

Undying Mind...

By William Dudley Pelley

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

To

ADELAIDE and MELFORD PEARSON

In appreciation of their indefatigable

Loyalty and effort that have helped

Bring Soulcraft to its present success

Chapter I

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THE GREAT MYSTERY OF YOU!

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THE TIME has come, apparently, to write a book about *you!* Millions of books have been written about every subject under the sun, from Aardvarks to Zymotics, but no one has done a book about you as you are. I don't mean a biography, although it would doubtless be quite as interesting as any other mortal's biography. A biography is a described roster of events in which a person has been implicated. I'm speaking of a book that discusses not who you are but *what* you are.

You would perchance declare, if the question were asked seriously and a serious answer expected, that you were an adult human being, either male or female, weighing anywhere between one hundred and three hundred pounds, white or black, rich or poor, educated or benighted, trying to hold your place in an earthly society where there are 2,499,999,999 other human creatures more or less like you. You might add your name, and your age, and a footnote that you have never been in jail and your Federal income tax was paid. This, you would assume, would be telling what you are. But I wish to go on record as declaring it is *not* what you are.

I declare you are something new in this world! Never since the dawn of time has there been anybody exactly like you, and never again, throughout all the ages, will there ever again be anybody exactly like you. More than that, while you may describe yourself—to yourself—as a human being, I make the sincerest observation that such term is meaningless. Do any of us assuredly know what human beings are? Are they anything other than distinctive creatures? What kind of creatures? Just distinctive. But distinctive in regard to what? We shall see.

A totally distinctive creature has attained to animate existence in this world of material substances and is known as... *You*. It is not attached physically to anything else. It can, by taking thought as we say, put itself into spatial movement and convey itself where it will. It can, when it takes more thought, stop such movement and remain in a state of rest for as long as it please. It can make impersonal mental decisions apart from bodily movement, compare this with that, be aware of shape, density and color without stirring from its place, know itself for an energy-wielding unit and

feel the emotions of anger, chagrin, pity, embarrassment and pleasure, purely from impressions received through the so-called senses. Nobody actually knows—as I shall try to expound further on—precisely what the senses are. But they do convey motivations to the observant and deciding mind. As if this were not enough, this peculiar compilation of self-aware energy is marked differently than any other peculiar compilation of self-aware energy in Cosmos. The outer membrane of the physical self, that is to say the skin, has a tracing of tiny fleshly designs upon certain parts of it—the feet, the palms, the toe and finger balls—that are microscopically different from the tracings on the membranes of the 2,499,999,999 other animate creatures of similar general construction, and that unchangeably distinguish it so long as it exists. Lastly, Northrup at Williams College in 1938 established that it displays—or operates at—an electrical rate or “frequency” that is incontestably its own. Not a mother’s son or father’s daughter of the other 2,499,999,999 so-called human beings on earth at the moment possesses exactly the same vibratory current. Every one of us has his own, and you have yours.

Nature, or whatever cosmic cause brought your animate self into being, has gone to almost unbelievable care to distinguish you as something special to yourself... and this goes whether you are a millionaire businessman living on Park Avenue with a liveried chauffeur to drive you to and from the office or a bleary-eyed lout awaiting your turn at the Monday morning police line-up—or a salacious striptease artist disclosing your charms to an audience for a price or a plain-faced mother on the side street of a Midwest small town, dividing her concerns between the rising cost of Hamburg and her small fry’s croupy coughing. Nature, or whatever cause in Cosmos brought your animate self into being, makes no distinction between millionaires and “Lost Week-Enders” or glamorous demoiselles and care-distracted mothers. Each is a distinct product with a distinct role and destiny. It may occur to you occasionally, poignantly enough—especially in times like the present when the whole world seems turning bottom side up and all the queer things are coming to the top—that the entire business of living isn’t worth the effort; the race is one gigantic dud anyhow and the mortal drama plunging toward a debacle. Strange as it may seem to you for the moment, I’m not going to combat you on that, although I by no means concur in it.

Before you reach that conclusion permanently, however, and maybe turn on all the gas burners, or dive out the tenth story window, or spatter your grey matter over some landlord’s perfectly good wall, I have the caprice to ask you to check over a lot of items about yourself, of which you may not be consciously aware. I want you to consider the stupendous thing you may be that has never occurred to you before, or been called to your attention since you have been born. Then if you wish to thrust your pate in the gas-oven, or open the tenth story window and imitate a wingless bird, or spin the cylinder of your brother-in-law’s revolver and pull the trigger—with nothing in front of it but your own head—go ahead and exit.

I think the chances are, however, that you won’t.

IN THE FIRST place, there was more hard-headed sense than sentiment in Rabindranath Tagore’s famous contention, “Every child proves that God is not discouraged with Man.” All these political and economic troubles of the world have been going on for an interminable time—if you dig deep enough and carefully enough into history—and will go on, undoubtedly, for an interminable time to come, principally for the reason that they are all necessary conditions to man’s individual evolution. When I say individual evolution, I mean *spiritual* evolution, for no one man can evolve biologically of himself.

In the second place, making yourself a stiffish yellow Something with a tag on a great-toe, would be your way of saying that you know more about the worthlessness of being mortal than Nature, who went to all the trouble of making just one distinctive person—yourself—before you had seen the finished product. Because you're not a finished product yet, by any manner of means, I don't care what your ears or sex or race of troubles. You're not a half or a quarter or an eighth or a sixteenth of a finished product. You may not even come close to being a finished product for ten to twenty thousand years yet. Imagine a five-year-old child blowing its brains out because it wasn't as talented as Leonardo da Vinci, or as wise as Socrates or as cultured as Christ Jesus. That would be you as a suicide when you say that your mortal life was positively not worth living.

You are an utterly distinctive creation in the universe, I say, with an individuality that must possess its own definite significance. You have a bodily vehicle that looks different, and is different, from any other bodily vehicle in mortality... and even though you should have happened to be born an identical twin, the statement still holds in some particular, if nowhere other than in your fingerprints. Your spirit operates at an electrical rate possessed by no other soul in the known universe. Even your voice is pitched at a distinct key that is all your own, since no two persons have exactly the same voices just as no two persons have exactly the same identifications on the ball of their fingers. In other words, your personality, no matter who you may happen to be, has *Integrity*. Integrity in this sense means, "unimpaired state, completeness, soundness."

You are doing an utterly distinctive job in the universe and that job is Yourself. Furthermore, it commences to look to me, from all the researching I've done, that you're tagged to identify by your fingerprints and galvanic voltage *so that fullest credits may accrue to you for the success you eventually make of it.*

PERSONALLY I have reason to believe—as I shall expound in the proper place—that you get a good many throws at it. You get dozens, scores, hundreds of throws at it... if you want them, I mean right here in this mortal world. You've been the same sentient Thing you are now, maybe dozens, scores, even hundreds of times before, and will be the same animate Thing dozens, scores, and hundreds of times in future—which is where the phenomenon of Intelligence comes in, or rather, *from*. You may spatter your aforesaid grey matter all over the aforesaid landlord's perfectly good wall but all you'll really be doing is spoiling a set of perfectly good brains. You can't stop *you* from living or thinking, or doing much more than escaping a temporary predicament. It would be painfully similar to running a fine Rolls Royce off the pavement onto soft shoulder where the off-wheel spins in sand. You would get out with your chauffeur and say, "I know how to get this off-wheel out of soft shoulder. Here's twenty dollars. Go buy a quart of nitroglycerine and come back with it. We'll plant it under the chassis and blow the whole works to Tophet. *That* will get the danged wheel out of soft shoulder." Exactly as sensible. You'll wait a while before doing more traveling till you can buy or borrow another car but you certainly won't stay there by that spot of soft shoulder throughout eternity merely because that off-wheel got stuck in it. Really wreck a whole car with all its finely adjusted mechanisms and possibilities for further travel, would you, just because an evil road bogged it? That's suicide—or at least one way to look at it.

I hope to show you how I myself, a somewhat smug and worldly newspaperman, raised up in the orthodoxy of a Methodist parsonage, gradually came to realize the stupendous fact that all of us have a good many throws at life before we truly qualify for heaven—not just one cat-and-dog existence, conditioned largely by the social state we're born in, then... Abracadabra! ... Up to

Elysium or down to Avernus according to what we did or didn't make of it.

However, I'm writing a book about *You!* Whatever I happen to say about myself I offer as evidence only that it may reasonably apply in your case as well as mine. You can never be *me*. I can never be *You!* But if I've broken trail a little in advance of you, I can certainly call back to you how I'm discovering the going. If it's not acceptable to you, reject it. It's quite possible that you, being who and what you are, will insist on going to Avernus in a four-wheeled conveyance drawn by a span of horses while I'm as equally live my life nor ride in my vehicle. I don't have to ride in yours—especially if it's Avernus-bound. If you insist on living the one mortal life and none other, that's just daisy with me. But up ten thousand years I imagine I'll have the wisdom from experience deriving from a couple of hundred display the increments from one shriveled little kindergarten life that hasn't taught you to do much more than paw in earth's sand pile and call it having fun, and I congratulate myself I'll wash up with quite an edge of knowledge on you. Suppose we don't fight about it, however. Just leave it till we come to it.

YOU ARE a current human being, you say, with a name you don't like—for some odd reason, no man or woman ever lived who was completely satisfied with the name his parents christened him—and a face you'd probably alter in a dozen places if you could. You were born of a certain tandem of parents, made to toe the chalk mark or not toe it in your childhood as to obedience in small matters., got a so-and-so education, married in result of supposed propinquity a susceptible member of the opposite sex, and now find yourself the arbiter over young... with bills to meet, a daily or weekly roster of social or commercial appointments to keep, political candidates to vote for, and your quota of taxes to pay in support of Great Britain—you being a good American in the Twentieth Century, filing your place in society ably or terribly, wondering when and where the next war is due to break out and whether or not you're due to end your days sitting on a cloud in your birthday suit and watching the neighbors ride up on an atomic concussion to join you.

You are the great faceless Man or Woman who makes the statistics that make the census.

But you'll have to excuse me, as I said in the beginning, *if I don't care to agree with you*. I say at the risk of repetition that you're an animate creature distinct from all other animate creatures since Time began, gradually evolving into something particularly special in Cosmos—necessitating the peculiarity of your personal experiences—and what that particularly special Something is, approximates a concernment so great you'd better be giving it precedence over anything else in your intellect. You mayn't be able to discern it for a considerable time yet but at least you can take more accurate and proficient note of what you are in the present and begin to get a motion of the significance of that progression up the future. There won't be much room for inferiority complexes in your system when you've begun to grasp the pattern of it.

However, there won't be much room for superiority complexes, either, truth to tell, because you'll begin to realize how little progress you've actually made beside the progress you undoubtedly will make before you show semblance to what Cosmos intended when it started to concern itself with making you at all.

So let's get down to tacks on this thing and check up on what facts may exist about you that you're only half aware of, and other facts equally as vital you mayn't be aware of at all. You certainly can't form an estimate of yourself till you know all there is to know about yourself. Right now I make the serious estimate that you know only about one fiftieth of what exists to be known about you. And you think that one-fiftieth is all there is. Actually I'll bet you don't know enough

about yourself to tell what makes your fingers wiggle when you hold up your hand and—as you suppose—wiggle them. I'm not referring to anatomical interplay of muscles and bones. I'm talking about the seemingly self-motivating Life-Principle that *desire* to see fingers wiggle, in consequence of which, fingers *do* wiggle.

You don't know what your Soul is... as a matter of fact, if you don't know what it is, how do you know you've got one at all? You think you've got the one body, and that's all you've got. If you discovered you had more than one body, you'd say someone was off their rocker and probably thinking of two other fellows. You marry a wife and in due time she presents you with an exhibit whose feet don't track and you haven't the slightest notion how or why it apparently "inherited" your own.

You're probably the biggest mystery that exists in life today—as big a mystery as the atomic bomb, and, if the truth could be known, perhaps far more dangerous.

And *you* want to take lethal pellets or spoil the landlord's wall because life "isn't worth living"? Suppose you listen while I tell you all I know about you in a great many words...

Chapter II

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YOU AND COSMIC THINKING

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SUPPOSE despite your occasional partiality for Pills that End Everything, you gibe twenty minutes of analytical attention to the somewhat dumfounding thing that life is, of itself. Does anybody know precisely is, of itself. Does anybody know precisely *what* it is? Do you know what it is? I don't mean how it manifests. Any six-year-old Blessed Event can tell you how it manifests. I mean, what is it *of itself* that it can puzzle the six-year-old what we might call six years' worth yet bedevil the oldest ten times as much at sixty? One would imagine that a compounding familiarity with life would bring about an increasing interpretation of it, but actually, it appears, just the opposite takes place. Putting it in another fashion, the more that consciousness endures, the more the nature of it challenges. What other element in Cosmos breeds expanding mystery as we progressively associate with it? Further, where should we begin at considering it?

The great 17th Century philosopher, Descartes, thought he'd come close to an answer when he concluded, "*I think, therefore I am.*"

Descartes decided that life was a mere ability of a creature to entertain thoughts. He seemed to overlook the circumstance that such a creature as the salt-water polyp shows no evidence of thinking thoughts and yet no one can deny that this startling link between plant life and animal life is alive. Plants are surely alive yet no one to date has attempted to chart their Intelligence Quotients. Whole beehives of human beings appear physically animate, yet a real 200-watt thought doesn't seem to issue from their intellects from New Year's to Christmas. What Descartes probably meant to express was, "I am, in that I am *conscious.*"

However, we're not beginning this somewhat lengthy and heavyweight book on the Cosmic Facts of Life to prove or disprove what a 17th Century philosopher meant or didn't mean. We want a direct and appreciable declension for the eternal mystery of *You!* Rounding out my twenty-seventy year of psychical exploration into the eternal verities—in which I have talked clairaudiently with some remarkable wits on Higher Planes as the record will show—my own 64-year-old observation has it that *anything is alive, man included, that manifests self-motivating energy!*

This, it seems to me, is as apt a starting-point for what we have to discuss as anything identifiable in Philosophy.

In this apparently simple Self-Motivating, we have the law and the prophets... and in this day of the strenuous life, the law and the profits.

Self-motivating!
What can we mean, *self-motivating?*

IT MEANS, in elemental reasoning, spontaneity of action at one's free election, disregarding for the moment any qualifications of limitation. Descartes should have written it, "I demonstrate myself at my own behest therefore I am my own evidence that life in my particular case exists."

Anything that demonstrates itself of its volatile behest is alive!

The whole universe, as we behold it, seems to be divided between the inanimate and the animate. What we mean is, the whole universe is composed on the one hand of materials or substances describable by form, amid which on the other hand myriads units of consciousness deploy and perform at their independent behest. Both have the capability of altering position so long as no stronger force counteracts them. But the inanimate move at the instance of power—or in result of power—external to themselves, Mexican jumping-beans to the contrary notwithstanding. The animate move as the result of power directed from within themselves. Mind you, I didn't say power *generated* within themselves. I said power *directed* from within themselves—which is where we clamp a foot on the Mexican jumping-bean and put the modern motorcar out of the animate category. Power *directed* from within. And directing implies a choice of election, to move or not to move.

"I can move through my own power of choice, therefore I am alive," ... is an axiom to remember in all the pages of enlightenment that are to come, always concerned directly with *You!*

When you can't move of your own election you are dead as Job's Turkey—and this doesn't make exception to total muscular paralysis, or being trussed with a cable till you're stiff as a billet. You mayn't be able to get u and do the Highland Filing but always there's some part of you unparalyzed and untrussed that you can move of your own volition, though it's no more than an eyelid, a finger, or one notetoo, that there's never any such thing as being partially alive—or on the other hand "half dead." These are merely colloquial expressions applied to inadequately functioning organism. You're either alive or dead—period!

You are self—directing and therefore alive. When you no longer are self-directing in any aspect, you are dead. And *how* dead! In that item of being self-directing, apparently, we find the foetus or embryo of the God-Idea. *Self*-motivation. *Self*-election. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life (self-motivation or self-election) and man became a living soul," says Genesis.

God---without dipping as yet into religion—could be identified for present working purposes as that principle in Cosmos that *originates* self-motivation or self-election. All other Principles are non-self-motivation or non-self-elective pawns of external forces or laws governing forces. However, don't run any spiritual temperature as yet as to whether God is this or that in His person. I'm merely using terms that we'll meet later in hypothesis. We'll discuss the possibility and character of Deity when we come to understand lesser matters...

I can motivate myself from within myself and therefore I'm alive and partake of a certain characteristic of Holy Spirit. You can motivate yourself from within yourself—or at least I hope and pray you can—and thereby I recognize you as alive, whether you're a polyp, gorilla, or Fifth Amendment congressional witness. Why *should* these two principles come into existence or demonstrate?

I contend—without plunging too deeply into metaphysics at this point—they served the purpose of the Animate knowing itself for what it was, and is, and thus creating the item of identification and making the phenomenon of Thinking a possibility.

IN ORDER to exercise the thinking faculty—if it can be called a faculty—the things thinking and the things thought about must both have identity. You can't think about anything until you've identified what it is. If you believe you can, try it. You'll find yourself thinking of absolutely nothing, and even in thinking of nothing you'll at least be entertaining the idea mentally that you are thinking of nothing. So you're actually thinking about something, though it's Nothing as an idea. You may think of a lot of things you don't know the accurate nature of, electricity for instance, but first you'll have prefaced such thinking by some aspect of identification even though it's mainly how the thing considered performs.

No, to think at all you must first identify. You don't think until you do identify. So I contend the basic identification of all identifications must ever be—

“I am the Thing that has the ability to motivate myself from Inside and am therefore Alive, and these objects, articles, or substances surrounding me do not have such power and are therefore inanimate or non-alive. Therefore I know myself for what I am, even though it's no more than distinguishing myself from what isn't aware of what it is.”

That, indeed, must have been the very first thought that ever crossed the Mind of Thinking Deity, or First Cause of our material world—making its self-activating nature apparent by creating a universe that wasn't self-activating, and identifying one item by contrast to another.

The thing is really more profound and vital than appears at random glance. You may cry testily, “I know that I'm alive and can identify myself, so let's get on with it.” But don't you see, that's only an observation. By no means does it identify *what* you are, excepting as exclaimer of an observation. It's what you are behind all the observations of twenty million years that I want to get at. I'll show you what I mean by doing some real *thinking*...

LET'S give ourselves and thinking a New Look.

Suppose that in so-called “interstellat” space there wasn't a single sun or star or planet—absolutely *nothing*. Of course such a condition is inconceivable because nothing about it can be identified, but you can first identify primordial Space by thinking of the astronomical distances between the known heavenly bodies and then annihilating them utterly in imagination. Suppose that in such omniversal Space without so much as a grain of mustard seed, there existed just one Self-Aware Thought. Just *one*. You might say that couldn't happen because self-aware thought would require a brain to think it, and such brain would be a *thing*. But I dare to tell you that as we climb consciously up the many planes of cosmic consideration, the most shattering discovery we're due to make is the realization that Thought as Self-Awareness *can* exist and function without any sort of mechanism thought. Enhousements and vehicles are truly only expedients for securing some sort of external result or effect, as we shall see.

Suppose, to get on with it indeed, in such omniversal Space there was just *one* Self-Aware Thought. If it could coil up and project just one atom of so-called Energy and identify it as such, it would have solved both the riddle and the quandary of its own existence-identity. It could say, “I am the self-activating Thing that exerted energy out my mental self, congealed it into nuclear pattern, and prescribed the conditions under which it operated in order to continue to be identified as an atom. I will activate energy—which is only thought external to myself—into billions of trillions of additional atoms. The more I thus activate, the keener will be the force of my own thinking in respect to mine own identity.” At the billions of trillions of such atoms were thus integrated into the constellations and planetary systems the Omniverse as man knows it took

identifiable from.

Actually what was, and is, being identified is the Self-Motivating Consciousness that projected it.

However, we have all of us the tight to exclaim, where did the Self-Motivating mental Unit come from in such primordial spatial isolation?

It isn't chasing the devil around the stump to consider that it didn't require to have a birth, since anything truly self-motivating is eternal in both directions, one called the Past and the other called the Future from our *present* stand points only. The act of considering events as occurrences in between definite startings and finishings—in other words, sequences—is a finite reflex utterly. This lowest cosmic place called Mortality in which we are at present existing and performing in fleshly vehicles as I shall show further on, is a place that features Beginnings and Endings—or it appears so to us—as a concept that permits the envisioning of eternity and limitlessness. If things didn't appear to start and stop in this earth-world, our intellects couldn't grasp what was meant by something going on *forever*. But the real matter on any plane would be the apparent proposition of result of a cause, physically at least the cause being the procreational activities of his parents. This very planet on which we live, love, and fight our battles is a result—of a cause unknown as to its nature but which we can mark in astronomical time as 1,850,000,000 years in the past. Science knows this from knowing the rate of radioactivity of certain minerals and estimating the time it has taken them to exhaust themselves into transmutation. But how could any aspect of Thinking Entity come in omniversal Space without a cause?

We are required to look upon it that Divine Spontaneity, seeming to be progenitor of all that seems finite to us, is truly a condition within itself with Time but a hypothetical gauge by which we measure event. Cause and Effect actually are but illusions of Time, in other words, consequential series of events. Abolish or negate the capabilities of our own consciousness to measure in Time-terms, or expand consciousness—in this case a consideration of limitation—to encompass all Time, no matter how many trillions of years, into the one electric instant of realization, and *self-realization* is its own First Cause. I know this doesn't explain where God came *from*. But can you dabble in Seventh-Plane thinking to the extent of grasping that perchance God couldn't have come *from* anywhere because there was no "place" from which to come? Being all that is, we strive mentally to conceive of Him—or at least Holy Spirit—by the fabrications and estimate-gauges of our own Time-delusions. We want Him to conform to the limitations and Time novelties of this very lowest phenomena-plane of all. And we can't so consider Him because Consciousness in the abstract can't be comprehended in terms of the Finite. Really we look subconsciously for God to have parents, and those parents to have forebears, and so back *ad infinitum to what?* I was reading a psychical paper the other evening—received from Britain, by the way—in which the Instructor referred to mortal consciousness so developed and expanded that everything happening in half a dozen worlds was known at once, in the electric instant of occurring. We poor little one-called mortal mentalities, tiring out our tuppence worth of grey matter conjecturing on the beginnings of God, are limited to thinking of only one thing at a time. Two things distract us, and three drive us crazy. We say we can't "comprehend" them because their diversity distracts us. Really we mean we lack the intellectual capacity to register them. But if all things actually *are* happening within Divine Mind, then Divine Mind and the things that happen may be considered synonymous. The happening is the registration in itself. I'm coming back to this in many graver aspects.

THE ACT of considering events as occurrences in between definite startings and finishings is a trick of the mortal Time-delusion, let's put it. And it seems to have derived from the spasmodic progressions of so-called Evolution. Whatever has an end must have had a beginning. Because of an apparent ending there must have been a beginning. One is corollary of the other. In practical terms this is saying no broomstick could exist with only one end—it would thereby be something else. This introduces identity again. What we mean is, a one-ended broomstick would be “unthinkable”, just as an unidentified object or condition is unthinkable in any aspect. God and Holy Spirit, corollaries, are unthinkable because nonidentifiable, ... at least on this plane of Time-delusion. We are solemnly assured that higher places of consciousness exist where God is thinkable because identifiable.

However, when we say that a thing is nonidentifiable on this plane, what we're truly saying is, that nowhere in this world appreciable to our senses has an object or condition been intelligently observed analogous to such phenomenon as puzzles us. Unless the mortal mind first finds some item or condition in the natural world from, or by which, such comparisons can be drawn, the nonidentifiable remains inconceivable. This is queer, when we truly stop to think of it.

No human intellect up the past 1,850,000,000 years of this planet's Time-endurance *ever created of himself a truly original idea!* What we call “new ideas” have been derivations of ideas first projected by the Divine, or associations and combinations of them. This, for the reason that ideas always are bound to concern *things*. And things have just one root, the Mind of Holy Spirit. However, this is digression.

Mortal mind refuses to accept that God—allowing His existence as very real—could ever die. Yet inconsistently it turns about and demands, “If there be any God, what was His origin? If there has been a Great First Cause, what existed before It happened?” or it looks at human life in the individual instance and says, “Behold your broomstick with only one end: A man or woman originates, soul and all, from the copulation between a given pair of parents. Having so originated, such soul never perishes but goes on existing deathlessly throughout the millennial of eternity.” You and I both know what such acceptance is. It is the fundamental plank and platform of Christian religious dogma. Every man and woman who marries, therefore, although admittedly finite in themselves, set up in the domestic business of creating imperishable and infinite souls in the children they produce. And this has been going on, apparently, for the last million years that the human race in some form has been existing on earth. The broomstick with only one end to it—the “beginning end” ... God must have “come” from somewhere. Children originated by mortal parents can live throughout eternity—if they're nice children and have gone to Sabbath School and learned their celestial manners—but it is their parents who thus start them off at the business of living eternally. It seems to me that in considering the stupendous problem of what you are, and where you actually did come from, it's terribly necessary to try to unlink ourselves from this dogmatic conditioned reflex of every object or occurrence requiring a “beginning”, whether or not it has an ending, and considering God and the Omniverse as reaching back as birthlessly behind us as we commonly accept it's reaching deathlessly in front of us. Can we do it?

Probably not, because this is a world in which our thought processes operate from a basis of everything that exists having derived from something else that previously existed, and thereby do we get our identifications to think at all. Thinking, as we know it, I say again, is treating with identifications, and identifications are recognizing and naming things according to how, and from what, they originated.

In other words, everything that enters into thinking came from a parental something else. In the finite or material world we trace this ancestral lineage back to the atom—and identify a positive and negative charge of electricity and little else. What a positive and negative charge of electricity may be, we can't for the life of us explain, excepting that they seem to be the original "substance" out of which "solid" matter derives. In the infinite or natural world we trace the ancestral lineage back to the pre-Cambrian sand worms or the virus-polyp and say, "There are the first creatures that give evidence of being self-activatedly alive and so must be the ancestors of all animate things in our universe as we know it." Then we ask, "But a previous form of thinking intelligence must have created—or begun—the sand worm or the virus-polyp" and we postulate that Thinking Intelligence by the convenient term "God", a Being quite as unintelligible—because nonidentifiable—to us as electricity. So no matter whether we travel the material or spirituality. So no matter whether we travel the material or spiritual route, we reach the same destination: *Nothing*, or in its elementary meaning, No-Thing.

NOW in considering the stupendous mystery of You, what you are and where You came from, there are ways of identifying the original No-Thing for mental working purposes, the same as there are ways of identifying nonseeable and nonhandlable atoms for chemical working purposes. One is by observation and recording of their mass effects, or supposing them to be in existence as we conceive them from mass effects.

Parents are only identifiable from the fact that they are adults who have created children. God, or the First Cause, is only identifiable to us from the fact of His apparent creations. The birthlessness of God—or the First Cause—can only be grasped, or materially identified, by the eternity of His No-Thing-ness transformed into a state that we can identify.

Now the eternity of the No-Thing-ness of God—by which we may reach the SomeThing-ness of You—sounds like mental nonsense until I call something that isn't nonsense to your attention. Between the earth and, say, the moon there's an area known as Space, isn't there? It's always been there, hasn't it? Fifty trillion years ago Space was still Space and had an uncreated existence before the heavenly planets appeared to mark it off. *Did anyone create Space?* Was apace required to have a beginning? It existed by the fact of itself, didn't it? It had an eternity of existence from the fact of itself. And yet it couldn't be identified for the thing that it was until at least five heavenly orbs—suns, stars, planets, or meteors—appeared within it to give it three dimensions: two to mark it for length, one in relation to the first two to mark it for width, and two others—one placed above and one below—for height and depth. Thereby Space became identifiable as the distances contained within these five relationships. But the peculiarity of this geometrical arrangement was, and is, that you as the observing entity must be *inside* the groupings to have them make sense to you. Hypothetical points might serve as well as suns, stars, planets or meteors, to make Space intelligible for what it was, and is, but actually you couldn't grasp the fact of width, length, and depth unless you were inside the arrangement looking out toward the points. If you were outside the arrangement they would always resolve to a meaningless flat place, just a five-pointed figure. You couldn't appreciate Space as a something in which you could pilot an airplane. In fact, you couldn't identify it at all. You have to be *in* it, or as we say, incarnated inside it, to know of its existence. It will have such existence without a beginning or an ending. But reacting intelligence can't pick up the fact of such existence until something expressive of the five aforesaid points is made apparent and the observing consciousness enhouses in the midst of them. The five points may be great

constellations, or gnats winging in summer sunset, but they do make the eternal Space between them intelligible to consciousness. All ten of them may cease to exist by reason of interstellar holocaust and wouldn't cease to exist; only its identification sues by which consciousness grasped the factuality of it.

So the eternity of seeming No-Thing-ness considered in terms of Space isn't such mental foolishness after all. Real estate operators and landlords in lower Manhattan certainly don't think so. Instead of being Nothingness, Space is so actual and tangible that the latter buy and sell it. In the Berlin Corridor, Russia and the United States even warred about its reality.

So therefore do I declare to you that you can jump the gap from Nothingness to Somethingness to get the first atom, because if you can materialize one atom out of Nothingness like Space, you can materialize a billion trillion sextillion and get a solar system. You do by considering the following—

In the first place, what is Somethingness and in the second place what is Consciousness?

COMMONLY we would say that Somethingness is a state or condition containing two or more identifiable items, presumably material objects.

Consciousness is the state of knowing one's own existence and directing one's personal performings;

Somethingness depends on objective realities;

Consciousness depends on subjective awareness—in other words, you don't require objects to be in front of you or about you to *create* the state of consciousness, you can be conscious that you are yourself in the blackest void that ever existed and with no part of yourself in contact with anything material. You can be hypothetically lifted a million miles into the darkness of interstellar space, suspended there between the worlds in an utter static condition, and you would still experience the realization that you were yourself. Time wouldn't enter into it because you might hang thus for ten thousand years and only be aware of the present instant's realization—that you were *You!* The present instant's realization, I say. A billion years might be behind you and another billion years in front of you, but they would really mean only so many words describing an interval in which events *might* happen. You can't live Time that is already gone. You can only live and realize the present electric instant—which forever endures. You can remember events which happened and registered upon your soul-mind, but the registration had to do with the events and not with the Time that was spaced between them. Without an event of any nature either transpiring about you or involving you, you have no way of remembering Time at all. The only thought you can think is the one subjective thought, "I am myself!" You don't know where you are because there's no occurrence to give you any identification of your location. Actually your whole consciousness would consist solely of the thought, "I am myself!" It would be the only thought you *could* think. You'd know of your own existence and your own mental processes, and that's all you would know. You wouldn't *be* a thing that you were aware of, because you would have nothing to which to compare yourself and thus identify yourself. If you weren't a thing you'd be No-Thing—in all logic—or put the two words together and get *nothing*, ... the same as the Space about you would be no-thing or nothing. Still the essential thought of yourself would be there... "I am myself."

This isn't a mere word exercise, or didactic play on terms, and you'll see the whole import of it when we begin to consider the planes above Earth as places of Illusion—some of them—or Pure

Thought. This is a serious attempt to get a new concept into your mind by means of a fantastic but by no means spurious hypothesis. Of course you can come back at me with the purely mortal and three-dimensional logic, "I've got to have a *brain* to think the I-am-myself thought, and a brain means having a body, and having a body in such an interstellar situation means I wouldn't live ten seconds—I'd expire for want of oxygen or freeze into solid ice in the subzero temperature between the worlds. So the notion is founded on a premise that couldn't exist and is spurious from scratch." But wait a minute! ...

Maybe it's not quite so spurious as it sounds. I'll refer you to cold scientific physics—and use the fearsome reality of the atom to expound to you that the brain and the body on which you set so much store, attesting to your materiality and therefore ineligibility for the interstellar predicament, aren't what you so easily assume them, take a long breath and hold on tightly, for we're going into strange precincts for a few minutes to get this mortal background of yours straightened out ... or at least give you some entirely fresh thoughts to think concerning it. It was Epictetus who said a long time ago that men are usually tormented more by the thoughts they think about things—that is, their opinions about things—than they are by the nature of the things themselves. You may be tormented by my illustration—or the seeming lack of rationality in my illustration—partly because of your preconceived opinion of what your body is, and not by what it is actually. Let us see...

I MENTIONED the atom bomb.

My reason for making reference to the atom bomb isn't because I entertain any notion of exploding one under your bedroom window and lifting you by force out into the aforesaid interstellar predicament. It's because the atom bomb, by the very nature of its manufacture—and use at Hiroshima—*has proven the actuality of the atom*. Men have never seen one atom with the naked eye although Dr. M.J. Buerger of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology photographed atoms of iron and Sulphur as they arrange themselves in a crystal of marcasite FeS₂. He did this in 1950 with a microscope of his own devising, and Dr. Albert Cushing Crehore of Cleveland brought the photographs to my attention. By reason of detonations and microphotographs therefore, men know the atom exists and that its structure is what they've conjectured it, because when they use their hypothesis proves up, resulting in a *bang* so loud that the remotest government on earth hears it and proceeds to Take Steps. Well, what is its hypothetical structure?

Even our school children are beginning to know, in this precocious age, that all Matter, organic or inorganic, breaks down first into molecules—which are the smallest particles of a given substance you can determine and have it remain that substance—and below that, atoms, which are three forms of electricity, Positively, Negative and Neutral. The Positive and Neutral in tight association form the core or centrosome of the atom, called the Proton. The Negative aspects of the same electric charge form the Electrons, which may move about the proton as planets swing about the sun or fly off into Space—which we've already seen as Nothingness—and be permanently lost to the Proton in the behavior known as Radioactivity. Queerly behaving little planetary systems, we can call them, atoms, for literary working purposes. *But planetary systems composed of what?*

The physicist says Electricity. The chemist says Ether. Ask the physicist what electricity is, and he'll answer by explaining what it does. Anybody knows what it does. Whoever has toughed a live wire on the vacuum cleaner knows what it does. We demand to know what it is. But we won't get an answer because while electricity constitutes the basic form of all Matter, it doesn't seem to be a material of itself. It is more what we might describe as an Energy form into pattern. But energy of

what? Well, energy of no-thing, or nothing. Energy of itself. Energy in the abstract.

Right there the attention of the average layman fizzles out. How can you have energetic human male dressing with dispatch to keep a date with a girl. You can have an energetic rabbit darting frantically about a moonlit prairies to escape the talons of an owl. But to have the energy of *itself*, without the youth or rabbit, is manifestly an absurdity. Energy is the expenditure of force by which something is moved or altered in location or condition. To have the energy in any appreciable form of display, you must first have the something by which it is displayed. And right here you should begin to get a wholly new slant on this business of the origins of realities. However, you probably won't. Others may pull themselves u short and evidence enough grey matter to respond, "That mayn't be strictly true. We can have energy without an instrument or medium as a property." Have we anything in Nature that offers us an exhibition of Energy without so-called substance to produce it or maintain it? Of course we do. Right away we run into an exhibition of it so obvious that all our daily orthodox notions about Energy do a somersault. What about the common garden variety of lightning-bolt in the ordinary summer's thundershower?

Is it substance? Clouds may be heavily "charged" with electricity in unequal amounts. They may relieve this lack of equilibrium by transferring some of it from clouds that have too much to clouds that have not enough. The lightning-bolt is the equalization in the transfer. But it is no part of the clouds themselves or the earth to which it sometimes travels—with the local fired apartment summoned in consequential hurry. All the same, we know what happens if a human being or a church steeple or a particularly lonely tree happens to be in the path of the adjustment. In the fraction of second these can be annihilated. But by what? ... A material projectile of any sort? No, by Pure Energy in the abstract.

In all of which I will agree with you as my adversary quickly lest you turn and rend me or the readjustment rend both of us and leave no more to be said and no one to say it. But I go one step further with your own example.

What are Light Waves but pure energy in the abstract? What are Cosmic Rays raining by the trillions upon earth with each moment that passes and permeating through all substances, but pure energy in the abstract?

So we do have the proposition to consider that Pure Energy—though we don't commonly know what it is at present—may exist and demonstrate of its own integrity. And coming right down to it, we quickly arrive at the conclusion that in common thinking we're put the cart before the horse. It isn't Matter which makes energy. *It's Energy that makes Matter.* The atom starts the build-up of Matter is abstract energy harnessed into pattern.

We might say practically, to get an idea-image of the thing and thus identify it for thinking purposes, that every atom is three varieties of miniature thunderbolt exercising in such a design of cohesion that we can regard it as permanent unit.

If we have a central thunderbolt of positive and neutral energy with one thunderbolt of negative energy playing about it, we've got an "atom" of hydrogen. Add five more central thunderbolts and five more planetary thunderbolts and we don't possess an atom of hydrogen any longer, we possess an atom of carbon—which as everyone knows is the basic element of sugar, coal, graphite, and even diamonds. From there on *up*, every time you add thunderbolts to proton or electrons, you get what man terms in his three-dimensional consciousness, the chemicals, the fabrics, the metals, the minerals. In fact, such *is* the difference between every material existent in the universe. Differences in numbers of thunderbolts. Numbers of thunderbolts, or energy in the abstract, in continual

concussion and pattern of operation, are added or subtracted. And that's the world you're living in mortally, which you consider so hard and reliable and permanent. Yet I ask you again and again, thunderbolts or energy made of *what*?

RIGHT here, again I say, the average layman gets all snarled up in his conditioned reflexes respecting the nature and properties of Matter and can go no further. If Matter be composed of atoms, which in turn are little thunderbolts of energy, and energy—positive, neutral, or negative—just abstract force of some kind, then he's being asked to believe that human beings and all the objects and material furnishings of earth, and the suns and planets, can really have no materiality and aren't there at all. The whole universe and everything in it, are actually composed of *nothing*, just like the Space we considered at the outset. Any six-year-old child or sixty-year-old moron knows factually that the universe and all its materialities *are* there and when either is hit by an interstellar meteorite or speeding motorcar, the result is a long way from being struck by nothing. What's wrong then with our analysis, or, as we say, reasoning? We can prove the structure of the atom by separating electrons from protons in the atomic bomb. We can prove that when solid bodies are hit by meteorites or motorcars they certainly have been hit by something because always there's a mess that requires cleaning up. How to reconcile these contradictions and paradoxes?

The cue to the solution was propounded as aforesaid by Epictetus in the First Century of our so-called Christian era: Men are tormented by the opinions they hold about things and not by the things themselves.

You hold opinions about the destructive solidarity of Matter *because your consciousness is operating on the same frequency of solidarity.*

You find your consciousness "captured", so to speak, in a presentation of cosmic affairs where the vehicles which holds it or indicates its exercise, operates or "exists" on the same gradation of atomic thunderbolts. Therefore you get the effect of solidarity of atoms which you have some to name Reality—that is, substantiality.

If your consciousness operated at the cosmic ray frequency, it would behold the universe and everything in it as porous or tenuous as a shape made of steam. You could walk through it as readily and with no more destruction than a man going to the corner drugstore after a pack of cigarettes through fog. Your whole self-realization could move through walls and "solid" substances as easily as the sound waves from a broadcasting station enter an earthly residence of brick, stone or wood with every door shut and every window licked. Dr. Milliken of Cal Tech, discoverer of cosmic rays in the first place, shot them through forty feet of solid lead beneath the waters of Lake Arrowhead and they never struck an atom; they were small enough and fast enough to penetrate through the interstices between atomic units. But your consciousness—or realization of your own existence and mental processes—doesn't operate at cosmic-ray wavelength. It operates at the wave length of the atomic materials in your accustomed physical self or the "substantial" world about you, through senses that give peculiar and distinctive properties of that "substantial" world of little patterned thunderbolts, and you accept the *phenomena of their impacts as material reality.*

You walk up and touch a table with your hand. You declare you "feel" the table. You aver from such feeling that the table is "solid"—is of such and such size and weighs such and such poundage. The table is very "real" to you because of the manner or avenues by which you are considering it or identifying it *as* a table. But the physicist would tell you that the feeling of substantiality you get from touching the table's top is truly the impact of the wood's electrons against the electrons in

your fingers. The atomic thunderbolts of patterned energy making the table are in a drumming collision with the atomic thunderbolts of patterned energy making the protoplasmic sense-bearing nerves of fingers, hands and arms. The energy in the table's materials is meeting the energy in your organic materials and your sense-mind registers *Reality!* Make the collision of one with the other too violent and you shatter one or the other. You pound on the table or press upon it until you crush it or your break the bones of your hand. Change the frequency of your consciousness to cosmic-ray shortness and you poke your hand through the table as though it were tissue paper, or better, a piece of mortal house furniture made of gale-blown snowflakes.

Now all of it may seem to have wandered quite a distance from our discussion of origins and how Something can ever have evolved from primordial Nothing... your spirit-soul, if you've got one, as well as the Master Spirit-Soul we label Divine Consciousness. But pay very serious and close attention to the rest of it —

NO ONE in his senses does make the claim that something *has* come from nothing and thereby projected a universe—of one atom or a billion-trillion-sextillion of atoms. What the sober researcher into the eternal verities confronts is the gradual realization that *no such thing as Something has ever been created*. All is still as much Nothing as primordial space ever was fifty trillion years bygone or will be fifty trillion years in future. What *does* find itself in a state of existence analogous to the accredited realities of Creation is abstract Consciousness and abstract Energy —the first the power of capability to direct such organizing and disbursing even when there's nothing to be organized or disbursed, and the power or capability to complete such organizing or disbursing in pattern and know what is meant by it in relation to the observant entity's *own* integrity of creation. That may sound deep at first time reading it.

But stay with it. You'll get it.

Neither Energy nor Consciousness in such aspects are Things. Rather, they're conditions of apparenity. When you've suddenly come into grasp of this, the whole material universe will reverse itself for you, the horse will go in front of the cart where he properly belongs, and you will necromantically—as you think—begin to grasp why the great mystics have been uniformly ale to do such remarkable things in, or with, consciousness all up the ages. Much of the puzzling phenomena of psychical research will begin to make sense to you as well. In short, you'll get a wholly new concept of life and its miracles, not overlooking the greatest miracle of all, the miracle of Evolution—which we are going to examine in considerable detail further along in this book. True, you'll find yourself thinking along different lines than your introvert fellow creatures thereafter, but you'll know compensations of intellect that must live whole cycles of experience to grasp.

But make sure you understand me here...

I'm certainly not going off the deep end and prating to you that the realities of the universe are all illusion, that all you're doing is dreaming or imagining them, and all you've got to do to be happy and avoid complication is withdraw into a small private Nirvana and blank yourself and the universe smugly and completely from existence. In the first place, the so-called realities of this universe are anything but illusion—which means fabrication of the object or situation by the imagination. In the second place, it's doubtful that anybody could create a personal Nirvana—or blissful nothingness—and get into it consciously without creating unconsciousness, which means nonexistence.

Nirvana means a static universe complete within yourself.

What I'm trying to get across in a great many words, as I say, is this:

The state of Consciousness is a condition unto itself that came about—and still comes about—ahead of the phenomena of atomic “Matter” as we know it by the implements or effects of the senses.

Consciousness came first.

Matter deriving from patterned thunderbolts of energy came second.

Because both in their primordial states have no incidents by which to measure Time—any more than Space, which we previously considered, has them—both are timeless.

In seeking to solve the stupendous Mystery of You, what I'm undertaking seriously and logically to expound is, that your consciousness—that is, the state of knowledge of your own existence and mental processes—came ahead, or existed ahead of whatever types of protoplasmic or ectoplasmic vehicles it may ever have exercised to give you the impression that you were alive.

You are timeless because you may have antedated the earliest known forms of life on this or any other planet, but it required a stupendous pageant of events happening externally to you to bring you to entertain a sense of yourself. After all, what practical or esoteric difference does it make whether you're a million years old or ten trillion years old? There doesn't seem to have been much doing around the universe ten trillion years ago, although you never can tell. On the other hand, slightly less than two billion years ago there was a whale of a lot doing in this particular planetary department of the universe of I wouldn't be writing this book tonight and you wouldn't be reading it.

These are, of course, vest subjects to explore: saying that Consciousness came first and in association with abstract energy wrought the tangible universe, as the common man knows it. What proofs can sane people have offered them that consciousness could possibly exist outside of its own particular physical vehicle, just as we may sensibly ask what proofs we could have offered that Energy could possibly exist in the abstract?

Well, one objection at a time.

FIRST we have to explore as comprehensively as we can just what Consciousness itself may be, and what perhaps it isn't that we generally assume it is. Next we have to explore as intelligently as we are capable just what Energy is, and how it gets its effects so that we can identify it. But bear in mind throughout all of it that we can never for one instant go outside our own limit of observation to make either deduction or conclusion.

Always we are like ants on the runningboard of an automobile, knowing we are being carried some place and perhaps grasping some general idea of the vehicle doing the carrying. But that's all we can know. Neither the experience of being transported nor the general motion of the vehicle's design, gives us the slightest linking of the mass production method in the Detroit factory that made the car or the economic conditions throughout the world that have made the automobile's use so readily universal. However, if we're smart ants and endowed with reasoning talents, we can, from the motorcar's performance deduce some rather accurate conclusions about its probable creation.

So we swing back to the opening of this chapter again and make a fresh start in our observations.

If we see intelligence displayed in the functioning of this electrical world, we have the right to conclude the intelligence existed—or exists—to put it into the shape in which we've found it. If we see the electrical world of which we're a part displaying the phenomenon of Energy, we have

reasonable license to assume that—first—either Energy came something, of—second—Energy is something other than what Man commonly suppose it.

So in exploring You, we find ourselves face to face with the apparent enigma of how the demonstrable universe came into such condition as to produce either one of us.

In exploring Mind and discovering its undying qualities, I want you to grasp as I can help you to do so, why it could never be anything else than deathless. Thereat the Higher planes assume orderly places, and all of a sudden you are a very learned person indeed, going to and fro in the earth with a lot in your head which the average man lacks.

The difference between you and the average man will be, however, that he'll always have that secret apprehension about dying, while you will see Death for the stupendous thing it is and well-nigh be eager to embrace it.

Not ahead of time, however. That's almost as bad as being frightened witless about it. I'll make the Why of this clear to you also, before I'm done.

How did the demonstrable universe come into such condition as the produce either one of us...?

Chapter III

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THE NEW LOOK AT GOD

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OF COURSE, we might as well inquire where God came from, and have done with it. That would entail trying to answer *what* God is. There are as many conjectures as to what God is as there are human intellects to do

the conjecturing. To the Mosaic Hebrew he was a sublimated patriarch-monarch, originally the tribal deity of the Midianite clan that called Him El Shaddee—from which root, apparently, we derive our word *shadow*. To Jesus the Christ He was the all wise and all-protecting Father. To the modern scientist, regardless of religious belief, He is the original cause behind all natural phenomena, who wound up the universe at His caprice untold millennia in the past, shook it close to His ear and set it down ticking. It's been ticking infallibly ever since. To the great rank and file of modern mankind He's whatever the nearest denominational priest or preacher says he is, with social ostracism the penalty for dissension and the brand of Atheist thrown in for good measure.

The New School of Transcendentalism, however, generally identifies God as the Great Principle of the Miracle of Consciousness, knowing that out of consciousness must sprout and develop every good thing commonly associated with the modern idea of Deity. Also, out of the Miracle of Consciousness must have come every evidence we've ever met with, of the existence and exercise of Energy in whatever aspect it chooses to assume for us. To use orthodox terms for the moment to aid in our understandings of the subject, First, Divine Consciousness, then Divine Energy, then Divine Intelligence, performed in the order named to give us the universe where we as human ants ride haplessly on the running board and try to figure out the intricacies of the motorcar made in the celestial Detroit. In other words, Divine Consciousness maneuvered with Divine Energy and evolved a knowledge of Itself that resulted in a universe that is the epitome of Divine Intelligence. It's logically doubtful that the development could have been otherwise. Divine Consciousness could not have exercised Divine Intelligence and gotten Divine Energy because Intelligence is a *product* of Energy, never the reverse. You don't make a man energetic by giving him intelligence; you make him intelligent by giving him energy.

However, no more is to be gained by squabbling over such conjectures than is to be gained by arguing how many angels can dance on the point of a pin. Angels don't dance, to begin with, and a pinpoint would be a nonsensical place to try out the terpsichorean art, especially if the celestial beings didn't happen to have on sandals. We do know we've got something that is to all appearances and purposes a workable universe in which Consciousness deploys and gets self-beneficial effects. We do know that we happen to be conscious units of it, and in it, and that it seems equally as irrational to say it "just happened" as to say that General Motors factories throughout Michigan

“just happened.” It isn’t chance that adds seven to eight and correctly announces the sum as fifteen. It takes Consciousness to do that—and third grade intelligence. It likewise takes Consciousness and Intelligence to formulate the conclusions that “the whole is the sum of all its parts” and “things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.” Logical cause and effect never derive from blind accident. The composition of what seems to us to be Matter in all its forms is Energy proscribed to inviolate pattern. But the Energy had to exist before it could be proscribed—the proscribing by means of laws being the demonstration of the existence of Intelligence. And Consciousness had to precede both to project them into a performing process. The starry heavens couldn’t have whipped themselves into galaxies by chance and then consciousness come along and recognized their cosmic propriety. If we want to ascribe any sort of Beginning to them we must antedate it with some form of Thought exercising, which said, “I Am Myself!” That having been achieved, whether it took twenty trillion solar years or two and a half minutes, the second Thought following the first should have been, “What can I *do* to prove it?”

Because, in any form of life, it has to be demonstrated.

