

BEYOND GRANDEUR

Design for Immortality

By
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*To a Deeply Esteemed
Colleague and Sister-in-Christ
MARY BAKER EDDY
This Soulcraft Work on Immortality
Is appreciatively dedicated*

DESIGN FOR IMMORTALITY

I

YOU HAVE a business trip to make, let's say to a distant city. Time being at a premium you decide to fly. You take the bus to your city airport, buy a seat in a stratoliner, and with forty or fifty high-caste fellow Americans are borne into the air. It is not the first time you have flown and you take for granted the unusually rough conditions for flying that ensue. But suppose that thirty or for minutes out from your destination the plane gives more than an ordinary jolt. Suppose it tilts ominously, sending the stewardess hurrying forward. Suppose that within half moment she reappears, closes the doors to the pilot's cabinet backs against them and says with a queer hard ring of vale in her voice, "Everyone fasten his safety-belt, please. We've had a mishap to Engine Number Three and are making an emergency landing." An emergency landing! The fact that this noble girl, schooled for such crises, says no more than this, implies that the plane is going down to a crash because for the last twenty minutes you have been winging over mountainous terrain.

All right, this is "it". . the newspapers all over the nation within an hour are going to be out with the headlines—

54 LOST AS LINER CRASHES!

Lost! You are plunging earthward in circles which you can feel. The motors roar raggedly but you sense them subconsciously. You are only dimly aware, too, of the hysterical silence that grips fifty-three normal human beings in that big cabin with you, men, women, and seven children, as they seek to credit this monstrous turn of events. This truly is your last day on earth, your last hour, your last few minutes. Everything mortal is due to halt for you any instant now, with one cataclysmic shock which you hope will be so instantaneous that you scarcely sensed it.

You are due to go through the Dark Tunnel of Death to—*what?* Consider next the thoughts in your mind as you await that explosion of shock and fire. Isn't it true that you are not thinking of the state of your soul or where you will spend eternity, but what the effect is to be on your beloved wife or husband, or on your business associates or

commercial affairs when the stunning news comes in to them that henceforward there is to be no such person of your name and appearance moving through *their* affairs, and all you have struggled with and built to that particular date on the calendar has seemingly gone for nothing?

Well, the explosion does come. But you will ever remember that just before it came, you rather astounded yourself by realizing that as for the adventure of Death itself, *you were not afraid!*

How could that have happened?

In that split second before your thinking altered to another velocity, you felt a queer suprabuoyant calm. You remembered that before you remembered nothing else. .

ALL RIGHT, let's look at it. Let's look at it from many angles. This isn't a religious book and I'm not particularly interested in the "salvation" of your soul, although among other matters I do want to take up some of the religious aspects of it. What I'm the more interested in taking up with you is precisely what *happens*, and the part your Mind plays in it. Very much do I wish to take up with you the part that your Mind plays in it. Because, actually, it's this strange factor called your Mind that I want to inspect and examine with you, that you may know more about it generally hereafter than you do.

People as a living species not given to the airplane tragedies that wipe them from existence in those jolting concentric rockings, seem to know too little about their Minds, what they are, and why they function as they do. They know too little about the roles played by their minds in sickness and health, in peace and war, in love and animosities, in cowardice or valors. Actually, what I strive to do is bring you to a sudden accurate acquaintance with your own Self.

Maybe it takes many airplane rides and cataclysmic explosions to really bring you to a sudden accurate acquaintance with your own Self.

We shall see.

However, the biggest of all things that I want to examine with you is why you discovered in those last electric seconds, with the terminus of all mortal personality at hand, *that you were not afraid.*

Something "bigger than you were" came to your rescue, apparently, and mitigated the horror of what you were being made to experience, ... at least being "bigger than you were" was the way you would express it in contrast to the courage called up by day to day experiences where mettle is demanded. All people in organic life look upon themselves as equipped with enough audacity and self-confidence to see them through the normal crises of existence, if, as they put it, they are "worth their powder and shot" at all. Then some titanic or crucial hazard engulfs them and they feel astonished in the items or quantities of their capabilities to endure them. This appalling reserve strength which they make the discovery they possess, is the "bigger than they are" element. Almost it seems as though a mortal individual had two personalities— any mortal individual—one the everyday nonentity placidly oriented to the mediocrities of his

surroundings, and the other the brooding over-soul of himself with something akin to an eternality of existence. One lives life after a fashion in a Microcosm, the other lives life in the Macrocosm. The tenets of some metaphysical sects designate the first as creature of Mortal Mind, the second as the creature of Divine Mind, then sit back complacently as though a major mystery of Cosmos were explained. What they have dealt in have been mere words.

The thing I hope to do with you before the final cover of this book is reached, however, is to bring home to you a lot of new data on personality as a self-aware phenomenon, both in the mortal aspect and in the celestial aspect—if the last term be permitted. One queer thing most of us learn who delve deeply into metaphysics that are truly worth the name, is the enigmatic nature of that which is celestial. The cultist can talk glibly about Diving Mind, which he employs as nomenclature for any phase of mental activity transcending the common mien of humanity's. But it may not be really Divine at all. It may really be the same difference in gradations of intellect that the dog dimly realizes to exist between itself and its master. Ordinary man's notion of Divine Mind may be premised on nothing more consequential than the limitations of mass mentality, particularly when attended by any depressive complexes. Putting it in another manner, we might say that it's not at all impossible that the Intelligence Quotient of subconscious mind, so-called, in any individual, may be considerably higher than the Intelligence Quotient of what we call Conscious Mind as it manifests in the human strain as a species. As yet we're not saying what it is definitely without considering many phases of it that are found to manifest in what is becoming known as Psychical Phenomena. "Psychical" of course comes from the Greek word *Psyche* or Soul, considered apart from material organism. If we want to be intellectually honest in the whole premise, we must be prepared to confess that we know almost nothing about the literal ingredients of either Mind or Soul—or for that matter, Consciousness. We know there are conditions under which we're acutely aware of all that seems to be transpiring about us, and are able to identify and remember the nature of such activities. We know there are other conditions under which we perceive and perhaps perform that carry little or no cues in themselves for either their natures, their motives, or their purposes excepting that they are outside the common behaviors of human creatures generally. I have, for instance, carried on something like twenty-five years' explorations and investigations in what, to all intents and purposes, might be described as *discarnate* consciousness—that is, consciousness giving attestation of its activity through evidence with which the organic body has nothing to do. The average individual balks at any such statement as necromantic, or openly occult, or even falsehood. His entire social enlightenment in respect to consciousness since childhood has narrowed his thinking or experiencing to the proposition that Consciousness cannot exist of itself; always there must be an organic ensemble that is "conscious" as an attribute of its existence or function. The profound student of parapsychology is quite aware of the unreliability of such conclusion. Matters involving consciousness happen entirely divorced from any

organic animation. How shall we treat with them, or how shall they be classified?

Run down such occurrences and you reach the conviction that things are preposterous in exact ratio to the extent of the beholder's ignorance based on limitations of experience. If no dwelling-house in America, for instance, were lacking in its disembodied spirit—if every residence had its ghost, in other words—and ghosts were as common as per rabbits or nests of orioles, so that the most mediocre people had experienced contact or exhibits of them, psychical phenomena would cease to be phenomena at all. "Truth", as we call it, meaning literality of whatever is perceived or indicated, is therefore seemingly established and credited in the degree that sizable numbers of participants or witnesses authenticate them either as "proofs" or evidences of proofs. But we can go into that particular phase of intellectual qualification as we come to it.

Soul as soul, Mind as mind, and Consciousness as consciousness are more or less hypothetical definitions we apply to various functions of awareness. But what ties it up or makes it significant to us as everyday creatures living our intellectual lives of normal quotients, are the situations we encounter like the airplane tragedy I've mentioned, or the differences in ourselves physically between disease and health, or the marvels that occur in the careers of some of us where to every intent and purpose we behold sublime forms or effects that we commonly designate as Sacred.

What seems to be happening in such instances is, material depictions of the contrasts between Consciousness operating inside the vehicle of organism as Man commonly identifies it on this plane of three-dimensional life, and Consciousness operating outside of, or apart from, any vehicle of organism with which mass humankind is familiar.

I don't mean to surfeit you with a lot of nine-pound words in the book, or make the reading of it any harder than the latest popular novel. But there are elements and equations constantly and convincingly entering into our week-to-week experiences that simply cannot be explained by the mediocre acceptances of mass academics. Clinics are established to "investigate" them. Cults are organized to exploit them. Religions are founded to adulate their supernal aspects as related directly to the mental processes of Deity. What I want to do is not to challenge or "debunk" them, nor set forth any bigoted rationalities of my own. What I most earnestly wish to do is move up as I can, and regard such elements and equations from a higher angle of intellectual observation than is common to man's inhibited inexperience, finding answers to such quandaries as why we are actually not fearful when Death is too close to be averted, or what is operating when a mental practitioner "cures" a sufferer of disease by mere laying on of hands, or why we inevitably translate into sacred terms what which is loftier than our material run of thinking in moral thinking—the things Jesus said unto the multitude in His Sermon on the Mount, for instance.

Truth to tell, I suppose what I'm really engaged in, is attempting to make discernible to Mr. Man-in-the-Street a more acceptable Design for Immortality than

orthodox religious creeds furnish him. Orthodox religious creeds harangue Man with the zealous assurance that he is immortal, but conditionally. He is not immortal unless he comply with specific stipulations regarding his moral attitude toward the Great Teacher of Galilee. He must “accept” this Personage as his Lord and Savior, not only by public avowal of a literal discipleship in the age in which he lives but by allegiance to His ethical tenets and the endeavor to manifest their inspirations in His life. By doing these, he becomes “alive in Christ Jesus”... otherwise when the animation of his body expires, he too expires as an individualized entity. The concept implies that all persons so expired and have been no more heard from, who lived mortally upon this planet prior to 33 A. D. The earth was an utter waste of manifesting life prior to the Crucifixion, and nobody exists as of this date in orthodox “Heaven” but those who have been professing Christians during the past nineteen hundred years.

So ecclesiastics assure us with the utmost solemnity and profundity.

WELL, IT isn't my proposal to try to tip all this over, or call it a travesty on God the Creator to manufacture all the bodies, and souls animating those bodies, from Adam to the Virgin Mary, all to no spiritual purpose whatsoever—because that's what the nearest clergyman is asking us to do when he says or implies that “no man hath known eternal life before the Son.” Science assures us equally as solemnly—offering geological evidence—that Man has been in mortal form upon this planet pretty much since Miocene times, which run between seventeen and ten million years ago. All that was wasted, and a cipher, evidently, until Jesus was born in Nazareth and because “the first-fruits of those risen from the dead,” when zealous clerics had conspired to effect His execution. Wasted, and of no eternal account, every last mother's son and father's daughter of them, and serving no purpose than as if they had never been. . so theology would have us endorse. And *as* we endorse it, do we acquire the privilege of Eternal Life in our own rights.

However, we do go into the semi-scientific séance-room and behold rematerialized there the bodily form—or hear reprojected there the literal voice—of some ancient character who has not ensouled since the times of the various Egyptian Pharaohs ... or we put individualized human consciousness into reverse and send it back within its own memories on what we call the Time-Track, and discover it identifying and authenticating epochs and careers in epochs, when it lived in earlier climes and spoke earlier tongues, describing such ensoulments with a finesse of detail and speaking bygone languages with a precision of colloquialism, that leave small doubt in the mind of any reasonable person of the actualities in such experiences, and we are appalled and intellectually outraged.

People certainly did live and survive bodily demise before the times of Jesus, or the same logic that asks us to credit the authenticity of Jesus solicits us to discredit the authenticity or the proofs of life antedating Jesus. I'm by no means speaking from hearsay in this, as I'll describe for you further along. I have been present and heard with

my own ears and seen with my own eyes such evidential attestments that could not have been actual on any other basis than serried re-ensoulment of the psyches. Such reasonable confirmations immediately make a theological bombast of the contention that Jesus was the “first fruits of them that slept.” With no disrespect to Him, and with no distraction from His vast spiritual equipments in other items, He was by no means such “first fruits.” And I, for one, see no logical argument in challenging that He should be. The nearest séance room with a reliable medium, devoid of all occult hocus-pocus, can quickly establish evidence of the conscious soul’s survival. The properly counseled technique of dispatching the mind of the average person back on the Time-Track can as quickly establish evidence of the stupendous program of anyone’s ensoulments. As for mental therapies and sacred significances, each has its pace in spirit’s expansions.

But transcending all or any of these for the purpose in hand is the more colossal objective of arriving as circumspectly and logically as we can at grasp of the attainment behind the whole of it. *Why* does each soul come and go in mortal coil, dispensation on dispensation, civilization on civilization, culture on culture? What gauge or standard determines the personality and the role each time? If it be for some specific increment in each fresh ensoulment, who makes the decision as to the nature of the increment? Lastly, coming back to our opening premise what is the true nature of “something bigger than ourselves” that may turn horror into intellectual fascination, as the crash of the air transport becomes a matter of seconds?

To my way of thinking, it is this Design of Immortality, or Design *for* Immortality, which the average soul gropes for, beyond all other gropings. Because if it understands the laws and processes by which it is ascending the Great Stairway of Eternity, it can regulate its reactions to that which is important as against that which is unimportant.

Incidentally, to supply the boon of indisputable assurance of the persistence and continuity of personality is to hand him a side-gift whose value surpasses rubies.

People in mortal consciousness—taking them by and large—“fear Death” with consummate horror, by no means looking level-eyed at why they fear it. If they looked at it level-eyed—if they *could* look at it level-eyed—they might learn enlightenments about themselves that would approach the stupendous. Not only are they purblind and concern-wracked about it at present, but they are adding to their burden of social complications by not perceiving the significances of their peculiar roles in flesh. The whole prospect is a blind maelstrom of destiny to them at present, with no reason why it should be.

What I think happens in those split seconds before the Fatal Crash delivers, is the sudden lifting of the memory veil under the stimulus of anticipated shock, and from their involvements in bygone tragedies they realize that what they are confronting is only a dramatic metamorphosis. Not always, however, does it require to be dramatic. The same seconds of recollection open to them as they are expiring peacefully in their beds under the scourging of diseases, when their “dying sight” as it is called, makes visible the figures of lover ones already in those dimensions of Space and Time and

from whom they are separated only by the threshold of the final heartbeat.

Moments of “illumination” they are magnanimously called although too often deprecated as the illusions of dying aberration.

More or less the whole essence of Mysticism is contained in such illuminations and illusions, if the truth could be known. Mysticism of itself is the doctrine or belief that direct knowledge of God, or of spiritual truth, is attainable through immediate intuition or insight and in a way differing from ordinary sense perception or the use of logical reasoning, any type of theory asserting the possibility of attaining knowledge or power through faith or spiritual insight. But how can we understand what is being discussed in such definition unless we have correctly analyzed and identified “intuition”, or “spiritual insight?” These must of themselves imply some principal or entity who practices such intuitive powers or exercises such insight. Also, when we stop to think about it, is not *all* insight spiritual insight?

There would seem to be a host of terms and factors requiring simplifying and comprehending before we can gain even profitable knowledge of what Death is, itself, or for that matter what Life is, itself? You may say, everybody knows what Death is who has ever beheld a dead body, just as everybody knows what Life is by being alive himself. But it's not so simple as that, when you come to consider the controversy of what “becomes” of the Soul when the heart has ceased to beat. There is an alteration of some nature in the exercise or viewpoint of Consciousness.

Let's see, as we can, what the Design for Immortality may be, approaching our thesis by examining Soul ...

THAT ONE DAY BLOOMED

II

The Meaning of Soul

NOW suppose we think some thoughts about Soul that may never have entered your philosophy before. You've been familiar with the term Soul ever since those happier, far-off evening hours when the tenderest voice you've ever known before or since taught you these poignant and earnest lines whose significance you little reckoned—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my Soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my Soul to take.”

It was your seeming infantile introduction to mortality's major mystery. You were introduced to the Christian concept of Soul by the poetic attestation that you had one, and that there was hazard involved in sleeping, since while you were thus unconscious it might mystically depart you and if the Lord did not receive it, you were in serious predicament indeed. .

Nobody ever described this ineffable Soul to you in such terms that you understood it. Such childhood fixations as entered upon your consciousness vaguely identified this mystical Soul as something apart from the *you*, something that could betake itself into heavenly regions and leave you wondering what had become of it. If you awakened o' morn without it and it had not been espoused by the Lord, you were certainly out of luck for life; something would have gone out of you on which the very integrity of your personality depended.

As you became older and started attending divine religious service, you heard one theme proclaimed consistently from the pulpit, “Jesus died to save you soul.” So here was Soul in another aspect. Not only had you been apprised that you could lose it in

sleep and you would be in luck if it turned up in possession of the Lord, but now it was something that needed “saving.” Saving from what? Saving from hell-fire, you were informed, or from the “wrath to come.”

Again it was something apart from yourself—and yet it wasn’t. None of it made very much sense, but whenever did anything make much sense presented by intellects—or lack of them—that had no very clear image in their own minds of what they were talking about? There was hell-fire, somewhere, and your Soul stood in danger of it. There was a Wrath to Come and again your Soul might feel the brunt of it. At the most it was something that went out from your physical body and had adventures of various sorts, with the odds in favor of the probability that most of them would be unpleasant.

Gradually you grew phlegmatic or indifferent about this Soul. But the presentment lingered with you that it was that part of you that by divine prearrangement went hither and yon carrying vestiges of your conscious personality with it, not to minimize the fact that it was also the portion of you that could liver forever under proper stipulations as to its conduct. Finally some combination of spiritual and academic circumstances prompted you to go look up Webster’s definition of Soul in that well-known compendium of linguistic terms, and this is what you read—

“An entity conceived as the essence, substance, animating principle, or actuating cause of life, or of the individual life, especially of individual life manifested in thinking, willing, and knowing. In many religions it is regarded as immortal and separable from the body at death.”

But actually what did it add to your store of understanding to have all these platitudes served up to you?

It was an entity—meaning a thing that has reality and distinctness of being, either for fact or for thought—that was only *conceived* as the essence, substance, animating principle or cause of life. It wasn’t necessarily the essence, substance, animating principle or cause of life literally. To conceive meant to originate in thought. A house was a house, or a wagon was wagon, no matter what you might conceive of either in your thought processes. You could live in the one and ride in the other. But this Soul-thing was evidently a mere mental postulation. You couldn’t put pair of handcuffs on it and fasten it to a chain in a wall; you couldn’t chase it up and down stairs and into my lady’s chamber—what would a mere mental postulation be doing in a lady’s chamber, especially when pursued?—you couldn’t even stand it in front of a camera and photograph it, or you took it for granted you couldn’t until you began to learn of some of the unbelievable things that were being done in all the better regulated psychical research societies. It was all a philosophic abstraction. If it were something separable from the body at death, then somehow or other it ought to have substance, because otherwise your cleavage was a paradox. How could you separate a nonsubstance from a substance? But if it was substance—and that’s what Webster told you it was thought of in essence—how did it come to escape all the natural laws governing substance, such as

being sensitive to temperature, or earthly gravity, or wetness and dryness, or hardness and softness? The more you thought about it in maturing intellect, you perhaps came to the conclusion that it fell in the same category with Voltaire's remark about God: "If He didn't exist, then humanity would be obliged to invent Him to account for everything that was otherwise nonexplainable." If the Soul didn't exist, then humanity must invent it to account for all those spiritual phenomena that were otherwise enigmatic.

Soul, in other words, was an hypothetical creation of Mind or mental imagery to represent whatever features in. Man could not be rationalized physically. Generally speaking, sooner or later you had to give it up with a shrug of your shoulders.

Or you came to join a metaphysical or psychical society that at least affected to know more about it than the conventional religionists. .

IF THE directors or supervisors of the metaphysical or psychical societies knew their business and were well-informed in the activity of quartz-lens or violet-light photography, they were able to trot out entirely bona fide representations of Souls—or spirits—obviously departing the physical organism either at the instant of death or in trance. Thousands of fakes of such prints have been manufactured and circulated among the gullible, yet on the other hand other thousands of quite reliable and earnest investigators have succeeded in obtaining such pictures by their own cameras and efforts and have known in their minds that no trickery has been involved in them.

Something was certainly "coming out" of the corporeal remains that had registered for one split-second on the camera lens and silver nitrates. It was the same size and general appearance of either the dying body or the individual in trance. And yet most inexplicably, in almost no case of reliable record was it ever observed that the transmitting Soul-form—if it was that—offered itself in the physically naked state. Almost always it was decently clad, and in a great majority of instances *the apparel was the precise duplicate of the expiring body or person entranced*. Ludicrously it was evident that the Soul wore clothes. And yet clothes were material, they shouldn't be said to possess phantoms of their own fabrics. I have seen hundreds of so-called "spirit photographs" in the twenty-five years of my explorations into the discarnate, even been present when some were made. Never once have I beheld a spirit-photograph that was the replica of the body from which it was assumed to emerge, in a natural state ... not unless the body itself were nude, and never have I been present when such pictorial representations of any Adam or Eve were secured. However, the fact that I haven't happened to be present, proves nothing. . Again and again photographic processes have imperishably recorded what the camera lens "saw", whether the human eye did or didn't. And in nine out of ten cases, the phantom replica was the physical duplicate of the body from which it issued. Perhaps the only exception I might make of record in respect to clothing was an account given me of an elderly lady's expiring of a winter's twilight in a little town up the Hudson River. The sons and daughters were all gathered in the death-chamber from far and near and the mother's life was ebbing out. Suddenly one of

the adult sons possessed unmistakably of Second Sight—as proven to my satisfaction in many demonstrations in my presence—from his position at the foot of the bedstead, declared he beheld his mother’s unclad lower limbs, levitate dramatically and not a little gruesomely through the bedclothing exactly above her prostrate and covered physical limbs. They raised gently to about twenty inches in air, held an instant, then sank slowly back into the inert physical feet and legs. Horrified, he looked fascinated to see it happen in repetition, only in the second instance the limbs “came up” as far as the maternal hips. Only the poignant solemnity of the scene kept it from indecency. Back the legs sank into the earthly clay again. The third time the monstrous thing occurred, the phantom replica of the clay lifted as far as the shoulders, the limbs and feet pointing obliquely from the bed’s level at a ninety degree angle. This time the phantom replica did not sink back down into the expiring form; it seemed to be “loose” all excepting the neck and head. But the skull of the replica would not “part” from the skull of the mortal anatomy. In such distressing juncture it was that the staring son’s demised grandfather and grandmother seemed to waft in and downward from a corner of the bedroom, lay hands on the soul-body in its predicament of imprisonment and gently try “jiggling” the head loose from the cranium. He was recalled to three-dimensional realities by beholding the phantom head come “free”, while at the instant of the detachment the family physician at the bed’s head on the right, who had been holding the dying woman’s wrist to count the pulse, exclaimed softly, “She’s gone!” The cardiac organ had ceased pulsing at precisely the instant that the entirely nude mother’s figure was independent of the earthly body. The woman’s parents had gently righted her, placed their arms about her on each side to give her a sitting posture between them, and borne her successfully up into the darkened corner of the ceiling whence they had appeared. The narrator of the episode had added for my benefit that one of his sisters had caught sight of the grandmother’s and grandfather’s spirit bodies as they retreated with the mother’s “soul”—if we wish to term it that—but had been too close to the dying mother on the left of the bed to get prospective on the happening which had so shocked and perturbed him.

Make of it what you will.

MY ONLY rationalization for this phenomenon of clothing is, that the apparel is of thought-manufacture, that is, that if the spirit itself conceives of itself as clothed, the camera lens or the eye of the clairvoyant beholder discerns the covering thus provided by the subject performing the levitation. I know that the Thought Forms created by living persons in projection can be photographed, recalling an instance in Manhattan where a half-dozen experimenters were requested to project a mental image of Abraham Lincoln within a specified area of white wall. Then while they “held the thought” of Lincoln standing there as they conceived of him— each one—in imagination, the shutter of the quartz-lens camera was clicked and the resultant plate developed. *Six perfectly discernible figures of Lincoln appeared superimposed on one another against*

the indicated area of wall two of them wearing stovepipe silk hats.

On another occasion, still in New York, I beheld a materializing entity alter his entire costume in plain view of twenty people—he had evidently come from the cabinet “thinking” of himself as appearing one way, decided he wished to appear another way, and made the shift mentally. His appearance followed his thought processes.

In a séance at my own Indiana Headquarters in October of 1953 a dozen adult persons plainly beheld Silverleaf, the Cherokee girl control of Berti Lilly Candler, appear first in a flowing white ball gown, withdraw into the cabinet for a matter of minutes and reappear clad in part of her customary Indian jacket, bead-decorated, when comment had been made on her unusual costume of the evening frock. The first impulse, in regarding such apparition regardless of its clothing, is to assume that what is being seen so tangibly is the Soul—taking on substantiality from the medium’s ectoplasm, which coats it as dark paint might cover a crystal glass vase that one could not discern in subdued light because of its transparency. I have had dictated certain treatises on this and allied subjects that attempted to explain such phenomena from the Higher Side, and emphasis was laid in such transcripts on the item of *color*. It was color, the speaker declared, that gave the opaqueness that provided the effect of substantiality.

ONE afternoon several years bygone I was motoring through California mountains with a friend who was a celebrated Hollywood cameraman. During World War I he had been an aerial photographer for the Canadian government. As we rounded the mountain curves I glanced down into the mist-packed valley beneath us and remarked on the properties of fog thus to blot out the landscape.

“It’s not the fog but the color of the fog that blots out the valley,” he corrected.

“But fog is white, colorless!” I protested.

”No,” said he, “believe it or not, fog is purplish-violet. Proof of it lies in the fact that if I had my aerial camera here now, and put a purple-violet filter over the lens, I could photograph that scene below exactly as though there weren’t a cloud in sight. The purple-violet filter neutralizes the purple-violet color of the fog and thus removes it from the scene. I go ahead and take my picture as though photographing down from unobstructed heavens.”

“You mean,” I exclaimed, “that you can photograph perfectly through opaque cloud?”

“Everything has color,” he said. “If it weren’t so, we would not be able to tell what objects of any kind were in existence ahead of us until we, perhaps, smashed into them. It’s color that makes Sight for us. Filter out or neutralize the color in photography and insofar as plate or film goes that which is neutralized doesn’t photograph and therefore doesn’t seem to exist. Clouds, mist, or fog do not bother aerial photographers. The minute they contrive exactly to match the cloud’s color with a filter, they can go right along and continue their mapping.”

It’s a well-known chromatic fact that all the colors of the prism, combined, give

white. But what combination of colors gives transparency? Or rather, what rate of vibration of an object or body results in apparent invisibility? I throw it out for what it may be worth. Let's get back to Soul ...

WE KNOW there *is* something of a living essence that issues from the organic vehicle, and in one instance of record it was photographed constantly and easily in the case of a hypnotized boy. He showed the peculiarity of being able to come from his hypnosis and report on precisely what might be occurring in a distant place or scene. When a camera with quartz lens—so employed because it filters out the actinic ray in light, the ray that fogs your plate or film under development in anything but ruby-blue—was placed on him, several successive snapshots revealed his phantom-self arising and departing his physical corporeality to *go* to the distant locality and bring back report from personal observation.

From time immemorial it has undoubtedly been true that such “phantoms” have been observed by persons in earlier ages, so behaving. From such has been bequeathed down to us the concept of Soul. But none of it goes far toward explaining what such phantoms are composed *of*. No one to my knowledge has ever beheld one of them performing physical acts that disturbed the status of materials. Thus they would seem not to have the substantiality of the organic. However, at the present stage of our discussions the point is not important. We go to Mentor Instructors on high levels of fourth-dimensional existence and intellectual sagacity and put the query bluntly to them—as I have done upwards of a quarter-century—as to what they discern as being the progenitor of Soul. It's a somewhat new viewpoint which they present to us. I'll try to relay it in capsule as years of enlightenment have given me whatever understanding of it I may possess ...

What is known as The Soul, they say, is not exactly what was photographed in any instance of the corporal body giving up its enshrouded individualism of consciousness, nor yet was seen by the son with the Second Sight in the case of the expiring mother who could not get her spirit head free of her aged cranium, or by the photographic camera that snapped the hypnotized boy vacating temporarily to travel to a distance and get knowledge of transpiring event. Soul, as understood on the Higher Levels of cosmic intelligence, is the individualized particle of consciousness that originates in that altogether mystical galvanism named Holy Intelligence and that is capable of self-awareness and a sense of its high calling and celestial destiny—of which more later in a more appropriate place.

That is capable of self-awareness, understand me. In other words, it is the instance of self-awareness as a potential.

That which is able to recognize the fact that it is “alive” and appreciable to itself is the microscopic phenomenon that up all the ages of humankind, in all its myriad grades of development, has been given the title of Soul. It doesn't have to *do* anything external to itself to alibi its existence. It just grasps the one primordial fact that it is a particle of

self-election, and inherently volatile of expression. “Particle” is a poor term, perhaps. *Unit* would be better. Unit without necessary identification by size, since size is always relative—meaning that size is always a matter of comparison to something else that gives contrast of proportions. It could exist twenty trillion light-miles from the next nearest object possessed of similar capability for grasping the fact of itself, or it could exist within one ten-thousandth of an inch of such second unit—no matter. It would still be aware of its own reality, or ability to think just one thought, the thought of itself.

Perhaps by jumping ahead a bit and explaining “where souls come from” might aid in understanding it ...

MANY people entertain the idea that some species of anthropomorphic God “makes” souls by wading knee-deep into what they carelessly call the Ocean of Holy Spirit, dipping in a celestial palm branch and casting a small shower of separate drops in the air, each and every one coming down as a potential Soul. Or they try to depict unto themselves that the Ocean of Holy Spirit has waves and combers that roll up on some cosmic shore and then recede, leaving millions of entities among the rocks and weeds that proceed to take on individuality and each start the evolutionary climb toward individuality so perfected that they are God-potentates in turn. I have heard lecturers on Esoteric Fundamentals mouth over a lot of words conveying a haphazard idea that “Souls come out of the Great Ocean of Holy Spirit” without the slightest follow-up on what the Coming Out may be as any factual process. These potential Souls just *come*. Little drops-of-water Souls, one might imagine, suddenly separate from such Ocean by leaping into the cosmic ozone like dolphins, and there they are, created, ready to start the great cosmic climb up to the heights of celestial achievement, literally “Beyond Grandeur” ...

I don’t understand it that way at all.

Giving you an awful helping of the profoundest metaphysical ontology in one literary spoonful, I see it something like this—

I told you I knew of an instance in New York where a photographer had six people “imagine” six postures of Abraham Lincoln against an area of white wall and that a quartz lens pointed at the space actually “photographed” six superimpositions of the resultant thought- forms projected from the minds of the six experimenters. That *thoughts are literal things* in some more tenuous dimensions of time, space, and “materials”, has been so many times attested that in real psychical and mystical research it’s a commonplace. A friend of mine in southern California has even invented a mechanical instrument capable of tracing the outlines of such thought-projections, and I possess one of them and have experimented and proven the fact for myself. “Aurameter Parties” at the publishing house producing this volume have consisted of the operator with the Aurameter leaving the room while half a dozen colleagues agree on some similar object they have “thought” in the center of a tabletop. The operator is then called in, when the thought-projection has been accomplished, and unerringly traced by the

instrument's reactions the outlines of the thought-projected object. I have had more than speaking acquaintance with another group who had a discarnate personage offer to coat with ectoplasm anything of a living nature that might be conceived upon the corner of the handy bookcase, and the lady of the house finally depicted to herself in imagination a small sparrow hawk. One moment later her identical picture-image of the sparrow hawk fluttered into reality on the bookcase top in question, took off on sturdy little wings, encircled the room three times and lighted on a fellow sitter's head. The fellow-sitter screamed and knocked it free, whereupon the hawk—pure ectoplasm apparently—made a pounce on the fleshy part of the hostess's nylon-covered calf, succeeded in clinging there until blood was drawn. When the discarnate personage declared the experiment had evidently gone far enough and that he would thereupon take the ectoplasmic coating off, the hawk dissolved from the lady's hosiery although it later required a week for the claw-marks to heal. Yes, thoughts we think can be literal things—which is why we are so constantly cautioned by the Higher Teachers about directing their natures and qualities constructively. Now then, their application to Soul—

A given intellect proceeds up through the worlds, undergoing all the educating and illuminating experiences that thousands of serried life ensoulments may deliver to him. Compounded experiences result in higher and greater degrees of Consciousness. He becomes more and more powerful in his thought-creative processes. Long since he has graduated out of any further need for ensoulment in successive organism. He may come to “reside” ultimately on planets so vast that our entire solar system could be contained within its body and have space to spare—one of the giant planets that revolve about Sirius the Dog Star is said to be one of these. The area of Betelgeuse, any astronomer will tell you, is so huge in the coverage of interstellar space that the entire solar system out as far as Saturn, Uranus, and Pluto, could be contained within its volume. But though “dwelling” on such a planet, the residence is not analogous to earthly residence where the organic vehicle must propel itself on feet and legs and not be able to move even by running more than six or seven miles an hour. Food as we know it on this planet is not necessary for sustenance. Experience itself does not necessarily mean extrication from predicaments.

Such an entity, thus far advanced, reaches a point—so we're informed—where its vital mode of expression may be little more than the mind-projection of millions of tiny replicas of itself in thought-potentials, each with the “life-essence” of self-awareness at its core. The process is known as Diffusion, and is creation of an order similar to the “creation” that occurs when spermatozoa by the millions are injected into the organic uterus to encounter the gestating ovum. It is a process of conception, however, that is almost wholly mental.

This Diffusion by such a tremendously advanced “Soul” is the hatchery of new spirit-particles, but without the originating parent-projector losing either life, consciousness, or identity ... any more than the human father loses his master-identity

by activating the spermatozoa that will presently be the human babe, “crying in the night and with no language but a cry” ...

Very good then. The Ocean of Holy Spirit, as I conceive it from my teachers, is merely the allegorical term applied to the stupendous fecundity that evidences as new soul units are “projected” from the accomplished ensemble of the spirit-attributes of all such stupendous “graduated” personages, diffusing themselves in multiples and myriads up the æons. I recall asking my Teacher when he explained this difficult analogy to human conception to me, if it meant that all of us here on this planet, each in our several infantile states of development, were the diffused units of thought-projections of some cosmic entity ages old, who had gone before us up the same heavenly pathway we all are following.

“Certainly,” he answered.

“Precisely what parent-Personality are we such diffusions *from*?” I persisted.

“Shouldn’t that be evident?” he rebuked me. “Your Great Master Jesus called Him ‘the Father’ ... what good would his specific title be to know, since it would be meaningless to you?”

In one great electric moment I seemed to catch hold of something I had never grasped before. Of course! Mrs. H—could originate the thought-form of one sparrow hawk and a collaborating discarnate could take ectoplasm from her husband’s ample aura and coat it, making it so “real” that its claws bruised her calf. What right had I to say that a great Celestial Adept—whom the *Golden Scripts* have declared to us operates in His great status of “parental” accomplishments o the colossus of a planet encircling Sirius—couldn’t diffuse His thoughts into spirit-units almost numberless, focus them on a solar satellite like Earth, and watch them work up through Experience to a condition ultimately *where they performed the same celestial conception in turn*? The Father ... to whom Jesus prayed in the Garden!

All of a sudden the Divine Parent became very real and utterly logical to me, just the instant I caught a glimpse of what the celestial biologic process might resemble. If He were so stupendous of intellect as to populate by thought-unit progeniture a vast area of this solar galaxy with the sperm of His Intellect, so to speak, literally we *must* be “sons of God”—because our capabilities of self-awareness derived from His Mind Sperm.

It was all an intellectual fertilizing instead of the genital fertilizing that gives us physical bodies.

Overnight, being divine in my own essence made sense to me. The vast cosmic Progenitor had spawned my unit of self-awareness that I was responsible for developing up the worlds and eventually making into the likeness of the Parent ... just as the physical progeny of the earthly parents follow the physical growth-pattern and eventually approximates the parents.

I saw where the metaphysical theorists who had not caught the correct pattern of procedure themselves had led me astray with that “Jehovah knee-deep in Ocean of Holy

Spirit” imagery, sprinkling me out upon the sands of the eternal shore where I fell as one single drop with my way to make in the hot sunshine of evaporating ordeal.

Having been a father three times myself in the earthly sense, I could grasp that the Greater Father to whom Jesus—my *Elder Brother in it all*—addressed his communion in the Garden, might effect His spiritual increase through the sperm of His majestic thought-forms, and I was one of them spiritually and intellectually just as my current body was once a spermatozoon in the physical body of my earthly father in Lynn, Massachusetts, in this life, specifically in the year 1889—and my physical father didn’t require to surrender his life or disintegrate his personality to produce me as his lawful son, who in time grew to his physical size and resemblance.

Soul, indeed!

Soul “that One Day Bloomed”—in the instance of each one of us—when each “day” of our blooming consisted of sixty or seventy years as biologic creatures on this planet Earth-Shan.

Go back to the very earliest forms of religious thinking we have preserved for us on this planet, the Zoroastrian even antedating the Egyptian, and you discover this basic truth of creative conception described in its doctrine. Later when I show you that comparatively little or nothing of consequence was original in the Hebrew theology on which our dogmatic Christianity is based, you will realize that our great intellectual debt of spiritual cosmogony goes back some 5,000 or more years to a religion of Persia. Mosaic Hebrewism may even be termed a wholesale plagiarism from the Zendavester, made of moment throughout Palestine when two tribes of the Hebrews had been returned from the Babylonian Captivity.

In the Zendavester, which is the Holy Book of Zoroastrianism, what I refer to as Diffusions from Divine Intellect are mentioned as *Emanations*. Perhaps it is the better word, inasmuch as to diffuse may be considered to mean the breaking up or pulverizing of a main body or substance into particles. But Diffusions or Emanations, the process being implied is the same.

Some stupendous and sublime mentality, high, high up the cosmic grandeurs, projects thought-form emanations of Itself in embryonic form. These proceeding form Divine Self Awareness—or Consciousness—are self-aware and thus conscious in their own rights.

This consciousness is a great basic principle, or element, in the observable universe. It is a phenomenon strictly unto its own nature, without duplicate as to essence anywhere outside of itself.

I am introducing you to the subject tersely for the moment. Later on I hope to acquaint you with many features and factors that concern it, in a way and aspect you may never have encountered before in this life. Let’s hope so ...

THE MEANING OF SPIRIT

III

THE GREAT encyclopedia of Mysticism is only mystical, I maintain, because too many self-appointed pundits with the urge to be mentors have sounded off in a cacophony of allegory and symbolism to cover inadequate concepts of what they would convey. Not having clear understandings of vaster cosmic realities, they resort to mumbo jumbo of terms and analogies that leave the sincere student apathetic, or awed by confusions. I fail to see why anything making sense on this plane fails to make sense on any plane, no matter how lofty, and the higher we develop in cosmic familiarities the simpler and clearer such realities become. The greater the intellect, the more clarified its expressions. I contend that any process, to be a process, must have pattern behind it, and the further I explore into the Eternal Verities the more cumulative the evidence that the same design that formulates the atom, formulates the galactic systems—and vice versa. Thus to know the one is to know the other, and to know a few is to know a myriad. Cosmos is the integrating hypothesis repeated a great many times.

