

Bright
HORIZONS

for MAY, 1955



*Nothing
but
Soulcraft*

What All Grown-Ups Don't Know:

*People Don't Necessarily Die When
Their Souls Go Out of Their Bodies*



OUT in a quaint little house on a California mountaintop, back in 1929, a man thought he'd died when he went out of his body for about four hours. But he didn't die. He came back into his body remembering what life was like in the condition that people reach when they've left their physical selves in what the world calls Death. He lived to write up the experience for *The American Magazine*—

Seven Minutes in Eternity

Out of that one night's experience the man wrote something like 20 books on what happens to us when we die, that people are now reading all over the world. The contents of those books are now called—

SOULCRAFT

Ask your father or mother to send \$1 to this same man's publishing house and read the book that comes back, telling all about it. You'll never be afraid of getting killed when you know the truth of what happens to you when you die . .

The Story of a Night in a Lonely Bungalow With a Police Dog

It is making religious history throughout the world, that experience. Because it was followed by others. If you wish your whole spiritual philosophy made over, with facts about the After-life that you can sink your teeth in, send \$1 to the address below for a copy of this book of 78 pages, bound in Burgundy leatherette covers—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana

Sodas Versus Sacred Philosophy

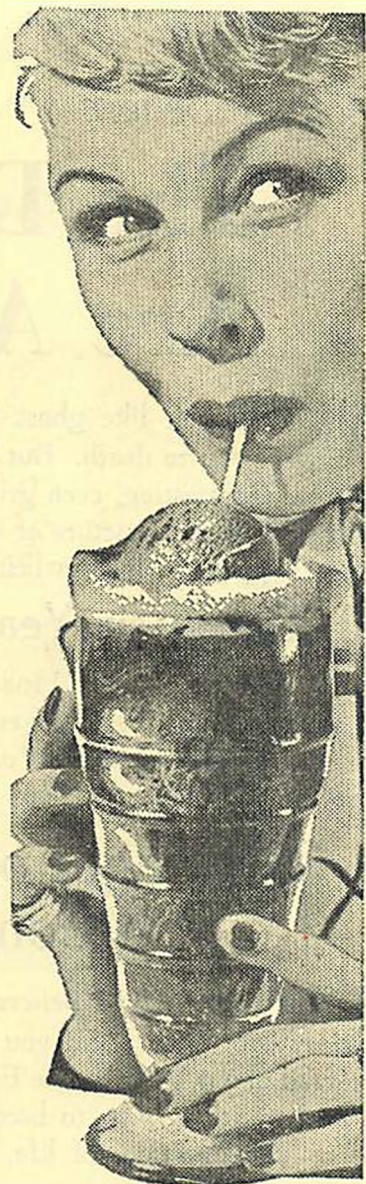


A HOT day in summer and Youth relishes an ice cream soda—and the colder the ice cream the better the relish. On a zero evening in winter, all conditions being equal, it by no means disdains the profoundest challenges to individuality that may be sent at it. The point of the comparison is, all things in season. There's a time for sodas and a time for sacred philosophy, the latter applied in homeopathic doses. But this basic fact should not be overlooked: both strive to nourish something!

The Mortal Creature Must Be Fed

This is a plane of consciousness distinguished for the exercise of Metabolism. We reconvert what we take in, and give it out in physical or mental energy. By such giving-out do we manifest to similar entities that we exist and are experiencing even like themselves.

SOULCRAFT strives to present a rich and delectable dish to the spiritual appetite, quite the same function as ice cream to the physical appetite. It refuses to be sanctionious toward the great basic facts of life and Cosmos. It holds that the right kind of spiritual food should give pleasure, even as the right kind of palatable ingredients. Because a certain kind of philosophy concerns sacred subjects is no criterion for its being relegated to the domain of the pedantic or priggish. There's nothing pedantic or priggish about a pretty girl on a hot day enjoying a sundae with cherries. Sacred philosophy can be proffered in equally as delectable a form, but cooling and nourishing the etheric individual instead of the physical. Here is a new idea in metaphysical presentation. Soulcraft is the delectable frozen desert of Mysticism, with no nourishment or chemical galvanisms lacking . . .



Read this Magazine as Dessert for a Jaded Esoteric Fare

Why I Believe

The Dead Are Alive!

MAYBE you like ghost stories. Maybe they scare you to death. But true ghost stories are not only interesting, even gripping, but they challenge our entire structure of religious beliefs about what happens to human beings after death.

Twenty-six Years Bygone

the Editor of *BRIGHT HORIZONS* began making a careful record of all the evidence coming under his observation of activity of conscious beings in the Invisible Areas of Time and Space . .



318 Pages of Evidence that Dead People Do Come Back and Talk to Us!

IN the book *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, he has published all these extraordinary experiences, and you will want to read all about them. Particularly will you want to read about Harriet, the Editor's daughter, who died when she was two years old but who has now grown to become a lovely woman of forty, who helps her father from the Invisible Conditions of life, prove these matters to people in mortality.

You Will No Longer Be Afraid of Death Coming to You

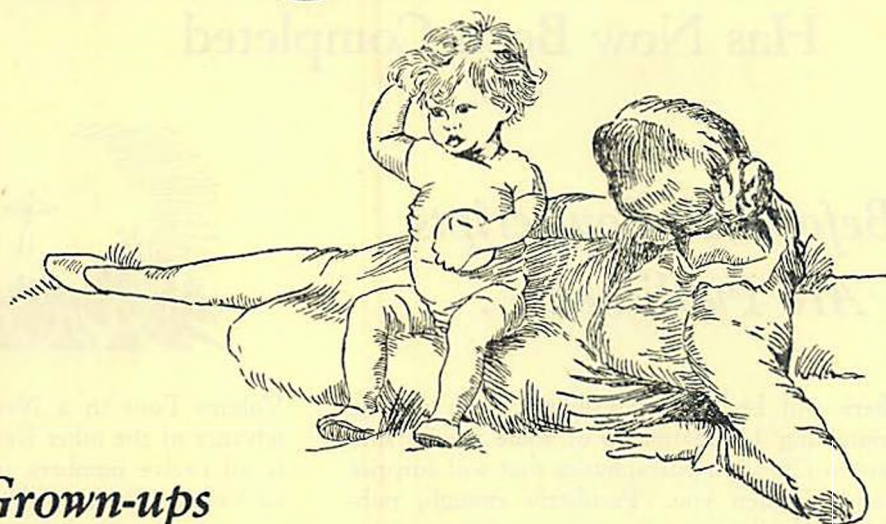
when you read this massive array of evidence about what has happened to other people who have gone ahead of you through the experience.

A new edition of this book is now ready for immediate delivery:

\$4

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS, Noblesville, Ind.

"Getting Born!"



*A Book for Grown-ups
that Small Fry Should Know About . .*



SOULCRAFT holds that children should be intelligently instructed in the knowledge that this is not the first time they have been in earthly life. The decision to come down and do specific work on the earth-plane is something that the small fry deserve to have explained to them. This big new book of Soulcraft's, GETTING BORN, contains nothing that is precocious or concupiscent. It's interest centers in the voluntary performance of the soul, contracting with its oldsters to come down and help compose a family with them for the sake of loving profits to all. Decidedly it guides parents in encountering hyperdimensional phenomena displayed by the young . .

*How the Soul Gains to the Mortal Flesh Is
All-Important!*

THERE are 318 pages to this all-important and enlightening book. It is exquisitely printed on India paper with wide margins, and bound in Burgundy-red leatherette. It costs \$5 the copy but is worth \$25 the copy to every parent encountering child-problems. Make remittances payable to—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Post Office Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

VOLUME TEN OF SOULSCRIPTS ..

Has Now Been Completed

*Before All Soulscripts
Are Published . .*



there will be Twelve Volumes, each volume containing 13 treatments of some special subject in Christian Metaphysics that will surprise and enlighten you. Peculiarly enough, publishing facilities made it necessary to print

Volume Four in a New Maroon Binding in advance of the other eleven numbers. Eventually all twelve numbers are to be bound similar to Volume Four as they are reprinted.

The Heavy Maroon Leatherette Gives An Antique Appearance

to the new bookbinding format for the *Soulscripts*, and the colored covers which have distinguished the separate Scripts are being eliminated. What you receive in consequence is an exquisite de luxe book containing this priceless Higher Wisdom in as beautiful letterpress

printing as can be contrived. The paper stock is India-tinted, the pages left to be cut by hand as you read, that the volume when you have absorbed it may retain a deckle-edged effect. Titles are stamped on the backs in gold.

Gradually Additional Volumes Will Have Similar Bindings

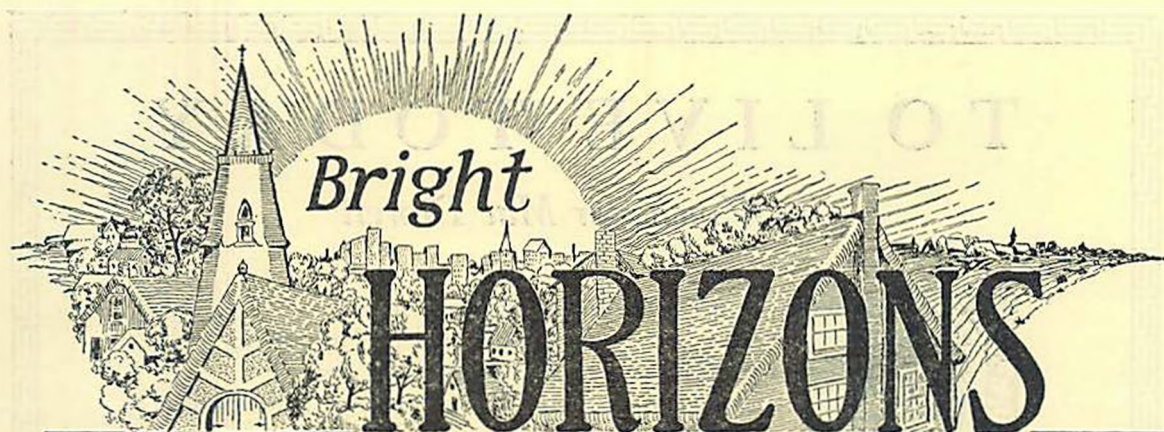
in order that your complete set of *Soulscripts* presents the most beautiful bindings in your library. The individual copies are priced at \$5, but when the set of twelve volumes is completed, it is to be offered for \$50 or a cost of

a trifle over \$4 the volume. These are the books remaking the lives and thinkings of whosoever gets into them. If you don't own Volume X, send for it now and complete your shelf of Soulscripts published to date.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

POST OFFICE BOX 192

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



VOLUME FOUR

MAY, 1955

NUMBER FOUR

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TO LIVE TODAY

By Winchester Mac Dowell

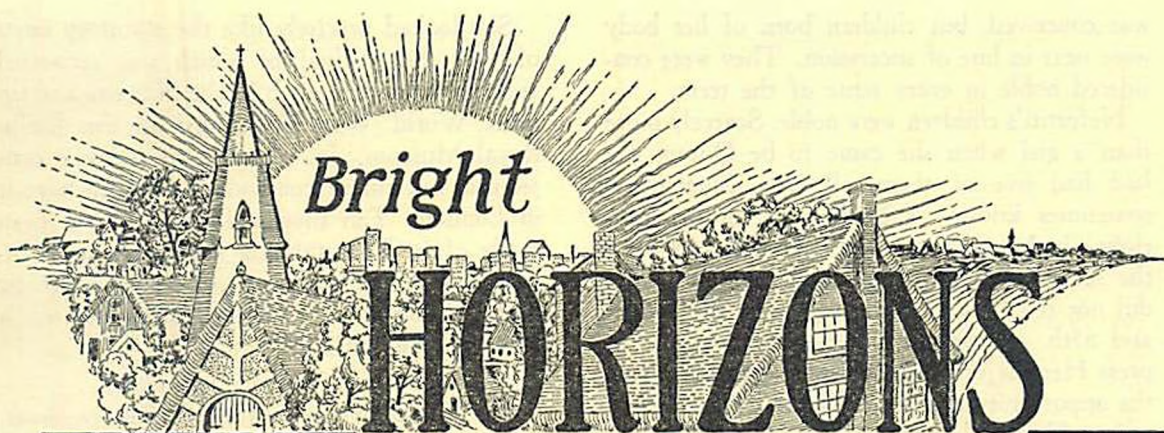


ORD, let my heart unfolding like a flower,
Give purpose to my task and to Thy power;
Grant me Thy love to serve with robust joy
The many vestures I would merge in Thine employ.
Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast ache,
And may I be so favored as to store
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Leave me unhurt by any selfish deed,
Nor would I pass unseeing, worthy need,
By thoughtless word to throw at foe or friend
Thus sin by silence when I should defend.
Yes, let my work contribute to Thy Plan
My efforts thus to serve my fellowman.
May I unite with Thee in heart and mind
And in Thy love all compensation find.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
A word of courage or a thought of health
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.
Be Thou the mediator of my cause
To rest secure in Thine unfailing laws;
I know no want, I have no tinsel need,
There is no hunger that Thou canst not feed.

Oh, Master Workman, for mankind I pray
That I may do Thy perfect work today,
Thy thoughts my tools, my life the finished scroll,
Thy love the master-touch that builds the whole.
Let me tonight look back across the span
Because of some kind act to beast or man
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
"The world is better, that I lived today!"