Mrs. Smith’s new infant is yowling its lungs out in its new crib and Mrs. Jones next-door listens, because she can’t help it. She demands, “What *does* ail that young one? Has it got a pin sticking in it or does it want its dinner?” but not a thing in particular ails it. The new Smith papoose has suddenly gained to consciousness and is suddenly yowling, “I Am Myself!” all over the place. Nobody gives a dam’ that it is Myself excepting itself and its doting parents. But consciousness is certainly working in it according to Hoyle and the infant continues to advise the universe “I Am Myself!” till the Joneses in concert with ten other neighbors band down their windows. Or let’s say that a *Ctenocephalus*—flea to you—finds the philosopher’s fundament and bites it. The philosopher heaves up, taking most of the bed clothing with him if he be retired for the night, and proceeds to discuss *Ctenocephali* with the Creator. The flea has merely said to the philosopher, “I Am Myself” and done something to prove it, the something causing the philosopher to scratch an indelicate portion of his anatomy most of the remainder of the night and part of the succeeding day. The philosopher may reply, “All right, you’re Yourself, but you needn’t be so danged personal calling attention to it.” The flea merely hops to the philosopher’s wife and repeats its identification. The philosopher’s wife is different from the philosopher. She blazes vocally, “Joe, there’s a flea in this bed!” and being sanitary-minded she gets up, light a lamp, and proceeds to search the bedding for *Ctenocephali* lest she and her consort be labeled a perfectly lousy couple. She finds the creature and presently its calling attention to itself has wrought its annihilation. Yet the principle of Consciousness has manifested. Myself has identified itself by a demonstration or doing something.

We have, in demonstration of the fact of Master Consciousness, the demonstration of the universe to attest to Its Myselfship. But for present working purposes we may look upon it—and upon ourselves—as a demonstration of Consciousness only, getting its results through energy to give us the universe of Intelligent performance. Master-Consciousness, which may well have set the pattern for Consciousness that is You, may have taken ten minutes or the equivalent of ten trillion solar years to arrive at the solution of how to attest to its Myselfship. With all due respect, it couldn’t yowl, “I Am Myself!” as the Smith bambino yowls because who in the Great Universe would hear it? It couldn’t bite a philosopher in a personal place because at the time philosophers hadn’t been created and equipped with places to bite. Yet it had to do *something* to attest to its existence. So the thing that It apparently did was to think up conditions *With Itself*, experimenting with this or that design of self-realizing activity and creating the electrical mystery known as

Energy. When Energy was intelligently organized and exercised it began to produce atoms, which in various combinations produced molecules, which in varieties gave us the substances and stuffs, which we identify as materials of every nature and quality.

Without dealing in metaphysical cant or slipshod mysticism that sentimentally passes all onus for what can't be otherwise explained to Divine Mind, the self-evident nature of atomic materials from which a well-nigh limitless universe is composed, seems to attest to this origin in the "I Am Myself" demonstration of Divine Primordial Mind. For want of a better term we can adopt the designation Cosmos-Consciousness to describe the originating Thought-Vibration that began to propel atom-composing energy into the uncharted universe. Not Cosmic Consciousness, ... Cosmos-Consciousness.

Never mind how others may interpret the term, suppose we identify it not as the whole universe being aware of its own existence and mental processes and indulging in exercise of thinking in its own right—because it's doubtful that the universe as a universe does the slightest bit of thinking—suppose we identify Cosmos-Consciousness as the original "I Am Myself" realization, originating energy from within its own meditative or cogitative processes and rolling such energy up into the electrical atoms from which our universe of seeming materials is derived... and exhibits daily about us.

Thus the universe wouldn't be the mind of God-Stuff so much as the demonstration and *effect* of the Mind of God or the consciousness in which Cosmos displayed such features of Itself as could be abstractly discernible to its sentient parts. Thus the Divine Mind could have what we call Individuality while at the same time *we* lived, moved, and had our being in the vibratory effects of such mental processes.

Divine Self-Realization would produce the electrical energy that gives us atoms and we as prototype of the same self-realization could use those atomic thought-products to get our own expressions of the "I Am Myself" impulse.

On the other hand, it is equally as possible that each and every one of us as consciousness units can do—and *do* do—the same thing on a smaller scale as Cosmos-Consciousness has done, and continues to do, on a universal scale.

It's no impiety to say that having had Cosmos-Consciousness breathe into our nostrils the breath of life we ourselves may be embryonic divinities of a sort, and I'm going to bring some remarkable testimony of the possibilities of this to your attention as I continue the chapters of this book.

The fact does remain that Consciousness—even the everyday human variety—is capable of doing many things and displaying many attributes that can have no foundation in the careless and callow assumption that it is the property of pure physical body only. Consciousness does manifest through the human body and for that reason and to that extent people say that the human body is conscious and alive. But the human body can also be alive when it certainly is not conscious—as happens every night when we fall deeply asleep or when we are "knocked out" by a blow on the jaw, or when we take anesthetics for a surgical operation. Conversely, Consciousness can manifest apart from the human body, as has been attested in thousands of instances duly authenticated by the unchallengeable records of the American and European psychical societies, both during the life of the body and after the body's decease. Many of those instances I have not only investigated but personally witnessed and even participated in, which in the proper place I shall describe in detail. As if this were not enough, thousands of my readers will know of instances within their own experiences when consciousness has similarly performed.

IF CONSCIOUSNESS—the state of knowing of one’s own existence and mental processings—can perform apart from the body in the slightest particular, it proves by such performance that it cannot be a capability for which the body of itself is alone responsible. It must be a capability independent of the body as to origin, though involving the body upon most occasions in common exercise. It is in this ability to enlarge consciousness from the body and operate apart from it that we get the richest material for our study of the Real You. Because our conclusions attest that while You materially consist of the present body that you are occupying, the latter is not *all* of You. There’s a tremendously big portion of You that must be extraneous to your body—*what I might call the nonperishable part*. But to get back to Cosmos-Consciousness as the background for all this...

There must have been a Consciousness, which produced Cosmos because we do have Cosmos or the factual universe before us, or about us, as its product. As a produce it indicates too many features that could only have come into existence through a Performing Intelligence to declare the whole thing the effect of chaotic happening. However, as a universe it’s only factual as it’s perceptible to our own concurrent degree and frequency of consciousness, indicating but not necessarily proving that our own origin and cultivation of consciousness mayn’t have been very fat dissimilar to the Cosmos-Consciousness which found an intelligent way of compressing energy into pattern to make the scheme of materials seem substantial. It’s by no means an illusionary universe, I say again, and yet the nuclear fission physicist knows there actually is nothing “solid” in it *anywhere...* merely an effect of energy, which gives a effect of solidarity when approached by consciousness on a corresponding wave length.

Religious people uniformly apply the term God to this original Master-Consciousness that has gradually “thought” all this orderly natural phenomena into perceptible reality. But God can as readily be a Self-Expressing Condition as He can be a super-personality, and forfeit none of His divinity. After all, the term “Condition” means only the state or mode in which a person or a thing exist and Divinity means the quality or character of being divine—that is, pertaining to, or proceeding from, or of, the nature of God or a god. Never forget that God or gods is only a concept of personality-attributes superior to the human by contrast *with* the human.

When we speak of the divinity of God, therefore, we’re merely referring to the *nature* of God. And we can only grasp His nature through His self-expressions, ... which in our own case and to our own perceptions is the universe, which He produced and now sustains. We have no other way of knowing the natures of Divine Providence. The theologian may seek to convince us that we come to understand God’s nature through the words of the Bible, but we don’t know for certain that the words of the Bible *are* God’s words. God’s alleged words in the Bible were not only written by entirely mortal men telling us what they assumed God said to them but they’ve been edited and re-edited by scores of scholars and ecclesiastical councils up the course of history, translated from one ancient language to another *entoto* five times and copied and recopied by monks who at their own caprice could insert or delete as they pleased. The latest Biblical editing of “God’s words” has even been done by modern scholars within the past five years. If God’s words have been infallible from the first, why does a group of linguists require to assemble once every century and “fix them up” authentically?

In one part of the Bible we have God presented as a divinity of wrath and jealousy and vindictiveness, in another part He’s a divinity of Love, Mercy, and Eternal Patience—absolutely

contradictory terms. At one place the Bible says that God came down into Eden and “walked in its gardens in the cool of the day”—a purely anthropomorphic exercise—talking with Adam, Eve, and the “serpent” representing the Zoroastrian Devil. At another place we are most solemnly assured that “no man hath seen God at any time.” Why hoodwink ourselves so illogically and childishly about any “infallibility” of Holy Writ? Any intellect above eighteen years of age is capable of recognizing that God has been presented throughout history as the people of any given period or culture were capable of concerning Him.

So, in order that we don’t fall into the same intellectual self-delusion, what can we say of God from our own perspectives excepting what the ant on the auto’s running board might say about Henry Ford... He was the man who made this sort of machine, and by examining the machine he was, and is, revealed as a human male of mechanistic creativeness, ingenuity, and organizational capability, and not a druggist or schoolteacher or newspaperman or polar explorer. Looking up the compiled facts about the necessary natures of motorcar manufacturers the general nature of the late Mr. Ford comes clear. How he treated his wife, what he thought about Paul Revere, about vivisection, about fluorine in drinking water, whether he wore purple socks inside brogans or relished pepper on his ice-cream ... these were not discernible from the features of his product and really were but incidental to his major personality—creating a small, low-priced motorcar that bumped Avernus out of the average American citizen throughout an earlier generation.

We know that our universe exists and performs in nonidentifiable Space. So it must have been in nonidentifiable Space that it commenced to demonstrate. As it attests to intelligence in its structure and performings, whatever caused it to demonstrate must have been intelligent. But when we examine and analyze *what* it is composed of, bit by bit its substantiality refines down to naught but patterns of congealed energy, performing in such a manner as to produce consistent effects on our physical and mental senses. So, to furnish as simple and understandable a background as possible for examining the phenomena of ourselves, we put together this equation—

In the Beginning—seeing we are mortal and three-dimensional and must have a beginning to make things identifiable and thus think about them—in the no-thingness of Space that was as black and nonintelligible as it was limitless, what Genesis describes as primordial Void, and “I Am Myself” essence began acquiring an awareness of Itself. What quantities of Time were involved in this unknowable essence coming to the “I Am Myself” realization, we have no means of computing, much less grasping. But apparently, logicizing from the product which is beneath our fingers, the Primordial “I Am Myself” realization was the original display of the miracle of Consciousness. It must have been unique and complete unto Itself *as* Consciousness and not the performance of an enhousing brain or body because then we should have the right to demand where its materials previously came from, and how and from what they were made, to compose such brain or body. No, ... apparently and logically this primal display and performance of Consciousness was an essence unto Itself, like unto nothing we can find or see nakedly evident in life or Cosmos at the present time. As such, it is unknowable and hence nonthinkable to us except as an abstraction conceived by its performance. There in the colossal void of limitless darkness—and nothingness—it must have put the inquiry to Itself, “How do I *know* that I am Myself, and what can I do to demonstrate it?” And meditating on this challenge to Itself for tens of trillions of years, it might finally have found its answer within Itself: “I will project a form of seeming activity extraneous to my self-consciousness and know that I am Myself by a phenomenon of objective Movement. But what shall *move*? ... My self-conscious Thought, my Consciousness, shall move

external to itself. And when, and as, it moves it shall be known as Energy. I will therefore experiment with such Energy and educate Myself from common self-realization into recognitions of My inherent capabilities that shall be known as Intelligence. The more I learn about My inherent capabilities to express My reality in terms of Movement known as Energy, the more intelligent I shall pronounce Myself.”

So the original and universal Consciousness thought the first Thought and spake the first Word... *a la* the Gospel of St. John puts it, and it’s interesting in the light of our knowledge of modern Science—

“In the Beginning was the Word (consciousness in the abstract, capable of making pronouncements within and concerning Itself) and the Word was with God and the Word was God. The same *was* in the Beginning with (or within) God. All things were made by Him (atomic electro-energy as the base substance of all materials) and without Him was not anything made that was made (in other words, nothing has reality not originating in this primal Cosmos-Consciousness.) In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. (In Him was all consciousness and the All-Consciousness was the illumination of all human units in their smaller cosmic voids, giving them their own cues as to what the I-Am-Myself principle can accomplish. And the light shineth in the darkness (illuminates the voids of all conscious individuals) and the darkness comprehended it not. (Void has no consciousness of itself to produce self-realizations; Consciousness is an essence inviolate to itself in all its aspects and performings.)

so the first God Thought—which when made articulate might have been identified as The Word—wrought the phenomenon of Movement-within-Itself, the little planetary world of the first atom or charge of positive electricity, a charge of neutral electricity and charge of negative electricity. This was exactly one item of hydrogen ... and where in the vast and unknowable universe it may be at this moment would be interesting to learn, because we seem to find it a truth that nothing once created perishes to extinction, it merely changes the pattern of its energy and is called something else. The whole process, from that first hydrogen atom to the billions of trillions of atoms of God-Consciousness-Energy would up since, and composing the universe of seeming reality, is merely one of patterned movement. The electric instant the movement should halt, the universe vanishes as utterly as though the God-Consciousness had stayed witless from Its original inception.

WE MIGHT, to use another metaphor, compare the material universe—or what seems to us to be the universe of discernible materials—to the detonation of a mammoth gun. So long as explosion and concussion continue, the substantial universe exists. Recall it or extinguish it—in other words, end it—and presto! ...*there is nothing!* Not a constellation nor a star nor a sun nor a planet nor an ounce of fabric, protoplasm, mineral or metal, anywhere in Cosmos. Everything would be back precisely to where it was in primordial void. The essence of I-Am-Myself consciousness would find itself cogitating in inky emptiness for another few trillion years, with not even a calendar or clock to mark the sequence.

We may logically, and with respect for the latest findings of physics, provable say that while the material universe isn’t God literally—for God in the foregoing sense has no literality—*it is the product of God thinking in terms of patterned Energy*. Give it as many names as pleases you according to your race, culture, or religion, the hypothesis remains the same from the tangible resulting evidence in every square centimeter of space around us, away to measureless infinity.

God then, we may practically conclude, is truly the Essence of Consciousness that abides and functions irrespective of materials, but that authors materials in order to make Itself discernible.

In the foregoing thirty words is a mighty principle for every self-aware intellect to assimilate who happens to gain to the slightest solution of the mystery of himself.

It is Consciousness Itself, and of Itself in ability to recognize the I-Am-Myself thought, that is hopelessly unknowable, not necessarily the processes by which it gets discernible effects. The only proof we have that it exists at all is its manifestation in the item of each and every one of us.

Each and *every* one of us can think “I Am Myself” and now that it means. Even *Ctenocephalus* in the philosopher’s bed knows what it means. And so long as there is no such thing as material in the universe but only Cosmos-Consciousness Energy harnessed into pattern—which might perish instantly if Cosmos-Consciousness stopped self-identification—we can begin to entertain from here on outward the somewhat awesome thought that Consciousness as an essence is the only real and enduring element that exists in a so-called enduring world at all.

The principle of Awareness, either of one’s own self or external objects and substances, encompasses all other principles of which the Cosmogony is constituted, being the root and author principle of them all. There’s nothing else matching it even in universe so far remote that light must travel a million years at 186,000 miles per second to reach them.

It’s the stuff that the real You and I are made of.

It’s the actual You and Me.

Undoubtedly because it *is* the actual You and Me, and the basic motivation for all that’s discernible in our entirely atomic universe, it’s able to accomplish what it does, extraneous to these protoplasmic bodies of ours in which we periodically find ourselves enoused.

But we’ll take those possibilities up when we come to them. Let’s talk some more about God for a time... not to be overly curious or pious but to arrive at a clearer concept of the nature and purpose of Yourself. I say again, we’re not galloping in all these Para physical terms merely to be didactic or show what a marvelous command of the dictionary we may possess. We’re engaged in searching out the logical reasons why consciousness may do the things it oftentimes does, which has no explanation in pathology.

Incidentally, don’t forget that the nuclear fissionists are following not so very far behind us, because every little while a truly learned scientist lifts his eye from his microscope and expresses his concernment that in truly exploding the hydrogen atom—*completely* exploding it—we may be starting a chain reaction which triggers the universe into utter blank. What he’s trying to say, of course, is that in disrupting the ensemble of God’s First Thought of Energy, he may be calling a stop to that display of titanic concussion that is the knowable universe in the formal sense. The nuclear fissionist is tampering, in other words, with the formula set down by St. John as quoted previously.

No, we’re not dealing in seven-pound words merely to be clever and display our erudition. We’re looking at Thought, as the denizens of a million worlds higher than ours perceive it.

Chapter IV

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THE UNIVERSE AS A MECHANISM

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MEN OF every age have been forced—as Voltaire once commented—to invent God in some aspect or other in order to explain that which was otherwise nonexplainable in Nature, holding them physically subservient. It was a logical conclusion that whatever made a man-creature subservient was more powerful than he and should therefore be respected, venerated, or propitiated. Nature’s physical domination of man thereby childishly confused Nature and God in all the aspects he saw or experienced in the physical world about him.

I hazard the somewhat startling opinion that God may have no more responsibility for the workings of Nature, insofar as they entail privation or mishap to man, than Henry Ford could have been held responsible for the behavior of one of his Model T’s, that ran downhill and killed an old maid schoolteacher in Appleton, Wisconsin, in 1911. God had postulated a universe in which Energy is decreed to perform to a pattern. The result is a world in which Consciousness in the so-called human microcosm can have a totality and uniformity of experiences and thus refine its intelligence as Divine Intelligence becomes more and more refined in the celestial sense, and more and more capable as the aeons transpire in the macrocosm. God isn’t Nature, and Nature isn’t God. God is Energy -Sustaining Consciousness, and Nature is one of the aspects it takes to enlarge and emphasize the I-Am-Myself concept into cosmic intelligence.

Everything goes back to the Enigma of Consciousness, both in the Macrocosm and Microcosm. Endless development into uncircumscribed intelligence seems to be the whole import of it.

We have difficult, of course, grasping these two items. What could *endless* development be like? Is there no limit to the extent or expansion of the intelligence we acquire?

Admitting each is so, the entire agenda of life amid the worlds makes sense.

People become “bored” with life and put ends to current earthly sojourns. They contend they have “nothing to live for.” But unless they be sufferers from unbearable pain, the true reason life bores them is largely because it is teaching them nothing worthy of the effort required to persist in it. People undergoing experiences to great spiritual profit are never bored with life and never kill

themselves. Nothing is of greater experience-profit than a trip to Europe for the first time. Fancy a man or woman of sense committing suicide because they were bored with life just as a great ocean liner was about to disembark them at Cherbourg. The difference between interest and ennui is the difference between learning something new and learning nothing whatsoever. That which implants brand new facts in the head inevitably grips the attention. When existence is utterly sterile of experiences that impart something the soul can use in development of intelligence, we feel we are wasting time meandering futilely about mortality. Show a disconsolate man that life has a pattern that he can follow with profit, and he forgets his despondency. On the other hand, it is doing a man a tragic injury to preach the vicious fallacy of Perfection as perfection. In the first place, you're holding up a prospect of a preposterously static condition to him and assuming he'll be interested. In the second place, if a man actually could arrive at perfection, he'd have ceased to be human. God knows what he would be, since no such thing exists. Perfection suggests a state permanently arrived at beyond which there's no more development nor enlargement. And you're a poor observer of the character of human consciousness if you fail to see that men are basically intolerant of a state or condition permanently arrived at. Man would not care to be perfect because there would lie no achievement beyond it. Man ever wants and seeks to move onward and upward and outward. He may have his periods of exhaustion—or overtaxed resources—when he wishes to rest from moving onward and upward and outward, and enjoy ease and tranquility, but that's chiefly to bring his forces back into balance. Give him too much ease and tranquility and he either degenerates mentally or physically or ... he's bored. To be always *going* on, climbing and expanding, growing bigger and of wider consequence, is man's interest, instinct, and aspiration. Instead of regarding it as mischievous discontent with everything God has provided for him, we should awaken to the fact that it's the very essence of his divine consciousness by which he exists at all. Scientists today are discussing more and more the probabilities of an "expanding universe." Well, why not? There's endless space in which the universe *can* expand. But what they miss in all of it is the significance that it isn't the universe that's expanding as a gesture of its own. It's Cosmos-Consciousness that's increasing, still assuming newer, vaster, and more intricate forms and seeming to make the universe expand because of what ensues in result of it.

Which is precisely the principle expressing in Man the Microcosm.

EXPRESSING and growing and attaining without ever arriving at, or embodying a permanently reached status, is both macrocosmic consciousness—indeed, that *is* consciousness in essence. Consciousness must ever be an expanding and increasing awareness or it becomes self-liquidating. It's the detonation of the massive gun increasing rather than diminishing. To reach a final stopping place would mean instant annihilation, which would mean loss of identity, the whole Cosmos reverting in a flash to the nothing that it is.

Consciousness, in short, must ever engage in the act of expanding movement or cease to be itself. We have a homely illustration in the case of the active businessman who continues hale and hearty and happy from success to success. But let him decide to retire and give up the "thankless struggle" and he triggers his own physical and mental disintegration. He becomes bored and static and crotchety and miserable, deciding the broader life-sense isn't truly a struggle at all. Actually it's the state of everlasting development. Consciousness, to perform at its best, demands employment at constant activity ... or rather, consciousness *is* constant activity and nonactivity is death.

So Cosmos-Consciousness—like its microcosmic prototype, mortal consciousness—is geared

to the gun explosion which never ceases exploding. And the atomic universe with its manifestations of Nature so often confused with Deity itself, is the mechanism by which Consciousness increasingly demonstrates that it is conscious.

Thus are we guilty of committing a fundamental folly when we revert to the childish confusions of the species and think of Nature and God interchangeably, or the behavior of the one being the character expression of the other. Henry Ford wasn't a murderer, nor did he harbor the slightest injurious intent, when he invented and constructed and sold the Appleton flivver that killed the spinster schoolma'am. It was the car that did that, as an inanimate thing responding to the release of a rusted brake-spring. By the same token, God isn't a murderer, nor unjust nor malicious, nor does He probably have the slightest hand in it when one of His great rivers runs amok and drowns ten thousand "innocent sufferers" in the springtime, or a portion of the plant moves to ease surface-tension in response to laws of material stress, and a hundred thousand helpless people perish in an earthquake. To call these happenings Acts of God is as blasphemous as it's archaic.

Sir Thomas Huxley is said to have propounded a "profound" question when he asked his biology students, "Is the universe friendly or unfriendly to men?" The universe is *neither* friendly nor unfriendly. It is apart and dispassionate and impersonal to man because the universe is one essence and man is another. The universe is macrocosmic consciousness in such demonstration gives *him* power to comprehend reality. Both work out their own destinies in their own ways and to their own purposes.

So God ceases to be an old man with a beard—the anthropomorphic notion—or Nature in action, either beneficent or disastrous. Yet He doesn't for one instant cease to be thinking and creating and thus expanding Divine Intelligence. The one thing that He is, in fact, is Thinking and Creating and Expanding Mind with a two billion year start, apparently, on all of us. And if this seems to eliminate God as Divine Providence, dispensing special favors to preferred peoples or personages, it likewise takes the stigma from Him for either ordering or "permitting" vast natural cataclysms that bring heartbreak to millions.

When it comes to the matter of Divine Beneficence, I'll presently expound to you what I think His methods and procedures are for taking care of us all in eternity, like the Father of Christ's cosmogony. What I'm getting at for the moment, is a concept of God that aligns with the facts of the universe and conscious life, as the ant on the running board of the speeding motorcar might try for a concept of the late Mr. Ford, aligning the facts of the celestial machine with the major nature and interests of the "creator" who brought it into being.

And yet, by the way, we have many more aspects of God presented by His universe than the ant has aspects of Mr. Ford apparent in his auto product. And we haven't tapped the biggest one yet—the similarity of our own creative consciousness to the divine creative Consciousness and how they hook together. As for God being our celestial police magistrate who gives a personal hearing on the merits or transgressions of every physically deceased soul brought before Him, consider these facts in cold common sense—

THE mortality statistics of the world's *civilized* countries alone, apprise us that human beings die—in normal times—all over the world at a rate of nearly one person per second, about 63 per minute, 3,780 every hour, 90720 every twenty-four hours, 33,112,800 every year, men, women and children, every last one of which has just as much right as any other to a personal hearing and "Judgment" from the Divine Potentate as to whether he must spend eternity in the Biblical heaven or

hell.

This keeps up year after year with no let-up, the century around. Exclusive of China and India, that record no such statistics, sixty-two billion, nine hundred and fourteen million, three hundred and twenty thousand—62,914,320,000—souls have presumable passed from the mortal scene since the death of Christ. Exclusive of China and India, I say! What kind of a “trial” could any single soul get in less than one second?

The Recording Angel—if we want to accept the theological description of what happens—couldn’t even turn to one’s name in The Book in less than one second, and you couldn’t answer to it. Saint Peter would have even less time to identify you. If you got even a bare thirty minutes allotted to you, sealing your fate throughout eternity, you would have blocked traffic for nearly two thousand new arrivals who had died since you entered the sacred courtroom. If the Almighty decided you were important enough as a personage to consume *two hours*, the crowd of new culprits in the anteroom would have swollen to seven thousand. Does the sheer physical fact of it make sense or doesn’t it?

If your name could be called, however, your identification established, good and bad deeds described to His Honor and sentence pronounced on you in less than one second—in order to keep the celestial corridors clear—when would the Almighty have had time to attend to anything else? The question is asked in all piety. Think of trying and sentencing 90,720 souls the clock around for the calendar around, with no time off for eating or sleeping—which God admittedly doesn’t require to do, anyhow. Even after one year in which He’d decreed the eternal locations for thirty-three millions, one at a time, wouldn’t you imagine He’d be somewhat fed up with it?

As a matter of fact, we know historically that the whole celestial courtroom fantasy was appropriated by the Midianite Hebrews from the Osirian beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, when the world was limited to a handful of small countries in Asia Minor. Yet today, four thousand years later, unthinking millions witlessly subscribe to it, and go through of hell assuming it.

Orthodox fanatics are not lacking, however, who come forward with the solemn asseveration that because “with God all things are possible”, the Divine Father has a different way of reckoning time than we do. Somehow He would lengthen a second of our worldly time into two to six hours of His celestial time, and the Judgment come off on schedule with no more solar time consumed than is contained in nineteen hundred worldly years. They fail to explain why one time-reckoning should be prescribed for the universe He has made and quite another for His own heavenly acts and decreeing. Consummations of acts are consummations of acts, regardless of what place or time-standard be involved. If the Judgment hypothesis is true, either sixty-two billions have been judged or they have not been judged. We can throw the time-gauge out entirely. Granting it took six billion years, the individual judging of sixty-two billion constitutes a formidable task—frankly, too formidable to make sense.

COMES then another sect in so-called Christian thinking—if it *is* thinking—and gets around the difficulty by maintaining that all these people have not been judged as yet at all; they are “asleep in Jesus” ... At the sounding of the last trumpet by the Angel Gabriel they will resurrect in reassemble bodies and—as the Man in the Street would put it—“get the works!” And where is all this to happen? Why, right here no earth where they have died back over the past 19 centuries. Sixty-two billions! Granted that each were allotted the more reasonable period of at least a half-day at the Bar, Judgment on the old Midian Osirian basis would endure *for eighty-eight million*

years—somewhat of a pint-sized eternity in itself for a lot of folk who'd left nice comfortable graves to wait around for those half-day court sessions to arrive at them personally. And who feeds whose sixty-two billion beings resurrected into such physical bodies, or shelters them from the freezing weather of those eighty-eight million winters? The thing gets more and more absurd the longer you regard it with a Remington-Rand comptator at your elbow.

Of course, the average dominie—admittedly sincere—cutting his ecclesiastical suit to fit his cloth, takes refuge, I say again, in the explanation that some way will be found to eliminate the time element. But press him too hard with your technical data and he will start hating your immortal vitals, declare you an atheist, or a free thinker, or a Higher Critic, and have you read out of the Church as a dangerous stirrer-upper. Yet none of it will alter the grim certainty that his survival hypothesis fails to make sense, no matter how you look at it. It is seeking to revert human thinking and scientific knowledge to the ideology of the slaves who piled up stones for the celebrated pyramids, when kings had personal effects moved into their tombs on the assumption that only royalty was assured of life beyond the grave anyhow, and would need such household furniture for comforts in new abodes.

It is something almost as fearsome as it's ludicrous to crystallize religious thinking and keep it static over hundreds and perhaps thousands of years, fitting "beliefs" to traditions and folklore by main strength and clumsiness. It's fearsome because if you object or dissent, the prevailing religionists must have you slain for your heresy, not being able to refute you. As I propose to show you further along, one of the greatest jests in the higher echelons of spirit—for it seems that people do have a sense of humor on higher echelons—are the fantastic absurdities of theologies regarding what happens to people after dying physically, and what dogma would have enforced even though the living dead know otherwise. Yet there is a tear behind such humor . . .

ACTUALLY there seems to be a simple, rational, equitable solution to the enigma of what happens to a person at death and thereafter, but human kind's sacred reflexes are engraved so deeply and its institutions become so scholastically impregnable, that it may be a long time yet before the Egyptian-Osirian concept is effectively relinquished. What the simple, rational, equitable solution is, has its basis in exactly the data we get in psychical research, when we communicate with those who've personally Gone Onward and *ask* them how it has been with them, and how the problem of "Judgment" is handled on the higher places of life and intelligence. They return us answers that make for utmost logic, rationality, and respect.

Well, I'm coming to the whole of it right in this present book—which has been my reason for writing it. But I've got to approach the matter circumspectly, making cosmic fundamentals clear outside the scope of orthodox pathology that you may understand what I'm talking about. It's not a question that can be answered out of hand, by plunging into its middle. And getting straightened out on *Who* and *What* the God Personage is, happens to be one of the best ways to approach it.

Man in the evolution of his own microcosmic consciousness first discovers the Universe; then he discovers Deity; then he discovers himself. You've heard me quote that statement before in countless other writings. But discovering himself is by no means the end of such exploring. There's at least one thing more he finds—and I've also said this in a good many other places —*the Eternity of His Own Spirit*. Meaning his own imperishability, and the fallacy of "death being the end of everything."

Man, in other words, discovers Consciousness for what it is, not for what he's superficially

assumed it is, or accredits that it is, according to cues supplied by some theologian who draws his information from a day when even the most erudite scholars contended that the earth was flat and rested on the back of a turtle. Thereupon his whole philosophy concerning Cosmogony does a triple somersault and he may land at last upon his intellectual feet. Up the past few thousand years he's been landing on his head, losing God-knows-what from his intellectual pockets.

At the present juncture of earth's affairs here at the cock-crow of real scientific research, society is divided into two classes: those who by expansion of their consciousness have proven, or are proving, that the facts of eternity are far more profound and rational than mankind to date has dared to dream, and those who shy from the enigma of Life as from a bottomless crevice in terrain, fearing that if they fall into it and go down, they may never climb back up. So the last remain quite content to subsidize ecclesiastical experts to prescribe their faiths for them, no matter how sublime, no matter how fantastic, no matter how ridiculous. These ecclesiastic experts, successors to the shamans of the days of Nature superstitions, depict the Great Spirit according to the fancies of their inherited creeds or temperaments.

The truth of the matter seems to be that actuality is so much finer and grander than anything depicted in dogmas, temperaments, or superstition, that the sensation at abandoning the latter is one of emancipation.

To adulate a God of wrath and jealousy is to say in substance that one must adulate, love, and admire a nasty old man with a vile temper. To contemplate the phantasmagoria of a fiery hell presided over by the Zoroastrian Devil and all his angels—where human souls burn without ever being consumed, a combustible paradox—then to be enlightened in what does take place and to realize the justice, wisdom, and divine cleverness of it, is like receiving a reprieve from a horrible legal sentence to death by monstrous torture. However, religions must go through evolutions the same as organisms, species and cultures. Uniformly they are current man's concepts of Omnipotence and nothing more. As mankind's thinking shows more and more intelligence—based of course on the expansion of his mass consciousness as a species—so his creed and his God reflect more and more intelligence. But little of it has anything to do with getting at the truth of who or what actually made the universe and still keeps it in operation. It is largely races fear, based on mass ignorance, and race sentiment based on immutable tradition. We have no more licenses to castigate or condemn the trilobite or the polyp, which have played their roles in biologic evolution.

Religions are truly processes or sequences of mass consciousness striving blindly to account for its own origin and its own destiny—and its own conduct withal in the light of both.

SO WE apply ourselves to the quest of learning what may have become available for us to know about our own origin and our own destiny and let those who are mortally and spiritually old enough to get it, take it and profit by it. Squabbling with people over what may or may not be religiously true is life's supreme futility, because you're not squabbling with facts or intellect, you're squabbling with tradition and sentiment, which like consciousness itself must remain implacable in order to be what they are at all.

We contend that the only truly creative essence in existence is Consciousness activating itself into the phenomenon known as Thinking and getting a product of Harnessed Energy known as Atomic Material, and that this must be God because there is nowhere else the evidence of any other. We say it is all-pervading wherever materials are apprehended and that it accounts for evolutionized human creatures on this earth-planet quite as definitely as for the billions of trillions of atoms

making up a star-sun like Betelgeuse—which is so gigantic that its bulk exceeds the orbit of our whole solar system in its track around our sun. *We* maintain that it contains, or at least comprises, *all* the intelligence and sagacity there is in the Omniverse because it *is* intelligence and sagacity in its nature. The only thing lacking about it, for popular acknowledgment, is its seeming impersonality—that is, its want of presentation in terms of physical characterization. Childish mankind does want its Deity to have those patriarchal whiskers. It wants to identify all intelligence and all sagacity in aspects of the sublimated human being. It fails to grasp that the minute God becomes such, He takes on limitation and the very essence of Cosmos-Consciousness is absence of limitation. It is its very absence of limitation that makes Cosmos-Consciousness the creative Phenomenon that It is. To personalize God is to present a paradox. It is to confine or embody Limitlessness within Limitation. It just doesn't make sense.

Because—and we encounter a great fundamental of Truth here—*each physical or personified state we encounter is a tangible and perceptible arrestment of Consciousness within an organic Time-State nothing else, in order to gain to an effect that the God Personality no longer requires, having achieved what it has in order to be God at all.*

READ slowly here and strive to assimilate every word and thought of what I'm now disclosing to you ...

Residence of consciousness within a physical organism, whether the organism be human being or trilobite, must by the very nature of its atomic enhousement be a subjective residence. Subjective here means “inside” as counter posed to Objective or “outside”. It must, in other words, by the fact of its peculiar physical ensoulment, compel self-awareness to function from *within* itself and nowhere else. A concept of things objective is thus realized by finding itself in a state where it is physically inhibited—moving from New York to California in a moment for instance.

Physical enhousement is purposeful curtailment of spirit's freedoms and capabilities, to make us give thought to the nature of Consciousness itself—the “I Am Myself” realization—by curtailment and denial. And it's precisely this expedient that gives sense to mortality, as we shall examine more and more specifically as we proceed with this work.

We progress in the never—ending improvement of ourselves by unique spasms or time-sequences known as mortal lives, from each of which we emerge with increased realization of ourselves and our cosmic potentialities a little stronger grasped and absorbed.

Mortalities therefore, would seem to be exactly the opposite of what the old-fashioned and inhibited religionist regarded them as being. They aren't spiritual freedoms but spiritual imprisonments ... The unit of Consciousness called Soul finds itself confronted by a million activities it is prohibited from performing by the fact of its enhousement in a material body that is called to obey first of all the laws governing materials. These make the soul look inward upon itself and consider itself subjectively. We are doing precisely that at this instant.

What I started to say was, that God—or the All-Creating Cosmos-Consciousness—couldn't personalize Himself to His own laws regulating physical or material limitation. He'd cease to be God objectively—which He most certainly is or we wouldn't—because we couldn't—have an atomic universe. He'd remain a Fod subjectively, thinking solely and selfishly of His own spirit as we humans are doing persistently in *our* flesh.

It would be like a great tonal symposium of Wagnerian opera—which can be broadcast by radio and heard by millions from New Jersey to California—suddenly deciding it will personify Itself as

the reasonably talented first violinist. The first violinist might be more easily visualized because he is a man, but visualizing *men* is one thing, and entering into the celestial harmonies of a great masterpiece of operatic music is quite another. The latter takes in all the musicians making the music, with the conductor and production staff as well, ... everything that enters into an opera being identified as an opera. How childish to grouse: “No, I refuse to believe that such a thing as an opera exists unless you show me the first violinist as an actual man in a Tuxedo, sawing away with his bow and something stringed that’s held against his throat. And, by the way, I insist that he have venerable whiskers as well, no matter how obstructive they may be while producing such music.”

Personally, in my personal researches into the massive enigma of You, I haven’t the slightest objection to God being a human being with whiskers so prodigious they require a couple of angels to fly on either side of Him and hold them up so they don’t become entangled in comets when he moves about His I\universe—if He does! My conception of it is, in all piety, that when you make God venerable human so that you may thus visualize Him, you don’t stop with his prodigious whiskers in presenting Him with mortalities. You pile several vanloads of other strictly humanized traits and features upon Him—or stuff them inside Him—which couldn’t belong to God and still have Him God. The strictly personalized and quaintly temperamental emotions, for instance, such as hate, wrath, jealousy bigotry, pomposity, favoritism for certain races and personages, *every last one of which is but defect of truly noble character in some form*, or at the most remissness in intelligence.

For instance, it is a fundamental of psychology that you hate because you fear. Hatred is unerringly the product of subconscious Fear. And tell me, please, why God need fear anything or anybody? You are jealous due to your inferiority complex respecting a person who’s cleverer or more successful than yourself—and to what inferiority complex could God own, that anyone existent was cleverer than He? You feel Wrath because you have arrived at a point where you are no longer able to tolerate opposition, and propose to smash something vicariously to ease up nervous tension. Does God require to get into such uncouth dither over anything in His self-created universe, that He must resort to blind destruction to ease His emotions? So on down the line of entirely human deficiencies that at once characterize God when you render Him anthropomorphic.

Did Christ, the acclaimed Son of God, show a trace of a single one of them?

Did Christ display a greater character development than the Divine Parent? People who demand a humanized God seemingly insist He be crusty and passionate and throw Himself about like a petty tyrant the morning after a night of banqueting alcoholism. And it not only misrepresents and belittles God but drops sabots in the cogs of fine philosophical machineries producing greatness of *personal* development.

ANYHOW, the fact does remain unchallenged that “no man hath seem God at any time” ... and probably up ten thousand millennia never will see God at any time, because God in His essence of purely abstract and omnipotent Consciousness isn’t seeable. All-embracing, abstract, and omnipotent Awareness, “nearer than breathing and closer than hands and feet” isn’t going to personalize because It couldn’t do it without canceling out identity.

I submit incidentally, as an interesting sidelight, that even if God could and did personalize, He still couldn’t be recognized for Himself after the trillions of solar years He’s been in existence, because He wouldn’t present Himself as what the human race has gained, biologically, at this particular point. He’d present Himself as what the human race would have evolved to, biologically

and organically, after trillions of years. Evolution is still going on in the human species, reflect, as we shall see in our chapter on Evolution. Structure is altering with environment. Crania are increasing in proportions. Excessive hirsute decoration is vanishing. A so-called patriarch of a trillion years hence may truly enough appear what we would call a dazzling youth consisting principally of skull but hairless as an egg.

No, ... sorry to say as we probe deeper and deeper into Biology and physics, God grows more and more absurd to us as a sublimated Moses and more vital and graphic as the universal encyclopedia of all Energy wedded to all Wisdom of which Great Cosmos has any evidence to date. At which the poor little one-called mind of the orthodox illiterate protests, "You're taking away from us the personalized Majesty of Divine Omnipotence and giving us what? ... dispassionate Intelligence without the slightest concernment in human society and no interest in theological affairs beyond seeing the organisms and materials stay in existence. I can't say my prayers to a holy Encyclopedia Britannica!"

That's right, he can't. But suppose instead of saying prayers and thereby considering himself so commendably devout, he tried mastering the Greater Concepts that revealed to him Divinity as it *is*.

So let's look at the poor little orthodox illiterate and consider what he is from the eternal Cosmic Viewpoint...

Chapter V

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FACING THE FACT OF YOURSELF

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AS AN individual you are a unit, *one* unit, You are, in other words, all of the Consciousness Essence that says in your particular essence, “I Am Myself.” But do you realize what a mystery may be contained in the idea of a simple unit, the self-recognizing and personalized Myself? It’s truly something so profound as to give pause to all the philosophers of the universe for the next thousand years.

Frankly, you as an individual are quite as nonexplainable in that respect as God is nonexplainable in many respects.

Actually it appears that You—and each and every one of your fellow mortals—are microcosms of the Consciousness-Universe just as electronic atoms are the microcosms of the substantial universe. The dictionary defines the Microcosm as the world or universe on a small scale, just as the Macrocosm is the world or universe on its vast and total scale, the world or universe as it exists and is perceptible to us. But that by no means declares that the universe of Cosmos-Consciousness is literally the total of all the units of sentient life that may be existing anywhere within it. We’ve no proofs of such a thing or even indications of such a thing. Our individual units of Consciousness may display all the attributes of Cosmos-Consciousness, and God only knows how many aeons of solar time have been required for one to develop the consciousness—or intelligence or lack of it—to write this book or for you to read it. But any son may display many of his father’s attributes and still not be his father. He may have come to maturity amid all the environmental experiences of his father and still exist as a distinct personality. When it comes to taking his father’s place in the world, or filling a similar role in society, that is quite something else.

It’s easy to fall into sizable pitfalls here and say that as consciousness is Consciousness, if anyone had had god’s years and experiences, he could be God ... and many orthodox mystics do exactly that, getting all the old ladies excited over the prospects of their becoming Mrs. Deity at seven dollars the lesson. I’m not an orthodox mystic. I’m an author and publisher producing a book on an interesting and vital subject in result of my unusual researches and observations. I wouldn’t know *what* I could be, if I had Deity’s age and experiences, and I doubt if you would, either. Of course there are whole cohorts of us who display some enigmatic traits, like writing and publishing books, or inventing gadgets that make windows open easier, or successfully influencing or bossing the neighbors—all embryonic duplicates of the celestial omnipotence as to assertion and creation and supervision. Still, that doesn’t make me my Divine Father literally. It may be pretty much of a “monkey-see, monkey-do” imitation. What I’m interested in learning in my dissecting of Yourself as the supreme earthly mystery is, *why should you be a unit?*

Why aren't you a whole flock of units?

Again, what makes a unit, anyhow?

WELL, I'll tell you what I think—or surmise—makes a unit.

It's the smallest atomic part to which Consciousness may be resolved that contains no contradictions of itself.

You don't exclaim, "I Am Myself!" with the frailest fragment of reservation that you aren't yourself. You don't say, "I Am Myself" today, and tomorrow "I Am Part Bill Jones," or "Part Lizzie Smith." You are just *Yourself* and none other, day upon day, week upon week, year upon year amen. And thank God for that, say both of us.

You think "Me! ... Me! ... *Me!*" and no other thought every second of every minute, day and night, throughout twenty aeons, with the single exception I'm going to crash into your ideology and startle you with, in the following: That "Me" or "Myself" in your case, and my case, and every body else's case, takes in our feminine component if we're female, something you mayn't have been aware of to date but which you'd better get aware of in a hurry if you're ever been annoyed or puzzled by the phenomenon of sex and why literally there's just one entity of the opposite gender in the universe you can't live without and be a whole individual. But this matter of the bisexuality of the soul is a subject in itself and needs profound examination. You think "Me, Me, Me," I say, every second of every minute, right around the clock, three hundred and sixty-five days to every year—and three hundred and sixty-six on leap year—throughout twenty aeons, and even when you and your sex component merge, you still think "Me, Me, Me" without qualification.

The phenomenon is significant.

Did the original cosmos-Consciousness contain contradictions or come to contain and think of more than one Me ... that is, consist of more than one unit of self-realization, as it multiplied in power of self-realization and expression? What difference does it make, sine the whole thing is as indeterminable as it is hypothetical. We're off the subject of God now for several chapters and back undistractedly on the subject of You. We're told—with what truth I can't say—that as we "grow spiritually" we cease concentrating on the singleness of ourselves and begin to consider the equal factors in reality or brothers, sisters, and neighbors. So the power of compounding Cosmos-Consciousness may have been due to the contradictions—that is, nonselfishness—that it developed as it got further and further away from the Me and caused God to think of Himself as Us. Our present philosophy, at least, can postpone it...

A UNIT is the smallest mathematical quantity that cannot be once more divided and make two. You are a unit of consciousness that cannot be divided and make two. In so far as you and your sex-half are concerned, you're already been divided, aeons ago, so in your present status of consciousness here in mortality you're still one—the Me that you find yourself and that you filling around all over the place wherever anybody challenges the fact that you exist.

In other words, you are selfish, and have always *been* selfish, ... not to make yourself obnoxious but because it was demanded of you in order to identify yourself as a component grain of Cosmos.

Selfishness, therefore, can't be exactly the sin that certain moralists contend, any more than having distinct fingerprints is a sin, since it has served to your present point to keep you from becoming confused with anybody else. You aren't and haven't been selfish from choice so much as from obedience to a basic cosmic edict.

The edict, apparently, was the command to individuality.

Cosmos, and all your adventures in Cosmos called Experience, don't produce uniformity but individuality. They seek to attain to separations and distinctions. The more distinctive you render yourself, the more character you're reputed to display—and vice versa—and the more influence it gives you among your less developed fellows. The more experience you have, the more distinctive you become.

In other words, while you become more social with your distinctions and development of Character, at the same time you perform the antithetical miracle of becoming more and more individualistic. Look at Christ, claimed to be the controversial perfect Man and Son of God, and yet the most *distinctive*, characterful and yet individualistic personality appearing on earth in the last ten thousand years. Now what can Cosmos be driving at, to start you into self-awareness—or let you start your own self into self-awareness—give you the solitary distinction *Me*, send you through millions of spiritually educating experiences among the performings of atoms, and produce a character as distinctive from all other characters as you may attain?

I suspect that Cosmos is up to its original mission of finding out every possibility *in* Consciousness-Intelligence. Because that can only be done through instrumentality of Individuality, never through uniformity. Uniformities tend to erase individualities—that is a platitude. So whatever tends to erase individuality and substitute uniformity must be working at cross-purposes with the Great Cosmic Life Gesture. It is, in a manner of speaking, *working against God*.

Take notice, by the way, that wherever you find a state of society that attempts by force to make all citizens uniform—whittle everybody down to the one common level—you find a state of society containing within itself in active form the seeds of its own disintegration. Life in such a state is sordid and brutal, not to mention weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. Its death rate is grisly. It is, in effect, a slave society, operating against Nature.

Nature not only strives for individuality, she practically commands it. Whatever, therefore, gives you more individuality, helps you the more readily to fulfill your microcosmic destiny. The more experiences your soul can encounter, and the more varied and even harsh, the more spiritual benefit the macrocosm is conferring on you. It's busiest at the job of making you as spiritually prominent as possible to see how far and how high it can evolve you in any given social sequence. But we're not ready for the enhancements from all of it as yet. We don't want to know WHY so much as HOW.

THE BIG question that immediately interests me at first meeting you is: How many experiences have you had, making you the totality of character that stands before me? This may be another way of asking how many hundreds, or thousands, or millions of years old your soul may be as a self-aware unit. We know geologically that this earth planet, where both of us are located at this moment in the Macrocosm, is about two thousand millions of years in age. At just about what period do you suppose your life-consciousness force began to exercise in self-awareness and started wrapping atomic covering about it to function organically for its subjective-observation sequences?

It's something to think about.

I have the cold presumption to tell you that in your primordial potential of consciousness—your undeveloped capability for registering “I Am Myself”—you're almost as old as the Master Cosmos-Consciousness. But from motivations beyond the grasp of any of us, the Master Cosmos-Consciousness awakened fires. When you realized what probably could happen within

yourself, you personally follow suit. And all that you're doing today, in mortal sequence after mortal sequence or in the sequences you'll gradually reach on those planes of life above earth, is going along with this process of awakening more and more as new atomic combinations and complications bring out reactions in you.

In such respect, we might say, not without some proximity to truth, that we of the Microcosmic Consciousness are the reactive corollaries of the Macrocosmic Consciousness. Let the thought germinate. What destiny we may have in such role can't become discernible for a considerable time yet, so we don't need to pressure it.

Undoubtedly the first form of "wrapping" undertaken, to place about yourself to enter an enhousing limitation and thus commence the sequences of objective observation of the Me in you, may have been the lowest, simplest form of what the biologists have come to label cellular marine life. Which bring us up without further ado to the fecund discussion of so-called Evolution—what it is and what it isn't...

THE AVERAGE mortal creature today, when the subject of Evolution comes to his attention, conjures up the haphazardly understood notion of human descent—it ought to be ascent—from monkeys, the theory of Natural Selection and Survival of the Fittest. I say it's time to renovate our brains and rid our intellects of tons of pure rubbish about the whole of it. Because common sense, not to mention the latest findings of Science, can poke as many holes in it as the Day of Judgment hypothesis.

Darwin, of course, back in 1858, was the first to put biologic evolution forward as the probable explanation for living species as we find them. As a working thesis for the scientifically illiterate, I'll describe Evolution as the theory that one species issued or evolved out of some previous species as response to the transmission of certain hereditary traits that by the accidents of happy chance gave the issued species a compatibility with the conditions of natural environment that allowed it to survive. Aeon by aeon the happy accidents repeated, executing more and more complex forms until finally the most compatible with all vicissitudes of environment was the anthropoid ape, of which man is the highest developed specimen.

Of course the church people raised merry hob to have this startling hypothesis dumped among them, crassly refuting the claims of Mosaic Writ that an anthropomorphic God "made" the various species as separate and distinct jobs in the first great nonunion work-week in history. But the trouble with the church folk was that they raised merry hob for reasons of tradition and sentiment, keeping Cosmic Intelligence in the background.

Now it may come to some in the nature of sentimental relief to be told that no truly learned biologist today concurs that Man ever ascended from an ape. Ape and Man may have had a common ancestor but how it was is the mystery. There are no identified fossil remains of it. So the next time you read a story in the Sunday papers that traces of "the Missing Link" have been uncovered in some distant country, put it down that the reporter didn't know what he was talking about. Monkeys are more likely a degenerate species of the strain that gave us organic man—nothing more. But that Cosmos-Intelligence did perfect the present human envelope—or organism—from long biologic experiment, is a certainty. Let's see the meaning of the difference...