Looking at the Integrating Hypothesis from this grade of intellect, the key that unlocks it is the obvious circumstance that conscious and deliberate Thought—meaning Constructive Thought—is a creating agent, and the only creating agent that accounts for the universe. The lady's self-imposed concept of the sparrow hawk in the corner of the bookcase instead of a bluebird or an eagle, or the projected imaginations of the six figures of Lincoln against the whited wall, or even the fancied milk bottle on the bared table found by Cameron's Aurameter, is merely the creation of the great nebula of Andromeda in capsule. We say with the ease of illiteracy that "somebody thought up" each, according to the octave of intelligence on which he was performing. Where we make our error is in assuming that this "thinking up" is formulating Something out of Nothing. *Thinking Consciousness is the only real manufacturing agent in the Omniverse but the true manufacture lies in the nature of the picture-image of that which shall subsequently have what the senses recognize as Being.* The lady conceiving the picture-image of the sparrow hawk, the six psychical investigators conceiving the six

postures of Lincoln, or the group of Aurameter experimenters conceiving the “imaginary” milk bottle, would seem to be performing precisely what Jehovah is described as performing in the first chapter of Genesis—only in different gradations of quantities. If the lady had possessed the “strength” of mentality to do her own coating of the sparrow hawk with ectoplasm, or the six psychical investigators had possessed the “strength” of mentality to substantialize the Lincolnesque projections, or even the group of Aurameter experimenters had continued to mass their thought-vibrations till the milk bottle became filled to mortal sight or touch, these would all have seemed gods and goddesses to one-celled mentalities incapable of doing more with Consciousness than recognizing their own existences. *True Creating then, is tacitly designing mental patterns about which atomic activity can adhere.* That which we term Holy Intellect designed the Omniverse as a mental pattern first, the difference between Holy Intellect and the mortal intellects—so called—that design sparrow hawks and Lincoln silhouettes and milk bottles, being that Holy Intellect had first taken the initiative by designing the phenomenon of atomic assembly by which, through coagulation, material had the effect of reality to organic senses.

Can you grasp it? No paragraph in this whole book is more significant than the paragraph I have just written.

I PROPOSE to show you further along that the entire Omniverse is merely a Thought Projection, but by no means does this imply that the whole Omniverse is something created out of nothing. “Something” and “Nothing” when we really stop to look at them, are merely sensory effects—or repercussions of Consciousness upon itself. But right here I want to bring home to you the vitality of import in Pattern as Pattern.

Pattern as pattern persists on every octave of the Omniverse as we encounter it, and gods and goddesses are mere relative terms—relative, that is, according to the degrees of Consciousness regarding or observing them. I am the only God, I say again, to the five dogs that race or disgrace my Indiana studios. But I do not identify *myself* as God, because I am regarding or observing the God State from a plane of Consciousness that is higher and wider than my dogs’. Thus do we make the shattering discovery as we proceed on upward, one degree of Consciousness succeeding another, that each plane of Consciousness has its gods, fashioned in the main after its own capabilities for conceiving and the thought or notion of impiety deriving more or less from our successive limitations. Remove the limitations of each plane or degree and our concept of Deity enlarges with our own enlargements. In my present status of mortal capability the highest and greatest God which I may discern, intellectually or otherwise, is the Deity Parent from whose emanations I originated—whom my Elder Brother most correctly and appropriately named The Father. He is the highest form or aspect of Intellect with which either my Elder Brother or myself are in touch. But the Pattern which caused it to become appreciable to my mental processes is a logical and consistent Pattern, manifesting up through all the worlds which I may *ever* know though

He ever recedes as I advance.

It is a consistent Pattern because it is the Basis of Creation, *by* which and *from* which any unit of Consciousness on any plane or degree of cognizance grasps the realities of both Microcosm and Macrocosm—in other words, grasps the realities of itself subjectively and the universe about it objectively. That it works is evidenced from the circumstance that to the creative intelligence that is the spermatozoon of *me*, both myself and the Omniverse produce the effects of Reality, one in relationship to the other. Outside of this, of course, there can be no thinking.

There can be no thinking because there can be no creation of the effects of Reality.

You see that, in drawing such conclusion, I am adhering to the significance of the Pattern and not the significance of what the Pattern may create ...

ALL RIGHT, what then of Spirit?

In our general mumbo jumbo of Mysticism we meet the terms Body, Soul, and Spirit. In the cant of religionism we encounter the entities Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In either of these, or both, we are identifying three individualities or we are identifying nothing. We know what Body is, because we inhabit it and supervise its activities hour by hour and moment by moment. In the dissertation of the foregoing chapter I have tried to present an intelligible depiction of what Soul is—a spermatozoon of Holy Intelligence produced and projected when the cosmic parental attainment has arrived at the capability of Emanation, something we might almost designate as Cosmic Puberty to register the idea on our finite minds. All right, I ask, what then is Spirit and how can it be separate or distinct from organism or the capsule existence of the spermatozoon of Consciousness in Embryo?

Suppose we revert to biologic procreation again.

My physical self is the development—or growth—of the spermatozoon that originated within the parental ensemble of my amative sire activating the maternal ovum and thereat being gestated into my self-sufficient organism. At some time along in such gestation, I as third element took over, carried along, and shaped and directed what had been so necromantically begun. My personality therefore happens to be a combination of factors, bequeathed as to potencies by my sire, cultivated as to fecundities by myself. To my earthly father's procreations in such regard are add my own experience-gains. My earthly sire did not actually and literally diffuse himself as to his own master-personality to project the capsule potency that was my embryonic body, so no more does the Great Cosmic Sire on the apex of all attainments appreciable to this mortal octave of consciousness, damage or disrupt His spiritual Personlity in "creating" new souls through emanations of Himself. But I say again, I certainly am product of my father's flesh and blood, biologically speaking, and I have what traits and attributes may have distinguished his seed. To these gifts that he bestowed potentially I declare that I have added all my own increments from experience through which destiny has conducted me up 64 years, so to be strictly correct in the credits I am logically what my

father started and what I finished. Now recognizing our piety to the sanctity of Pattern, in the wider and loftier cosmic sense I am bone and substance of what orthodoxy identifies as my Heavenly Parent or celestial sire, meaning that I had a father to my body and another Father to my soul, each in the strict spermatoc sense. I have a physical sire and a spiritual Sire, and my affection for both is compounded of equal parts of the loyalty based on similarities and the appreciations of their generousities extended in my behalf. I say I am physical—or mortal as you may prefer— because on this plane I must evidence my existence through the organic, and I am divine because of my parental origin as a spiritual unit or celestial embryo—immortal if you prefer it— because plane by plane above the present one on which I discover myself, I must evidence my existence through the intellectually ethical, or the intellectually creative. I am reliably informed that my God-Patent—or immortal parent to distinguish Him from my mortal parent—maintains the centrosome of His creative diffusing form the gigantic planet revolving around Sirius, and whether or not He is the *only* Entity in the Cosmic Galaxies I shall not worry about at this infantile stage of my intellectual capabilities. But I did come out of His head, so to speak, at least in respect to the potentials of my soul.

All right, having been diffused from such Mighty Intellect, what do I do about it? What *have* I done about it? I ask not in relation to all the planets I have visited or the social dilemmas I have worked myself into, or out of, with the educating repercussions or increments that we classify as “the fruits of Experience”. I inquire in respect to *function*. As a spermatozoon of the God-Parent Intellect how can I say that I consisted of anything other than potentials—or potencies? I was a chromosome of Consciousness in utter embryo, nothing else. But what was expected of me? Was it not expected I should demonstrate the fact of myself as Something Generated? All this may sound childishly elemental for the moment, but all of it is really too vital to dismiss as an assumption.

I can see nothing logical otherwise in the fact or happening of my having been conceived. Growth of Consciousness by display of Consciousness in myriad units would be the only possibility making sense in the whole cosmic vista. And what would be wrong in it? Wasn't my Celestial Sire serving out increments to Himself in fact, by thus raising sons who attested to His identity as Father?

Very good, I was expected to demonstrate the event of my having become Something Generated. Realizing it within myself was not enough. In some manifestation or other it had to be proven objectively.

There seems to have been provided but one possibility to evidence such proof.

Movement!

TO MAKE a start, we must be aware of something. That is subjective *self-awareness*, and the unit that does so we give the world-label of the Soul. But that is not sufficient, if Self-Awareness is ever to acquire any meaning outside of itself.

We must be convinced of the significance of that awareness!

I think it was Eddington—or it may have been Jeans—who declared most profoundly, “We are bound to claim for human nature that, either of itself or as inspired by a Power Beyond, it is capable of making legitimate judgments of significance. Otherwise we cannot even reach a physical world.”

How can the very term “significance” be estimated excepting there exist media by which, or through which, to make comparisons of both qualities and quantities?

Comparisons imply objectivities.

The spermatozoon, organic or intellectual, must find a way to operate external to its own awareness. And the electric instant that any spermatozoon operates external to itself, what do we behold? Do we not discern the fact of its abandoning its one-dimension world of subjectivity for worlds of additional dimensions, the second mathematical or the third materialistic?

We say that it wiggles, vibrates, or otherwise activates.

The physical spermatozoon begins the vast drama of being aware of its significance—which must continue until it reaches the stature of the Parent—by spasmodically altering its physical inertness, as any medical microscope attests.

By the circumstance of its wiggling, we avow aliveness. In examining the Great pattern in the Design for Immortality, we discover Animation accepted as the readiest evidence that self-aware consciousness exist. Self-aware Consciousness actually demonstrates such fact of existence not by altering location so much as altering *dimension*. The happening is so universal, so common, that its profundity is lost on us.

True, there is Animation from combinations of material chemicals without spermatazoic consciousness being involved, or at least there is repercussive activity that registers on the senses. Strictly speaking, however, it’s not true Animation. To “animate” means to give natural life to, or to make alive. To give spirit or vigor to, to enspirit, to endow with the divine life-principle.

That fetches me along to the second great thing that becomes an element of the Omniverse.

The instant that spermatazoic Soul, identified by its one-dimensional self-awareness only, has wiggled its first wiggle—symbolically speaking—it has altered its identity by entering two or three dimensions.

Henceforth it is Spirit up all eternal time!

STICKING meticulously to correct definitions in these matters—as we must in order to compound our still greater equations further on—the instant that the intellectual God-Sperm that is Soul, transfers out of its subjective one dimension by consummating its first objective movement, it must henceforth be classified in the domain of Spirit. Perhaps a readier way of expressing it would be, *that Spirit is Soul in action*—any type of action conveying its created presence to some other unit of perceptivity.

Perchance you might remark, “Why make such pother over such a slight

distinction?” You shall see further on, when we come to overhaul the principles operating in Mind dominating Matter.

But be careful of concluding that Spirit is Soul in action and leaving it at that. The better concept would be, Spirit is Soul *in some sort of objective demonstration*. It may be Action. It may likewise be Motivation *of* action. It can equally be, Response *to* action.

Spirit is Soul performing, in fact, outside of its original One Dimension. If the distinctions weren't consequential, they never would have been invented. We discover this attested by the very derivation of the word.

We get the speech-label Spirit from the Latin word *spirare*, which means to breathe or to blow. Webster's tells us that the English definition of it expresses the “breath of life; life or the life principle, conceived as a sort of vapor animating the body, or, in man, mediating between Soul and Body; the life principle viewed as the life or breath as the gift of Deity, hence the agent of Soul in vital and conscious functions.”

You see where secular understandings, groping for truth, become confused somewhat as to precise articulations. Really they introduce a third factor or element without explaining where it comes from or why it should be necessary. Genesis makes a somewhat similar blunder.

In the 7th verse of the second chapter it states: “And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.”

A living soul!

By no means to engage in hair-splittings, ecclesiasticism implies here that there might be such a thing as a dead soul—lacking the breath of life which the Lord God breathed into physical nostrils. But behold what additionally is being told. We do not dwell on it long before we are shocked to realize that physical body, said to be made of the material elements, is as much a factor in the Creation Equation as the Soul or the Breath. Very good then, what becomes of such Soul when the body perishes and there is no more respiration? If we say that Soul dies with such cessation of respiration, why not say that *man* dies and be done with it? Why create a “Soul” to inhabit his organic vehicle? ... why not consider the organic vehicle as the whole man and dismiss other details?

By the same token, considering Webster's definition of Spirit, why need Soul have any *agent*, extraneous to itself? Why not say that man's body is inhibited by his soul and ignore spirit entirely?

Of course millions accept the two terms as synonymous—but I undertake to show in my next chapter that doing so can be proven a major blunder, else we cannot comprehend Mind or its suzerainty over Matter. But our equations stay clarified when we think of Soul as the Divine Potency, *and Spirit as such potency becoming activated*.

It is, of course, incorrect to talk about Body, Soul, and Spirit. That combination is utterly meaningless. So too, if the truth could be grasped, is Father, Son, *and* Holy Spirit.

Soul *and* Spirit are by no means separate entities. Neither are Father and Holy Spirit. What sense would carry in referring to you and your relationship to your earthly parent as “My father, myself, and my father at work?” Or, “My body, my soul, and my soul cogitating on something else besides itself?”

The three constituents of any personality more correctly are, Your Soul-Spirit—or just your Spirit—your intellect and your fleshly vehicle of or for mortal expression.

Those are all of you, and those cover everything.

SOUL, in other words, has sing for its supper or nobody knows that it is hungry. Nobody knows, in fact, that anything with appetite exists. But actually it is Soul in the role of Spirit that projects the musical invitation that food come and visit it. And certainly it is Spirit and not Soul that effects the mastication.

Spirit is Consciousness doing its business in more than One Dimension and thereby inviting the food of cosmic situation and involvement in it for the increments that we term the Fruits of Experience. We shall see what Mind more correctly is, as we keep Soul and its super-dimensional roles as Spirit clearly separated in our intellects.

“Physical man,” Carlyle remarked, “was Soul rendered visible.”

“Spiritual man,” says the Eternal Wisdom, “is Soul rendered volatile.” Volatile in its original meaning connoted Flying—from the Latin root *volare*.

Action, movement, performance, accomplishment, anything two or three dimensional that can be manifested in any form to another intelligence, are the sum and substance of Spirit’s attributes.

Undoubtedly the Divine Soul, or the primordial First Cause, could have remained subjective. But there would have been no way of identifying it, even to Itself. The instant It became objective, the Omniverse was born, and it behooves us to credit it. Emerson had a lot to say about the Over-Soul, but in a dozen places—despite the excellent truth he managed to express otherwise—failed in knowing what he was talking about, and before he got through, admitted it. Had he termed it the Over-Spirit, it might not have been so poetically euphonious but he would have been nearer correct description of what he was feeling intuitively.

Of the pundits who go about talking of the Omniverse as the Body of God, the less said the better. Somewhere back in antiquity so vast that our mortal minds are incapable of visualizing it, Self-Consciousness as a Soul-Spirit-process established that picture-images designed by Mind were Reality, though not always tangible or perceptible to the lower activities of mental vibration—the milk-bottle thought projection locatable by Cameron’s Aurameter. Some call such area of manifestation the Astral. Out of experimentation in its own potencies, has apparently come every ounce of substance in the Omniverse of this moment, by no means over-looking the serried “diffusions of adeptship” carried to the Absolute in the emanations of the 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 separate spirit-units now said to be inhabiting planetary Etherias. Undoubtedly millions of such spirit-units have long since reached

the same creative Absolute where similar propagations have occurred by diffusions of that which is essentially Intellect alone. No need to wince or quake at the immensities involved, for immensities are only inverse appraisals of our own limitations. So the process goes on and on, the Omniverse expanding automatically and necessity.

This, perhaps, leaves the Jehovah of the Hebrews at a somewhat discounted advantage. It implies in logic that whereas the Omniverse may indeed have one Supreme God, Jehovah may not be He. Every Bible scholar is aware that Jehovah was originally the tribal Deity of the Midianites, from which came Moses the Law-Giver.

It requires the stupendous 91st chapter of the *Golden Scripts* to shed light upon this sacred enigma. Starting with the 32nd verse, we read—

“Man hath said, There is no God. I say unto you, God in truth is Thought Incarnate, but in men’s saying they have meant, there is no ruler to whom we are accountable. In such concept their Error hath been grievous. Truly there are twenty million rulers unto whom they are accountable, for each species and kind hath its rulers unto whom it is accountable, whether on planes of earth or planets afar in decimal space ... What I would tell you this hour is this —”There is one God in respect that there is a Ruler of planetary systems. This Ruler, I say, is an old, old spirit, older than any of us have a knowledge; His comings and goings are marked by vast cataclysms, so that stars do perish and reassemble in His presence; verily is He incarnate in the universe as ye do know the universe of sight and sound, yet doth He dwell in presence upon a far, far planet, greater in extent than your minds can encompass. Behold I do go unto him for instruction at intervals, a Living Entity who hath so great a power that for Him to speak is for creation to consummate;

“Gods hath He in turn beyond Him, of similar structure, vastness, and incomprehensibility, *for the universe hath no end in majesty*. These things we must conceive to get our errands clear ...”

Does this make mortals of our current development merely so many ants on the runningboard of the motorcar that is their universe, unable to comprehend the human intelligence behind the steering-wheel, fancying it impiety to conceive Deity as anything other than a gigantic ant in turn?

We are missing the point if we think so. The Deity is truly the Self-Conscious Intelligence enabling us to think Beyond Grandeur in itself, whether we be Man or whether we be Insect. Some label this Mind and try to think no further.

Very good, suppose we consider it.

The item truly to engage us is *Mind*—for that is not a principal so much as an attribute. When we get to discussing attributes, we come to discuss those instrumentalities by which the principals are comprehended most effectively. So let us courageously look into *Mind* ...

THE MEANING OF MIND

IV

PROBABLY more fantasia has been written about Mind in the past ten thousand years than any other subject under heaven except Love and Politics. And one is as little understood as the others, which means that none of them are understood, and whatever man fails to understand he might have the decency to hold his tongue about. Try and get him to do it.

In the first place, no two dictionaries offer the same definitions of Mind, just as no two religions, denominations or cults agree on what it is, or what it does. Webster's graciously informs us that our modern English word comes from the Anglo-Saxon *gemynd* that chiefly connoted Memory. After three definitions involving Recollection and one making it a synonym for Opinion, it runs the gamut of Wish, Purpose, Desire, Sentiment, Disposition, Choice and Inclination. The nearest approach to the attribute it is considered to be on the higher octaves of intelligence is the expounding, "The perceptive and thinking part of consciousness, exclusive of will and emotion."

The "thinking part of Consciousness!" But what indeed is Consciousness with thinking subtracted?

Mary Baker Eddy, for whom my loving respect is profound, declares according to her grasp of it, "Mind is only I, or Us—the only Spirit, Soul, Divine Principle, Substance, Life, Truth, Love; the one God; not that which is *in* man but the divine Principle or God of whom Man is the full and perfect expression. Deity which outlines but is not outlined." But although I think I get Mary's idea, or what she was trying to convey, I regret such potpourri of synonyms that make the confusion worse confounded. If we want to say that Mind is Spirit, Soul, Divine Principle, Substance, Life, Truth, Love, why not let those terms stand for what they are, on their own feet and upon their own qualities, and not interpret them as Mind at all?

I think there is something being missed entirely in the nomenclature of Mind. Unless we find it, and comprehend it, we might as well throw Mind out the window and say we have no use for it. Truly it becomes a bedeviling superfluity.

I know well enough what my first Mentor-Teachers said in introducing it to me through the Liberation-Soulcraft enlightenment, but looking back now, over twenty-five years of absorption of correlating truth, its essence comes to me by function more than academic definition.

I HAD asked what Inhibition was, as commonly used. The Teacher answered by saying—

“When the Mind and the Spirit are divorced and the Mind takes charge of the body, usurping the throne of its master, the result is warfare between Mind and Body. This is the state in which self-control degenerates into what your modern psychology knows as Repression and Inhibition.”

I objected, “But isn’t Mind the substance, or at least the Instrument, of Spirit? How can Mind alone take charge of the body as though it were a separate controlling entity in human affairs?”

“Yes,” the Mentor answered, “but you can shut the spirit out and eventually so plaster up the gates that only a miracle can open them. Whether you leave the gates open or closed is the meaning—and the only meaning—of the theological term, Free Will ... We are not making things more difficult than is usual when you try to reduce thoughts of Infinity to concrete terms. When the gate to the Spirit is closed it is as though the ruler of a kingdom and all the branches of their government claimed the supreme authority. Your own little personal spirit may keep the authority for a time, but having been subordinate to the ruler it will sooner or later be overcome by the forces of Mind or Body. Only in its contact with the Master lay wisdom and strength. Deprived of these, it grows more and more futile until the day finally comes when it is buried under illness or mental disorder. Mental disorder means infinitely more, of course, than the world means by Insanity. When the Mind assumes control, then the Body rebels and the whole mechanism is in a state of turmoil whose outcome is illness or death, or the loss of the very power that has dared to take charge. There is no Frankenstein to be compared to the human Mind when its master has been shut off from contact with Infinite Spirit that alone keeps the individual spirit alive.”

“But in all this differentiating between Mind and Spirit,” I argued, “will you not explain more clearly just what is meant first by Mind as distinguished from Spirit, or even from physical brain?”

“First,” the Teacher complied, “is the Universal Spirit from which all things proceed and which of all things is the substance. Next is the Spirit of the Group that animates all the lower forms of creation. When we come to Man we have a new problem. There is now in each human soul a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit—(thus giving it sonship or daughtership with God)—which has a body for earthly expression and which is able to be aware of its kinship with Divine Essence. There must be an instrument for this awareness *and this instrument is Mind*. It acts upon the Brain, and through the Brain upon the Body. If there be a break in the chain at any

point, then the whole Plan of Creation is invalidated insofar as that individual is concerned. There is, however, no disaster so complete or irremediable that it cannot be salvaged, excepting the break between individual and universal Spirit. So long as that holds, then all things are possible to the Body, and the Mind through which the Spirit speaks. So you see that it is indeed the Unpardonable Sin when the highest link is finally broken. This is the only Unpardonable Sin and its ‘unpardonableness’ is automatic. Cut off from the source of Life, and thereby insulated from the vibrations of Love, what can the wages be if they are not Death? That *is* Death! The problems of the world of Matter in which you move, are only one problem, therefore. If you keep the Gates open, through them will come all the light, all the understanding, all the wisdom you need. And remember that Understanding is always the measure of forgiveness. To understand all is to forgive all, and when you pass judgment upon another soul it is only to judge your own, by revealing your own limitations.”

“Then where does Memory come in?” I challenged.

“Memory of the past is not only memory of the present stream of your consciousness but of the history of your Soul’s growth from the beginning of its awareness of itself and its mission. So when you judge another soul you must have intimate knowledge, not only of its struggles here and now but of the handicaps it has brought with it into this incarnation.”

“Incarnation!” I cried. It was almost the first time I had met with the subject since awaking to Clairaudient Communication after my *Seven-Minutes-in-Eternity* experience. “This incarnation,” my communicant explained, “means the one that you are at present undergoing. Incarnation on your earth is for the purpose, as you say, of developing the individual consciousness to complete realization of itself and its source. But surely you cannot think that this is to be completed in the short span of one little lifetime, even though it be ten times as long as Methuselah’s? No, that would be harsh indeed on the little children who die in infancy. It would be Infant Damnation with a vengeance.”

“If this instruction definitely postulates what is popularly known as Reincarnation,” I said, “then wouldn’t it seem that a projection from the Thought Planes back into this material world would be a form of Retrograde?”

“There is no retrograde in the development of the *spiritual* individuality”, the Teacher declared. “But there must be, between the pain of each incursion into higher and more refined Matter, a period of rest and refreshment upon the so-called Planes of Thought. Here the lessons of each mortal life-cycle are reviewed in full memory of the entire soul-history. *When* you go back, it is at the recommendation of those who no longer are required to go back and yet are foregoing for a moment in eternity the bliss of journeying to the higher realms of Spirit, that they may be missionaries on the Planes of Thought. It is they who help you. It is they who aid you in finding the moment and the place that shall make your forthcoming earthly visit maximum of profit. That is, they advise and help you in the decision so that you may learn what lesson you still need most and thus make your return visits as few as possible in number. Make no mistake

here, we speak whereof we know. When you say, 'I had it coming to me,' you speak more profoundly than you suspect. We are now making the effort to teach you some of the truths which, if you enter into them and come to know them, may save you more than one of the earth-visits that are still ahead of you. This cycle of earthly revisitation goes on until its glorious culmination in the recognition of its unity with Holy Spirit."

"Then this process means practically a constant oscillation between the Earth Plane and the Thought Planes?"

"Yes, *with an ever upward swing!* The cycle is interrupted only when the spirit loses touch with Love, as we have said before. Then follows they only death there is. The individual consciousness loses awareness of its own nature and lapses back into the Eternal Ocean, no longer a separate drop which is part of the whole, but completely immersed and with its individuality destroyed. This death may be coincidental with the Body's *or it may precede that event by years!*"

"But I seem to see a certain selfishness in such an oscillation," I qualified, "using a world of other souls as a sort of ladder for our own development."

"You *are* so using it," the Teacher assured me. "But the Great Master has told you the secret. Only he who loses his life in loving service for others shall find it."

I was pondering this when the Mentor concluded—

"That life exists at all is a paradox, and you never understand its Inner meaning until you have meditated upon and pondered in your heart these lesser paradoxes that have their origin in the heart of the Great Mystery of Life itself. Go your path, wherever it may lead, sure and calm and free. We are beside you, and so long as you hear our voices in your heart you cannot fail, no matter how rough the journey."

I PONDERED his early transcript on the subject, I say, and tried to make logic of it. "When the Mind and the Spirit are divorced, and Mind takes charge of the Body, the result is warfare between Mind and Body" ... such an assertion gave individuality to Mind as being on a par with Spirit. But Spirit was Soul in some aspect of manifestation or what the Numerologist would term "Soul in its Outer Expression".

But what *was* Mind, that it could have what the psychologist calls a "persona", alongside Spirit? If it had such persona—which is the private opinion a man has of himself, his idea of what he wants to be, and how he wants other people to take him—it must have divine paternity along with Soul-Spirit and some sort of Siamese-Twin combination must distinguish every Soul-Spirit that had a Mind. I tried to think of Mind as a sort of organic "brain" of Soul-Spirit, or the termini of the Pattern-Body nerve ganglia, as a switchboard is the termini of all telephone wires coming into a central station and making delivery of messages possible. But how could a switchboard run away with the messages coming into it and operate of itself? I tried to rationalize Mrs. Eddy's definitions of both Divine Mind and Mortal mind, but these made mortal mind appear as a creation apart from the God Parent. That was unthinkable. Soul-Spirit, as the mentor had expounded it—or the divine unit of Consciousness identifying itself by

manifestation—made picturable sense, but Mind suddenly appearing out of nowhere as a usurper or alter-ego of Soul-Spirit, threw logical thinking into turmoil. If it were a mere attribute of human personality, how could an attribute, or qualification of performance, assume the role of the principal? This would merely be giving a name to an eccentric behavior. The Mentor had stated that there “is now within each human soul a distinct particle of Universal Spirit, which has a body for earthly expression and which is able to be aware of its kinship with Divine Essence; there must be an instrument for this awareness and this instrument is Mind.” Thus was I invited to consider Mind, not as an alter-ego or Siamese Twin of Soul-spirit, but as a tool. The dictionary defined “instrument” as that by means of which something is performed or effected. What did that contribute? It merely made Mind and instrument synonymous. It was like looking up a definition of the word Cat and finding it meant feline, and looking up Feline and discovering it meant Cat.

I could, of course, consider Mind a word-convenience to describe a peculiar or distinctive behavior of Spirit—as I propose to call Soul hereinafter seeing that by use of such term I refer always to Soul in demonstration—but how again could a word-convenience “usurp the throne of its Master” when its master was a persona?

I came to the conclusion that one of two things must be a fact: Either the Mentor attempting to instruct me lacked clarity in his own distinctions, or, I was being asked to think in values that my human thought-processes were not capable of analyzing.

I refused to concede this last, not because I viewed myself as any paragon of intellect but because if what made sense on this plane made sense on any plane, then thought-processes must have similarity up all planes—as *processes*. This left me in the uncomfortable position of implying that my Higher Teacher did not know what he was talking about. Perhaps he did, but had lacked time to make it wholly clear to me, or perhaps he did and was employing this incompleteness of reason to make me spark up my own mentality and do some exploring in the verities for myself. Teachers and pupils in the human scene certainly had been utilizing the term Mind for thousands of years and it stood for something specific in ideology. Who was I to declare it a mere abstraction of convenience to portray Spirit in certain unique perversities?

Jung had give the label of Persona to the private conception a man has of himself, his idea of what he wants to be, and how he wants other people to take him. It provides therefore the standard for what he may do, what he ought to do, and what is imperative upon him. Thus everyone has a Persona as a mere abstraction of convenience. Self-conduct and self-explanation must be impossible without it. But man as man is still the creature he was before he thus labeled certain of his conceptions. Spirit as spirit was the thing that issued out of the intellectual parentage of the Divinely Emanated Consciousness, and consciousness—or ability to know itself and features of whatever environment it had—was its very essence. It seemed that through thick and thin I should adhere to that, and not forget it. I seemed to be on sound logical terrain when I did not lose sight of it I finally concluded I could simplify the whole enigma by stopping such

conventional subservience to a label and considering what remained if I tore the label to bits and cast it over my shoulder.

Spirit as Soul was, first of all, conscious of itself; that was the divinity of it, that it could be such, and the faculty partook of essences not of the material universe. Soul as Spirit could be aware of various demonstrations exterior to itself and relive the distinctions of them over and over at any time it wished to “remember” them; in fact such *was* Memory. Memory of itself—the performing of it, that is—was quite as mystical as self-awareness, I came to realize. It was, in a manner of speaking, “reverting in time”, or, conversely, recreating with reasonable exactitude the events of the Past and causing them forever to stay of moment in the present. Thus by the faculty of Memory, all past events remained in existence. And from this I soon perceived that “thinking” was really naught but drawing conscious conclusions as to values as I contrasted one such re-creation with another such re-creation. The moral code I thus enacted, or activated, in its totality was *Wisdom*.

By the role of my remembering in result of observable happenings, I called it that I had acquired Experiences. And my purpose in thus continuing to observe and acquire—of the widest variety—was to broaden or enrich my moral code ... in other words, attain the maximum of Wisdom. All this made sense. In other words, the results were appropriate to the performing—for that is all Sense is.

Now always it was Soul Consciousness, at the Spirit business of attaining the maximum of Wisdom, that did all these things and “remembered” all the effects. There really were no instruments, attributes, or fancy conceptions identified only by language labels, existing as Spirit existed. All was first, last, and all the time Spirit. It saw, it identified, it remembered, it compared the picture-images of Memory and got thinking, it expanded and increased its moral knowledge-code and got Wisdom. If it went through experience episodes that make it draw unfortunate conclusions, it still was Spirit that harbored its resentments or “sealed up the gates” against new ideals or holy inspirations. Intellect truly, was the facility of Spirit in performing such functions—I might almost say the sensitivity of Spirit to both receptivities and expressions. It was merely a word that described an adroitness. The intellectual man was merely one who saw, identified, remembered, “thought” by his comparisons of picture-images, and acquired Wisdom with facility and readiness thus to increase his spiritual stature. He was one who employed himself with positivity at such pursuits and thus acquired more and more proficiency in them by practice; whereas the stupid man was the spirit who was negative, clumsy, and slothful in respect to such exercise. Both might go through identical episodes in event, but one saw, identified, remembered, contrasted, and deduced with the celerity of willingness or acquiescence, while the other saw foggily, identified faultily, contrasted indifferently, and went to no expenditure of effort to retain such impressions and have them available for repeat use as exigency might require. He was, as we describe it, nonintellectual.

What I am getting at is this—

SOUL, the divine legacy of self-awareness, expresses itself externally to itself and we name it Spirit. Spirit proceeds through all the qualifying phases of sight, identification, recreating in memory and getting thought through contrast of effects, compiling convictions that we designate as being Wisdom, having tantrums—or better, moods—over infringements in its integrity or rebuffs by circumstance to its consummate divinity, and trying to obtain redress according to the concepts of its acumen. It is Spirit and naught else that dictates even the condition of the organic vehicle which it uses throughout the mundane sequence, and positive exercise of it we call psychomatic therapy. A thousand-and-one pressures apply upon it, from environment, from associates, from social dictates, from organic misconduct, from atmospheric conditions, even from cosmic-ray bombardments, and it reacts or fails to react, after the manner of its wisdom compiled to date. I say that the alternatives it adopts toward these, constitute the many attitudes we commonly call *Emotions*. I have yet have it shown me that may emotion is ever anything else than an attitude of the Soul-Spirit toward a pressure—seeking either balance or redress or desiring in muteness to register approval, for it may be both.

To put it in another way, I'm saying that there are just three factors and no more in the equation called Consciousness—

There is *Self-Awareness*, or the divine inheritance of being able to identify the cosmic unit that is an emanation from the vast Master-Spirit that sired intellectually the spermatozoon of the individual.

There is *Capability of Demonstrating* external to such cosmic unit and thus getting the omniverse;

There is *Wisdom* evolved from experiencing that reaches such a quantity that the child arrives at the stature of the parent and fulfills his functions, with foreknowledge of such destiny a quality of its essence—just as performing in the human manner is a quality of the essence of the state we call mortality.

Self-identification;

Self-demonstration;

Self-enhancement;

these are the three protocols of Soul-Spirit, and there is nothing else. If we say there is anything else, it is a mere qualification or classification of the potencies in one of these three.

Mind is Spirit performing intellectually, instead of performing through forms of materials or forms of reaction to pressures.

I am compelled to hold that we are doing ourselves a disservice by complicating our notions of Spirit by applying a hundred and one language-labels to attributes and manner of Spirit-in-Demonstration.

Mind only exists as an intellectual concoction to describe a Spirit declension. Having no identity of its own, it only confuses our understanding forever to turn it up

for the tripping of our philosophical footsteps.

We say Mind when we truly mean Intellect in some aspects of performance. And always behind Intellect is the one and only integrity of Soul-Spirit, or Soul in expression.

Incidentally, we shall find that Intellect when operated constructively is the only true creative force that Man possesses. When I say “operated constructively” I mean operated in extraneous projection. When I speak of “manufacturing thought-forms”—such as the milk-bottle on the table located and outlined by Cameron’s aurameter—I am describing such extraneous projection specifically.

Everything created, or coming to substantial fruition in this three-dimensional world, arrives in such substance by first having the thought-form originated in someone’s intellect, whether the intellect of human, angel, or Ascended Master. To use the intellect in conjunction with the cosmic faculties to bring the thought-form milk-bottle into such concentration of atomic factors that the bottle becomes visible and of sufficient materiality to hold whatever quantity of milk may be poured into it, is only incidental. Such *is* creation as Man in his current phase of consciousness performance recognizes it. Plenty of people are proficient in the creation of such thought-form patterns but woefully deficient in the sustained concentration making for the materiality. But the process *as* process should be understandable to anyone. The statement that “Thoughts are Things” therefore has a sound basis in parapsysics. They are things in that they are patterns for the materiality that may result when the concentration is developed to the point of building up the atomic action to the status that “reality” results.

What we are being called to grasp at this juncture is the mechanics that are responsible for anything “created”—from thought-form milk-bottle to the Constellation of Orion. Actually they are simple ... because all truly fundamental things are simple.

Simplicity is the strongest breastplate we could don for waging our holy struggle against ignorance ...

I’m going still further with it.

THE MEANING OF ILL-HEALTH

V

DON'T you see that what we are truly doing is analyzing Life itself?

We are analyzing Life itself in terms of its component factors in order to render it easier of understanding. To understand it is to grasp its elemental purpose and serve it to the maximum of our effort. Serving it to the maximum of our effort means benefiting from it in every increment it contains for us. We cannot do any of these if we clutter and impede our intellects by giving a lot of fancy and confusing names to eccentricities of Spirit and then treating with the eccentricities as though they were alter-egos of Spirit in their own rights.

I am not so sure that this isn't what we've done with the eccentricity of Spirit Performance popularly named Mind. The Mentor Said, "There is now in each human Soul a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit, which has a body for earthly expression and which is able to be aware of its kinship with Divine Essence. There must be an instrument for this awareness and this instrument is the Mind."

It is a prerogative of Character to challenge that which is offered as Enlightenment in any branch of knowledge, and determine both by evidence and logic whether the Teacher be instructing in plausible values. If honestly done, it is by no means perversity and much less precocity. I possess the same intrinsic intellect that the Mentor possesses, and instruction consists of receiving his values in terms of his concepts. To do this blindly is to beggar mine own thought-processes. What if he should have made a statement purely for the effect of testing my attainments of cognition or reason? It has been known to happen, and no trickery involved, either.

The Mentor starts off by declaring that there is now *in* each Soul a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit, and ten thousand metaphysical pundits have accepted such arrangements as the whole premise for Cosmology. I am trying to be neither different nor difficult merely for the caprice of it when in my own case I weigh this premise.

The picture presented here has it that Soul is a shell or coating of some sort in

which a separate and distinct particle of Universal Spirit enhouses. I have to repudiate such a presentation to a degree because that would make Soul as composed of some sort of insensate material into which a microscopic fragment of Universal Spirit enters. And by the very nature and origin of Soul, it cannot be so conceived.

Soul *is* Universal Spirit—and nothing else.

This premise for Soul is logical and comprehensible, seeing that it derived from the diffusion of the Spirit Essence as represented by the parent in the phenomenon of his attainment to so diffuse or project embryonic multiplicities of itself, the whole having gone on for untold ages before even the Parent Spirit issued out of similar genitive processes, the principle behind such Consciousness Attainment being divinity as we accept it.

If we do not credit such hypothesis, then the entire structure of Cosmology collapses and there truly is no pattern or purpose to the Omniverse. The fact that there is pattern and purpose to the Omniverse, authenticates the hypothesis. But this is a digression.

Soul *is* Universal Spirit, in that it is a spiritually biologic product of the process and like parent, like child. True, it may be only a microscopic fragment of it, or in it, as I have said, but the comparison is only one of degree of perception, memory, contrast, and function. Give the fragment time and it will enlarge to the parental stature. Growth and time are usually synonymous, Time being but the dimension in which Experience enacts and delivers to the conscious Spirit Fragment.

But we have more challenges to the Mentor's attestments ...

THIS CONTROVERSIAL Soul with a separate and distinct particle of the Universal Spirit *within* it, has a body for earthly expression and likewise is able to be aware of its divine kinship. Would it not be more consistent with the facts to put it that the divine spermatozoon, diffused by the spiritually genitive processes of the parental intellect, finds maximum opportunity for functioning external to itself by acquiring an earthly body—purely for performance in the Omniverse of material forms—and while so functioning is able to grasp the individuality of its parent apart from its own individuality? Understand me, I do not call up an anthropomorphic aspect of the genitive Divinity. I am considering two integrities of Divine Intellect, one microscopic, one macroscopic, each able to know itself in its separate right. By the Fragment Spermatazoon acquiring an organic vehicle, something is thereby created that in the Omniversal Scene at least, permits individuality to be identified, ... individuality of the Fragment Spermatazoon especially. This specification of the individualities concerned, the Fragmentary individuality in particular, is going on every second of every moment, of every hour, of every day and night, and week, and month, and year and century. It is the very heart of the activity of Soul demonstrating as Spirit.

So do we arrive at our master challenge of three challenges when our Mentor concludes, "There must be an instrument for this Awareness and this instrument is the

Mind.”

Is that declaration not somewhat debatable, viewed in the light of the Cosmological program and its factors we have considered to the moment?

Why, particularly, must there be an *instrument* for such awareness?

Why should not the essential consciousness of the Spirit Fragment function as its own instrument? ... considering that it happens of its own integrity and individuality to be *all* instrument and nothing else?

You say perhaps, why split hairs in this fashion? What does it get us? I say that I am not splitting hairs. I am sweeping away clutter made of too much academic verbosity and getting down to the bedrock of realities. Fragmentary Consciousness delights in creating hypothetical postulations and either falling down and worshipping them as though they too had individualities of an overlordship nature, or it uses them as veils and mystical lightings to obscure cosmic facts upon the assumption that the realities would not be “interesting”...

I am inclined toward espousing the paradox that there should be little or no mystery in Mysticism. Most of the mystery in Mysticism has been provided to entertain the cash customers and give them a show for their money.

