that interpenetrates the body of the pregnant woman and by synchro-

nizing its vibration with hers to an exact degree, obtains possession of the embryo and issues forth as occupant of the infant's body on delivery."

It is, indeed, something to think about, assuming it is true.

We are not men and women of an average five-feet-seven in height and a normal one-hundred and fifty pounds in weight.

The true Consciousness inside us, that will ultimately divest itself of *all* bodies and arrive at the discarnation enabling it to make the return experience through the vehicle of some newly born babe, is of itself a small ball of ultra-violet—and therefore invisible—light, about a quarter-inch in diameter.

What tremendous hulks of gross materials we are encased in, therefore, that we come to think of as being synonymous with ourselves—immortal spirits!

See yourself from the discarnate octave, however, and one's entire viewpoint toward the universe changes.

Possessing the radiance to illumine worlds, and perchance whole solar systems, can therefore be but an aspect of growth, development, unfoldment, accomplishment!

And that is happening, day unto day, hour unto hour, moment unto moment.

And true growth is this: Learning to realize that no matter how a thing appears, from a different octave it is probably something else!

What octave, therefore, are you observing from?

Thereby should you anticipate as many universes as there may be octaves.

Truly there can be small room in all of it for mental atrophy or spiritual stagnation!





EARTH-Life Is Like a Train Hurtling Along Set Tracks

Republished From Reality by Request

NOTHING intrigues mankind more, in this fraught period in the world's affairs, than gaining dependable knowledge of what may be ahead for man to experience. To know what the future holds, for either the mass or the individual, is the mass curiosity. Man rarely stops to recognize the absolute uselessness of foreknowledge of event. He takes it for granted that if he, as a lone unit of society, could know to a certainty what was due to happen tomorrow, next week, next month, or next year, he would either shun with malice aforethought the less fortunate experiences of life, or he would enrich himself materially by trading perspicaciously on his ignorant brother's blindness.

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

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

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

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

ASK nine out of ten persons what their views may be upon this subject, and, admitting that they are endowed with reasonable ability



to logicize, they will probably make answer: "In larger social aspects there undoubtedly is a Plan that mass humanity is following, and in that sense we might say that a sort of Predestination is a fact. But within the prescriptions of that Plan, insofar as it is proper for the individual to operate without seriously disturbing the Plan's decreed features, volatile spirits have liberties or choice. Attempt to deny this hypothesis and man is but a robot, spiritually unaccountable for the least of his doings."

Admittedly such argument has basis in sense.

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

How account for instances where provenly clairvoyant personages have not only predicted—with micrometric precision—events which were to happen centuries in the future, but have spoken the names of individuals who would be born and live in certain historical sequences whole generations ahead of the prophet's times, naming acts which they would do of consequential tenor down to the hour and the moment of doing them? Are such transactions on the parts of these yet-to-be-born individuals merely observed by spectators in some

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

If the latter be true, and the drama be written for a hundred years in advance, why should it not be written a thousand years in advance? And if it be written a thousand years in advance, why should it not be written ten thousand years in advance, ten million years in advance, ten aeons in advance, or even comprise all the acts of all the persons who are ever to know mortality so long as the earth-planet has identity in Space? We are on the track of something here that cannot be dismissed by hypotheses of prejudice. There are unassailable facts constantly turning up in human affairs that hurl a vast question mark against the background of mortality as it performs in Cosmic Time.

To be more specific, suppose we consider some of the more miraculous predictions of the Seer Nostradamus, who wrote a book of prophecies from an attic in Salon, France, in or about the year 1555.

Suppose we consider, among others, one incident in those prophecies: the literal turning back of the fleeing French king from the border, which he and his family were attempting to cross to escape the Reign of Terror in Paris. Describing the last days of this king before the French Revolution, Nostradamus went so far in clairvoyant demonstration as to set down the names of persons who would not be born for a period of 234 years! He wrote in one of his famous quatrains—

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

NOSTRADAMUS was the grandson of the surgeon and physician at the court of

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

¶ *A RED-headed woman doesn't deliberately marry a meek man—he just gets that way . .*

The claim has carelessly been made in later biographies of the seer, that he was by race Hebraic. Conscientious research does not establish this as fact. His people for generations had been devout Catholics, and Michael Nostradamus followed in their faith. Not by an act or line of psychology or utterance, is it anywhere indicated that he was Mosaic by blood or temperament, and it is probable that this conclusion was ignorantly reached because the man was a scholar in the Hebrew Cabala. Furthermore, Hebrews were in such odium in the France of his time, that it is unthinkable that the Catholic monarch himself would have tolerated for an instant any Sons of Jacob as his personal physician.