It's scarcely likely that we shall ever identify the original organic form in which anybody's microcosmic consciousness first sought material expression. But the most reasonable conjecture has it that some species of the din flagellates might have come close to it. These algae, invisible to

the naked eye, are plentiful in most stagnant waters but revealed by microscopes as being agile acrobats. They swim rapidly, leap and turn with the aid of long supple tails. Their cellular bodies inflate and deflate as though breathing and they have a single red point on them sensitive to light which is reasonably a rudimentary eye.

Such minute creature has persisted through thousands of centuries and exists today in much the same form that it did 600 million years ago. *Why?*

Why didn't the whole species "evolve" into the next higher form *a la* streamline evolution? Why did some evolve—that is, change into more complicated specimens—and others continue as they originally were, all environmental conditions being equal? We know that we have them with us today in the nearest woodland pool without a change in their make-up in six million centuries.

Can it be that microscopic units of consciousness are still coming into realization of themselves and using time honored forms to start vehicular expression?

Many biologists, by the way, are perplexed as to whether the dinoflagellates are really animals ... or plants? They are single-celled organisms containing chlorophyll, covered with a cellulose membrane often beautifully intricate. They feed on minerals in solution in water and on atmospheric gases—which no true animal is capable of doing.

Digressing a moment, by the way, in this Ladder of Life development, it's too little known today that twenty years or so before Darwin rocked the religious world, another British scientist made the churchmen turn handsprings when it seemed as though he'd stumbled upon the very creation of life itself. His name was Andrew Crosse and it happened in 1836. Briefly, he was experimenting on artificial formation of crystals by means of various electric currents, when his solutions inexplicably turned up insects of the type known as *acari* or mites. These tiny creatures, observed under the microscope, lived, moved, ate, excreted and bred. It seemed they had a complete plan of life all thought out and perfected. Crosse had been trying to make silica crystals by allowing fluids to seep through porous stone kept electrified from batteries. The fluid was a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash.

"On the fourteenth day from the commencement of this experiment," he related in his memoirs, "I observed through my lens a few small whitish excrescences or nipples, projecting from about the middle of the electrified stone. On the eighteenth day these projections enlarged and stuck out seven or eight filaments, each of them longer than the hemisphere on which they grew. On the twenty-sixth day these appearances assumed the form of a perfect insect, standing erect on a few bristles forming its tail. Till this period, I had no notion that these appearances were other than an incipient mineral formation. On the twenty-eighth day these little creatures moved their legs...after a few days they detached themselves from the stone and moved about at pleasure."

These *acari* were formed inside a poisonous solution; eventually they climbed out but were immediately killed if they happened to tumble back. Crosse is reported to have formed many hundreds of them without ever being able to explain how he did it. After a time the cry against him died down and he retired into obscurity, hurt and bewildered by the animosity his innocent experiments had aroused. A mere mortal chemist, s the conclusion had it, had produced life and thus trespassed on the divine prerogative. But had he?

We know from our contacts with the Higher Wisdom today that he'd done nothing of the sort. He'd hit by accident on certain chemical conditions or combinations where such minute life units—entering from another dimension or frequency of atomic matter—could flourish and propagate. This shuts the biologic scientist up, because he knows nothing of any such higher

frequency of matter and brands as charlatan anyone who affects to do so, nevertheless, given the correct chemical relationships, the vehicular demonstration of life is automatic, but none of it means that the Life Principle itself is manufactured synthetically.

Again and again in the higher psychical communicatings, we hear references made to “The Order of Creational Prescribers”—seemingly a caste of inventive intelligences on the very loftiest planes whose job is ever to fashion new and different life-forms, from the simplest to the most complex, that units of microcosmic consciousness may find new experiences in expression. That the practical species proceed according to fixed standards is now suggested as being demonstrated by Space Visitors from neighboring planets who not only seem to be true biologic men by every standard but in many cases appear to be far advanced over the same species on this Earth Planet. We shall come to this later.

IN THIS *Cyanophyceae* of blue algae that also exist today, no chlorophyll is present. Instead, the pigment is phycocyanin. These plants resemble bacteria by their tubular or spherical form and asexual methods of reproduction. They have a nucleus, which divides when it comes to maturity and makes two, and these divide at maturity and make eight, and if they were not checked by some environmental factor would soon bury the earth under their inexorable mass.

But how can these “evolve” into higher from b natural selection when there’s no mating by male and female?

Page Mr. Darwin, if you can find him amid the two and a quarter billions of souls supposed to have gone to the orthodox heaven since 1882. of you can’t find him, try the other place.

At any rate, after exercising your “I Am Myself” realization as a dinoflagellate, it’s barely possible that you next experimented as an *annelid*—which conical shell, articulated trilobite or the various orders of Crustacea. This was back in the pre-Cambrian word, remember, which even then was a very old world. Yet not a trace of terrestrial vegetable was found in it anywhere, only indications of a very elemental marine flora.

By the primary Silurian Period the seas held elaborate ganoid fish, protected by a powerful bony armor. The evolutionist would argue in substance that you got it because your loving mama, whatever or whoever she was, grew a crust about herself, no relishing Life with Father, ad passed it on to you. Thus you survived and passed it along to someone else through genes in your eggs—assuming you laid eggs. It’s a convenient hypothesis to explain how the various species acquired their distinctive features, but what could it avail Nature, or Cosmos-Consciousness, to protect a few million ganoid fish with bony plates *if in the end the whole contraption was discarded?* Didn’t Nature, or Cosmos-Consciousness, know what it was about in all these eccentric meanderings? If you say it did, then why all these freakish, temporary, elementary or transitional forms at all? If you say it didn’t, I submit the fact that Nature or Cosmos-Consciousness is ignorant and doesn’t know what it can do until it tries. If Cosmos-Consciousness and God be synonymous, and God doesn’t know what He can do until He tries, then how can he be the all-wise potentate over the Omniverse for which we adulate Him?

The Soulcraft theory would have it that the Cosmic Potentate *does* know, in the sense that all ultimate are in His consciousness, but that processes are but demonstratings by which His concluding are arrived at. Thus the whole macrocosmic universe is in the ceaseless throes of proving up what’s in the Divine Consciousness. The discoveries thus made, when realized and remembered, constitute that mental achievement known as Intelligence. There is no other analysis

of Intelligence.

That Is Intelligence.

THE BONY plates of the ganoid fish might have been transmitted to a few million immediate progeny but they weren't incorporated into the anatomical ensemble of any superior succeeding being. No creature of any consequence—excepting the armadillo—has them today. All the bony plated creatures have gone as though they'd never been created. Climatic conditions didn't account for such perishment, in fact when they lived; climatic conditions weren't half so hostile to brute life as conditions, which came after such animals lost their plates. If Nature and Nature's God were all-wise and all-intelligent, wouldn't wither know that plated creatures would by no means survive because of their plates? If either did know and yet experimented with them, no useful purples was served and the experimenting were gestures in capricious futility. If they didn't know, I say again, then Nature and Nature's God can't be quite so omnipotent in wisdom as religionists assume.

But here's another way to look at it—

When you're experimenting in any common laboratory or hobby shop, you have an ultimate objective in mind that you yearn to create, or an effect you want to produce, and you "experiment" in this or that material or operation to settle the quandary of how best to accomplish it. You don't know how to arrive directly and readily at the object or effect you want, so the number and size of the trial-and-error attempts you make will be in direct ratio to the extent of your ignorance. When you've experimented extensively and found out all there is to know about the production of a given object, substance mechanism or effect, and succeeded or failed in gaining your wanted end, you say that you "publish the result of your findings" which, after a fashion, becomes a "literature upon the subject." Thereafter, whomsoever reads up on your literature becomes as wise as yourself without going to the trouble and labor of your search for methods or processes. You've added that much, we say, to the "store of general intelligence." And this store of general intelligence contains quite as much data about what not to do as it contains data about what you should do.

I'm maintaining that Divine Consciousness had to create Intelligence and Wisdom as it created or originated everything else under the sun, and that these apparent biologic "progressions" were intelligence and wisdom in the process of getting created and "forming a literature" upon the subject of themselves for the enlightenment of those who came after. It wasn't a question of God's original ignorance. It was a question of finding a formula for perfecting Intelligence in life forms that might be sentient millions of years later. Intelligence of the spirit essences that proved up the Life Principle was the thing being sought and arrived at. To fashion a given vehicular form and let self-awareness occupy it for a given reaction on spirit, no matter how elementary spirit's occupying development, gave sense to each of these eccentric fauna that featured the natural world that had been.

It wasn't a question of God's ignorance, I say again, but "compiling a literature on the subject of spiritual enhousement in atomic materials and how it might be done to serve continuing advancements of spirit." The biologist makes a fetish of the various natural accoutrements that they were on common sense when such survival was only in the individual instance and for an utterly limited period, with nothing of enduring nature accomplished. Today, on the other hand, modern man's spirit expands in its comprehension of the great background of the past, contrasts itself against it or alongside it, and gains to fresh incentive to seize on still vaster and more grandiose

concepts.

Microcosmic Consciousness avails itself of such literature, I say, in its own climb to become macrocosmic consciousness. *It is spirit that is evolving, not organic mechanism in ten million instances.* Organic mechanism perishes the instant the life-essence departs; its evolution means nothing. Arctic weathers might cause polar bears to grow thicker or heavier coats of fur, but it's the animal's spirit that profits from the longer or more comfortable pelt. The polar cub born with a thin coat has no less self-awareness than a shaggy parent, but if it can't grow to maturity and produce young in turn, the bear mechanism for spirit's experience becomes that much limited. However, back to Evolution itself...

THE GENERAL idea has it that the fishes grew bony structures inside themselves—that is, became vertebrates—and crawled out on land, to live for a time as amphibians, half-marine and half-terrestrial, and air-breathing creatures. Finally they decided in favor of the land exclusively, gave up water residence, and became the progenitors of the monster reptiles that seem to have filled the earth from the Devonian to the late Permian or the early Triassic periods. Biology would indeed be a delight if the progression were thus simple. As a matter of fact, “progression” is so complicated as scarcely to be progression at all.

There has been no evidence that terrestrial vertebrates were the progeny of marine vertebrates. *Actually the terrestrial or land vertebrates are found in fossil deposits showing that they came ahead of many fishes having true skeletons.* So what becomes of your evolutionary theory in the face of that? There is no evidence that physical or organic man ever had the monster reptiles as his forerunners, or even the forerunners of his alleged primate ancestry. For 175 million years there were no other forms of life on this globe but fish, crustaceans, insects, and monster reptiles—and 175 million years is a considerable time to consume or expend creating a “literature of intelligence” that came to the conclusion that none of them really served any useful purpose and wiped out the sturdier specimens almost without a trace. The master reptiles were cold-blooded creatures who propagated by laying prodigious eggs for the sun to hatch... or for Roy Chapman Andrews to discover in the northeastern Gobi. Man, when he arrived with the placenta animals 50 million down to 10 million years ago was a warm-blooded creature hatched from eggs that were incubated inside the abdomen of his female. His young were nurtured on milk manufactured within the glands of this same body. He ran neither to bulk nor to armor plate but to acrobatic agility and later, intellectual cunning. Today his species dominates the earth and everything experimental has been junked or sidetracked, although how long it'll last, now that he possesses the atom bomb with which to annihilate himself, can more accurately be answered by the year 2,000.

This queer, bifurcated, furless creature, with a thumb on his front paw to grasp and wield a tool, and a jaw and larynx and tongue to supply him the mechanism for speech, declares himself in his bigotry of ignorance the Ultimate Effect...which Macrocosmic Consciousness started out to Evolution as an hypothesis. Well, well! ...

Granting for the moment that perchance it might be so, what sort of sense has been exhibited, laboring so long and so ardently to obtain such a product? Man's body as an ensemble is a marvelous and magnificent compilation of organs and functions, but considered as a body, how is it any more marvelous than that of the *Diplodinium*, where in a single cell Nature has successfully incorporated an elementary digestive system, with esophagus and tubular rectum, a nervous system foreshadowing that of multicultural organisms including a rudimentary brain and a

complicated excretory system of contractible vacuoles. All the fundamental physiological problems were set and partially solved *in this simple cell, 500 million years ago!* Why then, the need for any Evolution of species from the biologic Darwinian standpoint? It can almost be contended that the broad lines of Evolution had already been actualized in the Algonkian Era, namely that which extended between the Archaen and pre-Cambrian and the Paleozoic. Almost half a billion years bygone, at the end of the Cambrian period, the fundamental mechanisms of Evolution had resulted in astoundingly complex and varied beings, admirably adapted to their environment and with physiological functions essentially those of animals living in our current day.

What then, I ask you, in the mere perfecting of animal bodies as the end and aim of Evolution has Nature accomplished that's worth a kopeck of actual value to anyone or anything *but the I-Am-Myself consciousness that's periodically enoused inside it?*

Nobody gives a tinker's toot whether the earth is "dominated" by algae, fleas, lobsters, ganoids, pterosaurians, chimpanzees or Rotarians—aside from these self-realizing creatures themselves. Only the units-of-consciousness that reside within these, profit. The entire creation otherwise is meaningless.

But all these forms and orders and species and individuals were certainly not meaningless to the microcosmic granules of the I-Am-Myself principle they have served, or serve at present. So if there's no meaning to them otherwise that's remotely discernible, and every apparent meaning when they're considered as vehicles for Consciousness, why in all philosophy and logic and intelligent common sense shouldn't we be rationally justified in concluding that it's consciousness as a principle apart and to itself that's being served and not a singles purpose otherwise.

Obviously, it seems to me, the materialist-biologist who treats of consciousness as a mere phenomenon of chemical reaction, denying it has consequence, either hates his own life so much he wants to deny himself out of existence or he's in such a maze of self-evident realization that he can't see the forest for the trees. He's queer bird, the materialist-biologist, at most. From somewhere he seems to have taken aboard a sense of shame that any such things spirit-consciousness should exist or even be accredited, and he's deprecating his own intelligence—he implies—when he departs one hair's breadth from the assumption that the whole material creation came about otherwise than by chance. Although he's a conscious being himself and should have proof enough to satisfy him n his own realization of himself is one of those cosmic accidents and not much besides.

Well, perhaps he is!

Anyhow, I know I'm writing this book to expound the opposite and to bring individuality and intellect up to the dignity and prestige that it merits. And I shall present ly call up in support of *my* contention, examples of the fact of the survival of consciousness and its perpetuation from form to form and from body to body, showing that *it* and *it* alone is the substantial and significant factor in the whole of it.

Revolutionary as it may seem to some, I contend that abstract inhabiting Consciousness has been the true deciding factor in the multiplicity of successive organic forms as those organic forms served the purposes for which they were inhabited.

Chapter VI

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WHAT ABOUT THE GREAT MIGRATION?

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I AM PERFECTLY aware, in all of what I've said to this point, that the adept Soulcraft student has been asking himself for the past half-hour, "If all of this so-called evolutionary business up through fossilized forms is something to be seriously considered by today's men and women, how can it square with what we've had expounded in the *Golden Scripts* and elsewhere about earth not being the original home of humanized consciousness but the temporary educational locale for the hordes of spirits described in *Star Guests* as comprising the Great Migration?"

The point is well taken.

However, will the adept Soulcraft student try to understand that what we're considering here in these pages of UNDYING MIND is the standardized processing which Consciousness follows apparently in *any* planetary system, obtaining a vehicle for objective expression in any world of materials. We're not picking out the planet Earth solely, and saying this is what's happened here and nowhere else. We're putting Earth in the category of all planets on this rate of atomic vibration, giving us Substance and substances as we identify them. Probable it is that as interplanetary travel becomes more and more common we shall find other solar satellites inhabited by creatures almost identical with ourselves anatomically—as may already have been indicated by alleged contacts made to date with Venusians and Martians. These would imply similar processes of evolution to produce the humanized species.

That hordes of such spirits made the transition from other planets to this planet back in Miocene times—admittedly of a higher spiritualized development not unlike that of the Venusians and Martians of the present—interbreeding with indigenous earth-forms, should be regarded as an episode in interplanetary history, not as data in terrestrial biology. The Migration, and what ensued from it, is a separate line of inquiry from the subject we're seeking to examine in this book: how Consciousness in the abstract obtains the material or vehicular effects that it does.

In other words, here in UNDYING MIND we're regarding functional Consciousness in the omniversal sense and discerning as we may, exactly *how* it has gotten its effects and *why*?

It's Consciousness in manifestation that we're running down to find out what we as humanized displays of it may be composed of, and why we behave as we do. What purpose did the Creator have in view at all, by permitting units of His own Cosmic Intelligence to start with a planetary scheme and work its way up through the various planes to final God-consciousness?

Consciousness itself, as we saw in *Beyond Grandeur*, is Holy Spirit in minute and unique displays of units—considered as items of animal and moralized intelligence—and we're making an

hypothesis of all displays of it in such forms as we encounter it.

Actually, Consciousness has other attributes and capabilities than merely occupying or activating some peculiar vehicle of materials to get stronger and more effective realization of itself. It can, among other things, identify itself unquestionably after it has ceased to occupy bodily vehicle. It can likewise “spread” itself—to use such term—so that it observes and “thinks” in more than one place or area at once.

Nothing is any more grippingly of interest than cataloguing some of the unbelievable stunts which Consciousness can do, apart from physical enhousement.

Listen to this —

If a discarnate soul, by taking thought, can alter or mold the shape and appearance of any physical vehicle it occupies, however briefly, why should it not have done as much for the physiological features of the species-forms it occupied through a vast sequence of geologic periods as it gained intelligence of its own powers? I don't say it's happened. I say, why should it not have been so?

You say to me, some of you, “But we have no *proof* there's any such thing as a 'discarnate' soul, otherwise your argument might hold.”

I say to you, “That's what you think! How much investigating or researching have you done before determining there's no proof of the soul's existing apart from some sort of physical body?”

You're forced to admit you can't have done any, or you'd never make your qualifying statement in the first place. Without trying to belittle you for lack of erudition, I *have* made much such investigation and researches —twenty-seven years of them —and arrived at the same conclusion as such great scientific men as Flammarion, the French astronomer, Sir William Crookes and F. W. H. Myers, British physicists, and Sir Oliver Lodge, whose knowledge of psychical phenomena was only exceeded by his knowledge of the vagaries of lightning—that survival of personality and continuity of consciousness outside of and above the body are no longer to be regarded as the theories of alchemists.

I throw this out for you to think about slightly in advance of my main theme—the Total Mystery of You...

SUPPOSING a young man had been killed stone dead physically in a motorcar crash, his mutilated body embalmed, a funeral held, and his corporeal remains interred in a grave. Supposing his conscious soul-spirit refused to accept that it had “perished” and wanted to prove it to his surviving relatives? Supposing by the influence of his continuing mental processes, he caused his adult sister to fall into a trance, during which he took chemical essence from her living body to mold a replica of his etheric hand. Suppose he plunged this materialized etheric hand into a bowl of water so scalding hot that no normal human hand could endure it without serious burns, and pressed his materialized fingertips on a lump of red dental Kerr at the bottom of such bowl filled with scalding water. Suppose the water was then drained out, the fingertip impressions slowed to cool, then examined under a microscopic by fingerprint experts. Supposing in every last ridge, valley and island, the fingerprints of the “dead” man thus demonstrating *corresponded* exactly with his fingerprints left behind on toilet articles he'd used in life. Supposing not a single set of prints were thus taken and examined but seventy-two with never a mistake, oughtn't such concrete proof of survival and identification to convince the most skeptical? Hasn't it long since been scientifically established that fingerprints cannot be fabricated? And yet sane people pooh-poohed all of it.

All these suppositions were irrefutable fact in the instance of one Walter Stinson, age about 25 years, killed in a motor accident in Swampscott, Mass. In 1922, with such etheric fingerprints verified and authenticated by the Boston Police Department, Fingerprint Division, and completely annotated by officials of the American Society of Psychical Research. Yet when Dr. Hugo Munsterberg traveled back to Harvard University on a streetcar with a colleague after witnessing an evening's proofs of Walter's aliveness, a friend of mine asked him—

“Doctor, how are we going to rationalize from the scientific angle what we've witnessed this evening?”

Whereat the great German-American psychologist answered, “We're not! ... to attempt to rationalize or ratify what we've seen tonight would mean we'd have to rewrite all our textbooks. That, of course, is an impossibility. Besides, the churches would never stand for it.”

Thus does society grope forward in error, ignorance, or bigotry? Textbooks sustain tradition. Tradition cannot be tampered with; the churches won't stand for it. I claim the Doctor's comment is eloquent as to why you and your family and your neighbors never “hear” of the proofs that are in existence that human life and evolution is—as it has always been—something far different than man has accepted under the censorship of autocratic ecclesiasticism.

I have no fight to pick with the churches, staffed as they are by tens of thousands of earnest men who must subscribe to archaic doctrine in order to pursue their goodly moral and sociological works at all. But I do have a fine brawl up my sleeve for the materialist scientist with a shame complex for his own consciousness, who would rather ignore great and vital truth than rewrite his textbooks because it would stigmatize him as a dealer in intangibles. What about his own electronic atoms that he makes such a potter about in this world of the present? By the terms of his own analysis, what are they but intangibles? But first let's talk some more about Evolution...

EARTHLY time has been divided by geologists into epochs.

According to most recent and trustworthy sources, our particular star-sun is approximately 5000 million years old. Professor Eddington, the famous physicist of Cambridge University, England, whose remarkable book on atomic phenomena, *The Nature of the Physical World*, everyone interested in these subjects should read even though it may be a quarter-century old, declares that it seems likely that the ages of all the systems of stars, clusters, and galaxies—which means of course all suns with their planets anywhere—goes back at least 10,000 million years. So if we want to gauge the Cosmos-Consciousness by its atomic pulsations, “God” is presumable about one hundred million centuries old.

But here is something we shouldn't overlook and which gets little attention in books on Cosmogony. *We* are by no means anywhere near the geographic center of the Cosmos-Consciousness. We are, in fact, on the far outer edge of it.

If our solar system is from three thousand million to seven thousand million years younger than its cosmic heart, however, we may ask ourselves whether new exhibits of Consciousness are creating or organizing all the time in so-called Eternity, or if this is an expanding universe, whether or not, we are a very old collection of solar bodies being pushed out from center in the vanguard of such expansion? The matter cannot be, however, of any great practical importance. What does seem important is the thought that if there actually be four hundred million other worlds with sentient beings on them who live and die and require to be “judged” by God Almighty *a la* the old-fashioned theology, the quantities of court hearings mount into absurdities. Or shall we say that

only within this particular solar system are there “sinners” requiring judgment? ...

However, having located the site of our system in respect to other units in Cosmos, and estimated its age, we can follow its sequences of life progression by planetary epochs. We can tell how old the earth is—that is when the first of the epochs started—by measuring certain elements that are subject to spontaneous radiation and disintegration. Certain atoms expel portions of themselves continually, acquiring a new personality differing from the earlier one by mass or electric charge or both. About twenty such atoms are known where the process is natural. In spontaneously radioactive atoms the point of departure of these disintegrations is an almost stable element so that the performance is very slow and only an infinitesimal fraction of the atoms present in a given quantity of matter—stay in radium, actinium, or thorium—disseminates in a year. Pierre Curie, husband of Madame Curie, discoverer of radium, perfected methods showing that heavy uranium loses spontaneously out atom per year out of 6,570 million, light or active uranium one out of 1,030 million, and thorium one out of 20,000 million. The resulting atoms are much more unstable than their parents and go through a long series of transformations before becoming the stable nuclei that are all three the isotopes of lead. These alterations follow each other in a positively known rhythm and their speed cannot be changed by any external influence such as pressure or temperature.

If then, uranium has been imprisoned in a mineral for a billion years, about 14 per cent of the atoms at its origin will have been lost, and an equal number of atoms of lead will have been substituted. The older the sample, the more lead there will be. The ratio between the quantity of radium found and the quantity of lead present indicates or clocks the time elapsed since the rock came to existence. It's through this calculation that we can determine the epoch when our earth began to acquire its crust. The figure runs about 1,800 million years. When we say earth is almost two billion years old, we allow a margin of 200 million years when it scarcely had a crust—when it was probably in much the same condition that our sun is today.

As the crust gradually began to form, however, it left stratum of materials piled on stratum, and as we dig down through then now to sink our wells or lay foundations for our modern buildings, we know approximately how long each epoch lasted while such stratum was being laid. If we find fossilized remains of creatures in the various layers, we know in what periods the forms of early “life” appeared, and what forms. The method is not accurate, as the radioactivity clocking is active, but it serves for working purposes to recognize what happened.

In so far as we know—that is, have traces in the strata—there was no evidence of creative consciousness of any sort until the so-called Cambrian epoch. Everything before that, the Archeozoic or Proterozoic, was in too fiery a condition for organic life to exist. Sometimes we refer to this non-organic period as the pre-Cambrian. Anyhow, some 500 million years ago—when the earth had been in existence some 1,300 million to 1,500 million years, remember—we begin to find first traces of organic life that had shells about it to protect it, appearing in the lowest Cambrian stratum. The creatures were a simple armored crustacean known as trilobites. If there were softer bodied forms prior to that, as there probably were, we know nothing about them because they possessed no features that could fossilize.

Now we could stay right here in the Cambrian epoch for several chapters, pursuing the organic origin of You, if more recent and complicated manifestation of You weren't demanding our attention. But let's ask ourselves this —

WHAT “causes” animate organic life to “appear” on any planet’s cooling surface?

If I understand the materialist-scientist aright, he says chance chemical combinations and he points to apparent transmutations of the recently discovered viruses to sustain his theory—mineral crystals of a sort that seem to change into animate bacteria. I introduce the more probable possibility based on my observations of what abstract human consciousness can do with, and in, Matter, that Consciousness Itself caused animate organisms by discovering ways, after millions of years of contemplation of Itself, to wrap radioactive atoms about Itself and produce a condition of limitation for Itself that we commonly know as “having a body”.

Looking at the proposition objectively, as we commonly do from our position within our own bodies, we get the illusion that it is the bodies themselves that are the source of life, because they unceasingly respond so facilely to consciousness. We acquire a conditioned reflex, as the psychologists say, accepting the “evidence of our senses” that it’s so, regardless of the fact that it’s the operation of the senses necessitated by our organic confinement that produces the illusion. In the closing chapters of this book I’ll endeavor to demonstrate that this is so. This isn’t the place for it, because you haven’t yet had the factors explained to you which enter into it. But you’ll generally agree with me, I think, that inasmuch as the senses themselves can’t see abstract consciousness but can see atomic organic life, the performance of the one taken for the performance of the other could seem entirely logical without being accurate. Let me refer to a concrete instance of what happens when the powers of thought are directed on the fabrication of organism. I’ve told this anecdote in other writings but it belongs in this present record for better preservation.

Twenty years or so ago I had a medical doctor associated with early Soulcraft affairs who had been acquainted with the Walter Stinson of previous thumb-print mention, before Walter had died. After Walter’s death, Dr. Hardwick was sitting one late afternoon in his living room in Niagara Falls, N. Y. with his wife Katherine and an elderly woman relative, when they fell to discussing young Stinson’s uncanny demonstrations. Suddenly Walter’s audible voice sounded in the room, directly behind and above the Doctor’s chair. Later it was determined that Walter got such effects by forming an ectoplasmic voice-box from the odic force of some person present, and using it as synthetic larynx.

“Ho-ho, Doctor,” the young man cried from his higher dimension, “You think what I did through my sister Madge wonderful? You might be surprised at what I could do with that magnificent yellow aura of *yours*.”

The startled medico cried in answer, “All right, what?”

Walter said, so that all three of them heard, “Have Katie think up the thought-form of any type or variety of bird that pleases her, and imagine it perched on the left-hand corner of the upright piano. I’ll coat it with ectoplasm from your aura and give you a demonstration you won’t forget.”

These details were repeated to me in the identical room where the phenomenon followed. I chanced to be visiting the Doctor in his Niagara Falls home before he joined our staff in the South. I had noticed and commented on a particularly exquisite porcelain vase on the piano-top that had obviously been broken at some period but expertly reassembled and mended. The anecdote came out in explaining the mishap. The piano stood against the north wall of the room. I was seated facing it. The Doctor lounged in an easy-chair at my right and his wife sat on my left. She completed the recital.

“None out of ten people,” she chuckled, “would probably have ‘thought up’ a canary or a dove. But something prompted me to be distinctive. The most peculiar bird I’d ever seen had happened to

be a small sparrow hawk that my brother had bagged alive when I was a little girl. My mind hit on that sparrow hawk. I 'imagined' it was loose right there in the room, perched for the instant on the piano-top corner. To the stupefaction of Mrs. Greenleaf and myself—because almost as quickly as Walter ceased speaking, Henry appeared to drop to sleep—there came into reality an utterly tangible sparrow hawk, with its arched head and wicked little beak. Even while we blinked at it in incredulity, it took to wing, knocking off and smashing that vase. Three times around our living room it fluttered on its stubby little wings, and as abruptly came to light on Mrs. Greenleaf's head. Mrs. Greenleaf screamed and put up her hands involuntarily to dislodge it. Whereupon Walter cried loudly, "Don't touch it! Don't touch it!" But he spoke too late. Mrs. Greenleaf had touched it. Later she said that it had felt like cool menthol."

I wanted to be informed what had become of it.

"It swooped twice more about the room," the Doctor's wife declared, "then suddenly made a fast dart at my calf. It buried its sharp little claws in the fleshly part of my leg above the ankle. I screamed and tried to kick it off. Walter cried, 'This has gone far enough. I'll take the ectoplasm off your thought-form.' Well, that impish bird simply dissolved from my leg as it clung there. I tell you it *vanished*. But not the scars on my flesh where its tiny talons had gone in. They were running blood and later took a week to heal. I recall Walter remarking as a parting injunction, 'Now will you believe that your thoughts can be *real*... when somebody has atomic covering to make them apparent?'" ...

I MIGHT have been inclined to accept the recital as merely an interesting psychical anecdote, if I hadn't within my own experience beheld a whole dog "brought to life" under similar conditions where chicane would have been impossible. The only thing I since *have* questioned about the sparrow hawk demonstration was whether or not Walter or the Hardwicks could have projected that sparrow hawk's *consciousness*. Our human consciousness customarily demonstrates in a bodily vehicle of some sort—that I might describe as a plastic "shape" made from God-knows-what, if it's "made" of anything. If a dead man possesses such capability, could a thought-form sparrow hawk? We'll take it up later when we come to discuss the structure and composition of You in its solely conscious state. But applying the principle performing in the sparrow hawk episode to the initiation of animate life in a chemico-atomic universe, why shouldn't consciousness itself have had as much, if not everything, to do with the various forms and species that life has taken since earth conditions after the Cambrian permitted the operation of material enhousements at all? The question would be, whose?

When I can "split" my own personal consciousness and project an intelligent part of it two thousand miles distant in a twinkling, so as to witness what is taking place there, even to having such aspect of myself seen by those who happen to be in such spot—as I'll give you a full description of, in its place—I know that similar demonstrations of consciousness in others aren't necromancies. We're treating with something too actual to be comfortable, certainly too actual to be ignored.

You may ask, "If what you say is true, why doesn't it happen to everybody?" I answer you that history is full of it. How did Count de Foix know in Bearn the defeat of John, King of Castile, at Juhberoth, the next day after it happened, there being neither telegraphs nor radio back in the 15th Century? Why did Pope Honorius, the same day that King Philip Augustus died at Mantes, perform the public obsequies at Rome and command the like throughout Italy? Why does Plutarch tell us he

knew of certain knowledge that in the time of Domitian the news of the battle lost by Anthony in Germany was publicized at Rome many days journey from thence and dispersed throughout the whole world the day it was fought? What of Swedenborg, the great Swedish mystic, knowing twenty-four hours ahead of time of the great fire that destroyed Copenhagen? History indeed! ... I'm no monster and not particularly a mystic but I know what stunts my own consciousness has been capable of doing. And having gained a tuppence worth of publicity from my writings on the subject, I have additionally had scores of quite normal people seek me out as one having understanding and relate their own experiences in confirmation of my own. What chemical, atomic, even anatomical basis could exist in the following lengthy anecdotes in which I was on the receiving end of the experience?

In 1928, I published in *The American Magazine* a frank and detailed account of an adventure I had undergone in California the previous year when I had apparently succeeded I severing my consciousness from my atomic-material self and penetrating discarnately into a more complicated dimension of space and time. Many of my present readers will recall that monograph, called *My Seven Minutes in Eternity* and the sensation it aroused, published from the pen of an author of prestige in a great national periodical. However, I described it exactly as it happened and the editors wanted to publish it. But it did prove to be the switch thrown in my successful life's affairs, carrying me off upon strange rails. In consequence my career turned entirely to supra-normal explorations with disastrous personal effects when I incurred the frightened ire of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who ordered me legally prosecuted for "knowing too much" about what was transpiring within his administration to what I contended was the country's detriment.

However, I underwent this initial hyperdimensional excursion while living in a bungalow in Altadena, California, up near the foot of Mount Lowe *alone* excepting for a mammoth and celebrated police dog. Summoned permanently to Manhattan, in result of the activity produced by the article, I closed and sold the Altadena property and took an apartment in West 53rd Street, to which I shipped all my household effects.

The magazine containing *Seven Minute* had been upon the newsstands about a month and I had scarcely gotten my transferred household arranged, before my doorbell buzzed one rainy evening and I admitted a middle-aged man who announced he had journeyed all the way up from Texas to consult with me. He was an honest-looking, laboring type of strange in his forties and gave a name which I'll write as John Lawler. He declared himself to be a railroad man who's gotten a leave-of-absence from his job to make the New York trip and relate to me by word of mouth something that had happened to him in result of reading *Seven Minutes*. In due course I took his rain-soaked hat and coat and set him down in front of my apartment fire for an evening's visit. This is what he related—

He was separated from his first wife and prior to getting a divorce and marrying his second, he was living at a boardinghouse near the railroad yards that constituted the eastern limit of his run. The landlady was a subscriber to *The American*. The week the magazine containing *Seven Minutes* was distributed, he'd come home one noontime for lunch, eaten it, gone out upon the front veranda and found the periodical lying face down in the porch-swing, opened to my article. Having naught else to do, he'd read it, first in a desultory way, then with electric interest. Death, or at least disoccupancy of the body by consciousness, wasn't a case of mental blank-out then? Lawler said he finished the article and dropped the magazine on his chest, cogitating the significance of the experience I reported.

“I must have dozed off a minute,” he narrated, “because the next thing I knew, it felt as though my nose was rubbing against some hard, wooden surface and I opened my eyes. I was looking at something flat and blue, so close to my face. I put up my hands, to push it away for a better look at it. But It wasn’t a flat, blue object. Know what it was? It was the ceiling of the veranda to which the porch hammock was hung. *I was floating up there against it* but could push myself around. Yes, sir, I’m telling you solemnly and honestly, I wasn’t dreaming, as I first thought, because there were two of me. One was floating up against the ceiling of the boardinghouse veranda, the other was lying down there in the porch swing under me, on its back with its eyes shut and that copy of *The American* dropped across its chest. Funny thing, I was in a duplicate body up there, too. I certainly had hands and feet and a head, so there must have been plenty of me in between, although I didn’t stop to consider much of it at the time. There were just two of me, and that was that. I wasn’t naked. I seemed to be wearing the same clothes as the other me in the hammock below me. But I was all flirty. I didn’t have much weight. I remember I got down from the veranda ceiling by taking hold of the chain that held one end of the hammock and drawing myself down hand under hand and wherever I left off moving myself, thee I stayed, even if It was mid air.”

“Did you think you were dead?” I asked him.

“I didn’t know what to think,” he answered, “principally because the neighborhood around the front of the boarding house was all different. The railroad yards to the south were gone and a little ways off everything looked misty. But what interested me more was the appearance of a small, brown cottage a distance across the street I’d never seen before—a sort of a Queen Anne cottage, a story and a half high, covered with shaggy brown shingles. It had a small lawn in front of it with a traprock driveway along the right hand edge and a row of popular trees bordering the outer side of it, back to a garage that was the same design as the house.”

I began to pay attention. Lawler was accurately describing my Altadena bungalow in which my *Seven Minutes* experience had occurred. I knew, of course, anyone might visit Altadena and see the physical layout of my property and so describe it. But much more startling and puzzling information was to come.

“What did you do?” I asked.

“Do? I felt an urge to cross the street and investigate this fantastic cottage that hadn’t been there the day before and had no business being there, anyhow. It was like there was something inside it I should see. Anyhow, I remember getting down from my boardinghouse veranda and crossing the street through the pearly mist. And as I came up in front of it, or reached the lawn, the strange house grew solid-like, and it was my boardinghouse I’d left behind that seemed unreal. I remember crossing a good piece of lawn with a row of bushes and a rock-pile at my left and climbing the front steps. There were about five of them, that led up to a sort of sunken porch with the top of it a half-rounded arch and the numbers 3336 fixed against the shingles that made the front wall.”

“What were the steps made of,” I inquired, “cement?”

“No, sir. As I remember, they were red brick.”

This too was correct. So I said. “Go ahead, what did you do?”

“Well, I climbed those red brick steps and was almost trying to ring the doorbell when I think to myself, ‘What am I going to tell whoever answers the bell, about reasons why I’m here? What do I want here, anyhow?’ I felt funny about it all. And yet for some reason I should see the inside of this house. I didn’t ring the front bell, therefore. I went back down the red brick steps and turned the front corner of the house toward the garage at the back. There was another set of steps at the side of

the house on my left—“

“Brick too?”

John thought a moment as though searching his memory.

“No, they were white—like cement—now you mention it.”

“Okay. Go ahead.”

“Well, I went up these side steps too and looked for a bell to ring. There wasn’t any bell so I tried to knock. That’s when I learnt I couldn’t knock. The door was too flimsy—sort of—to knock on. I could shove my hand and arm right through it and yet without making a hole or changing its shape. Yes, sir. So the result was, I shoved my whole self through and moved inside without opening the door.”

Lawler waited for me to challenge this, but I challenged nothing. I wanted to hear him describe the interior of my dwelling—if he could. I knew he never could have been inside it in the flesh.

“What did you see?” I prompted him.

“Well,” he explained, leaning forward in his chair and picking at his work-calloused hands, “I found myself in a little side entry way with a white enameled kitchen to my left and an archway to a small dining room to my right. There was nobody in the kitchen—or in the dining room either—but opening out of the left-hand side of the dining room was another arch into a bid room with a main window that ran to the ceiling and a red brick fireplace opposite. It was furnished with a heavy blue rug on the floor, wined brocade drapes at the windows and books on shelves about that run almost to the ceiling. At the far end of the room from the dining room arch was a flat-topped desk, facing it, with a swivel chair behind, and in front of it, asleep on the floor, a big grey police god—and I mean big!”

Laske, the police dog I owned at the time and that lived inside the house with me the clock around, was frequently mistaken for the movie dog Rin-Tin-Tin, when I took her over to Hollywood in the rumble seat of my roadster. She was a granddaughter of Peary’s lead dog when he’d discovered the North Pole—half-Alaskan husky and half-German Opllice hound. I had mentioned her prominently, by the way, as being in my bedroom during the *Seven Minutes* experience.

“What else was in the room?” I asked Lawler.

“Well, not much,” he answered correctly. “A big round table before the main window. A radio cabinet. A few lounging chairs. The biggest lounging chair was beside the window-table and had a foot-rest. *You were sitting in it, reading a book!*”

“All right. So what? Did you know it was I?”

“No, I forgot everything for the minute because your pooch was raising such a shindy. The minute I came in from the dining room, it woke up with a start and must have seen me where you couldn’t. Anyhow, every hair on its back and tail had bristled straight upwards. It sprang to its feet and begun a crazy barking, getting behind the desk and snarling at me around the corner of it. Then I heard you say distinctly, ‘Laska, what he devil’s the matter with you? ... Lie down and keep quite!’”

Right there Lawler’s side of the discarnation checked with my own part of the experience.

I distinctly recalled the morning I was sitting in my study when the dog sprang from sleep and began her hysterical antics. And I said to her precisely what Lawler had described. It was at least an hour before the dog quieted down.

“Did you try speaking to me at all?” I asked.

“Yes, but you paid me no attention. I realized then you couldn’t see me.”

“How was I dressed?”

“You had on, as I remember it, a black silk dressing gown—or maybe it was dark blue—and blue and white striped pajamas under it.”

Lawler was scoring accurately in every detail.

“What did you do when you realized I couldn’t see you?”

“Well...I wanted to see the actual room, I guess, where you’d had your experience. So—if you’ll forgive me now for being nosy—I went upstairs.”

Thereupon he described the geography of the second floor as correctly as he had the first.

“What color wood was my bedroom set?”

“I’d say a sort of silver ivory.”

Check! He even told me what pictures I had hanging on bedroom walls.

“And how did the experience end for you?”

“Well...I’d seen what I’d come to see, you might say. So I went back downstairs—with your dog acting up again the minute I came in—and went through the east wall but onto the patio and into the garden at the back. You had a splashing stream of water falling over a rock-pile into a rock basin holding goldfish. In your garage you had a slate-colored Jordan roadster. In a corner of your garden you had an avocado tree with small green fruit on it. At the back of the garden was a low masonry wall.”

Check, check, and double check.

“When you were in my living room, what was the picture hung above the mantel?”

“A painting of ship in full sail.”

Check.

“What sort of chair was I sitting in?”

Lawler frowned a moment. “Come right down to it, it was a chair practically the twin of the one you’re sitting in this moment.”

It *was* the identical chair, which I’d had shipped East with my goods for the apartment on 53rd Street.

“And how did you finally get back into your body?”

“Well,” Lawler said, too readily to be concocting the recital, “I seemed to reverse everything I’d gone through up till then. I’d seen all I come to see, including yourself, so I finally went back out the trap rock driveway. I went back through the mist to where my boardinghouse was across the way—only it seemed now a terribly long way—and up the steps and lay down, sort of, on top of my body just as I’d left it in the hammock, *and fell into it and woke up*—that’s the best way I can describe it...So I got thinking it over, and the more I’ve thought about it since, the stronger I felt I ought to come and see you and tell you what happened, to find out if what I saw was accurate.”

“Brother,” I said, “you don’t know *how* accurate! ... When were you last in California in the flesh?”

“Once when I was a kid. My folks took me to Los Angeles for a couple weeks’ visit, but we didn’t go anywhere near Pasadena.”

My bungalow, by the way, had only been two months built when I had started living in it. However, Lawler wasn’t fabricating.

Here then was a man who had either gotten out of his body in Texas—or at least extended his consciousness out of it—gone my private home and scared my dog in an incident that I in my own

turn could check on. I knew he had never been in my bungalow in the flesh whilst I was there, and if he had gotten in physically during my absence, he had come all the distance up to New York to confess to his unlawful intrusion in my absence—something novel in the behavior of Santa Fe railroad men turned trespassers. But how had he known the garments I had been clad in the day, or how Laska had suddenly pounced from sleep and started acting so unnaturally? ... Throughout the whole evening of our visit I piled him with questions about the utmost details of my home and he never missed once.

He went back to Texas next day and has remained my good correspondent and friend ever since.

This may appear a strange place to insert the description of John Lawler's experience but when I say Consciousness may operate apart from literal physical brain and in violation of assumed laws governing materials, I have concrete instances to support it. John Lawler's is merely one of dozens. Flammarion the astronomer, who turned psychical researcher in the closing years of his life, wrote a book called *Phantasms of the Living* in which he described the supernatural details of over a hundred cases he reviewed. Smile all the fishy smiles you want to smile, *the thing is done!* And I contend if its done in just one instance irrefutably, we're wrong, wrong, all wrong in our acceptances of the "laws" of nature and human mentality. Why doesn't it happen to more people so to gain general acceptance? That I can't tell you. Why aren't all of us astronomers or kleptomaniacs or experts on the piccolo or flying trapeze? Some people so perform from no known motivations.

What interests us in the Lawler case particularly, however, is this—

Lawler said he was conscious of having some sort of body, that was the prototype of his physical self left lying in the hammock. He got this second body out of his first body without taking conscious thought, and it subsequently contained his conscious "I Am Me" essence. But realizing something of the nature of light, I have to reflect that he must have required an eye retina to catch light-rays and form images so he could "see" my bungalow and my dog, and he had to have ear tympanums to catch sound waves and hear me tell Laska to lie down and hush her barking. These he did have, to all intents and purposes. And yet suppose he hadn't chosen to go back to Texas and "fall into" his inert physical body? Suppose he'd elected to stay right there in my bungalow permanently and live with me—observing every situation and act of a private nature that went on in my home...then I suppose sooner or later they would have held a funeral and interred his distant Texas corpse with Lawler a resident of my bungalow, although invisible and intangible to me. My place would have acquired the reputation of being "haunted" ...

That's all the most terrifying "ghost" is, anyhow, the consciousness of some person who has vacated his previous or original physical envelope and continued on indefinitely hanging around without John Lawler's decency to depart whence he came. We'll go into this in deeper aspects later.

Faugh for ghosts!

Consciousness in the original instance of early species—*your* consciousness, if you please—might have operated at first at the strength of one-algae power, and you considered it sufficient to your purposes at the time. Then it might have operated at one annelid power, or one trilobite power—and so on up to one dinosaur power as natural conditions dictated the physical forms that could maintain on the planet's surface, conditions being what they were. Now you're reached the place where you're operating at one man or one woman power and you still think it currently sufficient to your purposes, that is, your mental development. You are apparently learning as you go along how to complicate yourself as to purposeful organs. But you are really no more complicated as an animate being than Coenocytes or Mycetocytes, if you function for the purposes

for which Consciousness grows its envelope.

As we go back in human history behind the Stone Age—about thirty thousand years back—we find some sort of sub man existing on earth who lived throughout the Pleistocene Period, which goes back 500,000 years. But behind the Pleistocene, the Pliocene Period ran back for ten million years—quite a respectable space of time—in which the various branches of *homo sapiens* were developed. What this animal ancestor was, we have no way of knowing. The apes must have come from him and gone in one direction, and present anatomical man come from him and gone in another. Before the Pliocene we had the Miocene—seventeen-and-half million years ago. Fifty million years ago, when the ancestors of the modern horse were no bigger than foxes, the period was the Eocene—and the placenta animals, who were gestating their young internally and feeding them in their first years on mother's milk, were just getting under way. But the birds are the oldest of any terrestrial creatures, having appeared in the Cretaceous and Jurassic Periods, 175 million years ago. Before that, we have the age of the giant reptiles in the Triassic and Carboniferous eras, the age of the insects in the Devonian, the age of the Fishes in the Silurian, back to the first vertebrates and trilobites in the Cambrian, the last four eras going back 500 million years. And yet for all this remote time, remember the earth was already three-quarters its present age. If we compare the planet's age with the 70-year life span of man, conditions weren't ripe for Consciousness to wrap itself up in atoms called "bodies" until the man-earth was 52 years old—three-quarters of seventy. But consider another phase of it, and to my way of thinking the all-important phase—

If by an averaging of statistics over given periods of years, we estimate that 62 billions of human beings have lived and perished since the time of Christ, think of the incalculable numbers of human beings and sub-human beings who must have lived and perished back through the Pleistocene, Pliocene and Oligocene eras to the Eocene—fifty million of years instead of two thousand. It is simple third grade arithmetic to compute that if 62 billion humans have lived and perished since A. D. 30—one trillion, six hundred twenty-five billion humans and sub-humans must have known earthly life since the Eocene Period when the horse was no bigger than our present day fox—or 1,625 with twelve ciphers after it. Of course you may protest that the mortality statistics couldn't be anywhere near such astronomical totals because the earth wasn't populated in those times so heavily as it is at present. Perhaps your contention is right. Maybe instead of nearly one and three-quarter trillion, only a trillion have lived and died. Just a mere trillion...the figure cut nearly in half.

Then what I'm waiting to ask you sensibly is this: If consciousness has no existence or continuity unto itself, if it be merely a condition arising from chemical animation, what earthly purpose has been executed or what cosmic increment can have resulted from such titanic wastage of life and experience and sensation? Say a trillion human creatures have been on this earth since the close of the age of reptiles—struggling and hoping and fearing and loving, meeting their problems and solving them or succumbing to them—all to what end? To produce civilizations and customs that haven't endured, whose very tenets have become ridiculous to those who followed after? Here is something we must face. It is the very essence of this chapter and this book. The materialist-scientist asks us to believe that a certain number of electric atoms formed molecules and resulted in an organism and thereby became aware that it was itself. This awareness persisted throughout the "life" of the organism. When the heart stopped beating the consciousness stopped realizing and life in so far as the individual was thereafter concerned became an utter nihility. All

that mattered to a man living in Egypt five thousand years ago was the handful of limited experiences he had for forty or fifty years while being that man. All that mattered to a Neanderthal sub-human woman fifty thousand years ago was scraping skins about the tribal cave or squatting place, having her offspring, being knocked around generally from thirty to forty years and then snuffing out as though she had never existed. Don't you see how such a philosophy places value only on the trillion physical bodies that have "lived" within such time-span? Don't you see it argues that all the generations that have gone before have only been eugenic experiments or biological try-outs for the millions of today as the heirs of all their hereditary traits without a single reason existing in logic why the people of today should merit such heritage, and which each individual won't live any longer to enjoy than the 5,000-year-ago Egyptian or the 50,000-year-ago Neanderthal woman who helped create the heritage? Don't you see that if conscious life is merely a chemical reaction, there isn't a lick of sense and absolutely no justice nor justification in the whole of it and Nature is merely an automatic futility? But if Consciousness *does* persist and uses these earthly organisms and enhousements for some purpose of its own—let alone what the purpose is—life from the end of the Eocene Age right down to this present noontime not only makes the profoundest sense but puts value and significance into the whole cosmic process! Of course this isn't scientific proof that Consciousness does exist as a thing apart from organism but it goes a long way in making its abstract existence probably in a world where everything else seems directed by intelligence, but where the scientific materialist wants us to desist from crediting intelligence when we come to consider life as a project unto itself.