VOLUME FOUR

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Soulcraft Entertains Queen Nefertiti . .

THIRTEEN hundred and thirty-three years bygone she was top lady in the Egyptian government. She was slender in build, hands and features delicately molded. She did not customarily wear a crown, in the modern regal sense—she wore a high circular headdress with flat top, really as light as cardboard, embellished with hieroglyphics that encircled it in a central strip that ended on either side just above her ears.

Ikhnaton, the Egyptian king and supreme potentate, was her brother-husband. His was the Eighteenth dynasty, B. C. He had been known as Amonhotep IV when he had ascended the throne but he had changed it to Ikhnaton, sometimes spelled Akhnaton. It was the royal custom in those far-off years for brother and sister to occupy the royal seat of government. True, each possessed his and her morganatic wife and husband by whom their issue

was conceived, but children born of her body were next in line of succession. They were considered noble in every sense of the term.

Nefertiti's children *were* noble. Scarcely more than a girl when she came to be Queen, she had had five of them, all girls. Sinabatsi—sometimes known as Sankenaton in her own right—had been the eldest. Lanovici had been the second. Wasatiti had been the third. She did not tell Soulcraft the names of the fourth and fifth. Those about her were too eager to press Her majesty with personal questions. But the opportunity did come for the direct inquiry to be addressed her to settle an historical point:

"Some Egyptologists, Lady Nefertiti, declare that King Tutankhamen was truly your son-in-law. Others—including Breasted—have maintained he was your nephew. Can you tell us the truth of it?"

"He was my *nephew!*" the royal lady cried emphatically . .

¶ *SHE wasn't the sort of Queen that they carved on her tomb: "Excuse My Dust!"*

A QUEEN who ruled over Egypt thirty centuries ago was speaking in rich, cultured accents heard by twenty responsible adults in a psychical studio in central Indiana of a night in April, 1955. Behind the black velours drapes of a cabinet fifteen feet away, the world's most celebrated materializing medium sat sleeping in deep trance. It was this medium's ectoplasm that was giving Queen Nefertiti's etheric body the substantiality to be seen and heard on this plane of modern earth.

She looked precisely like the statutory busts of her, the original of which was recovered from an Egyptian tomb in the Nineties and up until World War II reposed in the Berlin Royal Museum. Its whereabouts today is conjectural but rumor contends the British have it in London. Ten thousand replicas have been made of it. The statuette suggests a dark be-spangled gown, but re-ensouled in synthetic flesh up here in 1955 Nefertiti's costume was a long trailing gown of white.

Was it Nefertiti—and none other?

She looked like her statuette. She was wearing its headdress. She voluntarily gave her identity as Nefertiti. She answered questions about her dynasty without slightest hesitation. But the specific reason for her dramatic materialization was the greatest confirmation.

In the American State of Washington during World War I was born an outstandingly beautiful woman who, as she grew along through adolescence and into maturity, had continually received assurance from psychics that she was the reborn soul of Wasatiti, third daughter of Egypt's queen of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

This particular woman had all the characteristics of high nobility in her character and her pulchritude. Yet she had been becomingly modest concerning it. On several occasions when Audible-Voice mediums had been available and she had attended their seances, a strange, loving, maternal Egyptian voice had addressed her, confirming her lineage. But always briefly and invisibly.

On April 2nd, 1955, at Soulcraft in Noblesville, she happened to be visiting with her husband when Bertie Lilly Candler favored Soulcraft with her April materialization session. Nothing was said to this outstanding medium about the Washington woman's alleged identification. Yet instantly the tall queenly figure had walked out between the drapes, she had called for her daughter Dawn—the daughter's first name in her current incarnation.

Their reunion was touching.

THE EDITOR of this periodical stood up with Dawn and her husband with an electronic recording microphone in his hand, in order to get such "mike" as close to Her majesty's voice as possible without rudeness, and not miss one syllable of the royal converse. Nefertiti, apparently about five feet seven or eight inches in height, stood less than twenty inches from him. Thus he was in position to feel physically the waves of an overwhelming maternal affection that came from the queen-mother for her modern-incarnated child . . . and there was no mistaking them. On several occasions, answering his inquiries, she lapsed into ancient royal Egyptian when English words were unfamiliar. When speaking English, her voice carried a quaint foreign accent. She pronounced the editor's name as "Meester Peeley."

Twelve minutes she remained in modern substantiality.

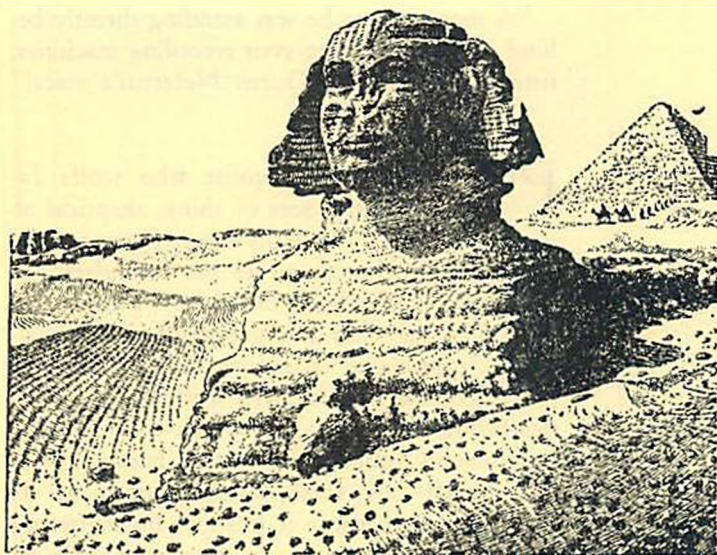
"You were a noble child," she assured her one-time daughter. "Now you are incarnated over here in this foreign country, after all these years with me."

"Was Mr. Pelley with us back there in those court days, Mother?" the Washington lady asked.

Nefertiti hesitated a moment. "I do not know," she confessed frankly. "But it was so wonderful of heem, bringing you here to see me."

Stranger it had been, six years ago, in writing *Road into Sunrise*, the big Soulcraft novel, the editor had used royal Egyptian words in telling the lifted-memory adventures of Sophie Blicher. He had "heard" them spoken in his clairaudient ear by someone at his shoulder who had known the speech. Advanced Egyptologists since the novel was published, have written him, demanding to know where he had procured so authentic Egyptian of the Eighteenth Dynasty? Had it been Nefertiti herself? He had not gotten the chance to inquire this epochal night.

But here was reincarnation being established before the eyes and ears of twenty people.



ONE item of surpassing mystical import was disclosed in result of the epochal occurrence. King Tut, the finding of whose tomb and remains by Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter in 1922, made world-wide newspaper headlines, is about to incarnate presently in the United States through an American mother in order to be on hand in flesh in the great spiritual rejuvenation of humanity at hand, in result of the Second Coming of the Christ.

A subsequent incident in the Soulcraft studio holds interest in such connection.

A noted male psychic from Michigan visited Headquarters ten days later and sat listening to the electronic tape recordings of Queen Nefertiti's voice. He suddenly frowned and concentrated on what was apparently an Invisible behind the table on which the Webcor recorder was turning. He had "heard" his name.

"Who's Howard Carter?" he demanded when the queen's voice died away.

"The man who exhumed King Tut," said the editor, "why?"

"Was he a tall English-appearing man of middle-age, wearing an eyebrow moustache?"

"He may have been. Again why?"

"A moment ago he was standing directly behind the table holding your recording machines, listening intently to Queen Nefertiti's voice!"

PITY the illiterate egotist who scoffs facetiously at this sort of thing, skeptical of its authenticity. He shuts himself away from so much! Because these are not "wonders" . . . They are the realities of life of which common humanity has not yet developed knowledge. It seems to be no mystical necromancy that there are five to seven worlds, each interpenetrating the others, on which souls survive interminably, queen, princess or barmaid.

Soulcraft has these things happen at its Headquarters because it intrudes no shattering skepticisms so long as the phenomena follow a law of the process.

Concede the probability of them and you set up complementing vibrations that make the materializations factual and checkable.

At any rate, no one attending that April 2nd affair at Soulcraft and being privileged to look upon the rematerialized queen and hear her loving addresses to her reincarnated child, went away with any doubt about the literality of what they had witnessed. It was a befitting corollary that Madam Mary Baker Eddy thereupon made her ninth visit to the same Headquarters persons and carried on in supplementing vein.

All fabrication, trickery and misrepresentation, or done with telepathy and mirrors? The tapes preserved from the Webcor electronic recorders wouldn't seem to say so. A queen—who was every inch royalty—has preserved her voice across thirty-three centuries on its mechanisms. Get around it one cannot.

Queen Nefertiti's mentality is still a potent thing in Cosmos. It leads one to conjecture as to how many other historical celebrities might be available to speak in a modern age, were circumstances propitious . . .



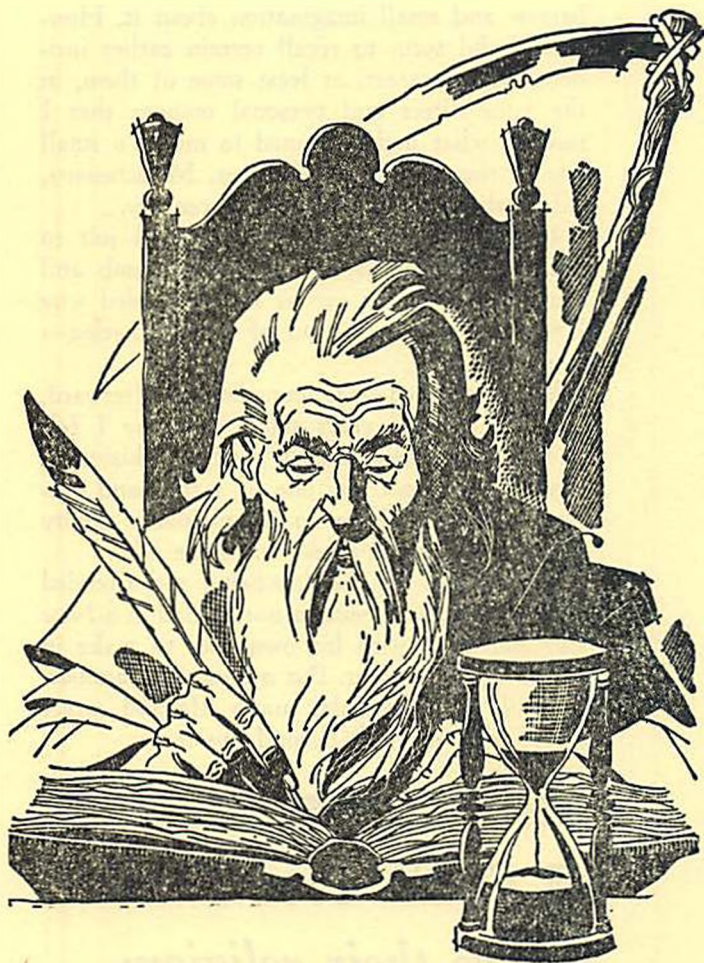
Where Is King Akhnaton?

AMONHOTEP IV, husband-brother of Nefertiti, who changed his name to Akhnaton when he became the eleventh ruler of the Eighteenth Dynasty, was the first monarch in our historical world to proclaim the heavenly hierarchy as culminating in the One God. The priests of Amon fiercely fought this royal heresy and eventually succeeded in causing Akhnaton to be murdered and his royal court scattered. Whereupon this priestcraft quickly came into its rule again, setting up their old altars and chanting their old spells and incantations. The young nephew who succeeded to the throne thought it wise to change his own name from Tutankhaton back to Tutankhamon. Once more Thebes was made the capital and its priesthood waxed fat with might. But Akhnaton's concept, that the Sun symbolized the power and glory of the one celestial potentate, did not wholly perish but apparently was metamorphosized into the Jehovah of the Midianite Hebrews, from whence it was passed along to become the bedrock of the Christian theologic Ideal. The \$64 Question would be, has Akhnaton incarnated since, and is he available to make himself known to us? . . . Soulcraft has hopes! . . .

The Delightful Intrigues of Reincarnation

*What a Lot We May
Be Missing by Not
Accrediting Our Own
Past Careers! . .*

I SUPPOSE that I took as readily as I did to the reincarnational angle of what the Mentors had to say, because so many puzzling experiences had happened to me prior to 1928 indicating that I must have lived upon this earth in a body—or many bodies—before the one I'm using at present. The first of these, so vivid that it stayed in my mind for almost thirty years, came one rainy morning in grammar school when I was twelve years old. It was during a study period and my thoughts went wandering as a boy's thoughts will. What sort of a half-dreamy state I fell into, I couldn't have explained. But there was I, feeling myself dressed in leathern breeches, heavy colonial shoes, and a buckskin shirt, pushing a crude wheelbarrow along a cobblestone street, on which was a loose pile of blank printing paper. I had uncut hair to my shoulders and I seemed



By the Editor

to hear the frow-frow of my leathern breeches where they rubbed at the knees. The houses and structures about me were of brick, one built against the other, much as the houses of Baltimore or Philadelphia as they have weathered the corrosions of two hundred years. They were so vivid about me that I knew subconsciously that something was wrong with the time-element in which I was viewing them. Somehow I was connected with the printing trade. I had no sense of personal identification. I simply was the man who was pushing that

barrow and small imagination about it. However, I did seem to recall certain earlier incidents of his career, at least some of them, in the same direct and personal manner that I recalled what had happened to me as a small boy in this life up in Gardner, Massachusetts, before the turn of this present century.