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

He escaped subsequent persecution as a sorcerer by allowing the notion to prevail that he had become deranged. Nevertheless, it is of historical record that in his attic laboratory he maintained most of the equipment of the alchemist of legend: astrolabes, magic mirrors, alembics, pentacles, divining rods, and prisms. It is reported that night after night he sat for hours in his mystic retreat, gazing into a metal chalice filled with clear water, as though focusing his Inner Eye upon something in its depths too profound for human vision. Gradually he compiled a record of what he beheld—only, as we shall read presently on a later page, the man himself declares that he did not arrive at his prophecies by precisely such procedure.

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

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

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

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

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

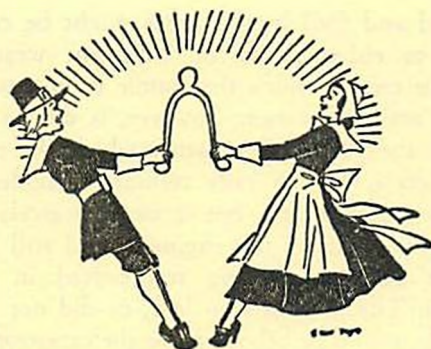
WHAT matters is this: Ninety-eight per cent of his predictions as to world occurrences over the past four centuries, have come true on the nail!

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

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

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

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



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

OR SUPPOSE we employ another metaphor—

Can it, perhaps, be true that all the mortal life performing now, or that ever will perform, is not unlike a railroad train that, having once been coupled together and started in motion by its locomotive, is thereafter compelled to travel exactly where the rails have been laid for it to travel on, and that it cannot go elsewhere and be known as a train?

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

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

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

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

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



UNDERSTAND, we are merely doing a bit of exploring here in the philosophical aspects of the Time situation; we are by no means postulating crystallized convictions. Nostradamus's feats of clairvoyance prove beyond much shadow of imposture that back in the year 1555, someone, in some dimension, had accurate foreknowledge that in the year 1789 an innkeeper by the name of Sauce would be in physical flesh, and upon a particular night

in that year would be on the appropriate spot at the French border, where he would perform the act of betrayal of his sovereign. It matters not whether Nostradamus was the person who determined this coming set of circumstances, or whether some higher entity or entities were possessors of this information and conveyed it to the seer. The prediction was made as to what would happen, and it *did* happen—to the place, the hour, and the name of the man who performed the predicted act.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



IN WHICHEVER light we choose to view it, we are forced to concede that the further we probe into the mysteries of Clairvoyance the more appalling is the proof that every life—in its great essentials—is charted, and that the designs of the chart are known to someone, somewhere, who may read them at will. Great Philosophers in higher octaves suggest to us that, if we could only find evidence for accrediting it consciously, we carry about with us, each one, from year to year and hour to hour, the keenest sub-knowledge of all the

events which our mortal roles are slated to encompass, straight up to the instants of our deaths. They say that scores of our so-called "hunches" are naught but this sub-knowledge coming up, on occasion, to the surface of focused recognition. Premonitions of great disasters are other aspects of the same life charts galvanizing, and indicating to us that we have prenatally slated ourselves to partake of certain major catastrophes, to produce mystical spiritual unfoldments.

Still, none of it explains for the logical person how a French mystic, brooding in an attic, could know that a man was to be born 234 years in future whose name was to be known among men as Sauce, and that he was to be the agent by which the current monarch of France lost his head.

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

To accredit Nostradamus means that the textbooks on mental behaviors must all be re-

written, that religions and theologies must generally be overhauled, and that in the final analysis it can make not a kopeck's worth of difference whether a man be born as a prince or a pauper, or a woman pursue her worldly role as queen or barmaid.