The annoyance and even at times the downright mischief of it comes in the fact that too often the curtains and curious lightings are mistaken for the realities themselves. May I be so bold as to say that I think Mary Eddy recognizes the truth of this misrepresentation now, having been progenitor of the one outstanding sect in the earth scene that made a successful fetish of the Hypothesis of Mind.

Mary offered her communicants the doctrine that there were two Minds—mortal and Divine. One proved itself the superior to the other, the mortal over the Divine, in that the mortal could obstruct or thwart the Divine throughout the Divine’s expressions in the body. Make no mistake about it, whatever can obstruct, thwart, or otherwise influence, is superior to the force, body or personality of that which is affected. The latter may permit itself to be thus managed, or endure it under sufferance, but insofar as the specific circumstance is concerned the force that does the moving is the force that does the dictating. And by the very premise of Christian Science, mortal mind audaciously dictates to Divine Mind. This is attested by the result when mortal mind is alleged to abdicate and let Divine Mind take over. In Science, the result is healing of organism and mentality. But is it?

It is beginning to stack up to me that there *is* neither mortal mind nor Divine Mind as conflicting principals. From first to last there is only Spirit in self-demonstration, acting peculiarly according to its mood or status. If this strikes at the very heart of Science, I’m sorry, but again it is the fault of the nomenclatures employed more than the principals themselves.

LET’S consider for the moment that there is first, last, and all the time *only the hyperdimensional phenomenon of Consciousness*, able to know Itself. It activates in

some respect and thereby acquires identity as Spirit. Spirit propagates itself in the ultimate by either Diffusion or Emanation. That is to say, it arrives up some far day at a degree of Self-Awareness where its demonstrations as Spirit cause microscopic entities of Itself to issue out of the strictly spiritual testis, we might describe it, as Its final expression of objective demonstration. By such means does the Divine. Aflatus increase the population of the Omniverse. But every spermatozoon contains within itself all of its parent's potencies for repetition of the process in its own right. By such declension there are no Souls wandering about the Omniverse composed of substances that are not of Universal Essence. There are no "spirit particles" taking up residence in such vehicles, and no "instruments" by which one gets an effect in another.

There is simply Master Spirit and Emanated Progeny. We have simplified things that much.

Diffused Progeny has the divine gift of Individuality, which happens to be but the effects upon its specific integrity of formal experiences, and the election to acknowledge to effects and conduct itself in the light of them after each one is lived, or to reject them. Diffused Progeny fragment in each case is doing that. Ecclesiasticism labels such choice *Free Will*.

But we know that it performs. And it would have to perform, in that it has the potency to demonstrate whatever the Parental Spirit can demonstrate because it is of essence of such Master Parental Spirit. Did not Jesus Himself confirm it all when He made the statement in one place "It hath been said in your Law that ye are gods"? What else could He have been talking about?

Still keeping it simple, individualized Progeny Fragments come along to situations—in and out of organic expression—where they can conform or not conform to divine flats regulating and sustaining the Omniverse and all Progeny Life within it. What I am now commencing to wonder is, *does Divine Parental Mind have the slightest thing to do with it?* ... I mean with what happens to Diffused Progeny Spirit after the Parent has performed the Self-Diffusing Act of conceiving them and dictating the environment under which later experiences shall accrue to each?

Might it not be the more logical fact that what Mary Eddy describes as the healing or ennobling influence of Divine Mind, is naught but Progeny Spirit behaving itself and doing as it is supposed to do under the conditions that Parental Mind has provided—using "Minds" here as self-elective intellects?

My sole criticism directed at Christian Science concerns the limitations imposed on the communicant by nomenclatures—and if Mary had been aware in Boston in the 1880s of what she is aware from her present status of cognitions at the moment, somethings tells me her liturgy would have taken an altered form. If we persist in wanting to make a fetish of the Anglo-Saxon term *gemynd*, I believe Mary today would write it, "there is onlyone essence in all of us, and that is Divine Spirit performing after the qualifications of enlightenment resulting or reacting form Experience." Even God as the average intellect conceives of Him, undoubtedly is what He is, because of what He

has experienced. How could He know Himself otherwise, not to mention identifying His progeny?

WE ARE each one Fragments of Omniversal Consciousness performing after the effects of our personalize experiences. And figuring in such effects are certain reactions upon and within ourselves called by some Moods and by others Emotions. Both, however, are the consequences of pressures of some sort. Spiritually speaking, we are each and every one of us—as Divinely Diffused Progeny—a temperamental as Metropolitan Opera House sopranos every moment of every hour of every year the century around. This temperament is individualized reaction to Experience the pressures appearing as factors in such experiencings but appearing none the less.

Very good, then. The current condition of our reactions to formal experiencings is our Mood or Emotion. Anger is a mood or emotion. Jealousy is a mood or emotion. So is Hate, Greed, Susceptibility to Disease, and even Error and Ignorance—seeing that all-wisdom is eternally and assiduously exclaiming at it in distemper or screaming at it to apply next door.

The moment we get hold of one of sacrosanct Mind’s feet and pull it down from its throne, rolling it out the temple door and pushing it down the steps, we face the true factors composing any situation—Soul-Spirit forever inviting Experience and accepting or rejecting the increments resulting. Mental tranquility and organic efficiency are major of these last.

More and more in my philosophy I am coming to be convinced that *whenever and wherever we confront a person ailing in Body, we are confronting an enshoused Spirit that is indulging itself in some sort of remonstrance.*

But it is *Spirit* that is doing that thing, not “Mind” or even intellect. By the way, we shall look at Intellect analytically in a moment.

MY CONCEPT of all this has it, that your “Mortal Mind” doesn’t subject you to the visitation of disease, neither does “Divine Mind” present you with curation as a charity—no matter how excellent or appealing it appears in the pages of *Science & Health*.

You yourself as the Progeny of Spiritual Essence decide to get over your emotional tantrum because you don’t fancy how Experience has left you feeling, and the instant you get over it, you are “cured” ... I’m coming to believe it to be as simple as that. No veils, no mystical lights, no incense pots, no “classes” or “courses” at three hundred dollars the season. Just you yourself, in your Inner Consciousness, deciding to get over your pique at circumstance.

What part does the equally hallowed “Matter” play in it? Matter is only an item composing the pressures of Experience at which you are rebelling, “taking it out on your organic self” because Joe had a chance to go to the country fair and you didn’t, or Julia was remembered at Christmas by her rich Aunt Sarah with a cheque that meant a

new fur coat while all you got from your Aunt Sarah was a dun to pay back the ten dollars she loaned you in the summer to get your teeth fixed.

These resentments fester in the subconscious. The pathologist will tell you that every germ of every known disease is washing through your organism every hour of day or night. You arrest one of these in such passage and ask it to conspire and collude with you, and put you to bed with a fever, so the family will think more of you and make a fuss over you—which it doesn't when you are well. Your God Spirit knows you are merely "putting on an act," for your normal condition is Health. Finally, when the swallowing of a consignment of coal-tar products has had not the expected effect on your tantrum or emotional mood, the Christian Science practitioner is summoned. She comes in with *Science & Health*, looks, acts, and speaks tranquilly—meaning normally—talks a lot of mystical nomenclature about Divine Mind as wanting to supersede your mortal mind and generally makes you ashamed of yourself.

You decide to call it a sickness and get up.

She charges you ten dollars, which you pay for her "cure". She should have taken your last shekel and your house, lot, and car, just to impress on you how much such foolishness can cost you. The report gets about your neighborhood that you were cured by the triumph of Mind over Matter. Actually, with the mystical curtains pulled down and rolled up, and the incense lights extinguished, you were "cured" by deciding within yourself to behave as a progeny of your Heavenly Father—another nomenclature for Universal Parental Diffusing Essence—should behave so long as its time has not come for quitting the organic and having it buried somewhere in the interests of public sanitation.

Your own Spirit is all the Mind there is, all the Intellect there is, all the Instrument there is. It "thinks" because it is the only mechanism in the Omniverse that is capable of such a process—speaking now of deploying Consciousness in whatever form it takes.

Until the end of time, of course, we shall probably always have the Spirit Temperaments who are properly awed and impressed by having someone conduct them into an inner shrine where the veils are hung cryptically and the illumination burns weirdly, and if someone only *whispers*, "God is love!" under such conditions, they will be convinced they have heard something never uttered to human ears before. Calling the conviction childish, is unfair. The truer explanation is, that such souls are still inexpert at climbing the Altar Stairs of intellectual adventurings only to find mirrors waiting for themselves on top—not the mirrors of metaphysical trickeries but mirrors that give back the reflection of the climbers' characters. Because, look at the Cosmos as one may, the Divine Essence of the self is what one finds at the top of all altar stairs.

In all temples of the Spirit, man first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God; then he discovers himself.

This is not glorifying the mortal ego. It is, rather, identifying that from which the mortal ego has been derived or composed. My most esteemed and beloved colleagues, the Christian Scientists, have been discovering *themselves* for the past seven decades,

and terming it a miracle-working religion. My most compassionate criticism is, that they haven't yet discovered *enough* about themselves—or rather, all that there is to discover, as I hope to show before this book is completed.

At any rate, I claim that the first step is clearing the omniversal scene of bizarre veils, necromantic lights, intellectual incense pots, and the liturgies that compete with Roget's *Thesaurus*, and confronting the *real* cosmic Trinity; Self-Identifying Consciousness, Externalized Experience, and Expanding Wisdom. Putting it in an equation, we can call it simply C-E-W—or Consciousness, Experience, Wisdom. Ultimately we shall become convinced that there is little of consequence in the Omniverse otherwise.

Actually, when we stop to give it the notice it merits, this is a newer and finer religious concept than the world has known since Calvary. Go back in history as far as record carries, and the concept of Divinity has been one of servility, penance, contriteness and debasement. Now in the light of Aquarian knowledge, Man suddenly raises his dead, squares his shoulders, and grasps his real dignity and nobility in the great cosmic ensemble. The wits that are in his head, enabling him to encompass the machinery of the universe, attest to his divinity in his own right—making rationality, equity, and spiritual equanimity the watch-words of his creed. None of it deprecates the Christ; it lifts the Christ to a new octave of conceiving Him, commensurate with the higher moral values involved. When people who appreciate and otherwise evaluate their own godhood, come to adulate a celestial superior, they nominate their Deity of honors that have love and veneration behind them based on Intelligence exemplified in themselves. After all, it is Man's advancing and expanding character that makes any God great, witnessed by the reverse picture of the mediocrities of the gods worshiped by the primordial savage. Whom are you admired by? ... well might this be applied as criterion of the earthly personage. How much more so in the aspects of the Divine?

By no means should it offend us to study ourselves in the Omniversal Mirrors at the top of all spiritual altar stairs as we climb altar upon altar and cogitate on what we behold reflected . . .

THE MENAING OF PURPOSE

VI

The Meaning of Purpose

WHAT ACTUALLY, then, is this thing that we envision? It is not enough to abandon the ideology of mankind as being merely the agent of an invited microbic disease on the surface of a planet of totally negligible significance. Whether a few million or billion other planets suffer from a like malady may, from man's standpoint—as one astronomer has said—have an element of human interest but can have no bearing on larger questions of the origin and destiny of the universe. To have had a large share in bringing man to this plane of comprehension, out of the age-long dream of egocentric anthropomorphism, is acclaimed by the “scientific” as doubtless the most useful achievement of Astronomy. But as an achievement, what is it? The universe is still in existence and present, both as to its beginnings and perchance its endings, and irrespective of its extent. The instance of man's microbic display in the organic form by no means makes him scrofulous. That is a conclusion which too many incompleated intellects deign to reach, and fancy in their cynicisms that they have arrive at profundity. What they rather have arrived at, is a measure of their own intellectual bankruptcy. True, the ant that has happened to be caught on the running-board of a motorcar may find itself being transported across sixty miles of unfamiliar real estate without knowing the nature of such conveyance. But does that make him less an ant, capable of putting the human species to shame for structural stress, industry, and social organization if ant and man were of similar stature? Many species of tropical ants can even excel man in constructional ingenuities, beside which a mere hurtling motorcar is elemental. Judging the importance of a thing by its size or bulk is the common error of the unenlightened.

The astronomer of today is able to identify the bulk and materials in a star-sun fifty thousand light-years distant. He can weigh it and blueprint its orbit. He can speculate as to whether or not it holds life comparable to his own on this insignificant solar satellite. He erects observatory upon observatory, each with an expanding reflecting telescope,

and the more telescopes he erects and the greater the reflecting mirrors ensconced as their major equipments, the more expansive and audacious the extent of the Omniverse depicts itself to him. Thereupon he turns his eye from Betelgeuse—knowing that if it were placed in the position of our sun, its surface would extend far out to the neighborhood of the orbit of Mars, leaving the earth compressed or encompassed within the substance of this great M star itself at a depth of more than 30,000,000 miles—and contemplating the crumbs on his vest or the bunion on his microscopic foot, breathes the awesome exclamation of the oldest Hebrew prophet, “—what is man that Thou art mindful of Him or the son of man that Thou visiteth him? All he is doing is conceiving for the instant in relative sizes of bulks, not qualities of moral or intellectual attributes. What, indeed, is the merit in these bulks that they should lift the Omniverse to such awesome importance? It so happens in such case that the human ant upon the running-board of the Planet-Earth motorcar *does* know what sort of metal contraption it’s on, and how fast it’s going, and about ninety percent of the information about its metallic composition and where the motive-power derives from to give it movement. Suppose the earthly ant *did* know just as much about the fabrication and operation of a motorcar as the so-called human being behind its steering wheel, would we day that the human being behind the steering wheel was of surpassing value and importance because his bulk and tonnage were a couple of million times as much as the insect’s? This would be making Quality subservient to Quantity. It would be like saying that the mountain that covers forty square miles and rises a mile in height surpasses in importance the nuclear-fission bomb eight cubic feet square that drops from the passing warplane and pulverizes such mountain.

If we expect to measure the Omniverse by the yardstick of Quantity then Consciousness itself is defeated—*because Consciousness taken of itself has neither bulk nor weight in any form whatever*. All Consciousness has is such vehicle as it may fashion and occupy for the passing sequence to get expression external to its self-awareness as a unit. But in such fashioning and occupying is it not demonstrating its superiority from every standard that intellect can call up?

DIGRESSING a moment to get a thought across, I can sit in a séance room as I did on a recent evening, and remark to materialized unit of Consciousness that she was apparently clad in a frock such as I had never seen her garbed in before. Immediately she went behind the drapes—on my own premises, understand, where no variety of theatrical “props” could have been secreted ahead of time, and in full view of a dozen people, all of whom beheld exactly the same things that I beheld—and reappeared clad in accustomed raiment. Asked how she acquired the altered raiment so electrically, she explained that she “thought herself into it.” All materials, she declared, were but coagulations by motivating Consciousness, and “out of the substance of the Power of God” she fashioned her different garb in an instant of time and came forth arrayed in it. If, as, and when I touched this Thought Material with my fingertips—as I have done

times beyond count in my twenty-five years in psychical phenomena—it was as tangible and practicable as the fabric with which my own body of the evening chanced to be covered. And yet a few moments later, both Soul-Spirit and Thought-Provoked Fabrics had dissolved before my eyes.

Is it so preposterous to suggest that in my own studio in the sequence in question I had had a demonstration of the integration of Betelgeuse? There are nebula in the heavens. 50,000 light-years across, but so what? My intellect can conceive a unit of Consciousness—Creating Consciousness if you demand the term—so infinitesimally tiny that Silver-leaf’s séance-frock was 50,000 light-years across. The fact that creative conception of both is possible is the true kernel of our present intellectual project from first to last ...

I REFUSE, in other words, to be awed by numbers of units of whatever is creatable. My breakfast doughnut may be 50,000 light-years across to a unit of Consciousness no more sizable than one of its carbon atoms in the wheat composing its flour, and I feel no awe that I can devour it so long as my bulk as a vehicle that does the devouring is 250,000,000 light-years “across” from my front teeth to the back of my palate.

If we must have awe, why not conjecture that all the star-worlds at which the astronomers of Palomar point their 200-inch reflecting telescope may be only atoms in the chair-leg of some Divine household, whose rafters, roofs, and chimeney-pots we are too infinitesimal to comprehend?

Size to a degree does dictate significance, when attempting such contrasts in intellect, but that is merely because intellect is deficient in function-power. As intellect grows or expands in capabilities to grasp quantities, whatever has been formed of them ceased to be phenomenal.

So what I am looking at in this book are the elements of Creation in their behaviors as elements. Grasp them with reasonable proficiency and the so-called Immensity of the Omniverse translates into the “immensity” of the elemental behaviors of this sparrow-chick that has just fallen from its nest onto the lawn grass beyond the patio, and the one immensity is the immensity of the other. Thus all immensities resolve into the simple elemental functions, and tonight’s starry universe can be dismissed with a wave of the hand. This solar satellite on which, for this little Instant in Eternity, my own particular unit of self-aware consciousness is functioning is neither third-rate nor sixth-rate, nor twenty-fifth rate, excepting by a lot of superfluous comparisons. Thus is my particular earth restored to its former place as the Center of the Universe because to my personal spirit-consciousness it is the only orb which matters. It matters because it serves. I dethrone Bulk, which is only a measurement of the nature of the vehicle in respect to the proportions of other vehicles, and set up Purpose ... as the significant lord and master over self-awareness.

And when I do that, I confront a totally different Omniverse than the Palomar astronomer photographs through his gigantic gadget ...

I say *Purpose* is divine.

NOW let's look at it, in our search for golden Truth. I say that we pay altogether too little attention to its significance.

The common dictionary gives us a completely adequate definition of Purpose in nine words: "*That which is proposed as an aim in itself.*" Emphasis on the last two words.

Don't say, "That is obvious—give us something to digest mentally that has substance." It is no tone-tenth as obvious as you assume.

Nine out of ten persons would be jolted to grasp to the full what secrets of Cosmos and divinity are enwrapped in this concept. For one thing, it dismisses the astronomical Omniverse. Four hundred million star-suns are only actualizing "aims in themselves." But so too is that sparrow-chick that just escaped the cat. Never confuse Purpose with *Utility*. There is a world of difference. The sparrow-chick as a sparrow-chick is vastly different from a meal for the cat, although the cat does relish it if it can get its paws on the birdlet.

The Aim in Itself—and we shall hear a lot about this entity in the pages still to come—is divine, because it actualizes the God Concept, not so much *in* the "created" thing as a pattern or blueprint by which Consciousness secures expression outside of itself.

Consciousness, be it cosmically divine or divinely human, is that primary phenomenon that can conceive first of Itself *to* or *within* Itself, and secondly, act outside of itself that it may convey that fact of its existence unto similar conscious units. The first is the Divine Afflatus in essence—the start and genesis of all that *Is*, in that it holds all that follows in its potentials. The second is Purpose, or "Aim in itself", out of which has come Divine Light in every aspect of creation or credited manifestation in intellect or Nature.

The Purpose, or Aim in Itself, in every instance thus far discovered in intellect or Nature, is to arouse in some form the potentials in Self-Awareness to make them known to other units in Self-Awareness. So actually, for all expositions of our thesis, there are only *two* real elementals—or let me term them major elementals—in the totality of the Omniverse, ability to know the Self and ability to make the Self apparent to others. Some logicians would call these the Limited and the Unlimited, since there may not be more than one aspect of self-consciousness whereas there may be endless patterns for demonstrating the fact of such self-consciousness to others, thereby postulating an endless universe. However, by no means are we certain that there *is* only one aspect of self-consciousness; there may be multiple aspects, for all we know to the contrary, but intellect in this three-dimensional area is not capable of comprehending them because knowing only the one aspect *is* this three-dimensional area of itself. We need not waste reading-time in any squabble over the Limited as against the Unlimited. There are only two major projects in the totality of the Omniverse, ability to know the Self and ability

to make the Self apparent to others. Don't forget that in the whole of it we're striving for understanding of the Design for Immortality ...

Thus I claim that we arrive almost at the heart of this matter of Immortality by observing that the instruments and properties cannot be more or less permanent for the second while the first exercises for fifty to seventy years of physical experience and then ceases to have existence. We are coming back to this stupendous thought later on, in larger guise. But nevertheless it is something to mention exactly at this point by way of introduction.

True, you can have the canvas scenery and furniture of a theatrical play continuing in existence long after the play has closed and the actors gotten employment in other plays, or dropped dead of malnutrition. But here in the omniversal sense there is no new creation of scenery and properties for each individual actor, or even each manifestation of exhibiting intellect to recipient intellects. The same properties are utilized on and on and on, century after century, dispensation after dispensation, æon after æon. If they be dependent on living and functioning Consciousness for their continuation, how may we argue that innate continuation maintains but the functioning consciousness ceases to exist? To shift the responsibility suddenly and say that "Certainly God exists century after century, dispensation after dispensation, æon after æon," brings the rebuttal that if we wish to accredit the factual Omniverse to a self-perpetuating Divine Consciousness we must be consistent enough to concede that it can then only be God who derives lasting increment from the omniversal properties and sceneries of stars and suns and satellites. Did Divinity as First Cause conceive of these as perpetual instruments to remind Itself that it *was* First Cause? That would mean limiting God by declaring that His memory could run out in respect to Himself and His celestial capabilities. And if the Creation be limitless, then its Creator must be limitless ... in that it depends upon that Creator not alone for original projection but for continuing and constant integration and performance.

We should never allow ourselves to become sidetracked into concepts of the anthropomorphic or quasi-physical God, however. We deal with a phenomenon—in the item of Self-Aware Consciousness—that might indicate its existence by means of any one of ten trillion vehicles or blue-printed forms for making its existence known to others who follow the Growth-of-Consciousness route out of the afore-said Diffusive process. And we prove the reality of it by the exhibit of Ourselves, each and severally.

Incidentally, this is the one surpassing answer to the inhibited materialist who becomes awed by the immensity of the celestial ensemble in the items of bulks and quantities, crying out in despair at his own limitations for grasping, "All of it is sheer intellectual conjecturing! ... we want to rationalize what we are, or what we behold, and so we 'think up' this whole metaphysical hypothesis of Man being some microbic demonstration of the Divine." The truth of the matter is, that we don't 'think it up'—it IS, precisely as the Omniverse *is*, precisely as the sparrow-chick *is*—that just fell in the grass beyond the west patio. We have in the exhibit Man—otherwise in our reasoning,

considering Selves—the Omniverse in capsule. While still in mortal flesh we project an “imaginary” thought-form upon a bare tabletop—say a bottle of milk—and an aurameter operator walks in with his instrument and not only finds it for us but demonstrates its shape for us; or as thinking consciousness in Light-Pattern bodies of discarnation we “think ourselves into a peculiar costume”, as Silverleaf did into her beaded jacket. In the first case we have created something literal by our Thought Projection that we may not be able to detect with physical senses but the aurameter can and does; in the second case we have demonstration that Thinking Spirit outside three dimensions can and does fabricate whatsoever fabric or costume its caprice may dictate at the moment. *By doing either, in either spiritual condition, we have demonstrated the Omniverse insofar as process is concerned.* And being able so to demonstrate, takes the Omniverse out of the realm of the conjectural or the rational hypothesizing. So the inhibited materialist has the ground cut from under his argument that all of our performing is metaphysical conjecturing. If we can do on a minute scale what Omnipotent Consciousness does on an omniversal scale, does not one prove the other, the smaller prove the greater, the two give evidence of coming from similar processing?

The metaphysician stands upon sounder ground than the materialist, because he can *prove* his acclaimed theorizing by capsule demonstration whereas the materialist can prove nothing, not even the fact of his own limitation. You can’t call a deficiency a *thing*, on any octave of reasoning ...

WE HAVE, I repeat, the two major elementals of Self-Awareness and Purpose, both concededly divisible into infinite gradation but none the less fundamental for all that. They are companions in omniversal circumstances but by no means corollaries—since a Self-Aware unit may own to the appreciation of its own existence without any other thinking or observing unit in consciousness suspecting its existence, but the opposite not hold. Self-Awareness is such microbic entity or phenomenon as is capable of self-knowing; Purpose is that which it evolves external to itself to achieve a result on other microbic phenomena likewise capable of self-knowing. Further, whatever is thus conceivable to either has to be presented in some aspect of Form. Form is the universal and omnipresent instrument by which intellect conceives anything external to itself. Indeed, we might almost sate that Form is that property in universal essence which is capable of conveying intelligence from unit to unit. But Form, partaking of such function, is meaningless without *Purpose*. And this is what makes Purpose of such supreme importance.

We could seem to be moving upon safe ground when we draw the conclusion that inasmuch as every phenomenon in the Omniverse that we grasp in terms of Form has come by such Form to serve a Purpose, so there must have been Purpose originally behind all phenomena we discern.

Proceeding along this line of reasoning, what we confront is somewhat startling.

All omniversal Experience—the synonym for universal Education—is now, and has

always been, a correct translating or interpreting of the Form as the process of determining the Purpose.

Know the Purpose infallibly for which all that has Form was originally conceived, and you must automatically know All Wisdom.

Ignorance and Error, therefore, are but names for the inability or incapacity of the Capsule Self-Awareness to correctly identify the specific Purpose that has brought each and every Form into being and given promise of maintaining it unto eternal time.

Most human intellectual controversies center around such inability or incapacity on the parts of the contributing intellects to agree upon such translations or interpretations. As men approach closer and closer to concurrence in such translations and interpretations, we say they evolve a Science. But that makes Science—any science—merely the identification of the current limitations of men's perspicacities. Take away all limitations on all perspicacities and you abolish Science. And in place of Science you have *Truth. Truth really is the celestial sum-total of all correct analysis of omniversal Form translated into images of Purpose!*

Know all Purpose and you know all god! ... this is assuming God to be the sum-total of all Knowledge, by no means the anthropomorphic Deity with patriarchal beard and temper.

Thus Truth is not a condition so much as an attainment. suppose we get back to our Intellectual Geometry ...

I SEE no reason as yet for saying that any Form can come into appreciable existence unless it serve its Purpose—correctly defined as an Aim in Itself, because, don't you see, Form and Purpose are synonymous? The Form is the Purpose conveyed in some sort of substantial or hypothetical pattern.

I know this sounds as though I were saying that a man is a two-legged creature and therefore a two-legged creature is a man. Yet any schoolchild can tell you that all sorts of two-legged creatures exist which are not men. How about a stork, a kangaroo, an ape? You can have Purpose without Form but you cannot have Form without Purpose, because Form is Purpose carried into the tangible or descriptive.

We are on safe ground in accepting that nothing is perceptible in our formal universe therefore, unless Purpose was involved in bringing it into such formality. And when we have established that premise, we have the groundwork laid for examination of the entire Omniverse in more or less understandable terms. Millions of us may resentfully retort that we fail to discern the slightest Purpose behind Divinity's creation of mosquitoes, lice, cockroaches, serpents, stingarees and octopuses—or any other creatures inimical to comfort or longevity of the human species. We are thereby interpreting Divine Purpose in terms of human well-being and preservation. The rattlesnake may be putting the same interrogation to the Creator in respect to why He made man. Celestial Purpose in each instance may have had not the slightest connection or association. On the other hand, having mosquitoes, lice, cockroaches, rattlesnakes,

stingarees and octopuses in the mortal scheme of things may easily contribute to the evolving vigilance of human consciousness in ways and patterns that we little suspect.

Every Form has Purpose, and to the exact degree that we perceive the purpose behind the form we declare that there is “intelligence” behind the universe. Substance in Matter may not have sentient consciousness *of* and *in* itself, not at least to the human degree, but always there is sentient consciousness to greater or lesser degree motivating, utilizing, or patterning Matter so that its Form has significance. Make such distinctions and the universe starts to simplify. Simplification means, of course, understandability. Not so much that the simplification fits the more rudimentary or undeveloped mental processes, but that correct terms come gradually to be applied to the true Purposes behind the Forms and in their identification—or rather, *by* their identification—we more readily and efficiently rise to greater understanding of the Omniverse.

Especially shall we see how this is correct when we come to understand better the baffling quandary of physical Health. The term “gods” as we conceive them is merely the label we supply for conveyance of the idea-imagery of sentient beings who have the more comprehensively mastered the causes and reasons behind Forms and divined the Purposes resulting in the Forms. When we say therefore, that men are “gods in embryo” we don’t mean divine creatures in gestation so much as individual capsules of the Divinely Diffused Parental Intelligence discovering that they too, in whatever habitat each one is operating, possess in greater or lesser amounts the capabilities to duplicate Forms in execution or demonstration of Purposes.

Do you not see that if we take Life as an Aim in Itself, it is more than a rationalizing of the natural or geologic or biologic universe, that we achieve? We ask the gods on up ahead to get ready for us, because presently we hope to be among them ... *though again I say, they ever recedes as we advance!*

THE MEANING OF ETERNITY

VII

The Meaning of Eternity

WHAT I want to make you grasp as I can, is the programmatic sweep of life, from holy spermatozoon to god. It makes no difference what god, or god of what. All gods must ever be relative, one considered against the other, depending upon their attainments in intelligence. Humanity, so-called, is not a race or species. Humanity is a given octave in Consciousness. There are grades under it, there are grades above it. The grades below it have merely been limited of experiences. Conversely, the greater the experiences, the higher the godhood. Does this appear to produce a pantheon of gods? There is already a pantheon of humanity, and as we know from mundane observation that experiences effect expanded intelligence, what can we be having as of the moment but the greater pantheon in a stage of its evolution?

That somewhere far up toward the Unknowable Apex there is a God of gods ought to be apparent from the fact that all evolution is the multiplication of the few into the many. Reverse it, back on the time-track, and you have the many deriving from the few. The few in turn must resolve into the one Consciousness-capsule finding a way to duplicate and triplicate Itself. At no time, while contemplating what the record of the past must have been, can we say that the process of growth can have reversed itself or proceeded in any opposite direction from the present, for in such event growth would cease being growth and become introversion. Growth, expansion, multiplication, evolution, all prove the single First Cause by the sheer circumstance of being growth, expansion, multiplication, evolution.

Divinity then, is in the pattern of the spiral, ramifying to effect ever increasing demonstration of itself. In the ever-widening circuit of itself we locate the knowable universe—or considering *all* that is, the Omniverse. It is the Essence of Knowability that thus declares Itself, and the Essence of Knowability is God in totality. Thus the Knowable Omniverse in totality is the evolution of that one-time Original Capsule of Consciousness. It is God enough for most of us. Only the *Original* Capsule of Consciousness doesn't lead the procession of all evolved spirits now; He encompasses it. And the expression of Himself is Form, each and every aspect of it having distinctive Purpose or aim in itself.

Which, odd to state, brings us to consideration of Eternity.

NOW TAKE note that the dictionary defines Eternity as endless or *immeasurable time*. But time exists only in the Consciousness capable of marking it. Time is therefore a component of Consciousness. The Higher Critic might inquire, assuming that a globe

and a continent existed on which grew a single tree but without a conscious organism alive to mark it, if Time could not be said to exist if from natural causes the tree toppled over? Would not Time be created and performing from the instant the tree began its description of the arc at its highest point to the instant at which it came to lie horizontally upon the planet's surface? The answer would seem to repose in the fact that neither globe nor continent nor tree could first exist without an aspect of Consciousness to produce Form, Purpose, and Materials. For that would postulate Divine Consciousness to get a rendition of Time. The perceiving Consciousness would not require to be human consciousness nor even animal or reptile consciousness. Wherever there is Form there is Purpose, and wherever there is Purpose there is deciding self-awareness. Deciding self-awareness is Consciousness in an aspect of determining itself. So Time in the instance of the toppling tree merely becomes a demarcation of primordial Consciousness. Without that originating Consciousness there could be no tree to topple, no continent of the tree to grow upon, no globe for the continent to rest upon or be a part of. Still, that does not satisfy us as to whether or not Time can exist in the abstract.

The answer should be clear that there is no such thing as Time in pure abstraction, because Time to *be* Time must employ form for translation of itself as the item that it is. When you get treating with the originating Self-Awareness you always and forever discover Time as naught but measurement of Form in some aspect of animation, ... of course to prove Self.

Men speak of the “endlessness” of eternal Time. But they can't have Time passing in one direction only—from the Now into the immeasurable future. There must have been an equal endlessness preceding the Now. As the small boy complained to his mother, “If I'm going to heaven and live forever with God, I must have lived forever before I began to live with myself.” Otherwise, the idea of Time would be similar to a stick with only one end to it. Could a stick be a stick and possess only a single end? Aren't two ends required to give such stick reality? Or rather, aren't the two ends required to make the stick knowable for what it is? To my way of thinking, because Consciousness must have some way of measuring or conceiving of its endlessness in both directions from the Now, we have the phenomenon of the strictly mortal span—when the vehicle has Beginning and an End. Consciousness itself has had no beginning and can have no end—not as sheer Self-Awareness. But Consciousness could have a beginning of function to demonstrate itself objectively, just as it can have an ending of function demonstrating itself objectively. True, the Omniverse of demonstrable Form will cease to exist in such twinkling of time, leaving Self-Awareness in total knowledge of all which lies within itself. It is even passably creditable that some such terminus of objective animation is “that far-off divine event toward which all creation moves.” Still, that, is not our subject for discussion at the moment. Consciousness must have some way of conceiving of the endlessness of existence, resident in its own essence. So it developed the phenomenon of entering into

and out of a vehicle of expression known as organism, which performed for a sequence in Form, and then vacated. The organic vehicle thereat disintegrated. The constant and continual coming and going of immortal Consciousness in organic form, and the constant and continual dissolution of the organic form when a reasonable longevity of function had maintained, introduced the ideology of Death into endlessness in terms that endlessness could conceive in application to itself.

The notion of a given span of animation for the organic vehicle and its dissolution at the finish of the span, would seem to have been merely an intellectual ruse of Consciousness for arriving at the concept of its own eternity. Otherwise Endlessness would not be interpretable to itself. It was the concepts in operation that gave the result of self-identification in each instance—that is, by opposition or contrasts.

Seemingly organic Death was necessary to Consciousness to depict its own deathlessness. And this is nowise paradox. The physical occupancy and demise conveyed other idea-images to Deathless Consciousness than this concept of its own deathlessness, of course. But when we come to grasp Death of the Vehicle as a ruse to prove its opposite, we grasp a Purpose, or aim in itself, of this physical termination that at the present stage of capsule self-awareness appears to be such tragedy. It has to appear thus tragic, it seems, in order to make the desired impression on the deathless intellect, and obtain the picture images for Endlessness to think in, concerning Everlastingness.

But wait a moment! Let's go back and do some thinking about the endlessness that preceded the *Now* ...

IN THE first place, how much attention have you ever given to the phenomenon of *Now*? Ten to one you've never thought about it, just accepted it as self-evident proposition. *Now* was the present instant of self-aware consciousness in which things happened that impressed permanent record by the feat of memory upon your intellect. The fact that they happened in perceptible circumstances made you absolutely certain that they were occurring in contiguity with your instant's observation. Probably it never dawned upon you that maybe they didn't at all, that it was all an illusion of our sense perceptions.

Meaning this: It has been told by marijuana smokers that the drug registers a peculiar effect upon the mind. Some marijuana addicts hear the reports of a pistol-shot, for instance, and it is not a quick sharp detonation of sound—it is long-drawn-out roar of noise that dies away in diminuendo of echoes. A clarinet player starts to sound the note of music that contributes his part to the piece the orchestra is playing—just one note, understand. The effect of it on the marijuana smoker's consciousness is similar to the blast of the 10:30 curfew to the normal person's perceptions, a long tuneful drone of sound that may even rise or fall in volume or seem to do so and that may even give the musician opportunity to alter his pitch. The nonmarijuana user hears only a mechanical toot coming from the bell of an instrument, quickly drowned out by other noises. Do the

senses of the drug user actually *add* to Time? Suppose the delayed registration of sound in the consciousness common to the addict were common to all persons—*what of Time itself?* If all persons were afflicted with the addict’s delayed recognition, or accelerated recognition, of the time required to play a note in a jazz orchestra, would events be happening when he assumed they were or would they be delayed or advanced? Actually the marijuana user’s senses must be *ahead* of the vibration producing the “music”...

What is Time, anyhow, that it can thus be trifled with, in practical effect?

Our clocks register Time by dividing the span of occurrence of event by the sequence required for our satellite to complete its orbit around the sun—months and weeks and hours and minutes and seconds. The average human being “thinks” in seconds. But are we sure we know what Time truly is, when we encounter entirely sane and sensible persons whose consciousness has been able to plunge ahead into scenes of events not yet occurred and describe the *denouement*, or go backward and behold what happened yesterday or the day before as though happening in the present instant? Don’t argue that such suggestions are fantastic... I have done the thing myself. On a certain memorable occasion at 7:30p.m. in New York City of an August evening I “went backward in Time” to 2:30 that same afternoon and projected myself into sequence that had been played out by others at a distant spot *where I was recognized as one of the participants in the happening*; a moment or so later in New York I slipped mentally ahead two weeks and played another scene with principals that they did no themselves enact in reality until a fortnight had passed. And the point of proof was, that in each case my report of activity as to my own behavior was one hundred percent attested by second and third parties—and yet I described my acts in Time both ways within the one summer afterglow between seven and eight o’clock by solar chronology.

My philosophical challenge is, if all the Time acknowledged in the universe had been gauged by my own sense reactions in both instances, and there were no other critical brain to either conform or deny it, would not Time have been considered as a mere mental postulation and not a subdivision of the earth’s movement about Old Sol at all? Suppose the clairvoyant “moves up ahead” into the Time Drama she is witnessing and describing under trance? Does not Time become only a corollary of her consciousness? And is it not quite as positive and reliable to her as to any four or five people who are not entranced? Very good then, suppose for expositon’s sake we eliminate the “four or five”. Suppose we say there are no other persons alive on the globe but the clairvoyant. What becomes of Time as an abstract proposition? Isn’t it anything that the observing consciousness recognizes it to be? And if there were only *two* people on earth, and they failed to register time-passing the same mentally, then would there not be two varieties of Time and who could say which was accurate?

The material logician would say all of it have nothing to do with the fixed passage of the earth around the sun or the globe’s revolution on its axis. Divide the solar day into twenty-four periods called hours, and divide each hour into sixty periods called minutes, and divide sixty minutes into sixty periods called seconds, and let that smallest

unit stand for the time measure, with various individuals, healthy or drug addicts, “appreciating” it as they chose. That, they cry triumphantly, would make Time positive. But would it? The earth-planet, the astrophysicists tell us, has been slowing down over the ages at the rate of a second or so every thousand years due to the so-called ether-drift or drag. Every five thousand years Time would be five seconds “off” in the length of the minute. Time considered over one hundred-thousand-year period could never be quite the same as it became over a second hundred-thousand-year period. So even Time considered mechanically cannot be pegged.

As for mental gauges of the passing of time subconsciously, on which the purists set such store, all of us have experienced sessions in a depot, waiting for a train. The station-agent announces the train is an hour late. Fifty people resign themselves to the period of lassitude. But is it lassitude to the youth who has come there to bid adieu to a sweetheart who is forced to make a journey with prospects of her not returning for a year? Will he remember more than a half a dozen seconds of the last 3600 seconds that he is privileged to spend in her company? Over in a corner of the waiting room is a man trying to get out of town on the forthcoming train before he is apprehended by an irate father for seducing his daughter. Was ever hour so long as the miscreant encounters before the locomotive whistle is ultimately heard up around the bend?

Time, actually, is the period we allot mentally for processes to perform in, according to our *normal* experience with their behaving eccentricities. If we have no normal experience with such eccentricities, we cannot tell whether a given event has required two seconds or five hours. Instead of being a spatial dimension, it is sense to regard it as a corollary of Consciousness and be honest about it. A slab of shale in a quarry cannot say whether the lake that deposited sediment composing it did so two years ago or two thousand years ago. Radioactive emanation may designate how long certain more valuable metals have been in decomposition to leave lead as residue, and doubtless such emanation is the nearest true chronometer that can be found in Nature. But we have no proofs that galena decomposition has been proceeding throughout all ages or cosmic ray bombardments alike.