It came as somewhat of a painful jolt to find the teacher at my side, her thumb and finger pinching my ear as she demanded why I wasn't studying instead of wool-gathering—as she called it.

What puzzled me immediately afterward, and over several years since, was why I felt myself personified as that particular historical character and not any one of a thousand others. Why did I have an inexplicable affinity for that one man's career and none other?

I let it pass for the time-being and attended to the business of being a normal lad in a New England town with his own way to make in events of the present. But a haunting familiarity with that particular man's life and career stayed with me well beyond my teens.

¶ *EVEN Free Thinkers have their religion: Help for the living; hope for the dead . .*

SUBSEQUENTLY I had other flashes of similar character into periods and careers antedating the one that had presented itself to me so dramatically that rainy forenoon in grammar school. It seemed that some sort of fog would lift from my memory for moments at a time and I would have direct recollection

of things happening whole generations and centuries in the past. If I tried discussing these weird episodes with others, I often discovered that the strange sensations came to them as well. What were they? Why did they happen? Especially why should certain persons have a yen for definite races, countries, or periods in the world's history and not others? In my own case again, to illustrate what I mean, I could never account for the familiarity of Scotch bagpipes. Why, when I heard the pipes in a Caledonian Day parade of youth, let's say, should some vague, half-formed impulse thrill within me and a sensation steal over me of being transported back into a wild sequence in a fantastic glen where the pipes were tocsin to some imminent stramash?

Of course, I might explain it that I had a generous infusion of Scotch blood in my veins, but how could literal watery contents of the arteries of my present body account for the emotional reactions on hearing the raucous wail of the Highlander's pipes? Trying to explain it on the purely physical basis simply didn't wash.

OF COURSE I heard, as I grew along, of the theory of reincarnation, and while it was rational, it was in direct contradiction of what science and religion had to say concerning this sojourn in mortality.

Science said that copulation wrought the human embryo, which became vitalized by the occupancy of the sentient spirit and after due development in the womb of the mother, got itself born as a new human being with an integrity of its own apart from the parents.

Religion then picked up the exposition and said that after "sinning in Adam"—whatever that meant—for the length of the mortal lifespan, the soul evacuated the mortal coil at death and went into the Hereafter to be rewarded or condemned throughout all eternity for the deeds of the one little mortal span in flesh. The reward was, to become one with the heavenly host and join the Choir Invisible,

whose members played harps the century around to the eternal praise of God. I thought, as a boy will, that it must turn out to be an awfully monotonous existence after, say, the fourth or fifth hundred years of it. If, on the other hand, men and women had been bad, and "sinned" overmuch during the same mortal tenure, the condemnation was, to be pushed toward a heavenly manhole and dropped to an abysmal depth into a Plutonian basement where one was cooked throughout all future time.

It seemed a pretty horrible fate to have accrue to one, especially to folks who had not had much opportunity to be otherwise than what they were.

In fact, as I got along into my teens, I went sour on the whole of it. What logical person wouldn't?

Here was I, a more or less normal male—I hoped—who wouldn't toss a kitten onto a hot stove-top for all the money in the mint. Yet overhead somewhere was a holy God, supposed to be an infinitely wise and merciful Being as far removed above me as clouds from earth in spiritual perfection, and yet He made a regular business of opening the lid on hell and dropping human beings in, to cook in batches.

It was more than preposterous. It was barbarous and blasphemous.

SO WHEN—of a night in the autumn of 1928 I sat in the apartment of a lady friend in West 51st Street, Manhattan, and had one of the first Mentors that presented themselves start to delineate to me not only the cosmic facts but some of the altogether delightful intrigues of reincarnation, his words and ideas fell on fertile soil.

The thing not only made the profoundest part of sense but it carried overwhelming explanation of the "vague-memory" periods that had come throughout my own life. All of it was an operation that went on entirely outside of the domain of the physical and perishable.



Perhaps I was happy in having an instructor at the time who knew how to present the more attractive features of reincarnation to me instead of the more distressing and sordid. But anyhow, I began to grasp the picture of a process that was altogether wonderful and breathtaking. Certainly it accounted for the mystery of castes and gradations in human society, and why some people had both troubles and good fortune accruing to them without much tangible reason forthcoming from this their present life as to why it should be so.

Bring up the subject of reincarnation to the average person and what does he immediately think of?

Of course he gets a proposal of having to come back into this hectic mortal life with all its aches and pains, its thwarted hopes and numbing disappointments, its bitter struggle and inhuman griefs. Live it all over again, not once but hundreds of times? Not he! Once out of it, he thinks that all the Percheron horses or Ford tractors in Christendom couldn't

pull him back to undergo it anew.

Fortunately, I say, I caught a somewhat different picture. Earthly life was full of aches, pains, thwarted hopes, cruel disappointments, bitter struggles and inhuman griefs—certainly. But they constituted the negative side of the earthly experience. The latter, I shouldn't forget, was also rich with joys and ecstasies, hopes realized and promises fulfilled, rewards for worthy effort and indescribable happiness when by the law of averages journeys and projects were excellently completed. Were these worth living over again in a thousand instances or were they not?



THEN again, there was the momentous item of coming back from Somewhere into possession of a brand-new physical vehicle in order to be a participator in earthly episodes of vast worldly import. Suppose we take four of them specifically to show the picture as I saw it.

For instance, who wouldn't have wanted to be alive and at maturity at the cusp of the Christian era and living in Galilee or Judea when Christ made His advent? Who wouldn't have wanted to be one of those to hear His parables, to see Him do His miracles, to follow

Him about and observe the terrific reaction of His message on society from 30 to 33 A. D., even to witness the horrifying events of the actual Crucifixion? Then supposing that the same person could be alive in the King Alfred—or Arthur—period in English history and see the Knights of the Round Table and be a living part of the age of chivalry that installed the great British nation as we have come to know it today? Suppose the same experiencing and observing soul could also possess a fresh body and live in the great colonial period of American history, see Dr. Ben Franklin tapping his cane upon the cobblestones of Philadelphia, be in the Richmond Church and listen to Patrick Henry make his stupendous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech, follow George Washington up to Cambridge after the battles of Concord Bridge and Lexington and see him take charge of the Continentals or share with ragged heroes the ordeals of Valley Forge? Suppose the same spirit-soul could then get a new body and come back in our pre-Civil War period, sit in among the auditors of Webster's reply to Hayne, attend the rallies where Abraham Lincoln spoke, hear his voice and watch his homely gestures, finally arriving at the morning of the Emancipation Proclamation.

On top of the whole of it, think of obtaining still another body and living through the momentous turn of the Twentieth Century, seeing the telephone, the automobile, the airplane and the radio come in, enjoying these inventions, participating in the Great Sequence when the Teacher of Galilee makes His reappearance and straightens out the strictures wrought by Luciferians.

WHY shouldn't a person, or even a race of persons, live through such periods and witness these dramas? Why the obsession that the spirit-soul can exist in just one fleeting little life-span and then get hence into that monotonous jangle of harp-playing, or atrocious cooking in the fires of Hades?

What could it possibly be to God that a

given soul should return to life again and again and experience these series of periods of momentous events? Should it put God to ruinous expense? Is time such an element in eternity that there shouldn't be sufficient of it for souls to use it in momentous mortal tenures?

I got thinking over the rationality and good fortune in the whole of it. And the more I thought about it, added to the experiences of my own that such a thing could happen, the more I was convinced that my counsellors knew what they were talking about.

Then came a whole sequence of happenings, in Washington, D. C., during 1931, when I saw the stark truth of reincarnation demonstrated beyond any chance of doubt. I saw experiments conducted in catalepsy in which quite normal human beings were put into a deep sleep with instructions to "remember" the specific lives they had lived before the present era, and come from the trance to describe them in details.

Did they do it? I heard what they reported! Bookkeepers and stenographers, high school youths and typewriter salesmen, all who for therapeutic reasons underwent the catalepsy, regained their sense of the current reality and began to speak in tongues of bygone historical periods: Anglo-Saxon, Second-Century French, medieval Greek or Egyptian, Mayan, even Atlantean!

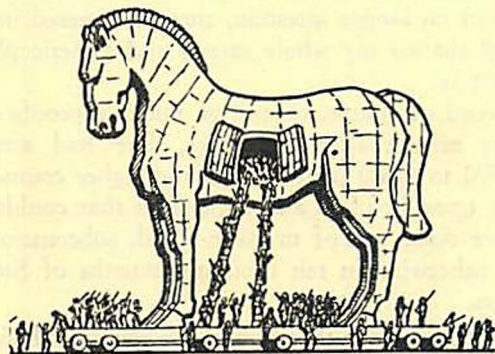
How had they come by them?

TO ME it was as fascinating as it was uncanny. Psychologists of today's civilization contend that no human being speaks a language or takes information from his human mind without its first having gone in from the external world of his present existence.

How could an accountant from Hartford, Conn., converse fluently with a bondsalesman of the national Capital in ancient Mayan, unless both had lived before in such Mayan civilization and remembered the language? Mayan is not taught in any school of the present anywhere on earth because generally it has been

lost to human culture.

One of the young men whose prenatal memory I saw so awakened in my own private office, later took a position with the expedition that went to Maya and investigated the jungle cities seen by Lindbergh in his Central American good-will flight of 1932. Don't try to tell me that reincarnation isn't a fact. I've had irrefutable proofs of its demonstrated entirety aside from my own experiences in recalling prenatal impressions.



AGAIN I say, I'm not particularly trying to convince anyone of anything in one magazine article. I'm merely describing how it has been with me in the awakening adventures I've had in the present, forsooth, and my feelings about the immediate future.

Here's what I'm getting at in particular—

Over and over again throughout the past dozen years, I've had it impressed on me that there are alive in flesh today whole thousands of the same spirit-souls, literally the same people to all sense realizations, who were alive in Palestine and the Trans-Jordan country some nineteen centuries ago when Christ appeared on earth.

They've "come back," I verily believe, just as Christ himself discussed with His disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration that Elias might have "come back" in the personage of John the Baptist—though society knew it not—to be present in flesh anew at the completing ministry of the Elder Brother.

They're right here in earth today, some in high positions, some in low, possessed of an almost ecstatic affinity for Christ as a person without being able to explain why they should feel it.

But they're not back in new bodies as Tom, Dick and Harry of the Eisenhower Era, merely to gratify their own idle curiosities; they're back to play some part in the changes that such a reappearance of the Christ is bound to make.

I've gotten this into my head so thoroughly, from happenings whose accuracy and validity I can no longer question, that it's entered into and shaped my whole sacred and esoteric philosophy.

And of course, on top of tangible proofs of this reincarnational wonder, I've had some 5,000 to 6,000 pages of specific higher counseling upon it, ideas and logicizings that couldn't have come out of my own mind, subconscious or otherwise, in ten thousand months of Sundays.

I figured out that something concrete should be done with such discoveries and recordings, there being a direct obligation on me to step forth and alter as I could—wholesale—the misconceptions and perplexities of stumbling, blundering humankind in regard to this major and fundamental process. I do know what happens in the depths of the average human spirit when the exposition comes clear and is beneficently understood. To my way of accepting what I've first been given for my own enlightenment, it's

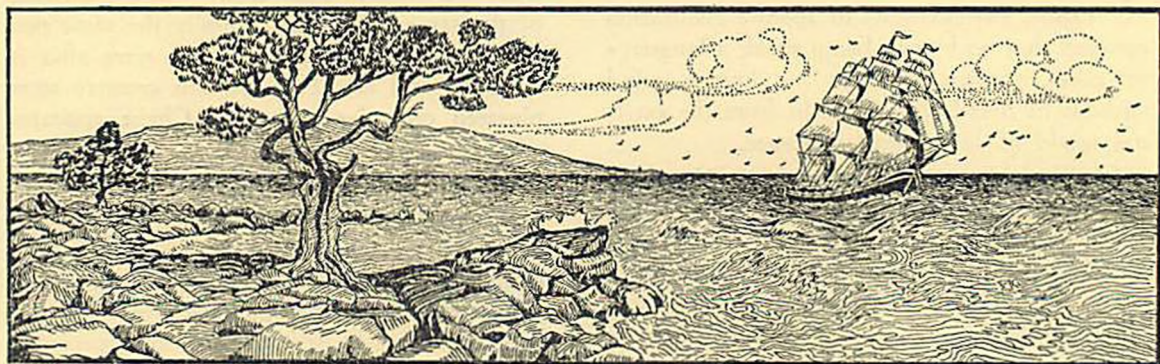
all a transcendent brevet of a sort to apply these revelations to the swift and effective cleansing of mass society in the present of the evils now torturing it.

Almighty God never intended us to live in a world where all this nightmare of Communism and U-N-ism was to regiment us into antichristian vassalage. But to understand the "out" on it, you and I and everybody must first obtain the clear picture of how and why it's come about.

THE PRESENT age of evil, in other words, has a spiritual basis and a spiritual explanation. And when we know it, and understand it, we not only annex a fortitude to go through the more unpleasant though temporary phases of it, but we know what to do to play our roles in its remedy.