How strange that we should place such tremendous value on Consciousness functioning in the organism and yet declare it means absolutely nothing when the organism no longer functions? We spend millions for the Red Cross, for great civic medical centers, for life extension efforts, for the control of fatal diseases. One small child contracts a malady in an isolated place and thousands follow breathlessly the fight of a place rushing serum against time to save its life—to save something that science is equally willing to say doesn't exist as soon as the heart halts. All this potter about a scientific nothing! ... About a mere chemical or electronic reaction! A "living" body is worth so much that to kill it means to forfeit your own, but the same body without a pulse in it is worth about 98 cents in chemical values, and we say the heck with the 98 cents and bury it—in a \$2,000 funeral. Apparently if we don't credit the perpetuity of consciousness, what we are valuing is physical organism—which is no good of itself without Consciousness in it. Consciousness is a mere reaction of chemical juxtapositions, ay the scientists—or ask us to believe it—and yet the human organism is valueless without it. Where does it get anybody? Nowhere. So, scientifically speaking, the whole universe of animate life is one vast futility, without purpose or objective. All because our materialistic man of science starts his explorations into the Life Mystery in the wrong place; the organic matter that results from Consciousness, instead of the Consciousness that results in—or at least utilizes—organic matter.

Go to a man of science—the average biologist or physicist—and ask him why he doesn't probe the phenomenon of Consciousness with the same assiduity that he probes the construction and performings of matter, and he will exclaim, "Because I can't get it under my microscopes. Consciousness is an intangible and I'm concerned with tangibles. There's no way to prove Consciousness exists anyhow, excepting through activity of biological organisms." Ask him how he knows without having tried to prove it and he'll tell you to go find a nice sharp tack and sit on it, he's a busy man with a reputation at stake for practicality. Take him into a "Consciousness

laboratory”, show him abstract consciousness in demonstration, and then ask him what he thinks, and he’ll say he couldn’t have seen and heard what he did see and hear, or granting he did, it would mean the re-writing of all our scientific textbooks. Which of course means quite something else, because all our scientific textbooks are re-written every five to ten years anyhow. What he truly means is, he would have to admit that he’s started exploring his science from the wrong end and hasn’t the moral courage to admit it and start from the right end. Having educated the great mass of the public to believe in and support the materialistic premise of life, he can’t turn about now and ask it to believe in and support the Spiritualistic premise without getting himself laughed at—as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes got themselves laughed at. It’s his professional reflexes he can’t alter without imagining he’ll cease to be a scientist.

So instead of hunting for the great mystery of *You* and your origin in the fact of your physical birth some forty or fifty years ago, I’m more interested in studying the probable commencements of your Consciousness forty or fifty million years ago, watching what you’ve been doing since, and how you managed it, and toward what objective.

I say your body isn’t you, any more than the suit of clothes or the frock you’re wearing at this moment—or the pajamas or nightgown you’re wearing at the moment if you’re reading in bed—is you. The basic and essential you is a clot of undying mind. It never came to life because it never was dead in the first place, it existed potentially like macroscopic mind or occupational space and at the proper time started to function in so-called materials when macroscopic mind had shown how materials could be had. You are an imperishable creature because you can’t think yourself out of existence; you can only think yourself into various forms of vehicles—and this you have been doing as ideas for forms were either evolved by you or suggested by natural conditions prescribed by the Macrocosm.

Now what do we mean, you can only think yourself into various forms of existence? ...

Let’s try to understand it by keeping to creditable episodes in Consciousness itself ...

to ask so silly a question, “aren’t you aware that no child is ever born, or for that matter, no major surgical operation ever takes place, without the presiding surgeon having a whole group of invisible discarnate helpers standing by to assist him as they can by watching the internal condition of the patient and telepathing their suggestions on what to do as the operation progresses? And that’s doubly and triply true in the matter of childbirth. In the invisible there’s a great host of obstetricians who do nothing else but attend on physical births. Conscious life in the organic form is considered the most valuable process of consciousness in the universe because the organic world is the truly educating world, while the discarnate world is the objective and reflective world. At any rate, I’d come there to my mother’s home to be present and help the mortal doctor make a successful delivery of a baby for her at last. And there wasn’t a single reason why the fine baby girl she’d been carrying shouldn’t be normally born if a pelvic strangulation could be avoided...Anyhow, I got to the house a full half-hour before the actual delivery began and sauntered invisibly around among the family members awaiting the blessed event. I took note of the conversation, was present at the arrival of the nurse and heard the doctor’s conversation with her while our patient was in labor...Well, the long and short of it was, the baby came at last and the doctor swung it up by the heels and spanked it to make it draw the first breath of life. But the infant stayed silent. The doctor said, dismayed, ‘Too bad! Too bad! Another one and ... dead!’ ...He gave it over to the nurse and attended to saving the mother who had begun to have the usual bad hemorrhages...I did some fast thinking...That poor woman didn’t deserve such a perfectly rotten break, as plucky as she’d been and after what she’d gone through...I had it within my power to reduce my size discarnately and take possession of that infant’s body from which the soul it was intended for, had defected. Why shouldn’t I save this final baby for the mother—seeing she might never have another—and have a mortal span as a woman? ... What I did was done on impulse perhaps, yet I’ve never regretted it. I reduced my etheric size to that of the infant, got on its physical vibration, and went into the body. The instant I’d managed it, the nurse cried, ‘Doctor, you’ve made a mistake! ... This baby isn’t dead!’ ... Whereupon the household went into a sort of domestic pandemonium, that my mother had actually brought through a live baby at last.”

Remember it wasn’t any metaphysical fanatic who was attesting to this experience but a woman of mentality, character and professional position. I had a sense of conviction that I was listening to the report of a bona fide happening, if only from observation of the personality relating it.

“And you resumed your profession of obstetrician,” I suggested, “When you grew to maturity as a woman?”

“After one devil of a childhood,” my caller laughed. “You see, I never suffered the sense of mental blackout that results from the average person’s dwelling several months in the maternal organic interim. I kept my discarnate stream of consciousness through into the carnate without a break. Of course I couldn’t rattle off a discourse on obstetrics to the physician and nurse the very first night of my new incarnation, because it took a reasonable time for my new organism to grow to a status where I could use it efficiently, where, in other words, I felt fully oriented to it. But you can imagine what a sensation I subsequently made in my family as a tiny child with an adult mentality. As soon as I’d grown the teeth to talk intelligently I startled my poor father and mother—especially my poor mother—into parental fits by relating to them the events that had occurred in the household the night of my birth before I’d actually made my physical appearance. I recounted exactly what the conversations had been between the members present. I told the doctor what he’d said to the nurse on her arrival about my mother’s condition as a patient. I even took a pencil on one

occasion when I was three years old and drew a design of the lace my mother had worn on her nightgown the night of delivery. Of course my wholly orthodox parents, who'd forgotten all their own discarnate experiences long since, were quickly persuaded the devil himself must have been responsible for my birth. All through my childhood they named me the Little Witch. I knew everything an adult person knew, without being tutored, and they couldn't account for it. I never had to go through school because I was already fully educated. College and medical school, when I became old enough for them, were colossal jokes, because I knew more about practicing obstetrics than my professors. My poor perplexed mother, right up to the time of her death a few years ago, never did get straight in her mind just what sort of prodigy her only—successful—maternity had brought into the world and whether it wasn't some sort of belated heredity concentrating in her ultimate achievement all the intelligence that should have been distributed among all the babies that hadn't survived. I soon caught on that it would get me in serious complication to go about informing ordinary mortals—or I should say, mortals inducted into life in the ordinary fashion—that I wasn't a little girl at all, but a professional male obstetrician from discarnate life, who'd taken the organism of a female by a sort sentimental fluke. So I learned to shut up about it and let people believe what they wished. But for my last half-dozen lives I've been an obstetrical surgeon and even if I were encased in a woman's body, I've gone right along with my profession. Actually I can't say I've ever regretted the decision I made for it's been rather unique—being a male and yet living the past forty odd years as a human female,” and my visitor went on to describe her career and achievements as a woman medico.

Well, we visited thus most of the afternoon and she answered scores of questions I put to her about conditions of life in the discarnate, and the process of passing from one expression of consciousness to the other. She made it plain to me what I'd previously suspected, that the so-called etheric body in which consciousness resides on quitting the purely mortal body, was utterly at the behest and command of the deliberating will-power. In other words, as I hope to describe in our ensuing chapter on Possession, Consciousness can command its Thought-Body to assume what shape it pleases if the motive be strong enough and the pattern conceivable, just as in this mortal phase a person may don whatsoever costume he pleases, a man may trim his whiskers to look like William Cullen Bryant or Joseph Conrad or the late Kaiser Wilhelm, or a woman may use cosmetics to make up like Eleanor Roosevelt, Rita Hayworth or Cleopatra and no one can prevent them excepting a psychiatrist.

We might almost paraphrase the axiom, “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,” applying to the mortal aspects of consciousness, to “as a man thinketh in his head, so is he” applying to the nonmortal aspects of consciousness.

You shape an organic thing in your consciousness and your consciousness appears as that organic thing...that would seem to be the grist of it, necromantic as it seems.

If you shape your thought presence as the etheric body of an infant and achieve the exact electrical vibration of the organic infant, you can “animate” the organism and will become the infant's “soul” just as Dr. Schmidt had become the “soul” of the apparently dead baby that the mortal doctor had handed to the nurse. And what do I mean by the exact electrical vibration? Well, a few minutes ago while writing these lines, I felt a chill that made me sneeze. I sneezed with a ling “ker-choo!” ... Four feet away from me stood a pressed-iron chair, made of indestructible garden purposes, I suppose. It was one of those resonant iron chairs. Anyhow, the instant of my loud tonal “ker-choo!” the inanimate metal in that chair started “ringing,” the same principle that will start the

steel cords in a piano “ringing” when a tuning-fork is struck in their vicinity. The tonal effects being electrically exact cause them to “sound”, to activate, to vibrate in unison. Somehow there is an analogy to it in discarnate consciousness getting on the correct vibration with the unborn infant’s organism and “animating” it. Consciousness, in such even, is the animation.

Let no one confuse himself with the fixation that consciousness must have a given—or standard—physical size in order to function. Apparently it can function in any size comparable to the growth of the organism to be animated.

Allow me to embark, in illustration of what I mean, on the narration of one of the most significant demonstrations that has come to my attention. I didn’t see the demonstration myself, but a physician, whose word I credit, also told it to me and more than all else, I have seen demonstrations so similar with my own eyes that I find nothing to question in its dramatic particulars.

A NEW England medico whom I will call Dr. Denton, came with his wife to pass his annual vacation with me in the summer of 1932 in the southern city where I was then located. He took a house near mine and seized every opportunity to put himself in my company to learn as much as possible about the operations of consciousness as I had explored them in my researches. One August evening as we sat on a jasmine-scented veranda in southern moonlight, I suddenly asked, “How’d you first become interested in these supra-physical matters, Doctor? You’ve never told me.”

“No, I haven’t,” he replied, “I rarely tell anyone...for the simple reason that few people would credit it. But I had an experience the first year I was married that altered my whole thinking about the physical body and practice of medicine. I saw a woman create herself before my eyes—normal size—and then reduce to six inches tall. Does that sound crazy?”

“Not to me it doesn’t. Tell me the details.”

“Well,” said Denton, stretching his legs comfortably on the footrest of his chair and drawing on his cigar, “I met Anne, my wife, while I was doing my internship at Massachusetts General Hospital up in Boston. She’d started a career at nursing but we fell in love and were married. But we hadn’t been living together very long before I noticed that every Thursday evening she made some sort of excuse to leave our apartment and slip off by herself without telling me where or why or how she went. Naturally I became suspicious and in a fashion jealous. When I asked her about it and she evaded explaining, I determined to shadow her the following Thursday night and discover what she did. When she left the house the next Thursday evening therefore, I slipped out behind her and followed her across the streets of Back Bay till she reached a sedate-looking residence on Huntington Avenue. I saw her go up the steps of this residence, ring the bell, and get admitted. And she stayed inside three hours—I know because I spent those same three hours in a dither outside awaiting her reappearance. If she were making a bona fide social call on friends, why should she shrink from telling me who they were, or taking me with her? Anyhow, when she finally came out, I confronted her with demands for a reasonable explanation.

“‘It so happens,’ she told me, ‘that for years I’ve been interested in subjects which you as a hard-headed doctor and biologist wouldn’t understand or credit. Every Thursday night I go to a meeting of people in that house interested in those subjects with me. I’ve said nothing to you about it, and haven’t invited you along because I didn’t want you to believe you’d married a psychopathic.’”

“‘What subjects?’ I insisted she tell me.”

“‘I’ll will not spoil them,’ she answered, ‘by trying to describe them in advance. Next Thursday evening, if you’re so minded, you can go with me and see with your own eyes why I’m so interested.’”

“Well, throughout the week she teased me with suspense, and when Thursday evening came I was eager to set out. We went back to the Huntington Avenue residence together and were admitted. We were taken to a large, plain room on the second floor, where fifteen to twenty men and women had assembled and seemed to be awaiting us. They were well-dressed, intelligent and affluent-looking people. They sat in a big circle in the otherwise empty room, men and women alternating. We weren’t introduced but nobody questioned my being there. For a moment, when I noticed all the electric light bulbs in the place were red, I jumped to the conclusion that Anne belonged to some freak esoteric cult that played about with diabolism. But how explain the soft sacred music coming from a victrola in a corner?

“Well, the circle being completed by Anne’s and my arrival, we sat listening to the strains of *Lead Kindly Light*, *Abide With Me*, and *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, coming from the gramophone, and seemingly waiting for something to happen. Presently the music ended and we sat in expectant silence. I felt rather like a fool, wondering why I’d come there and what it was all about. But I soon enough learned.

“We had our plain wooden chairs in what I might call the southwesterly segment of the circle, Anne on my left. I had hold of her hand. I had also been invited to take the hand of the elderly lady on my right. Suddenly Anne began to sway as though her chair were rocking under her and she was having difficulty keeping her seat. I looked down to see what could be moving her chair and beheld what resembled a huge chaotic mass of vaporous snow that was twisting and heaving inside the chair’s lower rungs. Remaining seated was impossible with that tempestuous thing under her, and Anne got up with a little squeal. She lifted up the chair, permitting the mass to roll into the circle about four feet in front of me. There I beheld it writhe and contort and increase in size—or quantity—till an eerie unsteady pillar of it had been built up in sight of all of us. No word had been spoken throughout all this, and no sound uttered excepting Anne’s squeal. Then abruptly as I started, wondering what in God’s name I was looking at, the thing gave a shuddering spasm and right there before my eyes *became a living woman!*

“She was a good-looking girl in her early thirties, I’d have said, with soft chestnut hair, dressed in a plain white frock. I could see her in more detail than I can see you now in moonlight. She stood there before me in the ruby light with her hands on her hips and regarding me amusedly.

“‘Well, Doctor,’ she laughed, ‘do you believe the evidence of your sense?’” She stood looking at me, awaiting reply.

“I didn’t know what to believe. I was certainly talking to a substantial living woman. She couldn’t have come up through any trap door in the floor because the floor was covered by a big garnet-colored rug that stretched undamaged beneath Anne’s chair. She couldn’t have sneaked in and done an acrobatic stunt beneath the chair because at first there hadn’t been space enough between the rungs of Anne’s chair to contain the bulk of an adult person. Yet there she was before me, hands on hips and enjoying my discomfiture—and I wasn’t hypnotized nor drunk nor doped.

“I said, ‘Might I ask you who you are?’ or some similar inquiry. I’d wanted to phrase it, ‘Might I ask *what you are?*’”

“She laughed her audible rippling laugh again and answered, ‘It would scare the professional

daylights out of you, I suppose, if I told you that you're looking at, and talking with, a so-called "dead woman"?"

"I said, to make conversation as I could—for I'd never seen anything like this before, 'You look anything but a dead woman to me!'"

"'I'm as dead,' she responded, 'as anyone ever gets, in a discarnate condition. I've simply taken ectoplasmic material from all you folks and used it to coat my soul-body so to make myself substantial to you. Get up, Anne, and let me sit down beside him. He'll learn I'm real enough.'"

"Anne vacated her seat and this materialized girl sat down beside me. She took my hand which Anne had been holding and it was as real and substantial as Anne's had been, although it felt cooler in temperature.

"Well, in the next few minutes, with more than a dozen people watching and listening, she told me who she was and how she'd come by her 'death' and what her experiences and sensations had been since 'pulling out' of her original body.

"'Do you mean to tell me,' I asked her, 'that people when they "die" don't go off anywhere into heaven and meet God and the angels like the Bible tells us, but stay instead right here on the earth in an invisible state?'"

"'I can't speak for everybody,' this new acquaintance informed me, 'but my funeral was held two years ago February and if you'll go out to West Newton I'll tell you where to find my grave, but I haven't set eyes on God or an angel yet. I was thirty-three when my mortal self was buried. I made the discovery I'd really been existing in what you might call a soul-body that fitted exactly into my physical body, duplicating every physical organ and arrangement, or rather, it must have been the other way out, ... My physical body had grown and developed according to the exact pattern of my soul-body. What my soul-body's made of, I don't know. I only know I've got it and have always had it and it will respond as I wish it to, to the thoughts I think. Anyhow, dying was nothing but removing this finer and more responsive soul-body from the envelope of my physical self. The soul-body simply 'came out' of the physical self with the thinking *me* inside it. And I found the earth was actually swarming with millions of people in similar bodies in a similar condition—what you people in your heavy physical condition call Discarnate.'"

"She went on then to tell me what her life in the physical state had been—*all of which I checked up on later with her relatives and found to be correct*—contrasting it with her life in her discarnate condition. Apparently she lived an entirely normal life in this discarnate society, which seemed to be based in the main on mortal society. Finally I became so professionally curious about her materiality that I said to her, 'You know I'm a professional physician and Anne here is a registered nurse. Would you be willing to prove all you're telling me by permitting me to take you into this little room I see opening here on our right, and let me make an internal examination of you, to satisfy myself you're an organically formed woman and not some sort of illusion?'"

"Well, the long and short of it was, she reluctantly consented to it, but she did consent. I'm saying I took her into the side room, had Anne clear off the library table that was in it, and assisted the 'patient' up onto it precisely as we might have done to a patient on the examination table in my office I took ten to fifteen minutes to establish that she was actually as substantial and normal internally as she was externally. Speaking clinically, had she been impregnated by a mortal husband, she was fully capable of bearing a child...had she been equally capable of keeping her substantial covering on her soul-body. I remember that, once having her thus alone, I examined the fabric of the peculiar dress she was wearing with no under garments. Holding it up between my eyes and the

nearest ruby light, I made the discovery that it couldn't have been cloth because it had no weave in it. Yet it was silken soft and beautiful. It bore a lot of resemblance to the sheerest membrane of a bat's wing—if you've ever felt a bat's wing. I had to take her back to the group and announce that in so far as we could determine, she was a wholly normal and perfectly formed adult, both inside and out.

“But here's what happened, as my reason for recalling the experience...she sat down beside me again in Anne's chair and continued to answer such questions as I could call up about her mode of practical life in discarnation. But as I continued to converse with her I began to realize she was diminishing in size. She was telling me how people in pattern bodies—or some bodies—could perform independent of the laws commonly governing atomic materials, when I noticed she had begun to swing her feet that were no longer resting on the floor. She was in fact, reversing the process of physical growth and becoming child-size even as I watched. Only she wasn't altering in appearance. She remained the same perfectly formed and perfectly proportioned adult person to the end. Only the top of her head scarcely came to my shoulder.

“‘What are you doing to yourself?’ I demanded—when I really meant, ‘What are you doing *with* yourself?’ because she was certainly losing bulk, weight and volume.

“‘Showing you,’ she laughed, ‘the power of Consciousness to control everything in the immaterial world—and the material world as well, if you've got the Thought-Force,’ and she jumped down off the seat of Anne's chair before it became too high from the carpet for her to get down of herself.

“Well, to conclude the episode, the end came sooner than I cared to have it come. She was still standing there talking to us when she was no more than two feet high, not shriveled or altered in the slightest from what she'd been as five feet high. Where her excess material was going, what had happened to it, I haven't been able to explain to this day. I didn't see it go anywhere, at least. It was more as though the substance of her compacted uniformly so that when she was down to about a foot in height she was a perfect miniature of the adult woman we'd recently examined in the room at the right. Of course, when she'd reduced to that Lilliputian size we could no longer distinguish what she was saying—her larynx wasn't powerful enough, apparently, to create sound-tones to reach our eardrums. Finally, when she'd reduced to the height of a lead pencil, she seemed to give a queer little twirl of her figure and was *gone*. She wasn't in the room with us physically any longer. I saw that thing happen, and Anne here saw it happen, and she can correct me in any detail I've described inadequately or incorrectly. How about it, Anne?”

His wife by the veranda railing confirmed all that the Doctor had related. He relighted his cigar.

“I found out once,” Denton concluded, “that the group of which Anne had been a member for some time, was quite celebrated in national psychical research circles for its explorations and examinations into supra-physical phenomena and of course I joined it along with Anne and became engrossed in its investigations...I've made up my mind the human race is on the verge of discovering and proving the fallacy of so-called Death—its next truly great scientific and cultural achievement. But don't miss the significance of that discarnate girl's control of her pattern or soul-body by the power of thought. She could—at least she did—make it any size she pleased. She'd first made herself five feet high. Then she'd reduced herself without the faintest alteration in her appearance to a final five *inches* high—precisely like Alice in Wonderland eating the cakes before the diminutive door to the Queen's Garden. I have no doubt, I would have found a woman as perfectly formed and organized as at five feet high, and certainly she must have remained as real to

herself. Physical size is purely a relative thing, anyhow. If you want to see how small you are, lie down beside an elephant; if you want to see how big you are, lie down beside a puppy. So I say, why mightn't that girl—or any discarnate soul—have reduced her size to an item as small as the growing foetus in a mortal woman's body and locked herself into it and been born again physically as the 'soul' of that infant? To my way of reasoning it out, we don't have to hazard any wild hypothesis about possibilities of rebirth, and living more than one life mortally on this earth. All we need do is observe the capabilities of consciousness in its discarnate state to realize that we could *be* reborn or *not* be reborn, according as it pleased us. Of course there are probably people so fed up with the complications of worldly life they never want to think of returning to it, but that's not saying it couldn't be possible if the late Miss Maynard up in Boston could project herself as five tall at one time and five inches tall twenty minutes later. If she could reduce her conscious body—or astral organism—to five inches tall, why couldn't she reduce it to the size of a mouse's eyeball, as the biological human foetus is for size when it first begins to display a heart-beat? After all, even when no bigger than a mouse's eyeball, it's still millions of times bigger than any molecule or atom giving it apparent substance. I don't suppose God Almighty forces anyone to have a soul, or be a thinking consciousness unit, against his will, but obviously it's not necessary. Billions and trillions of consciousness units *want* to be souls, by the very fact of their having become souls. Anyhow, since I've come face to face with the higher and deeper facts of life, existence has suddenly begun to make sense to me and I consider I'm a more intelligent and competent medical man for having had the contact."

Dr. Denton must have been correct in this last, because I understand that at present he holds an authoritative position as a biologist at the Rockefeller Medical Center in Manhattan. Again I say, these aren't metaphysical fanatics from whom I have derived the examples of supra-consciousness described in this book. They are hard-headed and responsible persons of affairs, and yet strangely enough when I stop to think of it, a majority of them are derived from the medical profession. Perhaps we shouldn't wonder at it, since the members of that profession treat most intimately with organic life in its physical animations.

But what truly do we have in Doctor Denton's narrative of the materialization of the Maynard girl?

Conscious life, we might put it, once it has come into recognition of itself, cannot die to extinction, *because there is nothing to kill it excepting itself!*

If it can survive right here on this plane of material existence, as psychical research seems to be proving it does survive, then it can by its own inherent powers, enter into new developing organisms and "get born" for as many worldly lives as it elects.

In other words, the proof of survival of consciousness is the proof of the possibility of successive earthly lives—and reincarnation doesn't have to remain some fantastic mythical doctrine imported from the East. It would be a natural and logical exploit of the disembodied soul in itself.

The astute logician—and God knows there's room for plenty of them in the psychical field—will declare that this is equivalent to saying that the person who doesn't think he's got a soul probably hasn't got a soul, if the soul is the embodied ability to think. I say to a degree, he's right. Just as you can take the zero temperature from water you swim in, in January, by refusing to recognize or admit to yourself how cold it is, so you can withhold recognition in your mind from the realization or recognition of your own existence. In that sense you won't have a soul, because

always remember *thinking is function*. But we don't need to take up that argument now. I'm trying to explore what you might have done from time to time, and from sequence to sequence up the ages, to perfect your consciousness of yourself to its present capability to consider yourself abstractly.

Let's take another view of it—this business of conscious and nondrying personality seizing possession of animate organism—

YOU recall Dr. Hardwick who narrated to me his experience with Walter Stison's sparrow hawk. I told you he became my medical assistant in a clinic for examining these matters in North Carolina in the summer of 1932. Well, one afternoon a toil-worn and earnest lady nearing her fifties sought an audience at our headquarters. I'll call her Mrs. Hunter.

Mrs. Hunter told us she had arrived that morning from a small town in northern Texas bringing with her a 24-year-old son whom purblind alienists had declared insane and wanted confined. She had left him with a sister at a local boardinghouse, while she sought us out to solicit our aid.

"Thomas is *not* crazy," she declared with all her fierce mother-loyalty. "He's a fine intelligent boy, but his trouble is, as I've figured it out, his soul has too loose a hold on his body to keep control of it, and the souls of other people without bodies of their own, get into him and take it over."

Dr. Hardwick asked her what gave her that idea.

"Because when they're into him they speak foreign languages that my Tommy never learned or heard in his life. You can't speak a language fluently without having learned it, can you? Besides, in times when they're out of him and he can use his own equipment, he tells me they shove his soul out and take over. They're stronger than he is, and he can't help it. When he's in charge of his own body, he's no more crazy than anyone of the three of us."

I asked her how she'd heard of our clinic that she'd brought him to us.

"Tommy told me himself," she answered. "When he's in command of his own brain and body he has what the doctors call his lucid spells. And in one of them he says to me, 'Mother, take me up to North Carolina...there's some men up there who know all about these things and they can help me'. And he supplied your names and told what it was known in the discarnate world you were doing for others."

Well, I had executive duties that prevented me from following the case personally but Dr. Harwick went back with the mother and spent all the remainder of the afternoon with the "crazy boy." He came back and reported—

"Damn the plain orthodox ignorance of these dumb psychiatrists! ... It's as positive a case of possession as I've ever been up against. The boy has five discarnate soldiers—physically killed in the 1917 war—pushing him around and taking over his organism any time they choose—three French *poilus*, a Belgian and a German. I don't understand Belgian but I do know French and German, so I had a long talk with four of them. They're angry and terrified at not knowing what state they're in and intolerant of anyone who's discarnate, telling them. They refuse to admit they're dead because they've got etheric bodies that seem real to them. But they've found this poor kid Tommy Hunter whom they can make vacate his organism and give it over to them to use, and get physical expression in this atomic world. So they take over sometimes all together and the result is what these dumb psychiatric clucks called 'insanity.' Insanity, apparently, is anything they can't—or don't—understand, because they refuse to admit the existence of consciousness apart from body. Body—or brain—must make consciousness, they think, so Tommy must be aberrantly doing all of it."

“Well,” I asked, “what’s to be done for the lad?”

“I’ve arranged for Mrs. Hunter to stay around town a couple of weeks while I have ten or a dozen sessions with those poor addled soldiers and get it through their heads what an injustice they’re doing Tommy by appropriating the organic body that belongs to him rightfully. I think I can make it plain to them the true condition they’re in and persuade them to either find a pregnant woman and reincarnate their consciousness, or look up their own ‘dead’ relatives on higher levels of thought and get themselves oriented to being actually discarnate.”

For at least ten afternoons, therefore, Dr. Hardwick visited the Hunters and conversed with the four “dead” boys in French or German...and they translated for the Belgian. Sometimes, Dr. Hardwick told me, they could follow what was happening. At length they saw the light on the whole of it and gave Tommy Hunter’s organism back to him unreservedly. *Mrs. Hunter⁴ took her son back to Texas permanently cured of his “insanity.”*

Now then, what have we presented to us in the Hunter case? ...

Five different men, each with his own personality, his own language, his own mental ensemble, could seize upon the entire mental and neurotic equipment of the body that was Tommy Hunter’s—a body, take note, that was living animatedly of itself as an organism during the various spiritual occupancies—and in an instant of time substitute the contents of their own cerebral cortexes at the time of their death in battle for the contents of Tommy Hunter’s cerebral cortexes that existed in his own body in Texas twelve to fourteen years later.

To me we are presented with the demonstration that discarnate consciousness can occupy and manifest in any bodily equipment or mechanism it discovers physically alive and intact, and available for its personalized expressions. By that same token, you as a man or woman soul today in the Twentieth Century of the Christian era could have animated—and doubtless did animate—any of the ten thousand or a million types of species that fitted the status of your intelligence as your Consciousness was developing into full-fledged recognition—not to mention realization—of itself. You couldn’t have had present man’s degree of both when the highest forms that had developed on the terrestrial stage to date were annelid or Brontosaurus. But you went into the highest forms and kept going into the coming out of the highest forms until you developed along with similar granules of consciousness into sub-man and finally the human species of the present. By the same practice you will continue to go along into the highest and most evolved forms until you leave microcosmic consciousness entirely and begin to approximate forms of macrocosmic consciousness. Which we are no more able to understand today than Brontosaurus could have “understood” a development like Eddington’s or Milliken’s or Einstein’s of the present.

What I am trying to say is, the earth’s evolving forms are probably consciousness merely finding material or organic animations that best express itself in the atomic manner for further self-realization and performance. And this process is perpetual and never ending. If we don’t do it on this planet, the universe is now expansive enough to do it on some other planet, or perhaps exert our own collective energy and project our own universe in Cosmos to gain to even higher and greater attainments.

Viewed from this angle, all life has meaning and all life has sense. Furthermore, all the varied forms and gradations of intelligence you witness in the organic and human worlds about you have significance and purpose. The strictly materialistic and mechanistic hypothesis for animation and intelligence make no sense whatsoever and present the whole universe as a titanic futility. Which do you prefer? We can prove the first constantly from demonstration of phenomena. You can’t prove

anything from the second except that various things do seem to happen spontaneously and beyond
it is no thinking...

Chapter VIII

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INTELLECT OF SPIRIT

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EVERY little while I receive a letter from a Soulcraft reader comments in substance, “In a way, this Science of Soul which you’re proclaiming, puzzles me. You say that this Unit of Spirit, this God-essence in me that I identify as my self-aware personality, may be tens of thousands of years old...perhaps hundreds of thousands of years old. Whether it is or not, I can’t say, inasmuch as I only recall with vividity the memory of incidents that have made up this, my current life. You assert that my character isn’t a matter of inherited traits but the accumulate acknowledgement of experiences I’ve had in all past lives, regardless of race, locality, or social situation. You lay heavily on the constantly reiterated ‘truth’ that my temperament—meaning my demonstrated personality with all its resultant eccentricities—will survive all the bodies I may occupy up ten thousand, or perchance a hundred thousand, years in future. What I’d really like to have you explain to me is the permanent worth of knowing all these more or less historical facts about myself, and what practical use I can make of such knowledge in my day-to-day affairs of the present. After all, I can only live one life at a time, can I not? Of all the years and months and days and hours of that life, it’s only the present moment that counts. I’ll subscribe to the readily. But what good does it do to be well-nigh an adept in metaphysical erudition, and not be able to make a living, not be able to control my son and daughter who seem to be succumbing to most of the ills or excesses of a decadent era through which our nation is passing, not to be able to raise myself by my own bootstraps to any particular prestige or influence that makes this current earthly sojourn the most profitable I’ve ever lived? It’s recognized and appreciated advancement right here and now, this present twenty-four hours that truly interests me. Having reasonable peace of mind from learning how to be philosophical about the plights of my life is one thing; making me an acknowledged success in the economic and civil way is the thing I’d the better appreciate and thank you for. I’m a man—or woman—with Problems. It’s aid in solving them, meaning more strength, intellect, or financial power to apply in dissolving my quandaries, that I’m truly searching for and would be everlastingly grateful to get. I’m reasonably healthy, so the ‘healing’ phases of esoterics don’t overly appeal to me. I have no inconsolable grief because I’ve lost a wife, husband, sweetheart, lover, child or parent, so proving that they hover about me in invisibility is only a synthetic consolation at the best. The real thing I’m hoping to turn up somewhere along the line of all this Soulcraft reading is the magic formula for achieving to distinction within a specified time...and if ninety-five percent of your audience were truly honest, they’d be expressing the same thing. Science of Betterment. On such a basis of understanding, can Soulcraft deliver to me or can it

not?”

Strange to say, I'm never offended or dismayed at receiving this sort of challenge to the enlightenment, which has done so much for me in my own case. I felt an odd sympathy for the communicating of such candor, or rather for the persons who express it. Further, I felt no urge to attempt to equivocate in replying to it. But I do have a concernment about whether or not I'm capable of making such replies understood...

YOU SEE, there are exactly two ways of looking upon this Science of Soul, two and none other. The first is *objectively*, and the second is *subjectively*. As preciously stated, the term Objectively means strictly within the Inner Self, with exterior conditions disdained. And people who write me as I've set down, are regarding spiritual enlargements in the objective or abstract, something apart from their present moment personalities, something to be attained like an award of merit. They haven't yet developed spiritually to the point where they are capable of grasping that true Soul Science, effectively mastered or its increments acquired, so changes the quality of their consciousness in their inner beings that the fact of current penuries almost never occurs to them. A different plane of ideology has already opened to them and they are hour by hour *living* it. True advancements in soul quality are not something bought in ten easy lessons, as a suit of new raiment in ten easy payments with carrying charge included. They *were* a certain sort of persons yesterday, they are a different sort of persons today, they will be something else tomorrow, and next month or next year or next life. But when you *are* a thing, you take it for granted. Or rather, it doesn't occur to you to question it. Take this matter of Life Knowledge, to illustrate...

Regarding it objectively, as the average neophyte does in so far as his selfish interest carries, he envisions himself as a given personage in the present dissatisfied with his life situation, eager to acquire Enlightenment like an amulet, to flash on contemporaries in some inexcusable dilemma of life and have it work a miracle of its own potentials. He's more or less like the hypochondriac, or person who "loves to be sick", who drinks bottles of nostrums assuming they're going to work some wonder-cure on his recalcitrant insides instead of realizing the supervisory power of his mind or Spirit Intellect and causing it to order his body to get over its pathological tantrums and behave. Wanting the Science of Soul to equip him with magical formulas in the spiritual sense, he waits to hit on a necromantic combination of words, which he can chant in a peculiar tone and have the elements obey him in consequence, the elements in such case being the winds of good fortune or seas of material resource that float treasure-chest shoreward. He forgets, or overlooks, that he does not want to change in the item of himself; he really wants to stay precisely the person he's always been but have the increment arrive as some scintillating bequest.

But the subjective student regards the increment differently, assuming, as I say, he regards it at all.

He has difficulty regarding it, *being* it.

H E IS, first of all, highly intrigued by learning all he can about his private soul-origin because out of fullest knowledge of such origin he may gauge its capabilities. He's eager to see himself in fullest light against the background of the Omniverse because by its vastness—or comprehensive grasp of its vastness—he discerns his probable destiny. He wants to know the fullest capabilities of his consciousness—or what consciousness has demonstrated to be able to do for others—in that his first duty to himself is to live his life, any life, to its fullest possibilities to

assure himself of adequate compensations for the energies and distresses of living it; unless he does that, he's merely cheating himself at spiritual solitaire. He wishes to become apprised of all that exists to know about the perpetuity of consciousness that he may avoid and avert the distractions of inconsolable grief or live immune from constant and continual perturbations at occasional supernatural phenomena. He wants an intimate acquaintance with intelligent life in higher spiritual aspects that he may discern clearly what states are awaiting him as the vital forces of physicality run low or universal menace panics his neighbors.

Exploring these great departments of life for their own sake, being adept in knowledge of them, it usually escapes him that his personality is changing. Matters that exercise the ignorant man, he comes to regard as strange childish humors. His whole sense of worldly values is altering. He comes to appreciate intuitively why other people behave as they do. Experience or ordeals that numb or wreck the objective student run off him like water off a duck. Coming to grasp as by an instinct the perpetuity of personality, nothing that life can turn up shows as very tragic.

He becomes, in short, a superior person, standing head and shoulders above the crowd of mediocrities. Nothing seems to upset him inwardly because he truly discerns little or nothing in the ordinary run of humanity's distresses to become overly wrought up about. Perhaps, faced by some vital decision that would cower or paralyze the Little Man, he withdraws into as calm a reverie as he's capable of commanding only to "hear" sedate and instructive wisdom "spoken" to him, which he does not excitably exclaim about; he understands what it is and whence it comes, and he accepts it as a feature of the cooperation, which Wisdom invites from life's higher echelons. When the crowd becomes excited, his reaction is insouciance. When the crowd is struck silent, it is his voice that speaks. And by reason of the inner guidance he's cultivated, *he says something*.

To think of annexing this character expansion that has come to him well-nigh unnoted, by answering some cult advertisement dispensing formulas for money, occasions a variety of humor within him. Almost we might classify it as in a category with buying a beloved mother's virtue for money. One's mother's virtue is taken for granted—among respectable people. One's character expansion is likewise taken for granted—among erudite people.

Actually, regarding soul science objectively, much less acquiring it objectively, carries a certain ribaldry that only the subjective scientist can estimate.

All of which, boiled down, is saying that you can't possess yourself of all the knowledge that exists to be known about the soul, and stay the same person who earlier began it. Your viewpoint is so broadened that your psychology is transformed. You don't see the world through new eyes; you see it suddenly from a mature and not adolescent temperament, because such knowledge has aged you. Instead of donning Wisdom like a suit of clothes for an East parade before your fellows, you are Wisdom itself in its decisions and performings.

Your consciousness has entered into a higher phase of operation.

You have suddenly become big without grasping the proportions of it.

SO WHEN people write letters to me declaring, "What I'd really like you to explain to me is the permanent worth of knowing all these spiritually historical facts about myself, and what practical use I can make of such knowledge in my day-to-day affairs of the present," I sometimes feel like the wise old academic savant asked by the impertinent freshman, "Do you mind explaining to me just what value I may expect to derive from spending four years at this college or university? Unless I'm guaranteed that on graduation I'm going to make a million dollars, or be immediately

appointed as Ambassador to Patagonia, or have books written about my life as scientist or philanthropist, I doubt very much that I'll waste the time or put myself to the financial expense. Of course, if you can arrange it for me to get the whole college course by reading the pamphlets a week apart, such would be the happier solution to my current predicament of ignorance and indolence. But on the whole, it's what I am in the present electric instant that counts. What I may be in middle life or old age is all conjectural."

The professor who would pause to discuss Education with such a brains-trapped tadpole certainly could be classified as not competent to instruct him, because he'd be operating on a similar level of ideology.

What I'm trying to get across to all such correspondents by the books I'm creating in this series is as enticing a prospectus as possible of the advantage of expansion of the Intellect of Spirit. Because that's all Mind is, when you come right down to it, as I've delineated in much greater detail in *Beyond Grandeur*. Spiritual Intellect! It permits you to operate as a total personality on a loftier and vaster level of consciousness.

Putting it in another way, we might describe it that you live automatically in whatever intellectual zone you're capable of inhabiting. Different gradations of intellect, in fact, are what create and maintain the zones in the first place.

The laborer existing from year to year in the shanty across the tracks looks upon the aristocratic family motoring out of its driveway up on the Avenue, with liveried chauffeur behind the wheel, and is envious only of the worldly affluence displayed by them. He fails to grasp factually that possessing such affluence is synonymous with possessing the higher and wider exercise of consciousness, thinking more cultured and consequential thought, owing to the acumen to associate with wits on similar strata. The laborer cries in bitterness, "I have a physical body that feels heat and cold, or knows hunger or satiation, precisely as do these favored foundings of fortune. Because I feel similar organic distress, why am I not entitled to all their enjoyments?" there is rarely the right person nearby to answer, "—because you're only equipped physically to *sense* them. Become equipped spiritually—not to mention intellectually—to live a life of aristocracy, and the spiritual or mental equipment bears you automatically up to it."

But of course lacking such development, the laborer does not get it. There is ever a demagogic politician about to entice his vote with promising that it's all a matter of who's in office, and if the demagogue be so elevated he'll make it his business to wrest from the rich and give to the poor. What Holy Spirit is doing amid it all is to lift the laborer's *quality of consciousness through experiences* so that up further lives he's eligible to such materialistic largess.

But the laborer by no means assimilates that. He wants his avenue mansion and Rolls-Royce right *now*, purely from the circumstance that he and the aristocrats both feel hunger or chill with equal distress. That it's the hunger or chill that's activating the laborer to bestir himself and acquire a more fitting quality of consciousness so as to function properly as a resident of the Avenue, is only known to the metaphysical analyst. And that as well is a role demanding more than an average I. Q.

Oh well, generations ago the savants coined the adage, "You can't make velvet purses out of sow's ears." But they were by no means right. You *can* make purses out of human sows' ears, if you expose the sows' ears to enough refining experiences...at least that's the way it's regarded celestially.

But learning to expand the consciousness in ten easy lessons, contained in ten pamphlets sent for

ten weeks at a cost of ten dollars total, is expecting one can filch Wisdom without exerting one's self to acquire it.

A sort of digression chapter, this, to clarify First principles in the minds of the nondiscerning.

The Spiritual Intellect of Man is a nonperishable principle that qualifies for cosmic progression by the mere fact of exercising. Wisdom spreads the entire canvas of attainment for the sodden, handicapped, or discouraged traveler along life's Low Road. Really get through one's head that Spiritual Intellect *is* nondrying and the true significance of the whole trek changes.

But rarely is the traveler aware of the change in the electric instant that it happens. It's usually in retrospect that realization of it comes to him. Yet why should *that* bother him? The point is, it *happens*.

And that's all God cares about, from the standpoint of Infinity. Now let's proceed with our book...

Chapter IX

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ROMANCE AS POLARITY

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LOVE! ...What is love between a man and a woman and how and when does it enter into the great cosmic progression in our enlargement of Consciousness. Let us see.

We know that the first forms of animate life were what we give the term asexual. And what does asexual mean? It means more than self-propagating or even self-generating. It means survival by splitting. That is to say, in the truly elementary forms of animate consciousness we have the dinoflagellates I've already mentioned that are practically one-cell animals that propagate by separating. Strictly speaking, of course, a cell that breaks apart, with each half growing into a whole and that breaking again into halves, isn't propagating at all. It's merely finding a way of achieving immortality so long as the whole species isn't exterminated by natural conditions. The original cell in a diversity of separations or break-ups, is forever in existence. But in this program, take note, nothing by way of improvement can be added that wasn't in the original unit. There can be no inheritance of traits or improvement through offspring by asexual increase.

However, asexual forms of cell life are the first forms of animate consciousness we seem to encounter in nature and the original cells have been splitting throughout millions of years. But in the occupancies of these forms by evolving units of consciousness that down some far day must be men and women, we suddenly encounter a revolutionary change in the propagation of the vehicles. Generation happens through function of organism that we call sex. Biological life divides into male and female. The medium for the transmission of the species pattern generation by generation is the egg. The female originates the protoplasmic or cellular unit within her person which the male finds a way to "fertilize" or plant the consciousness-germ in. an egg, in other words, doesn't become "alive" or contain a life-granule until it has received an ingredient that comes from a male. This reception may take place outside the female's body in some species, as well as inside in others—the higher developed types where the need of preserving them from damage or destruction is greater. In some species of marine forms the female may deposit her eggs in great quantities in some breeding place whereupon some male who has never seen the egg-laying female may come along and excrete upon them what they require to make them animate vehicles for subsequent consciousness. But as organic life climbs higher and higher up the scale of organic complication, the male sperm is injected into an orifice in the female's body, encounters the egg, fertilizes it, and imparts its own qualities to the creature it becomes. The female retains the fertilized egg and develops it within herself till the creature is recognizable as a new unit of her own species. Thereupon she subjects it and a new unit of increase is added to the world population of that species. Now it's that revolutionary shift in technique of reproduction that we're interested in at the moment—from the

asexual to bisexual. What event took place, and what condition or intelligence directed it, which reshaped this vital process so drastically? This is worth exploring.

For it couldn't "just happen". From our point of view, Consciousness made it happen, as I maintain consciousness causes every process and alteration in process to happen in the organic world. Something was needful in the biological program that asexual increase couldn't furnish.

I contend that consciousness, that is, original self-awareness, wanted to express more than the mere phenomenon of spontaneous aliveness by manifesting in atoms. It wanted to increase and expand itself by retaining the effects of its atomic experience, or the effects of atomic activity upon itself. So it used asexual cell-growth to build up associations of such cells into purposeful patterns and *thenceforth inhabit not the cells but the patterns of the cells in association*. These cellular patterns in functioning formation we today call organs. Many interrelated organs constitute a body.

All cells in living organisms, considered as cells alone, are asexual—that is, they split to obtain increase. They do it today on a colossal scale in the human body. Consider how fast the embryonic babe grown in the mother's uterus from the asexual reproduction of cells from the instant that sperm and ovum meet. Now those cells are alive but they don't have consciousness. Dr. Alexis Carrel kept the cells of a chicken heart alive and renewing themselves for years, but they had no consciousness. Hitch a big conglomeration of them together in a functionary pattern, however, and consciousness can get "into it and dominate it." It can use it to create a performing "vehicle" as we say, for itself, such as the human body controlled by a nervous and muscular system and offering such features as legs for moving about terrestrially, or hands for wielding tools or weapons.

It is wrong to say therefore that consciousness "abandoned" the asexual process of reproduction. Because it didn't. when cells got into conjunction to make the muscular mechanisms known as organs, a way had to be found to reproduce as one unit not only the cells themselves but the cells in assembled pattern. Or better still, the pattern of cells had to be projected as a utility for consciousness, considered as a pattern. Right there we encounter the phenomenon called a "body". We get the word from the old Anglo-Saxon term "bodig" meaning a collection of persons, things, facts, or the like, as a whole. What we commonly speak of, as the human body is actually the whole body of its organs making it a completed ensemble. Asexual cells considered of themselves would permit of no variety in progeny—every dinoflagellate must be like every other dinoflagellate because the last one to split is essentially the same as the first one that split. But when it came to these in assembly—joined together in a pattern—they could be as varied as consciousness could conceive patterns for them to follow in such groupings.

Consciousness must therefore have asked itself, "How can I arrange a method or process by which these various body-patterns integrate from the self-splitting asexual cells of which they're built up. Asexual cells split automatically so long as there is chemical nourishment to sustain them and supply them with substance for their growth. But I can't have the pattern units of cells in functioning association doing that. Pattern bodies, or pattern groups, of cells mustn't be allowed to increase automatically. There must be a make-and-break system in the process of creation. Pattern bodies of cells together must only be created from motivating causes so they never come into existence without the cause in consciousness being present, or they'd soon overrun the earth as rapacious automations. Suppose I solve the quandary by dividing *myself* into halves, one-half to occupy one form of pattern body of assembled cells and the other half to occupy another form—the two pattern bodies being so designed that reproduction takes place only when they come into contact. Reproduction then occurs reactively, but not spontaneously. Suppose I divide myself as to

qualities within my own complete unit. Suppose I put all my aggressive, bellicose, rapacious traits into one organism and call it male, suppose I take all my passive, docile, conserving and ministering traits into a twin organism and call it female. The aggressive part of myself will seek out and subdue the docile, ministering part and enact a process of conjugation. When the two halves thus join their organisms I will cause forces to be set in movement that start the assembly of automatic asexual cells to build a new pattern ensemble and thus the creation of new pattern-ensembles will always remain an act of deliberation between my two halves. Furthermore, size being no factor in microcosmic life except in the eye and estimate of the abstract beholder in comparison with his own completed form, suppose I project the pattern design I want the cells to take in the literal spermatozoa that passes between such male and female organisms in contact. Thus I can keep a species constant until I, as occupying consciousness, have no further need of it in my own development.”

Now whether microcosmic life thought out the foregoing or whether it received its cues from macrocosmic life that had perfected them first in other universes than ours, isn't germane to the realization that some such thing must have happened.

Sex was a sharp dividing of the character of the consciousness just as it was a dividing—or pairing—of the functions of physical procreation. Males and females of all species think by similar processes and to the unified objective. But *what* they think—that is, their viewpoints—are as antipodal as light and darkness, day and night, positive and negative. The male fights, the female conciliates. The male projects, the female gestates. With the exception of some species of spiders, where the females are the battling and consuming Amazons and only use males for conjugating purpose and then devour them, this division of qualities of consciousness maintains in all species. That isn't to say that a male won't do an act of gentleness or mercy or a female won't battle when sufficiently provoked—when her young are endangered, for instance. But in the main these are acquired characteristics. Generally speaking—and not so general either—the male and female of any species taken together make a completed and balanced soul, composed of all attributes.

Any soul, without all its attributes or qualities, can't be called complete. So long as it is deficient in some major attributes it is only certain portions of a soul—those that display within it. If the missing portions be elsewhere, then it is only logic that the soul must be called divided, one section of it in one place, one section in another. If one section enters into a body pattern of cells and functions therein, then there may be a twin display of the same consciousness, but we are compelled to consider them together to visualize the soul in entirety.

If therefore we have the soul attributes of aggression, bellicosity, self-assertion, exploration, experiment, resolution, acquisition, incarnated in an exposition of soul consciousness that we term the masculine, and the attributes of cooperation, concord, pacification, leniency, obedience, conservation, tenderness, mercy, humility, modesty, incarnated in an exposition of soul-consciousness that we term the feminine, the two in conjunction would present a soul in totality.