The *Now*, therefore, is equally a variable designation. Some people are so time-conscious in their eternal intellects that if you place them under hypnotic influence and tell them to walk up to the nearest man in two thousand and fifty-eight seconds and pull his nose, they will do so without the slightest glance at a time piece. Some people are utterly lacking in time-sense— like the man wholly without perspicacity as to the period necessary to complete his income tax or the woman who feels highly incensed if accused of consuming forty minutes in perfecting her makeup when she knew she was due at the theatre with the curtain rising in twenty.

What is *Now*?

Isn't it the electric thinking instant, the point to most intellects when sense stimuli scores on spirit's perceptivities?

And yet, here is the oddest of all features—

Consider it academically as you will, *Now always endures!*

THAT IS what makes it of such pertinent significance in any esoteric consideration of Eternity, either before physical birth or after physical death... the conscious instant known as *Now*, never terminates. Do not slur it over... It has importance.

Now never terminates. You arise at any clock-designation you please in the morning and at the instant of coming awake, it is *Now*. From moment to moment it continues to be *Now*, while shaving, dressing, eating breakfast, being transported to the office, meeting the problems of the work day, going to lunch with the out-of-town buyer, making the afternoon shopping date with the wife, going home at night to dinner, the evening of bridge, listening to the radio or watching television, reading the latest novel in bed before putting out the lamp—from the morning's instant of opening the eyes it has been *Now*, and there hasn't been an instant when *Now* stopped excepting that ten minutes in the department store lounge before the wife showed up when warm air brought on drowsiness and for a quick interlude one napped. *Now* did stop for ten minutes then, or to be accurate by the mechanical device above the elevators, nine minutes and forty seconds. But it picked up afresh with the jog of the wife's gloved hand on one's shoulder. *Now* is Consciousness, we might describe it. *Now* is Time in working action for all practical purposes. But it had no beginning that we remember, since we can't recall when we first became aware of our own infantile consciousness, and we cannot forecast when it is to terminate. Sleep is truly no termination because if we happen to dream while in slumber, it is the *Now* in action afresh and no beginning or end to that either, since no one has ever taken deliberate note of precisely when a dream began *as* a dream.

Now is Eternity, we say, in that it has no positive time-makings. *Now* of itself doesn't go fast nor slow, it keeps no pace, it just *is*, it can't be distinguished by characteristics of weather, temperature or emotion.

And yet we have the unique capability of dividing it into memory and anticipation, all the *Now* recognitions that lie in the area we label the Past, and all the *Now* recognitions that we anticipate are ahead of us to be experienced. There is absolutely nothing in all creation to compare to it or call similar. *Now* stands forever unique unto itself as being the enduring current instant.

Where's the lesson or enlightenment in noting it?

THE LESSON or enlightenment in noting it reposes in the circumstance that coming to treat with controls of spirit over so-called matter—especially psychosomatic control of spirit over organism in which it is housed for the life-period—such electric *Now* is not only the vital twinkling but the only vital twinkling that counts.

That Vital Twinkling is *Reality* as men know it!

All other Vital Twinklings have ceased to be instanter effects and become the thing

we call Memories. It is a fact that nothing ever occurred in the memory of anything to produce the slightest damage on the one recalling it—not as a *memory*. As to Vital Twinlings that haven't yet matured, neither can they have the slightest effect on the conscious subject, they not having happened. It is the one Vital Twinkling of the *Now* that brings or inflicts injury in any guise.

The instantaneous *Now* is all the Time there is, all the World there is, all the Omniverse there is, all the Reality there is. Therefore it is the only hazard there is, the only menace there is, the only threat there is. If hazard, menace, threat, or devastations in result of these—isn't happening in the *Now*, this electric instant, there is no certainty of any of these having true substance or effect. It is always well to remember this. The Present Moment always endures but it's only in the electric *Now* that true hurt abides. Conceive of any hazard, menace, threat, or indication of destruction your fancy may call up or evidence promise, always the possibility exists of escape or immunity from it. The falling stone or meteorite may be deflected from your head by the involuntary glance upward that causes you to step aside in the nick of time. The overloaded steam boiler with gauges at bursting point may have its fires doused by a breaking water main. The skidding motorcar may not strike the oncoming truck nor turn over. The falling plane may plummet into a pond instead of crashing on a ledge of barren rock and all be saved excepting from the wetting. Not until all such calamities happen in the electric *Now* are they of true import. Even the fact of Death itself is utterly meaningless until the *Now* is producing the effects from it. What we call our Fears, therefore, are mere pranks of Imagination, or the stunt of snatching at things that are merely retrospection—call them plain Memories—and setting them up as lions in our paths ahead for the imbecilic purpose of tormenting ourselves with bugaboos.

Fears!

SOONER or later someone is going to write a great classic on the complete fallacy of Fear, by looking at it and beholding it for what it is. Maybe I'll do it myself. Anyhow, this is not the appropriate place for it. Actually I want to put salt on the bird's tail of Eternity—if such a term take sense. Fancy salting a bird's rudder-assembly! What would it possibly accomplish? ... No matter.

Eternity, when we really come to look at it devoid of its aerial properties and sodium chloride designations, is the *Now* going on without interruptions of *any* arrestive character.

Inasmuch as we can never escape the electric *Now* in consciousness, so can we never escape the only presentation of Eternity there is.

It is this current minute because it always has endured and always will endure. Besides, it is the only presentation in all the Omniverse that holds unassailable Reality to us. Memories are not reality but only its images set up as milestones marking the Past. Anticipations are not reality but only mental pictures to make tomorrow enticing, granting we reach it ... when, of course, it won't be tomorrow. Today is the day you

worried about yesterday. Tomorrow actually never comes. Imagination at bet is purely hypothesis.

All the time we can digest or assimilate in the recorded Omniverse is just this current electric moment—all else is mere process of mentality or reactions of spirit, trimming the Present from Future or Past. Some of us decorate those Futures with such ugly or horrific trimmings that we put ourselves as of the *Now* in bed. Just spirit conjuring up a million terrors that, like our tomorrows, are flimsiest fancies. Do you ask what about Perspicacity, the sagacity that comes from correctly analyzed memory-values—*Wisdom Itself*? We'll consider it further in our chapter on Experience. We are still holding some sodium chloride with Eternity's tail unblemished.

What I'm striving to bring to you in a dish of new savor is the incontrovertible certainty that something that *has* happened can never arise in precisely the same manner to hurt you afresh; what lies ahead can have no effect on you until it turns into the *Now*. There are no sidereal areas that need the slightest vigilance. Behold, this Vital Twinkling is all the Eternity you can ever really *know*, because everything else, backward or forward is sheer intellectual imagery.

This is a truly stupendous thought when you specifically come to encompass it and make it part of your intellect and ideology.

The good clergyman gets up in his pulpit and tearfully exercises you with the demand, "Where will you spend Eternity?" He's first sold himself on a gigantic hypothesis that there *is* an Eternity—which there isn't because you can never reach it and never can he. Why should either of you enter into such intellectual anguish about something you can never realize? Even in the mythical hypothesis you could only live the Vital Twinkling of the Electric *Now*. That is all there would be to it, no matter what your spiritual or parapsychical status was. And conversely, all that truly registers about the Eternity that is beyond you, is what you have dragged through from a whole lot of *Nows* when things occurred whose effects still reflect in your memory ensemble. If you had lived as many solar years as there are light-miles between the solar system and Coma-Virgo, it wouldn't mean a thing if you hadn't brought through a single recollection of any incident in them ... they have ceased to exist. So does the celebrated "eternity" of orthodoxy not exist because it hasn't yet produced an experience in a single Electric *Now*, and can't inflict a single one on you until you reach it.

You just keep on realizing a whole lot of *Nows* and wait for the last one to arrive ... which it never does. But even if you anticipated it for millions of years, again it wouldn't truly *mean* anything until you actually reached it and knew it. And when you reached it and came to know it, you wouldn't know anything, so again why stew about it?

What we truly do, as I'm going to show you further along, in inviting ourselves into "beliefs" in this or that endless paradise, is to live them vicariously in the current *Now* and do all the enjoying or all the suffering we can never know from them in such dissembling. All such a waste of good mental effort! If we ever truly got into the type of

Paradise the good Man of the Cloth depicts to us, we might not like it a little bit . . . and there would be no escaping it, and it might turn that instant from heaven into hell because it so imprisoned us beyond the chance of changing our minds. But we never stop to think of that because we haven't been conditioned to think of that.

Talk about Gate of the Faith!

There is no such gate, because you can't have a gate that admits you into any area where you already *are*. Or can you? You are in the Now, and you'll always be in the Now, and you never can be elsewhere than in the Now, and you never can be elsewhere than in the Now without being unable to recognize anything, not even your sense of self. What a devil of a predicament!

But does it make unsound sense when you stop to dwell on it sensibly?

You have absolutely *nothing* to worry about, or be concerned about, beyond your predicament in this electric instant, because I say again, this electric instant and its features are all that you can be sure of, the phenomenon of experience being what it is.

ALL RIGHT, granted we can look backward and forward from the Now and see recollections of experiences in the eternal Nows that have always been, and borrowings in picture-images from them to trim the Nows ahead, suppose we start considering all the factors entering into *this* Now that are unqualifiedly determinable by ourselves and none other. What sort of creature is knowing this Vital Twinkling of this instant and how did it become the thing that you discover it? Wouldn't that be the true *sweep of life*, ... the surge and the roll and the eternal sea-comber of it?

Of course I'm talking about Character.

You are a conscious—meaning self-aware and circumstance-aware—unit of cosmic intellect, serving Purpose or Aim in Itself, and living in the only Eternity that has the slightest significance, the never-ending *Now*. How did you come by your own peculiar demarcation from all other capsules of cosmic intellect serving Purpose or Aim in Itself?

Isn't it obvious that as Form—called up to serve Purpose or Aim in Itself, remember—acted on you, or you reacted to Form, always in the Vital Twinkling of this electric instant, you felt an inborn urge to express yourself or not express yourself, advantageously or disadvantageously as you decided the circumstances promised as being guides to still further or future conduct? And as you permitted Form—or Situation composed of Form in some sort of function—to thus influence or mold your estimates of what future conduct held for you, you came to be imbued with that strange catalog of various attributes, the sum-total of which was labeled Character by those viewing you objectively?

Character, in other words, is Form in function impressing its effects on you electively for purpose of individualistic identification, but disclosing what your inner urges are toward invited distinction, or after aspiration to distinction.

CHARACTER is really the self-preservative *You*, displaying in the *Now*, the walking and thinking Effect of what your adventures in functioning Form have been on that capsule of Divine Intellect seeking to attain to the stature of your Majestic Parent.

Don't let's miss this last, or slur over it, or discount or deprecate it. It's as frightfully important as anything within the covers of this book—“*seeking to attain to the stature of your Majestic Parent!*”

This, I grant you, might be a Gate of the Faith that *was* a Gate. Because it might admit you to that which you would ever aspire to reach, such being the Purpose or Aim in Itself for which you as Divine Spermatazoa were Diffused. Time doesn't enter into it... not in sense of Eternity. Only the proficiency and fecundity of the Vital Twinkle of the electric *Now* enters into it. That being the only arena of expression that you have to perform in.

Just as you can toss Eternity overboard—from the craft of your thinking—because you can't reach an area you're already in, you can conversely open the Gate of the Faith onto the golden grades of Aspiration that lead to the heights of stature of your Celestial Parent. But always you're doing it in the Vital Twinkling of the electric *Now*. *I say that Gate is Character.*

Probably, like Mind or Eternity, you've never stopped to give it much attention.

However, don't misunderstand me. I haven't been contending that there's no *Immortality* for us. I've been contending that Eternity isn't necessarily immortality and immortality isn't necessarily eternity. Immortality is a matter of Unceasing Expression of one's individuality. Eternity is an equation of abstract Time that cannot be accurately grasped or measured excepting in an interminable process of electric *Nows*.

You can have Unceasing Expression of the individuality by the very continuance of the procession of the *Nows*—Expression and Spirit being almost synonymous—and before you're done with this book you'll realize the importance of the distinctions. Eternity is a hypothetical painting of a road upon a canvas. You couldn't actually travel on it any further distance than the fifth of a second it took you to recognize that it wasn't for literal traffic but the picture-image of an idea.

The future, viewed from the present electric *Now*, consists strictly of imagined ideas. And imagined ideas are always and forever based on experiences that have been lived. No matter how we exercise ourselves, no one can imagine anything that he hasn't lived, witnessed, or heard about—either in this current worldly sojourn or some ensoulment back in history. Which is a way of saying that no matter what topic is called to our attention, always we interpret it in terms or aspects of our own limitations. Conversely our limitations are dictated solely by how much we have, or have not, experienced... Limitations, I might also say, and experiences, are synonymous.

But there is a factor that enters upon any illustration or imagination of a Road that plays no small part in our philosophical deducings, and that is Area. Some might think of it as Field of Action.

Movement, behavior of any type, requires dimensions in which to exhibit its

performance. Customarily in Nature the size or extent of the movement or behavior is dictated by the extent of the dimension in which it occurs or is made to occur. Curiously enough, when we stop to give it thought, limitation of area is the only force that halts movement or behavior, and renders it null or quiescent. True, tremendous pressures may be generated in result of such stoppage, and material destruction may ensue if something gives way in the process of the area expanding or being expanded. But when Movement reaches the limit of its Field of Action, it loses identity and ceases as Movement.

Actually what I'm discussing is *Space*.

Just what *is* Space? We all think we know, because we use the term so commonly. But probably not one in a thousand of us has ever thought of Space as a limited extension in one, two, or three dimensions that permits Soul-Spirit's self-awareness to function at all—which means *exist* at all. Nothing conceivable can exist without having Space in some aspect as its corollary.

We cannot ignore or bypass it...

THE MEANING OF SPACE

VIII

SO LET us take another tack in this work and see where our metaphysical tradewinds carry us.

It has said earlier that the God-Spirit—although not necessarily an anthropomorphic God—emanates units of consciousness in the embryonic state from the fecundities of His or Its intellect and projects them into Cosmos to meet the conditions of Form with Purpose behind it, gradually evolving individualistic character that develops into the paternal God-State of intellectual attainment and performance. This lone progeny—granted to be a Soul when wholly subjective in its consciousness and a Spirit when objective—encounters Form having Purpose or Aim in Itself and proceeds to exercise. Suppose we take it from there. Its fate, destiny, role, or Final Objective is important, holding within itself as it does its *own* reason for being alive. When we look at that reason, and understand it, I say we look at and understand the very reason for the Godhead itself, audacious as the proposal may seem at first glance.

We have either to take this universe as a titanic Thought in itself having Form and Purpose, or we must allow that something has come out of nothing to no end whatsoever. This last would be equally titanic aberration. Eventually we must concede that somewhere behind every identifiable Form there is Purpose responsible for the Form, else the Form can find no excuse for its pattern or function, or for that matter, existence. Form is thereby the externalized essence of Purpose that previously was intellectual—meaning, an abstraction.

Soul-Spirit in the embryo conforms to the externalized Purpose that is Form and thereby becomes apparent to two, three fifty—or twenty sextillion—other embryos. But what, we should ask ourselves, is the animated “drive” behind such endeavor? Would it not be true in our reasoning that “drive” is equally significant with Purpose? The “drive” of Soul makes for spirit. The “drive” behind Purpose makes for Form... and Form makes the appreciable universe. Some thing in behind both must be aspired for, to

get outer declensions in any aspects that merit recognizing. There is an end that is being arrived at in each instance—or at least an effect that was not produced or producible before or until the “drive” began activating.

Those dwelling on the higher planes of understanding make it appear to us that “drive” in each case is synonymous with the God-Intent in forming itself as any known Entity at all. The Divine Spark, in other words, is a Moving Spark. But moving where?

What is this secret of any movement, anyway? What is the difference in places as places, in the grand aggregate of Cosmos? What significance, in the higher intelligence, have places? Does it mean that a location near one star is less important than a location near two, or three, or twenty, or a hundred thousand? In eternal space, remember, locations are forever relative, ... there can be no features of terrain or climate to emphasize one location as against another. And yet spirit essays to alter relationship of some sort, merely to achieve the phenomenon of Movement in the abstract. In its primordial condition, we should cast more than a passing glance at it.

Suppose, in all free space—which is everlasting Emptiness—there were just one capsule of Consciousness and no more. No matter that antics that solo capsule of Consciousness performed, they must be everlastingly meaningless excepting to itself. Pure Space is utterly incomprehensible until there be two points of a Something to mark it. The thought is awesome ... as awesome as it is imponderable.

You need two points in Pure Space to mark out location that of itself enables you to register Movement—and by registering Movement indicates one’s existence in that you proceed from one to the other.

Here is a Great Phenomenon in the Intellect of the Divine Architect.

Pure Space without markings of any sort is a Space contained entirely within Divine consciousness, in that nothing exists outside of it.

Pure Space needs markings to designate what it is. Space devoid of the slightest “interference points” must be Nihilism—absolute blankness of concept. So Intellect, being composed of all concepts, is likewise a factor in the condition we face.

You have individualized capsule Consciousness needing markings to denote its ability to alter position respecting those markings and thus advertise its inherent ubiquities and by similar token you need markings of some sort to bring home to Pure Space a sense of itself and thus produce *Something*. Should we not conclude logically therefore, that *Something* is a decimal point in Pure Space, ... or rather, perhaps, *two* decimal points, thus bringing Order out of Void? ...

Remember, we’re exploring the Original Mind of God now. We’re thinking in terms of Primordial Fecundities. We want to arrive at the very nature of Holy Spirit—always and in every instance a law unto Itself, and incidentally the only Law there is.

Why should it become such Law unto itself?

TWO points in Space! ... when we pause to give it the deepest quality of reasoning, shall it not be stated that two separated decimal points in everlasting and boundless

Nihilism, constitute the Omniverse in raw? Because first, they produce the phenomenon of Movement for us, as we negotiate the time or effort required to encompass a location that utilizes both of them; second, they supply the condition whereby Soul-Spirit becomes such, proving it is animate in that it had the life-force to transfer itself voluntarily from relationship in respect to one to relationship in respect to the other.

This, of course, is the first birth of Form—or the first Form that any sort of Intellect could contrive.

A self-conscious Divine embryo of intellect is in existence in total Nihilism. But it only exist within Itself. It only exists within itself because there is no way as yet to express itself outside of its own Consciousness. Granting it already possesses some aspect of what we call Body—or vehicle—it could do nothing *with* such Body, or vehicle, until there be properties toward which, or among which, it could behave in contrast. Thus considered, of course, even Body itself would be useless—because it would have existence without Purpose.

There must be contrived somehow two demarked points—which are of themselves nothing—to give Consciousness proof of its identity, and thereby demonstrate itself as being what it is. Right here we are considering the universe in those times when it truly enough was without Form—and void. We of this earth-world, equipped from physical birth with vehicles for traveling and exercising, take the Omniverse around us for granted. That is because we do not strive to depict intellectually how the whole Cosmos first manifested.

The Omniverse is *not* enable—in that creation cannot go on to infinity in a literal sense—because if it were possible to arrive at the orbit-fringe of the last and final star, we still could plague ourselves with inquiring what lay “beyond” ... and more Pure Space should be apparent in which more endlessness ought to be able to demonstrate. But in order to demonstrate beyond the fringe of such Omniverse, the original essence of Movement must commence all over, and the process be repeated. The moment you have Pure Space indeed, you have Nihilism enterable by nothing but Consciousness. If anything other than Consciousness entered it, then it would cease being Pure Space because decimal points of some sort must set up limitations. At the very last vestige of all Matter, in other words, nothing can go one ten-thousandth of an inch beyond but Consciousness ... to repeat the whole process that has hatched the Omniverse out of the first self-aware Thought.

THIS, incidentally and to my way of logicizing, attests to the circumstance that the whole Omniverse—from first to last—is nothing but a performance of Thought, ... or anyhow, Consciousness or self-awareness ... throwing the whole mystery of creation on the solution of what self-awareness is in its original composition.

You may cry, “All right, so what? ... The Omniverse is already well on its way toward establishing a hundred billion decimal markings ... why need we expend mental energy rationalizing it in any attribute?” I say, hunt back along the route we have come

to reach tonight's Omniverse and we get the very core and essence of ourselves—our inherent God-Stuff—with which and by which we aspire to perform so many so-called Miracles ...

This is a Sherlock Holmes quest of no puny proportions.

CONSCIOUSNESS in its original manifestation, no matter what pattern it took, had to establish decimal points outside of its own self-awareness to attest to the fact of its own reality. Having projected the decimal points—regardless of what materials composed them—something indicating Life from the fact of Movement had to alter locations relative to the points. We stand appalled before the profundity of the gesture of Consciousness exercising or operating objectively—or creating a condition whereunder objectivity of itself was understandable.

Inasmuch as no such maneuver had ever been executed before, this was truly Creation in its mightiest self-indicating gesture.

“Give me two points of Something in this vast and inky blackness of immeasurable Nihilism,” said Self-Awareness, “and forever thereafter I can not only demonstrate myself, but I can expand and multiply myself. Because I can demonstrate an Outside to myself as well as an Inside ... and the Inside and Outside are simultaneous and synonymous, yet with each having identity in respect to embryonic emanations of myself.”

Consciousness—or Divine Self-Awareness—did not essay to perform this as some sort of trick to show off Its own cleverness. It resorted to extremity of objectivity to prove omni-presence and omnipotence, thus creating what seems to us to be a Cycle of Attainment—omnipresence in the sense of being both the self-awareness *and* the area of self-awareness in performance, and Omnipotence in the sense of being as potent in one aspect as the other, and thus being potent in all the aspects that *are*.

REMEMBER, you can't have Consciousness being anything other than the total sum and substance of itself. You can say idly that you were only “half-conscious” when a given event occurred, but that would only be a syllogism; you were as conscious as you ever can be, as your intelligence in self-awareness is the total You. What really had been occurring when you were “half-conscious” was partial division of your focus of realization, from the external episode and its features to the internal episode of you in your apparent somnambulism. Actually, all the time, if you take note, you are performing the same pattern of activity that the original motivating Wholly Consciousness performed in dividing the focus of its interest. One focal-point may be internal and the other external. You are “thinking of two things at once” as you phrase it, the imagery in your own mind and the factual circumstance that is passing ten feet from your physical body in materials.

But Consciousness *as* Consciousness is ever the sum-total and substance of itself, whether employed with its focus of interest turned inward or outward or both. Thus, realizing its necessity to set up something external that indicated its life-principle

inwardly, it projected a capsule of Light Phenomenon and pronounced it a Point for the ever-lasting confirmation of Itself.

Understand that miracle. A Light Phenomenon!

It leads us to demand for the first time in this primer of Cosmos, what Light is intrinsically.

LIGHT is Thought becoming apparent to itself to arrive at a conclusion to some end external to Self-Awareness. Struggle with it through ten thousand years, view it in ten to come back to this parallelogram.

Light is Thought *becoming apparent to itself* to arrive at a conclusion demonstrable to some end outside of the original divine principle of Self-Awareness. It needs a lot of mental activity to bring the incandescent bulb that blinked out a few moments ago atop the cellar stairway under such definition, or rationalize the beam from Coma-Virgo that has been a hundred million light-years reaching Earth from that constellation. But each of these is only condition or degree. Thought as Thought cannot become apparent to itself without Light, whether you happen to be considering the memory of a celebrated summer afternoon in your childhood or the profoundest equation in radio-dynamics. You never would recognize the cellar stairs without light by which to note them, and the light *is* the noting, and vice versa. You never would identify the interstellar radiance from Coma-Virgo unless it performed the feat of pin-pointing the canvas of your retina and thus making Thought take note of what it was “looking at”, as the description has it.

Realizing its necessity to set up something external that indicated its life-principle inwardly, the Original Self-Awareness projected a capsule of something that could exist—or continue to exist—external to its self-awareness that was Thought apparent to itself at a so-called “distance.” You do the same thing yourself in coarser mold when you say you will drive two stakes marking the corners of your meadow from your neighbor’s property and, then paint them white so you may discern them without effort or binoculars. You have made the “Thought” of your property’s confines apparent to itself. You own the property—or assume that you do—and you own the stakes as pieces of lumber, and you own the paint that you smear on their surfaces. In sense of ownership, all are *You*, but you have made the Thought of your property’s limits, I say, apparent to the capsule of Self-Awareness that is a human being bearing your name. When you leave your door, stride across your acres, and arrive at the limitations of the stakes, you are evidencing a form of Light Creation to your intelligence. At night you might place an electric bulb on top of each stake, to continue the self-knowledge throughout the darkness. It still would be a form of Light Creation to your intelligence. Almost we might postulate the equation amounting to a law, that, *whatever makes for awareness, to self-awareness, partakes of Light!* Only in the case of Original Holy Spirit the first phenomena of the externally “marked-off points” did not require necessarily to be incandescent. All they required to be were designation-points intelligible to Intellect. Incandescence is a property of Light that produces radiance in liaison with the eyeball

and optic nerve. There is Dark Light that is no less potent for its uses than incandescent light, but the eye retina does not happen to be its corollary or in polarity with it. That department of research is technical and we need not go into it.

Thus all the features of all the worlds, of all materials known to register effects upon the spectrum, are essentially Light-composed.

Light is the name for awareness manifesting outside of Self-Awareness. Our very mortal thought-forms are really Light Forms, if the essence of them could be adequately recognized. Mayhap they are constituted of Dark Light to a degree or ultra-violet light but that does not alter their composition from the standpoint of the miracle being considered. The whole world and the Omniverse are made of various aspects of Light, or light in various degrees of luminosity, including what we define as materials, but we have difficulty grasping it because we are creatures *of* Self-Awareness instead of being the original creating and parental awareness as an entity.

To this degree, we might call our capsule selves *effects* and not causes, although Growth may well consist of the parallel miracle of altering from such Effects *to* Causes. This is deep but perchance you may grasp it on the wing.

LIGHT “comes” in space, you think, and men declare they have radiance and are relieved and gratified. But does it? Light *results* in space, we might better put it, because Thought needs interpretation to itself and receives it *from* or *through* radiance, which is a property not of the capsule results of Divine Thought that are ourselves but the original motivating self-awareness that is now the Omniverse multiplied a good many quadrillion times.

This is not necessarily applying a result to a phenomenon and thinking we have thereby identified it, or assayed it. Light proves itself for what it is, in that its results in objective awareness are what they are. But we were considering Original Motivating Self-Awareness finding two points external to itself and marking them by Light Phenomena in order to utilize them for obtaining a conclusion in self-consciousness.

Once establishing two such points, the Omniverse was born, I say, inasmuch as all which came afterward was detail and multiplicity. Because with two such light-points marked out side of introvert consciousness, introvert consciousness was no longer such. It had two concerns ever thereafter: that which it was thinking within itself, viz. “I Am that I Am”, and that which it was thinking outside of such I-Am-ness, “Yonder—meaning external to my inner-thought concentration—are two limitations, between which the marvel of Movement may be demonstrated. If I project an essence of some sort that in addition can proceed of its own galvanism from nearness to one point to nearness of the second point, I shall have generated the galvanism that demonstrates that life exists, as well as the galvanism that I exist, who am responsible for the whole motion-concept. Two ends shall thereby be served in one demonstration, or Form shall be born of two Purposes, not one.”

Undoubtedly, could we know the truth, in that instant of such projection of

self-galvanic entities derived from the thinking of the parental entity, Adam and Eve were conceived and molded and “knew themselves” and the drama of Cosmos had begun to play—speaking theologically.

A SELF-AWARE consciousness-principle wanted to demonstrate something that was *of* Itself and yet outside Itself in operation, just to prove there was more to Itself than its internal manifestings. Two luminous points were therefore projected in Void and thereby “space” *was*. And that which was made to disclose action by voluntary movement from the neighborhood of one to the neighborhood of the other—yet which also had to come out of brain-intellect of Originating Holy Spirit as part and parcel of itself—was “life” apart from the consciousness of God, to use the theological terminology, and yet *of* God.

You think it all a lot of involved loquacity, perhaps, but it all adds up to something of import presently, I promise you again.

Here then, strictly considered, *was your Original Trinity*—Pristine Self-Awareness capable of conceiving Itself but unable to demonstrate itself without going outside of Itself, Light as External Demarcation to make Pure Space of consequence, and Capsule Emanation of Holy Essence to do the moving apart from Deity and thus prove Deity’s existence as the originator or progenitor of the completed performance.

The order should more properly be: Holy Spirit, Light, and Progeny.

Granting it something more than an intellectual hypothesis, how should multiplicity of all but the Progenitive Self-Consciousness result? Why should not the Omniverse remain what it must have been originally—the phenomenon of Self-Awareness, the phenomenon of External Demarcation, and the phenomenon of Volatile Agent proving the First Cause of the whole? ... just three elements remaining as simple and inconsequential as spider, spider’s web, and fly striving to fight its way free of any strand between two points?

The answer lies in the composition of the emanated unit that moved voluntarily between two cosmic light-points and thus proved Divinity as blueprinter of the arrangement.

The unit wasn’t made of separate materials and constituents. It was intellectual diffusion from the original, and thus in time it began to think about and consider itself. “Adam *knew* himself before he knew his Edenic wife,” says the book of Genesis. And the thing the unit, birthed of intellectual diffusion, thought was: *Why am I doing this thing ... staring at one point and proceeding to another?*

No third parties may have been around to supply the answer, “To prove your capsule derivation from Procreational Divinity, and thereby identify Divinity for what it was or is.” But the capsule emanation came to learn it ultimately through the effects of its predicament.

The Effects of its predicament are today termed *Experience*. *Experience is more than the great teacher. It is likewise the great arouser and awakener to the sense of self*

by reactions to Form.

THE TWO light-points established in Cosmos whereby Divinity knew Itself, constituted the first pattern of Form ever projected in the Pure Space of primordial Cosmos ... or the primordial Cosmos of Space as parapsychical hypothesis. And in the exact ratio that there were more than two points established, and more than one emanation of Divine Intelligence, so was effected the greater and greater self-awareness of the original Motivating Consciousness.

God has effected an immeasurable Omniverse in order to establish an immeasurable-ness to Divinity itself.

We walk out under the skies of a moonless summer's night and we see about 3,500 stellar bodies visible in space. We go into the Palomar Observatory in California and affix a photographic plate to its 200-inch reflecting telescope and we assume we discern a hundred billion worlds—and the figure is not used carelessly. The capsule diffusion that is ourselves at the moment breathes awesomely that God is *Great* to have been capable of projecting an Omniverse so extensive. It wasn't that God wished to hear Himself call great by the Capsule Creature in the observatory—rather, in no other manner could Divine Consciousness demonstrate that it *was* great.

But here's the key to the enigma—

The Capsule Emanation takes the plate out of the telescope, goes into the darkroom and develops it. Thereupon its own self-awareness is enlarged in external evidence. It grows in self-comprehension by coming to grasp the apparent “immensity” of the God-demonstration. And as it comes to grasp it, *it becomes the thing it grasps ...* to greater and wider and profounder degree.

That is Experience in operation. All Experience is but propulsion of the emanated Capsule—that in the present stage on this earth is Man—into a profounder and more capable comprehension of the potentials of its divine parental essence. When therefore we come to hear Man adulated as “son of God” or “divine” in his own right, we are listening to Cosmic Law recited backward ... it amounts to that. Thus is Man committed to the omniversal objective. Nobility or Nothing. As God—meaning the self-aware First Cause—goes on with His self-discoveries, He broadens and widens *Man's* sense of reaction to such self-evolving grandeurs until up the spiral of spiritual evolution he gains to the parent's intellectual stature.

If this were not true, you would not be reading this book at this moment, not to mention showing any indications of understanding it ...

The motivating First Cause must proceed in the pattern of Its originating divinity to maintain Its sense of primary Self-Awareness. Thus do all the creatures of His or Its essence follow suit.

So we have in truth an Expanding Universe—but not from the causes that purblind Science supposes or assumes ...

ACTUALLY, of course, it is more than Nobility. Nobility only means belonging to a state or quality of being noble in character, and being “noble” only means possessing, characterized by, or indicating superiority of mind or temperament to the common mean of contemporaries. What Man is committed to, by the original postulation, is *Progressing Celestially ...* or that which is ever proceeding toward a receding goal beyond the circumscriptions of vehicle. There is really no other definition of Celestially ... A great scientist has declared that he conceives the Omniverse as the concussion of a mammoth gun, forever detonating. The moment the detonation halted, naught but Pure Space devoid of those two original Light Points would ensue. The Whole Thing is Divine Thought, aped or copied by the Capsule Diffusion and only called Divine because manifested by an Originating Intelligence that can never be mentally encompassed by the creature-phenomena that is Its tool or instrument.

We have come a great way in our elucidations to have arrived at such point and henceforth they should be simpler. But you will note their application to reality all about you as you proceed to practice in your personal affairs the symbolisms propounded and note that they have effect on materials. Never could they do this, if, as principles, they were not accurately identified as to Holy essence.

The proof of the goose is, that its flavor is not similar to, say fish. Nor is it similar to the colored portrait of the goose in the market calendar on the wall. In other words, the design herewith provoked for establishing immortality is one that can be demonstrated. And demonstration is Truth's method for establishing that *is* Truth.

We have to move onward and upward to embracement of Celestially, or the gun-concussion that is ourselves ceases and desists. Body, soul, intellect and inherited divinity are all concerned in the one gesture—shuttling between the divine light-points that eventually raise us to be gods.

And yet I still call your attention to the peculiar circumstance that true consciousness exists only in the electric *Now*. Which, in a manner of speaking, makes you as much a true god in this electric Now as you will ever be, only the particular electric Now in which you are operating is not the electric Now of such full realization—*granting you ever realize it to perfection!*

You see, always you come to realize it in comparison to later Capsule Emanations behind and below you, never those up ahead of you. The Backward Glance in Memory is ever the more inspiring, because it makes you see yourself in terms of that which you have graduated above and Left Behind in your spiritual evolution. The Glance Ahead is ever the more aspiring, but nevertheless it is state you never truly reach because reaching any state is always comparison with that which lies in your rear.

You never will be inclined to admit yourself a god twenty million years ahead, any more than you are inclined to admit it this moment, because all you truly live in is the Vital Twinkling of the electric *Now*.

No man, remember, really thinks he has brains. He just *has* them, and accepts what brains he is using as a normal state with him. They are the more limited mentalities

under him who are in the better position to judge him—by their own limitations. Thus is it with our godhood.

Nevertheless, we prove our godhood by being able to walk under the summer's evening skies and read ourselves into the immensities of what we observe above us. We are seeing in that display what we shall eventually attain as we too take on multiplicity in our future demonstrations.

All this being reasonable and logical for the moment, suppose we consider the element in the Consciousness Equation of the Vehicle in which we may find ourselves performing in any given sequence of our Experience-evolution.

Why the vehicle at all, and from whence derives the importance we accredit to it? ...

Vehicle means, "that which is used as the *instrument* of conveyance or communication." It may be an organic body—which is the sense in which this book uses it—or it may be any mechanical contrivance that furnishes humankind a service. But the fact that instrument of any sort enters in, is a circumstance of no mean significance.

Again I say, we are so accustomed to accepting the world about us in the forms and aspects in which we have encountered it, that voluntary examination of those forms and aspects and the results occurring to us intellectually constitute that odd enhancement that we give the name Education. Education truly is only the increment that remains with us as we delve into that which is otherwise commonplace.

Suppose we look at vehicular organism, therefore, with a view toward enhancing our philosophical education ...

THE MEANING OF ORGANISM

IX

WHAT I mean to say is, you belong to the ages because you are the product of them. Proof that you are, is the moment's contents of your subconscious intellect.

You are an emanation of the God Intellect because your intellect operates as the God Intellect operates, in that you have the same concepts of what is beneficial in the way of Experiences in Form and what is malodorous. You have the same appreciative sense of the values of building, the same pitying remorse at anything savoring of destruction. Having the same moral attributes in common, your intellect can not be one thing and the God Intellect another. The only real difference between your intellect and the God Intellect is the difference in comprehending quantities. You logicize in visible quantities of tens, dozens, and scores. The God Intellect logicizes in quantities of hundreds of billions. But so what? The recognizing as an exercise in itself is what counts.

However, that is not what I want to take up and discuss in this moment's division of our work. I want to take up and discuss the somewhat tricky challenge of Thought embodied in the need for creating organism—or distinctiveness of individuality—in order to have a specimen of Thought-in-Action outside of holy parental Self-Awareness that serves to establish Holy Self-Awareness as a procreator. I want to consider, putting it simpler, where the requirement of organism—any organism—came from, the premise for our exposition being what we have found it to be to the present. The fact does remain that organism as such has been evolved as an item in Form. That in turn means Purpose being served. Our mission of the moment is to determine as cleverly as possible what such Purpose was, and is.

Organism seems to have been conceived purely as an expedient by which soul-spirit could manifest to the master-consciousness that gave it integrity!

“If I split, separate, divide, or otherwise diffuse My consciousness or sense of Self,” we can hear Master Spirit cogitating aloud, “I must give this last an instrument by which, in which, or through which, to exercise and thus ever distinguish it from Myself. If I neglect to do this, the ingredient which becomes extrovert or separate from My

basic essence cannot manifest its independent activity apart from Myself without merely duplicating everything that I originate. Instead of having the one Master Intelligence, I simply divide Myself into two master intelligences, or three or six—or ten trillion. All alike potentially. What then is accomplished by such program? I do not know Myself any better by operating in two, three, six—or ten trillion— repetitions of Myself. But if I conceive a process whereby two, three, six, or ten trillion capsule agitations of myself, or from myself, do two, three, six, or ten trillion varied programs of behavior that are contrasting with one another in degrees of attainment, then I get self-fecundities identified. I first establish two light-points outside or distant from my own sense of self, then I diffuse my self-conscious essence in what I describe as Projections that operate or exercise at a distance from the center of my Self-Aware Consciousness in ways that are peculiar unto themselves. Thus, so long as they continue in *different* manifestations, I can recognize my originating self from such deployments—even though it be no more than one capsule of consciousness near one light-point activating itself in a figure that seems to squirm to the left, then a second, near a second light-point, activating as though it squirmed to the right. I have two manifestations of Consciousness apart from my own integrity, one veering left, one veering right. In that they thus manifest oppositely in direction, they thereby acquire identity. I say to myself, Behold, I am great and powerful enough to turn one projection from myself to the left and another projection of myself to the right. Both *are* myself as to origin, but they produce contrasting effects of what seems to be Movement—or change in locale in respect to the stationary light-points. The light-points I thus establish are markings of my consciousness as well but lacking the self-animation that distinguishes *My* spontaneity. As history grows along and these elements of My being take on designations in intellect, that which lacks the self-animation that distinguishes my spontaneity shall be known as Matter, while that which evinces My spontaneity shall be identified as Life. Thus Matter and Life shall ever be corollaries of one another, each dependent on the other for self-evinement. But when all has been said and done, it nevertheless remains that I in my own inner consciousness have been responsible for conceptions of both, because there is no other form of self-animation that could achieve analogous results. ”

This truly seems to be why Holy Spirit can claim It is omnipresent in the Multiverse and yet distinct in Mastership from those which are Its parts. All are activities originated within Its own self-awareness to demonstrate Itself unto Itself. It is merely an hypothesis affecting multiplicity of demonstration within itself, the “within” however, comprising all which may be caused to exist outside itself.