To those truly interested, I'm going deeply into this reincarnational marvel in the course of research I've got in mind to conduct for all Soulcrafter; but getting the foregoing out of my system sketches a background sufficiently effective for my departures of the present.

I claim that a wholesale revival of interest in it is coming as part and parcel of the Aquarian Age enlightenment, and that people who seriously apply themselves to knowing all about it are due to find themselves seven leagues ahead of all their worldly brethren when events occur that have no other logical explanation.





What You Should Know about Human Magnetizing

¶ *HOW Character-Force Sets Up an Electrical Area that Impregnates Material Objects*

AMAN, says A. E. Powell in his illuminating little volume on *The Etheric Double*, may employ his magnetism of vital etheric fluid not only for mesmerizing or healing other persons but he may also use it to impregnate physical or material objects in a somewhat similar manner. Any object, in fact, which has been in close touch with any individual will absorb portions of that person's magnetism and consequently will tend to reproduce in the one who touches it—or wears it, if it be jewelry or article of clothing—something of the same state of feeling or thought with which it is charged.

This is, of course, part of the rationale of charms, talismans, and relics or even keepsakes as well as of the feelings of devotion or reveren-

tial awe which sometimes exude almost literally from the walls of cathedrals or churches, each stone of which is a veritable talisman, charged with the reverence or devotion of the builder, consecrated by the bishop and reinforced by the devotional thought-forms of successive generations of worshipers perhaps for thousands of years. The process is continually at work, though few are aware of it or understand its significance.

Thus, for example, food tends to become charged with the magnetism of those who prepare it, handle it, or come near it, a circumstance that seems to be back of those strict rules which some Hindus observe, regarding eating food in the presence of, or which has become subject to, the magnetism of one of lower caste.

To the occultist, magnetic purity is as important as physical cleanliness. Such food as

bread or pastries are especially liable to be charged with the personal bodily magnetism of the cook, owing to the flow of this force most strongly through the hands. Fortunately, the action of fire or fierce baking heat removes most kinds of magnetism that are strictly physical.

Some occult adepts in order to prevent an avoidable mixture of magnetisms, insist on using their own private eating utensils and will not permit even their own hair to be cut excepting by someone of whose magnetic force they approve. This for the reason that the head is the part of the body where alien magnetism would be most objectionable.

¶ *IF poverty be the mother of crimes, lack of sense is their father*

BOOKS, especially those in public libraries, tend to become loaded with the mixed magnetisms of those who have spent long hours holding them while reading them. Precious stones, being the highest development of the mineral kingdom, have very great powers of receiving and retaining impressions.

Many jewels are literally saturated with sensations of greed and envy and, in the particular cases of great historical jewels, are impregnated with the physical and magnetic emanations associated with crimes that have been committed in order to possess them. Such jewels are said to retain such magnetic impressions for hundreds and even thousands of years. Thus those endowed with the talent for Psychometry may see around them, or associated with them, pictures of indescribable horrors and reconstruc-

tions of the crimes that have been enacted to obtain them.

This is undoubtedly the basis as well for the alleged "superstition" that some jewels carry curses inherent in them, or condemn the wearers to programs of misfortunes. The jewels are literally retaining minute fractions of the magnetic auras of those who so powerfully endowed them with malevolent qualities. The truly wise esoterist knows that such "curses" are by no means superstitions. They are subtle and perhaps deep and incomprehensible to the layman but the effects of them cannot be ignored.

On the other hand there may be gems that retain a powerful reservoir of good and desirable influence. Thus, for example, the Gnostic gems employed in initiation ceremonies two thousand years ago retain to this day powerful magnetic effects. Some Egyptian scarabæi are still effective, even though much older than the Gnostic gems.

OF COURSE the heartiest and heaviest carrier of malevolent influences from those through whose hands it has passed, is Money in the form of coins or bank notes. Not only does it become charged with great mixtures of the thoughts and feelings of those who have handled or hoarded it, but the disturbing and irritating nature of such emanations on astral and mental bodies has been compared to the bombardment of radium emanations on the human body. The worst offenders are copper and bronze coins, and old and filthy bank notes. Nickel is less receptive of evil influences than copper, while silver and gold are "naturals" . . .

An incident lies within the editor's memory of spending a week-end at the home of a wealthy southern widow in company with a Scot medical man who had spent several years on army station in India. Knowing of his medical background, the lady began reciting to him a series of psychical disturbances of a most formidable character which she had been suffering of late, accompanied by unhallowed urges to present large sums of money to an

esoteric cult that was suspected as internationally subversive. The doctor listened sympathetically but soon began scowling.

"Let me see your hands," he directed. "Thrust out your fingers!"

The puzzled woman complied. On the third finger of her left hand was her well-worn wedding ring surmounted by a sizable diamond ring. She also had what seemed to be a heavy turquoise stone on her middle finger, and on her little finger a most peculiar dinner-ring. Her right hand also had rings which she declared had been presented her as gifts by near-relatives.

"May I inquire how you acquired that dinner-ring and where?" the medico questioned. "Because it's anything but a dinner ring."

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"That extraordinary gold carving looks to me like a pair of hooded cobras. I've met that symbolism before."

"Do you want me to take it off so you can examine it?"

"I wouldn't touch it, my dear lady, on a bet."

"My goodness, what's wrong with it?"

"I asked you where you got it?"

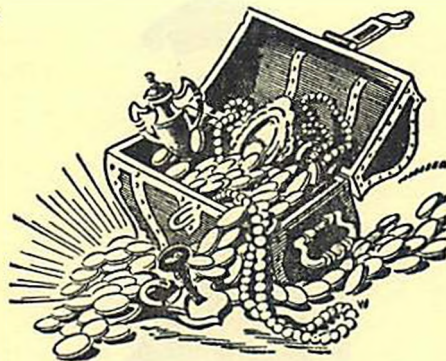
"Why, Professor R—— presented it to me about six months ago up in Manhattan when I took the first degree in his cult of the——"

"Ah! . . . and did the queer feelings you described to me earlier, commence somewhere about the same time of your receiving it?"

"Why yes . . . now that you recall it to me . . . they did."

"I know something about that organization and the men behind it. That's a particularly vicious talisman he's contrived to attach to you, pouring its magnetic emanations into your person every hour of day or night. Do you take it off when you retire?"

The widow had whitened and was gaping. "Why . . . no! . . . that's one of the things Prof.



R—— expressly told me *not* to do. He said . . . it would bring me good luck . . ."

"What he meant was, it would bring *him* good luck. How many thousands have you given him?"

"Several," the perturbed lady gulped.

"Take that miserable thing off your hand, but by no means store it in your jewel-box. My advice to you is to carry it out to some distant tree here in your estate and leave it in the crotch . . . *then forget it as you can*. I wouldn't throw it away. Some innocent person might find it, wear it, and get all the effects of its magnetism in turn."

"Good gracious, are such things possible!"

"What do you imagine has been working upon you to make absurd donations to that old priest of the black art?"

BEDDING affords another example of physical objects absorbing and emanating magnetic influences. Many people have observed that unpleasant dreams may often be caused by sleeping on a pillow that has been used by a person of dubious character. If wool has to be used for bedding or clothing, the adept esoterist will advise not letting it touch the skin, being saturated with animal influences.

Even the tyro is aware that whole houses can become impregnated with what is carelessly called the "vibrations" of the person or persons earlier living in them. Walls, timbers, and fabrics appear to "soak in" the very odic fre-



quencies of especially strong characters and give it back, sometimes to great discomfiture. On the other hand, how many rooms have you entered which caused you to exclaim, "Oh, what a lovely atmosphere this place impresses on you!"

Visitors to Soulcraft who are shown the studio-library where so many sacred seances have been held, invariably cry, "What wonderful vibrations this apartment holds!" One lady phrased it, "I feel as if an organ were playing music so faintly that my ears can't pick it up."

The sacred entities who have used the room over so lengthy a time in their materializations have noticeably "charged" the cement, timbers, and furnishings with their adept influences.

Incongruously enough, one of the outstanding structures in America where the psychic sensitive cannot remain overlong is the main auditorium of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Upper Fifth Avenue, New York. The generations of devout Romanists who have occupied its pews throughout so many sacred assemblies have literally impregnated the building with their reactions.

After all, what is "magnetism"?

Psychics says that it is the property by which certain bodies are able to attract pieces of iron. From the knowledge that electric currents produce a magnetic field, it is deduced that electrons which revolve around the atoms in the lodestone, a natural magnet, form magnetic fields from which its powers of attraction are derived. When hard steel is brought into contact with the lodestone, it assumes the same properties. All of which means nothing toward explaining what happens to the electrons and protonic centrosomes themselves.

What we are told is wanting, for true explanation on our mortal plane, is a comprehension of Ether, "the ancestor of all matter." On this plane there is almost no exhibit of Ether in its pure state, merely the *results* of Ether. The nearest elucidation we have of it is, that it is the elemental that is subservient to one control: Creative Thought. Thus when creative thought operates, it is Ether that responds and does whatever extraordinary thing results. Conversely, a Thought made effective in our material world is but a Thought getting results in Ether, making the latter obey it.

In a manner of speaking, the two appear to be corollaries.

Thus it is an etheric demonstration that operates to give particular influences to gems, talismen, charms, fabrics, and even building materials. We are getting the result from etheric performance while not being possessed of the senses to observe it abstractly. Man in his current phase of evolution simply does not possess them and has developed no organ to discern them. All he gets is the *results* from the etheric elemental—and marvels at it.

Or he is brash enough to declare that because he lacks the sensitivities to discern it, it does not exist.

Oh well, . . . ten minutes after his cardiac organ has stopped beating, *he'll find out!*

More about Magnetism and occult influences in June.

DO Souls Arrange Prenatally to Be Born Out of Wedlock? . .



WE HAVE been informed, in *Getting Born* and other Soulcraft textbooks, that behind the birth of the average person lies what

is described as a prenatal compact with the man and woman who become the mortal father and mother. Long before ever such father and mother are born themselves, earthly arrangements will have been made for them to marry and bear a certain number of children, whose identities are mostly known to them. Usually when the agreement is made with members of their own group, the child-bearing and child-rearing will fall under the classification of karmic obligation. Such prospective father and mother will be discharging debts to those child-souls incurred themselves in earlier careers.

But there can be, and are, exceptions to all rules. Some individual in the prenatal program as arranged may suicide in a mood of mortal despondency, thus throwing chart on chart into confusion in the careers of others yet unborn. A woman in a moment of temperament caused by social circumstances going against her after she arrives in life, especially in later years of adolescence, may refuse to go through

¶ *The Karmic Problem of the Unwed Mother Never Ceases to Be of Spiritual Significance*

with her conjugal pact as originally entered upon. She may, in consequence, marry the wrong man. Or her destined mate can suffer sudden financial reverses and not deem it the part of sense to burden himself with a wife and family until his prospects look better. Both men and women have been known to vent tempers or gratify childish grudges by entering upon "spite marriages." A hundred and one misalliances can result—and do result daily—from all varieties of light and transient causes.

That the souls of children waiting to be born are similarly befuddled and inconvenienced, goes without saying. Temporary readjustments are usually arranged during the nightly slumbers of the principals on this side—although no direct recollection of it may be brought back into waking hours. Ninety-five percent of normal people, we are told, leave their physical

selves temporarily during slumber from time to time, to make contacts on the higher planes of life. Occasionally one may bring back a hazy memory of it in the form of a peculiar dream . . .

But there is one aspect of this prenatal compact business that puzzles no small number of thoughtful readers. What sort of arrangement has been reached, that occasionally an otherwise normal child will be born out of wedlock.

Is this some aspect of a plan gone haywire? Is there some special discipline in it for mother or for offspring? Or should we regard it as the start of fresh karma between the parties? That an arrogant or careless man might wrong a trustful maiden and leave her with child, we could classify as new karma readily enough. But what of the child-soul that takes possession of the embryo?

Is there such a thing as a mother-woman gestating and delivering a child whose spirit is an utter stranger to her, up until the whole unfortunate episode occurred in the given life?

THE AVERAGE "natural" child—as we call it so stupidly, as though such a thing as an unnatural child could exist—is *born thus by very deliberate intent*. This we are informed in no uncertain terms by those affecting to tutor us in these higher basic matters. Deliberate intent, that is, on the child's part if not the hapless mother's.

True enough, rare is the case in modern society where any woman of good name and integrity deliberately seeks to experience illicit motherhood. Yet circumstances do alter cases.

In nine cases out of ten, the Higher Mentors advise, there is direct karma waiting to be discharged between that offspring soul and that pariah woman. The latter should have that child and none other, and no nonsense about it. Greater and more consequential programs will be pushed away if it should fail to happen. Instead of being an act of callousness or opportunism, for the entering soul to come through such woman, on the contrary there is

the most certain and deadly specification to such end. Whether the male culprit in the affair "does the right thing by the girl" and marries her ceremonially, is immaterial. Such mother-soul has owed such offspring-soul a physical body in the particular era in which it is born and such obligation takes insistence over everything.