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

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

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

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

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

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



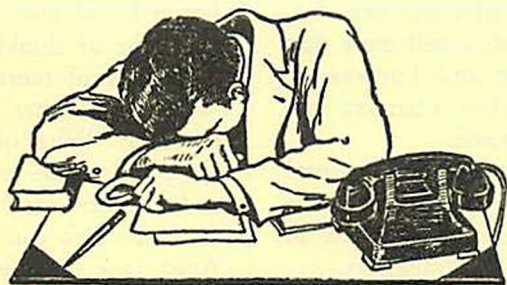
. . VISTAS AND MIRAGES . .

NEVER give advice in a crowd. Nobody listens to it, anyhow.



SWEET are the uses of adversity, said Shakespeare, but only when you know how to profit from them.

THE riders in a race do not stop short when they reach their goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a halt. There is time to hear the kind voices of friends and to say to the self, "The work is done."



WHY People on Higher Planes Disagree about Earthly Return

NEW RELIGIONS appear in the worldly scene, of course, because prevalent theologies have gone sterile by degeneracy into mere ceremonial or formalism, or because man is still far from Truth in his mass estimate and perception of the correct fundamentals of mortality.

If man in the mass knew the exact truth concerning the phenomenon of physical mortality, his spirit hunger—which religions are assumed to fill—would come to an end.

Religions, in the main, are mass groping for correctness in knowing what the Eternal Verities are, so as to accept them and abide by them.

The reason for most of the turmoil in religious conceivings is that man persists in fighting any divine admonition that he as a volatile spirit must return to this earth-life again and again, till he has absorbed the profit from all the experiences which earth may hold to impart to him, and thereafter only is fit to enter a state called Heaven.

He squirms and screeches and follows false gods and false doctrines because he will for-

¶ *AN Enigma of Mystical Research Seemingly Solved by Cosmic Age and Investigation*

ever try to concoct some mystical substitute for this seemingly unpleasant and distasteful certainty. When people get this supreme fundamental of mortality accepted into their philosophies of life, new religions rarely make headway amongst them.

Man in his mortal state is constitutionally convinced that having lived his one earth-life, he has had quite enough of it. What he wants thereafter is ease, life without effort, the bliss of sitting still and doing nothing for half a dozen eternities.

So religious panaceas that come along and present new arrangements for this escapement, hold his ear for a moment. But always they are panaceas, or palliatives. They wear out, or

cease to attract. Or rather, whatever new doctrine comes along that promises still more that is antithetical to the cares and burdens of earth, is bound to overshadow whatever was believed before it was proposed.

So long as man dodges the one fundamental truth behind all mortality, the serial return of the soul to earth-life, he will continue to shop around in theological humbuggeries.



THIS means that "new" religions will continue to make their appearance till the Great Truth is faced. Thereafter there will be no more need of new religions. And where there is no need, there is naught called up to attempt its filling.

Probably one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the acceptance of the Earthly Return fundamental is found in the deployments of psychical research. People break away from the spiritual sterilities of Paulist Orthodoxy and begin to explore life and its consciousness-survival, scientifically. They become convinced by demonstrations in the seance room and otherwise, that actually there is such a thing as continuation of conscious personality after the vacating of the physical mechanism. They eventually find themselves in audible contact with Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry. Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry gives incontestable proof of

her or his identity and that there is some mystical way of thinking and functioning beyond occupancy of mortal flesh.

Sooner or later they are bound to ask this question: "What of the truth of reincarnation? Do people come back into mortal mechanisms, and live new earthly lives, from the conscious state in which you are now functioning?" And Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry responds: "I see no signs of it!"

THE earth-persons who go into the seance room open-minded upon the subject, resigned to acceptance of the earthly-return hypothesis if they receive discarnate testimony of it from those in whom they have had confidence, turn upon the mystic who has sought to expound it to them and cry: "If reincarnation is a fact, why doesn't Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry confirm it? Surely, in their discarnate states, they should be the ones in a position to know the truth of it."

Then likely as not, after all the Aunt Janes and Cousin Harrys have been conferred with—and the seance-sitter is becoming as fed up with their personalities in their discarnate states as he ever was in life—there enters into the psychical contact some profound and erudite spirit who states without equivocation: "Certainly reincarnation is the life fundamental. All souls must confront it."

Thereat the person in mortality is still worse confused.

"Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree upon the matter?" he demands in pique.

The root of the trouble lies in the fact that mortal habits of thought are operating, and earthly concepts will persist in intruding into situations where they have no business.

From these mortal habits of thought, and their deeply-established earthly concepts, people assume that the mere fact of being physically "dead" makes all discarnate people alike while at the same time it imparts to them an omnipotence of knowledge on all matters

from how an archangel parts his hair to where little Susan, aged five, lost her finger-ring on the Sunday School picnic.

It can be stated dogmatically for the benefit of the spiritually illiterate, that the mere fact of having accomplished the Passing does not make all persons alike. Neither does it endow them with omnipotence of knowledge.

Changing the bodily enhousement is in no wise different from changing the suit of clothes in daily life on the planet Earth.

Men and women do not change their temperaments, their characters, or their degree of scholastic knowledge by withdrawing into the side bedroom and altering their appearance by a suit or a frock.

A person illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals in mortality will be equally illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals outside of mortality.

All he does by "dying" is to enlarge the scope of his perceptions.

THIS strange assumption, that the dead know everything merely because they are released from mortal enhousements, is a gracious tribute to the powers of omnipotent thought. Unfortunately, thought is no more omnipoent in the eternal dimensions than it is in this dimension. Or to put it the other way about, thought is thought in any dimension but there is no assurance that people go beyond their immediate environmental factors in thinking in the more elaborate dimensions than they are wont to do in this mortal dimension. It isn't a question of the functioning of Thought but of the functioning of the spirit that does the thinking.

The spirit-soul that has taken no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in mortal life, will probably take no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in the next immediate phase of existence.

The spirit-soul that has confined its observations and its thinking to strictly environmental factors on "this side" will doubtless do the same on the "other side."

Of course Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry reports back into the seance room that she or he "sees no evidence" of reincarnation in the more tenuous environment in which she or he is now functioning. What evidence exists for them to see? The functionings of a spirit undergoing a spiritual experience can no more be seen than one person in mortality can "see" another person's having a dream.

Still, material evidence or lack of it is not the true reason why spirit-souls in the next dimension cannot attest by observation that reincarnation is a fact. The reincarnational process is accomplished by stages that in totality amount to a cycle. These stages might be likened to separate and distinct lives or consciousness-sequences.

¶ *WHERE is the population of America the most dense? From the neck up . .*

A PERSON lives in his mortal flesh for seventy years, let us say. That is the formal, three-dimensional sequence. At the end of the seventy years, he "dies." What truly happens is, that at the end of seventy years of fleshly encasement, his spirit-consciousness vacates that fleshly encasement.

But it only vacates a peculiar condition of Matter. It by no means vacates Matter altogether. The next consciousness-sequence is lived in a more tenuous Matter-body of infinitely finer vibration. This body is sometimes named the light-body.

At the end of the consciousness-sequence in this more tenuous light-body, it "dies" again—out of that more tenuous light-body into a still more delicate and imperceptible body. Finally,

after such a series of occupancies and vacancies, each in a sublimated pattern of the original gross physical body of earth, the consciousness is utterly discarnate—or without residence in any body whatsoever.

In this state it is ready again to take possession of some developing fetus in a pregnant woman's body and, as we put it, incarnate anew.

This explains why children who die in mortal infancy "grow up" in the more delicate dimensions. But at each demise out of some sort of formal body they are getting closer and closer to Pure Consciousness, or consciousness functioning without the need of any vehicle whatsoever.

The mystics of the East declare that they have discovered evidences of at least seven such super-bodies, that must be "died out of," before the spirit-soul can go around the cycle anew.

¶ THE RADIO will
never take the place of
newspapers. You can't
start a fire with a radio
set . . or can you?

NATURALLY a spirit-soul like Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry, that has only lately quitted the gross mortal encasement, sees no more evidence of reincarnation in its next immediate state than it has seen in this earth state. Furthermore, it probably pays no more attention to such matters in its state next above that of earth, than it has paid during mortality. How then, can such a one be authority as to the truth or falsity of the reincarnational

cycle while engaged in living a segment of it at any given moment?

We have to bear in mind that there is no more concurrence of conviction on these matters as between individuals in the next immediate life than there is at the present moment in this life.