DOES THIS sound like a voluble or senseless paradox? Not when we find ourselves considering the projection of all that has the quality or qualities of demonstration throughout the Omniverse. Bear in mind, if you can mentally encompass it, that Pure Space is Pure Nothingness in which self-aware Thought has found ways of exercising itself to prove its self-awareness outside of itself. If you ask me what the first

electric granule of self-awareness could have been, procreated in Pure Nothingness, you are asking me something that the three-dimensional mortal minds of neither of us are capable of encompassing—although I tell you that it is no vaster mystery than that of your coming into a sense of self-realization back in the infancy you knew at the start of this ensoulment. There came an instant in the latter circumstance when you said to yourself in stunning realization, “I am an independent *living* creature.” You were simply giving speech-label to a condition that had come about without your recognized self-motivation. Understand one and you understand the other.

However, we can begin to comprehend it to a degree by observing the follow up in function ...

ORIGINAL Holy Soul had to concoct a system by which integral parts out of itself might function in contrasting ways, thus getting them to have awareness of their individuality, one contrasted to another in behaviors. The contrasting departments made for the individualities— in fact, contrasting departments *are* individualities, and naught else.

There were two Light-Points postulated in primordial void, and by projecting an emanation of its own Mighty Introvert Consciousness into juxtaposition of some sort with them, not only the Omniverse was projected but the phenomenon of animate “life” projected as well.

Animate capsule “life” was that aspect of introvert Celestial Consciousness that had found ways of diffusing itself extrovertly and yet maintaining these as corollaries and keeping them in balance, Time being no factor as yet in Pure Void.

Organism was hatched in this same self-demonstrating scheme when such extrovert aspects were allotted peculiarities of light at different densities by which they could establish contrast with light-stakes of Location. Thought in capsule could not demonstrate unto itself either, its contemporaries, or the Master Consciousness, unless something serving as a vehicle was furnished. Vehicle was the object by which identity *was* established and kept established by its peculiar continuing performances. In fact, there can be no other identification of Vehicle. Intelligence in either Master Pattern of Capsule Pattern had to make changes in its essence that were always and forever appreciable to self. Thus came variety of Form and Substance into the Cosmic Ensemble, because variety of Form and Substance meant alteration of idea, by and toward itself, to the cosmic parent-intelligence arranging the whole of it.

You can gaze upon a hundred billion varieties of Form and Substance, up here in this late day, after the practice has been continuing for unknowable dispensations, and say that it is Unknowable—and switch on the television set and give your so-called Mind a rest. But it is by no means unknowable. Not in alteration of concepts as contrasted with each other and all in movement of some kind, or what seems to be movement because the contrasts change fields of expression or exhibition.

You still are compelled to go back to the simple A-B-C of the original concoction

and build from motive to instrument depicting the motive inherent in Form ...

WHERE does it all get us? It gets us an explanation of how and why a bit of embryonic Divine intelligence operating in an organism that weighs around 150 pounds, dressed in a \$75 suit of clothes, that has just eaten a \$2 meal can apply its organic eye to the optical tube of a telescope and comprehend the constellation of Andromeda, 7,000,000 light-years distant, tell what it is made of, and how long it will probably remain in its present position in relation to all other constellations flashing in Cosmos because they have nothing else to do, and no knowledge of how to do it otherwise.

It is God in Original Declension of Self-Awareness, arrested or diffused in capsule, looking out upon the parts and points He has established and knowing what He has effected, that is doing the real comprehending. Creatures apart from the original procreator wouldn't know "what it was all about." True, these so-called "mortal" creatures who do know "what it's all about" are still in inferior status of faculty for *exercising* their intelligence as compared to the originating parent. But it is Intelligence partaking of the God Essence that proffers the whole in understandable terms to itself. Actually this similarity of intelligence, or identity of intelligence, is the same in both cases, making for understandability in any aspect. Creatures that had evolved intelligence from any other source would be the satellites of a pantheon of gods, indeed. There is no surety that they would have liaison of understanding in any common point of intelligibility. And there is no pantheon of gods. There is only the pantheon of displays of the same Wholly Spirit, operating introvertly or extrovertly to get assays of Its own self-sufficiencies.

It may sound like a surfeit of eleven-pound words strung together on the wire of complicated reasonings. But when you come to interpret the macrocosm by the microcosm; and the microcosm by the macrocosm, all of a sudden you run up against nonchallengeable proposals. Things equal to the same things are equal to each other, is the most outstanding of them all.

You run up against the nonchallengeable proposals of what you can do in your separate instance to duplicate in the microcosm what has first been achieved in the macrocosm. And when you run up against that, you are plunged awesomely into the very center of your timeless God Intellect in everlasting performance. And you had better be temperamentally prepared for what happens, for all the atomic bombs in Oak Ridge or Pasco would be mere firecrackers beside what you are confronting and using for marbles in the Great Pinball Game of Omniversality. You can cure anything from a deformed ankle to a wobble of Saturn with its rings on crooked. Because the whole thing is still in experimental function insofar as Wholly Spirit is concerned, Time being nothing to Cosmos, and the original first chapter of Genesis still being written.

But to get back to Vehicle ...

DIVINE SOUL or the originating Consciousness has two areas of performance

commonly called Fields of Force, one the Wholly Spirit operating introvertly to maintain its realization of itself, the other Wholly Spirit operating extrovertly to maintain the ideology of itself by alterations of formal aspect. Remember you still have this pair of activities wrapped in the same colossal consciousness—permitting you to say up here in this Twentieth Century that even the Omniverse itself as viewed from Palomar is all “within” Holy Spirit—but it has two sides, one the “front” and the other the “obverse.” One is the actuality of originality, the other is the reflection or externalized image known as Man. We being the obverse aspects are accurately parts of God or the Principality of Consciousness as originally evolved, and yet being externalized for the purpose of demonstrating Him, we are at the same time “images” or capsule replicas. Incidentally, thus is Cause and Effect tied up in one. God is the Cause, we are Effects. And yet both must have equa-existence simultaneously or there can be no Holy Demonstration.

Originating Consciousness must have Vehicle concocted and activated apart from that which concocts and activates, purely to get recognitions from intellect in any presentation of existence—even self-existence—that there is voluntary animation bespeaking the divine capsule’s essence.

An Omniverse without vehicle in the diffused instance would be as unknowable as Original Self-Awareness was unknowable outside itself in the Beginning of all intellect. Before there can be knowledge of Movement, it stands without argument that there must be something *which moves*. That which moves is labeled Vehicle, *providing* the movement comes from a field of force that is galvanized inside itself. This calls up the Status of Occupancy ... and it’s something we must give attention before we’re through. Pay attention to Occupancy. It means specifically, “taking or holding possession *from within*.”

When you have occupancy of an enshrouding reality that brings about alteration of location externally, you have Vehicle. Without such occupancy, the notion of Vehicle is noninterpretable.

To accurately identify Vehicle, you must first identify that which uses vehicle from within its spatial areas—usually of atomic activity—and then discern to what purpose such Occupancy is applied.

A physical body that a mortal soul had never occupied by dwelling within motivatigly, could never be identified as a vehicle of spirit. It might be utilized as a tool or an instrument or agent. But it would never be vehicle.

Spiritual spontaneity must *in-dwell* concerning the actional circumscriptions of such ensemble in order that it become a vehicle ... but a vehicle for what?

My answer would be—as I grasp it—*behaviorism indicating the nature of that which has done or is doing the activating*.

SUPPOSE we go slow here. We are streading on ground more hallowed and fertile than we suspect. Actually we are advancing into that domain that purblind mankind conceives as “mortality”—outside of which is everlasting Immortality.

A capsule of divinely emanated Self-Awareness journeys out from the procreating parent self and proceeds to galvanize or otherwise demonstrate in the area or *middle* of a field of Light Concentrates, causing the mass of these to change location or performance in respect to geometrical points in Cosmos that produce the illusion of the stellar universe.

A human being “lives” in consequence, we say.

Let the capsule of divinely emanated Self-Awareness change its orientation in respect to the enshrouding mass of Light Concentrates—incandescent or otherwise as the case may be—and the human being no longer lives but “dies.”

Death apparently consists of altering the locale of the capsule of Self-Awareness. Inside occupancy of Light Concentrates passes for “life”, or aliveness; permanent outside projection gives “death” or lifelessness. Put in another way we stood might describe it that Life or Death as commonly under is Occupancy or Non-Occupancy of Vehicle. Consciousness itself cannot perish because it is of the divine stuff that in the original aspect brought the whole omniversal ensemble to self-appreciability. But where and how it exercises as to vehicle can be designated as Life or Death.

Vehicle then, it would seem, is the one arbiter of “death” ... at least so we find it practicably in the Thought-Ominiverse that gives us the illusion of “realities” at all.

Have a great mass of swarming and bumbling Light Concentrates performing out from you, and you are “alive” ... Move from the interior of this atomic swarm and “nobody ever heard of you” and it was nice having known you but what were you and where have you gone?

Of course you know better to yourself, living immortally in the eternal consequence of electric *Now's*. And yet, what has happened to our original Wholly Spirit entity ... that which we know as God?

Has it not come to know Itself that much more impressively and graphically, in that Divinely Emanated Consciousness in capsule has had what it knows as “adventures” or “experiences” by moving inside or outside of the gnat-swarm of Light Concentrates and grasping the reactionary sensations from both States?

Right here, I think we come plainly enough on the utter absurdity of the one-life hypothesis—living but once in flesh and thenceforth throughout “eternity” in spirit. Say we move but once into the center or occupancy of the Light Concentrates composing what the world calls a physical body, then transfer outside it. We have had just the one “experience” inside the Concentrates, and forever thereafter, if we never enter into “occupancy” of them again, such is all the knowledge we ever possess of that orientation, to last us ever and anon, no matter how many millions of electric *Now's* we proceed to live discarnately.

Can we say honestly and logically that either divine consciousness or capsule progeny-consciousness can know itself effectively unless it have relationship to vehicle to demonstrate its own integrity?

Is not serried return to vehicle and adamant “must” to give Consciousness a

developing sense of itself, as the orientation and re-orientation are repeated in more and more dexterous aspects?

Is not Re-Ensoulement, in other words, essential to Soul-Spirit to perfect self-awareness as much outside of vehicle as inside of vehicle? And must such occupancy not be a process instead of a memory of one instance, forever exhausting as to effects by retrospection? Just a momentary thought, this. We'll come back to it.

THERE must ever be a Harp of Life as an instrument, in other words, in order to thrum out the great Hymn of Self-Consciousness expressing itself. Without the harp—or the vehicle for producing sound—there can be no harmony making the hymn recognizable.

If Wholly Spirit, twenty trillion years ago, or during the last ten minutes, did not contrive and project Vehicle to operate in Pure Nothingness in an externalized relationship to Itself, how could it secure effects that would increase its awareness of itself? I'm not asking for a recipe to concoct a world competitive with the Omniverse that *is*—I'm asking how to get music from a harp without the combination of player and instrument?

Treat player and instrument as one unit for harmonious purposes or aims in themselves and you get recognizable or understandable evidence—indeed, that is Understanding which results or is produced.

Thus do you reduce Intelligence to its God Elementals. Holy Spirit performing in capsule projection must create vehicle to grasp the very fact of apart-ness. And vehicle must be of a nature that permits intelligence to manifest from inside, manipulating the mass as a unit in its turn. The literality of this assumption forever gives us the phenomenon of Organism.

There must be such coordination of all the parts and functions of the Light Concentrates en masse that inherent or voluntary supervision is possible and tolerable. So there develops what is called the cranium with a Brain, a spinal cord with a Nervous System, an intestine with a Nourishment-Absorptive Function. There may be wings or legs for propulsion from one decimal point in Cosmos to another decimal point in Cosmos. But throughout the whole of it, whether it be assembled in ten seconds or ten million years of evolution, there is ever Divine Soul-Spirit unfolding alterations in self-awareness that bring out its limitless potencies for greater and deeper and wider and higher self-appreciation.

We must keep that recognition everlastingly in mind if we wish to discover why there never is any stoppage to the Cosmic Concussion we mentioned a few pages earlier ...

Soul-Spirit can never cease recognizing or appreciating of itself. And it does what we call “gaining” or “progressing” as it indulges in fresher and deeper and newer discoveries about its own essence.

In it we have the whole secret of the God Intelligence motivating and counselling

everlastingly the Capsule Intelligence. They are parts of one cosmic whole and retrogression or incompatibility means unnatural extinction ...

YESTERDAY in the years, Organic Body was contemplated as a Thing of “animated materials” because society had not as yet determined the cause or construction of Matter. Popular theology even today has not yet awakened to the paradox of its own views on corporeality.

The normal human body—viewed from the physicist’s standpoint—is by no means a Thing. The normal human body is a Field of Force ... atomic force. Each of the substances forming it is composed of molecules and atoms, and its atoms are made of given numbers of electrons flying in orbits around a proton or protons. Between those protons and those electrons are stupendous distances. Again and again I have used the analogy of Professor Eddington of Cambridge University, that the carbon atom alone, made up of one proton and six electrons—and God only knows what else—is comparable to a walnut suspended at the end of a thread half way down from the ceiling of Grand Central Terminal in Manhattan, with six wasps winging their ways about the Terminal’s distant walls. As compared to weight and mass, that unit of walnut and wasps would represent just one carbon atom with its proton and six electrons. The human body is 86 percent water and six percent carbon. Subtract all the sheer space from between the billions of protons and electrons in the over-all human body, and the compressed protons and electrons as a mass wouldn’t add up to more concentrated material than could be put upon the head of an ordinary common pin. A whole regiment of such strictly-solid men could maneuver on a silver dollar.

This is the real Organic Body over which the physiologist makes such pother ... and his brother theologian along with him. Quite a contrast to the dirt-man that Jehovah was supposed to have fashioned with His gloveless hands in the Garden of Eden!

Each and every human body is naught but a Field of Atomic Force, somewhere in the core of which resides the directing. Thinking Eternal Soul-Spirit. Give it a moment’s thought and the query probably occurs to you, that no one proton-electron atom in any material composing it could originate the voluntary thinking, reasoning, remembering, and deciding that distinguishes the total human personality. It all adds up to the somewhat perturbing fact that, scientifically considered, our Soul-Spirits as elements apart from Matter are dwelling quite as much in Free Space *when* occupying the body as they every may dwell in Free Space when physical Death or Discarnation has visited it. There can be little challenging of the scientific analysis of the atom, else all humanity would not now be terrified over the military potentials in the Hydrogen bomb. The same scientific discovery that has given us a weapon to level forty cities in one massive detonation, has determined from the very nature of materials that mortality can only be the residence of Soul-Spirit *inside* the aforesaid Field of Force—made up of Light Concentrates as aforesaid—and this fearsome “Death” the mere relinquishing of Soul-Spirit residence within such locale.

No matter how animated we may be physically at the moment, we are quite as “dead” right now inside atomic flesh as we shall ever be, and only as alive as we ever must be—since Animation and Vehicle are two separate factors in Nature’s cosmic ensemble. To say that “mortal mind” is sole arbiter over the atomic construction of such vehicle, which it sets at variance with “Divine Mind”, is to exhibit a curious ignorance of accepted physics, not to mention nuclear fission.

So one of these days, not far distant, it will come home to the race that it must paradoxically revise its earlier notions of “the world, the flesh, and the devil”—and this traditional contest between humanity and celestialty—and behold celestialty operating in *every* performance of substance in Matter causing flesh to exist.

Organic vehicles appear real and tangible to Soul-Spirit’s sense perceptions only because of their vibratory atomic frequencies—or the composition and speed of their atoms composing their ingredients. Actually the bomb dropped upon Hiroshima shattered the former fundamentals of Theology quite as much as it shattered a city of 344,000 Japanese inhabitants. To date, however, Theology is still so shell-shocked that it refuses to concede that anything happened but a martial explosion.

Even my dear friend Mary’s Science & Health becomes a maze of paradoxes in the light of that blast over Hiroshima. None of it means that we are called to renounce or repudiate the powers of indwelling Soul-Spirit to dictate psychosomatically the conduct of organic flesh. What we truly are being called to do is identify correctly the factors concerned and reconstruct our reasoning upon a higher, finer, and more factual hypothesis.

Putting it somewhat baldly, what the theologians may yet discover is the the tradition-shattering circumstance that instead of Judgment Day bringing all the dead up out of their graves, Awakened Intellect may discern that the dead have never actually been in any graves at all. Their vacated vehicles were interred upon Soul-Spirit’s vacancy, yes. But Soul-Spirit itself has ever gone Marching On. On and *Up!* All that we are engaged in determining in this work is the Composition and Route of such parade, and as we may, its destination.

THE MEANING OF THE FINITE

X

REALLY GET the unity and essence of this fact into your consciousness—to say nothing of your ideology—and your worldly reactions change for you.

It is one thing to consider yourself part and parcel of God as a mystical exercise of unhallowed tenor; it is decidedly something else to come into the stunning realization that if your intelligence and the divine intelligence were not of the same stuffs there would be no responsibility on your part for trying to distinguish between good and evil, mine and thine, or the world, the flesh and the devil, because God wouldn't be punitively thinking in your terms or you in His, and you would never come to quarrels of any sort about moralities. You would be unable to grasp what God said Sin was, and God would be unable to express Sin in terms you could grasp any more than your Dachshund could grasp the principle of nuclear fission. God might not even be thinking in terms that made *you* interpretable to *Him* at all.

You may be the agnostic type that disbelieves the whole colloquy between man and deity is mutually interpretable anyhow, *but the very fact that you have concernment about it, originated somewhere*. You may not be as mighty as Divinity in the scope of your perceptions but that is merely a matter of coming to deal in bigger and bigger figures and quantities yourself until you are able to visualize stupendous numbers in the aggregate. It doesn't affect *cognitions* of qualities between you.

To my way of thinking, the proof that we are of identical fiber with the God Mind would seem to be found in the fact what we discover no change in the essence of intelligence as we contact higher and higher mentalities up the planes of Cosmos. Wider perceptivities, yes. Greater tolerance. More compassionate understandings of ethical problems as between soul and soul. Finally the very bigness of concept passes beyond the octaves where we have the facilities to operate. But nowhere up the ascending scale do we seem to reach or contact a state where the intrinsic *nature* of intelligence alters and becomes something else. So we conceive God to be the Ultra in such procedures, away up on the zenith of intelligence raised to the *nth* degree. Reverse it and you have

Man as he exercises today but in primordial limitation. The consistency of nature of intelligence in both the Divine and the mortal, confirms the kinship between the two—and get away from this simple equation we cannot. Only the pitifully ignorant scoff at the whole of it and term it an hypothesis of Man's mental picturings. If they poked and pried and investigated and research into areas superseding the mortal—as entirely responsible individuals have done—they would find themselves rewarded with evidence that Man's intelligence cannot be otherwise than Divine intelligence presented in a very tiny and circumscribed exhibit. There again, we confront the question of size, which again is the item of quantity. What we ourselves are most interested in considering or determining by the discussions in this book is, altering our concepts of Divinity Itself out of the anthropomorphic—which is God in the atomic vehicle presentation—to Divinity as the Master Consciousness that hatched up the ruse of vehicles of various orders to give visible animation to spiritual expression. Get this vehicle business resolved into its more accurate picture-images and life takes on a meaning that maintains superiority above all vehicles. Right now, at his current state of unfoldment on this solar satellite, Man is the intellectual slave to vehicle. He thinks entering into the field of atomic force of Light Concentrates composing the vehicle, and animating it by such occupancy, *is* all the life there is. He sees the phenomenon, in other words, from what we call finite aspects only. And the reason he does this—or at least has done up to now—has been his purblind notions respecting the nature or compositions of that which is Material. Nuclear fission, as I said, now that he has reached the age of it, is due to revolutionize his cognitions and conclusions.

Man, gauging or classifying all materials as either gaseous, liquid or solid, has assumed from their reactions on his senses that spiritual vehicles of flesh and blood are opaque and substantial elements that cannot be resolved into anything but what he perceives them in his daily intercourse. For a hundred thousand years such has been his acceptance. So when a body ceased to have animation, and its materials started disintegrating from about the Light- Pattern that constituted the design for the physical, the state which he labels Death was arrived at. But along have come great physicists like Jeans and Eddington and made a scientific *amalgam* of such pronouncements.

First, these mortal vehicles for spirit-intelligence to obtain expression by manipulating through ensoulment, are 86 percent water, I repeat, which in turn is two parts hydrogen to one of oxygen. Hydrogen and oxygen are chemical elements composed of atoms with protons and electrons of known numbers and relationships. The next biggest ingredient of the human body is carbon—secured by six negative electrical impulses whirling in an orbit around one proton positive charge. The rest of the vehicle is minerals and salts but similarly compounded. Therefore, when you “touch” a living human body, you actually are contacting the outward but controlled *push* of the flying electrons of each atom, and the feature that appears to give them “solidarity” is the minute integration of them in respect to their orbits. You get the nearest approach to it in the natural world by picking up a garden-hose that is squirting

water under heavy pressure. The molecules of the water, composed in turn of hydrogen and oxygen atoms, are proceeding from the nozzle with a “force”—as we name it—that makes it possible for us to “touch” the edge of the stream of water-molecules with our fingertips, as though it were a solid substance. Water can come from a heavy fire-hose with such similar propulsion that thrusting the fist into it is no more possible than thrusting the fist into a square beam of mahogany. Now think of that water-force coming *form within itself*, instead of originating by air pressure applied through a pumping apparatus somewhere, and if it followed a circular pattern, and swirled fast enough, you might pick the whole thing up and be puzzled as to whether it were water in movement or some discarded automobile tire in peculiar decomposition. It would have independent existence, in other words, as a self-contained and self-propelled water-phenomenon.

It is the *behavior* of the atoms in the orbital integration of the mass known as skin, bone, or blood, that gives you the reaction of solidarity.

But here is the appalling scientific certainty—

If you could somehow perceive what is happening in the flesh-and-blood molecules with a quality or microscopic operation of consciousness no bigger than just *one* of the atoms in either hydrogen or oxygen, this great hulk of a human organism would alter its appearance to your gaze till you would readily conclude that you were perceiving some starry galactic system ... at the most, the apparently “solid” flesh-and-blood substances would be of no more consistency than a cloud of pasture mist in early morning blowing through the apertures in a wire sheep-fence.

Our finite senses lack the capability to discern atomic action within and behind the composition of all substances, so we pronounce that they have “reality” in the terms of our clumsy mass perceptivities.

It is a dramatic fact that there might be entities of consciousness in the universe with vision delicate enough to walk through a city street and see the sidewalks filled with clouds of what appeared to be moving gaseous ensembles. Say to such entities that each cloud was a “solid” man or woman, able to step off the walk in front of a speeding motorcar and be mangled to nonexistence, and they would laugh you to scorn. How could a motorcar “mangle” a cloud of vaporous atomic planetary systems? You would say to such entities that their perceptions were too fine to comprehend the “force” of a hurtling motorcar. But if pedestrian and motorcar were both operating on the same octave of vibration—sometimes called a Frequency—there would be no mystery to it.

There it is, however, the elemental composition of the whole vehicular universe.

It is known that there are substances with specific gravity so great that one cubic inch of them could “weigh” one or more tons. But if any form of consciousness were operating at the same specific “sense” gravity, the ton-to-the-inch “weight” would mean absolutely nothing.

Suppose we return for a moment to those seeming “gaseous globules” moving along a city sidewalk ...

SOMEWHERE in the midst of the globule ensemble—all proven incontestably by what is being achieved today in nuclear fission—there is a “thinking” and “deciding” *something* that determines form within its occupancy of the gas-cloud whether it shall move in a northerly direction or turn about and move south, whether it shall turn into an eating place and masticate a porterhouse steak or be content with a salad, whether it shall vote Democratic or Republican in the approaching elections, whether it shall “believe” in immortality of the soul or decide that disdaining and abandoning occupancy of the cloud “ends everything”. By some feat of necromancy this intellect kernel controls and directs all the atoms and molecules of the gaseous ensemble in respect to the locations and behaviors of all the other ensembles of atoms and molecules, and thus produces what Consciousness identifies as Social Conduct. Further, it is a demonstrated fact that when this Directing Intelligence decides to abandon such atomic gas-cloud, something must be done about the residue of atoms and molecules thus left “mindless” ... they had better enter in an aperture in Mother Earth as expeditiously as possible or all kinds of “germs” can forthwith activate in the “lifeless” carcass and bring down a city by the scourge of typhoid.

Occupancy of the gas-cloud—otherwise known as Ensoulment—is a very real insistence in this matter of Vehicles. But what a fallacy it is to declare that when the Directing Intelligence “moves out” from the center of the globules the Directing Intelligence Itself ceases to function?

Why need it do so?

The Higher Enlightenment contends that it need not! ...

THAT WHICH supplies intelligent supervision to the “finite” atoms and molecules for the span of any mortal career, is Capsule of God Consciousness known as Soul-Spirit. It comes and it goes in various manifestations of atomic ensembles ... it “gets itself born” in other words, and “lives” so long as it directs the cloud of gaseous globules, from a position in the midst of them. Of course it “lives” longer and surer than that, but creatures of perceptions to recognize only the gas-cloud refuse to concede it. Give them gas-clouds or they deny there is any reality whatever. And we must humor them.

Yet what we are searching for in the whole of it is the quantum of Holy Spirit finding ways to demonstrate in seeming objectivity to its inherent self-awareness. The original God Consciousness has projected the phenomenon of clouds of gaseous globules known as atoms—electric in composition entirely—to demonstrate animation apart from Itself and thus prove animation inside Itself ... it amounts to that in the Divine Equation.

The thing that Science is about ready to announce to all creatures of all worlds is ... that the whole vast ensemble is naught but a manifestation of colossal Electricity in a thousand-and-one breakdowns.

And what is Electricity?

Perchance it is God reduced to practical comprehensibility!

THUS DO I sympathize with Mary Baker Eddy, coming to recognize these elemental reasonings from the heights of her enhanced conditions of perception. She talked about the “Divine Mind” and established a great religious sect on its capers and fecundities, consigning “mortal” mind to gross adventurings amid atoms. But she taught and wrote and proclaimed in a society that had not yet uncovered the searing revelations in nuclear fission—or the science of atomic energy in the raw. Today, I wager, she discerns God in the whole colossal ensemble—else why should she declare to me, in *audible* converse heard by witness, that “communication between the various planes of reality is absolutely scientific?” ... The facetious or benighted will cry that they demand proof that she could possibly have done so, but I have no time to give to their self-acclaimed limitations.

Mary formerly said there were two minds—Divine Mind and mortal mind. One was a projection of Divinity in secular circumstance, the other was an obstreperous display of Limitation affecting to disdain limitlessness but discovering there was perfection and healing when it halted or desisted from its bombast.

Soulcraft says there is only One Mind in many aspects. It is the God Intellect exercising itself in many degrees and choices of vehicles, and as Limitation is ignored, the Greater Potency functions without hindrance.

Why not express it that this much-castigated “Mortal” Intellect is linguistic term for *Hindrance* ... or discipline through Circumscription. At the most it is Divinity circumscribed by Vehicle for the purposes of acquiring what *Hindrance* has to teach—omnipotence when the Soul-Capsule is prepared to analyze finite limitation for that it is.

And that brings me to another term—or two other terms—that in any worthwhile consideration of the Eternal Verities we should look at twice.

The Finite.

The Infinite.

Again we are confronted by word-labels describing what man fails readily to understand...

OVER AND OVER you hear pundits expounding the Finite as against the Infinite. You hear them speaking of the Finite as though it were something divinely disreputable, something “not quite nice to talk about” in esoteric society. The Infinite belongs to God and Holy Spirit but the Finite is gross, caustic, defiled by the touch and blasphemies of Mammon. The reason it is thus scorned or abused is largely due to the fact that such pundits have never bethought them to look in the dictionary and note the exact meanings of the terms.

Speaking of the Finite we by no means always convey that which is tangible to the

sense-touch. We mean that which is susceptible to enumeration or measurement. The Infinite is that which is without limit of any kind; undetermined or indeterminate; carelessly applied to God and the Absolute. Actually what we mean to define or decline in the Infinite is our own mortal incapability of grasping quantities. We might even go so far in logic as to say there is no such thing as the Infinite, since all things and all quantities must be known to some intellect, on some plane of perception, considering Cosmos as a whole. This postulates the probability that the Omniverse itself is limited, and calls up the sophistry that in such event the All-Pervading Spirit that we term Deity is *not* Infinite.

But would we be so far wrong to question it?

Since the Finite means that which is estimable or measureable, are we to say that God Himself is not aware of the extent of His own Creation? If Divine Intellect can estimate or measure Creation, then must Creation be Finite. When I speak of Creation in this regard, I mean the Omniverse—or “all there is.” True, Creation may still be going on, and unquestionably *is* still going on. But the sheer fact of Creation presupposes Process, and Process postulates Intellect, and Intellect postulates a knowledge of what is being created.

So long as there is Omni-intellect, all things are finite to it. So the Infinite is a paradox.

WE SHOULD still be intrigued by Wholly Spirit wishing to project and perfect a system whereby Diffused Particles or spermatozoa of Itself follow the adventurous way that the Parent has emblazoned and pursued, thus everlastingly duplicating on the Parent’s self-realizations. The whole colossal ensemble must have “come out of the God-Consciousness” to find itself endowed with consciousness at all—since God and Consciousness, or the Life Principle, would seem to be one. Of course it is anything but anthropomorphic idea of Deity I’m envisioning. It is Consciousness as the Self-Recognizing Essence, whether it manifest in an angel, a man, a dog or a gnat. Can we in our mortal inhibition visualize Consciousness in the abstract—that is, without a vehicle of some sort to evidence it?

The psychologist says no, for the simple reason that nothing can be conceived by mortal intelligence that has not first been envisioned in some aspect of picture-pattern, from which Form itself arises in the first place. But does the psychologist wholly understand what he’s saying?

By the very fact of registering such point is he not proving the whole essence of Cosmos—not to mention this book? Consciousness Itself, even Wholly Consciousness, is that element in Nature that can think in no other manifestations but picture-image forms unless it be thinking of itself. Putting it the other way about, whether the display of Consciousness be mortal or divine, the instant it turns attention from itself it can only perform in picture-images that are external to its own sense of self-awareness—thereby demonstrating not only a formal universe is requisite but definitely why it has come

about. Don't get confused here. There are not "two forms of Consciousness", one self-aware and one picture-image visualizing. There is only one Consciousness that when ceasing to deal in picture-image can only be conscious of itself, thereby the picture-image world is what occurs when Soul transfers intellectual activity from itself introvertly to itself extrovertly. However, to perform thus extrovertly there must be a picture-image world to utilize or entertain gains *from*. One is the result of the other. Now then, eradicate or eliminate the picture-image world and Consciousness without form—or consciousness without identity would be better—is understandable.

For instance, to make it clearer perhaps, you lie awake on a bed in a room on an inky dark night. Not a glint of light comes from anywhere. You are in utter void insofar as your visualizing senses are concerned or employed. You can feel the bedclothing and mattress under you and the sheets and blankets over you, but naught else. You may realize from your sense of smell that the air of the room is wholesome or stuffy, fragrant or baleful with, say, a leaky gas faucet somewhere. You can feel and you can smell, in other words. But you hear not the faintest noise coming from anywhere, not the ticking of clock nor the dripping of water nor the cheep of a single night insect. The "feel" of the bed and faint ordor of as make you realize you are occupying an organic body but that is all. You fail to determine from the feel of bed or ordor of gas how big your body is, whether its skin is white or dark, whether it is perfectly formed or displays a deformity, what name it is called by in city directory or by relatives. *But you do know that you are YOU.* Your color, race, education, age and to a degree your sex, are all extrovert attributes to your consciousness as you lie there in inky blackness. On the other hand, they have no bearing either on your capability of recalling that you are YOURSELF. The feel of the bedclothing, that disquieting ordor of gas, are just enough provocations to keep you aware of yourself as a conscious entity. But your color, race, education, age, or sex are truly all picture-images external to the sense of YOU. They do aid in giving your personality its individuality when morning breaks finally. But you still can recall that you are YOURSELF without calling up mentally all that it means in details. You are even capable of recalling your sense of self *to* yourself without envisioning the face or head and shoulders that look back at you when you step before a mirror.

In short, there is a YOU that is only inwardly apparent and to which no picture-images apply. Incidentally, it is Something that in mystical work we term the *Eternal You*, ... or the *Immortal You*, ... since it can go on thus remembering and recalling its self-identity without bed or gas ordor or mirror to supply the slightest aid.

Very good, consider that Inward You as having endured from the first second of time that ever ticked out on a clock not then invented, regardless of whether you had evolved a picture-image world external to this self-conscious You, and the notion of Consciousness in the Abstract is not so difficult to entertain as your friend the psychologist would have you believe. You might have been the Original First Cause of all created worlds, yourself, or you might have been an antediluvian tadpole. But this

abstract and internal YOU, that has thought of itself as equally important whether crying in the night at forty days old because of hunger, or lying awake in the night at forty years old because of that note coming due on the morrow, is Consciousness without need of a vehicle to manifest. The color, race, education, age, sex, and degree of worldly prosperity are all items in the abstract picture-image world by which you get expression in order to know what your attributes or *potentials* are. You developed those as you grew along in the sunlit days when friends, and mirrors, and telephones reminding you of notes coming due, have been the cosmic furnishings to prove the fact of your character in addition to your self-awareness in the soundless night.

Transpose the primordial God-Consciousness for your sense of self lying in that black and soundless night, and transpose the sunlight and relatives and mirrors and 'phone-calls for the manifested Omniverse, or vice versa, and the reality of Consciousness in the abstract should enjoy intellectual reception in you. Incidentally, it is a good time not to overlook that Yourself lying in the black and soundless night is *Soul*, but bed-feel, gas-odor, dawn streaking the East, bedroom furnishings taking shape, rattle of the milk-man's cart and tinkle of his bottles, finally the image that looks back from your mirrors as you arise and dress, is *Spirit*—or soul identifying itself through action that demonstrates its potentials ...

What the Soul does practically is arise from its primal bed in the inky blackness of void before factual Creation, and go out through the day—and up all the days—like Jason in quest of the Golden Fleece, just to prove that its mortal name is *Jason*. Get that! ... *just to prove that its mortal name is Jason!* .. Jason's job up the infinitely finite future is finding and seizing fleece, thus making him Jason and not Bill Smith, or John Jones, or a character named Hinkle-dooper. And the Golden Fleece that he forever finds and seizes is naught but his specialized individuality, of which there is not another precisely identical among 20 sextillions of Divine Spermatozoa between Broadway and Coma-Virgo—or let us say Betelgeuse, since it is better known.

Two things I build out of all of it.

I build first the realization of the permanency of Myself—because nothing exists that can destroy me but my own perversity in case I refuse to maintain my own self consciousness—and I build the celestial character of Ultimate All-Awareness as I master the concept of all picture-images provided for my expansion intellectually.

My immortality does not lie in the permanency of the bed beneath me in the pitch-black bedroom, with an equally enduring house and Omniverse around it, but on whether I keep on “feeling myself to myself inwardly” for a never-ending session of enduring moments ... because so long as I do that, the organic vehicle I may be using or not using cuts no figure—neither does it cut any figure whether I lie in a sleeping chamber of basalt rock or sleep in the spiral nebula of Andromeda. It is the fact that I forever know myself, that counts. The activities of Spirit, so-called, may run from combing my golden, red, chesnut—or coal-black—hair before a mirror when I get a mortal vehicle upon its feet for a new day, to ordering the extinction of Alpha Canis

Majoris to teach it a lesson in stellar humility. But these are the celestial picture-images that indicate I am not dwelling introvertly upon Myself as I transform the images into Thoughts.

The materialist arises from his chair in the forth row back and wants to know where the application of all these words comes in when the careless woman on the floor above tips the earthen flower-pot over the sill and it bashes out the brains in my head that is thrust from my own window looking to see if the mailman has turned in at my own door yet. How do I “feel myself to myself inwardly” when my sense of self-consciousness has gone out like a light?

I dare to respond to him that I have *not* gone out like a light. What has happened has been that my picture-images have *all* been erased from Consciousness—even the “sense” of my organic vehicle about me. I am not in a state of suspended animation, I am in a state of hiatus of recognition of what my externalized contracts are, amounting to the Absolute.

I will end that hiatus gradually by starting with myself-to-myself again and building my externalized sense impressions up from scratch maybe on a different rate of atomic vibration. Because if the plant-pot has done really fatal damage on my cranium, I must pull my light-pattern body out of the old damage husk and function within recreated equipment. The pull my lifeless mortality back in upon the carpet, there is pandemonium in the house, the woman upstairs is prostrated over her carelessness, and after three days the neighborhood quietets down with me no longer a part of it. So what? I reorient myself and take up the alternative state of living in a recreated vehicle.

Am I anything less to myself because of such alteration in the nature of vehicle? *Whatever expresses my peculiar individuality is my vehicle*, since expression and spirit and vehicle and picture-image world are all interchangeable.

There is my Soul, self-conscious. There is my Spirit, vehicle-conscious. Over these I am God, one immortally, the other mortally.

Now then, let’s draw a deep breath and plunge into something that’s really prolific with every kind of possibility—*How, and under what conditions, does Soul command spirit-vehicle?*

Sometimes I’m prone to believe the Design for all Mortality and Immortality is in it ...

THE MEANING OF INDIVIDUALITY

XI

TO THINK aliveness is one thing, a static and strictly internal activity. To *manifest* aliveness requires factors outside of self-awareness. Immortal life can be said to divide itself into sessions where first one predominates, then the other. By predominates I mean, that it holds suzerainty over the seat of consciousness. There are undoubtedly states or sessions when the Divine Embryo does nothing but dwell upon the fact of itself; there are other states or sessions when it dwells upon the fact that it is “doing something” ...

Self-awareness strictly *as* self-awareness does nothing. Strictly considered, it does not even think that it is thinking of itself. Thinking of *itself* is the sole essence of its being. The moment it makes any departure from thinking of itself in a function it becomes more than mere Soul and is called Spirit, because as I have said, thinking of itself in a function or activity requires expression in or through some type of vehicle. I might even express it that the Divine Embryo has only two attributes, Self-Observation, and Self-Employment. In Self-Observation the Divine Embryo is as perfect and omnipotent as the Parent Deity from which it derived, since there can be little or no qualifications in such self-consideration. It is the one attribute that all consciousness—or conscious creatures—have in common. The ameba considering itself as a fact of aliveness in a pool does so as cleanly and completely as the highest archangel bringing a Divine Dispatch to a universe. But *self*-employment is another matter. There may be ten million types or qualifications of self-employment, involving ten million separate manifestations and degrees of wisdom. It is the one great differentiation making for characteristics, or for that matter, all species.

Undoubtedly we shall make the Discovery down some great day that all the “miracles” we have mistakenly attributed to Divine Mind have all along been precipitated by the Divine Embryo in its god-purity of original essence. Which is

another way of saying that Mortal Mind, commonly called so at any rate, is merely mistaken or inadequate or clumsy concept of that which Soul-Spirit essays outside of its one celestial trait of self-consideration. We can think of ourselves as we are, and have all the consciousness that there is in the universe, in so doing. The instant, however, we think of ourselves in some type of performance, that performance is graded or qualified by our adeptship in experience. The anthropologist or psychologist terms it Trial-and-Error education.

We wish to turn our attention outward from our own ego, but to consummate such an act we must first have area, then we must have vehicle. Area, of course, is that qualification of dimension in which vehicle can manifest. Actually, I doubt very much if there is any other definition for Area. Even though it be outside Consciousness seemingly, is still is made area by the phenomenon of the celestial spermatozoon turning from self-awareness to performance within it. Consider, in fact, this great postulate: *Spirit cannot perform unless Vehicle and Area be provided and adequate.* And it is ever the miracle of Movement in itself, and of itself, that gives or distinguishes Dimension. Dimension is the marked limitation of movement or performance. Webster says it is “the Quality of Extension, or magnitude, or scope of importance.”

Too many mortal intellects become confused and put handicaps on their thinking considering a dimension as an area with length, width, and height or depth. They are thus striving to interpret all dimensions by the vacuities of three dimensions . . . and four and five and six dimensions are meaningless. But four or five or six dimensions are not meaningless when we define dimension as Quality of Extension. The nature or scope of the Extension determines the nature or scope of the Dimension.