THE QUESTION arises then, what of the illicit baby that, due to family interference in the situation on the girl's side, gets the child adopted by strangers or put in a "home" or left to pursue its worldly way as an "orphan?" Tens of thousands of otherwise estimable women have such tiny skeletons in their poignant life closets, of which their current world of associates is unaware. Due to universal cosmic ignorance, they suffer hours and perhaps years of maternal anguish, berating God, man, and life—but especially man, and one man—for "wrecking their lives" and wondering what they shall say to such baby-child when they confront it face to face in the after-life. Bless their poor torn hearts, *it has been all so unnecessary* . . .

If there be good and sufficient reasons why offspring born out of wedlock is immediately "adopted" and eventually raised by others—seeming "strangers"—it is unquestionably one of those karmic pay-offs where the imparting of life to organism has squared the score. Long years of maternal care and tenderness, and providing such child with a "good start in life"

may not enter into such obligation in the slightest. The mere "getting into life" is such a significant and insistent thing that whatever follows or does not follow is but incidental, . . . or perhaps we should phrase it, of minor consequence. Too much sentiment is wasted every year over this formidable dilemma, which would not be dilemma for a moment if universal society were properly enlightened as to life's major processes.

Remember, first of all, that one of the most perturbing things we discover about the higher planes is, there are no ethical stigmas due to ignorance upon them. Matchood, not ceremonial marriage, seems more to be accepted in the loftier zones as the true matrimony. Even as late as 2,000 years ago the Holy Bible spoke dispassionately about concubinage, evidently the celestial hierarchy accepting it as matter-of-factly as any other of world-life's institutions. None of which, however, should be regarded as license to immorality.

The more pertinent point is, that cosmic arrangements and cosmic processes *will* be served, irrespective of prevailing social acceptances on the earth-side. A most commendable and desirable young woman lands in baby-trouble but gets it behind her with such minimum distress as she can. Thereupon she marries an equally estimable male and has three or four praiseworthy small-fry. The higher mentors apprise us that the first, born out of wedlock, is no less her child for that, as the upper echelons

consider it, and would have come to her as offspring anyway—probably her first-born—had the union been licensed by church and state.

Take note that rare indeed is the case of the unmarried mother who gives life to one child and never marries and has another in consequence. That such first child, and her offspring by her lawful husband later, have had different fathers, again may be karma. The first child karma was strictly with the "erring" mother—as she is so cruelly stigmatized—whereas the karma of her remaining legitimate children can concern *both* herself and her husband.

Let us not regard the situation as trivial, however. It can seem to be one of the grimmest and most tragic predicaments in life.

But most of its grimness and tragedy arises from the benighted condition of men and women composing society in respect to what may be at work beneath the surface.

So long as God permits baby souls to come to unwed mothers, would he not be compounding a moral felony if the dilemma was as dubious as all the prudes and purists the block around make out?

Is it a lusty and wholly lovable infant? That's the first qualification in the mix-up. As for prudes and purists, it might be well for them to recall the alleged words of the Master:

"Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone!"

Enough for the present.



A New Golden Sc

MY Dearly Beloved:
Hear ye my counsel: I tell you that the world goeth before me as sheep before a shepherd, behold it openeth a fold unto itself, it raiseth a lamp and lighteth its homing, it findeth its refreshment in stalls of rich happenings.

2 Too long hath the dark been a waste and a perishment; too long have ye pondered in a groping; behold your hearts' thoughts have been my companions; I have supped with them in silence, they have nourished me with music.

3 Now I tell you that these things shall be: I say unto you that a fair voice raiseth, a new hope beckoneth, new order cometh unto those who see the tocsin.

¶ SURPASSING Shakespeare in His
the Elder Brother Relays One of His
in the Bound Version of His Utter

4 Behold it shall happen that many men shall gather in a secret place to ponder fates of peoples: they shall say, They are ours, we can visit them with pestilence.

5 But no pestilence stalketh the clan that is watchful, no humors make mock of those who are vigilant, behold no evil thing descendeth upon the nations that hath not in its essence the seed of new strivings.

6 Have I not said unto you that there abide with me those who watch as eagles over nations? Do linnets guard continents? Are not those who serve as Generals of the Generals versed in the lore of marshaling myriads? Whenever



cript . .

His Exquisite Employment of Words,
His Latest Speakings, Not Included
erings . .

was the world left to emptiness in joustings?

7 Have I not told you that many go forth that the contest should be lordly but only those come in whose bruising are their accolades?

8 I say that it hath pleased me that lordly men arise and say: Stay your hands, ye sons of witching portent! Be of sweeter craft, ye who weave confusions!

9 For these are my stewards, raised of Time's parentage, sent as with torches to light a vast Changing.

10 The evil man saith: It is mischief sent unto us, behold it is torment that harpies beset us, behold those who oppose us would garner an increment, they would dine their ambitions and feast at dread profit!

11 We say it is not so. The fair voice speaketh Peace! It proclaimeth unto men: Garner your grandeurs as eagles the spaces! Plow a rich soil for harvests of wonders! Gird up your raiment, men of bold vision, and coop the fell herald who speedeth to hoax you!



12 Behold I tell you that a peace of nations cometh presently, beloved, such as man hath seen not since his sight had its opulence.

13 But shall it come whimsically, or in that lords are slothful?

14 I tell you ye do plow a small furrow as with a child's plowshare; I say presently ye till gardens of kingdoms, whose ramparts are staminas wrought of vast plottings.

15 Ye do set up a dynasty within a small compass; behold the realm of your courage shall comprise constellations.

16 I have sat with you in silence, I have thrilled with you in tumult, I have sent you the Comforter to armor you with cleverness; I have set my seal on



you, that those who find peace in you shall in nowise eat resentments.

17 What think ye I meant when I said that a thousand shall fall at your right hand yet the shaft of the Marksman shall leave you unblemished?

18 I say there be those among you who shall go forth and give contest to those who do lechery; there be those among you who shall say of the fowler: Behold it is not our Lord's weakness that He should destroy us; we are given a shaft to dispatch for the Bright One; we are stewards of those who do scheme in the Infinite.

19 Mark I have said it: No wayfarer treadeth upon the ambushed pathway but he whose life-brevet is marked for its succor; behold none goeth forth to do battle for justice who are not given craft to wrest blades from the scoundrel.

20 Too long hath it come to me that evil men have said: Do ye no rancors lest virtue know palsy.

21 I say unto you that the world is a Challenge; ye who have bartered your

courage for contest, do march in a sun that seareth the trickster.

22 Who is he who saith unto you Give ye no thought to the vomit of serpents but make a sweet bed and no vipers will soil it? I tell you the viper is a viper by nature. He knoweth not the bed, neither those who rest in it.

23 Do my stalwarts sport with serpents? Must they joust with the adder to give their wits pleasure?

24 Behold the valorous man declareth: What is this torment that we should endure it? Is it not sent us to try our strong godhood, that perceiving its rigors we give redress our homage?

25 I tell you that a great mischief hath been done unto men when those who would disclose me to say unto the multitude: Wrestle not with evil.

26 I tell you that evil is likened unto a coat which leprosy hath spotted. Should ye not put such off? If mischief come to visit you would ye lie and entertain it?

27 Am I a small errand in myself that I say unto mine husbandmen, Garner such fruits as fall in your aprons? Behold, I say unto mine harvesters: Shake the tree stoutly, make its boughs fill your baskets!

28 Whenever were men made stalwart by shivering in their closets? Whenever hath the son of man said unto his minions: Seek ye the desert place where the world shall not soil you, and dwell in a quiet that cloaketh your holiness?

29 I say that I am Captain of the Captains who declareth: Stand as ye stand, as the Father hath commissioned you;

strike a sweet blow at the cohorts of foulness; get ye up into a high place and say unto the nations: The Father hath ordered that we should be valorous, that our righteousness sheen us, that we make earth an arbor where angels bear us seedlings that we plant to harvest alchemies.

30 Beloved, hear me say it: What happeneth to the nations hath nobility in it! Lean ye not over to pluck the broken blossom of the enhancement of the moment but look ye rather to the lofty boughs of riches that have bent in many gales when storms of ordeals nursed them.

31 I do call mine own to help me in a purging that hath excellence; I do summon my stewards to aid me in a cleansing.

32 I do look upon the world and say: Those who are one with me have no fear of these tempests; behold they are lashings that roots may be strengthened, verily of that tree that is man as a species.

33 I tell you, beloved, that if ye do know of the bent of the gale, it is well for your foot-tread, but if ye do know

why the gale hath arisen, ye do greet it as balsam, that it worketh a purity. 34 Of old it was said of me that I sought to salve man's bruising: verily, that I did, but not in that he bewailed them.

35 Rather did I bring man sweet spices of knowledge, yet sorrowed in my spirit that he grasped not his need of them.

36 Hath mortality altered? I say that man standeth on the rock of his excellent divinity; he endureth his flesh that his flesh may ennoble him;

37 I say that the world bringeth turmoil for his betterment, that he rise in his wisdom and declare he will still it.

38 Harken then to those who do counsel in that stilling; give them your glove that your labors have fruitage. Preach unto man: The earth is your garden; till it for your bounty, and yet if tares do grow amid the vines, look to your sickles in the day that is given you.

39 For verily if the tares do grow amid the vines and ye lay no sickles to them, how then say ye to the Father: Lo my garden is waste and my loved ones know famine?

40 My peace be your armor!





Why Come Into Life Unless We Know Our Brevet Consciously?

IS the Great Spirit Expecting Us to Do What We Are Expected to Do in Blind Striving?



READER of *Know Your Karma*, on the West Coast, writes Soulcraft an extraordinarily intelligent letter respecting his quandaries over earthly rebirth and his obligations to himself in such specific reincarnation. The communication is too lengthy and autobiographical to republish in full but its closing paragraphs may be echoed in the minds and hearts of countless others of equal perspicacity.

"There are two thoughts," says he, "which I find I cannot 'down' as yet by anything I have read, and I mention them. The first is this argument, or position defended, that it (the process) is as it should be, that we have no memory or understanding of what previously we have done, what previous lives have been ours. I have not thus far been persuaded that there is valid argument in saying that to understand the meaning of a present life, in view of the imbalance caused in prior lives, would,

in effect, be a gross handicap . . . The knowledge that a series of disheartening experiences are really steps to strengthen, being meaningful exercises to discipline us where we have needed that help is, I submit, of tremendous help . . . In my case (I am 52) a half-century of struggle could have been seen by me in all those years as making clear sense and offering the chances of gain, strength, and true victory if I but stuck it out with dogged determination and faith. Can it be said that such knowledge as made that sense would have been a handicap?

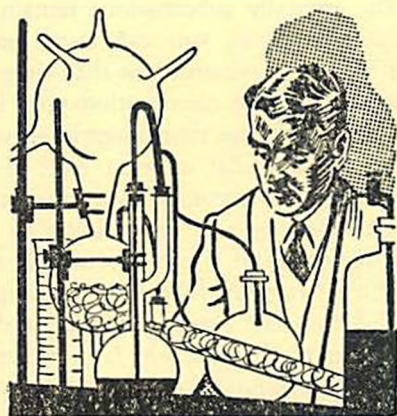
"My second question focusses on the same loss of memory or *conscious* understanding of the purposes to be achieved in any one life. It is at this point I shall hope to make, that, to me, the whole argument—or shall we say explanation of reincarnation—is weakest and most vulnerable. Suppose that a given boy should want, with all his heart, to become a doctor, so that he could, as his greatest contribution to the world find the cure for cancer. He dreams of this goal's achievement, continu-

ally planning his career. He knows a medical career requires pre-medical courses, medical school, internship, residences and long continued study, with practice. To whom, in such a case, would it make sense that our boy, before entering medical school, should arrange with someone to deal him a blow which would bring on amnesia, as a result of which he would lose *all* memory, including this life-long ambition. In just the same way, it makes no more sense to me to say that after two hundred years of careful planning a man reincarnates thereby to suspend his understanding of his purposes in the very process. *Is the Great Spirit of us all wanting us to do what there is for us to do, in blind striving?* If so, what is it that determines that we shall repeatedly fail, life after life, or that we shall succeed in our blind endeavor?

"It is hard for me to think that God is less reasonable or fair than we who are imperfect mortals, and yet we ourselves would feel it was not fair to expect man to achieve. Can you not see my difficulty in understanding? The question seems so very clear to me that I am surprised it seems so hard to put clearly . . ."

SOULCRAFT thinks you did excellently, Robert. Your trouble seems to be that you pose certain things as premises that may not have basis in fact at all. Or rather, you take certain things for granted, ignoring others of equal consequence due to your lack of full understanding of all factors present.

Evidently from such advice as Soulcraft has been afforded on the subject, what you call "blind" purpose, is the complaint that you do not recall all features of your prenatal brevet constantly. What you evidently mean is "unremembered detail." But it isn't "lost" detail. It merely perseveres in a different exhibition of mentality. Some might describe it as "temperament."



If Great Spirit called no hiatus on specific remembering on earlier lives, memory as memory must necessarily keep you reminded of everything detrimental to your new career as well as whatever you may have brought over to help you consciously in it. Remember you have, so to speak, two minds: the physical-mortal mind that recalls with reasonable clarity all the events in which you have participated in this current earth-life, and your Etheric Intellect or eternal mind-memory. You made your prenatal program with the latter. But you entered into the new physical vehicle and discovered the growth of a new physical-mortal mind blocked the direct exercise of the former. Notice that term *direct* exercise. Nowhere do we seem to find it true that the former perishes, or fails to exercise when the physical-mortal intellect steps aside, or is moved aside, as can and does happen for proving-up purposes under various applications of catalepsy.