That is saying in effect that a man or woman, considered of and as his or herself cannot embody a unit of spiritual consciousness in totality, since each lacks by the essence of his sex the antitheses of his basic character. It takes a representative man and representative woman in balanced conjunction to form the perfectly totaled soul.

It is not so much of a platitude as it sounds, to say that a given soul cannot be very masculine of temperament and very feminine of temperament at the same time. But when a very masculine man

loves and weds a very feminine woman we commonly declare that the match is “ideal”. Why is it considered ideal? Because between them they express all the spiritual attributes of which consciousness is capable. They make a completed microcosm.

The hypothesis them, that it requires the full quota of the spiritual attributes to compose the total soul, should imply in practical aspects that if consciousness did split into its antipodal traits in each microcosmic instance back over the generations, and each male set of traits proceeded to function in the male-pattern of atomic organism and each female set of traits in the female-pattern, then every living male should have his personal female somewhere in Cosmos who is actually as much a part of him as he is part of her, and as they contact and weld and function they are the one hundred percent spirit unit in operation.

Acting in conscious unison they display the original unit of consciousness in its highly evolved form—evolved at least up as far as the present.

The most potent thing engaging us is the “mystery” of the origin of sex, the perpetuation of sex, and the “love” which male and female uniformly possess, or generate, for one another. What is this unailing sex attraction?

The physiological expounder of love will tell us that men and women—as well as all the mammalian animals—possess certain protoplasmic sacs in their organic selves which fill up with secretions that are basically chemical, inciting the sac nerves or ligaments and demanding discharge. They don't tell us *why* whose sacs fill up or *why* the sensation of discharge fills the whole nervous system with ecstatic reaction. It is another of those provisions of nature that “just happened” in the course of evolution. Love, they say, is merely the anticipation of feeling the blissful reaction of sac deflation—imaging conjugation in advance and desiring it realized. They ignore so many controversial factors in this explanation that we can without great mental effort reduce it to the status of a chocolate pie that some person has inadvertently stepped in. All mammalian animals have their periods of sac distension and deflation, but how is so brash as to call bestial rutting by the name of love? Tens of thousands of men and women have loved each other who have found themselves incapable of conjugation. Millions of marriages founded on nothing but physical sex have quickly gone to pieces whereas millions more of marriages have reached their sweetest and finest stages when the “necessity” of sex intimacies has been merely out-lived. These three points alone dynamite the theory of love being constant anticipation of amativeness.

No, love is something far more significant and profound than reproductive utility of the sex equipments. More rationally we might describe it as the fundamental urge in either man or woman to coalesce with the antipodal traits distinguishing the other sex as a sex, and present to the world a completed and balanced unity by the fact of association. It is what society clumsily describes as a “perfect mating.”

However, don't misunderstand me. I'm by no means suggesting that the happy marriages come from men and women marrying their opposites in temperament—quite the reverse. Temperament seems to be the collective reaction of a personality to its condition, and physical factors can determine it quite as much as spiritual—the temperament of a cripple or a blind person or a blind person for instance being vitally keyed to the handicap. Temperament, in other words, has little or nothing to do with sex and can't be classed as a sex trait, or even soul trait, in any aspect. I'm speaking of something that treats with a different classification of values, something we might best describe as Sex Personality. It is something that transcends temperament—or disposition—and partakes of the division of fundamental consciousness. Perchance we haven't ever coined precisely

the right term to identify it. Masculinity and femininity come nearest to it, considering descriptions of the soul halves separately.

Whence, I ask you, comes the universal acceptance in the human heart, male or female, that somewhere in Cosmos exists the perfect complement to itself...the amative person who uniformly fits every specification, every complex and reflex, spiritual as well as physical, that is instinctively conjectured by the first? Is it another of those mercurial fancies that “just happen”, born of dissatisfactions with sex realities that have been encountered? Is the whole world then, dissatisfied with its love mates?

We know well enough it isn't. We know beyond all peradventure of doubt there are millions of quite normal men and women who have eventually come face to face with “exactly the right person” they have longed to meet and marry, who have recognized each other as mates practically at first sight, who have joined themselves legally and spiritually to each other and barring ephemeral annoyances or distractions, have composed together the ideal spiritual unit. Millions of such marriages are of record, I say, but being so tranquil and natural they occasion no episodes to make us take note of them. *Literally there are millions of happily married people* but the unhappily married people—people who have married spiritual complements that don't belong to them—stir up such an ungodly rumpus in result of it that we overlook the great majority that life upon life does connect with its separated sections and for the balanced whole, each couple to itself.

There is a vast literature to be explored here—what causes people to marry separated sections of other people's consciousness that in nowise belong with them? It has been treated in an earlier book *Know Your Karma*. We are interested at this juncture merely in determining as we may why you have discovered yourself in mortal life as a man or woman, masculine or feminine. It doesn't appear that we are going far wrong, examining the Cosmic Evolutionary picture, to deduce that in the original cleavage of your microcosmic conscious unit, you are the sum and substance spiritually of those particular elements designating your sex. We know that consciousness must have divided because we do have sex and we do have the antipodal spiritual attributes denoting masculine and feminine. We know there is the universal urge in each sex to complement itself with the other, to weld itself as closely as possible to the other. We know there is such a thing as the “right” men and women coming together and forming ideal matings, which no amount of worldly ordeal or vicissitude can disrupt—indeed, ordeal and vicissitude endured together only weld these true spiritual halves the closer to each other so that instances have been known where the mortal death of one caused the mortal death of the other within a few hours—or days or weeks. The hypothesis is more than hypothesis that when two people—the one very masculine and the other very feminine—look into each other's eyes or enwrap themselves in one another's arms and whisper “we belong to each other”, *they are speaking the literal truth*. They started out as the one souls in the cosmic beginning, divided their antipodal attributes, incarnated as the biological sexes, and have been mating with each other on and off, life upon life, generation upon generation, era upon era, right down to the present. And in a corner of the park in summer night, in the shadows behind the bandstand, they're at it again, God love'em, because they *are* what they are—incomplete of soul until their lives amalgamate. They'll marry and go through hell *for* and *with* each other with nothing but mortal death itself truly capable of prying them apart. They may not either one of them be outstandingly handsome or beautiful. He may look like Ichabod Crane and she may resemble a mattress tied with a bookstrap but their hearts “beating as one” is no idle *cliché*. They are serving notice on the universe they together compose the basic spiritual unit. They utterly gratify and

satisfy one another *because they are in totality one complete cosmic person.*

The Bible describes the splitting of consciousness into masculine and feminine, apparently, by the Adam and Eve myth—God putting Adam to sleep in Eden, taking a rib from his anatomy and shaping it into a second living human, which He called a woman. The trouble with the Adam and Eve myth is, it makes woman appear to be something of an accessory or appendage to man, a masculine aftermath, something still idling around as a sub-masculine species of merely allied importance, whereas the truth seems to be that woman spiritually is exactly as important and original as man is. Both are fashioned from the same cosmic stuff—consciousness—in equal amounts, but one is merely the obverse of the other, and neither is complete without the other any more than a coin with only one side to it can be conceived as complete. Cosmically speaking men and women are absolutely equal, only they represent different fundamental soul-elements. They are, in other words, coequal halves of the same thing antipodally expressed.

There is, it would appear, an Eve for every Adam in this universe just as there is a Jack for every Jill. Which, incidentally would seem to account for the well-recognized fact that in the main the numbers of males in the world total the numbers of females. Every man in the world wants *his woman*, just as every normal woman wants *her* man, and won't be completely satisfied till she finds him no matter how many trips to Reno are involved. Once found correctly, however, he will stick with her and she will stick to him, beyond all explanations in law or reason. "What *does* he see in her?" is a comment heard universally enough when some handsome male seems eager to ally himself with some poor little wench with nothing more to recommend her, apparently, than the devotion in her eyes. But it's not what he *sees* in her, it's what he *senses* in her. She happens to be the sex embodiment of all his souls elements that departed from him back in the evolutionary Eden of pre-Miocene days and he is merely saying, "Well, here we go again, Funny Face. Hang on tight!" And she hangs on tight. God knows she hangs on tight. She's got no other place to hang in the whole galaxy of Cosmogony, bless her dear heart! All of which is as it should be and the devil with the neighbors.

What indeed can all the classical romances of antiquity have been but this complementing principle of the soul-halves in process of separation and reunion, even back in the morning dawn of human association. But God didn't make men and women in pairs—there's the difference—He made them in halves, so that together they constituted "one flesh", as Holy Writ expresses it figuratively, when brought into union.

True romantic love then, isn't the anticipating how it would feel physically to go into privacy with someone specified from the opposite sex. It is the spiritual expectation of locating and welding with the obverse traits in your deficient half-soul and knowing the ineffable satisfaction of feeling yourself all in one piece again in conjugal union with what you belong to. The zest of romance lies in the blind instinctive search for the absent half of yourself. The woman looks at every man she meets, asking herself, "Is this *he*?" the man appraises every woman with the query, "Are you the filly I'm searching for, to pull double harness with me, or are you not?" But that by no means signifies the questions are satisfactorily answered at first sight or first contact. Many a man has worked side by side with some plain-faced and unimpressive female for years, to glance at her drawn face and tired back some rainy afternoon and exclaim in shock, "My God, I love this woman more than anyone else on earth...she's a literal part of me...where have my brains been?" Many a woman has suddenly come to herself in some high voltage sequence of life and cried to the dumb male eyeing her like an expiring calf with its mouth full of mush, "When I first met you I thought

you were just another drink of male arsenic, but I've decided I want to stay with you because you're so childishly helpless without me," ...a woman's way of saying, "I belong to you, you dope, get busy and do your stuff before I scream."

And the proof whether or not the right connection has been accomplished? ... Well, if you love your Agnes or your Bill to the degree that there's something the least bit repulsive in being intimate with any other specimens of the opposite sex while your own half's mortally available, the chances are you've crashed head to head and heart to heart with the coequal section of yourself you've been knowing as twin consciousness since the days when you said, "Lookit, Funny Face, let's quit being a single cell dinoflagellate and become two people, just for the heck of it! Then you can chase me down the fen or I can chase you, and if I catch you, we'll find a nice dark cave and shack up." You're still chasing each other through the fens of the universe but finding its nice dark caves and shacking up is second business—monkey business, if you ask me. In other words, in sunlit fens or nice dark caves, you'd rather be with your Agnes or your Bill than any other cock-eyed, knock-kneed, splay-footed creature in God's Cosmos... then you've found whom you belong to, all right, and the less said about it the better.

Now the question will naturally arise among thinking people, if every man and every woman has his or her polarity in an individual of the opposite sex, who had his or her cosmic beginning in the same unit of consciousness, how does the pair of them locate each other? Obviously thirty to seventy years of life would be too short for two people to hunt through the earth's two and a half billion population with any serious hope of singling out and confronting one another, particularly if they're not consciously aware of what each other looks like, physically.

That, of course, introduces the vest subject of memory—and prenatal—or before physical birth—memory, in particular.

Chapter X

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WHAT TRULY IS MEMORY?

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THE PHYSIOLOGICAL psychologist, “authorities” like William James for instance, build the whole structure of their particular scholasticism on their premise that brain and mind are practically the same thing, that we are conscious because we possess protoplasmic brains, and that nothing can come out of the brain by way of a memory that hasn’t first gone into it by way of a present-life experience.

The explanations for prenatal talents, prior life recollections, or extra-sensory knowledge, are frequently so warped and far-fetched as to approach the absurd. But absurd or not, the phenomena is self-evident and has to be accounted for. Let a twenty-year-old parlor maid start speaking ancient Hebrew and the solution is offered that she once worked in the household of a clergyman who knew ancient Hebrew and subconsciously heard him talking it while she dusted the room adjoining. This solution takes into no account the fact that clergymen don’t rattle off ancient Hebrew while parlor maids are dusting rooms—not to proficiency where the maids can carry on spontaneous conversations in it several years later. Let a four-year-old Mozart play the piano without prior instruction and begin composing sonatas, and although he couldn’t have acquired such proficiency by merely overhearing, like the parlor maid, he nevertheless inherited it—that is, got it from his ancestors. You cannot only inherit blue eyes, yellow hair, buck teeth and ingrowing toenails from your ancestors—who may never have had them—but a genius for piano playing, or working crossword puzzles, and a weakness for caramels. From a sac of microscopic genes in the mortal ensemble all these fearful and wonderful traits are passed along to you, though where your forebears in turn got them for purposes of transfer, your erudite professor doesn’t make clear. As a matter of fact, if his theory were sound, that fearful and wonderful pair in the Garden, Adam and Eve, must have contained every eccentricity and talent that has distinguished untold billions of human beings since. Chemically, of course, we can credit the laws of physical heredity—the Mendelian laws—because the body as an instrument is a chemical thing: eighty-six percent water, six percent carbon and eight percent minerals and salts. But spiritually and mentally we come to elements in a wholly different category. Common sense should tell us that the parlor maid spoke Hebrew because something down here in modern times reminded her of a language she’d spoken throughout a lifetime—perhaps a series of lifetimes—and she simply recalled and practiced it. The infant Mozart sat down to a piano at four and played it proficiently because he recalled having been a finished musician in a previous existence and the piano keyboard was occultly familiar to him. But no, ...in the face of common sense and overwhelming evidence we must seize on the long upward flowering of the individual consciousness and cram it by violence into the petty infantile

experiences of this present life, and what it won't contain must derive from our ancestors. Our psychologist professor absolutely refuses to permit us a soul. Our organism is a mechanism and our self-aware spirit a chemical reaction. We started our existence the electric instant of parental copulation and we shall end it with our final heartbeat. Nothing else to it. A volume four inches thick would be required to answer the inanities and inaccuracies of the physiological psychologists who have built from the premise that the soul is nothing but an academic postulate. They can't put it beneath the microscope and study its wiggling when tortured by a pin-point, so it doesn't exist. They can't put electricity beneath the microscope either and study its wiggling when tortured by a pinpoint, but they certainly know they've got hold of something when they pick up a wire charged with 20,000 volts; so they do concede that electricity exists. The soul, however, is a reflective instead of a dynamic agency. It doesn't make a human pinwheel of them when they reach out and touch something containing it—the nearest living human body for instance. So it has to take its place among the intellectual debatable. We have to go into the Mazes of Memory to prove up and identify the soul. And that is precisely where we do go, and where we do find it. The soul seems to be little else than the ability of a unit of Consciousness to personalize through the reactions from objective or external experience. Having no inclination to write a four-inch book on the inanities and inaccuracies of psychologists—which no one would read anyhow—I want to discuss the Mystery of You from the standpoint of your Memory and see where it carries us. Because I contend that one of the major evidences of finding and recognizing your personal soul-complement in the opposite sex is the phenomenon of *prenatal* memory. If you are a man, you make a date to meet your dear Funny Face—approximately in a given locality and period—before either of you reduce your discarnate sizes and take over embryos to acquire your imminent bodies. If you are a woman, you retain a sort of Subconscious Memory of where and when your personal male was supposed to meet you, and you contrive to get yourself in that locality at the time appointed and start looking about. She or he may not be identifiable by a red carnation worn on the left shoulder, but they're identifiable just the same. Memory does it through feeling—through extrasensory perception of a sort. The eternal movie story plot of Boy Meets Girl is nothing but Male Memory saying to Female Memory, "Hello, Funny Face! ... What detained you?" This is our premise. Let's see if it makes sense from evidence.

The psychologist says Brain is the organ of Consciousness. Without some sort of brain you simply can't be conscious. I say Intellect is organ of Consciousness and between Brain and Mind, as much difference exists as between a telephone switchboard and the person originating or receiving the message that goes through it. You don't do your thinking with your brain; you do it with intellect. They're two separate instruments. One is physical, the other etheric. One you can put beneath the microscope and dissect—the same as you can a pound of sausage. No one has ever put Mind beneath any microscope because it's not molecular or atomic, that is, made of molecules and atoms. It is, so to speak, Consciousness itself, proving its existence by self-expression.

The psychologist of the William James school says: "I can prove brain is everything, because I can clamp a living creature on an operating table, cut away a portion of the brain and thereafter it can't walk, or see, or eat, or conjugate the Latin verb 'Amo, amas, amat—I love, you love, he love.' Doesn't that prove the brain is everything?" I answer, "All it proves is, that you and your scalpel have damaged a perfectly good piece of cranial machinery for manipulation of the physical body. You might as well go into a telephone exchange, rip out a third of the wires in the switchboard and cry in your analytical wisdom, 'See, I have blanked out the telephone service in the whole north

eastern part of town. Doesn't that prove there's nothing to telephony but the switchboard?"

I contend the brain is a great concentration of never ganglia—both the cerebellum and the cerebrum cortex—that translates sense impressions or atomic energy reactions to Soul-Intellect, and all your conditional reflexes to get habit-grooves worn in mentality on the one hand and vivid-section experiments to produce moribund monkeys on the other, are nothing but monkey foolery with the wires of the neurotic switchboard. Certainly a brain tumor may eat into the cells of a human brain and drive that person crazy. Just so a blowtorch thrust into a switchboard will fuse all the wires and have fifty strange people all jabbering back and forth in a wild bedlam of converse. What does it prove excepting in both cases the machinery is damaged? But where is the psychologist or vivisectionist bold enough to say he can cut away a portion of the brain and remove that person's proportionate ability to think? He can cut away a portion of the brain that stops a person from manipulating a bodily member or a tool. He can stop him from distinguishing certain objects or certain colors, or from showing certain reactions to stimuli. What he's done is to interfere with the neurotic-physical functions. Your psychologist can even inject sodium-pentathol into the blood stream and obtain total unconsciousness, or anesthesia, in a happening so sudden the patient isn't aware of its occurring to him. What is it but the complete shutting off of all physical sensation and possibility of material reaction, and islanding the mentality strictly within itself, giving it neither stimulus nor opportunity for exercise? The patient, it is states, literally knows nothing during the period of the anesthesia. What actually happens, of course, is a condition where the *functioning* of consciousness is at absolute zero while still imprisoned in the physical equipment. Let the heart stop beating during the operation and the imprisonment ends and consciousness or mind spring electrically into functioning awareness of materials or energy in some form again and the personality resumes albeit without the enhousing body. Consciousness isn't destroyed but merely suspended, as we say, during the period of the anesthesia. Memory isn't destroyed because a person comes from the anesthesia recalling precisely who he is, and all the events that have made up his life before he went under the influence of the drug. If it be argued that this is because the cells of the brain holding the memories haven't gone out of existence, I come back with the demand to know how, under certain forms of anesthesia—catalepsy for instance—the patient knows facts and memories of experiences and whole vocabularies that never have been in his brain cells to begin with? You can't have it two ways. You can't work both sides of the street in this brain-cell psychology business. Either your brain knows all that you know, or it doesn't. If you regain full consciousness, and function normally again because your brain cells haven't gone out of existence, why does a corpse stay dead with all its brain cells intact there in the cranium as they have always been, and in perfect functioning order but with heart stopped and spirit-soul departed?

I contend from my psychical contacts with persons who have obviously abandoned their earlier physical vehicles that it isn't consciousness that "blanks out" under anesthesia—or sleep, or drug surfeit, or fainting spells—anyhow. Consciousness simply disconnects itself from the physical in order not to receive any more sensory impressions from it of any nature. In other words, it finds itself in a status where its performance in reactions from external energy of any sort—external to itself, that is—is reduced to zero. So we paradoxically declare that consciousness is unconscious or nonconscious. It would be easy to reason wrongly from this then, that consciousness, in order to be consciousness, has to be performance of some sort. But does it? Does energy have to be always in performance to be energy? Does electricity have to be always turning a dynamo or knocking down church steeples in thunderstorms to be electricity? Those aren't essences. They are displays of

characteristics that supply means for material identification.

In anesthesia the “I Am Me” thought may still maintain but not exactly in the same state or manner of performance that it maintains when comparing itself knowingly with materials or in material situations. In blank-outs of consciousness, so-called, we may have inability to recall any memory at will. But the fact remains that when the anesthesia period is over, all memory troops back, just as all recollections of the previous day’s activities return the morning after a sound night’s slumber. Therefore, if memory functions again, naturally and normally, how can we logically claim it has ever *been* any place? It is right where it always was: the great bedrock of the “I Am Me” phenomenon, only needing an objective stimulus to bring it into action. When in the great basic transition from the discarnate to the incarnate, we seem to have a complete blank-out of memory on entering our mother’s womb and taking possession of the foetus or embryo that will subsequently furnish us with a new body for a fresh earthly life-span, we never lose the “I Am Me” realization although we have shut ourselves off from our previous memories of experiences in former bodies. However, we do encounter a great mystery here that we have by no means fathomed as yet and to which we shall make reference again and again before the end of their book. How happens it that we blank out memory—if we do, and as it seems commonly that we do—to go through the experience of mortal birth, and yet retain our knowledge of the piano if we be a Mozart or memory of the grammatical terms and construction of ancient Hebrew if we be the servant girl dusting the parlor next to the clergyman’s study? How happens it that practically one hundred percent of us have known presentiments of certain localities or individuals that were utterly familiar to us although we realize consciously we’d never been in the one nor met the other physically in this life? I knew a New York businessman, never out of the United States, who went to Glastonbury Abbey in the wake of the 1918 armistice and found himself on such familiar ground he was able to reconstruct the ruined portions “from memory”. I knew a 24-year-old Hartford, Connecticut bookkeeper who was “born with” such a knowledge of ancient Mayan that he could speak the tongue and read the inscriptions on the monuments and who eventually joined natural history in a highly compensated consultant capacity, because he was so proficient—and he’d never been outside the United States in his 24 years nor met any second person who understood the language. I will tell you more about this phenomenal case greater length a little later. I know a woman who reached out to touch a circlet of jewelry on the neck of another woman lately returned from the Mediterranean, crying angrily, “Where did you get my beads?” She was unable to accept that they had been acquired in a Cairo museum, found in a nearby pyramid tomb. She told the name of the royal jeweler who fashioned them, and the name of the long-dead husband who presented them to her. I know a respectable matron living above Ossining, New York, who walked for the first time in her life into the old Roman Forum and announced, “My body was buried alive under *that* stone on which Mr. Jones is standing, when I was a vestal virgin here and defected in my oath.” And Jones was so interested and had such drag with Mussolini that he got permission to have the stone lifted. *Under it was discovered a small crypt containing the skeleton of a young woman*, with the masonry indicating she’d been entombed alive.

Why take up space here recounting perhaps fifty such episodes of people I’ve met who’ve told me the circumstances of their memories “lifting” and of remembering back consciously to events they’d lived as previous persons. Almost one hundred percent of people feel an uncanny and unexplainable affinity for certain countries or periods, as against other countries and other periods that they can by no means account for by present-life memories. Heredity can’t be responsible

because it may be a country or a period with which one's forebears have had nothing to do. More likely it is that where you find a person with "instincts" so marked for a particular country or a particular period, you are merely confronting a soul who spent several successive lives in such country at such period and has "brought through" a sense of culture, language and outstanding experiences. And the proof of this, to my mind, lies in the fact that when you select some person who has a strong leaning toward some special country or culture, put him into deep cataleptic slumber—where his mind can be completely divorced from all sensation hooking him to his present body—he will not only speak the language of that country or culture volubly but tell you his name, place of residence, and approximate experiences as a citizen of that country, all taken out of prenatal memory. I have seen or heard this happen so many times that, again speaking personally, it holds no more novelty. I am obliged to believe in serial earthly birth from experiences I have had with various people whose "cosmic memories" have thus been "unlocked." I contend that mind and intellect are two separated entities because mind holds memories that brain does not. Brain only takes the physical and sensory perceptions of this one current life and transmits them to mind, which is the real receptacle retaining them. And mind goes with us from life to life.

In illustration of exactly what I'm speaking to expound, let me take half a dozen pages and tell the story in full of my first convincing contact with the phenomena of unveiled prenatal memory. It's typical not only of dozens of similar cases I've witnessed since but it may serve as back-log for other phenomenal I want to examine before I'm finished.

In the winter and spring of 1931-32 I lived in Washington, D. C. The office of my publishing company was located at 1019 15th, N. W., where I had the two upper floors of a long, narrow, three-story building. The second floor was given over to executives and clerks. The third floor was given over to my large private office at the front and the office of my elderly secretary at the back. The place had no elevator. A wide set of stairs connected the two floors in twin hallways along the building's north side.

One morning in April the receptionist called up to announce that two young men were waiting below, who had traveled down from Connecticut to see me, bringing letters of introduction from Dr. Hardwick of previous mention. They were after jobs in my publishing organization. I told her to send them up.

One of them—I am going to call him Matt for purposes of this anecdote—was a 24-year-old bookkeeper and accountant. At the instant of opening my door and entering from the hall, he gave a slight start, stared at me, and seemed on the point of saying something—but kept it repressed. I wondered what had bothered him in that initial instant, but it was several weeks before he explained.

He was a well-built, intelligent boy, especially fitted for the position he wanted and after a half-hour chat I gave him the job. We did only executive and clerical work on the premises—no printing—and Matt took his place as our chief mail clerk, opening and sorting Incoming letters.

One morning he brought up to me a sheet of paper, which had been sent me by a patron of ours, covered with strange hieroglyphics that I was asked to identify and translate if I could. They had been written rapidly by a woman in trance under such circumstances that they seemed to be bona fide. They meant nothing to me, however, and I told Matt to return them to our correspondent and tell her so. But Matt lingered a few minutes. The question of hieroglyphics written in trance introduced a subject he'd wanted to discuss ever since the first morning I'd seen him.

"Chief," he inquired, "would you think me balmy if I said something to you in a foreign tongue

and asked if you recognized it?"

"Of course I wouldn't think you balmy," I answered.

Thereupon Matt seriously spoke a couple of lines of utter jabberwocky to me—entirely meaningless—but in the sing-song consonance of some dialect like Chinese.

"Recognize it?" he asked.

Could I truthfully say no? The language sounded as familiar to me as English but entirely unintelligible. I had a moment of mental distress. What was I trying to remember?

"I recognize the language but not the meaning." I said finally. "What language is it and what does it say?"

"That's just the point," my employee returned. "I want to know, myself."

"You mean you're speaking a language without knowing what it is?"

He nodded dubiously. "I've spoken that language while asleep, on and off, ever since I was a child—you can ask my mother. And the other morning when I came up here with Don to get this job, I had an overpowering impulse to say to you what you've just heard me say. May I tell you more?"

I said, "Tell all you please. I'm listening."

"Well, ever since childhood I've had a recurrent dream that never alters in the slightest particular. I'm going through a lightly wooded country with a small band of men, of whom I seem to be leader. It seems to be hostile country because ever so often I lose a man by arrows shot from ambush. At last six or eight of us survivors come up to a village made of curious huts—apparently the end of our journey. The huts are constructed of dried mud, wattles and thatch and the occupants are semi-savage. They seem to be white people but dressed mainly in skins of animals. I sense in my 'dream' that I've got some sort of message in the girdle about my waist that I must deliver to their head man. Accordingly I'm escorted through the village to what seems to be the entrance to an underground passageway arched over with rocks. There are stone steps leading down into a short tunnel with light at the further end of it. The light comes from apertures in rocks making the roof of a semi-circular cavern, where a man in a helmet and long golden beard sits eating at a table. I walk up to him and am about to address him and deliver my document when I hear mad cries at the top of the steps I've just descended and know my men I've posted there are in some sort of trouble. I dash back without addressing the man in the helmet and leap up the steps. Getting back into daylight at the top I don't see my companions but some fifty feet from me I do see a villainous fellow with matted hair and beard and skin about his middle, with bow raised and arrow on the string pointed in my direction. I'm about to cry out to him, when the arrow lets fly. Then I feel a bump above my heart as though a rock had struck me. I look down at my left breast and see the shaft of the arrow vibrating. Next instant with an ungodly sear of pain my mind blanks out."

Matt stopped, and I said, "So what?"

"Well," he smiled wryly, "I never did get to say to the man in the helmet what I'd started to say to him, not until five minutes ago."

"What do you mean, five minutes ago?"

"I mean, the instant I walked into this office the first time and came face to face with you, I recognized you as the man in the helmet with the beard. I wanted to say to you what I've finally said to you just now, hoping you could translate it for me."

I repeated that I couldn't, although it sounded painfully familiar. Evidently what Matt depicted to himself as a recurrent dream had actually been a snatch of vivid memory of some former life that

had ended tragically. But I still couldn't help him and we went along with the day's work. It was at that time only an interesting anecdote and nothing more...

A month went past. Matt's work suddenly began to suffer. He was becoming restless and discontented. I wondered what ailed the lad and whether my inability to help him with his prenatal recognition had anything to do with his worried hectic conduct. Making discreet inquiries I discovered something that seemed then to have no bearing on our relationship.

Matt was having girl-trouble—serious girl-trouble.

A young lady he'd previously known up in Connecticut had suddenly appeared in Washington and was making his life miserable by demanding that he marry her. And Matt didn't want to marry her.

"Hang it!" he cried, when I got him in consultation about it. "Why should I marry her? I give you my word of honor I've never in my life had illicit relations with her. I met her up north at a party and almost the first night she caught sight of me she attached herself to me and seemed to think I had obligations toward her to love her and take care of her. If she's going to have a baby, I'll tell the world it's not mine. In fact, I came down here to get from her, suspecting she might break out with some such charge."

I told him I hadn't heard of the girl making any such charge but I regretted the distraction she was causing because Matt had been becoming a most valued co-worker.

"I'm just being put on the spot by that little tomato," he groused. "She's a nice kid and all that, but marrying her and living with her all the rest of my life I can't see for snake-bite."

Was it merely a girl's capricious infatuation, I wondered? But why was she so piteously insistent that Matt *owed* her his time, money and affection?

This was the state of affairs when I was unexpectedly favored by a visit from an erudite old Scot physician in New York who had formerly been a member of the Medical Corps of the British Army in India where he's had time and opportunity to study esoterics and the occult under genuine Hindu pundits. I'll call him Dr. Garland. He'd come down to see me about some articles on Extra-Sensory Perception I'd recently published and we were back in my office still talking after dinner when Matt came in. Knowing Dr. Garland to be an accomplished linguist I introduced the boy.

"I wonder, Matt," I said, "if you could recall and repeat for Dr. Garland the jabberwocky you gave me the other morning when you told me the story of the man in the helmet."

Matt sat down and blinked to recall the queer speech. Finally he spoke something that was utter gibberish.

"Nothing doing, Matt," I said. "That's not what sounded so familiar to me last month. You're making that up."

I chanced to glance at Garland. His china-blue eyes under his bald forehead were staring at Matt in stupefaction.

"Where'd you learn Second century Gallic?" he demanded of Matt. Then to me, "Making *nothing* up! Let's hear some more of that."

Matt gave him more.

"What's he saying?" I demanded.

Garland said, "He's telling me about his life in southern France down near the Spanish border and how the Roman troops confiscated his property and ruined him. Do you recognize what you're saying, young man?"

Matt said he didn't. He was merely speaking familiar sentences in some tongue that seemed

natural to him.

“What I want,” I insisted, “is the statement he made to me the other morning that *I* recognized but couldn’t translate.”

Matt seemed discomfited and tried again. The speech seemed changed but I still shook my head.

“That’s still not it,” I objected.

“Good Lord, he’s talking Spanish Basque,” cried Garland.

Matt made several attempts to repeat his statement to me of the recent morning. Suddenly I galvanized.

“*That’s it!*” I cried. “Say it again, Matt.”

Matt said it again.

“What is it, Doctor?” I asked.

“Sounds to me like Ninth Century Saxon,” Garland replied. He had Matt repeat it several times. “Translated it means in substance, ‘Well, my chief, I join you again, although my delay was not of my choosing,’ or as we’d say it today, ‘Better late than never.’ Body, how many other languages have you got locked up in that cranium of yours?”

Matt shrugged his shoulders.

“Suppose,” Garland proposed, “I put you into cataleptic sleep and opened up that prenatal mind of yours? ...ever been hypnotized?”

Matt said he hadn’t been.

“Want me to do it?”

“Sure. I’m willing.”

“Stretch out full-length then, on this office divan.”

Matt composed himself for as strange an episode as I’d witnessed up till then in my experience. Making cabalistic passes with his remarkable surgeon’s hands over the lad’s forehead and body, I saw Matt in the next ten minutes go so soundly asleep he resembled a corpse. All Garland said to him was—

“I want you to go back into your memory life by life before your present birth and see how far back in time you can remember. Try to recall the language you spoke in each life and repeat it to me as you go back, back, back. Recall your station in life, your name if you can, your dress and natural costumes. Remember all of it so that when you come back into your life up here in the Twentieth Century you can tell us about your past lives in detail.”

Matt stayed under that strange cataleptic trance for an hour and twenty minutes. In that time he talked Greek, Persian and Egyptian. With absolutely no cues or promptings from Garland, he described the lives he’d led in each of these civilizations. Then he plunged into languages where Garland was unable to follow him.

At length he seemed to be in distress. He uttered guttural cries of distress. His body on the couch seemed to contort as in nightmare. He groaned and whimpered and tried to avert his face by rolling his head frantically from side to side.

Garland asked in English, “Where are you, Matthew?”

Matt answered in a tongue that jolted the Doctor badly. To my own amazement Garland himself started asking sharp questions in that tongue.

“What is it, Doctor?” I demanded.

“Ancient Mayan,” he replied in an aside, keeping his eyes steadfastly on the distressed lad’s features.

“You know ancient Mayan?” I exclaimed.

“I spent two years with the Lake Titicaca expedition,” he declared—as though I should understand that this explained everything. “I’m going to pull this boy out of it now. He’s suffering too much to let him go ahead with it.”

He awakened my employee and brought him back into the present. Matt sat up. H blinked at the desk lamp, he blinked at the Doctor, he blinked at me. Suddenly his face went forward in his hands.

“My God!” he cried poignantly, “*What people won’t do in the name of religion!*”

Kindly I asked, “What do you mean, Matt? What happened to you, anyhow?”

It was several minutes more before he was composed enough to tell us the story. Then to me he cried tragically, his face ravaged—

“You remember what I told you the other night about Ruth?”

I nodded sympathetically. Ruth was the girl who’d followed him down from Connecticut.

“At last I know what her claim is on me!”

Dr. Garland wanted to know who Ruth was, and I told him.

Matt went on, “I had an affair with her down in Maya centuries ago. I wanted to get rid of her when I’d tried of her. I...I fixed it...I had the influence to fix it...so she’d be chosen as offering in the annual sun sacrifice. I’ve...just lived...that sacrifice scene...over again! *Oh Christ!*”

Doctor and I had a sick boy on our hands for the next quarter-hour...

This was the long and complicated narrative he subsequently related—

He described ancient Maya and its sacrificial solar religion to us in a way that Garland said was technical perfection. He described the sun temple, the numbers and attire of the priests, the choosing of the female victim who was to have her living heart cut from her body on the sacrificial altar in sight of the chanting thousands. He recited the hymn to the sun to us in that long-dead tongue.

“They brought Ruth in,” he narrated, still in misery, “Stripped nude before the multitude. She had her hair dressed in special fashion for the sacrifice. There were five priests for the temple ordeal. They laid her spread-eagled on a block of black marble that was hollowed out to receive the pattern of her body. It worked on a swinging pivot, so that by depressing her feet they could bring the body into upright view in the wake of the sacrifice. She had a priest at each foot, a priest at each hand, a priest at her head. They fastened her body to the stone by a wooded yoke pressed across her throat—“

“He’s absolutely right,” Garland whispered to me. “That yoke depressed a nerve in her throat and anesthetized her for the heart-cutting ceremony.”

“When the rites began the great black stone with her white bare body fastened upon it, lay flat like a table. The roof of the sun temple had a slit in it up near the eaves. As the sun climbed higher—with the thousands of worshipers chanting—the sunbeam glinting through the slit traveled lower and lower down the head, the face and the throat of the girl. Finally it reached her breasts. At the exact instant it touched the nipples of her breasts the head priest gripped a wicked knife that was handed him, and made two expert slashes, laying her beating heart bare. Another slash loosened it. He cut it free, still throbbing, and tossed it upon a sacred platter held by another priest who lifted it high for the multitude to see. At the same instant the two priests at the girl’s feet depressed the black stone and brought the mutilated body upward, showing the bloody cavity from which the heart had come. I stood there and watched all of it! ... Oh, Oh, Oh! ...”

Garland said to me, “He might have read a book about the Mayan sun sacrifice somewhere. But

I know something about the Mayan sacrifice not printed in books. Here's where I check up on him...Matthew, did you notice anything peculiar about the salver that received the beating heart?"

Yes, Matthew had. The peculiar side holes in the rim through which the priest thrust his thumbs to hold it securely.

Had he noticed anything about the sacrificial blade?

Yes, the peculiar carving upon its queer-shaped handle.

"He's right!" Garland said beneath his breath.

"When you called me back into my life of the present," Matt concluded, "I had the sensation of going upward in an express elevator, and each floor that I passed was a life I had lived till the car came to rest on the top floor—my life of the present. And Ruth's up there with me in *this* life...and somehow or other I've got to square it with her for the awful trick I played on her!"

If the story stopped there, it would be a dramatic anecdote but little more. However, it didn't stop there.

Garland had removed the veil from Matt's prenatal memory and it didn't drop back. At least not at once. We of the publishing office there in Washington, D. C. witnessed this thing happen—

When Matt came to work in the days and week's ensuing, he continued talking Mayan without being aware of it. He would think a thought in English but speak it in Mayan. It not only became embarrassing to have him going about talking Mayan—it became a confounded nuisance. We were getting fed up with asking him a straight business question in modern English and getting an answer in an ancient tongue that couldn't be understood.

Dr. Garland had long since returned to New York and from there sailed home to Scotland. But we had this boy with a "lifted memory" how was beginning to get his lives of the past and present hopelessly jumbled. Actually, it's largely for that reason that consciousness blanks out between one life and another, commonly, so we *don't* get these serried lives of ours hopelessly jumbled.

At any rate, the time soon arrived in the course of business when Matthew was handling so much incoming money in the daily mail that I thought it best for all concerned that he be bonded. I agreed to pay the premium on a common surety bond and phoned a local agency to send over a man to write it.

The man arrived. I'll call him Packard.

Ushered into Matt's little rear office by our receptionist, Matt looked up from his work and said—

"Okay. Be with you in a minute."

A few minutes later an angrily puzzled receptionist sought me out in my upstairs office.

"They're down there together, Chief," she snapped, "talking that crazy language to each other that Matt's started speaking since Garland was here."

"Talking it together!" I cried.

"Uh-huh. Talking it together. This man Packard arrived and I took him back to Matt who said, 'Okay, be with you in a minute.' Only he said it in Mayan, and Packard answered, 'Quite all right. Take your time,' *only he said it in Mayan too.*"

"How do you know?" I demanded of the girl, "You can't speak it, can you?"

"No, but Don can. Hearing Matt speak it has waked his memory up to it, he says." Don was the son-in-law of the Dr. Hardwick of previous mention in these papers. Don had apparently recalled a previous life of his in ancient Maya and the language had come back to him.

MATT'S bond was duly executed but Packard by no means went out of his life. The two became fast friends with their common prenatal background, for speaking the tongue took the veil completely off Packard's memory.

The next to awaken to it was Don's wife—Dr. Hardwick's daughter. She heard Don and Matt speaking it and started replaying in kind.

Frequently I stood by while Don called her on the phone and carried on a conversation with her in that ancient speech, when he had something to impart he wanted kept confidential between themselves.

The next development was Matt's coming to me and announcing he wanted to give up his position.

"Don't you like it here?" a asked.

"It's not that, Chief. The fact is, I've been up to New York over Sunday and...I'm going to South America."

"Why, for the Lord's sake?"

"I've got a berth with the Museum of Natural History as interpreter of the Mayan language and Mayan monument inscriptions on an expedition they're sending down there to investigate the ruins Charles Lindbergh saw as he flew over the jungle in his last Pan-American tour. It's too big a thing to pass up. I can read Mayan fluently because I remember the language so well—and I proved it to them so positively they gave me the berth at more money than you can ever hope to pay me."

So Matt sailed away to South America.

He made two trips on the famous expeditions, although the impenetrable jungles defeated them from reaching the ancient Mayan cities.

All from a chance sentence spoken in my office in result of what a 25-year-old bookkeeper called a recurrent dream.

I never have learned how he squared accounts with Ruth.

When esoteric illiterates therefore look at me fishily and declare, "There can't be anything to this recurrent earthly birth thing, because if I'd lived before, I'd remember it," a score of such episodes as Matt's arise in my mind and make me stand by my convictions derived from such experiences. People, who say and teach that nothing comes out of the *brain* without first going into it, simply don't know what they're talking about.

Listen to another episode—in which I found myself involved to a more embarrassing degree...

TWENTY years or more ago, when I first began my psychical researches, I was invited one night to the home of a lady friend who was one of the editors of a great national magazine.

"I want you to meet a most remarkable girl," Mary said, "who's got powers you must witness for yourself. I'll not tell you much about her in advance. Come up to the apartment tonight at 7:30 and I'll have her there. You can estimate her psychical talents for yourself."

I went up that evening to Mary's apartment in the West Fifties.

Sitting near the fireplace in the library as I came through the door, I saw a short, plump woman in a simple white dress with her hair braided like a girl's. I thought at first glance she must be in her twenties until we were introduced and she raised her eyes to mine. Then I knew she was older.

But she acknowledged the introduction with a look so peculiar I thought she was about to faint. We murmured the conventional inanities, and then almost at once she excused herself and went into a nearby chamber. We supposed she'd gone to get a handkerchief perhaps left in her handbag, so we

sat awaiting her return. Ten minutes passed. Fifteen. Mary drew worried.

“What on earth’s happened to Hazel?” she cried, leaving me with the woman friend I’d brought along and going to investigate. Presently she was back. “Good Lord, Hazel’s *gone!*” she cried. “The maid says she caught up her hat and wrap and left through the servant’s entrance. Now that’s strange behavior. She mustn’t have been feeling well.”

So the visit as a visit didn’t come off as planned. The next day before noontime Mary called me up.

“I’ve just heard from Hazel,” she announced. “She *was* taken ill. She was taken ill over *you*.”

“Don’t tell me!” I jested, “I make women sick.”

“I don’t know *what* happened, Bill, but I wish you’d investigate. Hazel’s up in her apartment on 57th Street, in bed, and had her maid phone for you to come up and see her. She’s claiming she recognized you.”

I said, “I’ve never set eyes on your Hazel in my life.”

“Not in this life, perhaps. But she claims she’s known you in a previous life and if I were you, I’d go up.”

Well, driven by curiosity I called the woman-friend of the precious evening and went to the address furnished me by Mary.

A colored maid admitted us to a modest three-room apartment. The lady I had brought for chaperone waited in the living room while I went into Hazel’s sleeping chamber. The girl lay beneath the coverlets of an immaculate bed, on her back, two long chestnut braids resting straightly down her bosom. I was a man of forty or more at the time, a quasi-bachelor, with an income that would delighted the present -day Bureau of Internal Revenue. Having strange ladies become ill and send for me to make bedside visits aroused a natural caginess in me at the motives behind the summons. Later I found it groundless. No sweeter or more honest and artless person have I known than Hazel. She reached out and took my hand, searching my face with her strange agate eyes.

“Don’t you remember me?” she asked earnestly.

I had to confess that I didn’t. Twenty years bygone I was merely feeling my clumsy and somewhat nervous way among those strange matters.

“I remember you *so* well,” hazel declared in a dreamy, listless voice. “You wee a little bit taller than you are in this life, and your eyes were brown instead of grey. But you’re exactly the same personality that kept me for so long in the little room behind the temple altar.”

“Kept you where?” I cried skeptically.

Thereat, gradually, the tale unfolded as she contended she recalled it. Three thousand years or so it went back, to a time when she claimed I’d been an Osirian prelate in ancient Memphis and had her as priestly concubine, using her strange occult powers to bastion my position and influence before court and people. Even then, thirty centuries ago, Hazel possessed the same “out of this world” capabilities that later I saw her display in New York City of the current era. She made no claims to having been young and beautiful, and she didn’t try to make me out as wicked and dashing. I was, as she recalled me, a somewhat fatherly person with a beard, and the relationship was one currently accepted by the times in which we lived. She endured her role of psychical menial out of affection more than romantic love and did y mediumistic work for me faithfully and obediently. After sundown, if I desired a paramour, she accommodated. She was, so to speak, an agreeably versatile person to have around the place. But trouble came in the court to which I was attached.

A certain young warrior, a captain of the guard, beheld my concubine and fell in love with her himself. Jealousies followed. When I discovered what was happening I scuffed off to the king and began to raise the devil, demanding his royal highness do something drastic to break up the liaison and threatening to fill the court with red, white and blue crocodiles wearing straw hats—*a la* my psychical magic—if his royal highness didn't. His royal highness got a violent attack of the heebie-jeebies and asked what I wanted specifically. I said I wanted the yond captain of the guard dispatched so far away it would cost ten shekels to send him a postcard. The upshot of the rumpus was that Hazel got spanked and locked up with a chain around her ankle and the captain got his orders to hie him down into Nubia and carry on a little war for a change, instead of hanging so much around the court and making with the sweeties of powerful prelates. The mission on which he was dispatched was, it appeared, somewhat of a suicide expedition. No one at court expected him to come back, and that was that.

As Hazel lay there recounting all these personal details, I thought to myself, "Doesn't she give me credit for being familiar with the lot of Verdi's opera *Aida*? Evidently not." Here it was all over again, apparently, and this strange girl was trying to convince me she and I had played such roles three thousand years ago come Michaelmas. It all stacked up as so "tall" at the time, it wasn't hard to become facetious about it. But Hazel was pitifully in earnest.

The young captain of the guard hadn't taken it lying down, of course. He vowed it should be anything but a suicide expedition, laid his plans with unusual care, and instead of being wiped out and ceasing thereby to be an upstart young fly in the butter of my priestly happiness, he'd thrashed the colored element and come back conqueror. Straight up to court he marched his captives amid the plaudits of the hysterical multitude, and said to the king: "Any other little odd war-job you want settled around here? I'm your man to do it." The king was so overcome at his success that he haplessly promised to fulfill any request in the reward line he might have caprice to make. "Okay, your majesty," the captain replied, "if you actually mean business, I want the head of that old priestly goat on a platter with no human body walking around underneath it." Well, that was that. The king had given his word and had to make good on it. The hero-worshipping populace wouldn't have stood for shenanigans anyhow. A goon-squad came for me one sunset, loped off my cranium just under the hairline, put it on salver and bore it off to court. The useless main part of me was tossed to the royal crocodiles—and they weren't tying on red, white and blue straw hats to make a pious hamburger of me, either. Hazel claimed she felt so bad over the mess they'd made of me on the nice, clean temple tiles that she'd had a reversal of affections—women do that sometimes she assured me—followed out to waterfront and did a voluntary swan dive down the hungriest crocodile's subway entrance. That seemed to fix everything. The captain had my head and his own glory, but precious little satisfaction for all his effort. What became of him after that, Hazel hadn't been around to learn. Anyhow it made a good operatic plot—or a story for a comely woman to tell a susceptible bachelor from a bed of a weekday morning in New York of the present. Hadn't I the slightest recollection of any of it? No, I hadn't, and anyhow what did she expect me to do about it, granted I did remember it? ...

Hazel didn't go into details about what she expected me to do. But she claimed when I'd walked in from Mary's hallway the previous evening "everything had come back to her" in a composite revelation of memory and even after the slight interval of thirty centuries, she recognized me instantly. She'd relived the episode of the goon-squad decapitating me and her subsequent jumping off amid the clawing crocodiles. All of which had caused her to go home in a hurry and here she

was, the following morning, lying abed still upset and telling me all about it. but where, I wondered, had she cribbed such marvelous and intimate details about the life and customs of the period, the geography of the ancient city and court and temple, the descriptions of the minute events in the drama? Strangely too, I felt no romantic designs for Hazel. Certainly I had no intent of resuming romantic relations with her, regardless of the fact we were both matrimonially free to do so.

Frankly, at the time I put down the whole thing as the dramatic composition of a highly imaginative woman and let it go at that. Later I discovered that Hazel—although a high-salaried executive in a downtown cosmetics concern—had a memory of ancient Egypt so perfectly recovered, she had on several occasions been called in by the officials of the Museum of Fine Arts to settle controversies over Egyptian *objets d'art*, all of which is alien to my story. I treated her tactfully and considerately, she recovered from her stricture at renewing acquaintance with me, and from that memorable evening and morning we became good friends and colleagues. I could easily fill the remainder of this volume with narrations of my psychical experiments and adventures with Hazel. However, after a year of it we drifted apart. She had to leave New York for a tour of radio stations where she was broadcasting for her cosmetic concern and for almost two years I didn't see her again. Not having the slightest recollection of such Egyptian sequence, I dropped it out of mind. Then something happened out of a clear sky that brought it all back and left me seriously wondering.

Making a moving picture in a Long Island studio one week in the second year of my separation from Hazel, I became acquainted with a character-actor in the cast who was interested in these deeper esoteric subjects and I extended an invitation to him come over to my 53rd Street apartment and spend an evening with me. The man—a former professor of mathematics in a school in Hawaii—was delighted at the opportunity to relate some of his own occult experiences to me but asked if he might bring a lady-friend with him. At eight o'clock that night I answered my door buzzer to admit them up the stairs and into the same apartment where John Lawler had told his strange story of visiting my California bungalow. The actor's name, as I now recall after the passing of twenty-six years, was Thompson. And he had not only a lady-friend with him but also a young man in his twenties. The lady was a portly and personable businesswoman who ran a literary and actor's agency in Madison Avenue, whom I came to know well as Maggie Brooks. The younger was a clean-cut fellow with literary aspirations, visiting in New York from Cleveland, Ohio, while Maggie tried to find a publisher for a novel he'd written. He'd happened to be in the Madison Avenue office that day when Thompson had invited Maggie to accompany him that evening and anxious to meet a literary celebrity he'd invited himself along. The lad's name was Dan something or other. At any rate, here the three of them were, and any chance of a private and personal session with Thompson had gone glimmering. We grouped ourselves about my first, with a decanter of port on the taboret before us. And the talk turned to psychics.