The reincarnational cycle is not something to be observed, anyway. It is something to be experienced.

Only spirit-souls far up in the states of Pure Consciousness—that is, not dwelling in bodies of any nature—and ready for incarnation in new formal earth-bodies, are in position to attest as to whether or not reincarnation is a life fundamental.

They affirm it because they have shuffled off all bodies above the mortal and are at last prepared for it.

To expect that Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry must know all about it, is like expecting a high school sophomore, who has lately graduated out of grammar school, to be able to tell those children still down in the kindergarten exactly how it is with young men and women who have graduated out of high school, gone through college, and are about ready to graduate from college also.

Because a youth has graduated from high school is no guarantee that he is endowed with knowledge that comes to young men and women whose college career is well-nigh behind them. The small child still in the kindergarten may adulate the high school student for being in a loftier state of scholarship, but that doesn't mean that the high school student actually does know all here is to know merely because he is far ahead of the kindergartner.

FRANKLY, people still in the mortal encasement are comparable to the academic kindergartner. And they apply to the "high school student" in the next dimension for attestation of a fact of life that is only apparent to students far up in college postgraduate courses, so to speak. When the "high school

student" just graduated out of earth-life, comes into the seance room and expresses doubt about the reincarnational cycle, and some soul that is far up in a college postgraduate course of Cosmos also comes into the seance room and affirms what he discerns to be true from his wider knowledge and experience, the kindergarten in mortality cries petulantly: "Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree on what actually happens after mortal vacancy?"

Could high school students and post-graduate college students "get together" in a commonality of knowledge about any worldly subject on this side? Would not the very difference in the degree of their knowledge cause them to make contradictory statements? Why then expect people in the next dimension to hold exact and uniform views on this mightiest of all subjects? As a matter of fact, a spirit-soul indicates by the scope, a spirit-soul indicates by the scope of his knowledge upon such matters approximately "where he is" in the cosmic curriculum.

If you want knowledge of a high character and profound nature, you usually go to schol-

ars who have completed their academic courses; you don't go to students immediately ahead of you in scholastic grades and expect them to know everything merely because they are a little advanced over yourself.

The situation is similar in the higher aspects of Cosmic life. Spirit-souls will only agree upon these matters as they speak from the same plane of experience and observation.

Remember, merely being discarnate is not enough to qualify them as your mentors in such profundities; they must likewise "prove how much they know," or rather, identify the plane of wisdom from which they address and counsel you.

It is a painstaking and delicate business, traveling around the reincarnational orbit, sloughing off the various formal bodies and finally arriving at the doors of earthly birth again.

The queer part about it is that the weariness at mortality which makes most people want to spurn the idea of "coming back," has entirely disappeared by the time the orbit has been traveled.



. . VISTAS AND MIRAGES . .

FOR all His Miracles there is no record anywhere of Christ ever having materialized Himself a six-course dinner.

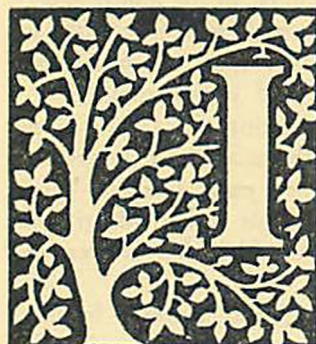
✠
A WOMAN at her washtub is considered archaic. We could go back to her, however, we could go back!

OUR chief reason for liking certain people is their resemblance to ourselves.

✠
GOOD morals are merely good manners, forever exercised by taking thought. The process, however, is admittedly fatiguing.

Energy and Time Are One!

... but do you have the I-Q to grasp it?



IT'S a curious fundamental of Mortality that all things must have a Beginning. We cannot conceive of an object that never has had a Beginning, though it's not quite so difficult to conceive of an object that may possibly arrive at no ending. We say, in our unique three-dimensional performance of Consciousness, that what has had no Beginning thereby is not in existence. Existence of itself is acknowledgment that sometime, somewhere, the start of a thing or an object can be pegged.

What we more truly try to acknowledge by cognition of Existence is the act of integration. Energy exercises into a billion shapes and patterns. That is to say, it integrates. By the act of such integration, we know that Energy exists. But we know more. When Energy so integrates, we contend that the thing "begins."