FOR PRACTICAL purposes we put it that eternal mind, or etheric intellect, operates *subconsciously* . . . indeed, there are not lacking mentors who use the two interchangeably. Well might Soulcraft ask if you become irked, or call God unfair, when your Subconscious fails to act with all the sharpness of sentience of your conscious? Be reasonable. You're asking

that the eternally subconscious remain ever at your command, so you can even recall who might have been present, how they were dressed, and what irrelevant conversations they indulged in, at the conference that blueprinted your new mortal program. All to what end? That you perpetually have recourse to a conscious basis for your wanting and determining to be, let's say, a doctor. And you can't recall in this current life what your folks had for supper the night of the day you made your earthly entrance. For pity's sake, why is it so important?

But you've brought up this hypothetical instance of the young physician who aspires to cure cancer. You want memories in his head of that achievement as a positive thing beginning with the morning he was one hour old. And it must follow and galvanize in that consciousness every instance afterward till he succeeds in it.

¶ *THAT Nefertiti date on Page One this issue should have read 3,300 years ago, but what's a couple of thousand years to true royalty?*

But your amnesia analogy won't wash, Robert. The conscious brain superceding the etheric intellect is by no means a stroke of amnesia falling on the last. Or put it in this manner: How about the fact that such an amnesia-struck young medico came out of his amnesia practically every night when he fell asleep and

was free from it until next morning's sunrise when he was called to apply his mentality to the day's practical pursuits? Your mortal mind *does* "get out of the way," you know, almost every night that you drop asleep. Read the book *Soul Eternal*.

What Great Spirit really has done to you is save you from other recollections that would be equally specific in etheric memory of ten thousand reprehensible experiences that might well-nigh shatter you if you had to hark back to them hour by hour in mortal performance. Take your doctor again. Suppose he was making his fifth try to crack the problem of carcinoma? Suppose he carried in his conscious brain the recollections of some thirty to forty people whom he saw die in unutterable agonies during his earlier experiments on human flesh and blood, and whom he felt might not have perished so drastically if he had not involved them? Or take this chap Salk, who's now riding high, so it seems, for having evolved the polio serum. What if something should not click as expected, and eventually he beheld every baby inoculated in America with limbs locked up in braces, or dying and being buried. Would he come into life afresh with any such enthusiasm to find the cure eventually? Or would the man's soul be tortured by the memory picture of ten million hobbling little ghosts . . . so that he cried the next time, "Let somebody else take the responsibility of it. I've had enough."

You can't have it both ways, nor play both sides of the Memory Street. If you demand fully restored memory on all earlier lives, you've got to take the recollection of every last tragedy, blunder, mistake and recrimination, along with—what? Merely a handful of consciously recollected details that you were going to be this or that, signed, sealed and witnessed by all the persons accompanying you into mortality to work out the karma of it.

Why should you *need* the load of bitternesses forever with you when you can carry the brevet in your subconscious, supplying you with

what you now merely call "ambition urges?"

You can go out of our body onto a higher plane any night of your life and renew your prenatal determinations and check on the blueprints. What you can't do, obviously in your own case because you say you haven't, is bring back the etheric recollection of details so they're a part of your hourly mentality. You may fight the insinuation that they'd do you more than harm than good. But something of the sort is evidently occurring, because there are people who *do* recall consciously many specific details of their brevets. Or they'll babble them under catalepsy when their physical selves are utterly divorced from their organic overcoats.

Your jumped-at conclusion is, that having made the blueprints on the higher plane, you

immediately plunge into a bath of amnesia—or God tosses you in. He does nothing of the sort. He merely fixes it so that you can get a fresh start, minus old fixations and bitternesses, or knowledge that the man sincerely trying to help you—in order to pay off his karma to you—is the same drip who in your immediate earlier life ran away with your wife, so that your beloved infant perished of malnutrition.

We'll take this subject up further as we have more space in a coming magazine. But one thing's for sure . . . Great Spirit knows more about what we juveniles of 52 or 65 require than we give It credit for knowing.

Why base objections to a matchless process on our passing juvenile complexes, capriciously arrived at?

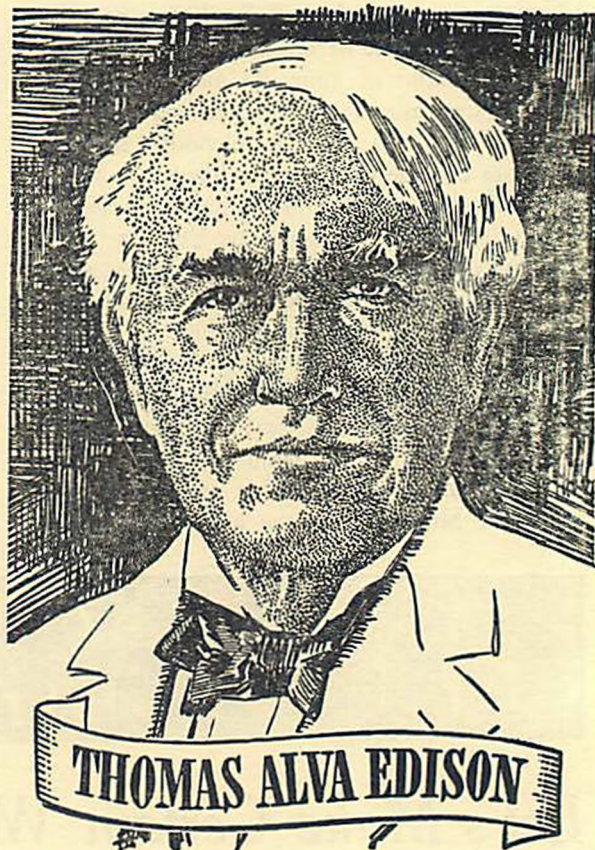


Let's Make Certain We Understand Things

TOO MANY of us assume too readily that a great subject like we have just discussed, is some brilliant notion originated and advanced by a clever mortal intellect. Thus it is our prerogative to pick it to pieces. Actually, it is Higher Enlightenment gained by Extra-Sensory Perception and our objections too often are merely mortal inability to grasp its full details. No one in his senses goes about hatching up odd notions for other men to wrestle with. In the case of the objections raised by Robert of California, he fails to perceive that he's come into mortality on a vibration that will carry him into his chosen field as well as attract to him scores of loving colleagues on the Higher Side who will keep him reminded consciously of that which is embedded in his etheric subconscious. He thinks he's blundering alone through the world, with the Devil taking the hindmost. Really, he's having obnoxious memories and fixations kept from his mind so he can concentrate on achieving his goals. He'll achieve them anyhow, if it's in him to persevere toward them. Otherwise, how account for determined ambition at all? Remember that direct knowledge of one's brevet from babyhood might by no means keep us true to it. Easily enough, earth conditions might convince us the whole thing was a bust . . . and by no means worth the effort.

Does Edison Predict Television of Heaven?

¶ *Spirit of Electrical
Wizard Talks of It to
Soulcrafters at Seance
in California . .*



SOULCRAFT is in receipt of a most interesting communication from Attorney C—, a prominent California counselor-at-law, who beheld the materialization of Thomas A. Edison upon a recent evening and heard the great electrical wizard expound, among other matters, the possibilities of higher-plane television. Attorney C's letter is self-explanatory and its contents will interest Soulcrafters from coast to coast—

April 25, 1955

Dear Mr. Pelley:

I thank you for your very kind letter of April 18th. It was received in the mail of

April 20th. *Valor* for April 16th, 1955, contained an article entitled 'Confirmation by Edison', on which article I will hereinafter make comment . . . Now as to Thomas A. Edison. I conclude from the *Valor* article, "Confirmation by Edison" that he has not materialized at Headquarters although he "came through" to a group of "engineers and scientists at the home of a Michigan Soulcrafters".

You may be interested to know that Edison materialized on April 18, 1955, at the Spiritualist Church of Divine Light, Rev. Beulah Englund, Pastor, Rev. Bertie Lily Candler, visiting Pastor; and, after asking for a Dr. White-side and talking to him for several minutes upon scientific matters, he turned to some thirty persons present, including Mrs. C— and

myself, and delivered in a strong, well modulated voice what might be described as a lecture.

He made the following points:

1. That a "voice box" on which he had been working just before his death had not been perfected.

2. That as Thomas A. Edison he had invented nothing, but that, by being alone at time and "quiet", he had allowed the power of thought from God to come through to him.

3. That the one thing that he had not been able to take out of the "light bulb" was "the ether"; that "the ether" is the power of God in the "lightbulb" and that if he had been successful "you people would never have had any light therefrom".

4. That the people upon the earth plane talked constantly and thus prevented the God power from entering their minds and solving their problems.

5. That the people of this country are very chargeable in this regard as "they chatter all of the time."

I have written up from memory the substance of the conversation between Dr. Whiteside and Edison and Edison's address or lecture as I recall same. You will please find a copy enclosed for your use. I asked Dr. Whiteside later whether he was an M.D. or a physicist. He replied: "Neither. I am a metaphysician." He told me he did not know Edison when he was on the earth plane but that Edison has materialized to him quite often and that they have discussed the possibility of a "Television of Heaven".

After greetings and a conversation which indicated what later proved to be a fact, that Thomas A. Edison had previously materialized to Dr. Whiteside, the following conversation was heard, in substance:

Edison: Well, we never get together on that coil, did we?

Dr. W.: No. There is something I would like to ask you. You could help me a lot by indicating what you think of

... (apparently scientific matters).

Edison: No, I cannot at this time. I do not know myself but I hope to sometime.

Dr. W.: I will keep on working.

¶ People talk so much, says Edison, they can't hear God. But it does not require an electrical wizard to discover that . . .

Edison: Just before I left your plane I was working on a device whereby the voices on our plane could reach you readily. I had high hopes but I didn't make it.

Edison: (Turning to those present in the circle.) There is one great trouble with people on your plane. They talk too much. The people of your country are very bad in this regard. They do not leave an opportunity for the thought power from outside to reach them. They "chatter all the time." It is like as if I had a battery here (pointing to the floor near his foot). If I put the "juice" in her (pointing to one side of the imaginary battery) and it has a wire which runs out here (pointing to the other side of same), why it all drains out and you never have any power.

Now, I never invented anything when I was on your plane. That is, Thomas Edison never did. I insisted on being alone when I had anything to work out. Alone, so the God force could come in. It always will if you give it a chance; if you are quiet.

Often when I was in my chair with my eyes closed, my mother would get after me, thinking I was sleeping. I was, however, but giving the God power a chance to come in to solve the problem.

(He then moved away from Dr. Whiteside and drew closer to the circle.) Now, take the light. Is there anyone here who knows what I was unable to take out of the light bulb? (Someone said "the vacuum" and someone else said "the filament".)

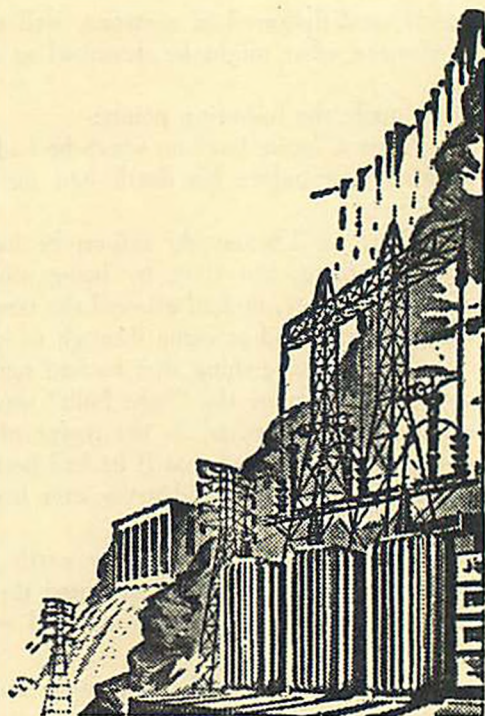
Edison: No. Does no one know?

A voice: (Possibly Dr. Whiteside) Yes, I know, because I have heard you before state what it was.

Edison: Yes, it was the ether. The ether is the force and power of God. I could take it out if I had wanted to and if I had done so, you would have never had the light.

Edison then turned to Dr. Whiteside and continued his conversation, apparently stating that he would continue to work with the doctor.

I AM sure you will receive a number of letters from those present, stating that Harriet Pelley "came through". She did that, certainly. She also danced beautifully to the strains of the *Blue Danube Waltz*, after which she announced herself and stated that she was always pleased to greet her father's friends. (Evidently in recognition of some dozen or more Soulcrafters who were present.) She remarked that "she



always danced for her daddy" when she appeared to him.

No need for describing her to you as you have seen her many times recently. She is indeed a joy to behold. Fresh and young and beautiful are words that can only go a certain way toward describing her. I would say that she must have appeared to all as a very wholesome personality with a "one of us"-of-earth-plane-something that is not quite definable. For myself, I simply took a deep breath and said: "A sweetheart in any man's language."

Mary Baker Eddy also appeared and addressed those present. She stated her error in writing Chapter 4 as "I was a medium when I wrote it and knew better." She spoke of her brother as having been her control and of her desire to maintain and expand her church but to do so after placing it on the right track as to spirit return. She also referred to "Billy" and his work and that his time had not yet come to work on her side.