The boy Dan, however, was puzzling me by his behavior. He was acting not unlike I have hereinbefore described the Connecticut fellow Matthew when he first entered my third floor office in Washington. What I first supposed to be plain shyness or stage fright at meeting a professional writer whose name was appearing on half a dozen magazine covers a month at the period was developing into something deeper and more personal. But an hour had passed before I learned its nature.

We talked different phases of psychical research and told strange experiences in our lives having no rational explanation, and drank the port. Finally Maggie turned to Dan and said—

“Suppose you relate that story of your recurrent dream, Dan, that you told me yesterday at the office.” Turning to me Maggie observed, “I’d like your opinion whether it’s a dream or fragment of lifted memory.”

Dan was now looking at me in a sort of terror.

“What’s the matter with your?” I laughed.

He found his voice with difficulty.

“The last time I saw *you*,” he said from arid lips, “I brought about your death. I...had you beheaded!”

This statement, of course, produced the sensation it merited.

Maggie cried, “You mean you recognize Mr. Pelley as the high priest. Dan?”

“Yes,” the boy nodded. “Only his eyes were brown instead of grey, he was a little taller and he wore a priestly beard.”

I pricked up my ears at that. These words were familiar. Where had I heard them?

FORTHWITH the boy launched haltingly and with much prompting and coaxing, into precisely the tale that Hazel had recounted *only told from the standpoint of the captain of the guard!* He had loved my paramour whom I kept secluded in an apartment behind the altar. Her priestly owner had discovered it and gone to the king. The monarch had dispatched him on a military expedition up the Nile to exterminate him. Frantic at his dilemma, he had turned the expedition into a victory, come back to receive the plaudits of the multitude, gotten the promise of the king he should be given any reward he named, and stated he wanted the high priest’s personal noggin. In scarcely a single particular did he deviate from Hazel’s narration. I sat appalled for a time as I listened to his account of my head being borne in on a trencher while my body was thrown to the royal crocodiles. Then when his vengeance was sated and he’d gone looking for the maiden responsible for the feud, he’d found to his horror she’d destroyed herself.

“Have you ever met a woman in this life named Hazel White?” I demanded.

Dan thought a moment. “I know a girl named White out in Cleveland but her first name isn’t Hazel.”

The boy wasn’t deceiving me. I could tell from his manner.

“Are you familiar,” I asked, “with Verdi’s *Aida*?”

Dan claimed he wasn’t, had never heard it, and again I believed him. He’d lived the whole sequence over night upon night “like a sort of dream” he explained, ever since he’d been a small. Taking my cue solely from Hazel’s previous narration and not from anything within my own memory, I decided to have a little grim sport with the boy. I said—

“So you remember the night, I suppose, when I practically trapped you in the stone passageway under the altar as you were escaping—“

I didn’t finish.

White-faced with panic, Dan sprang to his feet, caught up hat and topcoat from a nearby chairback and went down my front stairs three at a time. We heard the street door thump.

Exit young Dan and I’ve never seen him since.

WELL, there it was. Two people, as I cogitated over it afterward, had exactly the same prenatal memories of a high voltage and tragic happening thirty centuries bygone, and both were carrying it about in their subconscious recollections, each apparently unaware that the other

was carnate again in the modern scene. Almost a year later I had a final dinner with Hazel at a new apartment of hers in the Bronx. I asked her as casually as I could if *she* had ever met or known of a Cleveland chap by the name of Dan so-and-so? She claimed that she hadn't and asked who he was. But I kept my own counsel. If Hazel, wherever she may be, gets to read this book, I daresay it will be the first time she will have heard about this confirmation of her one-time acquaintance with me when I played the role of corpse in life-drama. As for Dan, he got out of town that night. Not even Maggie ever learned where he went. Obviously his memories were so keen that he looked upon himself as a murderer who'd come on his victim face to face. Maybe it's just as well there's such a thing as the memory veil dropping between our life sequences. If each one of us recalled all the tragic roles we'd played I past life dramas, we might find it difficult, forsooth, falling peaceably asleep at night.

Ming you, this isn't a tract soliciting you to believe in reincarnation. It's merely a record of my own actual experiences that can't seem to be explained by any other theory but that mind itself is personal and undying, and continues along consciously from life to life carrying its load of memories that make each of us what we are. And it doesn't depend on what goes into the cerebral cortex to give it full contents. Additional reactions from experiences go into mind, or become a permanent part of it, through the instrument of brain and the cerebral cortex, but again that makes brain the central nerve switchboard for taking, *not for storing up*, message.

How strange it is, incidentally, that the orthodox Christian, how wants to fight the doctrine of serried rebirth most fanatically, subscribes to the hypothesis of nondrying mind without stopping to realize it. He is certain that his "soul" is going to quit his body as a definite thinking entity, and ascend to heavens of bliss or sink down to abysses of purgatory on physical demise. But ask him what shape his soul is going to take to reach such destinations and he is mentally at sea. He hasn't stopped to think it out. If his priest is going to pray him out of purgatory an arm or a leg at a time, according to his purse's ability to pay for masses to achieve it, a literal body of some sort must be in existence to have such exercise performed in respect to it. Where does he get that body? His mortal self has been buried in a grave, and yet he admits that a body with a brain and senses and physical members must enwrap his souls somehow, else he never could know the torments of Avernus. Again I ask, to be enlightened, from whence does he derive it?

The average dominie's logic on the subject stacks up to me as unsatisfying as the minister's repay to the old lady who'd listened intently to his sermon on Hell. She went up to him afterward and inquired—

"Pastor, you say that after I'm dead, I run the risk of going to the place where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"That's quite correct," the clergyman nodded.

"But how can that be, when I haven't had any teeth for forty years?"

"Madam," he said with dignity, "teeth will be provided!"

N INETY-nine percent of orthodox Christians accept unthinkingly that "bodies will be provided." But if they subscribe to the cerebral cortex theory, they won't be the same bodies, so they won't have the same cerebral cortex, so they won't have the same memories, *so they won't be the same people*. They'll be people without recollection of deeds done in the flesh, because on the basis of modern psychology the cerebral cortexes containing those memories will be physically

disintegrating somewhere in an earthly grave, and they won't have the slightest notion what they're receiving sentence for or being rewarded for. They can't put up any defense for their earthly conduct in any divine courtroom and have Christ "intercede" for the because occupying new bodies with new blank cerebral cortexes, they won't be able to remember what they've done.

I say in all reason that if your soul goes to an orthodox heaven or an orthodox hell, it must have a vehicle to wear, as it had in this world, and it must be a duplicate of the physical body you've had in this world on account of your memories making you what you are. So by the pure logic of the circumstances, you orthodox Christians already must subscribe to my contention that there is a pattern body in which your mind—your "I Am Me" consciousness—resides, that must derive from your physical self in some shape and continue onward experiencing sensations and storing up the reactions from sensation that we know as the memory that makes for self-identity. But if it's nonmaterial, I ask you in equal logic why it needs be destined for your heaven or your hell? Who's going to conduct it to either place? You can't put handcuffs on a spirit or hit it over the pate with a blackjack. Those old Dore prints of Dante's *Inferno*, showing naked people, male and female, being driven along down unearthly precipices to serve eternity in the hot place, show them not as spirits but as physical people. Very good. Where does Dante claim they obtained those nude bodies? A free spirit once disembodied, can apparently pop anywhere in the material universe it wishes to pop. It doesn't require to join a celestial chain gang. It looks to me—with increasing conviction—that the whole thing is a gigantic piece of allegory and clerical wish fulfillment concocted by men who knew nothing about spiritual material composition. And in place of it we of the Twentieth Century are beginning to compile our researches into psychical science and find out exactly what does happen by logical and sensible experiment and demonstration.

CONSCIOUSNESS is a primal element of Cosmos in the first place. It finds ways to educate and expand itself through occupying patterns of electric atoms for stated intervals called lives. It seizes on these body-patterns and possesses them, accumulating the roster of permanent sensations known as memories. A peculiar and individualistic coagulation of these constitutes a given personality with power to recognize itself subjectively. And once these self-recognizing memories begin to coagulate and fuse, nothing external can disintegrate them. They can—and do—literally lived forever. If they're silly enough to want to incarnate in a sheep or a frog while there are higher forms available, undoubtedly they *could* do it because what's to stop them? But it seems to be a rule or law of consciousness performance to want to get possession of the highest and most capable organism available or obtainable. Nothing but a dog consciousness would want to incarnate as a dog. Once having attained to human consciousness, the soul who recognizes the advantages of being human would sensibly want to incarnate as a human, and in the highest stratum it could reach.

People will cry, "I can't accept such a doctrine because I never would deliberately choose the role I've had to play in this life. I'd have gotten myself born on Park Avenue, the heir to plenty of money, with social prestige assured me; not out here on this Iowa farm where there's nothing but work, work, work around the clock." But the fact seems to have it, all elements considered; they took the best role they could get in order to return in physical form at all. There simply wouldn't be roles enough available in Park Avenue or monied families for all the souls who's want to incarnate so by choice, in order to live lives of opulence. Viewing all mortality from the discarnate state the normal soul seems to say to itself, "What difference does it make to me were I get my start or where I live physically? If it's money I want, or social or commercial prestige, I can get myself born on an

Iowa farm and make my own as I go along. The thing is to get into the atomic world with a material body as an instrument of accomplishment, *to get myself physically born*, in other words.

And if the truth could be fully known, there are unquestionably tens of thousands more people getting real spiritual profit out of existence on Iowa farms than in Park Avenue apartments. The discarnate soul, able to pop around anywhere between physical lives and observe everything, sees that station in life isn't the important thing. It's circumstances, which provide testings for the spiritual stamina that truly are of consequence. And north, south, east, or west, those circumstances are equally abundant and potent.

But the big thing exercising us here for the moment resolves again to this: Assuming the nondrying soul remembers all the experiences that have resulted in its current quality of consciousness, *how far back do those memories literally extend?* Well, let's look at that.

COMMON SENSE would suggest to us that the reason the earth continues to retain and breed the lower orders is because new units of consciousness are assembling and coagulating all the time. All people alive today, either incarnately or discarnately, couldn't have been projected into self-realization all at once, a billion years bygone. Consciousness in each case is a process of long, slow development by the route of experience. Time is merely a mortal and solar concept—in infinity. The annelid worm in your garden turned up an hour ago by your spade, may rightfully be conjecturing as the Einstein of civilization another billion years hence, when it's gone through enough educating experiences to make it correspondingly aware of itself. Einstein a billion years hence mayn't be able to conceive of himself as a human man of eh Twentieth Century after Christ, his development having become as much of an advance on present man as present man's is an advance on the annelid worm's. Because there will be a Cosmos a billion years hence, just as there obviously was a Cosmos a billion, two billion, twenty or a hundred billion years behind us. Evolution must encompass *everything*, in order to be evolution. The world, and Cosmos, exists atomically to provide a constantly expanding vehicle for Consciousness as it goes on and on developing into we know not what. To say we descended—or ascended—from apes, is to put pegs into our evolution in retrospect. We have the right then to inquire what the ape in turn descended, or ascended, from anything anatomical. Consciousness—either our own form or some other that had taken the way before us—had experimented with protoplasmic patterns until it had constructed those most capable of adaptation to environment and forthwith entered into and used them to get the effects of sensation that increased the realization of itself.

The anatomist or embryologist tells us that every human babe in foetus goes through the tadpole to fish to mammalian stages that biological life has known up through the succeeding geological periods. What if Consciousness, with an existence unto itself, entering into and possessing each new embryo, merely recapitulates within itself the stages by which it has gained to its realization of what it is? I advance it as a suggestion. Perhaps for some reason not entirely apparent to us, such recapitulation is necessary to disclose what it is, each time to itself. Consciousness may even be required, each time it takes biological pattern, to re-live briefly or in the foreshortened form the whole agenda of its material progression in order to confirm itself and go on into the new and higher succeeding stage at bodily birth. This of itself would be a form of "remembering back" to the very beginnings of its experiences in protoplasm. Why should it be necessary—we have no means of telling, unless to be Consciousness it must continually view itself as a whole, the entire program of its progression as one exercise, so to speak. Of course the developing babe in the

mother's womb doesn't recapitulate every form of organic life consciousness has embraced to reach its present exercise. The embryo doesn't succeed from the tadpole or fish form to becoming a chitonous insect or saurian reptile or primeval bird. Yet there does seem to be a progression in those organic features that culminate most directly in man as he finds himself patterned physically at present. It is as though consciousness said each time it acquired a fresh physical vehicle, "This is the method by which I have traveled to attain to my present organic envelope. I haven't attained to it through my excesses, over-specializations or mistakes. I only recapitulate on my successes. Having recapitulated or started from scratch in each instance, I will now go one microscopic step further quitting my mother's body and have another "life" as an organic free agent. The period of gestation therefore is merely the biological progression of myself to the moment reenacted in compressed capsule pattern to keep one forever grasping the whole fact of myself.

MAYBE, in other words, consciousness can't grasp itself in segments—or intervals of awareness called lives—but must at all times have the whole pattern of itself in front of its own mental eye. If you say to me that all this is pure abstraction and assumption, I insist that you tell me how otherwise so many people can and do have the experience of lifted memories, carrying recollections of their adventures and vicissitudes, their language, customs and acquaintanceships from one organic sequence to another organic sequence? We have cause to believe from irrefutable demonstrations that *something* carries over. What is it?

Up in Westchester Country, New York, one rainy Sunday morning, the four-year-old girl child of a magazine editor friend of mine leaned on her daddy's knees as he read his Sunday paper and studied his features.

"You're better-looking this time, aren't you, Daddy, than you were the last time we were all together?" she remarked.

The startled father asked, "All together where, Gertrude?"

"Where we were before we all got together with each other *here*."

"How do you know, Gertrude?"

"How do I *know*!" the surprised and puzzled little girl exclaimed. "Why, because I *remember* it. Don't you remember it, Daddy?"

"Gertrude, you're talking nonsense. Of course I don't remember it and neither do you remember it either."

"But Daddy, I *do* remember it. I remember it plain as anything. Mama's hair was yellow instead of brown, and we lived in a house like a castle and Tommy was older than me instead of being a baby and you were very short and ugly. But well all belong together just the same as we do now. Only all of us *loosed* different..."

The capricious ravings of the child's imagination? Maybe not. Maybe that father had a golden opportunity to probe into the fundamentals of life-mystery but being orthodox and stupid, he merely reminded his child that if she didn't stop telling lies he would box her ears. He pulled the veil back over the little girl's memory with his threat of chastisement.

I claim that little Gertrude's opening observation, "Daddy, you're better-looking, aren't you, than you were before," must have been prenatal memory because the nature of the statement was without a motive that was personal to Gertrude. Psychologically considered, it might have been imagination if she'd said, "You're uglier, aren't you, than you were before?" because she'd have been working off in wish-expression a small grouse of her own. By calling the father's attention to

the improvement in his looks, she was trying to justify her memories with his current appearance; thereby indicating her memory was actual. However, that's another matter. There are tens of thousands of Gertrudes—children back close to the birth-portals who remember events just on the other side. *But with what?*

I take the position that Consciousness is an element in the universe exactly the same as Space and Energy. Space, Energy and Consciousness result in matter, so-called, by atomic integration. You can't put Space beneath a microscope, but it's there all the same. You can't put Energy beneath a microscope, but it's there. You can't put Consciousness beneath a microscope, but it's there. When we pull out of the old sterile grooves of thought—that life is some sort of chemical reaction from mysteriously activated protoplasm—and begin to get a concept of life being eternal consciousness in energetic display in organic combinations, we turn the whole biological universe around and seem to get answers that are out of this world.

IT GOES without argument, I think, that the hardpan on which our entire biology of the present is built, is the phenomenon of protoplasm. The dictionary defines Protoplasm as the substance that forms the principal portion of an animal or vegetable cell. At the present time biology is the study of the properties of protoplasm, because to it, in the last analysis, the multifarious activities of animals and plants must be referred. The biologist says, "Since I am only familiar with life as a demonstration of protoplasmic activity, the problem of the origin of life naturally reduces into the problem of the origin of protoplasm." In other words, because you as a person are dressed in a certain suit of clothes that move about with every movement of your body, it is obviously impossible to discuss the origin of your soul and individuality without an insight into whether your clothes are made of cotton or wool, and who tailored them, and how much they cost. Because your clothes move and have every appearance of animation while they are covering your limbs, they of course account for the living person inside them, and whoever may smile at it is not "scientific."

Woodruff of Yale is fair enough to say, "From one point of view it is impossible to analyze protoplasm, because the least disturbance of its fundamental organization results in a cessation of those phenomena characteristic of life, leaving matter in the nonliving state before us." However, since in the transformation of matter from the living to the lifeless condition there is certainly no loss of weight, it follows that the complete material basis of protoplasmic organization remains for examination, and we may assume as a working hypothesis, that the properties of protoplasm are a result of the properties of its constituent elements. But it may be noted in passing that an analysis of the debris from a destroyed factory probably would give one very little insight into the *modus operandi* of creating its product.

Where I take issue with the orthodox biologists—and have the demonstrations of discarnate phenomena to back my objections—is that stupid and apparently erroneous assumption that "the properties of protoplasm are a resultant of the properties of its constituent elements." Who said so? Where and why did *that* idea get started? It is saying in so many words, the boy runs because he has muscular limbs to convey him over the ground, not because he has an angry dog behind him nipping at his heels. He is a boy because he runs. Q. E. D. I have proved what the boy's life is, and thereby proved what all boys are: creatures capable of self-locomotion and beyond that is no thinking.

I say beyond that there's a whale of a lot of thinking, if you'll pardon my French. However, let's consider protoplasm even as the biologist sees it for a moment...

LIVING protoplasm ordinarily appears under a moderately high-powered microscope as a viscid granular fluid. When studied under such magnifications, usually after being killed and colored it often exhibits an extremely complex structure. Most frequently it seems to present a foamlike appearance, due perhaps to closely crowded minute drops of a liquid alveolar substance suspended in a continuous interalveolar substance, also liquid but of a different physical nature. But it seems clear—again according to Woodruff, because it's certainly not at all clear to you and me, since studies of protoplasmic structure have by no means revealed a complete correlation between its morphological organization and its activities—that the key to the matter must lie in an ultra-microscopic architecture whose varying phases are reflected in the changing picture which the microscope is capable of resolving—the chemical picture which the microscope is capable of resolving. Chemical analysis shows that protoplasm is a colloidal complex comprised chiefly of the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, potassium, calcium, sodium, chlorine, iron, and magnesium—all of which are commonly found in the inorganic world. *Indeed, there is no chemical element present which is peculiar to living matter.* But there are combinations of elements, which are distinctly characteristic of protoplasm, not being found in nature except as the result of protoplasmic activity. These chemical combinations are the proteins, carbohydrates and fats, and of them the proteins are the most significant because they are universally present as a part of all living matter and form quantitatively its chief organic element.

Now this, I concede, may be getting some place in a way, but the question is, what way, and to what purpose? To me it says simply, in order to get material for my suit of clothes that goes around my sentient soul I must have fibers—cotton or wool or protein as the case may be. Those fibers can't be procured unless my molecules combine in a way that makes fibers—cotton or wool or protein—and naught else. Again all it proves is, that without the molecular combinations to make the fibers there is no cloth, hence no clothes, hence no vehicle that makes my soul-consciousness tangible in a material world.

You see, in all these biochemical explanations for life—and I mean conscious life in a highly evolved state—I have to bear in mind something the biologist ignores: namely, that I am confronted by overwhelming manifestations that life exists and functions in other aspects than the biochemical. Remember Munster berg's alleged comment, "If we propose to credit what we've witnessed tonight it means we must rewrite all our textbooks." Woodruff and other celebrated biochemists are seeking the phenomenon of life strictly according to what present textbooks report from microscopic observations of chemical activity. They're resolutely ignoring as "nonscientific" what they can't pick up in the lenses of their microscopes. They're learnedly examining the fibers of the coat and the weave and the color to get at the self-conscious marvel of the man inside it.

When I can "split" or divide—or expand—my own consciousness and project it three thousand miles away, taking something with it as an enhousing vehicle that looks enough like me to be seen and recognized by disinterested persons—as I shall relate in my next chapter—while my entire living body is sitting in a chair in a New York apartment, what has the living body and conscious part of me that had gone to England got to do with Woodruff's proteins? I ask it, not to be precocious nor impertinent, but because I'm as serious as he is at wanting to *know*.

Chapter XI

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AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME

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THIS is a truthful and non-exaggerated account of a conscious levitation through Time and Space, which I've never set down on paper completely before, but which in many aspects transcends even my epochal adventure described in *Seven Minutes in Eternity*. Unlike *Seven Minutes* the Blackmoor Heath Experience had disinterested witnesses at both ends of it, to attest to the facts.

Understand me, none of what follows makes any attempt at self-explanation. I simply state that it *happened*, and I have spectators to attest to it. But it always comes into the forefront of my thinking when I hear the biochemists advancing protoplasmic galvanism as the "origin" of life and consciousness.

I have hereinbefore stated that early in 1929 I moved my personal residence from California to New York, shipping my household effects East and taking a walk-up apartment on the second floor of 56 West 53rd Street—the apartment in which I received John Lawler, the actor Thompson, and others who figured in my psychical researches of that period. It consisted of two large high-ceilinged rooms with a kitchenette between and a bathroom off the chamber at the back. The front room was my living room and library. The rear room was my writing room and sleeping chamber. It had high southern windows reaching to the ceiling and my writing table stood against the western wall in the southwest corner. It was a long narrow table holding books and my typewriter. I worked in a swivel chair with a table behind me for reference books and an easy chair beside this table where I sometimes received my intimate callers. Looking down on both tables was a tall, standard floor-lamp with a big old-rose shade.

As the summer of 1929 worked along toward the epochal stock market crash ushering in the Great Depression, I began gathering about me in New York a little group of intimates who were uniformly interested in practical aspects of metaphysics, and they dropped up to hits apartment at all hours of day or evening. Among them was my attorney—whom I'll designate as Conrad—Hazel White, the cosmetics chemist of the Egyptian episode, Mary, the magazine editor, and various others whom I'll introduce as I describe other manifestations of note, further along in this volume. But I've always had the thought that the Blackmoor Heath Experience truly began with Attorney Conrad. He was a highly intellectual personage, with the head and profile of a Roman senator, and he often came up to pass an evening when I had guests of note. He came up one evening in late July and fell into a discussion with me concerning the possibility of the miracles and manifestations of the Christ.

"What I'd like to have explained to me," he declared at one point in our discussion, "is this:

Christ might have been a man or he might have been a god—but we have to acknowledge that during His life among men, He was definitely physical. He was crucified, died, and was buried. Religious history declares that the third day He arose from His tomb, moved about among His disciples in semi-materialized form, and eventually ascended into realms of Pure Spirit—granted we can conceive what Pure Spirit is. Well, from time to time since, we’ve had what is commonly accepted to be manifestations of Christ. He was heard by Saul on the road to Damascus, and Saul became St. Paul in consequence. All up the centuries since, various sincere and rational people have claimed they’ve seen Him...at sick beds of sufferers, wandering among the wounded on earthly battlefields, or giving personal counsel to the distressed and unfortunate all over the world. Granted it’s true. But how could the Christ—or even the Spirit of the Christ—exist in two places at the same time? If a sick farmer’s wife implores Him for aid in Minnesota, what happens to the poor devil dying in the Philippines who swears he has a manifestation of Christ at the same instant?” I aught what Conrad was driving at. We discussed it. Neither of us had an explanation for it and gradually I forgot it.

a month or so later—the 26th of August, 1929, to be exact—Hazel White came up to my apartment. Since her recovery from her indisposition of our first meeting we had become good platonic friends as I increasingly discovered her remarkable capabilities. A stout, comely girl about five feet four inches in height, seeming at first glance to be in her late twenties or early thirties, actually she was a spinster of fifty with the strangest blue-grey eyes I had ever seen in a woman’s countenance. They were at once the eyes of a Madonna... or a Dore angel out of the Pit. For some reason private unto herself she had never married, although in my long and friendly association with her I never learned of any reason why she shouldn’t have married. Perhaps her “extrasensory perceptions” had something to do with it. At any rate, two hundred years ago Hazel would have been burnt at the stake as a witch. I should have relished hearing Woodruff or Mnusterberg explain her “out of this world” powers on any basis of biochemical protoplasm. She could—and did—sit quietly in a room for fifteen or twenty minutes and leave it surcharged with a mystical, in describable force with which one could achieve several varieties of most remarkable phenomena, particularly clairvoyance or clairaudience. She belonged to that extraordinary clan of natural mystics known too as “healers.” The mere application of her warm, sisterly hands on the flesh of an ailing person would start recovery in an instant with no word being spoken. When she was present, you had the presentiment that the room also contained large numbers of “invisibles” whose presences you could “feel” although too intangible to touch. If, as she claimed, I had kept her as a personal temple paramour three thousand years bygone, to bastion my religious prestige with her occult powers, she had apparently lost few of them in the centuries intervening. I am not sketching the character of a fictional person in writing this. Dozens of people living in Manhattan of the present, who were acquainted with my 1930 psychical research group, can be summoned to attest to Hazel’s super-mortal talents. And at time I mention—August of 1929—she had acquired a habit of dropping up to my apartment at the close of the workday for a chat on her way to her own apartment four blocks north. She did it perhaps twice a week.

As an illustration of her powers, she would sink into the easy-chair in my writing room beside my reference table and stare for a time at the high blank wall above my typewriter. Thereupon she proceed to recount to me what I ad been writing since morning on the novel *Golden Rubbish*. I was then composing. She would describe my characters and the “action” I had carried them through in the plot’s unfoldment. Frequently she would give me long sequences of their dialogue—without

ever looking at a typewriter line I had that day produced. “How on earth do you do it?” I would repeatedly ask her—for she never missed an episode or made an error in her descriptions. Simply and tolerantly she would answer, “I see it all up there on the wall above you head, as on a moving picture screen.”

I could take it or leave it. That was her explanation.

NOW IT so happened on this particular afternoon of August 26th I had two other callers preceding Hazel. One was a woman acquaintance from Pasadena who was spending a fortnight in New York and had looked me up; the other was a Los Angeles newspaperman who had come to do a publicity job for my publishers. He met the Pasadena girl and started escorting her about to see the city. For the purpose of identifying them in what subsequently occurred, let me name them as Minna and Herbert. They had preceded Hazel by about an hour and while waiting for me to terminate my writing activities for the day and go out to dinner with them, had ensconced themselves in my front living room where they had turned on the radio. When Hazel arrived she hadn't cared for the radio and had come out into my rear writing room where she rested as usual in the chair beside my reference table. We chatted a few minutes of noting in particular. Hazel hadn't removed her hat. She sat relaxed in the heavy Cogswell chair with handbag and small parcels on her lap. I tilted back in the swivel chair before my writing table, conversed with her, and relaxed as well. The summer's day had been perfect. As twilight stole over the softly throbbing city, I let the room darken in afterglow. From the front living room beyond the intervening kitchenette came the dreamy strains of music to which Minna and Herb were listening. The exact time, as they later established it, was five minutes to seven o'clock.

I had been gently rocking in my swivel as the room had darkened, rubbing my eyes and forehead with my left hand. I had no premonition of doing anything outstandingly psychic. Nothing in my conversation with Hazel had suggested it. It had been an ordinary writing day with me. I was dressed in soft white shirt with black bow tie, a pair of brown plus-four with a small diamond-shaped plaid in them, golf socks and tennis shoes—the costume I often affected for a day's quiet writing in my apartment. I leaned back, I say, and rubbed my tired head.

Suddenly something occurred.

A clear and distinct scene began to take proportions in the eye of my mind. I say “eye of my mind” because I seemed to be viewing it in the background of my own head. I was seeing a beautiful white birch forest lit by mottled sunshine, with a light summer breeze wafting the leaves of the trees. It was not unlike a memory picture that one might recall of some spot of woodland one had known as a child; only instead of “remembering how it looked” I was actually looking at it with eyes. I cried out at the subjective illusion I was apparently witnessing.

“Hazel,” I exclaimed, my eyes softly shut, “I'm seeing something I've never seen before. I'm moving above a forest of beautiful white birches with summer wind riffling them and making their leaves turn over to show me the silver...No, wait a minute! ...The whole scene is dissolving into another equally as clear and detailed...I'm seeing an old English manor house or country inn...It's got lovely odd casements and a shaggy roof...There's a dilapidated fence around it and a wooded hill behind it with a road going up the grade...At the top there's an old lightning-blazed tree...What on earth am I looking at, and how can I be seeing it? ...Wait, wait! ...The scene is fading again and another scene's coming...”

Thereupon I described this third scene. I saw a great spread of what seemed to be prairie with

blue mountains in the distance. The rolling land was heavy with gorse and lavender-colored flowers. Here and there naked rock-edges poked through, or what I took to be aged stumps of felled trees.

“Hazel, I’m moving out *onto* it!” I cried. “Great heavens, it’s three dimensional and I’m *in* it! ...I’m traveling across it along the tips of grass and flowers! ...”

IN NONE of the descriptions I gave that twilight was I once aware that I heard Hazel answer me. I became too engrossed in the strange phantasmagoria I was entering. Strangely enough, as I write these lines some twenty-six years after, I still find my memories vivid of the details of the scene and my reactions to the whole of it. It might have happened last evening, so graphic do I recall that sensation of moving along the top of the gorse, even though the lips and tongue of my relaxed living body were recounting the adventure to a listening woman in an apartment in New York. I could look ahead and see the outline of those mountains. I don’t recall, however, that I once looked *down*. I was much too occupied in nothing where I was traveling...

Suddenly again, the whole visual phenomenon was disrupted. A series of flashes, as of alternate light and dark, engulfed me. I recall they compared to the “stagger” one sometimes sees in the action on a movie screen when the projection shutter slows down and the animated pictures are interspersed with flashes of darkness.

But when the projection was flickering smoothly again, my three-dimensional environment seemed altered. For one thing, the sun had gone and the landscape was grey. There was no longer gorse or lavender flowers spread beneath me. I might have been astride the nose of a jet plane that was climbing swiftly up a ravine in wild mountains, with closely packed undergrowth on all sides around me. At the bottom of the ravine a mountain river was tumbling. Ahead of me up the canyon I beheld a single-arched, stone bridge—red stone—spanning from side to side directly in my path. All this I described swiftly and audibly to Hazel.

“*I’m going to crash into that bridge!*” I cried in loud alarm. “I’m not high enough to clear it. I can’t raise myself higher!”

But I didn’t crash into the bridge. Gaining to the top of the ravine I saw a space between the span and the top of engulfing shrubbery. I shot into this space, went under the bridge’s arch and out upon the opposite side. Here a small lake of water greeted me, its shores wrapped in mist, mountains everywhere about me. Swiftly I “rode” across this lake just above its surface...

My writing room was lighted; Minna, Herbert and Hazel were bending over me; Herbert was stupidly shaking me. Their faces held fright. It took a moment to orient myself.

“For pity’s sake!” I cried wanly, “I never had an experience like *that* before. Who lighted the floor lamp?”

“I did,” Hazel said. “We thought you were going to have apoplexy. You were twisting and straining so!”

“Twisting and straining!” I echoed. I glanced out the southern windows into full night. “A moment ago it was sunset,” I remarked. “What time is it, anyhow?”

Herbert looked at his wrist watch. “Twenty minutes to eight,” he said.

Twenty minutes to eight from five minutes to seven meant I had been “out” exactly forty-five minutes. Yet it seemed no more to me than the time I have taken to write the foregoing.

“What kind of a mental brainstorm have you been having anyhow?” my practical newspaper friend demanded. “You feel all right now?”

I said of course I felt all right—mentally and physically at any rate. Inwardly I was boiling that

they had disrupted the experience by the thoughtless lighting of the floor lamp. That sudden explosion of illumination had translated to my highly attuned super-senses as the thunder-crash, apparently.

Anyhow, we sat and discussed it. Herb was of the opinion after my *Seven Minutes* experience I was a psychopath on principle. Minna was willing to allow I'd "been somewhere" out of my body. Hazel held to the opinion that the experience—whatever it had been—wasn't without significance that would subsequently become known to us. Anyhow, we all agreed that we were three-quarters of an hour late for dinner and we'd better go out and eat.

Which thing we did.

That was on the evening of August 26th, I say. We all of us marked the date in case anything happened to shed light on the meaning of it. Both Hazel and Minna, I recalled, made noted about it. I got them to agree, however, to say nothing about the occurrence to anyone. By keeping it private to ourselves we would forestall any crank or fanatic bobbing up with attempts at explanation from secular sources. And this point is important: I know they kept their words. Minna and Herbert departed New York soon after, she to Boston, he to Atlanta. When the next year I saw both of them and asked if they'd mentioned the affair to anyone, they contended they hadn't and I believed them. Hazel departed Manhattan also for a radio program in Milwaukee and I moved to Washington and North Carolina. It would be difficult to separate four people more completely.

SEPTEMBER came and passed—October, November and December. Within a month the experience had gone out of my own mind, excepting when some allied psychical subject recalled it. Fair enough! Then on the Sunday evening between Christmas and New Year's I was invited to deliver a public address on extrasensory perception before a New York audience in Engineer's Auditorium. And by noon the next day I had an answerer to what had happened in my apartment the previous August.

By October my mail upon these subjects had become so heavy that I had taken a business office in the Putnam Building in West 45th Street and installed a secretary to handle it. When I went to my office the morning following my lecture, Charlotte announced—

"A Mrs. Chapman was in your audience last night and she's rung up twice on the phone this morning. She wants a talk with you and she wants it badly. She says you made some statement in your last night's talk that led her to realize she should have looked you up at once last summer on her return from England. *She says to tell you she saw you one day last August on Blackmoor Heath, and wants to check with you about it.*"

I started to reply that I hadn't been in England the previous August, I'd been right there in Manhattan. Then a queer shudder went through me. Could she possibly be referring to August 26th?

I got in touch with Mrs. Chapman immediately. Chapman wasn't and isn't her name, but it must answer for this narrative to save her from publicity. I found her a pleasant, intelligent, little white-haired widow who made her living handling the business investments of operatic stars and superintending their engagements. She had an office nearby. I went over at once. She dismissed her secretary and threw the lock on her door.

"Now I'm going to tell you something," she began, "that you must hear to the end without interrupting me, if you can help it. After I'm done you can ask all the questions you please, but I don't want you putting suggestions in my head till I've gotten my story out...This past summer I took a long-planned walking trip through England with a lifelong Scottish friend of mine, Annie

Mac Tarvish. I'm Scot myself and we intended to start in at London and walk to Little Rannock in Scotland where my forebears came from. It was a pretentious trip and it cost me plenty but most of the fun was taken out of it by Annie's behavior after we got started. As a traveling companion she proved to be a first-class tomato. Nothing suited her and when her feet began to tell on her, she developed a Disposition. This past August 26th as we started to traverse Blackmoor Heath she had one of her sulking spells and I laid down the law to her. If she didn't want to be companionable, she could go back to London and take a train for Scotland. About 2:30 in the afternoon we left a beautiful copse of white birch woods and started across the heath when Annie got cantankerous over something and stalked ahead alone. I sank down disgusted and not a little heartbroken amid the gorse and heather on a stone that offered, and tried to decide whether to abandon the trip or not. Annie strode ahead and finally sat down on a stone against the sky. All of it was childish but there we were. A beautiful summer afternoon. Exquisite country all around us. And a trip being ruined by one woman's disposition. I was still undecided what ultimatum to deliver to her on coming up with her when I saw to my sudden consternation *a hatless man move out of the white birch woods from which we'd just emerged ourselves.*

"Well, it wasn't altogether a comfortable predicament to be in, seeing that Annie and I were two lone women with nobody else in sight, and I looked quickly around to see if she were within her former hailing distance. I saw her plainly enough but her face was turned away from me. I looked back to the man to see if he actually were following us and my blood promptly jelled. He was almost upon me. Never could he have covered such a distance in so short a time if he'd been traveling on ordinary human legs. He was moving in one piece so to speak, over the top of the heather. *And I was directly in his pathway!* He was a man of about forty, I should have judged, in soft white shirt with black bow tie, and brown plus-four with golf socks. The trousers had a sort of white plaid design, diamond-shaped, woven into them. Then before I could scramble form his pathway, he went right over me—or through me—at least he touched me and I touched him. And at the moment of contact I knew his identity. *I knew he was William Dudley, Pelley, a New York magazine writer and author, and I knew everything that was in his mind.*

"Now hold tight. We'll check on it..."

THE FIRST part of Mrs. Chapman's recital that then followed was the irrefutable proof that she hadn't gotten her information about the New York end of the episode from Hazel or Minna or Herbert. Neither of these three knew anything of the utterly confidential matters that Mrs. Chapman thereupon proceeded to disclose to me. She knew all about details of matters I was concerned with at the time with my first wife over our divorce. She knew of personal worries I was having about friend who'd gone out to Iowa to have a gall bladder operation. She knew the size of my bank account and difficulties I was in with a certain motion picture over a movie script. In short, she knew so much about my intimate personal self that I stopped her. It was growing too embarrassing.

"All right, you knew everything that was in my mind," I conceded. "What happened then? After I'd touched you, where did I go?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Chapman said. "I thought you went toward Annie and then passed out of sight. But I couldn't be sure. Annie declared she hadn't seen you and called me balmy. 'No,' I aid, 'I don't know Mr. Pelley and have only heard of hi by reputation. But when we get back to New York, I'll lay you a wager we hear news of his death on this afternoon of August 26th and for some

unexplained reason I had a view of his ectoplasmic spirit after it had left his body.' ...But there's more to come, wait! ...Annie and I broke up that day at the inn we reached at nightfall. It was a quaint old place, but I won't go into its description..."

"I think I've seen it," I contributed. "It had a broken fence around it, didn't it? ...And was located in the lee of a hill with a road up the aide and a lightening-blasted tree at the summit?"

Mrs. Chapman stared. "Exactly!" she nodded. "Then I *wasn't* wrong about having seen you?"

"Go ahead with your story, then I'll tell you mine."

"Well, Annie went back to London and waited there for me while I made a trip up to Loch Rannock by train. I had some relatives up there I wanted to visit. And up at Rannock I saw you again. That was about two weeks later."

"About two weeks!"

Two weeks! Fourteen days and nights later! I thought of the queer hiatus of lights and shadows I had encountered as I had moved across the heather, the "stagger" of the motion picture projector shutter. Had those strange flashes been the passings of days and nights? I had to put aside the consideration of Time as a factor in all this and the moment in order to pay attention to the remainder of the story.

"I got up to Rannock in the middle of a murky afternoon two weeks later and went to the inn. Little Rannock, not far from where my forebears came from, isn't very large but it's one of the prettiest lakes in Scotland. It lies at the head of a deep ravine into which it spills on the south. The inn is located on the southeast shore. It has a bridge almost in front of it across the head of the ravine—"

"I know. A single-arched bridge made of reddish stone."

Mrs. Chapman nodded. "And there's a foot-path worn by sightseers around the west side of the smaller lake to a spot on its northern shore. My relatives couldn't come and get me until late evening so while it was still daylight I decided to take a stroll and see the lake and district. I put on an old raincoat and galoshes, crossed the red bridge and sauntered around the loch, up the western shores to the point. I found an old log there and sat down to rest. I hadn't met anyone since leaving the inn. No one was in sight. The time I should judge was between four-thirty and five o'clock of September ninth or tenth. I sat looking across the lake toward the in and listening to the uncanny quiet of those Killecrankie mountains. It seemed as though I would have heard a dog barking five miles away, but I scarcely heard a sound. Gradually as it neared twilight a bank of mist rolled down from the eastern heights and screened my view of the inn. It came almost like a cloud, caroming along the water's surface. I lost sight of the opposite bridge as well and decided I'd better return while still able to see the shore-path. I give you my word the last thing in the world I was thinking about were you. The thing that suddenly puzzled me was a series of tiny twinkling lights like boat flares that had mysteriously appeared—or were appearing—out upon the lake down close to the water. They couldn't be flares of any fisherman's boat because the loch had been wholly clear of craft before the mist fell. What on earth was I seeing? ...Well, I don't know to this moment *what* it was I saw. All I can do is describe it. The lights weren't stationary. They rose and fell as a knot of fireflies at night might rise and fall. Then as I watched worriedly, wondering how fishermen could have gotten out upon the lake in the brief time since the mist had descended, I saw them begin to build up in a great horseshoe pattern. They made a sort of huge arch in the mist. Then...you can believe this or not...*your moving figure appeared in the center of those lights as though it might have come from under the bridge, crossed the lake magnified in size by the mist, and went past me*

on my left at express-train speed.”

“I didn’t touch you this second time?”

“No.”

“What did you do?”

“I got out of there—fast! And when I say fast, I mean fast. Why should you ectoplasm be haunting me so? I’d never met you, didn’t know you and had never had anything to do with you. Never in my life had anything like it happened to me before, and it’s never happened since. My relatives came for me and I told them about it and I’ll give you their names and address if you wish and you can write them for confirmation of what I’m telling you. I began to get nervous about you and wonder if you were going to appear to me so, every time I sat alone in the open. Of course you didn’t. Those two occasions were the only times I saw you. but you can judge my feelings on reaching New York in late September to discover you were not dead but every much alive, and going up and down the country lecturing on *Seven Minutes*. What on earth had happened to me in England and Scotland? I decided to go slowly in looking you up, and telling you what had happened. You might think me a crank or at least a celebrity-baiter trying to scrape an acquaintance with you. Besides I might get myself branded as mentally irresponsible to relate such a thing generally, so I kept it to my self. When I saw the announcements of your last night’s lecture, I determined to go and make certain from seeing you close at hand on the platform that you were the same person I’d met so weirdly overseas. When you told the story of John Lawler from the platform as proof of the expansion of consciousness regardless of worldly time and space, I decided I’d made an error in not consulting you immediately on returning to New York. So that’s why I got in touch with your publishers this morning and learned you had an office in West 45th Street and phoned your secretary. Now you tell me your side of the happening—for I see you must have one.”

“First,” I asked, “do you know—or have you talked with—a person named Hazel White about me in any particular?”

“No,” said Mrs. Chapman frankly, “and I give you my word of honor I’ve only mentioned what I saw to Annie Mac Tarvish and my relatives in Scotland.”

I had to believe her. She wasn’t the type to fabricate or deceive in such a matter. She was as earnestly interested as myself in getting at the truth behind the episode.

So I told her what had happened in the apartment on West 53rd Street on the evening of August 26th—all of it, as I have already set it down. At the end of it she leaned her elbows forward on her desk and blinked bewilderedly.

“But Mr. Pelley,” she protested, “the time is altogether at sixes and sevens in this thing.”

“I know,” I nodded. “Don’t you imagine I’ve been considering that while you were talking?”

“There’s a five to six hour time difference between New York and the British Isles. I’m absolutely certain I saw you in the English part of the adventure about two-thirty in the afternoon of August 26th—I mean I’m certain about the date. You say you sat talking to your friends, telling them what you were experiencing, from five minutes to seven in the evening until twenty minutes to eight of August 26th, and you’re equally sure about the date. That means that when you sat in your writing room recounting to your friends what you were undergoing, *it was between midnight and one in the morning of August 27th on Blackmoor Heath*. In other words, in actual realistic time, I saw you five to six hours *before* you had the extension of consciousness and were aware of it in your apartment. Actually and in realistic time, if I’d seen you simultaneously with your awareness of the experience, you’d have had to be sitting with your friends in the New York flat at around nine

in the forenoon!”

“Exactly,” I agreed.

“Then take the Scottish part of the experience. You say you rode up the ravine, went under the single-arch bridge and northward across the surface of the lake at the same period—seven to eight o’clock of that same August 26th. You did it, then, *two weeks before I got the visual angle on it in Scotland!*”

“Assuming we’re both of us sticking to the literal truth in our stories,” I smiled.

“But why in the world should I come back here and tell you a cock-and-bull story out of my imagination? I’ve nothing to gain by pulling any hoax on you, and a lot of prestige to lose if my clients ever heard of it and decided I was slipping in my brains.”

She had me there. Later when I came to know her better I found her to be an entirely honest and dependable person as sincerely interested in running the mystery to its bottom as I. And one of the most certifying features of the enigma was this—

Suppose we concede, for the sake of skeptical persons, that she was deceiving me, that she had talked with Hazel or Minna or Herbert and suddenly decided to play a role of overseas observer of the phenomena from the details one of them could have supplied her after hearing my account in the apartment. Very good. Then explain two things. Explain how she came by the private and personal knowledge of all that had been troubling my mind that August evening—the difficulties with my first wife, the operation being performed that week on the friend in Iowa, the size of my bank account, the worried I was feeling over supplying a story order from a certain New York editor. Nobody on earth but myself knew of these privy concerns. Secondly, how was Mrs. Chapman supplying details of her reactions to the adventure, which I recalled as being correct which I had not bothered relaying to Hazel, Minna and Herbert in oral narration? True, I hadn’t seen Mrs. Chapman, nor had I been aware of touching any human woman sitting on a rock amid the heather below me. But how was she able to describe the peculiar signboard on the inn where she had quarreled and separated from Mrs. Mac Tarvish—the inn beneath the hill with the blasted tree on the summit—, which she did accurately, giving the hostelry’s name that *I hadn’t disclosed to my three New York companions?*

I came away from Mrs. Chapman’s office facing the circumstance that apparently my consciousness had projected itself three thousand miles distant in a matter of seconds, conveying a prototype form of my clothed physical body, and that it had traveled across Blackmoor Heath five hours and that it had traveled across Blackmoor Heath five hours *after* Mrs. Chapman had beheld it in the first episode, and two weeks *before* Mrs. Chapman had beheld it in the second episode.

Question: Is time—chronology—the simple one-two-three progression of events we assume it?

Question: What, if anything, could professor Woodruff’s biochemical protoplasm, that were in the accumulate my New York body, have had to do with my traveling through a white birch copse three thousand miles away or seeing an inn with a certain shaped signboard or being fearful of crashing into a red atone bridge in middle Scotland but contriving to pass beneath its arch and zoom off across a lake of water where I was seen and recognized?

Question: How could I be conscious of locations and happenings in England and southern Scotland—and with the retina of what literal eyes did I behold them—while I was simultaneously able to work the tongue and larynx of a sentient physical body sitting in a chair in a New York flat with listening friends about me?

Viewed in one basic aspect, my adventure with Mrs. Chapman fell in the same category with

John Lawler's adventure with me and my police dog—the sole differences being that I had somehow made myself visible or tangible to Mrs. Chapman while Lawler had not done so to me, and, further, I had sensed no experience of departing my bona fide physical self as he had done, turning and regarding my corporeal person objectively. I had gone instantly, so to speak—or discovered myself *there*—and “returned” instantly when Hazel pulled the cord of the floor-lamp. But I had to face the realization in both happenings that Consciousness could and did act independently of the molecular protoplasm at times.

If it could act independently even *one* time, then the mere galvanism of the protoplasmic cell wasn't life in its absolute essence—it was life in display of its energy protoplasmically. In other words, merely in such aspect. If life had, or has, still other aspects, isn't it time we explored them?

WHAT IF a New York earthquake had happened and crushed the building in which I sat with Hazel and Minna and Herbert while I was moving up that Scottish ravine toward the red stone bridge? Is anyone prepared to say that consciousness that was beholding a physical landscape in England or Scotland would have been blotted out instantaneously with my corporeal self in Manhattan? Suppose, as I implied, John Lawler's physical body had been shot dead as it “slept” in that Texas hammock, could his consciousness not have remained in sentient form to “haunt” my bungalow with his invisible presence? Couldn't each of us have “gone on being alive” in the vehicles—whatever they were—that we had temporarily disassociated from our protoplasmic selves? Who says with authority—and proof—that we could not, or that this isn't what actually does happen each time human person is allegedly overtaken by “death”? We *do* have the evidence of the conscious souls operating discarnately regardless of what Woodruff or any other “scientific” man says to the contrary. No one can argue that Sir William Crookes—the inventor of the Crookes tube—or Sir Oliver Lodge weren't scientific men. And when both undertook to explore phases of consciousness extraneous to molecular protoplasm, they publicly avowed their convictions concerning its existence.

There was an aftermath to the Blackmoor Heath levitation, however, that I haven't yet related.

As I went along into deeper and deeper aspects of psychical research and perfected my own clairaudient capabilities there came a night when I could audibly ask an invisible mentor to explain if he could the August 26th experience.

“Do you recall the night,” he responded, “when your lawyer-friend Conrad sought enlightenment as to how the consciousness of that greatly advanced Personage—the Christ—could literally exist in two or more localities or situations in the same instant? Some of us were present with you that evening and overheard your discussion. We decided to give you a demonstration of a sort in your own right by finding a New York woman at a distance whom you could contact, and who could return to New York and attest to it, while you yourself—your literal physical self—were present with three friends in the seclusion of your apartment. You weren't aware you were having help to do what you did that evening; all the same you were getting it...You as a man in your current state or stage of development were able to project your consciousness in a replica of yourself and contact a lone woman of a similar state or stage sitting on a rock in England or a tree trunk in Scotland, so that she knew everything in your mind.’ By the same token and the same phenomenon, the Christ—being the developed form of consciousness He is, may project fifty such replicas of Himself in fifty different places and contact fifty different persona at once, so that they too know everything that exist in His consciousness, *and every replica will be a true one because*

the true Christ Consciousness will be contained in it!"

MAKE what you will of it, that's the "explanation" I received. But I never did get elucidation of how a conscious demonstration—or a demonstration of consciousness—could go at will and random backwards or forwards in time.

Maybe Woodruff's biochemistry could explain it. It affects to explain what life is, because it causes animated squirmings of a bit of jelly in a pool.