We term Beginning, then, the process of Energy's translating into such aspects that we can estimate it in terms of formal patterns. It is merely an exercise of Energy, getting a result that somehow is apparent suddenly to our senses. But the fallacy in our concepts is displayed by the fact that whereas we acknowledge the perceptible Form which the Energy undertakes, we ask ourselves the query: "Whence has come the Energy itself, that when exercised in form becomes material?" We say that Energy itself must "come" from somewhere. Thereby are we demanding that Energy in turn must have its Beginning. We are demanding that whatever it is which integrates that Form may result, shall in its turn be integrated from still something else. This type of commanding is equal to ordering that Time itself shall demonstrate that it exists, before we go forth at ten after eight and catch a bus down to business. Time would have an integrity of its own, regardless of whether there were clocks by which to measure it, or busses to be caught as the clock-measure indicates. Time is the interval between two happenings that permits other happenings to manifest, and the moment two happenings occur, Time is conceivable and measurable. But if there were but one happening, or no happenings, Time would be but the potential arena in which events might manifest.

Energy, we might put it, is similar to Time—in trying to conceive of its essence for purposes of estimating Beginnings. It is not made out of anything in its own right. It is something apparent to spirit's understanding by conditions arising in Mind which forces Mind to become its corollary and prove the fact of its potency for perceptible performance.



Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

"The Greatest Moment in the Modern World . . "

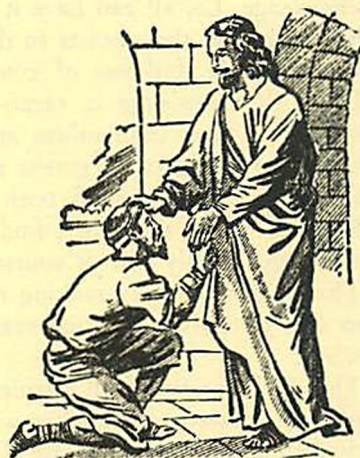
MY DEARLY Beloved:
Know that I teach you
. . . Ye have access to
wisdom that the Son of
Man cometh to earth
for an hour to say unto
the nations: Peace be
unto you in your striv-

ings after power. Ye have heard me say that the nations shall be in tumult in consequence. This is the greatest moment in the history of the modern world. Hear me say it. It is the moment when men shall truly know that I live and function.

I tell you that ye do have access to such knowledge in advance. Use it, beloved. Tell men that I come presently but tell it adroitly, having knowledge that men believe that which seemeth rational.

If ye do tell men that I come, without proof to substantiate your statements, behold they scoff at you and mock you. Tell them mystically that I come and they say, Lo, what revealeth he unto us?

Men are willing to accredit the Unknown



when it cometh unto them in an unknown manner. Say unto them that I come and they believe it when they behold you hiding details about that coming.

I say, *hide them well.*

Men are wanting to know whence cometh such knowledge to certain persons while others have it not. Ye do question thus yourselves. Harken and I answer . .

The things of earth perplexing men are not abstruse; they are things that delight the soul for a time and go away, leaving that soul to face its own nakedness. I tell you that men delight in abstruse matters when they have

pleasure of a kind in witnessing knowledge but only in interpreting curiosity.

Take My yoke upon you, is a case in point. Naught could be simpler. Yet do men make a tumult over details of concept.

My yoke is Light. That which is of Light hath not weight. That which is of Light is ever incandescent.

Men love that which is abstruse if it giveth them play for probings in curiosity. They delight in the abstruse for reasons that are selfish. We are concerned in spreading Truth in that it giveth men freedom to explore for exploration's sake, profiting by vast knowledge. Say unto your cohorts, We have knowledge of events to come, our Master giveth us such knowledge. Lo, all can have it too if they will but harken in their hearts to the cries of those who dwell in darkness of concepts.

Lo, such knowledge is rarely given for one soul only. Give unto others and ye shall find the adjuration hath a potent meaning. Knock for others and ye shall open for yourselves. Seek for others and others find for you. Teach others generously and ye yourselves are taught. That is divine policy making men and women to seek others for spiritual reasons unto themselves.