Yet Dimension is meaningless without Movement of some sort, because you cannot conceive of a place or a space without the possibility of something of an actionist nature being able to happen in it. Thus can we use Area and Dimension more or less interchangeably.

WHATEVER has the capacity or potential for containing the performance of an activity is both an area and a dimension. But before we leave Introvert Consciousness, take note of this—

Introvert Self-Awareness requires neither area nor dimension to register to itself the fact of its own being. You may challenge me on this and ask if the depths of one’s own consciousness is not an area or dimension, and if Consciousness of itself does not demand the space within its own being for the performance of the process of being aware of itself? I say No, because self-awareness does not partake of limitation—whether the limitation be of vehicle or location. Self-awareness *IS!* Thus Self-Awareness can be aware of itself in the embodiment of a star-sun as big as Betelgeuse or the microscopic single proton of the hydrogen atom. As a matter of fact, I maintain that self-awareness does not need embodiment at all. It is the one pristine ingredient in the Omniverse that is utterly and completely sufficient unto itself.

Everything else beside it partakes of self-performance or Vehicle in Area. Does it appear to you that I am being pedantic unnecessarily? Suspend judgment until I am finished with my book.

Extrovert Self-Awareness requires all-area and all-vehicle to come to perfection of itself—or at least appreciation of perfection *in* itself. Because the electric instant that Self-Awareness turns from self-contemplation to any type of externalized performance, its appreciations of perfection must always be relative, granting such relativities are infinite. The finite universe, stretching to infinity, is merely spirit answering the demands of itself to attain to the same perfection extrovertly that it has always been and always will be introvertly.

This going-on and answering such demands is known to metaphysical orthodoxy as Growth. It is sometimes called Development. Both terms are relative to that which is always on ahead, or else primarily within. You never “grow” to an absolute stature in any guise, because always you might imagine a little further growth—or development. So, as long as you can imagine it, it must exist, since you cannot imagine anything that cannot exist—if the areas and conditions be preposterous enough or infinite enough.

Actually therefore there is no Growth nor Development but contrasts make it so. Growth is ever an attempt to materialize a conceived ideal, although all the phases entering into the ideal may not be consciously recognized or translated. Otherwise how can you identify it?

WHAT you commonly call Growth is merely the recognition of some sort of standard, previously set up or conceived, as magnified or exaggerated. The physical body increases in stature and capabilities to enact the role of the adult, but if a man have grown from three feet tall to six feet tall, it is conceivable that he might grow to nine or twelve feet tall, or never halt growing organically at all until he reached a height tall enough to bunt Mars with his head. Something within natural planetary or organic conditions halts growth at a scheduled interval, just as other spiritualized abuses may halt soul-spirit’s intellectual growth. But growth as Growth is one of those words without meaning, because it describes or names a relative process and not an achievement. The same with development.

When we use the word Development, we set our own mental stakes on when it should end, lest a monstrosity result. For the organic vehicle to go on developing interminably would soon exhaust the planet-space for giant anatomies to stand upon, let alone carry on social life. They are always and forever relative terms—*with one exception*. That exception has to do with what I desire to call Spirit Intellect.

Spirit Intellect never exhausts its *possibilities* for Expression by Manifestation. As Time in the solar sense is endless, so Spirit’s possibilities for Expression by Manifestation can be endless. Because nothing we can conceive of, can limit it. Growth or Development, like Mind and Eternity, we can relegate to the ragbag of fallacies.

There is only interminable Experiment outside of its own Celestial Self-Awareness,

but requiring Area and Vehicle. Again we must look at Vehicle ... Area we can understand since it means prescribed space in which Vehicle exercise. What, considered in the most metaphysical squeamishness *is* Vehicle? Page Mrs. Webster's little boy Noah afresh. He gives us five interpretations in his famous lexicography everything from ox-carts to catalytic syrups, but I like Number Two: "That which is used as instrument to convey an effect." That is quite along the lines we're following. Very good, *what* effect when we come to consider the vagaries of Consciousness-thinking-outside-of-itself?

I say, Individuality.

INSIDE itself—introvertly that is—all Self-Awareness thinks of itself with an infallible exactitude of pattern and activity. One of the Divine Embryos achieves this quite as adeptly as 20 sextillion colleagues. In other words, there is utterly no individuality in introvert Consciousness.

Individuality is the distinctive manner in which an embryo performs extrovertly in result of its experiences in area, vehicle, and circumstance. The old Concord pundit put it, "You are what you are because of what you have experienced." In other words, Individuality is the polarity of Experience more than its product.

The more experiences you have, the greater and sharper the Individuality. Instead of molding all mankind to a common norm, multiplicity of all worldly experiences increases the distinctiveness.

No two human creatures, ever, can have precisely the same experiences in every detail, granting the circumstances are likewise, because even the item of vehicle enters—"that which is used as instrument to convey an effect." Therefore there can never be two human creatures who are absolute prototypes. The fact that no two creatures in all the Omniverse are keyed electrically to identical vibration, also enters in. Undoubtedly it has been the possibility of multiplicity of electrical rates that has originally effected the Diffusion of Divine Spermatozoa we discussed a few chapters back.

So what does it leave us confronting?

It leaves us confronting the probability that the universe has no end in attainment, since no two living units can be expected to develop forever as identical twins. Remember I'm not speaking organically now but spiritually ... Even in identical twins there is ever an electrical distinction, since identical twins are only two souls who have agreed to come into earth-life in a similarity of organism.

What we are truly intending to examine now, however, is Vehicle *as* vehicle.

Some means must be provided for allowing Introvert Consciousness to express itself extrovertly—extrovertly implying "outside of itself" or its thinking-integrity. Soul must exhibit, in other words, outside of itself as a contemplating unit. The instant it conceived externalized Space as the arena for such activity, one of the most stupendous discoveries of the Cosmos was achieved. Space, we might almost put it, was originated

in that moment. Space is the area where self-contemplation transfers into an outside-itself aspect. It is the area where one Divine Embryo declaims by some form of activity to another Divine Embryo, “I also am in existence, take note of me!” This shock of similar discovery of a counterpart started the very commencement of Experience as such. It was a great moment in Cosmic history. Hitherto Soul had assumed that self-contemplation was all that composed “existence.” Now it was jolted into realizing that other manifestations of activated life were a part of its universe. What a drama was proposed! ...

VEHICLE is that “which is used as an instrument to convey an effect!” I said that before. But at once we can ask in logic, what was the effect that Spirit in the original instance hoped to convey—and to whom or what? Let’s explore carefully here ...

Spirit hoped to convey the effect that it could manifest outside of its own capabilities for self-awareness, *without destroying its original essence*. This last qualification is important. Really we have a remarkable phenomenon when we stop to give it attention—that Spirit discovered *any* demonstration outside of itself as possible.

Soul “thought of itself” in a pure and divine state. But when it became Spirit, by manifesting some aspect of externalized activity, it proceeded off unabashed into Qualification. And right there it ran into all the kinds and complications to which modern flesh is heir. There were a million-and-one aspects and degrees of externalized activity. Bringing them into the arena of Comparison, one with another, gave us a thousand-and-one aspects of Spirit which too often is mistaken for Spirit in integrity of character. It may not be such at all. Always remember that we judge a thing by our own attainments of appraisal to any given moment. We never “judge” something else—always we judge our own concepts of what we behold or are asked to pass estimate upon. Judgment is always and forever *self*-qualification. It is what we conceive a given thing to be, based on our own attainments in correct appraising. Spirit in the integrity of its character may be quite something else than spirit in the integrity of its current demonstration. However, the point is minor.

Soul “thought of itself” in pure and divine state—and still thinks of itself in a pure and divine state. But when it assumed the role of Spirit—that is, Soul in externalized proof of its existence—it abandoned itself to Form, Condition, Situation and Pressure, and what it may be at any given moment of your confronting it depends wholly on what its degree of memory-reflex has been, comprehending intelligently the whole of it from the beginning. Thus the true character of a Spirit, actually, is the true absorptivity of its Memory attributes. If one spirit remember more adventures with form, condition, situation and pressure than another spirit, we say it is older, wiser, and more sagacious. The attribute of Memory is the one great phenomenon distinguishing all gradations of character. When will man learn this? Memory, of course, is a sheer photographic process in the intellect, by which the Soul-Spirit holds in mental perpetuity the exact arrangement of circumstance that gave sensitivity a definite product. It isn’t that Soul-Spirit recreates the circumstance so much as that it perpetuates the circumstance.

Memory, if we had the astuteness to grasp it, is one of the greatest of all the cosmic mysteries, rivaling only Consciousness itself. We keep events alive by preserving them photographically in memory. But along with them go all the neurotic reactions we may have suffered in negotiating them originally. Why should we do such a thing? The practice is so common that we forget its significance and take it for granted.

We “make a given situation reenact itself in pictures” and label them Memory, but along with the pictures we reestablish the state of the sensations that the original complication served upon us. That we possess the capacity for such an attribute is one of the Major Mysteries of the universe—almost as stupendous as Original Self-Contemplation. When we come right down to it, in this Memory Phenomenon resides all Character and Identity. Unless we can recall who we are or have been, Life itself means little or nothing to us. You realize the correctness of this when you are asked to recall where you were—not to mention who you were—on the 4th of July in the year 1609. You were Nobody and doubt if you lived, in that Memory lapses in respect to it.

The ability to reshape in the Intellect what a given situation has been, carries the whole weight of identity, responsibility for Karmic behavior, and in the last analysis “salvation of the soul”, since any system of rewards or punishments would be meaningless without a sense of their association with a given personality. However, we are traveling a long distance from consideration of Vehicle ...

Vehicle is that which is used as an instrument to convey an effect! Let’s concede—for the purposes of getting on with our thesis—that the effect is designed for the rider within the vehicle or the agent employing the instrument, and none other. What would be the readiest and handiest form-in-circumstance to serve to such purpose? Nine out of ten people respond readily enough, “A body!” Are they correct? Come to think of it, what *is* a body?

A body is an ensemble of atomic factors that does the same thing *on* and *to* Form that Consciousness does, exhibiting from introvert to extrovert—that is, makes itself evident when there are other similar ensembles to grasp the fact of its co-being.

If there were not another man or woman in all the universe, what use or need might anyone of us have for a body? It might pull introvert Consciousness out of its state of self-awareness to a given degree, but what might Consciousness profit by being thus pulled out? That within a body of atoms or molecules it might travel from sun to sun or planet to planet, would really mean nothing, because we assume that it could do that much in a discarnate or bodiless state. Enduring physical sensations of heat or cold, light or dark, pressure or nonpressure, might slightly enhance its degree of self-reality—true enough. But when it had thus been enhanced, what purpose would have been served? Would its purity of self-contemplation be at all magnified?

No! ... bodies are ever a requisite that individuality may identify itself in contrast to others of similar attributes—however up or down in the scale of being we may apprehend them. Just one man with a body unto himself would be encumbered with

something that would add nothing to his intellectual integrity—or if it added something to his experience-roster in the way of sensation, it would have little significance. Always we must judge our degree of self-awareness in externalized form by reflection or refraction from a similar form of a similar being.

Man is multiple by the sheer nature of his own demands of intelligence. He must, in other words, gauge himself by his brother's personality, and his brother's personality by his own. Otherwise any vehicle is superfluous and useless—and therefore worthless.

Soul-Consciousness wishes to look outward from its Inwardness, but looking outward means nothing unless it beholds something with which it can contrast itself and make comparisons. Perhaps in this uncanny circumstance—which we have never given much attention before—we behold the reason shy the Omniverse, or any planet in the Omniverse, teems with so-called human life. By multiplying itself, life creates multiplicity of contrasts, and by creating a multiplicity of contrasts it succeeds in perfecting a variety of comparisons and self-estimates. On these self-estimates it predicates what is known as Growth or Development. Thus we see why the Soul-Spirit must divide. It must divide to get reflections that are interpretable to itself in terms of itself.

NOW VEHICLE itself is no problem, nor for that matter of great significance. That which enables a Unit of Consciousness to perform extrovertly to itself and create reflection in or from another, can be labeled a Vehicle. It may be a cloud of atoms as tenuous in the higher dimensions as steam drifting through a screendoor of a summer noontime. The truly pertinent point is, can it be controlled to give manifestation of such control to another, by virtue of which contrasts and comparisons result? Because they are the contrasts and comparisons that hold meaning to ensouled spirit.

Let me give you an illustration of how I regard Vehicle in terms of an experience that came to me once when my earthly vocation was producing silent motion pictures—A fellow studio executive approached me on the “set” and exclaimed, “Pelley, come into the projection-room and tell us what's wrong with the ‘shots’ we took yesterday of that doctor-film—we can't see a character in the drama because of bursts of light around each figure, and we can't imagine where such light could come from.”

I went into the projection-room, the lights were turned off and the action began to flicker on the screen. The studio on the previous day had photographed an animated scene of that old chromo hanging in every country kitchen, of the bearded physician called to attend the sick or dying child. Sinking down beside the baby's bed he watched the little patient for a time with palm of his left hand gripped about his short square beard. At the foot of the bedstead, a rustic father consoled a weeping mother-wife. That was what the film studio had animated with living characters the day before. The film scene of the rustic kitchen had been taken into the darkroom and developed and printed overnight. I had been called in to look at *four uncanny blobs of light*. The biggest blob was the country doctor—weirdly resembling the late Charles Evans

Hughes—apparently seated in a chair near the head of the sick child’s bed. On the bed, ostensibly representing the ailing or dying baby, stretched a second blob of radiance. At the foot of the bedstead, in standing posture, were two adult blobs. When a tabby-cat, employed to give local color to the ensemble, walked onto the set, *even the feline was a smaller blob of levitating light*. Dimly in the center of each of these blobs showed the outlines of what one might discern as a living physical figure.

My studio friend demanded, “How in the devil did we ever get *that* effect?”

I asked, “Did you use ordinary film, such as you’ve been using normally for other pictures?”

“No, we used a new film product of ultra-sensitivity, sent down for test purposes from the laboratory at Rochester.”

“I thought so,” I exclaimed. “What you’ve used is a film of such sensitivity that you’ve photographed the auras of the living characters in the set.”

“Auras!” my friend echoed.

“Every living creature,” I informed him, turning from movies to esoterics, “has an envelope of radiance about it, indicating its animate nature. But under ordinary circumstances the normal eye can’t see it. Your supersensitive panchromatic film has climbed above the octave of the normal human eye and scored vibrations outside the eye’s wavelength.”

“But we can’t use this stuff. Blobs of light walking around as living creatures, are just ... blobs of light.”

“Nevertheless,” said I, “that’s the way all human beings or earthly creatures appear to those on a higher octave of vibration. Go ahead and retake the scenes with your earlier film. But you’ve gotten something quite as true to life as anything recorded I black and white at a lower rate of vibration.”

“Blobs of light walking around as living creatures” ... isn’t that the perfect description of Vehicle in whatever aspect of Spirit operating extrovertly we confront? The fact that this aura-radiance is not commonly discernible doesn’t warrant its nonexistence. We lower our light vibrations down to where the normal eye of our neighbor can discern them, and we say we have reality.

But true Reality is what IS, not what vibration is recorded on our sense-equipment.

Vehicle is correctly a blob of light, but the living creature is the light-enshrouded intelligence directing or supervising its movements or the nature of its activities. All to the end that an effect is created on another unit of consciousness, thus manufacturing what is known as Circumstance or social relationship.

Out of such participation in circumstances or social relationships comes the next phenomenon that is labeled Behavior—another marvel of Cosmos.

Behavior is our conduct performed with the reactions upon another intelligence always in the forefront of our attention. Thus do we commence to get an assorted series of repercussions from the other units of divine embryos that point up our own appraisals of ourselves to ourselves. *And this is the primary purpose or intent behind Vehicle.*

WE DESIER to discern ourselves through the eyes or repercussings of creatures similar to ourselves in consciousness as an essence. Standards of deportment must come out of these. And standards of deportment are the great criteria by which we judge that which we earlier called Growth or Development.

We estimate whether today we are of higher intellectual perception extrovertly than we were yesterday, by the alteration or attitude on creatures similar to ourselves. If it seems to be so in what we term the “constructive” manner, we declare we have “grown.” If it be not the constructive manner we decide we have not “grown”, we have retrogressed.

And we do it all within blobs of radiance that our associates term our “organic bodies” ... but which are blobs of light if that is the effect they work on the vision. For a short time in solar years we manifest in one blob of light. For another term of years we manifest in a different blob of light. We “bloom”, as we call it, from the bud of adolescence into the flower of adulthood. But it’s all a varied aspect of lights, or comparisons of light exhibits, one with another. Intelligence within, introspectively, is quite the same. It’s our externals that undergo alteration.

But what is that to Divine Intelligence, only concerned with establishing what lies within Itself that can negotiate greater and greater comprehensions of Its own activities?

Immortality? It’s naught but a constant comprehension in ever more complicated forms of what this moment’s behavior is from what last moment’s behavior was—all judged by effects on contemporaries.

It puts a different aspect on the seriousness of living ...

THE MEANING OF THE GOD-FACT

XII

PUT BEHIND it all, Soul-Spirit resides serene. Being created perfect in that nothing is concerned with it that is not perfect, it can rest eternally—or immortally—in the knowledge of its own correctness, nothing existing in the entire Omniverse that can mar or disturb the absolute nature of its self-manifesting and realizing. All that is external to itself is something else again. Moved into a vehicle, whether it be occupancy of a blob of photographic light or an organism approximating a mastodon's, it abandons self-perfection and submits itself to the winds and rebuffs of every pressure on the calendar, rearranging its standards to conform with what manifests as the ultimate in wisdom-production—in other words, the ultimate in Experience. Within the range of such reactions it evaluates itself, terming itself Good or Bad, wise or foolish, moral or immoral, complacent or combative.

Yet all of these are effects of Externals. And uniformly they derive from associations with similar capsules of consciousness, each building within itself its norm of what it terms Correctness, either after its self-conceived pattern of desire-wish fulfillment, or after its self-conceived pattern of custom or tradition. It is a curious museum of action and reaction. All the same, it is “the world” ... the universe first, then the manifestations of externalized Self-Awareness ... that truly constitute the stupendous panorama of life.

“Life,” first, last, and all the time, is strictly the self-aware conscious state, or the capability of realizing that “*I AM*” ... and any explainings or beggings of that fact sooner or later come to illogical ends. Meaning that you can't say of an inanimate object, “I will endow it with *life*” by any recipe of chemical combinations. You must impart what is truly the God-germ in some aspect of embryo within that object to give it voluntary consciousness. And you must never confuse life and animation. Animation is any principle of activity working out in either organism or chemicals, and by such qualification chemicals of many classes may seem to be alive. Yet they are never self-conscious.

Until you get true self-consciousness you do not get true Life in the divine sense. Self-conscious life in the divine sense is a principle of the universe that is apart from, as well as behind, all eternal aspects of that universe. Never can you have the offspring or the product giving birth to the parent or causation ...

IT IS well to remember such fundamentals in considering the stupendous universe all around us. True, in the 51st verse of the Thirtieth Chapter of the *Golden Scripts* the Great Teacher declares, “Study Light well: it holdeth life’s secret; Light is concerned in all that ye are, Light is concerned in all that ye do; behold men will one day find that Light turned upon chemical substance will make it to live; in that day they shall cry, Lo, we are as God! ... we create life and give it!” But immediately He qualifies this assumption of the Divine Prerogative, for He adds, “—but they give it not, beloved. They but use Holy Spirit’s radiance to give throbbing unto tissue; the Light is the life: they but do a procreation. Do they not perform it now, being parents unto children?”

The Life-Principle, in other words, is ensconced in some complicated manner in Light and Light’s manifestations. Men may find ways to focus it on inanimate materials. But all they make themselves is agents. They seize on a great fundamental of Cosmos and apply it to insensate externals. The externals appear to respond and they say, “This is Life in that it behaves without irrelevant galvanisms.” But who or what first originated the Light that does the wonders? Again we are face to face with Divine Self-Awareness, translating into the instrument and thus endowing it with the essence of Itself.

Escape the God-Fact we cannot!

Men never shall, because they cannot, fabricate the God-Fact. They can only simulate the appearance or aspect of the God-Fact.

The God-Fact exists in every unit of Cosmos that can regard itself within the silences of its own being and exclaim, “I exist!”

It is this God-Fact that is the true progenitor of the universe as men regard it. The God-Fact has come first; all forms of created substance, from a grain of mustard seed to the stellar limits of Betelgeuse, are but the evidence of it in greater or lesser degree. We do not require to locate and define Mind to achieve such comprehension. Such comprehension of itself *IS* Mind.

This means that we can simplify the universe to two factors: The God-Fact and what comes of the God-Fact that the God-Fact may be appreciable to all forms and exhibits of Itself.

Here then is something that next engages us: Can the God-Fact in the external appreciate or apprehend the God-Fact in the original? Is it possible, in other words, for the progeny—meaning our own mortal sense of self-awareness—to comprehend the parent or the Oversoul in its first gesture of awareness?

Men attempted it, of course, as they came awake to the instance of themselves and got ... what?

They got the creation of mortal imagining that they termed the Anthropomorphic Deity. Being human, they were obliged to deal mentally in human equations; it is a phase of spiritual evolution that all forms of self-aware life must essay. *Always, to get understanding of a fact, they must translate it into terms of themselves!*

The word *Anthropomorphic* is formidable. Nine out of *ten* people in the current state of spiritual and cultural evolution encounter difficulty even in pronouncing it. The accent is upon the fourth syllable—*an-thro-po-mor-phic*. And yet it is a common enough word whenever persons interested technically in theology gather for discussion. Anthropology is the Science of Man as an organism and what this physical and social evolution has been up across the ages. But Anthropomorphism is something entirely different. It means the representation or conception of the God-Fact—or of any deity—with human characteristics or human mannerisms, even human physical characteristics. It is presenting God, in other words, in the aspect of a sublimated human being, a sort of glorified Moses, to be specific.

The ancients, and particularly the “authorities” who compiled the early Scriptures, had not the slightest hesitancy about depicting God the Father in their own minds as a patriarchal personage with a venerable beard, who sat upon a literal throne in the heavens and regarded mortals coming before Him for “judgment” with a cogitative manner and appraisive eye, trying to make up His mind from the weight of the evidence whether to consign them to hell or admit them to paradise.

Gaining to the larger and more cosmological concept of what is taking place in the universe—that of far-advance personalities diffusing their divinity and projecting units of themselves to infinity for the same spiritual evolutions which they themselves have experienced—we grasp how primitive and earthy such notion of the Divine Being may be, even in the projection of the Judgment Ordeal of itself. It is an attempt to get a moral equilibrium for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But we can let that pass for the moment. An anthropomorphic God, in other words, is a God in human shape.

The question therefore arises to plague all sacred “thinkers”, if God the Father does not wear a venerable human aspect, what aspect *does* He wear? How should we depict Him in our mind’s eye when thinking of Him? Unless we regard Him in the anthropomorphic pattern, *can we regard Him in a picture-imagine of any nature?* How can one depict any creature in his mind that may bear no reasonable to any thing ever existent on earth?

It is a somewhat unfair enigma to propound to human minds—telling them that to consider God in the human form is to limit Him, and God is limitless. It leaves human being with no standards or patterns for portraying Him. One moment men and women—not to mention little children—are expected to love God and venerate him. The next moment the mental conditions are made such that there is nothing left for them to conceive as the object of such adulation or veneration.

If we were to consider the God-Fact in the human form, then His vision could carry only as far as human eyeball could operate. His voice or mentality could exercise only

as extensively as that of any patriarchal mortal. There could be no criticism of the small boy who came home from Sunday School with troubled countenance. Asked what was bothering him, he informed his mother that his teacher had related that God—being omnipotent—could see everything.

“Well,” his mother asked, “what’s wrong with that?”

“What I want to know is,” the boy persisted, “if He can see everything, how does He manage to see the back of His neck?”

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

How can we possibly have any real feeling, worshipful or otherwise, for a Creature or Personage of which we have no prototypes to visualize? It is a fundamental of psychology that the human mind can entertain no concepts of what it has not beheld in some aspect in the world of Nature or society. We say we “imagine” this or that, true enough, but always our imagining is in terms of forms, bodies, or conditions with which we have first had some contact in the material scene. We transpose these into terms of the future, trim them with alterations or suggestions, and produce a new product in Thought—which truly isn’t new. It’s merely a new combination of a lot of old thoughts or previous concepts, considered abnormally. Therefore it’s sobering to reflect that when we come to apply such acknowledgment to the Divine Afflatus, we are utterly at a loss.

Escape the conviction we cannot that if we are presented with a limitless and omnipotent God-Fact, we are presented with a Creation that means little or nothing beyond a mass of academic sentiments. We are being asked to adulate or worship a creation of which we have never had a prototype in any aspect in our mortal loves or ideologies. *Can we do it?*

SOULCRAFT says we can.

But to do it effectively we must visualize what would have happened far back in the every earliest hours of Holy Consciousness demonstrating itself externally. We do it by asking ourselves what *Organism* is.

According to Biology, organism is “an individual constituted to carry on the activities of life by means of organs separate in function but mutually dependent.” In Philosophy, organism is defined as “any highly complex thing or structure with parts so integrated that their relation to one another is governed by their relation to the whole.”

Customarily we think of Organism in this three-dimensional, worldly life as something that is animate through an occupied sentiency or self-awareness. Indeed, we carry it so far as to comprehend organism as well-nigh responsible for the fact of life, “creating” it of its own co-ordinated potency. But treated in the broader sense in which we find it defined in both biology and philosophy, we might contend to all intents and purposes *that this universe in toto is God’s Organism*, inasmuch as all natural life in it is the effect of organs separate in function but mutually dependent—or a highly complex

thing with parts so integrated that their relation to one another is governed by their relation to the whole.

Conceived in such fashion, we might say that the anthropomorphic image of Divinity would be but a passing evolutionary phase of the Divine Afflatus, and that the universe as we behold it nightly on venturing out upon the starlit lawn, is the extent to which the God-Fact has extended Itself in comprehending Its own awareness externally.

Would this mean that the God-Fact was at one time back in Primordial Void naught but a human being?

What's wrong with it in comparison with what we're asked to believe in respect to spiritual evolution on and after the so-called Human course is run? The spermatozoa of Divine Intellect have to progress up through every form of pattern-experiencing to arrive at vehicular celerity, spiritual increments being synonymously what they seem to be. Can such evolution have become a created afterthought, or has it been a process followed in the larger and higher sense by the Master Embryo Itself? In other words, can we deny that the God-Fact as the Master Unit of Self-Aware Consciousness hasn't been through every material experience that we as self-aware creatures are forced to go through in compounding our own individualities from experience with form? And if it has not, then from whence came the Divine Development, or how did it acquire a development that is divinely beyond our own?

Almost we might be bold enough to put it that unless at some time or other back over Cosmic time, Holy Spirit had not been anthropomorphic, how could it appreciate the problems and conditions of anthropomorphic life today? Has not Holy Consciousness Itself to learn the nature and fecundities of Delimitation by first knowing Limitation, else where has Its knowledge of either been derived from? In this sense, of course, we can consider the mortally organic and Limitation as synonymous.

IF WE truly accept the recipe that we are sons of God learning how to become gods in our own rights, and mortal vehicle as we herewith know it is one of the conditions of spiritual wisdom and evolution, how comes it that such pattern is unique unto us? Would it not be more astute to conclude that the pattern is a standard form of progress from the primordial to the Absolute—if there be an Absolute?

Putting it in another fashion, is it not logical that the pattern or blueprint for cosmic evolution we are pursuing comes out of all that has successfully been practiced hitherto, thus abandoning the theological notion that the God-Fact has postulated certain peculiar conditions for us purely because our organic integration has turned out to be what it has? Would we not have every right to inquire why we should be made exceptions?

Wisdom comes from Knowledge; Knowledge comes from convictions of realities derived from Experience with Form. Form comes out of Master Consciousness conceiving patterns for contact that must always and forever prescribe the nature of vehicle—vehicle and form being obverse or polarized parts of one another to get effects on Spirit or Self-Awareness in externalized action.

Looking at ourselves in elementary development, we should be able to conceive what the history of the God-Fact must have been, in that we are divinely assured that out of such elementary development shall come a realization of the Ultimate and Absolute.

The present should give us not only our cues to the Absolute but our cues to the history of all that has gone before to make the Absolute what is now promised. It can only be promised in that it has been attained. It can only have been attained by some Creator or creature endowed with self-awareness that has encompassed all Experience. And the anthropomorphic form is assuredly an experience that has its legitimate status in All- Wisdom.

The one thing redeeming it all is this—

The God-Fact has *gone* on until it has become what we of the current form or status perceive as Divinity. And the Going On of itself is a component part of the whole divine idea.

IF WE care to admit that we are sons of God, and divine beings ourselves in the evolution of knowing every experience with form in order to know every aspect of wisdom coming out of Experience, then anthropomorphism is not a particularly human predicament but a phase of all-embracing and all-encompassing education in Spirit. We are men because in the vast and farflung development of Divine Spirit it is a phase or sequence of the cultivation of Spirit that the man-form shall give Spirit increments that it can obtain in no other role or function. And undoubtedly by the same logical reasoning, we should have first been every sentient creature that has ever appeared on earth or any heavenly orb approximating earth. All of it adds up to make the sum-total of experiencing that constitutes the sum-total of awareness in every handicap. There may even be forms of this handicap of which we, in our current mortalities, can grasp no inkling.

We are forced to turn our whole scheme of reasoning squarely about face and look upon it that we are not so much what we are because of what we have experience that we are ultimately the products of every experiences that every freak or contortion of form could possibly execute. Otherwise in the ultimate there would be units of consciousness that, occupying those forms, would have acquired experiencings that we have never known. And to such degree we would be imperfect or deficient.

We could never be imperfect or deficient and yet become products of All-Knowledge.

The deeper we probe into it, the more certain it appears that the anthropomorphic state is merely a condition where contacts with form are mainly specialized in order to develop what we might call the Sentiments.

TO BE whimsical in this, we might put it that it is necessary to have a building of earthly construction in order to know the exact sensations of running into a door in the

dark and bashing an eye. It is equally as necessary that stairs be constructed in that building in order that we may know what the sensation is of missing the top step and plunging to the bottom, breaking a leg or an arm in the adventure. You can't have the reactions to a broken arm or leg without the stairflight to give the top step to start off the mishap or the bottom step to complete it. We land at the bottom and the relatives come running, and an ambulance is called, and we are borne to the hospital where doctors set the broken bone and we have flowers and sympathy and interesting books to read throughout convalescence and a pretty nurse to administer the five o'clock lotions and fall in love with us and marry us and give us seven children. Take away one item at any point and the adventure in Cosmos is an incomplete adventure. And so may it be with a mishap in astrophysics that bumps the planets together and starts a holocaust.

We suffer these things not because we happened to live in a land that had buildings that held stairways and ambulances and winsome nurses, but because Spirit must perfect itself in every form of experience that exists in order to say that it comprehends them by participation in contact with them. *So really there is no such thing as Tragedy*, whether the mishap be a tumble down a stairway in a factory or down a cliff in a quarry or down sheer space in an aircraft when an engine has knocked out. There is only Experience in every item of form, adding up to the Absolute, that our personalized consciousness may encompass all of them. But let me get back to the "God-Fact going onward" ...

THE FAULT with considering the God-Consciousness, or the Original Self-Awareness, in the strict anthropomorphic sense, is the irreverence of challenging the God-Fact's capabilities for profiting from all experiences in a formal world of its own design and not being able to "go onward".

We say, to think of God in the paternal sense, or as a venerable human being who cannot see the back of His own neck, is to halt the machinery of Spirit-Experiencing and declare that the God-Fact reaches a point where It ossifies and crystallizes. Thinking of God as the prototype of an earthly Moses is to think of God as having ceased to move onward and upward to have more and more experiences adding to His own wisdom. And that would bring the whole pattern and purport of Consciousness to an end and a halt.

Taking our own cases again, are we to be declared sons of God but with nothing at the end of our cosmic careers except becoming prototypes of a venerable Moses, each and severally, and thereupon halt and progress no further? Is it not more reverent to contend that, God being God must go onward and upward forever, with no curtailment in His experience, ever deploying in vaster and mightier forms, and exploring and experimenting to infinity in an ever-expanding universe? Any third-rate astrophysicist will assure you that the universe *is* expanding. Is its Creator then, not expanding with it?

Why need God halt but His universe go onward?

But what, you ask, can it be that *does* "go onward?" ... The Great Mentors with which Soulcraft is in touch, say "Spirit!" Thus we begin by now to conceive that it is

“Soul-in-Action” ... the soul of the God-Fact in Action ... the Soul-in-Action that once, untold millennia ago, must have known organism as we know organism in order to lay the practical blueprint for organism, and which—not in the celestial future but in the remotest of the remote pasts—we might conceive of in the anthropomorphic form. But can we come to truly *love* that?

Why not?

Look upon it in this fashion—

RARE indeed is the human being who at some time or other in a mortal career has not been blessed and favored by the good offices of an elderly or patriarchal relative. It might have been a beloved grandparent or uncle or farther or older brother. Now it wasn't the organic body of such that manufactured the kindly feeling or the compassionate act from which such relative profited. It was the *spirit* of the benevolent one ... that only had an anatomical organism or vehicle for expression on this plane of materials. This “spirit” was a mere unit of consciousness that had only operated for the time of its last earthly ensoulment in a flesh-and-blood personality, that came in time to the end of its expression, and suffered a stilled heart, and presently was only a headstone in a local cemetery and a poignant memory in sorrow-stricken survivors.

Shall we say that such a spirit *died*, or ceased to exist and perform, merely because it thus passed off the earthly stage? Knowing our psychical research as we do, seeing such beloved relatives “come back” again and again in materialized form, favoring us with their beloved voices and expressions of endearment, do we not visualize a happy day when we shall be rejoined to them? And yet, is it not the *spirit* of that grandparent or uncle or older brother that we truly love, not the hoary head or the twinkling eye or the venerable beard?

Spirit is something apart from body—something that merely animates Body for a given number of solar years while Body is in exercisable shape to be so utilized. The kindly intent, that bestowed so much appreciated largess upon us, is the essence-of-consciousness that used the vehicle, the self-thought that thinks, “I am Myself!” and can go on occupying a dozen vehicles up years still to come, this is the entity we truly love, not the mane of hair or the twinkling eye itself or the venerable beard adorning the chin.

All right, mushroom that Consciousness up to a Divine and All-knowing estimate and what do you have but the God-Fact as the religionist is striving to depict Him in thought ... God is a Gigantic Unit of Self-Awareness Who can occupy all vehicles or none—according to His caprice or the demands of the circumstance. The same type of altruistic manifestation that was the one-time loving and generous grandparent ought to be able to expand and increase indefinitely as fresher and more potent experiences up higher worlds have come to *Him*—and instead of just one grandchild or tribe of grandchildren, He holds in His effusive heart all the struggling progeny of a planet or solar system.

Think of the loving and indulgent spirit of the most affectionate and generous grandparent that one could possibly conceive in intellect, departed long since out of his anthropomorphic sequence, but being benevolent now to two billions of progeny—twenty sextillions of progeny—and God is not so inconceivable as our materialistic psychologist would persuade us to accept.

GIVE it a little real thought and “Spirit” does not become so hard to envision, even devoid of Its organic instrument. The loving heart and protective instinct of the grandparent can go on expanding forever, no particular form being necessary for the expression of that. But how many human beings, adolescent or adult, ever spare a moment to think of “God the Father” as the kindest and wisest and most indulgent and generous grandparent any mortal being ever had up all his soul’s history? . . . No, God must be this or that theologically, an old patriarch of a man bowed with years and the sorrow of human follies, as some brainstrapped ecclesiastic, modern or ancient, has painted Him. All of which is as infantile as it is illogical. That which is identified with age and venerableness is indication of physical decay. Can God decay?

Anyhow, if you’re troubled at all by this anthropomorphic legend, call up the picture-image of your favorite grandparent’s *spirit*—or affection and infallible solicitude for you—issuing forth out of the organic vehicle you recall so well from your younger years, and advancing and expanding as his vast universe advances and expands, to a heart-quaking infinity of size and grandeur, containing all the consideration for you that you once cherished so highly when such beloved relative was with you in flesh.

Start, if you please, with an anthropomorphic God—if you must have Him that way—then think of His long, long since having shuffled off all such confining coil and becoming everlastingly stable and substantial but omnipotent. And though you’re building on the anthropomorphic remains of your beloved grandparent for picture-image purposes, you’re likewise getting a concept of a valorous Being in the whole of it, who is continuing to expand and explore world without end, amen. And that, incidentally, is true bravery.

Everlasting experimenting, exploring and adventuring, to find out the full possibilities within His own being that a pattern may be set for you to follow and know all the increment with a minimum of danger, could any role be worthier of adulation and affection?

It is by no means academic sentimentality that brings the old and the venerable to “love” God. They love God because they are heavy with years and experience themselves in the ways and means by which affection is engendered. And that as well was part of the plan. How could they do otherwise?

Always let’s remember that exquisite line, “The bravest are the tenderest”, because they have *earned* their qualifications for being tender. And God must be tender because He has earned so much through original and elementary exploration within His own Spirit.

The Great Teacher remarks in the matchless *Golden Scripts* that the “Father” to whom He prayed in the Garden was the greatest and tenderest Spirit with whom He was “in touch” in all Cosmos that was known of Him. In the twentieth verse of the 91st chapter He says to us—

“When I speak then of The Father, I speak verily of one who ruleth the host of all Thought Streams, a Spirit so aged that no man knoweth its antiquity. This Spirit in power is beyond even My concerning, even as I was temporarily beyond your conceiving whilst in mortal flesh. This Spirit existeth and endureth, older I say than any of those known to the host of those of whom I have knowledge; He is not God as men conceive God, nevertheless He is so wise in His conceiving that His power transcendeth that of any spirit projected onto any plane of which we have wisdom. Of such is omnipotence. When I say that I am Son of God and refer to the Father, invariably I refer to this Spirit because with Him I am ever in touch and know no greater beyond Him. *I tell you, beloved, I believe others to be beyond Him but of them I have no knowledge and probably never will have knowledge, they ever receding as we advance!*”

And there you have it.

The evolutionary nature of what we consider the Divine Itself, would seem to be attested in this, since if there are others “beyond the Ancient of Days” it should mean only that they came into function ahead of Him and have proceeded higher and farther into what we visualize as Grandeur. Would it not be the soundest part of pious sense to declare that we are not so much interested in Personalities within Divinity as we are concerned with the fecundities within Divinity as an advancement beyond our own attainments? Using the analogy of the ant on the running-board of the hurtling motorcar again, we are in the position of the ant’s identifying something called a human being beneath the steering-wheel, not in being concerned with whether such steering functionary is prince or pauper, monarch or subject. No, it is not so difficult to conceive picture-images of God. The effects of His Spirit on ours, each and severally, are what count ...

THE GLORY DIES NOT

XIII

IT MUST be apparent to you by this time, I assume, that I have come to estimate the universe in which I find myself by quite altered and perhaps contrary standards to what I was led to conceive it in younger years or with the help of so-called theologians. I have since come to alter my estimates even of Evil and Sin. I view them in my sunset years, after living a rich and good life, as mere ignorance in action. At the most they are negatives. Don't judge me wrongly. I certainly don't imply I am tolerant of Evil or Sin. Put it in the neutron of explanation that I am tolerant of the childish and benighted human nature that fails to grasp the full fecundities of Truth. I take it for granted that as one develops nearer and nearer to the vision of Truth, one's wisdom increases along with one's knowledge. As any intellect grows in true wisdom, it expands beyond any perimeter of error and thus Evil and Sin automatically dissolve as the symbolisms for the benighted condition that they are. At the most they are circumscriptions on supernal cognizance. And when you come down to trenchant examination of them you likewise make the discovery as your Wisdom expands, that they are most likely to be significances of the observer's limitations. As we are fearful of nothing in the universe that has been brought to reality by a Being infinitely wiser and kindlier than ever was The Christ, we can look at both Evil and Sin critically and dispassionately. How have they come into the world as we know it?