A very beautiful spirit appeared to a young woman present. The spirit was described by Mr. Kimmey as "a guardian angel". She was fairly tall, ageless actually but an apparent thirty years on our basis and possessed of a very fine voice and manner. She stated to the young woman to whom she appeared that "You are correct, that she had not been born of flesh."

Mrs. C— and I were fortunate in being able to see and converse with her mother, who passed on in 1947, and I held an interesting discussion with "Moses Hull", who was described by Mr. Kimmey as "a teacher". He stated that he had been a writer (apparently ages ago and possibly in the Near East). He thought research would reveal a record of his writings. He stated with much emphasis the need of a law that would entitle every child to its father's name. His words:

"If any man impregnate any woman, whether she be girl or lady, and regardless if he were married or not, or black or white, the law to be passed by your Congress and signed by your President must provide that the child must have the right to the man's name."

He went on to say the matter was of great concern on his side and that, with the help that he and others would supply, I could be instrumental in having such a law passed. He emphasized, however, that there was no necessity

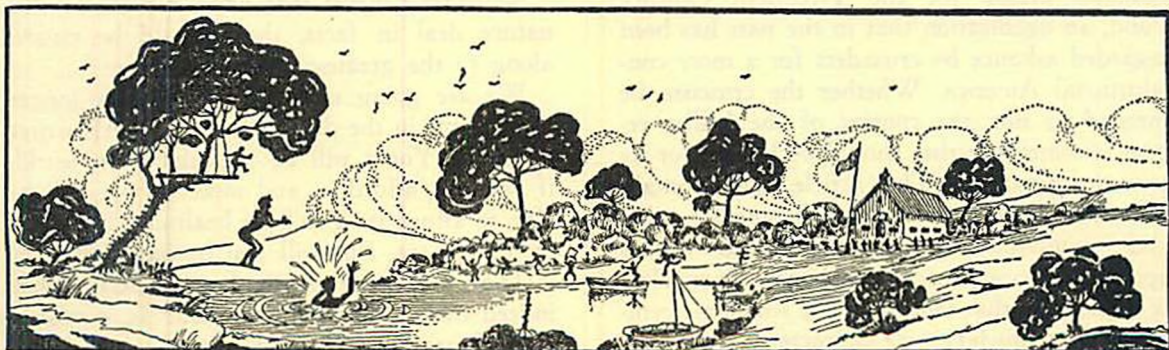
for my engaging in such activity as certain definite work of importance awaited my going to his side but "Son of Earth, if you desire to perform some work on the earth plane that is of importance to us on our plane, here is an opportunity wherein you cannot fail."

All of which brought some extended and serious comment from Silverleaf following the departure of Moses Hull.

Both Mrs. C— and I have strong impressions that the visiting entities not only prefer that those to whom they appear express interest in them and in their work rather than asking questions concerning people and conditions on the earth plane, but that a great increase of the power that is sustaining the entity in materialized form also takes place. Unfortunately it seems that the average person is either unable or unwilling to converse with the ancient entities that are frequently referred to as teachers. I am of the opinion that many of these older and higher entities are from the Seventh Plane and conclude they have much to say that might be helpful to mankind generally if they were queried understandingly and sympathetically.

With every good wish that the work of The Great Teacher may continue through you for the enlightenment of all, I am,

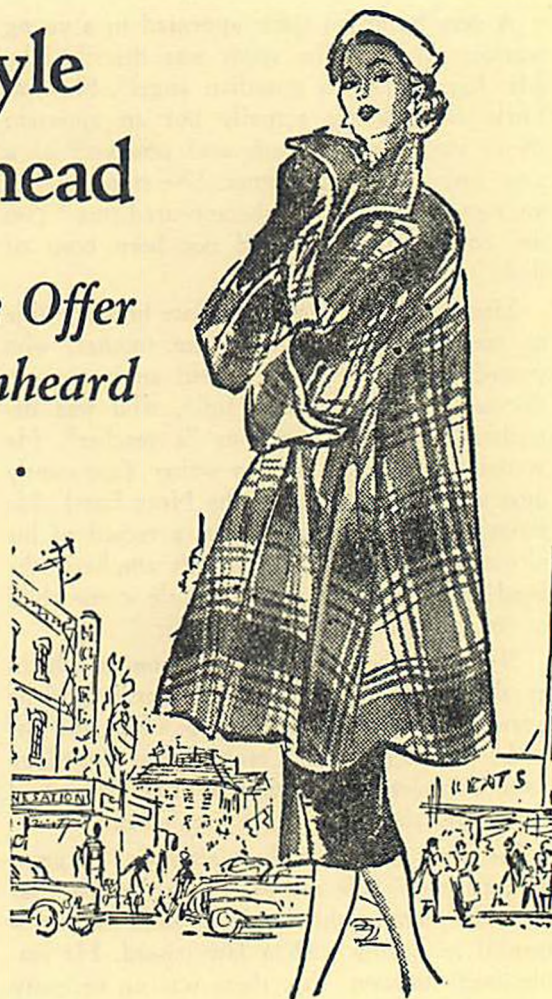
Sincerely yours,
L. M. C.



You'll Live in Style in Decade Ahead

¶ *ADVANCES of Science Offer
Standards of Living Unheard
of in World's History . .*

QUEEN NEFERTITI'S reign, glamorous as it seems to us in historical retrospect after thirty-three centuries, was nevertheless a civilization based fundamentally not on the ingenuities of free men but of human slavery for those who did the world's work. Thousands were the living chattels of the potentate. Contrasted with it, one picks up the morning paper in 1955 and finds a different kind of civilization emphasized for the decade ahead. One Joy Miller, feature writer for the Associated Press, makes a survey of our times as a press relations article for the Twentieth Century Fund, an organization that in the past has been regarded askance by crusaders for a more constitutional America. Whether the criticism be merited or not, the context of the Miller report is something that should be known for its own information. The article does contain facts that have a spirituality therapeutic value and counterbalance the lugubrious sorties against the practices of our times—particularly economic—that tend to create wholesale cynicism of an unwholesome character.



Soulcraft believes that when reports of this nature deal in facts, they should be passed along to the greatest possible number.

We are going to live easier, richer, longer as a people in the decade ahead, the AP writer contends. Yours will be a push-button world, if you can afford it, and more people *will* be able to afford it. You'll be healthier, live longer, play more. But will you be happier?

That, you must decide for yourself. What indeed makes happiness for you? Is it possession of greater and more miraculous chattels?

WILL you be happier in the coming decade than you were in the last? That's one question left strictly alone in the 1,148-page survey being put out this week by the Twentieth Century Fund. The project took 25 economic researchers five years. It is titled, *American Needs and Resources: a New Survey*.

To determine long range projects, J. Frederic Dewhurst and associates measured the entire American economic system in action. They concluded we've never had it so good—and it'll get better, barring an atomic war.

But just what is "better"? . . .

This is the second study of this kind brought out by the fund, an endowed philanthropic foundation established in 1919 by Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant. The first, started in 1942 and published in 1947, has been revised, expanded and projected into the future to make the present volume.

We'll be living in style in 1960, says the survey, and this is why:

Right now more people own their own homes than rent them, and home ownership is expected to increase. They're going to look better too.

Americans will spend more on furniture, decorations and household conveniences than ever before. In fact, equipping and operating the 1960 home will cost more than rent, and will take a larger share of the family dollar than any other item except food.

Heavy drapes, rugs, overstuffed furniture will give way to simpler, streamlined furnishings. Modern trends indicate waxed or tiled floors, and smaller rooms better laid out.

Does this mean 1950's housewife, with her simpler furnishings and labor-saving gadgets, can take it easy all day? No. Higher standards of cleaning, cooking and child care will keep homemaking a full-time job.

Not only are our homes going to be outfitted more attractively, but so are we. It's going to be harder to tell a man's income from the way he dresses in 1960. Improved tailoring techniques and textiles will combine to create higher quality and greater variety for everybody.

¶ A MOVIE actress has just married her first husband. It was his turn again . .

BARRING revolutionary brainstorms from Dior and his fellow designers, styles will follow the present trends toward simpler clothes with the accent on youth. It's for sure that heavy, close-fitting clothes are on their way out as the western emphasis on casual, colorful, lightweight wardrobes moves east.

The Plastic invasion of the leather field will be spectacular and by 1960 more people will be wearing plastic—and cheaper—shoes.

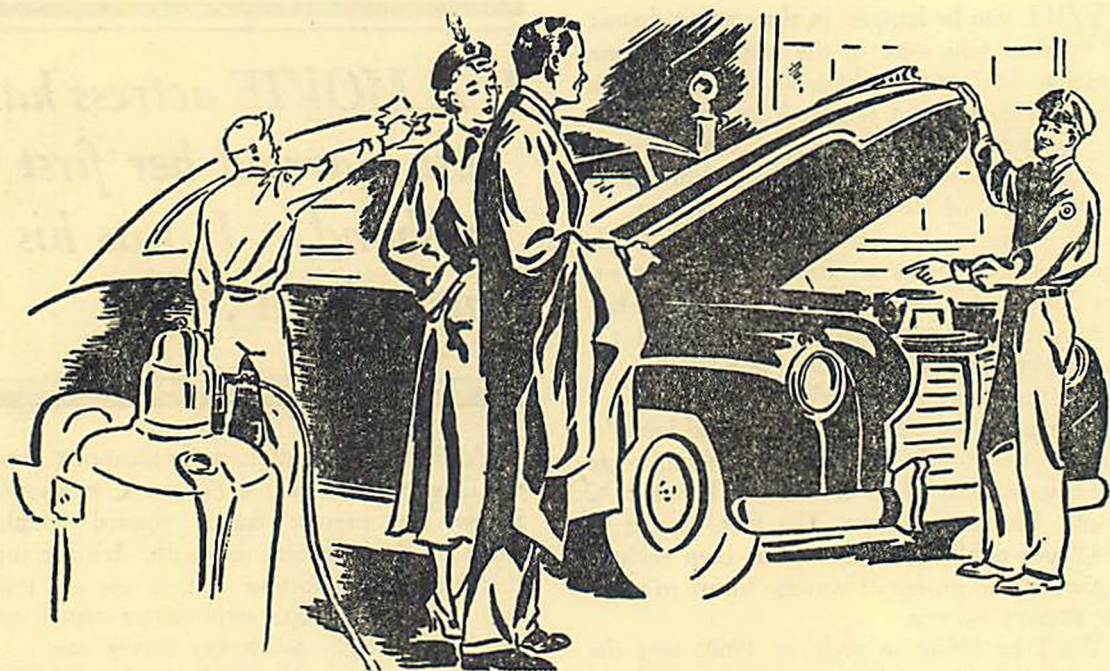
We'll look better in our clothes, too, because of a pleasant paradox: we'll spend more on food, but we'll grow slimmer.

Nutritionally speaking, we're wising up. That means we'll taper off on potatoes, beans, cereals and nuts, and increase our consumption of healthful, lower-caloried salad greens and citrus fruits.

Gourmet delicacies will become commonplace: Dwarf watermelons, cherries in January, midget turkeys. Higher income and the demand for gauging portions to smaller families will challenge technology to come up with breeding and production miracles.

Concentrated foods, prepared by low pressure evaporation with little loss of flavor, might bring about a revolution in the marketing of liquors, such as milk.

In fact, milk bills should drop sharply since canned whole milk would effect economies in packing, shipping and delivery. The housewife would save refrigerator space and yet always have an ample supply on hand.



Still taking a bite out of the consumer's budget in 1960 will be tobacco and alcohol, both up about one-fifth over 1950. Cigarettes are on a steady uptrend, with snuff, pipe and chewing tobacco down and cigars about even.

Speaking of relaxation, we're spending close to \$23,000,000,000 a year on play, if we count vacation travel. That's more than twice what we pay for medical services.

WITH our 40-hour week cut to 37½ and our average family income up about three per cent to \$6,200 a year, we'll have more time and money to spend in the pursuit of recreation in 1960.

Gardening, now the nation's No. 1 hobby, will be kept going by the exodus to the suburbs. In spite of TV, at least a fifth of the population will continue to read books for pleasure. Do-it-yourself projects, photography, sports, music will more than hold their own.

Since people will be living longer, the growing numbers of healthier over-65s will find hobbies and friendships in community day centers and clubs.

Travel will probably get the greatest boost. Americans are the most mobile people on earth. In 1953 we traveled 500,000,000,000 miles and we'll go right on traveling in 1960, and traveling in style.

As a nation we're moving away from rails and towards automobiles, buses and airplanes. By 1960 there'll be 54,000,000 passenger cars in use and more than 40,000,000 of us will fly every year.

Autos of aluminum may be quite common by then, or plastic, light, low fast models—maybe turbo-jet powered.

Crowding the pigeons in New York City will be more than 2,000,000 helicopter passengers, with the nation as a whole accommodating more than 6,000,000.

It'll be a smaller world in five years, with 4,000,000 Americans traveling abroad annually, about two-thirds by air.

Just about any way you look at it, 1960 in a peaceful world is going to be exciting, more pleasant. You'll probably be glad you stuck around.

You Came into Life to Groom Yourself for Higher Experiences . .