This is the secret of all altruisms: *That which is given cometh back, that which is sent returneth a thousandfold, for lo it groweth in contact with other minds and hearts.*

Men are wanting truth. They are seeking error by way of self. Error is self-inverted to self, making no progress in that the movement is inward, not outward.

Lo, Truth is universal of dissemination. One person cannot know Truth and keep it; *Truth is conceived in contact with others.*

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings is

Truth ordained in that they have psychical perception not given unto adults. Babes and children often see visions, speaking correctly in that they perceive accurately. They come from the Father's presence with clear understanding which the world hath not allayed.

Children are divine of essence because they know the Truth, devoid of pretense that is so-called Culture. They come unto adults speaking with accuracy of events and characters. They see that which is unbelievable to older concepts because older concepts have the fallacy of weakness of judgment based on experiences not warranted by Love.

Seeking knowledge, men gain wisdom. Seeking wisdom, men gain weakness.

Sometimes they gain strengths and you have saints of old. But wisdom hath a weakness that maketh for cowardice of judgment in that it permitteth no latitude not warranted by experience.

Wisdom hath a weakness for making abstruse the clear, for muddling that which should be translucent.

We are godly together as of old, coming to earth to inspire men to seek righteousness. Ye have Love Incarnate in your hearts, making you not as others around you. Ye will have it more abundantly as Time proceedeth toward maturity of happening, proving it.

We come manifesting till the race shall have won to its apex in glorious restitution of its lost godhood. Ye awaken to greater truths as months and years go by. We are divine, I say, slumbering in flesh, in that you love the world and would help it in that slumber. Come unto me nightly, beloved; I tell you more and more, leading you up the stairway of Doubt onto lands of White Light where shineth the Father's radiance.

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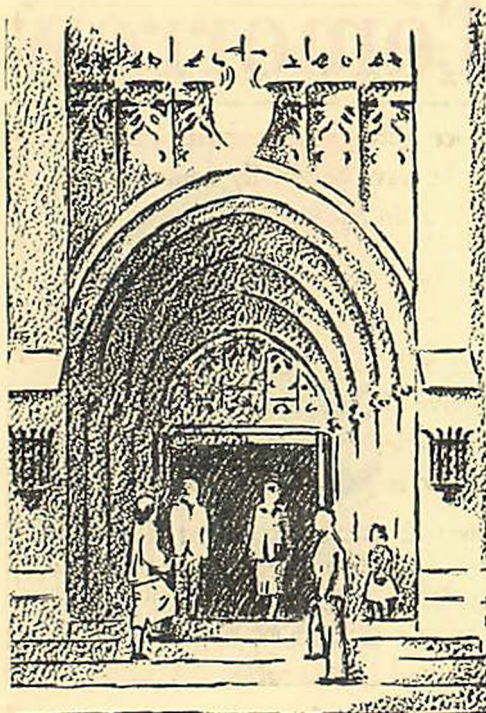
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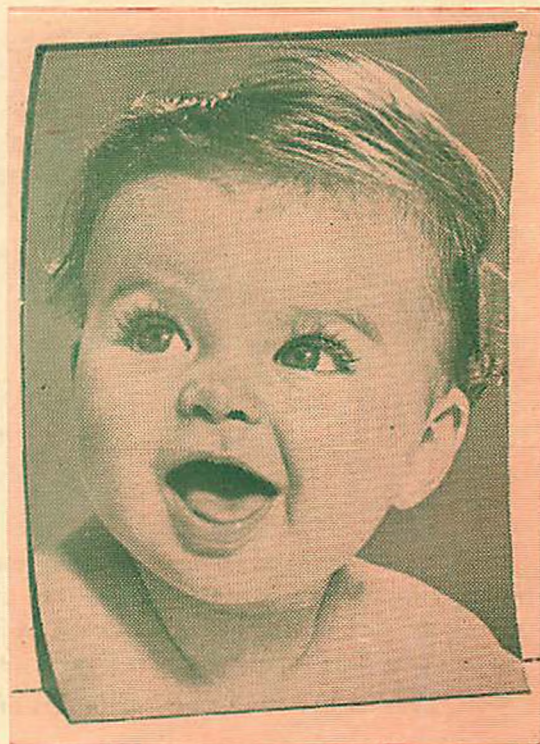
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