Have they not come really as fetishes of castigations which man indulges in, that Limitation in both his neighbor and himself is what it is? Identify Evil and Sin as limitation and you place them in a category of constructive therapy at the outset. Moreover, you unwittingly absolve God from being either progenitor or magistrate in respect to them. And you certainly save yourself a lot of headaches and heartburn, puritanically fitting Deity into the picture-frame of either of them.

Supposing we look at it.

IN ANY form of a primitive society, striving to construct a religious hypothesis

from natural phenomena or social malfeasance meriting celestial reprisal of some sort, or conceiving of an agenda of rewards and punishments, is the normal outgrowth of an infantile training. Adults of any age look backward at their childhood experiencings—when parental violence was visited upon them for disobedience to commands that really had the offspring's welfare at heart—and considering such discipline as a sequence they merely pivot it about into the future and place themselves in the roles of minors in respect to the celestial parenthood. Rarely, if ever, do they pause to logicize that while the parental violence might have originated in cases in adult indignation manifesting in temper that in turn exercised hurt on the immature person, the true course being pursued was to impress the offender with the parental wisdom in terms of shock that remained in the memory. Pain from spankings or switchings was the elementary method of imparting education in economical and effective acceptances—until the recipe crystallized in the axiom, "Only that which hurts, educates." Like many other axioms of folklore it is more honored in the breach than in the observance and is only factual in ratio to the stupidity presented. There can be forms of intellect so advanced and sensitized that instead of educating, gross pain rebuffs and alienates. Still, we are not so interested in psychological effects at the moment.

It is the pain-infliction phenomenon as a process that inveigles us. And it is enough to concede that Education is behind it. The spankings and switchings encountered and endured by the developing child all have as their purport the transferring to the child of the parent's astuteness in respect to the increments from law observance, moral rectitudes or physical sanitations. The small boy is whacked because he broke the neighbor's window when he had been admonished not to throw stones carelessly, or because he stole fruit from the neighbor's orchard in transgression of property rights, or because he indulged in falsehood when he explained how he came by the forty cents that spilled from his trouser pocket when he did a somersault in the living room. He is thereby having called to his attention in terms of physical shock certain elementary lessons in caution, discretion, honesty or moral rectitude that disregarded in minor youthful instances may aggravate into crimes of a serious anti-social order as his adolescent horizons broaden. Into his psychology enters by association of ideas the realization that he has come into existence in a world of Compensation—that for every action good or bad there is a reaction good or bad. True maturity is a sorting out of these values and cognitions in terms of finer and more exacting equities.

So a child is not good or bad in that he is the normal and wholesome miscreant in respect to the carelessness or thoughtlessness of boyhood or girlhood. He comes to be considered good or bad from the development or non-development of his perceptions and acknowledgments of the causes for penalties and the import of their inflictions. We have no time at the moment for discussion of the parent who overdoes the penalizing and generates a defiance in the offspring that is a phase of its indignation at injustice. We have the whole agenda of the childhood curriculum of responses to consider, queerly blown up or transferred to the heavenly anticipations.

It is strange how the doctrine or notion of celestial birth or “heavenly” incarnation postulates in the average mind the exaggerated prototype of the filial stress and strain with the earthly parent. But when the transfer is effected in the divine household, disobedience to the anthropomorphic Deity is labeled and stigmatized as Evil or Sin, and the whole precipitated into the domain of Religion. And so fanatical do certain types of divines become in their adjurations to rectitude that they even seriously visualize the divine parent as becoming so exasperated at filial malfeasance that He prescribes that the stupid or perverse offender shall be taken down into the celestial basement, thrust in the cosmic furnace, and roasted alive. They wax most sadistic over the Almighty’s proclivities to thus deal with mortal progeny, calling the extremity Judgment and Hell. Sane and bedeviled adults are harangued in congregation to love such Celestial Sadist or run the risk of such criminal disposals if they do not. As if they could! Any earthly parent who thus disposed of his young, no matter how incorrigible such young might develop, would be considered littler short of insane and restrained as a monster unfit to train young if such were his ultimates in treating with his issue. But because God is the one assumed to do it, and because the pundit expounding such insanities is dignified as a Doctor of Divinity, the heinous excesses of the Celestial Parent are rationalized and after the choir has sung “Pull for the Shore”, the collection-plate is passed and woe betide the communicant who drops in a button.

No one of sound mind and any instruction in the Christian religion would possibly accredit the gentle Jesus—who had it in His nature to bless His enemies as He was dying upon a cross of crucifixion—as capable of assisting in such a monstrous depravity as thrusting a living and conscious human being into the firebox of a factory furnace to know the torturing pangs of living calefaction. Yet His divine parent is represented as being capable of decreeing it, if not actually consummating it. If the assurances of certain forms of ecclesiasticism be true, how could that same Jesus entertain the slightest respect or affection for such a Moloch?

We who have come to envision the Almighty, anthropomorphic or otherwise, as ten thousand times more evolved and solicitous and compassionate than the Messiah who served Him as son, read into the whole viciousness only the fanaticisms of religious zealotry gone to seed.

Anyone in earth-life who would commit the profligacies of the Jehovah of the Old Testament would be swiftly restrained in the interests of social protection and his malevolence excoriated. Actually what we seem to be witnessing is an ecclesiastic hysteria of a most lamentable and primitive order, exercised in order to frighten earthly denizens into a rectitude popular with a species of slum harridan who hatches up horror-tales in order to gain prestige among gullible youngsters. And what does such a one accomplish but the disclosure of his own depravity bordering on mild lunacy?

I SAID a moment ago that the administering of physical chastisement on the thoughtless young was essentially an economy of education—but it was education

nonetheless. Why will we be so benighted ourselves as to deny to the Deity what we so stoutly maintain in respect to our own adult authorities?

The difference between the earthly father and the Divine Father is, of course, that the Divine Father punishes us *by* our perversities, not *for* them. The Divine Parent sets up rules and regulations where reprisals for disobedience are reactionary and automatic. The earth father has to conduct an ethical battle with his better impulses, as to whether he shall larrup Johnny for bringing a live snake into the house or commend him for driving five or six females whom he detests into hysterics. The Divine Parent's rules and regulations are *laws* and they carry penalties for breakage or transgression within themselves. It is, for instance, what we might call a Divine Law that no one shall be so foolhardy as to walk a tight-rope over Niagara Falls. The same solicitude prompts the earthly father to wrench the small son's ear for climbing the ladder the hired man left up at night-fall in the highest cherry tree where a false step might have resulted in a broken arm or neck. But in God's law against foolhardiness there is the concomittant penalty of gravity that will punish instantly with total destruction him who is so brash as to flout it and lose out. We might also look upon it that God's law decrees that one shall be sanitary in regard to one's person or diet. The transgressor falls—as we put it—“ill” upon disregarding it. The earthly parent makes Junior go upstairs to bed at seven o'clock for coming to table in untidy dress. The celestial parent's law is arbitrary; the human parents “law” is discretionary. All of which brings us to another facet of the jewel of Truth, that we can the better arrive at what is true transgression of the divine law *by studying penalties rather than by providing bugaboos to scare earth-folk into filling church pews.*

THE ECCLESIASTIC doesn't wish to do this, of course, adjudging that the divine parent is by no means strict enough, not as strict at least as the ecclesiastic would recommend had he the job of presiding a Jehovah over society in person. And we saw how utterly sadistic such strictness could become in an aberrational sequence in comparatively modern times known as the Inquisition. However, we won't go into that.

What I would head for in all of this, is the more prolific circumstance that we can all of us clandestinely reveal ourselves as five-and-ten-cent Torquemadas in the matter of considering Evil and Sin after our own notions in that we arrive at the religious-zealotry-gone-to-seed by apostrophizing Mammon and ‘Worldliness’ and all-around Wickedness as being whatever discommodos or outrages our innate sense of personal propriety, forgetting the educational thesis of Experience as conveniently as the earthly parent who announces to his offending progeny “This is going to hurt me far more than it does you,” and lies and knows that he lies.

I would get straight down now to the business of stigmatizing everything of a rigorously educating nature as being of the world, the flesh, and the devil . . .

Ah, the flesh indeed! There do we have a culprit. Let me illustrate in the form of a reminiscence—

RECENTLY I authored a certain Soulcraft book. Its name was *Adam Awakes*. It was a frank analysis of the marital relationship. Adam was assumed to have awakened after a lengthy nap in Eden and discovered by his side a feminine partner in his sorrows and joys, providing he had sorrows in a world as yet without social background. Not being particularly squeamish myself over the caprices of sex, my only concernment while developing my theme was a reasonable restriction in the cause of good taste. However, the book was published and shipped—to several thousand purchasers who claimed to seek Truth.

And the letters started back.

I was viper, said a certain prudish contingent, that's what I was, in the bed of marital rectitude. I preached disregard of the technicalities of matrimony by giving a somewhat frank portrait of how the relations between the sexes seemed to be regarded by those on higher octaves. The fact that the views of those on the higher octaves seemed to be more tolerant, even amounting to amusement at times for the odd behavior of males and females in the intimate relation, outraged and infuriated certain individuals whose notions were more strict. Of course, not having the stamina to declare that the more tolerant attitude was the more proper or that their own ideas were open to criticism when compared with those more advanced in cosmic understanding, the tenor of abuse was taken out on myself. The views must be *mine* in that they appeared to fall short of my reader's convictions as to how higher mentors held judgment on things of sex. So I was a whited sepulchre for not pronouncing the most frightful threats of doom on any who seemed to make light of the moral code. My plea that I was mere amanuensis for the opinion, fell on deaf ears. I was, of course, "hearing wrongly," when what was meant to be expressed was, I failed to hear what my critics—particularly my elderly spinster critics—insisted on hearing. Of all crimes on the cosmic calendar, not adhering to a strict letter of the supposed law as applied to sex was the most unpardonable and if "any bars were going to be let down" concerning the ways of a man with a maid, or for that matter the ways of a maid with a man, the whole "higher teaching" was a delusion and a snare. These critical earthly folk, predominantly feminine and unwedded, had set up their own ethical standards in respect to the marital relationship and woe betide any mere male who suggested they might have gone a little far and become unbalanced. Those of the higher realms who in cases dictated whole pages of *Adam Awakes* ought to be lectured sharply for many of their lax or facetious attitudes in the puritanic attributes but as no one seemed about to lecture them, I was the one who was lectured vicariously. What actually was behind the whole ludicrous performance?

Excess of temperament displayed in sex reactions from unpleasant or too pleasant sex experiences was behind most of it. But curiously enough, I was not at all astounded that, the opinion came from exactly the persons it did. People built up their own moral code, based on the ugliest of repercussions, and tolerated no aspersions cast upon it by either attitude of tolerance or facetious nonchalance. That all other parties were not as

exercised as themselves upon such matters was truly aspersion number one. Procreative jealousies played their roles so obviously in the whole exhibit that tolerance based on understanding was a wile of the devil showing his forked hoof in an otherwise acceptable doctrine. Had I been less mature in my own understandings I might have concluded that no sin was blacker than sin attending gender, generally because it was so ecstatically enjoyed.

This is not the place for the discussion of Sex, but by such abnormal estimates has the fetish of Sin been built. People simply cannot grasp that it isn't the deficiencies of the mass-populace, or even the rectitude of the mass-populace, that is thus being displayed, but the deficiencies or rectitude of the person passing judgment. I hark back to one of my favorite anecdotes about the famous Dr. Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson," exclaimed an outraged maiden lady to the great lexicographer, "I'm shocked that your dictionary contains so many naughty words."

"Madam," returned Johnson, "you have been looking for them."

Sins in the main are constructed to monstrous size by the persons who pride themselves on doing the least sinning. When Christ said, "Judge not have ye be not judged," I read His words to mean, "Judge not that you do not reveal what you yourself may be as Judge." I don't read them to mean, "Judge not else some higher authority come along and condemn you in turn."

What I'm working toward by my argument in all this, is the grave and basic error of mistaking our own estimates of men and morals not alone for God's estimates but for finalities translated in eternal equations . . .

AGAIN and again in various forms of cultism we meet with great pother about Divine Mind and mortal mind, and how the two are at enmity with each other, Divine Mind being perfect and mortal mind being "wicked" . . . I dare to challenge it with the contention that mortal mind is not wicked, it is immature. Mortal mind is mind in the infant stage of Spirit-Evolution. Mrs. Eddy makes a great to-do in *Science & Health* that God is perfection whereas man is imperfection and yet declares in another place that Man is the reflection of God's image. She would have us accept that God and Man stand on some kind of basis of equality but Man through his perversity insists on being wayward in the moral attributes. I dare to contend, I say, that Man is not wayward. Man has not yet attained to intellectual grasp of the more profitable functionings of Wisdom because he does not yet have God's—or Holy Spirit's—maturities. Putting it in somewhat blunt fashion, it is my argument that when Man has lived as long as God he will exercise God's attributes.

Certainly Man is the reflection of God . . . Mrs. Eddy and I have no bone of contention on that point at all. But the analogy carries only as far as the comparison we get in mortal life, that every child is the reflection of the parent. They are of identical species. But the fact of being of identical species by no means assures the child that it has the adult judgment of the parent that has come from additional years of the parent's

experience. Adulthood, remember, stands for the concremented decisions resulting from trial-and-error experiments at living and the knowledge by tacit application that a given course of conduct will result in a given standard of discriminations. Man is divine from the nature of his origins but that does not mean he has all the attributes of the divine nature in the exercise that comes from long observation of the results of conduct, good or bad.

I say that Man is God in school!

IT IS entirely correct to maintain that being the son of my earthly father I possess all his attributes potentially. But I must knock about the world and know all my father's experiences before I can contend I possess my father's acumen in deciding instantly what is beneficial for human welfare and what is detrimental.

As I have narrated in earlier chapters, the mortal individual is undoubtedly the evolving and growing spermatozoa of celestial emanation of some stupendous Personality that has reached the point that intellectual or soul procreation is an incident of its maturity. But I believe that essence and attainment are two different items and considerations. As I read *Science & Health*—and I do read it most sympathetically—it upsets me to find Mary indicating that because I may have my divine Father's essence I should likewise have His wisdom and general acumen, and by not having it, I am guilty of some breach of the Great Moral Law. I say to Mary that when I reach my Celestial Parent's intellectual development, I shall have left all breachings of the Great Moral Law behind me in the sheer acquisition of my cosmic acumen. Today I am a child, a divine child, and know I am a child. I am here in the stramash of these worldly experiencings to cultivate and develop supreme discriminations in regard to eternal Right and Wrong, and as I do cultivate them and exercise them I grow into mature stature of celestial adulthood.

Raining blows of intellectual rancor on the child for not being adult in one brief earthly sequence seems to me to show limitation in the one who contends that such deficiency in the child exists.

Adulthood only means the apexing of ordeal. Ordeal means participation in distressful circumstance that external situation show the human unit of self-awareness which set of values to embrace as policy for personal conduct. We say that when the adolescent becomes the adult its "judgment" should be sufficiently developed so that it "knows how to take care of itself." Are we not truly saying, "When an adolescent has had enough involvement in distressful circumstance it should develop the cleverness to stay out of messes?" But do you take note that if distressful circumstances were not somehow provided, such acumen could not be developed. One is the corollary of the other. Berating distressful circumstance merely because it is distressful is the mark of the ingrate, if the distressful circumstance provide the instrumentality for acumen and self-reliance. The child-soul screams only at the pain in the crushed finger; it fails to grasp that good judgment on its own part—not to thrust the finger where there is the

possibility of its being crushed—is the dividend that is being declared on the whole hurtful episode. And so with all the educative dilemmas of mortality.

We are in this mortal situation to learn what *not* to do, but at the same time recognize clearly *why* we should not do it. And I maintain it's time to look at the moral dividends accruing and evaluate them, not stand aside and caterwaul at the circumstances that make us Wisemen.

THIS IS my philosophy, and the philosophy of Soulcraft. I am Potential Divinity, receiving my education that will one day make me a greater God than the Hebraic Jehovah. Nothing is negative about it, nothing is wicked. I make my mistakes and recover on them. I plead guilty to not having the intellectual mentality of Mary Eddy's Divine Mind but I do maintain that the day will come when I *will* have it, if I am permitted to pursue the trial-and-error course that is currently educating me. Mary set arbitrary standards of performance or demonstration. She said, "Exercise Divine Mind at a stroke and you enjoy its increments of complete suzerainty at a stroke." I say to Mary, "Your argument is deficient in one ingredient or condition—the item of Time." I must have Time to develop up the God-Way and encounter the episodes of ordeal that make me as wise as Jehovah. What's wrong with that? Do you trounce a child at three years of age for not having the perspicacies of the adolescent of eighteen, or do you inflict eternal torment on the adolescent of eighteen for not conducting himself with the acumen of the man of forty?

Actually, the glory dies not in any moment all the sequence through. The glory is the inevitability of complete attainment that needs a thousand-and-one transitions of ordeal and vicissitude to mark, but that as inevitably arrives up some far day at Complete Realization of its Divine Patrimony and embraces it.

Which resolves, of course, into a wholly altered estimate of the planetary circumstance on any solar satellite and views it as an educative factor or influence in the evolution of Divinity to complete comprehension of its nature and its mission.

Actually it means that nothing is authentically Wicked; correctly it is educative.

God has inducted us into a universe where every causation and condition contributes to the Divinity of the celestial soul-spirit units as they come along up the cliff-paths of Experience. Every causation and condition makes the involved Soul-Spirit just a little wiser, just a little more adroit at handling itself in the face of frustration or obstruction, just a little more astute in confronting dilemmas that may involve catastrophe. And yet even Catastrophe itself may be a savior in disguise, since it may bring out the ultimate of ingenuity and thus apprise us that we possess it.

Summing it up, I say that there is Divine Parental-Spirit and Divine Child-Spirit. The great cosmic world-of-affairs awaits to receive the Divine Child-Spirit and make an adult out of it. That so-called Wickedness is one phase of such educative instrumentism, is only an incident. The Child-Spirit Itself has to experience personal encounter and involvement with circumstance, good or bad, in order to develop counter-talent and

counter-wisdom that makes its personal wisdom supernal and omnipotent.

Reality I think it is a point of merit that I recognize my own childishness but I do not desire to stay in such inhibited state one instant longer than it serves me with increment. The big point with me is, am I berating and fulminating against educative ordeal that distresses me, when I should be grateful to educative ordeal for propelling me—propelling me several notches higher up the gauge of enlightenment into true Divinity Attained and Demonstrated?

Looked at in this light, the Child-Spirit knowingly desires to gain to the stature of Parent-Spirit but must wait the transpiration of event to enact it. Very good then, since Time is the essence thereof, why try to condense a millennium into a century or a century into a year?

Science & Health leaves me curiously disquieted. Recognizing and admitting all the sublime truths which it enunciates, I plead Time for the human race to arrive at realization of such Beatitudes.

To begin with, I don't recognize that here is any such thing literally as Divine Mind—I call it Thinking Celestial Intellect. I don't recognize there is any such thing literally as Mortal Mind—I call it Developing Embryonic Godhood. I plead an intellectual truce for this world of immature offspring of divinity, pursuing their pathways of ordeal unto scintillating attainment and realization of their intrinsic glory.

They will make it.

That's why the world is what it is.

And not a single mother's son or father's daughter of them shall be "lost" ... I have the Great Galilean's word for that!

UNDERSONG

XIV

THE PEDANT has the right to demand of me, of course, if I would thus condone wickedness, malevolence, and immorality as much as I seem to rationalize them. I declare that condoning them doesn't enter into it. I have a new philosophy to present to him, which, by the by, really *is* new in that I fail to find it properly acknowledged as the premise for any religion in history, asking him to stop excoriating steep and rugged cliffs because pathways may lead up the faces of them which human beings have cause to travel, either to get the view from the summit or negotiate the vertical distance between a low road and a high road. What has the precipitousness of the grade or the jaggedness of intruding rocks to do with the fact that a human animal or many human animals elect to pursue that route to serve temporal purposes? Admittedly such a route takes unusual effort and abnormal skill to climb, since some may fall over the high road's brink and be dashed to physical extinction miles below—while others may bruise feet, elbows or hips as the mounting climb grows narrower. To curse and inveigh at such features of terrain would demonstrate one's lack of intellect; the traveler might conceivably reach the same elevation by another route, or he might delay his journey till the authorities of the country have put engineers and roadbuilders to work to construct a better, or he might charter an airplane—if airplanes be available in his age and clime—and fly to the summit seated on a cushion.

What I would emphasize in the moral experience is the circumstance that after a time the traveler up the high road of mortality develops skill, lung-power, sinew, and mental and physical poise, and these come about because the cliff-path is what it is. The materials called stone that make the pavement abrasive to the feet, or difficult of ascent without momentary jeopardy to life and limb, may be exactly the same substance as composes the monument in the park that venerates yesteryear's military hero or academic pundit. Or it might serve better purpose cut into blocks and piled into a picturesque cottage in a dale where love and copious offspring abide the years around. In the case of a tormenting mountain to be negotiated by human feet and limbs, the

mountain materials came first and the pathway up them incidental to their shape or location. But what shall be said of them morally if one traveler scales them and reaches his pinnacle objective hale and strong and exuberant at his tenacity, while a second traveler has slipped and gone down to extinction the second day of climbing? The insensate pile of granite or feldspar or flint or quartz has served the first to a beneficent and commendable end; the same pile has been the ruination of the second—since there can be no ruin quite so definite as a slip on the mountain-edge and a hurtling to a valley's floor too directly underneath. The first feels grateful to the rockpile, that profit has accrued to him from surmounting it. The second was probably cursing the terrain he was leaving permanently, every second of the fall to the bottom, where, completing his drop, he cursed nothing more ever.

I say, exchange your Great Climb up the world—indeed your Great Climb up the *worlds*—for your mountainous ascent in the instance noted, and morals are no more concerned with it than morals are concerned with mountains. Only profit or loss I concerned with either.

You make errors in your world-climb, and slip, and go over the edge with a wail. At the bottom you start over and try it anew. You may have required to obtain a fresh organism to try it anew of course, but the fact is that you get one and you start. Mayhap you slip a second time, a third, a fourth, a fiftieth. But the day does arrive when you learn to keep away from precipitous cliff-edges or watch where you place your feet that no rolling or slipping stone be under them. The peculiar contact with a steep of given contour is really a mere intellectual equation, win, lose or draw. If you had been required to travel on a road strictly level, you would have derived a different type of profit, or benefited by development of a different set of biceps. You might not have been required to keep vigilant about precipitous brinks or rolling stones; you might have required to watch out for destructive vehicles, or robbers, or predatory animals. Then these as well would classify as factors of an intellectual equation.

THE BIG question I would ask in considering travel of any sort—conceded as broadening or strengthening one—is, *Why make a religion out of it?*

Perhaps I phrase it wrongly. Why involve it *with* or *in* religious fundamentals? To give it the slightest significance—as the critics do who associate morals and rectitude with Divinity—is to charge God with being “cruel” for making a mountain grade from which one slips and crashes, or “praising” God as being exceptionally good or beneficent because one does not slip but develops the physical and spiritual stamina to gain to the heights. God was more or less impersonal in shaping the rocky mountain and locating it where He did. Human beings in ignorance chose their routes up the steepest incline on it when they might have gone around another way, or waited till the engineers had made the grade safer, or saved up their pennies and bought a helicopter. Nevertheless, climbing the hard way and winning to one's lofty destination, has resulted even from the ignorance—at least in spite of it.

I say of God: the world is what it is for quite other purposes than locating mountains here and there that human beings may be plagued in trying to surmount them. Human beings surmount them from purely human motives and objectives. And the same holds true of life. Cursing the steep and tortuous mountain road, or “condemning” it because it is steep and tortuous, is directing one’s anathemas not only incorrectly but idiotically. The mountain road is a circumstance of terrain for self-aware consciousness to surmount, just as so-called Wickedness, Error, and Sin are circumstances of spiritual terrain for self-aware consciousness to surmount. God didn’t put them into the mundane ensemble to plague humankind, or even to test humankind, any more than he put the mountain precisely where human beings wished most zealously to climb it or go over it to reach the top or the opposite side. *Human beings encounter and surmount Wickedness, Error, and Sin through lack of wisdom*—that other roads are open or even that other roads exist. But having surmounted these, the soul-spirit is cognizant of strength, acumen, and stamina that it never possessed before the encounter occurred.

Does one condone lack of skill to scale a goat-path up a cliff without mishap to limb or life, when better than five out of ten climbers climb successfully and emerge upon the summit exultant at their prowess?

WHAT I’M trying to say is, too long the world’s pedants have sung the negative Undersong of lament at the mountains of earth-life because there are any climbers lost whatever, and made a fetish out of the appalling prospect of the effort that must be expended to negotiate the prospective height at all.

I say none of it is manly. Rather it is cowardly ...

And charging up to God the factor of mountains in the pathway as “temptations” to be abhorred—since God makes no man go up or over any mountain if he elects no to do so—is nothing short of blasphemy.

God shapes the mountains, and locates the mountains, as an incident of planet construction. Little gnats of divinity crawl up and down them, or slip over their precipices or wave their bonnets from the crest of them, while the loss or profit is their own strictly.

Is anything particularly wrong with that?

Isn’t it wholly a matter of the way you regard it?

Bear in mind that a good many massive religions endured for ages on the several continents of this planet that never bethought to associate pagan hierarchies of gods with man’s desires, habits, weaknesses, fears or ignorances. It took Midianite Christianity to do that. The practice became established of involving the Supreme God with man’s moral conduct from the high ethical specifications of Jesus. As Jesus was high enough above the ethical acceptances of *hoipolloi* to be regarded out-of-hand as divine, so the ecclesiastics who undertook to teach ensuing generations precisely what it had been that Jesus meant, wrapped up man’s ethical trespasses in one foul bundle of derelictions and tossed it squarely across Divinity’s shoulders. As Divinity was annoyed

by such impertinence, It took Its displeasure out on Man ... thus giving us fable and folklore of Atonement. It was placing the emphasis wrongly from the start of it.

Place the emphasis on the right place—that all worldly incident is spiritually educative in some aspect—and make people astute as quickly as possible and with minimum fuss about it, and you get a religion shaped in better balance. You envision God and His mountains where they belong, and you envision Man and his obsession about climbing mountain cliffs—and profiting or suffering from such—where they belong. I say in addition that the true beauty and profit of the correction actually comes in no small part from eliminating the fear-complex that the ecclesiastical pundit delights in cultivating since it is so lucrative to him in prestige and purse.

Putting it somewhat brusquely, I would almost recommend that humanity today, Christian as well as pagan, might stand to gain much by reaffirming the Greek religious psychology: the gods have their own business living their own concerns, and man has his business living another set of concerns, and mixing up the two in one grand batter of morality is not only impious but effrontery.

THE ONLY thing wrong with it is its technical incorrectness. As we explore deeper and deeper into the profundities of Cosmos and our own origins as a spiritual species, we begin to get comprehension of a celestial Forebear Whose concerns by no means exclude Man as annoyance or misfit. We begin to get a comprehension of Divinity Who is the magnification of ourselves in that He personifies what we shall be when our mundane mountain-cliffs are successfully negotiated ... and many mountain-cliffs not so mundane, of which at this juncture we have no knowledge. We discover God and Man derived of identical essence, Soul Externalizing and effecting what we name Spirit. And as we grow more mature in our concepts—meaning more astute in our cosmic distinctions—we shall more and more come to look upon Wickedness, Error, and Sin in the light of baby antics in this world, that we classify as Pranking, Experimenting, and downright Mischief.

I dare to go so far in this as to claim that no Sin is writ on the code books that may not one day be estimated as an adventure in moral practicings whose *denouement* was demonstrated as negative.

Sin is deliberately doing things wrongly when the right way is discerned. Yet the human being under six never lived in the earth-world who failed to pursue precisely that course of conduct to see if father or mother were correct in predictions of the outcome. Alas, too many are the children who discover cause for skepticisms.

Taking it by and large, you can conclude, I think, that in the sixty-fifty year of my age I am not one-tenth as exercised about Sin as I was at six ...

BUT it's not a matter of my personal estimations. It's a matter of a wholly Altered Viewpoint, appraising religion as Religion.

Of course I don't recommend for an instant that the youth of the current year go out

and commit every crime on the calendar merely to profit by the “experience” that results. The experience might be ten to twenty years in a federal penitentiary. What I do recommend is that we stop this unhallowed pother about Sin as a bugbear and begin to concentrate on the truer and nobler aspects of earthly adventure as educating us step by step to function on higher and higher levels of consciousness as we acquire the grey matter. Grey matter grows by taking thought to the fundamentals of life and its complications and emerging with convictions that embody enhanced mentality. Some of us literally *wallow* in the fecundities of Sin, though we do it vicariously and in the therapeutic manner, and ignore the obverse side of the shield of ethics, to wit, Righteousness for its own sake—not because we are threatened with punishment for ignoring it.

I am saying that there is a wholly new conception of morals, ethics, spirituality, what-not, in catching and formulating a constructive philosophy of sternly regarding every experience that comes to us in the mortal predicament as Education, putting the reactions for ordeal in our cosmic memories so that we can have them there eternally to serve us when we are celestial potentates ourselves. Granted we learn to do the right thing by doing and suffering from the wrong thing, nonetheless we learn it. *And it's the learning that counts, not the subject matter of the thing learned!*—thought that may hold no less of an importance.

To introduce something new into the philosophy of our race, look at it this way—

Suppose we say that the human race from here on out became comparable to a babe born of parents on a desert island. No sooner had it learned to care for itself than both parents were killed by lighting bolts. The offspring has thus gained to consciousness in a material world but never met any other human being but the parents to the moment. Say it manages to grub food for itself and preserve life. But nobody with a long and sour face has ever addressed it and talked to it long and lugubriously about its “sins” ... The foundling doesn't even know what Sin is. It makes its way up through childhood to a wild, free, uncontaminated adolescence and early maturity. It discovers that certain acts result in profit and certain acts result in damage ... to its daily material self. Sins? Maybe, maybe not. One day a ship shows up on the horizon in distress and a boatload of people pull for shore. Outside the reef the rowboat founders in turn and when the wild boy gets down to investigate, he discovers none alive but a bug-eyed baby girl. He takes her ashore and forages for her. She becomes, over a period of time, precisely the sort of creature her rescuer was—or is. Natural instincts bring them together in conjugal embrace after puberty. Presently they have offspring. Nobody has enlightened them that the conjugal embrace without benefit of clergy was Sin. A third soul has merely joined them in their island predicament. Say over a course of time the program is repeated and four or five—or even a dozen—offspring are born to the unwed castaways. All grow up free and uninhibited.

Would there be any such thing as Wickedness, Error and Sin on that island of natural brothers and sisters, providing nobody with an elongated skull and lantern jaws

intruded to instruct them as to what God thought about the whole of it? True, there might be practices that were inimical to the welfare of the castaway group as healthy human animals. But so long as no Traditions of Sin were introduced into the conjugal colony, how would they ever know about it? The members might form an introvert society as brother wedded sister, and certain eugenic defects might be observable. But unless some pundit stuffed with folklore, erudition, and sanctimony stepped ashore to tell the colony of brothers and sisters how benighted they were, and “lost” morally and spiritually, how would they ever know it? And so long as they never knew it, *how could it ever affect them?*

They would, each and severally, have their individual tussles with relatives and with circumstance, and would acquire knowledge that certain practices paid off and others didn't. They would make the grade ethically but without traditional inhibitions. And their concepts of divinity would undoubtedly be derived from their awe at thunder, lightning and volcano. Each and severally they might lie on the sand of a marvelous afternoon and cogitate on the *How*, the *Why* and the *When* of the creation they beheld about them. But on the whole, life would be existence without accumulated prejudices and pieties, impiously rendered.

I say that when we reduce matters to such elemental circumstances, we begin to grasp what a tremendous inertia the compounding of mystical folklore has gained, to concrete in what we term Civilization. If a modern Christian Science practitioner went ashore on such an island and started to reason with the cogitator on the sand—granted the barrier of language was nil—the second generation that had never learned of Sin and the quarrel between Divine Mind and Mortal Mind out of a certain Levantine Book, wouldn't know what the practitioner was talking about.

Looked at from such angle one might almost put it that Wickedness, Error and Sin—taken as an indictment—was a mere cultural inheritance—and by no means a very wholesome one at that.

I say what would, or would not, happen to such an elemental colony of brothers and sisters, so originated, must display or demonstrated the only concern which the Cosmic God has in the affairs of the so-called “human” race on a certain third satellite of a star called the Sun in the constellation Question-Mark. And we can toss the whole accumulated mess of ecclesiastical junk out of the window of our souls otherwise, and not be one whit the worse for it.

TO GET back to the first principles, God brings us onto the desert island of the world and leaves us there abandoned, so to speak, to learn of Right and Wrong by the play and interplay of relationships with our parents and sisters and brothers. We proceed to grow and develop physically, mentally and spiritually. Good. Keep the whole proposal of the worlds and their populations equally simple, and we begin to simplify the conundrum of life.

It is complicated theologically and hence morally because the pundits have

complicated it. The more complicated they could make it, the least was it understood, not to mention interpreted. Being thus complicated, someone must be on hand to uncomplicated it. And the holy medicine-man accommodates . . . and his fee is ten oyster shells, preferably containing pearls.

Religion itself is very simple.

Ethics is simpler.

Morals are simplest of all . . .

We are in the organic vehicle, on the desert island of our particular planet, to learn what acts or practices profit us physically, mentally, and spiritually, and what not. Learning them, we pass onward and upward to higher and wider and profounder lessons. Regarding God as the progenitor of this System of Spiritual Enhancement is the truest form of Religion that we can manifest. And I have yet to see evidence that God wants one iota more. I wouldn't, if I were Deity. And I'm only a cantankerous human in my present benighted status, unfortunately endowed with the facilities to write such things in books.

The theological purist, of course, lifts holy palms in horror at such iconoclastic candor. "What are you going to do about the Holy Book?" He demands. "Or the utterings of Jesus?" And sooner or later he will demand that you likewise explain why the Book should have been presented to us if it were not true and fundamentally "sound"?

First, I want him to demonstrate to me wherein a book is holy merely because it treats of subjects religious. And I call up *Science & Health*, which most certainly does treat with matters religious, and ask the Theological Purist if he considers it holy? Is the *Secret Doctrine* a holy book? Is the *Zend-Aversta*? Is this present volume, *Beyond Grandeur*?—it has talked about nothing but matters religious from its opening paragraph. The Purist says certainly not, to the catalog of each title. To be holy, a book has to be the Word of God, "pure and undefiled." I ask him how he knows, of *his own knowledge*, that the combinations of the Old and New Testaments are the Word of God, pure and undefiled? He doesn't know of his own knowledge, of course. He has naught but the attestments of folklore—meaning tradition—to sustain the claim. And watch him get angrier by the minute as he flounders in the morass of his scholastic limitation. I ask him how he reasons that the "infallible Word of God" can have contradictions or misstatements in it. He wants to know what contradictions or misstatements. I call to his attention that I haven't read thirty-seven verses in his Holy Book before I have come upon the first major contradiction. Is he aware that the very first book in the Bible, almost the first chapter, gives two accounts of Creation? The first account states that in the beginning the earth was covered with water; the second—beginning with the fourth verse of the second chapter—declares that it was dry. The first states that Man was created last out of the dust of the ground, the second states that man was created first, and in the image of God. Well, which was it? I go along page upon page. I learn that Adam and Eve had three sons, whom taken with their parents, were the only five

humans existing on the planet. But the same “infallible Word” is so brash and thoughtless as to declare still more chapters along that when first-born Cain slew his brother Abel and fled over into the Land of Nod—wherever the Land of Nod was—he took a wife of the people of that land, in the same generation. So there were people over in the Land of Nod who had daughters available for matrimony! . . . nothing said about them in this original and “infallible” Creation account hitherto. Moreover, a few verses still further along we are asked to accredit that Cain, having married the Nod woman, “founded cities.” To found cities would indicate great numbers of human beings to live in the cities. Were they his brothers and sisters birthed back in the district of Cain’s nativity after he had fled? If the Adam-and-Eve story be true—and we are asked in the first book of the Bible to accept that it is true—the First Family of all living contained no daughters at the time they passed from sacred history. But granting Mrs. Adam’s family did have a few girls after the subtraction of Cain, the human race must have originated as a *race* from marriage of brother and sister, which today throughout the whole earth is stigmatized as incest.

Sooner or later the Theological Purist throws up his hands and gives the angry retort that the error probably lies in translation of the ancient text, leaving himself wide open to the challenge that perchance the whole “sacred” manuscript is mistranslated from end to end. But right up to the genealogical record of Jesus—and take not that there are two and they are not alike—Higher Critics have been finding so many contradictions and inconsistencies that the question of what is literally true in the Bible and what is not true, marks the sacred volume as one of the most technically inaccurate accounts of history, sacred or profane, on the bookshelves of the world.

The one thing that it is *not*, is “infallible.” Infallible means “without mistake or flaw.” The Bible has been changed and altered so many times within the history of modern man as to classify as baedeker of that moral civilization which countenances the changes. In fact, millions of Christians are totally unaware that it did not come into existence as the unified book of the present until voted official by the Council of Carthage in the 7th Century after Christ—twelve hundred years ago come Michaelmas. Not a single original manuscript of it, whose authenticity is above challenge, exists anywhere in the world at the present time.

Then about that second demand of the Theological Purist, “What about the speakings of Jesus?” . . .

WE GET into verboten racial discussions when we trace what happened in the evolution of the biblical accounts of Christ’s utterances. What the college of anti-Christian churchman did to the sacred manuscripts in the council of the Ebionites at Pella, Asia Minor, in the First Century is heresy or “intolerance” to mention. Churchman, however, blithely ignore that—or are told nothing about it. If the whole account of Christ’s ministry can be symbolized by the exquisite tale of the Woman Taken in Adultery, and the Master’s immortal adjuration, “Let him who is without sin

among you cast the first stone,” we of the Twentieth Century might as well throw up our own hands and confess that we don’t know what He said or what He said or what He didn’t say. It’s a part of recorded church history that the story was discovered as inserted in the copy of a New Testament manuscript turned out in a monastery in the Fourth Century by a monk named Priscillian, who was called up before the prelates and evicted from the Church for the effrontery. But the fiction-tale itself, “being so characteristic of Christ”, was permitted to remain. Go read your Church history—which the average Christian doesn’t, and has small opportunity to do even if he would. If the anecdote of the Woman Taken in Adultery were a fiction, have we not the right to ask how many other anecdotes concerning The Christ were similar fabrications? After all, what stenographers, and what systems of shorthand, were employed to take down the literal utterings of the Great Galilean? Most poignant of all, what about His prayer in Gethsemane a few moments before His betrayal—who was around to hear Him utter it and record it so specifically, seeing that the same sacred text declares that the disciples were all apart from Him, sleeping? St. Luke, who gives us the most complete narrative of the whole Christ career, being an honest scribe, admits in the first verse of his Gospel that most of what he is about to record is hearsay ... “For as much as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things *which are most surely believed among us.*” It was, in substance, a chronicle of “what was most surely believed” that constitutes the Third Gospel. Go back to some of the very earliest *printed* manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments, published since the Fifteenth Century, and see how many books you recognize from their current terminology.