YOU Can't Grasp the Meanings of Higher Planes till You've Mastered Earth Life

ALWAYS try to remember, when life events seem to go against you and you long for tranquillity and security, that if you had expected to get them on this plane, you wouldn't have come down to it. This isn't the plane on which existence is tranquil and secure. You were undoubtedly on a level of tranquillity and security when you made the decision to come down here into Earth Mess. Enduring and experiencing in Mess held something you felt you needed, before becoming capable of ascending to still higher heights and exploring more audacious reaches of Spirit.

All things considered, you've gotten what you prescribed. Keeping up an eternal yammer against it, butters no parsnips. Why *did* you come into it? Locate the deficiency in your character which a given number of earth-years would remedy and you'll find yourself taken back to the plane of more satisfying factors.

The average person, hearing this sort of counsel for the first time, is certain that if anybody is "touched" in his wits, it isn't himself. Why in the world should he have elected to go through a series of battering and lacerating ordeals merely to "strengthen himself somewhere or somehow?" Why shouldn't he have "strengthened himself" on the octave where he was?

Such a question supposes, of course, that the planes are pretty much alike. Which they're not. They're as different as night and day, or one country like America contrasted with another country like Russia.

You don't get test sand disciplines of limitations on the octaves above the earth-plane.

You have freedom of mind, freedom of movement. No economic problems exist to bedevil you. True, you are held from trespassing above your vibrations by higher and fiercer vibrations which your lack of development does not permit you to negotiate. But that's not circumscription so much as gradation.

Nothing on any higher plane creeps up on you and forces you to do this or that. You may do absolutely nothing for ten million years, and not a soul blink an eye at it.

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

HERE on this material plane you are required to do too much. It is part of mortality's curriculum that some sort of force, external or internal, be pressuring you to some end, every moment of day and night. It keeps you incessantly reminded that you're alive and the butt of such pressuring. You strive to run from it, or at least move away, and if man-made law doesn't collar you, your own physical hunger fells you.

The earthly lesson is self-awareness by continually being the butt of forces external to yourself. On the higher planes such forces are missing, but discipline comes in another pattern: If you don't move you don't participate.

In other words, to refuse to activate yourself gets you left behind in all the progressions that the more energetic are achieving. The time can come when the real horror of life lurks in blankness of interest in anything worth while. This accounts for inability to adjust karma on the higher levels.

If you were victimized in some sort of earth-

ly fight, you've got to return to this plane to get your compensations, because this is the only plane where such bellicosities perform. You couldn't know the rewards of being victor in a fight—where earlier you were victim—if the plane on which you lived was never distinguished by one fight in ten thousand years. If you are slated karmically to know the rewards from riches, you must do more experiencing on this plane where riches have value. In the sort of existence where anybody can have anything he wants merely by thinking it, rewards must wear a different aspect.

There is no coinage, no taxation, no industrial investment, on those higher levels, so even a wholesale stock-market swindle couldn't be adjusted or rectified. You must return to the scene of such commercial peculiarities to receive compensations—whatever they are to be.

This plane of earth, in short, is the plane of conflict purposely. Sometimes you can get too much conflict and it works irretrievable damage to your spirit. On the other hand there can be such a thing as tedium of soul from no conflict whatsoever. Theory that "conflict makes character"—all other things being equal—can be countered by the hypothesis that tedium also can make character . . . by getting too much of it. How you react to the tedium, to eventually end it, is what counts. But it never makes the same kind of character that combat makes.

Conflict makes for destruction—presumably of the opponent—while tedium makes for construction or some sort of creation that gives the mind employment.

WHEN we look at the several planes of being and recognize them for what they are, we comprehend why this first hard-core plane of earth has to display the tumultuous factors it does.

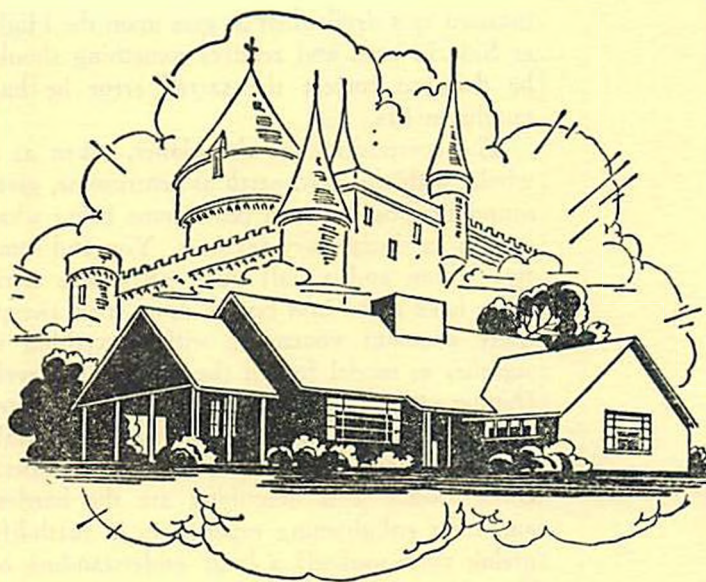
Assuming it to be the basic plane where soul-experiences start, it had to contain materials the creative thinking for which had already been done by Holy Spirit. If you've read *Soul*

Eternal, you've learned how soul-man on octaves above the earth-world does his own creating of materials by projections of thought. But he has to have a pattern put before him first, in order to know of experience with them what materials are, or can be. Likewise he has to learn limitation and confinement in order to grasp the real essence of delimitation and utter freedom. He can go on upward into more and more dramatic grades of these, but the centrosome earth-world must supply the pattern for them by contrasts.

This is obviously the logical reason why souls in this particular earth system with its enshrouding heavens are ever required to start from mortal life on the planet's surface and after a sufficient number of incarnations in physical bodies, work upward.

The fledgling divinity that as the individual soul gets his fundamentals of Matter on these lowest physical and material planes, utilizes them in its own right as it moves ever higher and higher. Likewise this is the elemental world in the matter of social adjustments. Almost, we might say, it's as bad as we find it in many aspects because soul by experiences *with* it and *in* it can resolve to improve upon it. Of course, as that soul ascends to higher and higher levels, it's truly its own self that's getting the improvement. Places as places are merely given sets of conditions and mean nothing unto themselves as places. It's when Consciousness is required to adapt itself to their features, for good or bad, pleasure or pain, righteousness or wickedness, that the factor of improvement becomes of any significance whatever.

Getting through the purgatorial condition onto the Plane of Largess, the soul meets experiences that are practically the opposite of all earthly conditions but all the factors of earth are no less vital and influential by opposites. On the Fourth Plane of Form and Color in Idealty, earth-life is altered so as to become practically utopian; still it's earth formats and originals that such idealisms are fashioned from. The Fifth Plane of Amalgamation or



fusion with our particular soul-affinity or those of our personal group is still based on earthly separateness as prototype. The Sixth Plane is the plane of highly accelerated consciousness and the culmination of Form, where individuality comes to know itself by sheer identification of Character apart from vehicle; thus the last vestige of the earth-plane inhibitions is dispensed with. And on the Seventh Plane of Timelessness and Limitless Space, the soul moves out to become an integral part of Holy Spirit. Popularly expressed, it "joins God."

THE THEOLOGIAN knows almost nothing of these matters and thinks them rather awful in the light of what he's been taught to parrot about Heaven and Hell and a Vicarious Atonement. He can prove nothing in respect to his allegorical hypothesis, and doesn't attempt to do so. The sacred psychological researcher can get every reasonable attestation amounting to proof from those who communicate back their findings from life's superior octaves. But in defense the theologian cries "Deviltry!" . . . just as he himself will be stig-

matized as a devil when he gets upon the Higher Side in turn and realizes something should be done to correct the sacred error he had taught in life.

The composition of the planes, taken as a whole, with the hard earth as centrosome, gives sound reasons for such centrosome being what it is in its disciplinary features. You and some two billion and a half other self-aware spirit units have come into bodies upon it to sweepingly acquaint yourselves with everything it supplies as model for all the worlds and levels "higher up" . . . or "further out." When, therefore, Soulcraft talks about coming into mortality to "strengthen yourself for higher experiences", what it is describing are the hardest and most enlightening experiences in earth-life giving your soul-self a basic understanding of the order and purpose of each of the succeeding planes and how they correlate. To "equip"

yourself for higher experiences might be a better term for it than "strengthen."

But millions exist who aren't even certain as of this date that survival of the self-aware personality is a fact, not to mention the series of conditions under which such survival performs. Other millions can't and won't credit that just as soul has existence apart from materiality after the Transition, so it had existence apart from earth conditions before coming into physical body. And Theology makes a bad matter worse by merely substituting allegory for fact, calling it sacred and inviolate of criticism or even discussion.

Soulcraft, all in all, is merely nibbling away at this vast net of ignorance and doctrinal bigotry. Once the net truly breaks, a glorious regeneration of spirit values awaits all humanity.

More about it next month! . . .



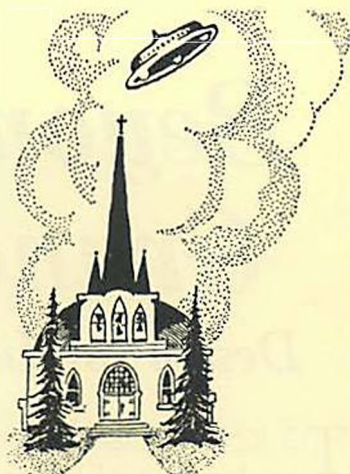
Recognizing When You Are Dead

AGAIN and again, after reading their monthly issues of **Bright Horizons**, the comment comes back from a given quota of laymen, "Why devote so much space to topics having to do with Dying? . . . Give us information on how to live this earth-life successfully, never mind the future life." Presumably certain among them will climb into a motorcar, to go home to lunch from business, collide with another car at an intersection, suffer a broken neck, and find themselves out of their bodies. If Soulcraft has apprised them reliably about the higher octaves of life, they know what has happened to themselves, how to conduct themselves in their new state which they so lately disdained, and what they may expect as new conditions of existence, which the benighted and orthodox religionist hasn't even conceived ideologically. Soulcraft considers it is rendering a priceless service to the race to discuss such possibilities quite as generously as topics having to do with any quandary in flesh. Physically demise, is never any further away than the nearest intersection. Is this "important" or is it not?

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She Approves of 'Adam Awakes'

March 25, 1955

Wm. Dudley Pelley,
Dear Sir—

For some time—in fact since the second or third reading of *Adam Awakes*—I have planned to write you some of my reactions to the book. It seems rather absurd, I know that any one who can express his revelations in as superb language as you can—and do—would be interested in my attempt to phrase my impressions of those ideas.

However, who is not delighted to know that his arrow has hit the mark or his gift has reached the designated?

The number of volumes you have "authored" since your *Seven Minutes* experience in Pasadena is almost incredible. Especially, is this true since the quality of your writing is of such an unusually high order. Let me say, as a sort of an aside, that the manner in which these brain children are dressed is most acceptable. The type is bold and readily readable with fine wide margins on paper, excellent in quality. The off-white reduces glare to a minimum. The binding is strong enough to endure my repeated perusal without disintegration.

I possess only three of your books: *Seven Minutes in Eternity*, *Beyond Grandeur*, and *Adam Awakes*.

Perhaps *Adam Awakes* answers more for me than the others although the *Seven Minutes* was a real treasure, unearthed at the Good-Will Store!

I am one of the many who want answers for the problems on *this* plane. The idea of a perfect mate seems to have entered this life with me. Back, even to childhood it was so. That is, I realized it's truth for myself. I knew it as the ideal. I do not know of

anyone in my environment, who believes so. There may be some but I do not know of them. I have had at least one vivid dream that seemed to verify my inner knowing. No doubt psychiatry would have a different explanation of the dream than I placed upon it.

It is most pleasing that you know very well the questions your reader is forming as he or she is greedily snatching your verbal plums, and you answer these questions in the next paragraph. *I like that.*

I like also your whole picture of the interplay of masculinity and femininity. I begin to think that even in the lives of many women like myself, there may be some contribution to their unfoldment and to their partners development although our lives seem circumscribed.

It seems to me *Adam Awakes* is a perfectly decorous treatment of a matter which all adults should be mature enough to understand and use. It is handled in a completely proper manner. No child or high school boy is going to read far into the book and yet, any serious student of life will be benefitted by carefully considering each page.

There is much of which I'd love to speak in "Grandeur and Beyond". Let me just bless you for your last chapter. It repeats in a slightly different key, the beautiful melody of *Seven Minutes*. How much these revelations help! A purpose there is in this life of seeming frustrations! There must be a purpose if life is to have a meaning and with a purpose, life is adventure, progress and joy!

Many blessings and "thank you".

Mrs. N. C. B.

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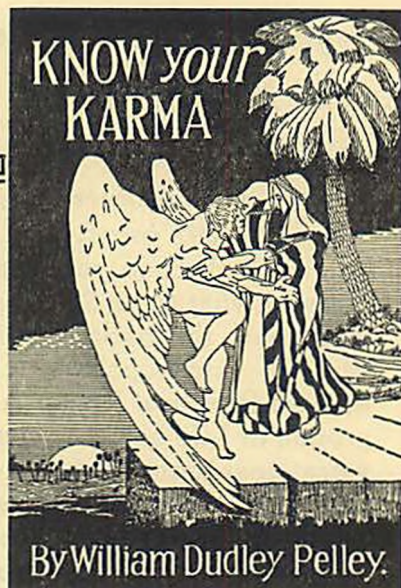
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