Dr. Denton described his having seen a fully organized human woman "materialize" form under his wife's chair in the first psychical clinic he attended in Boston. I have—without meaning to sound bombastic or precocious—seen nearly a thousand such fully organized people from time to time over twenty-seven years in the clinics I have attended. I have talked with them, touched them and had them touch me, asked them questions, gotten answers, seen them perform apparent miracles before my eyes—all in the presence of corroborating witnesses—sometimes in the privacy of my own home where trickery would have been impossible, even stood near a piano and joined in a duet with them, when their voices out-sang mine in volume, and ten minutes afterward seen them disintegrate to nothing in plain view in the center of the rug. Much as I respect the erudition of the biochemists and biologists, when the Dr. Woodruffs try to explain to me that all of it rests on the wiggings of protoplasm, I am forced to listen patiently and then leave them to their microscopes. In all sympathy and tolerance I merely say that my researches have gone beyond theirs and into a different medium—regardless of the absence of letters of degrees after my name.

Life *is* before matter, and consciousness cause matter, not the reverse.

You were a soul before you were a dinoflagellate.

So, let's look at this thing named Soul...

Chapter XII

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SPEAKING OF SOUL

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TO GIVE us a new working concept of a very old subject, I submit that a soul is the aggressive and conservative aspects of one unit of consciousness, identifiable by performance.

Put it, if you wish, that a soul is the male and female attributes of one unit of consciousness, recognizable by their behavior in association.

I'm not splitting hairs here. Already I've told you that a unit of consciousness lacking fifty percent of the qualities that manifest in consciousness would be only half an entity. Bring fifty percent and fifty percent together and you've got one hundred percent—which forms a completed subject in any medium. But lest you think I'm still trying to be philosophically clever, remember that one male and one female of any species—and particularly the human species—can attain to degrees of performance that neither can reach alone and which, suggestively enough, one male can't achieve with two females or one female only dilutes or debauches in trying to align herself with a score of males. One normal male and one normal female, adequately mated, compose a balanced unit that has strength and capabilities peculiar to its balance and not found elsewhere or otherwise. I deem this fact to be of epochal significance.

One male and one female in normal and legitimate conjugation may have physical issue numbering anywhere from one to twenty in one mortal lifetime. But the performance is a purely physical—or biological—phenomenon. It can be done by any half-unit if both the half-units be sexually adroit. A man may have twenty to thirty children employing four or five women as the gestating mediums. But what the common herd doesn't know is, that when the specific two half-units unite that originally separated from one another back at the beginning of the dual operating of consciousness, they have potentials for accomplishments that can only be experienced to be grasped, and which can be negotiated by no other combinations of living personalities. They become a unit so compact that neither earthly nor cosmic force can separate them, they make a completed circuit for the induction and employment of psychical energies that have no counterparts in material formations, and they exert a creative force as a unit that transcends the physical and manifests in the realm of the so-called supernatural. They may, so to speak, well-nigh order the procession of events in their unified career. This last is breaking into a domain of mysticism of which it is almost verboten to speak, at least in descriptive detail.

For instance, I know of a man and a woman so perfectly matched and so mystically united, back in New York about twenty years ago, that whatever they wished to have materialized in their practical affairs they had merely to will as one mind doing an orgasm of affinity and energies were

projected by them into the astral world that appeared to force such issues to come to material reality. Needless to say they were surpassingly wealthy. Mid-two Manhattan, I believe, holds a celebrated skyscraper that was erected on the increments from such psychical polarities.

The average conjugal incident is one of bodily properties only. The unity attains to a sensual delight and there it halts. In psychical ignorance both parties accept there is no more to the performance than the universal organic ecstasies, followed by dual lassitude not unmingled with spiritual disgust—and perchance impregnation that results in organic development of progeny. That a man and a woman in perfect unity and dual capabilities might be anodes for creative forces transcending the organic, only occurs to the exceptional couple who may have attained to the distinction. I say again it is something that must be experienced to be credited. The man married to one woman—and the woman married to one man—so intimately and exquisitely that they think alike, feel alike, and react alike, with their individualities each completely submerged in the other, so that any sort of dissension between them would be an abnormality, and unthinkable—are unconsciously in command of powers unknown to the ordinary Jack and Jill who stupidly accept that physical union is the only union that exists and conjugation commands infants into being and naught else. But you can't tell the ordinary Jack and Jill that, or they'd cease at once being ordinary. Certainly you can't tell it to them by instructions from a book. They have to gain to it as a matter of spiritual becoming. All of which is a separate subject belong to psychical eugenics. I started to discuss the constituents of soul.

Soul is the aggressive and conservative aspects of one unit of consciousness, identified by performance. What enters into the unit to give it completion is an alien consideration. You may be a half-unit of consciousness or—if you have found and are joined to your correct soul-mate—you may together be a full unit of consciousness and capable of doing the abnormal and seemingly miraculous things that really are quite common to a full unit of consciousness. But because you are capable of performing as an isolated galvanism of consciousness—lacing your own shoes, ordering what you particularly relish at a restaurant, crossing or not crossing a given street against the traffic light—doesn't necessarily mean you are a soul in your own right.

If you're a man, what about the woman who symbolically speaking “came out of your side” back in your evolutionary Edenic state of consciousness? If you're a woman, what about the man who you know in your heart of hearts “completes you” and whose all-enfolding interest and affection declare you're the whole works”—and your woman or your man is merely a comforting or sustaining accessory? If so, by what right or what process, are you entitled to such accessory? Why should you ever require such accessory or find it utilizable or agreeable?

Please believe me, I'm not striving to propound any new or eccentric doctrine here. I'm only looking to the order of life as we find it behind the scenes of organic mortality and thereby gaining to an understanding of why organic or human existence becomes what it does. You're going through earthly life perplexed and handicapped and lonely perhaps—as millions are doing all about you—struggling to fathom “what it's all about” and why life should be what you're finding it. And ten to one the basic thing wrong with you is your amative incompleteness. You're not the fully composed soul you've been told to believe by stupid philosophers and stupider religionists. You're actually one member of a partnership, and without your fellow partner the firm that is the soul is having trouble doing its business efficiently. You in your own lack of wisdom are thereupon taking the whole complication of the firm upon yourself, castigating yourself for not acting with sufficient cleverness for both partners and sweating cold perspiration at the bankruptcy court of the perdition

you've been persuaded yawns for you because you're not two people. Where's your woman or your man who's the other draft animal to the team? Stop tormenting yourself, or letting the philosophers or religionists torment you, because you lack all the strength necessary to pull the load alone. When the other proper half steps up and puts his or her head into the harness beside you, the load will go forward.

A **GAIN** referring to religious symbols, the Bible says that "a man shall cling unto his wife and they shall be one flesh"—and let no one put the asunder. I tell you the translation might more accurately and intelligently have been "a man shall cling unto his wife and they shall be one *soul*." Because one flesh, in all common sense and observation, is precisely what they're not. To coin an expression, they're always and forever two fleshs, and never can be anything otherwise on this plane of life. Being two fleshs—differentiated—is what makes them what they are. But considering them one spirit—one soul—is something else again, and rational and understandable.

Of course, we shouldn't jump from symbolisms to realisms at our caprice in all this. However, the same Hebraic scripture has already stated that "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." In other words, the soul of man is God's breath in his organic self. But if woman was then within man—because she was later taken out of him—she must have been a part of God's breath as well, since her "livingness" was derived from man's "livingness." So even scripturally and symbolically and without attempting to perform much sleight of hand in symbolisms, woman came from God's breath as much as man came from God's breath, and shares that same with him. It then becomes a point for the theologian whether each share the same soul or whether each is a section of the same soul. We don't need to waste much time over it because it offers no practical enhancements.

But I do ask you to give thought to something at this point that perhaps—not knowing much about scientific physics—you haven't given proper consideration before.

This conscious soul we're talking so much about and making such a general potter over, *is a thing without size*.

Try to get that.

It should give a new veer to your thinking.

T **HE SOUL** has no size. Ordinarily in day-to-day physical life, by the common contacts between one another in society, we come to build up the reflex that to be a man or woman in current adult form, we must each of us be above five feet in corporal height and over one hundred pounds in weight. The average man at 35—half his allotted span of three score years and ten—should stand 5 feet 7 inches tall and weigh 152 pounds. The average woman of the same age should stand 5 feet 6 inches and weigh 144 pounds. Furthermore, we carry around the subconscious acceptance that the soul of each should be of similar dimensions. It is something, we imagine, that fills that whole of the physical insides of us. Actually, of course, we come by our heights and our weights strictly from terrestrial conditions. An organic being of man's dimensions gets them from the size and density of the earth mass that keeps his body attached to it at its spherical surface. Soul has nothing to do with it. The molecules and atoms of man's physical self find equilibrium in association at what we call a given density of mass. But right there we run into another generalization of physics that means next to nothing. Professor A. S. Eddington, celebrated world physicist at Cambridge University in England, makes this arresting statement in the first chapter of

his book, *The Nature of the Physical World*—

“The atom is as porous as the solar system. If we eliminated all the unfilled space in a man’s body and collected his protons and electrons into one mass, the man would be reduced to a speck just visible with a magnifying glass...The accepted conclusion at the present-day is, that all varieties of matter are ultimately composed of two elementary constituents—protons and electrons. Electrically these are the exact opposites of one another, the proton being a charge of positive electricity and the electron a charge of negative electricity. But in the other respects their properties are very different. The proton has 1840 times the mass of the electron so that nearly all the mass of matter is due to its constituent protons. The proton is not found unadulterated except in hydrogen, which seems to be the most primitive form of matter, its atom consisting of one proton and one electron. In other atoms a number of protons and a lesser number of electrons are cemented together to form a nucleus; the electrons required to make up the balance are scattered like remote satellites of the nucleus and can even escape from the atom and wander freely through the material. The diameter of an electron is about 1/50,000 of the diameter of an atom; that of the nucleus is not very much larger. An isolated proton is supposed to be much smaller still.”

This is telling us in cold physics that the proton and electron of the hydrogen atom constitute 2/50,000ths of its bulk, leaving 48/50,000ths of its bulk pure space. Remember your body is 86 percent water and water is composed of two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen, so roughly speaking, even in the water content of you, you’re about 54 percent hydrogen—more than half your bulk and weight. And even that one-half-plus is 48/50,000ths pure space. So eliminate all the space in all your atoms and you could barely be discerned beneath a magnifying glass.

What’s become of the “size” of your soul in such analysis?

Obvious it can’t have anything in common with your atomic-material physical self—at least for size—or your spirit as well, if compressed to protons and electrons without interstitial spaces, could scarcely be seen under a magnifying glass. Which way will you have it? You’ve got to have it one-way or the other.

If your soul is to be thought of as a thing of material dimensions, you must logically ask yourself—as I remarked earlier in this volume—whether the thing you know as your consciousness is residing in the compacted protons and electrons or in the interstitial spaces between them? And look at the predicament you’re in. If you say the spaces between the protons and electrons then you’re conceding your soul is something that can live consciously in space without need of protons and electrons—in which event it should be able to exist consciously in free space anywhere and is something independent of a body needed for existence. By such reasoning, discarnation stands proven by scientific physics. If you say consciousness lives in the combined field of force or energy operation made by the existence and performance of the atoms then you’re merely subscribing to my second postulate anew: that consciousness can exist within—or at least across—a field of atomic performance. Which means it can live in free space providing the space is bounded by the outermost layer of performing atoms.

THE BIOLOGIST-physicist—if there be such a creature—doesn’t seem to realize that whichever end of the yard stick he tries to consider the life mystery of consciousness, he’s defeating or contradicting himself with his own science. The biologist says early chemical forms in combination produced the phenomenon of self-recognizing galvanic life. The physicist comes along and says, chemicals out of which you pull your self-recognizing galvanic life are

49,998/50,000ths pure space and the other 2/50,000ths are positive and negative electrical activity in ether. Comes the Einstein school of scientists that says, we have no way of proving that ether exists excepting for what seems to happen in it. Where the devil are we at, and isn't one man's suggestion as good as another's? ...Excepting that each and every one of us knows that the atoms exist and electrons can be separated from protons because of the way they're doing it on Bikini and making the whole world look for cover.

The soul, however, I submit in all seriousness, isn't something of a given material or a given size. It *doesn't* fill our whole bodies excepting as we have spatial bodies created for us that we all alive throughout because of cellular and nerve activity. You're not conscious, however, in your hand or your foot. You're only conscious as to your head with brains in it—assuming you've got them—and even your brain can be tampered with and operated upon in every part without death resulting, excepting for the pineal gland. That can't be touched or *plus!*—you're gone. By such induction we might claim that conscious self-recognition was matter of the pineal gland. And yet I recognized consciously Mrs. Chapman's red stone bridge 3,000 miles away in Scotland while my pineal gland was assumedly in my skull in a body in a chair in a New York apartment *two weeks before my giving visual evidences of it to Mrs. Chapman.*

What does such a snarled-up mess of contradictory evidence attest?

I CLAIM it attests—from this and a score of similar phenomena I might describe—that consciousness is something as elemental as electrical automacy and that while it may manifest in an area of atoms called the field of the cellular body in order to get certain enhancements from such instrument, actually it's independent of materials as to essence.

Following through this reasoning, soul is merely individualized consciousness or the capability of consciousness to operate as a unit separate and distinct from every other unit. And if it so operates within a spatial body atomically derived, it's sound science to say that it may operate with equal facility outside a spatial body or outside the cellular interplay of atoms.

In this latter sense, the soul must be imperishable as regards atoms, and personality must survive physical demise because personality is merely a collective aggregation of memories derived from experiences *in* atoms. Without atoms the souls could have no formal experiences, hence its confusing association *with* atoms, either inside them in organic performings—that is, subjectively—or outside them in the state called Discarnation—that is, objectively.

Accepting that consciousness is an elemental essence dependent on these two states, a lot of mysteries begin to clear up which have to remain mysteries, so long as we look at life as basic biochemical phenomena.

We are all of us “as old as the eternal hills” because we are derived in the individual instance from the universal consciousness that wound up the atoms that made the eternal hills. We secured out individualized consciousness as we progressed up through the biological forms dictated by terrestrial conditions in the various epochs, and we secured our personalized consciousness as we traveled up through the physical patterns of *genus home* into our anthropoidal designs of today. What we shall be 50,000 or one million years hence. One thing seems certain, the nature and composition of atoms won't alter without the universe itself altering and becoming something else. If it's been what it has been the past two billion years, and the same for this earth as for the star-sun Sirius, 50 billion miles away in the southwestern heavens, the chances are that the universe isn't going to be what alters. But consciousness as consciousness may alter stupendously.

When you ask me therefore, what soul is, I can tell you in understandable logic but when you ask me what consciousness is, you're asking of me a paradox: *the unknown which is known—or the known which is unknown.*

We know, each one of us, what consciousness is because we're conscious. But beyond that we know nothing, and probably never can know anything because it's shapeless, sizeless and substanceless. It's a condition, not a commodity. And being the only condition of its kind in universality, we have nothing with which to compare it.

HOWEVER, why worry about it, if we know what we do know of it by experiencing it? The man or woman I'm writing for at the moment is the confused, life-battered, desolate individual who can't make head nor tail of the whole mortal parade and feels he or she mightn't be courting much major loss by jumping off the nearest roof or taking an overdose of sleeping pills to get the error rectified. What he'd get, of course, would be a new shuffle of the factors of life—as I'm going to show him when I get to suicide—but after I've told him a few major things he probably doesn't know about *this* life, maybe he won't want the reshuffle anyhow.

The trouble with the people who want to call quits on this life is mainly its sterility. They've stopped learning new facts. People, who truly know the life fundamentals, realize that every life is pretty much life every other life only in some lives we learn more. I'll talk about all that, I say, when I come to the matter of Suicide. We know what consciousness is because we're conscious. We're in the condition.

No one has to describe it for us. How we got conscious is something else, and what we've done and are doing with consciousness is still something else. I claim it's not important *how* we got conscious any more than it's important to know how electricity got electrified. It might be interesting to know as a lay exercise in intellect, but supposing we did know, what difference would it make and what good would it do us? Since we know the steps to take and the processes to negotiate to obtain an electric current in a wire, any inquiry beyond that is purely academic. *What* it is, in other words, is meaningless because meaning always boils down to some problem in utility.

We know what consciousness is by living it, and the consciousness and living are synonymous. Since it is doubtful that consciousness once individualized or personified can ever cease to exist, and since we can create what seem to be new consciousness units for all practical purposes in the abstract every time we males cause our females to become fertile, the *what* of consciousness becomes as meaningless as the *what* of electricity...

I'm not writing these volumes for intellectual exercise either for you or for myself. I'm writing these volumes to give you what new light I can on the eternal verities as they apply to, or affect, you and me. I'm interested in the origin of you merely as the background for you as you stack up to me at present and as we any stack up to each other another million years hence.

Your soul is a sprouting from the universal consciousness state that first became individualized and personalized. It's the "I Am Me" realization made unique by its reactions to experiences, which could only come to it by subjective or objective relations to patterned fields of atoms. Patterned fields of atoms were necessary to give experiences to you seedling consciousness and thus provide it with realizations that it was *what* it was. As it passed through the experiences these realizations stayed with it, or in it, and became memories that made it individualistic because no two seedlings of consciousness could have precisely the same adventures in the great entropy of cosmic complication. As these memories gradually classified through the epochs, they fused into major

significances and little else, gradually becoming what we today call instincts. Finally as the seedling consciousness became more and more distinctive and developed intellect, becoming animate in anthropoid physical forms, we began the hectic and arduous task of creating personality—which accelerated sharply when human speech developed human culture and human tradition.

Today, at the current point in our progression of personalized consciousness, we have in a measure ceased relying on species to provide us with instruments for experiences and begun to rely on varieties of intellect developed in the anthropoid species. But even for all of our consciousness expansion we are still, as Emerson phrased it, only in the cockcrow and morning star of the real achievements of consciousness. We are still operating mainly in daily practice on our species instincts. We aren't even over the state yet in which we credit that consciousness itself has an integrity unto itself and isn't a product of the vehicles we have employed to fetch it up thus far. Our fused species instincts still persuade us that because the vehicles we have inhabited have been so real to our senses, because we have had out truly educating experiences while inside them, they are the cause of our animations instead of their product.

Bodily enhousement is so real to us that we look to the enhousement as a structure as the reason for the people living in the house, instead of people living in the house to accomplish an end or serve a purpose. We look through the windows occasionally and see tenantless persons moving around outside and we cry out in a sort of terror that they are spooks and "supernatural." "They aren't real because they have no roofs over their heads or walls around them," we chatter, and call anybody who tries to persuade us they are people exactly like ourselves, charlatans and spiritualists and crackpots. Of course, we get that way from the illusion that comes to us from forever being imprisoned in our own four walls, that being imprisoned is the only true form of existence. Furthermore, because only that which hurts or inhibits, teaches, we forget our own periods *between* tenement-dwellings when we are discarnate ourselves, and declare that illusion is the notion we might be anything other than enoused.

Of course there are literally thousands of cases when we do remember—just as young Matt remembered Guatemala, and the Daniels girl remembered Greece and Egypt, or Hazel and the Ohio boy remembered experiences with me in Memphis—but when we hear of such instances we squirm and contort and try to think up some "rational" explanation whereby they could have happened.

None of it seems to alter the fact, however, that our personalized seedling of consciousness has grown a long way from its primordial realizations that it was an "I Am Me" entity, to gain to a life and humanized body up here in the world culture of the Twentieth Century. I say again, no biologist to say believes that we humans descended—or ascended—from apes. But all of us must have ascended physically from long antedating species and forms that in one branch of sidereal development resulted *in* the apes. The problem that arrests us here for the moment is how these early seedlings from the Master Consciousness found their organic vehicles life upon life when consciousness itself was too weak and dim to know one form from the other. The need for atomic forms—both organic and inorganic—to give us experiences that made consciousness self-recognizing isn't so difficult to understand. However, let's dwell on it a few moments to make certain we have a clear conception of it—

SUPPOSE by way of illustration, you were a one-cell potential of consciousness, the only one in the whole universe, come into realization of yourself in an utterly empty Cosmos—empty,

that is, of atoms in patterns of forms. Your condition would be similar to that of a shapeless creature suspended in utter darkness between the worlds. You couldn't fall because there was no place to land. You couldn't see lights of any stars or suns because no dust existed around you to reflect light rays and make them visible. You couldn't name where you were because a locality must forever be identified with some previous or adjacent locality in order to be understandable or describable. Your condition would be one of simple *enduring* and naught else beside. You would merely be enduring in respect to yourself. And because you cannot die, in that your consciousness isn't situated inside any physical body, you begin to consider what you could do to expand and develop yourself.

Well, you brood on your predicament and finally hit on a scheme to put yourself through a series of happenings called experiences. But you couldn't have adventures all by yourself in utterly empty, timeless, and unidentifiable space. Adventures must commonly be objective—that is, happen to you from origins outside yourself. The only subjective experience you could possibly have would be to split yourself into two halves—male and female—so to have a seemingly separate companion and one portion talk to the other portion of yourself. But that would come later after you had provided objective conditions to give you an arena of performance for the two sections of you. You say to yourself: I can't have adventures making for memories that will gradually individualize and them personalize me, form formlessness. First I must manufacture shapes in this awful void to give me a sense of *things*. Each shape must stand for a thing and each thing must have a shape. How am I going to get things with shapes that shall come to represent idea? And after I get them, where am I going to locate them? I have this engulfing void as an arena of performance but what I need within it is a *stage*—a platform to dramatize this production of my self-development. I have it! I will wind up atoms made from electrons spinning at incredible rates around protonic cores. I will create such a sizable dust-cloud of these minute spinning units that I will form a sphere. This sphere shall be so sizable that when I use more atoms to create an organic body for myself and place that body for myself and place that body on the surface of the sphere, I shall lose my realization of its spherical form and think of it in terms of flatness with the arc of the horizon so imperceptible that I seem to be operating on a more or less level floor. Then upon this floor as it cools and hardens from the igneous heat of its own specific gravities I will employ other atoms in combination to make the shapes of things—or things of shape—intend to use to “dress” the platform on which the coming twin parts of me shall have their adventures. I will make water for great seas and racks for great continents. I will make vegetation to bedeck the continents. I will use other atoms to create a great dust-cloud in the air envelope around my vast spherical stage so that vibrations coming from far distant spheres in this void shall be refracted into the phenomenon known as Light and thus locate my planetary platform so I can recognize the objects dressing it. so I shall have my platform for adventures, the thousand and one natural features furnishing it, my light to perceive them by and identify my position in universal space, and my organic self in which to enhouse myself and give a sense of realism to myself in juxtaposition to all these illusions of atomic realism all about me. Now what shall my adventures consist of, upon this vast spherical stage, where I am projecting my similar atomic body built up of my various organs?

Well, first I will split myself into antipodal parts—my male and female selves—and my male part shall squabble with, and chase my female part about and cause her organic self call our offspring. That will introduce sex and the adventures attendant on sex reproduction into my program of increased consciousness. I will play cops and robbers with natural conditions and dare

natural forces to seize on my organic vehicles—and the vehicles of our offspring—and destroy them. Sometimes I shall win and sometimes I shall lose but the exercise of winning or losing shall give us agility of both consciousness and organs and make us realize stronger and stronger that we are ourselves. I shall inject the condition known as pain into our organic selves when we lose, in order that by the imprints of our bodily distresses on consciousness we may begin to compile what shall be species - memories, making for self-preservation and the survival of the fittest. Gradually as consciousness individualizes stronger and stronger I shall make improvements in my enhousing organisms, adapting them the more adroitly to terrestrial conditions and the laws of entropy, causing them to become ever more complicated. But this shall be my guiding principle in all of it: *That which seems to distress me most shall educate or develop me most.*

Of course distress as a program must be interspersed with sequences of delight else I would soon lose the distress-sensation...I must contrive to preserve the severity of it by continual contrasts of delights and distresses, happiness and sorrows, lights and shadows, melodies and discords. Gradually as my masculine sector shall come into perfect equilibrium with my feminine sector, and as my game of cops and robbers with terrestrial conditions shall have proved my own invincibility, intellect shall begin to take the place of organism for its own sake. My progeny by then shall have become so numerous as to project conditions known as society and economics and politics and even my educating adventures shall be intellectual. I shall attain them to personalization, all the time growing more and more aware of the tremendous possibilities within myself and exerting more and more phenomenal efforts to show what I can do in pure consciousness without the need for organics. But beneath and behind all of it the primal scheme shall be adventures—incarnate or discarnate—that cause me to produce more and more out of myself, which from the objective and organic viewpoint shall appear to be growth. Actually it won't be growth. It will be "becoming." I will "become" this or that as I succeed at increasing the potentials within myself to realize this and that. *And I shall always go on doing this* and it shall be known as my "existence," existence and performance being synonymous.

NOW ALL this isn't an impertinent attempt to displace God by any effort of the seedling will. It isn't exactly an account of what happened—that we have proof of. It is an exposition of a hypothesis of consciousness development, illustrating cosmic mechanics of a sort and the stage by which consciousness arrives through organism to individuality and personalization.

Place, and light, and objects, and opposition, and reaction, and contest, and ordeal are all requisite to the greater and greater "becoming" of consciousness, and without them consciousness is mere witless endurance in cosmic void, existent but nonfunctioning. Patterned atoms—that is, electrical impulses formed into shapes that have a constant identity and become recognized as different *things*—permit of the items known as Ideas. Ideas give birth to memories and memories give birth to comparisons. Comparisons gestate logic and logic gestates the creation of intellect, or adroitness in thinking from the concrete picture images of things to the abstract considerations of them. When that point is reached, Consciousness is in full function, growing stronger and more potent with, and by, each succeeding exercise.

When we take such view of the Life Plan we begin to clear up one mystery after another. Evolution begins to make sense and coordinate with the organization of symbolisms identified as religion. The mathematical precisions of physics fit into the picture. So as well do prenatal memories and the accomplishments of psychics. A big and beautiful dramatic harmony begins to

appear behind the seeming incongruities and exigencies of animate existence.

The universe has some head and tail and rhyme and reason to it.

ISAY that behind the great enigma of you there is a stupendous cosmic history. There is overshadowing all, the crowning feat of your *own* Soulcraft. You have done a bigger and vaster job than you truly have the faintest conception of, browbeaten and harassed as you are by the inhibitions and limitations set for you in narrowness, stupidity and bigotry by the little brain strapped lives around you, I don't care who you are or what your role in the current act of the consciousness drama. Christ Himself declared, according to His word come down to us in John 10:34, "I say ye are gods, and it doth not yet appear what ye shall be..."

What could He been referring to but exactly what I'm herein sketching for you?

You see, I'm earnestly making you a great cosmic character instead of a little temporary accident of mortal birth sandwiched in between the past and the future and doomed to death and extinction when your physical heart quits beating. I say you've got capabilities and potentials proving these things, which you don't dream you possess, and which dogmatized theology frowns on your realizing you possess.

It's my personal contention—and you can believe it or not—that no matter what your race, creed, color or political or social belief, if you could be subjected to Matt's experience at the hands of the erudite Doctor in my third-floor office on 15th Street in Washington, D. C. in 1931, you'd 'fess up and lay everything open and bare about your past sequences of consciousness in mortal bodies, the countries you've lived in, the various tongues you've spoken, the great world dramas you may have played a role in, perhaps the illustrious deeds you've performed that the memory-veil has been temporarily dropped upon. And I'm not writing this merely to make you feel you may truly be somebody in this harsh world after all, and acquire a benevolent sensation toward yourself and toward me, but because of the self-evident fact that you possess the intelligence to live in this Twentieth Century and read and reasonably understand this book.

You simply couldn't be the personage you are, unless you'd served something of the aforesaid apprenticeship.

Intelligence, I maintain is a development, an unfolding, a flowering, a "becoming" if you please, not a second-hand inheritance, I don't care how many hot and cold sliding staircases your ancestors had in their patrician apartments or how many or how few collegiate degrees your parents or grandparents had after their names. And I'm not exactly a novice in my knowledge of the "laws" of biology and heredity, as I'll undertake to convince you before these volumes are finished.

We've merely gotten twisted up on these laws of biological inheritance because we've overlooked the great fundamental in this animate world that "like attracts like." Your grandparents' and parents' genes may have prescribed the wave of your hair, the color of your eyes and the grace—or clumsiness—of your bodily movement. That I grant. But the intellect that has appeared with the arrival of your specific consciousness upon this mortal scene, I contend is yours alone. You suffered to obtain it and attain it and no one brand of intelligence, your "quality of consciousness", your exhibits of individuality and personality are the record of your own distinctive and private craft of soul in reaching the point in earthly Cosmos you've attained in this life—and all honor to you for the heroic record.

You see, I appreciate you even if your wife or husband or family or neighborhood doesn't—and again I say, I'm looking at you as an arrived Product, not merely striving to win friends and

influence people. I'm asking you in return to think as much of yourself as I'm forced to think of you because of what your intellect demonstrates, as one who knows more of the pathway you've come up by than the average theologian, sociologist or psychologist. You see, I've specialized in the discerning and exhibiting of Cosmos and the theologian, sociologist or psychologist has merely specialized in the tenets, which his textbooks have taught him—written by “authorities” as circumscribed as himself.

I declare, you've got to get “outside of life” to see it clearly and see it whole. You must, in other words, get outside the enshrouding of your own organism to appreciate the abilities and triumphs of your own Soulcraft.

It's no new doctrine I'm preaching. It's a very hoary and trite old doctrine. But I've observed and discovered a lot of phenomenal evidence bearing upon it that gives it new significance, symmetry and sense.

To be thorough, however, let's go back apiece and look to these early organic forms of consciousness in the possible hope that we may distinguish how you in your early forms transported yourself from organism to organism and epoch to epoch...

Chapter XIII

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WHAT THE SCIENTISTS SUGGEST

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THERE have been many theories advanced for the appearance of life on this planet and some of them we should know about, if only to use them for more significant deductions. The first is *Vitalism*.

Vitalism goes back as far as the history of science is recorded. It gained to its most concrete formulation during the early part of the Eighteenth Century. The Vitalists at that period abandoned attempts to explain life processes on a physico-chemical basis almost entirely and assumed that an unknown and unknowable, all-controlling, mystical, hyper mechanical force was responsible for all living processes. Of course, such an assumption in such a form is a negation of the scientific method and removes the problem from the realm of scientific investigation altogether. However, taken by and large, all biologists of the present admit that, however erudite, they are utterly unable to give an adequate explanation of the fundamental life processes in terms of physics and chemistry.

“In ultimate analysis everything is incomprehensible and the whole object of science is to reduce the incomprehensibilities to the smallest number.”

Vitalism, as you can discern, isn't far removed from the explanations of “revealed” religion, only in place of the hyper mechanical force, religion puts the designation, God. Let's leave it for the moment. We'll come back to it.

Next to consider is the Cosmozoa Theory. This rests on the materialistic assumption that only life itself can create life, that you can't get animated consciousness from nonliving ingredients and that if life appeared on this earth while it was a comparatively new planet, it never originated here but came from somewhere else. Living germs starting the organic evolution must have reached earth after long journeys through interstellar space inside meteorites, despite incredible experiences with heat and cold—or they might have been swept up by the new planet as it hurtled through cosmic dust-clouds and presenting favorable terrestrial conditions, gave such living germs the chance to generate as earth's flora and fauna. This theory merely passes responsibility for the creation of life to some foreign planetary system or condition, and reduces the life phenomenon mostly to an item of transportation.

Pfluger's Theory faced the question of the chemical basis for life squarely. He was the first to call attention to the fundamental difference in the nitrogenous radicals of what he termed “dead” proteins—an egg albumen—and “living” proteins taking an active part in the economy of protoplasm, since the nitrogenous decomposition products of the latter contain either the cyanogens radical or can be artificially produced from compounds of cyanogens by atomic arrangement. This suggested to Pfluger the probability that the cyanogens radical is an integral part of the molecular

complex of living proteins, and since in the formation of cyanogens a large amount of heat is absorbed, it follows this radical possesses a large amount of internal energy and thus with it there is “introduced into the living matter energetic internal motion.”

Pfluger’s suggestion that the protein molecules of living protoplasm owe their diagnostic characteristics—in particular their liability—to cyanogens is supported, he believes, by certain analogies between cyanogens compounds and “living” proteins. Indeed, he claims, “the similarity is so great that I might term cyanic acid a half-living molecule...when we think of the beginning of organic life, we must not think primarily of carbonic acid and ammonia, for they are the end of life, not the beginning...The beginning lies rather in cyanogens.” Pointing out that cyanogens and its compounds arise only in incandescent heat, he holds that “life is derived from fire and its fundamental conditions were laid down at a time when the earth was still an incandescent ball.” Thus living material owes its genesis to cyanogens compounds, which, on account of their tendency to decomposition, entered into relations with carbon compounds arising at similar temperatures. When the temperature conditions of the earth’s surface permitted the precipitation of water, this with the salts and gases in solution joined the growing cyanogens-carbon complex and gave rise to the highly labile protein molecules so characteristic of protoplasm. Thus, according to Pfluger’s hypothesis, arose “a relatively simple, homogeneous material from which has been evolved the highly differentiated protoplasmic masses or cells of organic life today.”

There is sound chemical sense in much of Pfluger’s argument, but take note that while it essays to explain protoplasmic animation, it doesn’t explain consciousness. It doesn’t account for the formation of memory or the moral attributes that contribute to a high degree of the “I Am Me” phenomenon. Why should protoplasmic animation have the ability to remember? What has cyanogens to do with the apparent fact that I can stretch my sense of self-awareness three thousand miles eastward from New York, back four hours and ahead two weeks in terrestrial time?

Moore comes forward with a different presentation of suggestions. He proposes the origin of life from the inorganic elements of the cooling earth by a continuation of the slow process of complexification, which he sees inherent in matter. “This note,” he says, “cannot be too strongly sounded, that as matter is allowed capacity for assuming complex forms, those complex forms appear. As soon as oxides can be there, oxides appear: when temperature admits of carbonates. Then carbonates are forthwith formed...Next in order of development prior to life, inorganic colloids begin to show in solution, or suspension, in the waters of the cooling globe. Alumina and silica, deposited in colloidal form, are seen in many sedimentary rocks. Single molecules existing in solution and capable of forming colloids, with alterations in temperature and in chemical reaction of environment, begin to form complex—or solution aggregates—in which the unit of chemical structure passes from the atom to the molecule.” Moore then states in a general way—as a law universal in its application to all matter, although varying in intensity in different types of matter, and holding throughout all space as generally as the law of gravitation—a law which might be called the Law of Complexity: *the matter so far as its energy environment will permit, tends to assume more and more complex forms in labile equilibrium.* Atoms, molecules colloids and living organisms arise as a result of the operations of this law, and in the higher regions of complexity it induces organic evolution and all the many thousands of living forms.

VERY INTERESTING. Only in practical life it seems to be the rule that the more complex a thing is, the less efficient it shows itself because the parts require the consumption of so much

energy required to produce the product. Besides, complexity without intelligences is mere heterogeneous mass, and from whence was derived the intelligence to make complexity efficient? ...from the complexity itself? Allen comes forward with a theory that life in its earliest stage wasn't organic at all, only "diffuse substances trading in energy" ...and at all, only "diffuse substances trading in energy" ...and Froland would wrap the later life phenomenon about the enzyme.

It would seem to the most open-minded individual that what all these chemists and biologists are saying is, "I have caught a bug and got him on his back. Now it's up to me to explain why he moves his legs." And they start the great chemical search into bug anatomy while any schoolboy could explain that the bug moves its legs because the bug is mad at being turned upon its back and greatly wants to get over on its legs to move into a nice dark crack with maximum dispatch.

The chemical and biological scientists, in other words, are researching in alien media for the life secret. Life isn't animation; life is *consciousness*—although we commonly say of a moving automobile that it is a "live car." Consciousness is self-realization; able to function subjectively though it never moves a muscle outwardly or commits one act objectively. Thousands of hapless folk have suffered what the medicos term complete paralysis, unable to move a muscle, even to wink an eyelid, yet they have been alive and conscious of the sensation of enduring. You say, "Well, the heart and bloodstream moved at any rate else death would have been automatic." But don't be too certain of that. I'm not at all sure there's any such thing as automatic death; I'm not at all sure there mayn't be case where the sentient or conscious spirit is still in the body for hours after the heart has quit and the bloodstream ceased. Tell me there the spirit resides during "suspended animation?" What about people who have been resuscitated by artificial respiration after drowning, or given injections of methylene blue?

The scientist can tell me how to build a bridge and of what stress to carry a crack passenger train, or how to make fifty-two synthetic products from the humble peanut. But life that rides in the train or consumes the peanut is an element in another domain of inquiry. Would you, or would you not, call in a taxidermist to operate on Aunt Sally's gall stones merely because the taxidermist treats commercially of anatomy?

In a sense, I suppose, we ought to be honest enough to label ourselves Vitalists of a new school, only we can't plead that as scientists—or at least researchers—in consciousness our subject is unknown or unknowable. Each and every mother's son and father's daughter of us is a living attestation that consciousness is both known and knowable. How it started isn't so important as what it has done and what it can do. Perhaps it never did "start" any more than electricity "started". Given right conditions for it, it manifested. In this sense, the first set of right conditions might be said to have marked "the start of consciousness," but who or what postulated the conditions? We are chasing the devil around the stump to make him divulge, which came first, the chicken or the egg? Maybe the first egg wasn't an egg that came from a mother fowl, anyhow. Maybe it was a manifestation of Allen's "diffuse materials trading in energy."

What concerns us is the expansion of consciousness that results to us from going among—and in and out of —atomic patterns to us from going among—and in and out of— atomic experiences and collecting memories that we can use to construct more and more capable personalities. In this we may disclose ourselves as being more philosophical than scientific, but whether we come to know ourselves from philosophy, science, or membership in the Ku-Klux-Klan, the gesture is to know ourselves past and present for the sake of what we shall presently be in the

future.

TAKE NOTE in all of that I'm not striving to prove my point of nondying mind by any extensivity compilation of psychical research anecdotes or happenings at séances that would unquestionably seem or prove survival. Books of communication episodes are a dime a dozen in any Spiritualistic library, and while the individual may be convinced from a given demonstration that Uncle Tom or Aunt Mable are still around, though their physical remains may be out in the cemetery beneath a headstone, such proofs are forever personal. Narrations of major happenings like the Mayan expert's lifted memory or the Experiment with Time in the Blackmoor Heath experience have been introduced and told at considerable length to validate the *capabilities* of Consciousness more than its survival. My object in adding this particular volume to the Soulcraft library is to show through logic that the Psychical Vitalists can make out a better case accounting for mortality than the biologists and chemists—who can make out practically none whatever. Always and forever, in my own mind, when thinking of the rationality of ego imperishability, its Eddington and not Darwin or Huxley who presents the most sensible hypothesis for the perpetuity of self-awareness. My present physical body, by the nuclear analysis, is 999,999,999/1,000,000,000ths free space, yet my consciousness is functioning within the ensemble of its atomic residue. If it can do so in the free space inside my physical self at the moment, what's to stop I from functioning in free space universally? If I can expand my consciousness—whatever that term implies—from a chair in a New York apartment to manifest for a lady seated amid heather three thousand miles eastward, why do I require the body in the New York flat at all? If Jack Lawler could know what I said to my dog Laska one morning on an Altedena hilltop while his body lay in a San Antonio hammock, how was his mental return so essential? If young matt could recall a sun-sacrifice in Maya back over a couple of thousand years, by what argument would he be unable to recall all of today's experiences in flesh in the year 3,000 A. D.? Such episodes are demonstrations of the capabilities of self-awareness under natural conditions, regardless how bizarre.

In short, it's what Consciousness can do by examples of what it has done, that are the essential factors in our equation, not whether or not we may be certain of personal survival because at last night's séance a spirit calling himself Cousin Harry recalled an incident at Lake Hathaway when the Jennings girl rocked the boat and got a good wetting and what her comments were when Cousin Harry rescued her. When prolonged study of thousands of psychical cases turn up more or less similar results, we can base soul survival on what become well-nigh laws of the process. Already I perceive that I'm by no means going to be able to expound all these "laws of the process" in this one volume, considering my material, but at least making continuity of the personality *reasonable*, should score where dozens of circumstantial episodes do not. The skeptic can't personally check on the circumstantial episodes but he should be able to check on logic premised on natural science. Know what the soul is, in so far as mortal limitations permit us to grasp it, and its more extraordinary escapades do not seem so extraordinary.

GERALDINE Cummins in the remarkable story of her psychical recordings, *Unseen Adventures*, remarks on the British scientist who called on her one rainy afternoon when she was ill and sought to cheer her by exclaiming, "How little each individual matters! After all, what are you? Merely a slowly decaying bit of fungus on a fifth-rate planet!" She declares she preferred

the intellectual honesty of Dr. J. B. Rhine who asked, “What are we human beings, you and I? *No one knows.*”

Rhine is right, up to a point. Identification of any sort is arrived at by comparing one thing with other things, perhaps equally unknowable. But it's not identifications academically that we want. We want recognitions.

Each and every one of us is a self-aware principle in Nature that can expand to infinity in capabilities by undergoing experiences. Can we even define God Himself as being more? And after, what would it matter? We're not in existence to draw personal comparisons alongside Deity because, come right down to it, nobody knows what God is, either. We're in existence to discover our own capacities and capabilities for maximum awareness of reactions to circumstances. It's forever a self-exploration, so long as the ingredient of progressive growth is in us. The eternity of the soul is merely a feature of such growth limitlessly—though it requires a separate book to describe it.

One of the most sterile oversights, which man can make is the assumption that because the world of life is what we behold it today, it has always been so, that the present is but the past on a vaster scale and that a thing created progresses in a straight course to some aspect of completion. Our considerations, however, take for granted that the instant's inspection of the thing is all that the thing comprises. A thing begun has not revealed the entirety of its purpose. A thing completed is no longer before us for consideration at all. So we are always looking at things in the middles of their exhibiting and accepting that their appearances fully inform us of their natures. We do not grasp that nothing in current aspect can be looked at for what it is, with any hope of truly understanding it, because in proceeding toward completion it is ever in a state of change. And particularly must this be true of man himself. God does not judge him, the Bible tells us, till the end of his days—that is, for what he indicates as a totality after all expression has ended its performance. By the same token, we are only limiting and handicapping ourselves when we decide that man in any development of mortality is this or that. How do we know till we behold what his completion represents? So to attempt any understanding of what man's completion is to be, we should take as many cues as possible from his myriad commencements. You, yourself, do not know exactly what you are, because you are by no means completed as yet. And maybe, who knows, you are of an essence that never SHALL be completed?

One thing we can assure ourselves of, and small room for contradiction...assuming you pursue these studies to some profundity. That one thing is the fact, attested by ten thousand episodes, that the laws of Consciousness transcend practically every law applying to, or governing, atomic materials. Such being so, the material scientist rules himself out of any quest for the secret of Life. No one in his sense seeks to classify conditions of delimitation by conditions that exist only by reason of limitation.

Of course the scientific specialist in limitation does arrest us with one point of challenge when he demands, “If the soul and self-aware consciousness be synonymous when exploring in delimitation, how can you rationalize the fact that Consciousness is *not* perpetual? The normal human being is certainly not conscious while conscious while sleeping, nor while undergoing an anesthetic, nor when knocked senseless by a blow on the chin or solar plexus. Don't try to argue you can be conscious and nonconscious at the same time. If you fall asleep for half an hour, during which you know nothing, why can't you fall asleep for twenty thousand years and know nothing? And in such even, why haven't you perished? —Particularly if you concede you've vacated and

abandoned your body?"

Well, I don't propose to equivocate in facing it. Actually the question of Self-Effacement, known popularly as Suicide, is a phase of it. So let's explore that next, together with the "subconscious" and the "super conscious". Then in my final chapter, I want to talk a few pages about Soul Traits in general...

Chapter XIV

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YOUR IMPORTANCE TO YOURSELF

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I SAID, some two hundred and seventy-four pages back, that you were something new in this world, that never since the dawn of Time had there ever been another exactly like you and never again throughout all the ages of the future would your like be precisely duplicated. When you really face this thought, and fully assimilate it, life itself alters decidedly for you.

The Almighty, or whatever the First Cause has been behind Nature, must have had a particular purpose in mind when He or It projected the thinking unit that's yourself and put all the millions of years that may lie behind you into producing exactly the Soul that you are at this moment. I'm serious about this. Deprecating yourself, as the cynic perpetually persuades you to do, that you're only a bit of rotting fungus on a fifth-rate planet, probably spawned by Chance and scarce meaning a thing in the vast congregate of omniversal affairs, not only libels you as a creation but libels as well your Creator. It implies that Divine Providence gives Its august intellect to projecting nonessentials. Moreover, it discounts and invalidates all your potentials.

The cynic might think twice about your importance to the universe if you'd managed to accumulate fifty million dollars or gotten your name for some activity in all the more expensive encyclopedias. He'd forget all about the probabilities of your being fungus in his eagerness to get a ten thousand dollar loan from you, or he'd send his children to the same college attended by your children, that they might brag in later years in their eminent collegiate associations. But what my higher friends tell me, of the more consequential import is, that Cosmos regards each one of us for our potentials—that is, what we have within us that's capable of somewhat breathless development. What are we being shaped for, by experience, in the great celestial end, in other words? Jesus seems to have been engaged in the self-same thought when He remarked on a certain occasion that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father knowing, *and verily the hairs of your head are all numbered*. Why bother to number the hairs on the head of a bit of inconsequential decaying fungus—providing that's what each of us is and no more? When I started this volume I'd hoped to go extensively into a delineation of what our celestial potentials are, but I see I can't do it. The data of our cosmic backgrounds, quite as essential, has been too heavy, granting I've only scratched the surface of it. What I need is another book, predicated on this book, that teats strictly of the Soul in its significance of eternity...yet in which every anecdote I've touched upon, comes in for pertinent classification.

This future of the individual soul isn't so veiled or enshrouded in philosophical mystery as the psychical illiterate assumes. The number and allocation of the Planes succeeding earth-life are known, and much of their increments from experience on each one is known. Granting that some of

it is temporarily nonunderstandable in our physical limitations, that alters not the facts of indication.

The average spiritual illiterate, progressed no higher in celestial wisdom than concepts of the orthodox Heave—with its pearly gates and jasmine streets—assumes that he arrives there, if he's lucky, and stays there through all eternity. Apparently he does nothing of the sort. He finds himself in a condition where it's equally as necessary for him to have character-developing experiences as upon this plane of mortality. The earth-plane is merely the lowest, slowest, and grossest vibration of Matter. Each higher plane is comparable to the mortal condition, in that it contains situations in which the individual is involved, expanding the quality of his consciousness and teaching him discrimination and acumen. There's the great Summerland plane, as the Spiritualists describe it, where the vast rank-and-file of mediocre personalities congregate, the Plane of Illusion, the Plane of Color, then the Plane of Flam. The soul may tarry for ten thousand years in each one, time being no factor in eternity, but always there's the tug of Progression annoying him. There are higher reaches of spiritual activity into which his friends, relatives or associates are disappearing one by one. His curiosity is whetted and he aspires to climb higher. Of course he can't do it unless the capabilities of his character cause him to merit it, because without a character developed to exist on those planes, he simply wouldn't stay long.

According to the remarkable data being dispatched back to terra firma by no less a scientist than F. W. H. Myers—who during his mortality was one of the leading lights of the British Society for Psychical Research along with A. Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge—from the Plane of Flame, individual soul-units proceed to “incarnate in universes”, which is a trifle incomprehensible to us, but which nonetheless find authentication in certain mystical passages of the *Golden Spirits* of Soulcraft. The Elder Brother, in explaining the constituency of “The Host” tells about vast concourses of souls who have surmounted the educational experiences of all planes under them “but not yet equipped themselves to incarnate in universes.” These, in orthodox biblical phraseology, constitute the “Angelic Host” of folklore and allegory. But what does He mean, “incarnate in universe”? . . .

Apparently He's referring to Consciousness expanding to such a degree that it can assume supervision as a sort of sub-god over whole planetary systems in Cosmos and be equipped to supervise and direct their manifold activities. Myers goes so far as to intimate—from what he's learned as a scientist since attaining to the loftier levels—that each soul in its Upward Progression has an experience coming to it of associating its psyche with the destiny of some stellar assembly far out in uncharted Space, where it dwells for an unmarked period of time as the group-consciousness of all living beings exercising on those multiple stellar orbs. When Soulcraft refers to the speakings of the Master in respect to The Host, its covering the same subject that Myers referred to in *Beyond Human Personality* when he said, “All the germinative and formative processes go on during a materialized existence on some blazing star. The prevalent conditions, under which the roots of plants, and of all vegetation exist during winter, are creative and are going on the whole time. Equally the life of solar man is formative and may be said to be creative of cosmic personality. No sudden leap can be made from the Fourth to the Fifth plane, from an enlarged eternalized human personality to that grander, more sublime conception, the Cosmic Self. There must be this second experience in matter, the struggle to break from these last confining bonds of the material worlds, the final resurrection when the freed psyche soars into these lofty regions wherein the beings find the full comradeship of all those others who belong to his spiritual

family, to his psychic tribe. At last he is able to bid farewell to Form as a necessity, to color and to feeling as a certainty, a condition of life, and he seeks his true home in Space...The travail of that objective solar period might be likened to the process I have described as the Breaking of the Image! He enters for a while into that condition of cosmic harmony, which Christ has described by saying "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." He seeks *and finds* the Holy Spirit and is enfolded into Its serene tranquility. But the road still lies before the traveler—from valley to hill, from lesser peak to loftier summit. Forced by his own ethical and ascetic yearning, he must still journey on, facing stress and struggle for the sake of the victory, with the triumphant reward of harmonized cosmic relationship with his Maker...He begins to know gradually the meaning of the Many in One.