None of which comment is Higher Criticism in itself. I claim it is merely being honest with my own intellect. I pay my reader the same compliment as I pay myself, that if we are steadfastly to believe a thing we want it to stack up as true and correct by every standard, sacred or secular, that is available as evidence. Is it being dishonest with my own intellect, or my readers, to contend that if the Old and New Testaments were the “infallible” Word of God there should be such consistency and accuracy throughout the whole text—as well as the history of the text—that not the slightest discrepancy would be detected? I might put in the digression for what it is worth, that exactly these considerations were of no small moment to me when the sublime text of *The Golden Scripts* began to be dictated to me in 1928. Judge my intellectual reactions when I heard the Golden Voice say, “Could *I* be accorded such an honor? Am I indeed he who is born of a carpenter and the wife of a carpenter? ... for I tell you, beloved, that I was born of physical conception even as yourselves but men have taken liberties with truth, that truth and legend might be one, to enhance my prestige and deify Him whom they would serve as Lord.” I had long since reasoned that if a single mortal unit of consciousness had survived the Great Metamorphosis called “death” and shown itself able to manifest in séance-room, the Master Soul of Galilee could not be otherwise inhibited. The point that has registered upon me all along has been “Men have taken liberties with truth ... that Truth and Legend might be one.”

IT IS my position therefore, that I am not particularly interested in the “liberties” men have taken with truth; I’m interested in what the truth is, *of* and *by* itself. I recorded some three hundred thousand or more words at epiphinal dictation of a sacred autobiographical nature, and in 1941 published them in an 844-page volume. Tens of thousands of persons, some of the highest erudition, others of fiercest critical attitudes, have read its 257 chapters line by line and word by word, *without finding a single inconsistent statement or narration in the whole 273,000 words*. If they had, I should have heard of it. If they had, my reputation would have suffered for it; they would have made certain that it did. Two hundred and fifty-seven chapters, eight hundred and forty-four pages, two hundred and seventy-three thousand words, and not as many mistakes or misstatements as can be found in the first three chapters of Genesis—supposed to be the “infallible” word of Jehovah!

So, of the two books, I prefer the one without contradictions. It shapes up in my mind as thereby being more closely recordive of cosmic fact. Of course, that’s merely my personal viewpoint.

What is not my personal viewpoint in this present work is the self-evident conviction that had not the Old Testament been a sublime piece of racist propaganda, with the New Testament constructed fundamentally on the Old, it might never have endured a hundred years. It so happens that I’m not impressed by racist propaganda; I’m interested in what the *facts* are, behind this Cosmic Symposium. And it would seem that I can obtain them far more readily and graphically by going to the source of all mundane erudition in the sacred form, to wit, communication with great wits who have lived in the past and still live and express themselves, literally from their memories. If I desire to ignore or challenge this as fact, then I must ignore or challenge the authenticity of every spiritist materialization that occurs every night in the year from world’s end to world’s end. Decidedly I’m not so stupid as to do that. I have “seen what I have seen” and my convictions in respect to such authenticity are by no means based upon hearsay. Enough of that.

Let me say it as clearly and strongly as I can place anything on paper in current English, that I do *not* discount or disparage either the Old or New Testaments as great allegorical poems bastioned upon sacred folklore. They probably contain the most exalted thought and inspirational sentiment in any known work, not excepting Shakespeare. *But every page of every chapter could be destroyed and exterminated by cataclysm tomorrow, and I could still live my life and effect a moral and constructive social citizenship without them, just so long as it is possible to crosscut directly to the Great Intelligences who have been behind, and responsible for, human culture on this planet from the beginning.*

I CONTEND this to be so because morality is not learned from a book but from experience. We become ultimately moral after we have gone through adventures and

ordeals and errors that have made us spiritually circumspect in our subconscious reactions, or Spirit Memories. It means that we gain to a sense of correct moral values through retrospection—meaning in turn that we have witnessed the effects of different courses of action and observed those that profited the immortal spirit and those which caused it distress and loss. Those which provided us permanent spiritual increment we give the designation of Right. Those which proved sterile or injurious we give the designation of Wrong. These are the great criteria of all conduct and convictions.

But behind this whole undersong, however, again I am not striving to shatter the Bible or its moral precepts because they associate with inconsistencies and fallibilities. I am attempting to prove an hypothesis that not only seems logical but that sustains itself as adamant in the face of whatever scientific disclosures come increasingly to light up through ages of expanding scientific discovery. Such an hypothesis should be self-evident Truth. And it is Truth and not folklore hallowed by tradition that I seek, that everybody seeks.

The hypothesis that establishes from the revelations of the *Golden Scripts* not only makes logic in every particular, and simplifies Mysticism, but it presents a working program for life as we encounter it that seems to comply with each new scientific discovery as it comes along.

Such hypothesis outlines the procedure that Consciousness of itself is an indestructible element, that always has existed and always must exist. It must thereby transcend any atomic ensemble or material situation confronted anywhere in the known universe. I argue that nowhere can we find Consciousness ceasing to exist for any length of time—excepting for such periods as it elects to declare a voluntary hiatus for cause within its own powers of knowing—and from such apparent fact it must always have existed because it is irrational to declare that anything can have had a beginning that can have no ending. Again my analogy of the stick that is impossible of concept if it has but one end to it. A one-ended stick never attains to identity as a stick. It is a stick because it does have two ends, a Beginning and a Terminal.

In the ontological aspect, we have Life or self-aware Consciousness, incapable of extinguisments. True, it may increase in its powers of self-discernment or discernment of environment from the primordially weak to be prodigiously comprehensive. But increase of capability to function does not alter identity as an element. Individuality comes of heightened self-awareness shaped or patterned peculiarly from effects of experience-changes that are commonly called Ordeals. But again Individuality does not cease to be such because one man's has comprised this while another man's has comprised that. And so it is with Existence as essence. So long as there is only Death of *Body*, meaning perishment of organism, all ordeals must be relative of effect but no qualification of effect makes them any less ordeals.

If the Soul lives on after perishment of organic vehicle, it must have had similar status of existence before occupancy of vehicle. If it can be shown that Soul does not require vehicle in the organic sense to get external activity converting it into Spirit, then

more than one vehicle up its long expansion of self-awareness through ordeal is not only reasonable but consistent with the very hypothesis of eternity. That makes Re-ensoulment a rationality, taken of or by itself. To my way of viewing it, Re-ensoulment of itself would prove eternity, in that it would be the only process by which eternity is understandable and measurable to its logicizing powers. Re-ensoulment being thus established by its necessity to complete the rationalizing powers, the whole Plan of Mortality comes clear, and if, as, and when the whole Plan of Mortality comes clear, the true significance of immortality comes clear and thus becomes self-evident. While for the moment this may seem like propounding that Life is Life because it is alive, while Death is Death because Life is absent, nevertheless it is proving the positive at least by the very fact of the negative. You can't have one without having the other, else the one is non-identifiable. All identities are established by the circumstance of their opposites. Never do we use even the term Mortality itself without expounding or at least implying Immortality and vice versa. We have to conceive one to conceive the other, else both are inconceivable, and not only reasoning halts but thinking itself must terminate. One always thinks in negatives to get positives, and always in positives to express negatives. They are merely obverses, in other words, to the end of time, amen. And one has equal value with the other.

But I'm traveling a considerable distance from Wickedness, Error and Sin ...

I'M COMPLETING a book on Immortality now and identifying my thesis by dealing in Mortalities. Instead of declaring arbitrarily that Immortality is the God-Mind in infallible operation while Mortality is any earthly and organic imitation or reflection of it, evidencing Wickedness, Error and Sin in proof, I emphasize anew that Wickedness, Error and Sin are but album items of immaturities of Developing and Expanding Spirit, striving for celectiality as a degree of comparison with current limitation or inhibition. But wickedness, Error and Sin again are but obverses of Rectitude, Truth and Virtue, else Rectitude, Truth and Virtue would be non-recognizable.

My Cosmic Hypothesis, however, does not make any fetish of the former, nor solicit practioners or devotees to them simply because they are states of identification by which the attainments of the adult nobilities shall be described. I not only wish to convince my student-reader of his own imperishability in logic—by proper presentation of the blueprint by which such cosmic adulthood may be gained—but I want him to grasp as I grasp what stupendous potentials we are treating with as we attain to vaster and higher concepts of the parent power that does the wonders because of the fact that it is parent and mature. All this pother about the deterrent effects of Wickedness, Error and Sin seems to me to be as celestially inconsequential as considering the potentialities of a splendid man or woman because he or she had his or her infantile periods of bolting food, twisting the cat's tail, or having childish and unsanitary mishaps in the trundle-bed. The facts of the matter would seem, to be, that when you truly get the beginninglessness and endlessness of the imperishable soul-unit through your intellect, Wickedness, Error

and Sin start to lose their devastating significance as unpardonable transgressions and drop back down the scale of importance as mere childish acts by which one acquires wisdom through painful participation, or trial-and-error experimentings. It is the one-life-is-all-you-have-to-live ideology that has been responsible for the shattering indictment of depravity and spiritual infamy handed down against the whole species by its benighted moralists, fancying they were being virtuous. I would open the windows of this iniquitous carnal-house and nobility fumigate the rooms. When you grasp the true program of the life-progression with its attendant increments of inexhaustible ages, the whole philosophy alters and peace that discloses as a truly effective therapy to all abrasions of the exploring Soul-Spirit comes in and abides as the Great Christ formerly promised.

It is the vastness, beauty, and even grandeur of this supernal canvas that the stricken mortal intellect grasps in flashes, that I contend works the magic healing mistakenly attributed to “the mortal standing aside and letting God perform.” The effect may have been the same in regaining health by seeming miracle but even Health itself is but a passing phase of the cosmic enlightenment.

All things are permitted to exist to contribute to the Soul-Spirit’s practical experience. Experience is Holy Spirit exercising Its parentalism.

Undersong, indeed! . . .

BEWARE THE FURY**XV**

ALL of which may or may not hold interest for the average reader, depending upon his orthodox convictions or lack of them. I started out to pen a book on Immortality and here I am, within a chapter of the end, and scarcely a word uttered concerning Heaven and Hell. Am I ready to challenge the existence of those localities or am I avoiding mention of them from policy not disclosed? Practically all religions which the world has heard about, have featured their Good Place and their Bad Place, their Paradise and their Tartarus, their Elysian Fields and their Hades . . . how comes it, if Mortality be only a classroom as I have been pleased to argue, these regions symbolizing rewards or punishments for the conduct of the soul in earth-life can be dismissed without foundation in fact? Would the assumption not be logical that faiths which have swept continents, and distinguished the most remote generations, must have had some premise that was more than superstition? Religious folklore generally has been predicated not alone on phenomena that have featured every time and clime—respecting out-of-this-world destinations—but undoubtedly upon subconscious memories transcending Time and Space. The inquiry is a fair one.

Well, I have not held back mention of it for policy not disclosed. I have neglected to make reference to these orthodox concepts of futurity because, like Wickedness, Error and Sin, I regard them as concepts befitting the temperaments subscribing to them.

It does not appear that longevity or universality of a conclusion or conviction concerning the fortunes of the soul-spirit constitute evidence substantiating the existence of those happy or unhappy destinations, but that the longevity and universality of acceptance of belief in the said localities grows from an earth-plight that is universal in itself. It makes no difference how many men you plunge into a predicament, being men their reactions will be similar. Heaven and Hell therefore would seem to arise in reaction to a total affliction wholly unqualified by age, race, or culture.

It is the affliction of mortal fortunes unrequited so long as mortality itself endures.

It is the groping for compensation that is spiritually recognized as a fiat of

conscious life no matter where situated.

Soul-Spirits find themselves inducted into organism amid environments comfortable or distressing. They are introduced to bodily or mental toil for which they command—or demand—compensation; alas, it comes not or they discover themselves swindled out of it. They see the kindly folk martyred and what appear to be the evil folk heaped with largess in secular goods or favors. Lacking the key of Wisdom—that it is the cosmic technique for impressing facts upon the eternal consciousness—they fabricate the simple ruse of inventing a post mortem state of affairs where the reverse comes to issue. The crosses of the martyrs are exchanged for crowns, the riches of the evil folk are as millstones about their necks. The humble and the lowly are lifted up to dwell in eternal marble halls; the lordly and the arrogant are brought low and reduced to the status of grimy and hapless firemen in the boiler rooms of Perdition. Men in every land and civilization on which the sun has ever shone have confronted this quandary of morality not paying off in its own coin. So the continuity of spirit-survival is conceded but not the specie of the obligation. The so-called Afterlife must be a mushroomed and sublimated duplicate of earth-life where the adjustments come to fruition with the environment sublimated but not the equity. You poked out my eye deliberately on earth when I was helpless to defend myself; my sense of justice outraged causes me to envision someone of a deified status sitting in judgment on you and making it possible for me to poke out both of *your* eyes with a cohort of assistants to hold you helpless while my mayhem is transacted. I foreclosed the mortgage on the farm of a poverty-stricken widow, so when I get out of flesh I should be prepared to find her sitting in a golden chair in a palace endowed with the prerogative of calling the angelic servants and having me tossed down the marble front steps. *It is really the Law of Balance, of Equilibrium, operating in a thousand imageries and desire-wish fulfillments* ... because the true import of mortal predicaments has never been correctly nor adequately imparted in the first place.

THE RESTIVE befuddled God-Intellect in microcosm, obeying the law but not understanding its import, might lie back on a sodden couch as an individual and invent every compensating torture and distress that imagination can call up. Thereat the pundit. He says— as he has always said—in effect: “Let me conceive one comprehensive and official place where all the eye-gougers and mortgage-foreclosers can encounter their just deserts, just as I beg authority to paint you one comprehensive and official place where all the martyrs and bankrupts take over ... living in joyous largess till the whole universe comes to an end. Of course both localities must have head-men, so for the Paradise of Idleness and social reward I’ll dragoon God for you, since He is the epitome and personalization of justice, and we’ll call the place Heaven; for the Sheol of gloom, retribution, and the wicked getting their just deserts in heartbreak and distress, I introduce you to the antithesis of God, a fallen angle called Lucifer; he’ll forthwith attend to the proud and earthly wealthy.” It proved a great advance in intellectualism,

when men of all degrees and shades of imagination gave up their microcosmic attempts at ill-wishing on their enemies and concurred in some ancient theologian doing the thinking for the mass, making their blind gropings for the import of the moral law of Balance one groping in respect to each fateful locality, labeling the first one Heaven and the second Hell. Heaven was prepared intellectually on an official basis, expertly described and specified, and Hell was adequately trimmed up as the one universal torture-chamber and catchall for those not qualified to merit Elysia. They took the places of the individual desire-wish thinkings as to fates and localities where earthly equities paid off.

I'm sorry to say that I'm forced to smile at the whole of it. But not in the slightest mirth. In pity.

There is nothing comic about either concept.

WHERE do I obtain my prerogative to smile even in pity?

I get it from my own reflexes that treat of Proportion, Proportion of itself being but another aspect of the Law of Equilibrium.

I say Proportion—or Balance of Factors—cannot be adulated in the natural universe, then ignored or avoided in the theological universe. But that is what every prelate does daily and twice on Sundays.

In the first place, from whatever angle you want to consider Hell, it is out of proportion to all other localities or situations in Cosmos. It is out of proportion as to size, it is out of proportion as to populace. Follow the average theologian in his exposition and you receive the idea that only one out of ten merits Heaven or stands a chance of reaching it—in fact, we do not read far in the sacred text before we find it implied that the ratio is nearer one in a hundred. Ninety-any-nine are “lost” to one that is “saved”. Something like 65,000 persons die physically in the United States every day in the year; those are the vital statistics merely for America alone. If we wish to accept literally the information in Holy Writ, that is 650 new inhabitants for Heaven—every day, mind you—and 64,350 for Hell. Heaven's population on a permanent basis increases at the rate of 237,250 every year, while the minions of the Devil increase at the rate of 23,497,750 annually. Just from the United States alone, take note. Does anybody but the prelates seriously accredit such an increase?

As a simple proposition in common sense, what kind of cosmic management would it be that permitted human spirits to be called into life to go on multiplying at any such figure throughout eternity, 23,497,750 “wasted” so to speak, in order to get 237,250 who existed in grace and idleness unto time without end, amen? We'll say nothing about the poor wretches who theoretically landed in the Bad Place—still according to ecclesiastical notions—in result of circumstances over which they had small control. We'll say nothing about them being presented with some sort of bodies that are supposed to feel all the physical reactions of fiery punishment and yet subsist on no nourishment else the disproportionate numbers committed to eternal torment would

long since have eaten the devil's regions out of roof and cellar. We will merely look at the terrific waste of consciousness in any such disproportionate consignments, to get one out of a hundred that Deity found agreeable to having about. You can't have eternal life for residents of Heaven without eternity of life for denizens of Hell. So year after year, so long as the universe endures and earthly mothers continue to suffer deliveries, millions upon millions are added to the population of Hades till it begins to run to billions. All to what end? No end whatever, that the ecclesiastics can explain.

"Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley once seriously calculated from the mean population of the earth over the period of time since the creation of Adam as indicated in biblical chronology, that reckoning all the souls who had ever lived in flesh—conceding that each had lived but one lifetime—the compounded total couldn't be given standing-space on this entire solar planet but would make a mass of bodies, standing upon each other's shoulders, something like 137 miles high. If we wish to be strict literalists in the theological manner, think of only one out of every hundred reaching realms of bliss and the other ninety-nine kept in existence in realms of subterranean dolour "where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Incidentally, would it be in order to inquire what the teeth are employed for, aside from forlorn gnashing, seeing that there is no suggestion of good having been arranged for in Inferno? . . .

If this ancient Levantine narrative of folklore is to be taken literally in one respect, it must be taken literally in all respects. We can't pick and choose what its features are to be according to our individual imagination.

OF COURSE the same strict ecclesiastical purist remands us back to the New Testament wherein it is stated that such multiplication of populace for the various designations in the Afterlife has *not* been going on since Adam, but only since the Crucifixion and death of Christ. Jesus was the "first fruits of them that slept." In other words, the text is plain in a hundred cases that the extermination of the Messiah by the Roman soldiery some nineteen centuries in the past brought humankind the privilege of gaining to eternal life—you can hear the assertion bellowed from the pulpit of any revival service any week in the year. So?

Strange that these same evangelical exhorters have a blind spot in their brains about explaining to us how—if Christ Jesus' dying brought mankind eternal life—anybody of that age knew anything about Heaven and Hell as identifiable places? Could you have a recognizable heaven or hell without populations? It seems, if the sacred logic be accepted, that both Heaven and Hell were tenantless up to the night of Gethsemane, since no one was supposed to have survived the grave until the departure of Jesus from His mortality supplied the privilege. No mortal could have been ushered into either locality until 33 A. D., therefore the first ninety-nine people to expire instantaneously upon Calvary formed the original tenants of Averness, whereas the Galilean constituted the first to gain eternal life in the paradisaical regions. It seems to have passed unnoticed

that if the circumstance of an awarded immortality were literally true, even the thief on the cross beside Jesus wouldn't have known what He was talking about when He consoled the wretch with the assurance, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." What was Paradise? It was starting right then and there, insofar as mortal graduates were candidates for it. What humankind up the previous generations and ages had conceived as Paradise had all been myth and imagery in the literal sense. Adam hadn't survived, Noah hadn't survived, none of the Israelite patriarchs had survived, even the great Moses has perished utterly when his body lay lifeless. The account of the rematerializations on the Mount of Transfiguration had been without sense, because if Christ were the first fruits of them that slept, Moses was as far out of existence as though he had never been incubated, and Moses couldn't have been a fruit, having perished. So by their own logic or lack of it, the Transfiguration narrative was as much a fairy tale as the parable of the woman taken in adultery—if we rely on ecclesiasticism.

And this is only one of the minor paradoxes in the so-called Hypothesis of Salvation—which today is the sole sum and substance of the Christian "faith."

You can call me all manner of rude epithets for referring to these paradoxes as maintaining at all in the great and beautiful sacred narrative. But there they are, and possessing a reasonably rational brain, I want them rationalized. *Or else repudiated.*

The ecclesiastic lifts his palms in impotent horror, of course, at the slightest suggestion of repudiation. Repudiation would mean "to deny the doctrine." To deny the doctrine would mean to deny Christ and thereby switch my moral allegiance to the devil and all his angels. Not only does that savor of the grossest impiety but dark hints may be tossed about penalties for blasphemy. At the least it is Free Thinking.

I say it is all a case of calling attention to Error collapsing of its own weight of inaccuracy.

The difficulty is, from the viewpoint of him who pins everything on the Salvation Hypothesis, if he admits errors in the slightest aspect of the evidence he might as well concede he doesn't know what is error and what is truth, therefore without error and truth established his belief is baseless.

The Hypothesis of Salvation, concocted from the folklore legacy of the Midianite scapegoat theory—with Heaven and Hell as official localities from those accepting or rejecting it—is well-nigh a perfect paradox, on the face of it. Granting it has arisen from man's inhumanity to man from days immemorial, in every land and clime, that proves nothing more than that the mortal predicament has been similar since organic man drew the breath of life. Punishing the innocent that the guilty may be absolved is manifest inequity, since the "wicked" need only concern themselves with a supply of righteous persons to do their suffering for them and God will pronounce Himself satisfied. Surely it wrenches something deep and fundamental in the human heart to have serious doubts cast on the probability of its being true, but that is the force of tradition operating, along with no doctrine of more reliable actuality to take its place. The entire dogma of salvation comes out as ecclesiastical frenzy to avoid and avert the moral possibility of

acknowledging re-ensoulment. Common humankind's aversion to any ideology embodying a possibility of repetition of this world's disciplines and tragedies made it necessary to win converts by saying to the abused victim of circumstances, "Embrace this new faith and you don't have to come back, but are free of this whole worldly tenure forthwith." To convey it in the modern idiom, the sales resistance was minimized by substituting the Midianite folklore for the cosmic fiat. If men could be persuaded to a certainty that re-ensoulment was positive and unavoidable, they might get their intellects together and connive to make such earthly tenure a little less monstrous. Then there might be no office of the ecclesiastic to officiate at the profitable rituals involving the benighted. It wasn't reasoned quite as crassly as that, of course. But such was the premise of its acceptance.

I DISCUSS it thus here because no discussion of Immortality would be complete without giving cognizance to the traditions concerning immortality preceding the present. I dare to maintain that the whole significance of the Christ Life and the Christ Ministry was not only misinterpreted but misconceived almost from the beginning—and that it's been *from* such misconception and misinterpretation that the earth two thousand years after the Galilean still contains controversy over the tenets of Christianity. Actually they are the tenets of Churchianity. But until one sees clearly wherein there is a difference, he cannot comprehend the new and truer enlightenment that is finally reaching us at this Close of the Gospel Age.

You cannot preach Beware the Fury for two thousand years, or very near them, without accentuating Fury so that it continues to loom large in humankind's hourly conduct. Dante's *Inferno*—to say nothing of Milton's *Paradise Lost*—have done more to agitate and torment the conscientious neophyte in sacred matters than the leers of all the imps tha have ever grinned from the earthly manholes to Averness.

To look fearlessly and comprehendingly on the true process of what does occur to the advancing soul in its climb up the steeps of educating ordeal, engages it with a challenge to rectitude that exists for its own sake.

Pry into the sacred precincts by whatsoever means you will—Extra-Sensory Perception, Time-Track retrospections, converse or actual association with those demonstrating and confirming spirit-return—nowhere do you encounter the trace of suggestion of the existence of the regions depicted by Dante or Milton. Yet dogma forsooth clings to them in that it has no substitute so potent for making itself of consequence. Only as hypotheses in Churchianity do such localities endure—Churchianity being a synonym for sacred tradition. Assuredly we do find, from the testimony of the discarnate, that countless localities exist that are improvements on mortality. But again, calling them Heaven merely because they do offer improvements on mortality, is to deal in hypothesis. If you accredit the Perdition of so-called sacred writ, you must accredit the Paradise of it as well. You can't minimize the one and maximize the other. The Paradise of sacred writ is distinguished by specific

features, furnishings, and factors. St. John, in the 21st chapter of Revelations commencing with the 10th verse, is so positive about such features, furnishings and factors that he catalogs “the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.” He describes its walls and its gates—all as archaic to the municipal construction of the Twentieth Century as the times in which John lived . . . and yet this “holy Jerusalem” is supposed to be the Eternal City in a most literal sense, predicated on the city pattern of nineteen or more centuries bygone, no trams or buses, no sidewalks or curbing, no television aerials on the houses, no signs at the street corners marking the thoroughfares, no thoroughfare-lighting—evidently on the supposition such municipality was bathed in perpetual daylight. But what an odd place, compared to a metropolis like New York, Chicago, London, or Paris of these later times. The angel measured it with a reed under St. John’s gaze and it was twelve thousand furlongs in three dimensions, long, wide, and high. In linear measure there are eight furlongs to the mile. So this “holy Jerusalem” that has been accepted for generations as the official proportions of the celestial city figures out to 1500 miles long, 1500 miles wide and 1500 miles high. The length and width we can understand—conceding literality again—but why such preposterous height? Since when was height any enhancement to a metropolis? Are we expected to accept that the walls were 1500 miles high, or the structures? Understand me, I am *not* deprecating or depreciating such specifications of Holy Writ—what I’m endeavoring to establish is that according to all the information I’ve been able to garner from a quarter-century of psychical research, the actuality of the ethereal regions are totally at variance with the established tradition and folklore. And again, if one be amiss, what shall we accept and what shall we reject? And are we to rely on our own preferences or conjectures in our acceptances and rejections? I’m sincerely searching for Truth.

Immortality of the soul—yes. That I will buy, having substantiating cognitions in my own subconscious that I have lived before this current global sojourn and therefrom deduce that I will live again. But residing throughout all the time that ever is to be, in one metropolis—even though it be as large as the eastern half of the United States—with nowhere else to travel because according to sacred lore there seems to be no other place . . . the whole notion stacks up to me as strategic enticement to sell an ideology to a primitive people because the truth was unpalatable. It is Beware the Fury in reverse . . .

Thereby am I complaining again because such strategies run riot with proportions.

NOW, retrospecting for the moment, to what does this exposition boil down as a whole? . . . I say it boils down to a wholly altered concept of Divinity in juxtaposition to earth-life. It boils down to a total abandonment of the paganistic and childish notion that God occupies the office of sitting in judgment on anybody, or punishing anybody. God actually is in the position of creating and staffing a College of Wisdom which earthly progeny of His attends from generation to generation, graduating class by class as each earthly embodiment is completed. This is the whole sum and substance of the

Decalogue.

In such philosophy, conceiving the Ancient of Days as a God of Wrath is a blasphemy—in that wrath symbolizes temper, which means emotions slipped out of intellectual control. Lack of self-control is declared to be a moral weakness in the mortal ideology. Would it be any less in celestial ideology?

Of course, the ecclesiastic demands how a God of Absolute Justice could avoid “punishing” men for their sins. But I respond that a God of Absolute Justice would make allowance for the benighted condition of the average mortal and recognize that as men became wise they became sinless by sheer discrimination between the profitable and unprofitable—as circumstances reacted upon their spirits. Why not therefore, encourage them to become sinless by becoming erudite in all the cosmic processes?

And that, in fact, is precisely what the Dead discover each and severally for themselves, as truly happening.

When we essay to consider Immortality, we essay to consider the whole colossal program of trial-and-error experience that comes to individual man up ten thousand sessions of embodiment. It is fine thing to enlighten man in the cosmic verities as they apply to his bodily health or wellbeing—which such doctrine as, say, Christian Science has done most capably. But man’s soul-spirit wants and requires more than mere well-being of organism. Man’s soul-spirit wants the whole panorama of celestial education unrolled to him so he can see its beneficent and incessant fecundities. He wants to be assured that life is more than splendid physical well-being while in the body; it is eternal progress up the worlds, with interment of the temporary vehicle in the grave as but an incident or series of incidents. Christian Science, I say, even as much as I have come to love Mary Baker Eddy, offers only the application of Eternal Principles to the earthly estate. I have plenty of cause for grasping that even Mary herself would have her people *lift their eyes and behold the application of Eternal Principles to the celestial or perpetual estate!* Thus, actually, I would not reconstruct Christian Science in the slightest particular. I would develop it, that its communicants might seize upon the picture of life in its serried embodiments for educative experiences. To stop at the edge of the grave and say that Christian Science ends there, is to cast a slur on the beauteous intellect of the grand lady who did so much in a recent generation to bring God and Christ closer to mortal sensibilities. Christian Science, in other words, goes far, *but it does not go far enough!*

However, I started out to write a comment on the implausibility of Hades, depicted through the eyes of purblind ecclesiastics. What I am pleading for, is emancipation from the sadism of paganism as entertained by man in his philosophical thought.

Hell is archaic, from every visitation of the sacred illumination. Suppose we attempt to be modern—meaning, suppose we attempt to rebuild our whole thinking to conceive of Divinity in the aspects that Aquarian Enlightenment depict to us. The world of souls is not composed of victims slated for punishment. This world of souls is made up of tired, confused, earnest, aspiring men and women—entirely human —going

through the harshest of trial-and-error experiences to determine what is most meritorious for them to espouse or emulate in their daily intercourse and behaviorisms. This is the glorious incentive I get out of Soulcraft. Nobody has religious nightmares inflicted on him to make him righteous through terror. Nobody is jeopardized by pagan damnation. Every mother's son and father's daughter who has ever undergone the ordeal of flesh, is "saved" in the end—because salvation is the utterly simple matter of profitably surmounting experience. Consider what our beloved Elder Brother respond when we asked Him the core and heart of His message that we could convey to the race in the centuries ahead—

"The fact that EVERY life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning and an Inner Glory, and is precious in My sight!" Not one line anywhere in eight-hundred and forty-four pages of the *Golden Scripts* about Hell. Strange, indeed!

SOULCRAFT is God-reverence with fear of damnation abolished because a truly Divine Spirit would be above the slightest contact with vengeance.

To revere and love a Heavenly Father who commands our affectionate fealty because of His concern for the grossest or most childish among us, is religion enough for truly rational men and women.

Paying sincere tribute to the valorous Mary Baker Eddy, this would—and should be—the capstone on her *completed* Christian Science.

GRANDEUR AND BEYOND

XVI

WE HAVE it from Shakespeare, “The mightiest powers by greatest calms are fed.” Bodily demise has been termed the greatest calm of all. Verily it does feed the mightiest powers—the powers of the individual soul to meet all educating vicissitudes and persist to infinity. And by the demonstration of indefatigable survival, no matter what the ordeal, these powers are invincible. Moreover, they are powers over which we need exercise no concernment. They *ARE*. Their very persistence is the attestation of such invincibility. No matter what the ferocity of such experiences through which you soul-spirit has evolved from a Beginning which was not a beginning but a status, you have survived to this moment, no matter how many aircraft have ever promised you a fatal crash within a matter of seconds. Nothing in all the agenda of predicaments up the worlds has ever deflected or defeated you. It never can. *This fact alone is the epitome of your Godhood!*

You say to me, “I’d believe it if I could only have memory or evidence of it in circumstance.” You fail in the grasping of the major fact that your aliveness and intellectual perspicacity this instant is the circumstantial evidence of it. You are *YOURSELF*, endowed with all the increments that uncountable ages have bequeathed you as you lived up across them. At no point or moment does the realization ever come that you have reached the End. Always you are conscious of something, either of yourself or some factor or feature of your environment. This imperishability of momentary realization is the immortality over which your clerics have made such pother since the beginning of self-recognition in any prevalent state of vehicular existence. You say to me, “Granting that all your logic may be sound, when I actually make the Passing, what will be my sensations?” That is a query I have anticipated from chapter one ...

Death is a sensation, true enough. But it is *only* a sensation, let’s get that straight.

What if I informed you that you might make the Transition and not be circumstantially aware that you had made it? Literally thousands have had such

experience. You might, in other words, *die* and not be consciously aware that you are dead. Are you consciously aware of what time on the clock's face you fell asleep last night? Were you consciously aware of coming from slumber back into realms of reality this morning? You went through periods of relaxation, that is all. And innumerable are those who have reported back to me, during my twenty-six years of psychological explorations, that such was their reaction to spiritual alterations . . .

ONE OF the most moving attestments I have received of such alterations to the vehicular occupancy came to me from a former Soulcrafters who resided during the closing years of his last embodiment in Toronto, Canada. John and I had sat often in a dimly-lighted library discussing these great issues. He was of philosophical temperament, in his sixties. Suddenly one day in 1940 a telegram came to me that he had made the Passing. I felt a pang of envy that such great good fortune had come to him. Let me make of permanent record in this final chapter what he described as his sensations when he had located a psychical sensitive through whom he could communicate with me—

“You know,” he began, “reaching This Land after the transition from earth is an experience one doesn't too easily forget—and not because of what earth-folk call ‘agony’ in any sense, for that is over and done with before the actual process of dying—as men call it—takes place. This process is bliss, let me tell you, like the fading away of the strains of far-off music, or if you prefer, the somnambulant feeling of healing after a sickness has gone . . .

“Somehow I feel that I never did wholly lose consciousness in the fullest sense of the word. I slept, certainly. But even that sleep was akin to the sleep that you know in the body, yet flickering in and out of it at all times were shades and tints of lights, not enough to make me wish to concentrate upon them but enough, as it were, to make me know that I was Myself, but resting, quietly, peacefully, expectantly.

“Then I remember, I do not know how, a stirring about me like the fluttering of the wings of birds, airy and yet of density of a sort. The first sound I heard—and I remember well—was a hushing warning, as though somebody had laid a finger to his lips and was shaking his head and cautioning silence. Next, the most Beautiful Voice I had ever heard said ‘*John!*’ quietly, anxiously. I still felt no desire to move but felt a smile hovering over my face. The voice went on, ‘He is waking. He hears Me! Gently now, all of you! Quietly, easily, no stirring . . . he must come to himself slowly, without haste!’

“I still could not stir but I knew a sigh had escaped me, one of pure bliss, ease and restfulness. Does this seem strange, my brother? Some day you will know, and when you do, you will wonder that you ever felt the world worth holding onto. For, from the first moment of waking Here, you begin to feel new sensations, so foreign to those of earth that it is no less than Joy Inexpressible.

”To begin with, that *heaviness* is gone. Yes, the weight of trillions of atoms,

grinding, groaning, weighing down your spirit, has lifted, and you are *light*—lighter than air.

“Oh the joy of it, my brother, oh the *joy!*”

“And yet you know somehow, it is but the Beginning of a life that holds promise of fulfillment, and for a while you are content to lie back—at least so it was with me—and think of nothing save this: ‘It’s done, it’s over! . . . it was nothing, nothing at all. And I had been *afraid.*’

“I knew not how it could be, but still it was nothing, *because I had made the same Transition before, many, many times!* You toy with the thought, and yet you lie there. And then the Gentle Voice speaks again, ‘John! John! *Old friend!*’ And you think, ‘I know this Voice, surely I know this Voice.’ And at last, at long, long last, you open your eyes. You close them again as quickly, for you are not yet used to the brightness of the place. And the Kind Voice says, ‘Take your time, John. There is all eternity, you know!’ And your mind—which you have certainly brought along with you—says, ‘Yes, All Eternity. All eternity to learn of God’s love. All eternity to Go Onward, into Further Wisdom, all eternity to fill in the gaps, the wonderings, the *whys* that you ever asked on earth.

“And then you move! Yes, you have a body to move, my brother, but a *different* body. It is like to the one you used on earth but new somehow, cleansed and restored.

“But not all this at once, for, as you learn later, what seems to have happened in a few moments was really longer than you thought. This I can’t explain. Only I can tell you. Someday *you* will know.

“And understand.”

HERE is the attestation of a compatriot who Went through the Gate before me. It recalled to me that night in California in 1928 when I had that epochal experience that I afterwards described under the title, *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. I had not been wasted with illness as my friend John was. I lay down of an ordinary night and awakened at 2 a.m. with the screams coming from my Inner Consciousness, “I’m dying! I’m dying!” Presently I came out in an Exquisite Place, peopled with scores of persons whom I had last beheld as they had lain, each and severally, lifeless in caskets. I thought as I beheld them so, that I had made the Transition.

Supposing I had not “gone back” into my inert body on a bed in an Altadena bungalow? The world would have called me “dead”, the husk of my former self would have been interred in the ground of a California cemetery. *But why should I have been afraid to undergo the hyperdimensional experiences I DID undergo that night?*

Death itself, literally, would have remained the most delightfully ecstatic experience I have ever undergone since my birth in Lynn, Massachusetts in March of 1890.

Again I say, you may make the Transition and not be intelligently aware that you have made it.

YOU arouse from a particularly vivid dream, my brother, and feel a lightness and airiness to yourself for which you cannot, at the moment, account. You arise and dress, or bethink to dress. Not until the bedroom mirror gives back no reflection of you, does it occur to you that something may be amiss.

You are DEAD, my friend, . . . as dead as you ever will be up a thousand million years of cosmic sunsets! Persons come in and greet you whom you thought of as but loving memories. They are real, vital, restored to you as though there had been no grieving Yesterdays. You accept them and greet them.

You are in Eternity!

However, I'll wager that you yourself will be the first to challenge it and deny it. Where is the ecclesiastical Judgment? Where are the angles, the seraphim, the cherubim? Where is God? You are simply awakened into a status of Exquisite Relaxation, that is all. Your earthly pastor took you through the turmoils and ordeals of spiritual controversy, brought you up to the brink of the grave, gave your shoulder a pat and said sanctimoniously, "Have Faith!"

You feel like demanding of him, "Faith in what?"

The Present Moment, that I described to you many pages back, is simply enduring. You are living as you have always lived—within the perimeter of your own self-awareness. You glance around for Grandeur. The scene is beautiful, exquisite. But *is it grandeur?*

Alas and alack, the thought comes home to you with paralyzing chagrin, *Grandeur is always relative! You have long since gone beyond the whole of it!*

You are truly an Immortal Spirit, progeny of your Holy Parent who ever recedes as you advance! You must have grossness to set off Grandeur. Where there is no grossness, how can you recognize grandeur as an attainment?

You have lived since Before the Beginning. Verily shall you exist long after the End . . . All things start to sort themselves out.

Mind is the all-important thing—the Intellect of Eternal Spirit. Those terrible ordeals you were called upon to endure in earth-life, what have they been but a cinema of children, playing with toys?

You think thoughts you have never thought before.

So this was the Experience you fretted about yesterday and had been such a bugbear all the days of your mortality.

IT IS the roundness, and fullness, and general acceptability of all the experiences of fleshly occupancy that impress their significance upon you. No, you were not afraid when that airplane's motor knocked out and the valiant stewardess cautioned you to fasten your lifebelt. It wasn't faith in a biblical Divinity that buoyed you up and helped you meet the paralyzing crash with the verve of the thoroughbred. It was the closing of a cycle for you, that a new one might open.

Thus do the cycles succeed one another, one blending in upon the one ahead.

This is the only Eternity or Immortality you shall ever know. You shall be the similar character in all worlds, that you have been in the world you are vacating. Character doesn't alter from world to world. You alter the worlds to which you gain by the lusty experiences encountered in each one put behind you. But through all of them, you are God Himself in Embryo, and there is none beside.

Design for Immortality?

The only "design" has been composed of the factual and educative experiences you have encountered since eight o'clock this morning, after departing your nocturnal bed. Did you meet the issue of day with poise, nobility, stamina, tenacity? Or did you skulk, and cower, and offer whimpering alibis? That is the true *test* of your Divinity.

It is always going on, every second of every moment of every hour of every day. *As you purport to live like God you become God.*

Your heaven is the place where all those dwell who are drawn into the circle of your beauteous attainment and desire to reside with you because of your valor imparted to themselves.

Character—greater than Grandeur! Why not?

FINIS

SO YOU ARRIVE AT THE END OF THE VOLUME NAMED BEYOND GRANDEUR THAT WAS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY FOR THE SOULCRAFT AUDIENCED AND DONE INTO A BOOK BY SOULCRAFT CHAPELS WHOSE ADDRESS IN MAY OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR 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, OMNIVERSE OF GOD.