"He perceives and registers instantaneously numerous thoughts, feelings, and fields of vision, whereas a human being only registers one at a time. How may I explain to you all that it means to register numbers of things, not in sequence but in this cosmic manner, together, as one act of imaginative thought? It is indeed essential for the soul to have the actual experience of this widening of being before any conception can be framed of its extraordinary and altered character, of the glimpsing of wide horizons thereby and of the infinities that can gradually be envisaged, or of what it means to understand such external universe and to enter into the mighty kingdom I have named the memorial life of the group-soul and psychic tribe...The aspirant, seeking initiation into the full consciousness of the Fifth Plane, scans the past experiences that were the lot of his many comrade souls; they make for him a present, and part of that present are the experiences of all the Terrene world inspired by his group—those discarnate beings who are living on various levels of consciousness in the Afterlife, those solar men who play out their drama within the depths of the skies, in the very core of the universe. He must learn to witness and to experience gloriously all these manifestations of imagination, all loneliness and isolation, and integral harmony with the One Supreme Idea...Through such manifold labor he finds himself at last. He becomes a spiritual being and is *continually* conscious, though I use the term advisedly. It has a far deeper, grander significance than any of the Wise men of earth have ever attributed to it in transcendent imaginary flight..."

Soulcraft's compatriot, Geraldine Cummins of London, took a whole book of such material from Myers in 1935, which Soulcraft may yet publish in America, giving this great scientist's delineation of the heights he'd learned that man's soul reaches in the Ultimate. It's so far above any church's grasp of the magnitudes of spiritual attainment as to make the *New Testament* a piece of Mother Goose folklore in its so-called celestial delineations.

My purpose at the moment, however, as I near the end of this present Soulcraft volume is to jolt the average man and woman out of his phlegmatism, in assuming the Afterlife is as simple as he has always had portrayed to him, and disclose to him that when Jesus remarked, "Hath it not been said in your law ye are gods?" He was talking about a literal happening in the present human instance...

WEARE all Christs in kindergarten, when we come right down to it.

These worlds of matter are the slow motion of the universe. This earth-plane where we expend ourselves in this and that, is really the lowest of all the planes of Consciousness that divine spirits inhabit in their celestial curriculums, and it's about time we grasped it. When Our Lord said, when I asked Him what we could put forth as the epitome of His teachings, "—the fact that every soul, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning and an Inner Glory and is precious in My sight," He was giving away the whole secret of terrestrial identity of godhood.

When Prof. J. B. Rhine declared that “nobody knew what men and women were”, he was saying the same thing in a different aspect. They are divine beings, starting their cosmos-long programs of tutelage to bring out their mighty and even omnipotent potentials for ruling over solar systems not yet created. Being such, their consciousness element cannot suspend, cannot arrest, and cannot abdicate. You and I, each of us, are composed of the same cosmic eternalities of which God Himself is composed—which Christ displayed before us as the highest exhibit of attainment, which the earthly classroom is capable of turning out. Would Jesus make a loud hoot of derision if someone happened to remark in His hearing that He was obviously divine? Why do *we* do it in respect to ourselves when someone says the same of us?

Get your thinking up onto this rarified octave, and what are picayune bumps and bruises and dilemmas and predicaments, which you and I encounter in day-to-day living? Our name is John Smith or Mary Jones, and we live on a side street in a house with a leak in the west roof, and the youngest child is growing adenoids, and the breaks are loose on our motorcar and we haven't the money to get them repaired, and the oldest boy has started going with a girl who we suspect to be a mopsy, and business is rotten, and is the increasing pain in mother's side a cancer, and what did the boss at the shop mean Thursday afternoon when he said, “There ought to be more efficiency around this joint, and if it doesn't develop pretty quick somebody is going to get fired and not hired over again?” That these are all picayune complications to cultivate the solar man within us doesn't occur to us in a month of Sundays. And yet that's what we're headed for, up ten million years. It's all too mammoth for our baby intelligences to grasp, and yet Life Itself proposes to take care of that and see that through manifold experience we do come into mentality to get it.

We are all Christs in kindergarten, true enough. And all these are kindergarten bickerings and complications affecting us now. Soulcraft breaks through the crust of your phlegmatism and cries, “Listen! ... You're a god! ... For heaven's sake, *be a god* and not a sniveling apology for a mere human being!”

All of which brings me to mention a matter I've wanted to talk about for a half-dozen chapters...the people who get so crossed up in their own littleness that the suddenly throw up their hands and say, “I've had enough of it. I want to quit and be a cipher!”

I mean the spiritual failures who resort to what we term Suicide...

SUICIDE, actually, is slapping the Divine Father in the face and declaring, “I haven't the slightest desire to attain to Your stature. I'm sick of the whole program before it's begun. Please include me *out!* You put something high and difficult in my pathway to make me cultivate the spiritual muscles to jump over it, and you shouldn't have done that. You should have made things easy for me, because I'm very frail and delicate and ought to be pampered in this Long Climb up the worlds ahead of me. The fact that I got the equations all out of balance in my life through my own infantile ignorance and perversity, brought me to a situation where I had no alternative but snuffing myself out. I wanted no more of this education that would possibly make me a Christ up ten millions years, so I took the whole box of the sleeping pills at one gulp to end it.”

Coming right down to it, *what an asininity!*

I'VE HAD a lot of suicided souls get into post mortem communication with me up across the twenty-seven years I've been exploring the psychical research, and do you know what one and all say to me as having happened to them?

Well, first, they found themselves in a massive void, without a single clue anywhere to indicate where they were or what was due to happen to them next. The very thing they'd hoped to have happen to them—utter blackout of consciousness—was exactly the thing that *hadn't* happened to them. All they'd destroyed by their suicidal act had been organic vehicles and sense of location. They still could think. That meant they still had all their problems.

But they'd destroyed voluntarily the very instrumentalities by which they might have solved those problems.

One woman in particular who'd snuffled herself out by the sleeping-pill route, said that she woke up in the blackest void she'd ever supposed possible, and felt herself in the center of it without a single unit of intelligence with whom she might communicate within a distance of fifty-five miles. Nobody wanted to contact *her* because she'd made it plain by her act of self-destruction that she henceforth wanted no communication with anybody. Well, she'd gotten her wish.

She was five or six days in that Stygian black, without a glimmer of light in any direction. She'd arisen into that plane directly next to slow-motion earth-life known as "Hades" to the ancients. The Catholic Church calls it Purgatory. As she got to her feet in her etheric body, she didn't know whether she was due to bump into an iron wall three feet from her or step over a yawning abyss-edge that might plunge her two miles downward. She groped and sobbed and blundered about this locality for an indefinite period before she faintly perceived at a great distance the figure of her beloved mother striving to locate her. From her mother, it was, she learned the enormity of what she had committed.

The consciousness she'd hoped to blank out was the one thing she never *could* blank out, because it was the very God-essence of her as an individual. She'd had a war to flight with Destiny but of her own volition she'd maliciously wrecked and ruined and destroyed her arsenal of weapons. What suicide had done for her was to render her helpless.

Gradually she learned what constituted the enormity of her offense. No God awaited her appearance before Him anywhere, at which He should pronounce her anathema and order the manhole cover to be taken off hell and her living body shoved down the aperture to fall into eternal fires. What she'd done was to make a complete and irretrievable mess of ten thousand splendid appointments that had been scheduled for her up the normal years of her life, short-suiting herself of all the indescribable increments that were otherwise to accrue to her soul in result of them. She'd literally applied the stigma of "Cosmic Slacker" to her personality, that she wasn't a person to be trusted in the making of karmic appointments, that she didn't have what it took to battle her way upward into celestial attainments that would have made her a princess in her own right over tens of millions who might otherwise have loved and venerated her.

"The thing I did, she reported to me, "was actually as insane as grabbing up an iron fork and plunging its tines into my eyeballs, destroying my God-given sight merely because my glasses fitted poorly and sometimes tickled my nose."

Of course the benighted pray that such an erring one may be "forgiven". But what is there to "forgive"? The subject has done a certain thing unto himself. *He* is the one to suffer the penalties from denying himself the vehicular instruments of improvement and progress. If you're flying in an airplane through storm, does forgiveness enter into your lighting a stick of dynamite and exploding your plane around you because you don't relish the noise the thunderbolts?

My lady-communicant said that she simply had to work the whole thing over again from scratch.

She had to possess herself of the cosmic fundamentals applying to her predicament—which had largely been one of self-ostracism from her kind, and spend innumerable years persuading friends and colleagues that, given a second opportunity to meet them in earth-life and work out her soul-dramas with them, she positively would *not* defect on them. What she met in the great cosmic scene however, was the jering taunt, “Prove it—then I’ll trust you with my life and destiny a second time.” You see, vast numbers of souls with whom we have karmic adjustments, go into life along with us each time we’re born, and it’s no joke to them if we suicide some rainy afternoon and leave them in the lurch.

Incidentally, I can’t subscribe to the fantastic story originating somewhere that suicides are committed to a frigid existence on the dark side of the moon. Why drag the moon into it? The Dark Side of Human Repudiations is a bad enough predicament. We ask for social ostracism from our kind, and we get it. Whereat we discover that it’s not what we supposed it. Whereat we discover that it’s not what we supposed it. We want back *in* to the normal and loving relationships with our group souls, but we’ve forfeited our rights to them by demonstrating we’re moral and spiritual weaklings. It takes us a long, long time to fight back. Millions do make it, but they are forced to live with their own consciences the while.

I had a compassionate lady in the Midwest write me not so long since: “My darling brother committed suicide a year ago, ... what in the world can I do to help extirpate his crime of self-murder?”

Frankly, there almost nothing one can do. Suicide is murder committed with premeditation and malice aforethought against the self. It’s well-nigh a repudiation of one’s own godhood, serving notice on the Almighty that one doesn’t approve of His world and the methods prescribed in it for growing strong, fine, resolute and dependable Character that lifts one up into the Higher Heavens and Planes of Color radiance and Stellar super-Consciousness. Granted it’s consummated in ignorance and desperation—what excuse is that for shutting the intellect to Cosmic Consciousness, by destroying the poor atomic vehicle that provides our elementary tutelage? So when next your entertain the secret wish that you could “end it all,” ask yourself this—

What opinion would you have entertained of the character of Jesus if He’s privately urged Simon Peter to go get him a razor that last night in Gethsemane, in order to slash His throat from ear to ear...that the pain of the nails of next day’s cross might not hurt Him so much?

Remember this always:*It takes master-courage to be a Christ.* And you can’t cheat or ingratiate yourself into the master-consciousness of the Solar Man or Solar Woman you will one day be, with anything short of the simon-pure stamina that evolves from passing the tests of experience with triumphant verve.

The one great thing you *can’t do*, being the embryonic god that you are, is to obliterate Consciousness—which the suicide generally hopes to do by swallowing the lethal pills or turning on the suffocating gas. The very essence of Consciousness itself is *You!* You are eternal as the hills and the worlds and the constellations are eternal. Could you destroy the Andromeda Nebula by quaffing a phial of arsenic? ...

We are each of us eternal particles of Holy Spirit, *imperishably* going on! Consciousness is the insignia of our Godhood.

“*You are never going to die!*” could be emblazoned as a tattoo on the foreheads of the human race for all those born up the next million years.

Suppose we actually came to believe it! Would we be caterwauling as we are, because tonight’s

news carrier didn't leave the evening paper?

Fie on us as gods! Why not concede we're just drooling infants in celestial cribs, gurgling at toys dangled before us and disgustingly and heedlessly wetting our diapers.

Yet we *are* seedling gods! ...

Chapter XV

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SUMMING IT UP

??

I **KNOW** it's unthinkable, in your present state of progression toward Cosmos-Consciousness, to entertain any fantasy that such a thing is either possible or likely—incarnating your personality as any stellar luminary in, say, the Milky Way. You would cry to me from the limitations of mortal ideology, "What sort of an existence would *that* be? How could I, as a star, ever caress my wife or drink a glass of cosmic oval tine before retiring for the night?" You are, of course, thereby casting your concepts within the mold of the mortally organic, ignoring the fact the higher and further states of consciousness might dictate vehicles for self-awareness having no relation to those of terra firma. If, in the higher worlds, you exercised self-awareness solely by organic vehicle—the anthropomorphic aspect in some form—don't you see that Consciousness and its activities would be ever qualified by vehicle, or instrument, and never much beside, any differences being confined to alternation in vehicle-pattern instead of essence? What I'm truly opening for you now as new mental horizon, is Consciousness in an altered essence instead of Consciousness as intellectual supervisor over some form of executing mechanism. We'll see just how good your imagination is, to conceive it. All of which brings us to consideration again of what Consciousness may be "when it isn't conscious"—as I previously implied yet without proposing any paradox.

The question arises from the first to bedevil the layman researcher in these eternal verities, "Is Consciousness ever truly unconscious?" In other words, what of Consciousness during application of anesthetic to the vehicle, or during periods of fainting or blanking-out due to sudden blows on the chin or solar plexus?

Well do we know how the secular psychologist gets around the aforesaid paradox by declaring that there is a foreconscious and a subconscious. Each is accredited in its particular role; it seems, only in relation to its exercise in respect to activity of vehicle. But both become incomprehensible in relation of exercise in respect to sentiency.

As I come to grasp it, Consciousness is only secondary when considered as having supervisory exercise over vehicle—this whether the vehicle be bifurcated human body or solar satellite. If the vehicles be varied, there is bound to exist an electric instant when consciousness as such transfers from one to the other, if we wish to consider it abstractly, and knows an experience of being utterly detached from both. What then is it, considered abstractly, in and during such electric instant? Would it not be the same essence that truly functions when it most seems not functioning at all—as in fainting, anesthesia, or common slumber?

In other words, may it not be true that unconsciousness as the secular psychologist regards it is

by no means the same thing that the spiritual researcher regards it? The first is regarded strictly in *effect* on vehicle while the second is regarded as fundamental element for Cosmos but varied in objective demonstrations.

It resolves to the query as to whether any of us can say correctly that awareness of self actually and completely suspends at any time, no matter what the circumstances. May it not be a fact that what seems to us like total suspension of consciousness is actually a complete hiatus in respect to externally originated sensation? The self-awareness is no less active excepting that it is receiving no sense stimuli to make reminder of itself concurrently positive. And chief among such sense stimuli seems to be any galvanism that results in intellectual appreciation—meaning measurement—of Time.

Isn't it true that ninety-nine out of a hundred of us define Consciousness anyhow as the intellectual capability for estimating Time passage, events occurring in such Time passage being synonymous with it? Refer back a moment to my Blackmoor Heath Experience...

CONSCIOUSNESS, even in the intellectual exhibiting, obviously blanked out for me, in that I apprehended no hiatus in moving my angle of observation from Manhattan to mid-Britain in what I called an "instant"...in other words, my immediate sensation had it that I actually was functioning in the observing way in both places at once. Wasn't this really because the Time element had been subtracted or defected? Was Consciousness as consciousness any less potent because it, the Time element, had done so? What we would otherwise identify as this Time element would be tantamount to proper allowance of period for my physical self to traverse the oceanic distance between New York and England whether by boat or plane? In fact, wasn't I almost making a sort of super plane journey, where the intervening terrain failed to figure because it was negotiated with such swiftness of locomotion? Thus Time and Distance were corollaries, but only in my mortal fixations or reflexes. I find myself seeking a more convenient example of the relations between Consciousness and Time in an experience I've not hitherto mentioned in this book—a major surgical operation which I was called to undergo in Gallinger Hospital, Washington, D. C. of an afternoon in October, 1945.

I was conveyed to Gallinger Hospital operating room about 1 p. m. Physically readied for the ordeal, I lay affixed to the operating table awaiting the arrival of my surgeon. He'd specified he would begin operating precisely at 1:30 but up the 1:20 by the clock on the operating room wall I had not set eyes on him. I knew that he must be about, however, because the anesthetizing assistant not only assured me of it but begun proceedings of administering the anesthetic. This latte was sodium-penthol injected intravenously from a container on an iron standard at my right shoulder.

The young doctor, with whom I was intimately acquainted, jested with me as he opened an artery in my arm, inserted the needle and wrapped the whole with adhesive. The moments ticked away, with a periodic drop of the penthol adding to my bloodstream. Still, Dr. Herbst did not appear and I fretted. Suppose Dr. MacDonald got me unconscious and an outside delay prevented the surgeon from getting there at all?

I next remember an electric instant when all the lights in the hospital went out. I supposed, naturally, that a master-fuse had blown somewhere in the basement. What would become of my operation if the surgeon were denied illumination in such a critical period? I'm told I indulged in profane speech at such an occurrence. Fine way to run a hospital—to let a fuse blow out as an expert surgeon was about to proceed with a most delicate and dangerous piece of surgery.

“Oh, forget it, Bill!” Dr. MacDonald counseled me. “You’re all right. Can’t you see that the lights are burning?” And he pointed to a cluster of bulbs in the ceiling. They *were* burning. I raised my head and scowled at him.

He wasn’t Dr. MacDonald, he was Dr. Strong and the sodium-penthol equipment was nowhere in evidence.

“Where’s Mac?” I demanded.

Strong said, “Off getting his dinner. He hadn’t been here for hours.”

“Hours!” I bellowed. “Whata you mean, *hours*? What time is it, anyhow?”

Strong raised his wrist. “Twenty minutes after seven o’clock,” he responded. And he tested an intravenous needle he was about to shove into my leg.

“Lookit,” I said, “when do I get my operation?”

“Get it? ... You’ve had it ... you had it six hours ago. Now stop distressing yourself by thrashing around.”

Six hours! I’d undergone a major abdominal operation, the sheer knife-work of which had consumed forty minutes, and hadn’t been conscious of a single thing happening to me. Actually when my ‘senses came back to me’ I’d been five or six hours convalescing, with the whole episode a complete success. It was another twentyfour hours before I saw Dr. Herbst.

Cogitating on the experience as I did many times in the eighty-five days before my removal was permissible, I realized that what the penthol had done was insulate me from every environmental sensation. My consciousness hadn’t really been anywhere. All environmental sensation had merely ceased for me. Thus did I have it brought home to me that when environmental sensation totally suspends, the self-awareness takes note of no factor external to itself. Commonly this is expressed as unconsciousness. *But is it?*

Isn’t it a fact that our foregone acceptance of the circumstance of ourselves has become so automatic that we confuse it with absence of environmental stimuli and say both are the same? But both may not be the same at all. They may only seem the same in reactions on the ego.

Perhaps in the mortally organic enhousement we’re incapable of disassociating our self-awareness from reactions to environmental stimuli in *some* aspect, because habit has hypnotized us into accepting we can’t have one without the other.

In other word, it may make the profoundest sense that we can be conscious without being conscious of being conscious.

If you tell me that doesn’t make logic, I answer that what you’re attesting is your complete acknowledgement of intellectual limitation peculiar to consciousness as enhoused in a vehicle.

Consciousness “knows” just two things, therefore. It “knows” the fact of its own existence, and it “knows” its reactions to environmental stimuli. But the fact of its own existence and the fact of environmental stimuli don’t register in identical manner. In fact its reality to itself doesn’t register until environmental stimuli enters the equation in some aspect. What we call the foreconsciousness therefore isn’t really consciousness as *total*, it’s merely the acknowledgment of itself to itself *in result of such* stimuli, what we might call the act of focusing attention on the fact of its being.

When we get to such point in our intellectual pursuit of the subject, we may realized in no small shock that *the act of focusing may be everything in identifying Consciousness for what it is*. Environmental factors cause you to do this focusing in the ordinary instance of a day’s activity, and you declare, “I am alive!” You focus on a scene in England or India, and you declare, “I have

transferred myself across two oceans in twinkling—done the stunt called Levitation.” Maybe that’s not so, fundamentally considered. Environmental stimuli react on spiritual intellect from a plane higher than earth, causing Consciousness to take note of itself, and you declare, “I have died out of earth life and happily find myself in heaven.” Yet what if you do the focusing without your physical self-ceasing to be animate, as I performed unwittingly in my *Seven-Minutes-in-Eternity* experience? ...

When you “Break the Image” of the vehicular reflex, as F. W. H. Myers through Geraldine Cummins terms it, you may even be surprised to have demonstrated what Consciousness can perform. It all seems to repose in how much we’re willing to concede we can get Consciousness to so in this activity of focusing. What does the East Indian yogi do out of what he terms his occult adept-ship but become expert at such focusing?

What does the so-called Clairvoyant person do but focus Consciousness on transactions of the future as to Time? What, conversely, is this much-vaunted Lifted Memory but focusing Consciousness on the past, in respect to Time?

Do you not begin to grasp what a truly mammoth phenomenon you are, that you as a divine Unit of Consciousness are only limited in your capabilities of performance—even omnipotent performance—by your expertness in various manifestations of focusings? And don’t you grasp as well that such focusing are only inhibited by your complexes and reflexes—how much you’re willing to concede you can do, or not do, according as you’ve been previously convinced by society, always graded by its limitations of knowledge or common practice?

The divine unit that is you says to itself—but speaking it aloud so that the next man hears it—“I will tonight in sleep focus my consciousness on the beloved wife or husband I assume I ‘lost’ last August.” But instead of going ahead and performing that act, you listen to the screechings of the ignorant or purblind “scientist” or “alienist” at your elbow, that convey to you the admonition, “In a potato’s eye you will! Go announcing such things and I will have two white coated guards seize you by the elbows as an abnormal personality that may next announce that it’ll set off a stick of dynamite under the Public Library!” Ask why any white-coated gentlemen need be commandeered and the scientist or alienist will say, “Because such things aren’t commonly done by humanity’s rank-and-file. So don’t you start talking about attempting them.” You may protest, “But that’s limiting what I may be able to do by what John Q. Public may not be able to do!” ... The ignoramus with the assorted alphabetical degrees after his name will make response, “Positively! You are so right!” You can make demand as to why you should be so handicapped till you’re blue in the face, but you’ll be made to grasp in the end that not transcending the norm of public intelligence is the exploit of keeping *normal*. And you’ll like it or ultimately find yourself restrained in your liberties. The world may have explorers do trail=blazers in Knowledge, but Knowledge taken of itself is merely now much information on a hidden subject has been accredited *en masse* by *hoi polloi*. Otherwise you’re “queer” ...

BUT to get back to Undying Mind.

The Soul entering mortality for a fresh organic sojourn, focuses Consciousness on the embryo and keeps it so focused in a concentration that’s perpetual. We say that Mrs. Geiger counter has a new baby; born this morning at Mercy Hospital, weight seven and a half pounds, mother doing well. The soul proceeds to focus on itself in relating to environmental stimuli in the biologic body for sixty-five years, eight months and nine days—every night altering its focus on a thousand

different places, on this place and other places, in the phenomenon Known as Slumber—when it transfer attention permanently to the astral, Hades, or Summerland places immediately above the slow-motion of mortal materialism, and its slow-motion vehicle is interred in a cemetery. After perhaps ten thousand years of suffering the environmental stimuli from the higher planes—during which it occasionally comes back down onto the slow-motion plane to adjust ethical obligations—it reaches the Light Plane, the Solar Plane, and ultimately gets ready for Consciousness in an entirely new relationship, fusion with its soul-half, and from there fusion with Creative Wisdom Itself.

Life as the biologist understands it doesn't figure in such long gamut of "progression" ...Consciousness IS, receiving the stimuli from ten thousand environments, with Birth and Death only alterations in the adept-ship of focusing. To the exact degree that Consciousness comes into recognition of its own nature and capabilities, it displays or demonstrates its inherent divinity, for ALL-Consciousness must display and demonstrate ALL-capabilities.

It's when you begin to get these truths so thoroughly saturated into your system that you acknowledge them intuitively that you start performing in a manner that would make the world call out a couple of thousand white-coated guards to subdue you—if it dared.

The miracle of self-recognizing and self-focusing Consciousness is the beginning and end of all mysticism, if the truth could be appreciated. The esoterists talk glibly about "Mortal Mind" and "Divine Mind" ... labels given to different aspects of Consciousness in its omniversal sense. Mind in either aspect is the mere "intellect of Spirit" but there are different degrees of intelligence in different classifications of souls. What have mere labels to do with your consciousness penetrating different planes and returning to your corporeal self, if the essential you retain memory of your inter-plane experiences?

People write to me from time to time begging me to advise them how they can increase the quality of their Consciousness"? One gets the implication that if I would I might send them some mimeograph brochures containing printed abracadabra that would enable them to become all wise and all adept by the time the last page is read. I try to explain to these inquirers as patiently as possible that anything mystical I have to propound is presented frankly and freely in the pages of these books, but that by accrediting many of their own psychical potentials and becoming utterly familiar with the great wealth of psychical and spiritualistic information that abounds today, they can begin entirely harmless practices with their own Consciousness and all too frequently produce somewhat breathless results. It had taken me the better part of twenty-seven years, the transcribing of five million words of instruction, and holding of seventy-five or more séances—not to mention the reading of every important book by contemporaries that I have been able to procure—to arrive at the degree of my own efficiency and skill that I can compose the recommendations of these Soulcraft books from something other than hearsay. The trouble with the average layman is his neophyte impatience over taking proper time for his own personal development. He reads one or two Soulcraft books, witnesses a psychical sitting or two, and forthwith grows excited about becoming a "Master". Of conditions outside the body, particularly on the loftier planes of Consciousness, he knows poignantly nothing. He's never visited one of them and wouldn't identify any one if he would. What he does do, in his spiritual recklessness, is get some familiar discarnate character attached to him who ultimately disillusiones him and mocks him. Whereat he comes running back to me for aid in dismissing him.

I'm not interested in the slightest in making great masters of mystical erudition out of

housewives and garage mechanics—and I say this in all kindness. What I am interested in doing is bringing the light of a Great Illumination to tens of thousands of earnest souls who may see life darkly, as through a glass, and get them to accredit that by no means am I talking fantasy when I tell them I've ample reason for suspecting that their consciousness is cut from the same celestial fabric as the very God whom men worship, that right this moment they're living in quite as much eternity as they'll ever know, and that the greatest bugbear panicking the human race is the bugbear of Death.

The average housewife or garage mechanic may retort, "Me a goddess or a god? ...That's a laugh! I'll trade my whole celestuality right now for chairmanship of my bridge club or nomination for dogcatcher. At least the first qualification for a goddess or god ought to be the ability to make a prosperous living, and keep out of debt." And with derisive jeers, they settle down comfortably into their acceptance of the rotting fungus-on-a-fifth-rate-planet philosophy and hope against hope their life insurance payments are going to be paid when they come to make the Passing. But mightn't they be surprised if the next time they head into town, a battery truck disputes the right of way with them and they find themselves precipitated into the next dimension in one grand windshield crash. They're in a great dimness suddenly—not necessarily a *blackness* like our suicide—utterly unlettered in what's happening to them or what they should do next. If they've got affectionate and vigilant relatives to come to their assistance, fair enough. But if they've entertained not a single vestige of information about the higher planes, it's going to be a distressing time before they come to accredit they've truly made the Passing, when they might have been excellently oriented in a twinkling.

If the average housewife, or mechanic, arrived in such dilemma, says to himself, "I know just what's happened to me, and where I am. I learned it all in Soulcraft! ...he's due to find his surroundings getting lighter and brighter by the minute, until all is almost a radiant glory. He meets those he's loved and lost—only they've never been lost!—and takes his place in the Higher Society without a single pause or a fumble. Thereat he starts in truly learning what an affinity exists between his late mortal consciousness and Holy Creative Consciousness. And his hyper dimensional experience is enhanced a thousand fold with no lost time or vain regrets...

What I really had in mind to say was, that the scoffer at such eternal verities respecting his own divine identity may discover himself in my own mortal predicament some twenty to thirty years ago when I confess to having taken down a prophetic clairaudient paper listing the main developments and events of the coming thirty years. The date specifically was July 2, 1929. The paper began by apprising me that in the ensuing October the stock-market was due to crash and precipitate a Depression across the bourses of the world that was no last for nearly a dozen years and be finally terminated by another world conflict. The communication told me all about the Austrian paperhanger who was coming to the head of the Germanic people, his rises and fall. The course of Bolshevism was depicted, my own battle with its political infiltrations in this country, and the penal sentence I must pay for striving to counteract its evil designs on our own Christian Republic. I must sacrifice seven and a half years of my freedom for spear-heading this struggle against the Reds. During the course of the Depression, however, the Republican Hoover was due to lose the forthcoming election and a long Democratic regime come in. the establishment of the stamped world super-government—called in my transcript the fifty Nations—was described, and...then came the parts at which I hesitated. In the denouement of national political and economic affairs in the closing years of my life, when Constitutionalism was due to hang by the

frailest of threads, something I wrote or uttered was suddenly to be picked u by the nation's press—I should go to bed with the cares of the nation on my shoulders, to arouse in the morning and discover the country behind me to a man. And it would be the recommendations I made in that period of influence that should bead our beloved America up and out of the lowlands of subversion and despair.

Again and again my incredulous stenographer cried, “Chief, are you *sure* you're hearing right?” I told her to go ahead and get the whole message down in pothooks. The next day would be time enough to resolve the intelligence into rationalities.

But to my everlasting shame and regret, next day when she started to read back the intelligence, I facetiously scoffed at what had been committed to manuscript. Copy such preposterous megalomania? ... Not I! Page after page of the more extravagant parts I ripped to flakes and dropped into the wastebasket—which is the similar gesture that many of my readers will make symbolically at what I'm trying to impart to them now concerning their own divinity. What was my chagrin at my colossal stupidity years later when every prediction offered in that message came true I circumstance o the dot? In striving to keep “a level head” I'd been too clever for my own profit. Today I'd swap a hundred-dollar banknote for every one of those destroyed pages, holding minutest data of what's still to happen before this century runs...

No, sometimes it doesn't pay to be too skeptically “level-headed” ...

What if the intelligence transmitted be bona fide and accurate?

Of course, the fact that I once tore up priceless prophetic communications back in New York in the late 1920s by no means proves that something I happen to be writing in a book up here in 1955 is equally reliable. In the current case, however, I have a lifetime of assurances from Great Wits in higher dimensions to ballast my whole symposium—that the notion that earthly men and women of the present are seeding gods, is by no means imagination or public flattery. And further massive confirmation of it lies in the enlightenment coming down to us from such psychical scientists as F. W. H. Myers through such adept clairaudi ents as Geraldine Cummins, that intellects on the loftier octaves of discarnate consciousness are apprised in cold fact what's ahead for the average soul beyond the peradventure of all doubting.

Losing the physical vehicle doesn't disrupt Consciousness, or the sensation of self-recognition...every man and woman on the planet continues to think, and to identify himself and herself. When a person has been reasonably decent, altruistic, and receptive to life's spiritual reactions, related to persons of his ilk who've made the Passing before him, he'll be met at his exit of self-awareness from the physical organism by loving individuals who'll take him in charge, convey him up and across the forbidding darkness and confusions of the Hades plane, into what amounts to the Summerland of the Spiritualists—who, by the way, have the program prescribed in m0ore accurate form than any other class of religionists in the earth-scene of the present. There in a condition of life not greatly different from the situations of earth-residence, he'll carry on the program of his personality-development. He'll see souls quitting their mortal bodies and proceeding at once still higher than what he's attained without giving very much thought to it, and he'll be told that it's because their trials, sufferings, persecutions and ordeals of earth-life enhanced them spiritually to such a degree that they've qualified themselves to proceed at once to those loftier echelons of merit. People aren't rewarded ads to after-life location by the whim or caprice of a celestial potentate. They're destined for certain levels of higher consciousness because they've *earned* them through spiritual increments while enduring in flesh.

Very good! Still higher up are the places of Illusion, the Planes of Color, the Planes of Flame, the Plane of Light, and ...Out Yondet—the planes of Timelessness and Celestial Amalgamation. It's in the Planes of Flames and Light that the solar existence is pertinent. All of these are planes beyond all possibility of Reincarnation, where the humanized spirit gradually goes through metamorphoses that bring it close and intimately to its Maker. Speaking bluntly, *God Himself is up there*—or rather Out There, and all facetious incredulities regarding Him are forgotten...in the breathless tranquilities of Divine Realities.

YOU GET such ideology staunchly into your philosophy and for one thing you make the discovery that you never lose it, it's in that cranium of yours to stick for all time. Think then, when you contemplate the splendourous massiveness of it, how petty and kindergartinish are these little passing trials and tribulations of the slow motion earth world, the lowest of the Planes.

You are a god in school! ...Such planes are your classrooms! When I talk and write about Undying Mind, therefore, I'm talking about the eternal perpetuity of You, scheduled to know the whole grand curriculum without a break. It's the same Consciousness as an elemental phenomenon that you exercise up all these worlds, in absolute distinctiveness because no one among all the billions who have climbed the great Ramp of Eternity before you, can ever have had precisely your experiences, making you what you are. You are just as great and valuable, because of the eternal God Spark that is in you, as any human being who is ever trod terra firma in all the aeons preceding your appearance. Conversely, nobody can ever go higher in the Ultimate than you are slated to go, by the very nature of your individuality. You can walk the street a little prouder; hold your head a little higher, when the eternal certainty of what I am saying really breaks through to you *and you believe it!*

Merely repeating to yourself, "I'm a son—or a daughter—of God," is a platitudinous banality as orthodox ecclesiasticism portrays it to you. But suddenly getting it into your consciousness that the reason why you are down here on the surface of the planet earth is to give you your first tutoring in focusing of Consciousness, that instead of having three mouths to feed and progeny to care for, the day's coming when you are going to have three billion, that the time is ahead for you when other billions will be childishly worshipping you as a sort of deity, you began to revise this canvass of your earthly vicissitudes and decide you may be praying the best prayer of your character when you cry, "God make my future *HARD!*" You equip yourself fastest for true godhood the more you're called to endure or contest with. You learn to meet any situation head on, and not be blanched by it. *You have all the answers within your own intellect.*

And you should suicide out of such a trek of flaming triumphal dominance!

THE TROUBLE with the average layman today is the wicked sterility of his sources of spiritual information.

See the whole vast skyward concourse of the cosmic program, catch the unutterable majesty of it in fulfillment, then go back down to the poor, distraught, discouraged, misguided, whimpering and terrified child-heart at the bottom and beginning of the omniversal gesture, and cry out to him, "It's your enemy and your despoiler who seeks to deceive you by counseling you that you are a worm of the dust, a bit of rotting fungus entrapped by accident on a fifth-rate planet. You are a fledging deity learning your own ultimate majesty preserving through cataclysm. Get your chin up and your head back. The epitome of all Love and Paternal Pride in divine genealogical Quality

waits for you at the apex of your karma. This great illumination of Soulcraft—the craft of your spirit in attaining those peaks—comes to you as a Baedeker from those who have long since climbed in valor far out of your sight. They send you back word not to be afraid, not to be discouraged. They've learned from their personalized experience, that it's better and better the higher you climb...that it gets more endurable the further you proceed.”

Listen to the voice of Myers again; from far, far up the bright heights ahead—

ON THE FIFTH Plane the journeying soul must learn, if progress is to be made, that ultimate reality does to belong to a condition of existence known to it when it remained within the bonds of human personality. This eastern concept may be held by the soul so long as it belongs to the Third and Fourth Planes of consciousness. Actually, on the Fifth Plane, the psyche experiences a gradual unfoldment and expansion, and in order to achieve complete cosmic personality, it had to learn that ultimate reality may not be resolved into ‘matter and motion that is its life.’ This erroneous hypothesis can only be associated with finite ideas, and is one of the illusions related to human wisdom.”

“Try to imagine manifestations of Cosmic Wisdom, worlds within worlds that may not in any sense of the word be resolved into matter and motion, such supreme revelations are not to be found within the material rhythm known to man. They are not associated with your solar system, with the Milky Way, the Nebulae, or any portion of the visible universe. I can scarcely describe them as inner universes; the term does not convey correctly the nature or character of these transcendent realms. No words in any terrestrial language can describe the conditions so wholly apart from those under which the human being exists.

“In these sublime kingdoms you will search in vain for material representations, those appearances in which all seem to obey the laws that rule the visible cosmos, but here the group-souls that are gathered up wholly on to the Sixth Level of Consciousness can find reality in a state other than matter or motion. They are thus breaking free from the last finite imaginings and have reached the very threshold of Divinity. They may, if fully emancipated, then pass Out Yonder...

“Then indeed do they know duality in more than one sense? They hold both inner and outer universes within their conceptions. They, *as one with their creator*, can bind the two together—they can make the one Whole.

“Thus they come, through creative spiritual life, to acquire the Truth *and know the Ultimate Reality...*”

UNDYING mind, indeed!

You go out under the starlight heavens of a summer's night and look up into the great dome of stellar splendor. You think to yourself, “Where, beyond the whole of it, *is God?*” Maybe you likewise feel a sense of your infinitesimal inferiority and smallness—one little throbbing heart down close to the Earth's mundane surface, beset with human problems and contradictions. You marvel as to what it is all about. *But you entertain not the slightest concept of the number of celestial universes you may be looking THROUGH*, in signing Mars or Betelgeuse or the Pleiades. All that meet your vision are the worlds vibrating on the same material frequency as your plane of earth.

Actually, the trouble with most of us human beings in such moments is the circumstance,

scarcely envisaged, that we are only lately emerged, each one of us, out of the Incubator of Divinity. We shall proceed “up There” ultimately and gradually, and do our parts toward controlling “all that.” We shall be even greater part and parcel of it than we frailly dream of being at present.

God!

Knowing good and evil!

Only the Great Heart, the stout heart, can face the prospect of *Upward* with a thrill. There is much to be learned. There is even so much still to be experienced. What of the fretting infant in the lighted gable? What of the wrack and contest of empires and the casting of dice with Destiny as to which suzerainties shall survive and which shall perish?

Can we hear within our Inner Consciousness in such starlit moments, the tender whisper of the Giver of All Good, ... “Great Heart, I’m waiting for *Your Up Here*. Make Haste. Join me. *Reach home!*”

What sterling joy it is to start from the very bottom of the ladder, the lowest of low points in the grade, *and climb the Whole Way*, knowing the heritage awaiting in the End!

We seem to ourselves now to be just mediocre men and women, turning our hands and our heads to the immediate task that beckons. Illusion, Delusion, all of it! Seedling gods, I say we are, knowing all worlds for the sheer joy of knowing them, conquering them, loving them for the most savage of the gashes which they inflicted on us.

Is it any wonder that Christ, having attained to the Realization of the Ultimate Significance, loved the world for the crucifixion, which it inflicted up on His physical vehicle? Verily, I have cause for telling you that He got more out of Calvary than any distraught human involved in its “tragedy” ...

Myers concludes—

“The universe had a beginning. It will have an end...when the light of the Eternity Spirit—which contains all our centers and psyches—withdraws wholly from it, ceases to inspire, and suffers Night to enshroud and obliterate. Thus, inevitably, the universe becomes stagnant and inert. For Mind, the animating principle, no longer guides, and, pouring life into the contact, sets all the works in motion. The Last Judgment may be summarily described as the withdrawal of Eternal Spirit from the universe.

“Heaven and earth shall pass away but My words shall not pass away!”

“Thus Christ declared a truth still hidden from able thinkers. The Word, the Logos, continues ever. Only the heavens and the earth pass away. But who can recall what heavens, what greater worlds are yet unborn, though all are now in embryo, within God? Who can say what mighty universes are evolving, growing, and what may be their conditions, laws, tenderness, loveliness and glories? We can only echo in perfect assurance and faith the words of the prophet, and thus gain our peace—

“Be still and know that I am God!””

WELL, Soulcraft comes like a series of majestic echoes down the steep I’ve pained for you, ... “This is the Way, the Truth, and the Light, ...walk ye in it, and it shall not fail you!”

In the black, not unlike the pall on the great Hades plane, where only the searching mother’s loving Light is discernible but far, far in distance, the full Great Book of wisdom and counsel is opened for those of us who will read it.

It's not exactly accurate to say that our beloved Elder Brother came unto the world, and the world received Him not...the world but wanted a little period to gather its wits, to focus on its due appreciation of His significances. The world did receive Him, the world is receiving Him now as never man's imagination pictured. Across the vast void of Hades dark, His aura shines piercingly. And a sobbing and bedeviled universe holds out two billion and half hands to It.

Thus does He draw ever closer, in response to that heart cry?

YES, I am go on and develop this whole splendid theme in *Soul Eternity*. Human beings must have brought home to them the appalling responsibility that's theirs, in each and every instance, to arouse and awaken to their own personal godhood, and refurbish a world appropriate to the divine breed that essay to learn in it.

I have tried, in the massive agenda of the literature of Soulcraft, to bring the whole colossal panorama down to your understanding. Consciousness as a fundamental element of the universe, ever escapable from the microscope's lens, is the key to the wonders.

In the 82nd Psalm, verse 6, the sweet singer sang: "I have said ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High." Shall we accept it as a pretty figure of speech or shall we concur in it literally? Twice in Holy Writ do we have the same thing said to us? Yet I maintain that biology, chemistry, and philosophy subscribes to the same lambent utterance. Isn't it about time we awoke from this hypnotic slumber of materialism and laid claim to our heritage?

You can do things with your Consciousness right this moment0—if you'd give serious attention to it and not try it as a childish lark—confirming this assertion of Holy Writ that your partake of Divinity. However, I'm not conducting a class in occult antics. I'm appealing to your Higher Sense, asking you to know the whole sweep and scope of Soulcraft and grasp that you corporeal residence is merely a temporary affair and that as you rise superior to the slings and arrows of its outrageous fortune, you commence to display your inherent divinity in your character.

It's a long and arduous way that most of us have traveled to arrive at this priceless moment. The trek has been murky, with precious few lamps and signals to show us we were following the proper turnpike. Yet from the Beginning there's been a Divine Something flaming within us that perpetually advised, "Press on! And on, and on, and on!"

But try this experiment and observe what comes out of it. Begin to birth as a continually recurrent thought within yourself, "I am a Christ in my own right, with a date to keep up a hundred million years with a Sacred Travail in a Garden not yet created. Will I pray in that Great Moment, 'Father, may Thy will, not mine, be done'?"

Conduct yourself *like* a Christ, even in these sordid moments amid a world of turmoil and alarms, and see what revelations of supernatural occurrences appear in your affairs.

Surely enough, the large still squirm out in the garden pool tonight, as they squirmed in that antediluvian fen back in pre-Cambrian days. The terrain world holds myriad life forms where consciousness in evolution gains wider and wider experience in the vehicles provided by the Prescribes of Creations. But now the Space Men alight on our planet's surface form neighboring worlds, regardless of the fact that the light reaching us in tonight's garden form Polaris began its trek to us as the antiquated *Mayflower* pushed its prow away from the Plymouth docks for the founding of a new order of freemen in the area called North America.

Truly, *we are denizens of the Omni verse!*

WE HAVE these course of our lives to go through, s we have set for ourselves, true enough. Crisis involving us merely means that one we were weak and desired to be strong. Very good, what then is keeping us from being strong? Thus is the travail shortened, and we arrive on the apex of accomplishment the sooner.

I contend we are possessors of Undying Minds. Consciousness we have forever with us. Various vehicles, some of them seemingly grotesque, have we bethought to occupy in the upward spiral, fetching us to this electric moment. Why upbraid ourselves through our instincts, for that?

Simply say to ourselves, “No situation, which earth can provide, am I subservient to, in character. One day, the prototype of my particular temperament will cast its magnificent shadow over a whole planetary world—or series of planetary worlds. Therefore at the moment am I given an indication of tomorrow’s Cosmos, in so far as I take part in it. it is an awesome thought. Stars shall be but grubs of my designing to me, in that future aeon. Shall they make war in that distant day against butterflies? What a blasphemy! Yet how am I prescribing otherwise this most recent moment in my animus against my brother?”

It is well to provide against future Armageddon in advance. All the same, cosmically considered, what can they be but pools of dust in a corner of world’s garden?

Betelgeuse will hang out no candles whether our particular Armageddon be won or lost.

We have to bring this whole inter-solar problem down to the tempers in each man’s personal nature. Because, I repeat, we are gods in school. We are the *planets*, whereupon wars are featured tomorrow. How shall we conduct them?—we who cannot conduct a households at the moment without our sweet consort bawling out the windows for sympathy from the neighbors.

My underlying purpose, I concede, is to make you think, to divorce you from complacency. I would jolt you with grotesque statements perhaps at times, but bring the whole worlds of principalities and powers into your shoe when the garden dust sifts into it. For worlds and solar systems are ever framed to a pattern. Size is minor consequence. What we most wonder at is Reality.

They tell me that the major jest engaging our friends on the summits of life’s rainbows is the lambent absurdity that life outside of earth is perversely conjectural. We ask in the seriousness of our littleness, “Should we believe in ghosts?” Ghosts by the myriads guffaw at the query, “Should we beings on the resplendent echelons believe in Men?”

It causes much merriment.

Each plane adulates its own realities and deprecates competition. Yet the Oversoul knows all. Thought is the thing. Galvanism manifests and action is continual. Action is great or small—who shall be the judge of it? God is the ability to say, “I propose to be Myself!” shall it happen inside a peanut-shuck or upon the prairies of Orion?

Try focusing your attention on this or that—truly *focusing* it. if you find yourself moving out of your organic mechanism, do not be afraid. The organic mechanism has only been your servant. Mayhap you shall be able to demonstrate your universality while still confined to biceps.

I go back in closing to the observation of the poet—

“We are spirits clad in veils,
Man by man was never seen,
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen...”

Demonstrate your godhood and men will take it for granted. Verily they may fall down and worship

you. But how will *you* feel about it? Can you stand to be worshiped? Would you not forever be asking yourself, "For what?"

Well, I'll tell you "for what" ...It will be for the cruel wound you received when one whom you loved misunderstood your motive and rebuffed your gesture to assuagement. It will be for the gift you gave that caused you more than your purse could afford. It will be for the dramatic moment that you pour forth invective. It will be for the still small voice that came to you when the pathway was inky and said, "Go this way," and only Faith caused you to do it, because Reason dictated otherwise. It will be for telling the truth as you see it, and having men cry in consequence, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and those whom you wished most to liberate from thralldom piled the hammers that drove the spikes in your palms.

I have finished my book but not my message.

There is greater diagramming of Destiny still to come. But we can take it in stride. The lamps of Eternity often burn dim but they would not be lamps if they succumbed to gusty darkness.

So I riffle back through my pages and realize with a sigh how little can be told when there is Much to Be Said...

EARTLY man was staggered by the magnitude of matter. Modern man is staggered by its minuteness. The vast size of the universe is a less appalling idea than the inconceivable littleness of the material out of which it is built up.

Men spend their days searching out the mysteries of the solar systems. But all of them do not look at the night sky's stars. Some of them probe into the solar systems of the mighty atom. For every atom is itself a solar system with sun and whirling planets.

It would take a hundred million atoms to form a straight line if placed, like a row of peas, across a penny. Take an ordinary light bulb, which is a near vacuum, and make anywhere upon its surface, a tiny hole. Let this hole be no bigger than a common pin makes in piercing a bit of cardboard. Then start a projection of atoms through this hole. Send them through at the rate of a million a minute. It would take a hundred million years to fill that bulb with atoms!

What makes these microscopic planets whirl about their tiny suns? What force holds the atoms together? Where does it get its terrific energy?

Take a glass of water. It represents energy. You pour it into the toy boiler of a model ship and she steams across a model-yacht pond. Heat has been applied to the water until the water's electrons have flown wide. We say they have expanded. But take the same energy imprisoned in the same glass of water's atoms and *release* it and you have power not for the model ship but for an Atlantic crossing of a modern ocean liner.

Imprisoned in the atom is energy so vast that its release and harnessing would make an end of nearly every problem that vexes the spirit of man. We should possess inexhaustible supplies of power so that every material need could be satisfied. We should no longer need coal. Petrol, or any sort of fuels. Already it is known that when the atom is split, its energy flies forth into the infinite of space at terrific velocity. It is not generally known that Science labels such energy, Rays.

Investigators have catalogued the rays that come from the sun. but behind and beyond all rays that come from sun and stars they have found rays of shorter length that emanate, so far as Science can determine, from no known source within our solar system. They are called Cosmic Rays. And they fall like invisible rain upon the earth from some source far out in the eternal night of the Universe. But specifically where do they *originate*?

Man is a creature steeped in the psychology of his physical littleness. He imagines that he is small because he sallies forth beneath the stars and regards his gnat-like allocation upon a gnat-like planet. But the Science, which theologians disdain, in that it offers them such vicious competition, is summoning man to regard his own bigness.

What about the hundred trillion solar worlds composing the atomic structure of his own body? What of his Spirit, which rules over these? If a separate sensate spirit, possessing consciousness, could incarnate in a microscopic organism upon any one of the atomic worlds that go in assembly to make up man's heart, lungs, liver, spleen, or vertebrae, would not such an incarnating spirit preach unto his progeny the holiness and omnipotence of the vast directing Consciousness over all such worlds, centered in the brain?

How long must we struggle with the realization that there is neither smallness nor bigness except by comparison with something external to the unit indicated? There is only Reality in the essence of assembly by which creation manifests.

Who, therefore, is the man who is big of concept? Is he the man who figures out that it would take a modern train fifty billion years to travel to Arcturus? Is he not rather the man who says: "You vagrant, rooting in the alley's trash can, is Lord God in essence to more galaxies of worlds within himself than are visible to human eye when they eye scans the universe from a hill in October midnight!"

It s something to think about! Each mortal man is a universe unto himself. Why then bother with perpetual externalities? If physically en housed Spirit is Lord God now over the hundred trillion worlds composing its enhouement, why should it not also have capabilities to rise to omnipotence over a hundred trillion worlds visible ten trillion year hence from man y mundane hilltops?

We are all infantile Gods! We are given passing jurisdiction over atomic universes now, that we may be facile down some future aeon in helping clear the traffic up the Milky Way. Yet, after all, what matters it? Size is only relative. The universe is identifiable only by comparisons.

Can you be a God in your spirit at this moment? The denizens of the worlds that make up the atoms of your left fingernail believe so!

I say, your failure to keep faith with them is your damnation of *yourself!*

SO YOU ARRIVE AT THE END OF THE VOLUME NAMED UNDYING MIND THAT WAS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY FOR THE SOULCRAFT AUDIENCE AND DONE INTO A BOOK FOR SOULCRAFT CHAPELS WHOSE ADDRESS IN JANUARY OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE IS POST OFFICE BOX ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO IN THE CITY OF NOBLESVILLE, STATE OF INDIANA, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, PLANET EARTH, SOLAR SYSTEM, OMNIVERE OF GOD.