SEVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY
WITH THE AFTERMATH

By
William Dudley Pelley

Kibitzer: One who chivies in & tells another how to do things.

Rev. Freda Young DD 1975

E. Rose
SEVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY

I

In the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains near Pasadena, California, I formerly owned a bungalow. When I wanted seclusion in order to complete a knotty job of writing, I laid in a stock of provisions, bade adieu to acquaintances, motored up to this hideaway and worked there undisturbed. My only companion was Laska, a mammoth police dog.

I had come by the bungalow through peculiar circumstances. I cannot ignore them in the light of what occurred.

My life had been an eventful one. Shortly after my birth in Lynn, Massachusetts, my father had entered the Methodist ministry. He had filled pulpits in North Prescott, New Salem, and East Templeton. Then the compensations of a country minister being insufficient to meet the expenses of a growing family, he had moved to West Gardner, Mass., where he entered newspaper work. My earliest recollection of a typecase was in climbing a stool in the office of the Gardner Weekly Journal before the Spanish War and setting up my name in composing-sticks that were always in demand by much-harassed printers. From Gardner my father moved his family to Springfield. I went through the grammar schools in Gardner and Springfield but after finishing one year in high school he engaged in a manufacturing business in Fulton, N. Y., and there I joined him.

I do not propose to intrude an autobiography at the opening of this article on an epochal experience more than to say that I had arrived at a strange interlude in my life when I came into possession of the now-famous bungalow.

I was sixteen years old when I joined my father in his northern New York factory making tissue-paper products. Five years later, on reaching my majority, the business had grown to such
a point that I had become General Superintendent of a plant employing 103 men. When unfriendly elements secured control of the concern, freezing father and me from its control, I went into newspaper work. I became feature writer on the Springfield (Mass.) Homestead, I was night-man on the Boston Globe for western Massachusetts, I founded and ran the Chicopee Journal, I sold this first paper of mine to purchase The Deerfield Valley Times in Wilmington, Vermont. I sold this second paper to work for Gov. Frank E. Howe on the Bennington Banner. While on the Banner, I began writing fiction for the national magazines. I was making highly profitable strides as a fiction writer when I bought the St. Johnsbury Evening Caledonian in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

I had run the Caledonian only a few months when I was solicited by the sponsors of the Methodist Centenary Movement to go to the Orient on a layman's survey of Foreign Missionary Work. When America entered the war, I got into khaki in the Far East, becoming a Red-Triangle man with the troops in Siberia and impromptu consular courier.

The years following the war had not been unprofitable. I had sold my eastern newspaper interests to go to California and make motion pictures from many of the 200 magazine stories and three novels I had produced since leaving the Bennington Banner. I made a score of movies in Hollywood and with a Yankee's weakness for engaging in any sort of pursuit that promised profit, I also had interests in a western film magazine, in a chain of westcoast restaurants, in a real estate firm, and in an advertising agency.

What I am getting at is, up to October, 1927, I had traveled over half the earth, met all sorts and conditions of men, made and lost several modest fortunes, and reached a point where the mere making of money or reading my name in print had entirely lost its zest. I was spiritually tired. The vigilance of business had begun to pall on me; I felt as if I wanted to get away from everything I had ever been or known and spend a year in study and meditation. I not only wanted to read several shelves of books that I had never found time to read, but I also wanted to
write some books that I never would be permitted to write as a popular author of modern fiction.

I remember graphically the morning in 1927 when I arrived at my decision. Angered at the petty harassments of business, I had gotten into my car and driven out toward Beverly Hills. As I drove moodily, I turned over in my mind what my life had encompassed up to that moment: little more than an unceasing struggle for money or acclaim. And the irony was, that I didn't want either.

I shall have more to say further on in this article concerning some of my reactions to life that had made me the chap I was back there in 1927. However, I shall never forget arriving at the end of a blind road on the far side of Beverly Hills and stopping my car before a sign that read:

BEYOND THIS POINT IMPASSABLE
Go Back!

I stopped my motor and sat staring at the sign. I felt that I had somehow come to the end of another sort of blind road and that the signboard held an allegorical significance. Sitting in the California sunshine off there on that abandoned sand-lot that morning, I cast up an accounting with myself.

Beyond this point impassable! Go back!

I decided that I would go back. I would go back and divest myself of all the entangling business alliances that were adding nothing to my peace of mind, I would get rid of the interests that were burning up my spiritual vitality and returning me nothing but dollars. I would stop journeying about America, get all my personal possessions together and put them permanently under one roof where I would settle down in the midst of them and write a few books, not for public consumption, not to pander to popular markets, but to feed my own soul.

I planned out a wholly different mode of living for the rest of my life, sitting there in my motorcar that morning. And when I finally started my engine and swung the machine about, it was to drive back into Hollywood and proceed to put my decision into drastic execution.
I would get as far away from the fleshpots of Hollywood as I could and yet remain in contact with such business interests as I could not wholly dispose of. And to this end, that same afternoon, I headed the machine across into Pasadena and up toward Mount Lowe. Somewhere up in the little unpaved byway streets of the real estate developments that snuggled against the mountain, I felt I would find that which I sought. And an unerring sixth sense seemed to be guiding me.

In late afternoon, with the sun dropping below Catalina Island far out on the west, I turned south from Lake Avenue in Altadena and coasted slowly down Mount Curve Drive. Halfway down the grade I came upon a quaint little English bungalow, a story and a half high, set with a garage behind a row of white birches. It was tenantless, for sale, and open for inspection.

The companion I had with me that afternoon will attest that as I veered my car up its driveway and came to a halt in the rear of the premises, I said: "This bungalow is mine! I'm going to live here just as surely as though all my goods were inside this house at this moment!"

The presentiment was overwhelming. In some strange way I seemed to be "remembering forward"...

I felt as though the house had been built and left there, waiting for me to arrive at my decision of the morning, twenty miles distant in Beverly Hills.

I was astounded with the ease with which I acquired the premises. Within a week I was ensconced inside it, had begun to furnish it and collect my various possessions from all over the country to make it my permanent abiding-place.

I know now that I had reached a crisis in my life, that morning in Beverly Hills. I know now that there was more than mere spiritual discontent in my decision to cloister myself for a year and do the reading and writing I had always wanted to do, prohibited by secular designs upon my time.

So from October to the following May, I kept the familiar little place as my hideaway and literary workshop. I began the collection of a library. I acquired my big police dog, Laska,
as my solitary companion. During the windy winter of 1927-1928, we lived there in the structure, slowly making it comfortable, subduing the sagebrush and wild poppy in the yard, grading the land and installing a swimming pool for the summer that was coming...

I am forced to admit, however, that Laska and I had not spent many nights beneath its roof before I noticed that the dog was ill at ease inside the rooms. She would pace the floors for half-hours at a time, halting in queer places and cocking her steel-shell ears at passageways and corners. Once she awakened suddenly from her place before the hearth in the living-room, to back away from an invisible something and bring up in a corner of the library bookshelves. There she sat with head aslant looking at someone or something that seemed to be actually in the intersection of the shelves! She sat there thumping her tail on the rug, the hair on her neck uneasy, turning from time to time to send me a look of perplexity, and whimper. At other times she would go to the foot of the stairs and give short worried barks up the flight with both paws resting on the lowest step.

Had the bungalow been an old house, I might have thought it haunted. But it was less than six months old and no death had ever occurred beneath its roof. All the same, night after night as I lay in bed alone in the upper story at the back, I heard strange sharp cracks of the boards beneath the stairs as though someone were stealthily ascending. Laska, asleep at the foot of the bed at such times, would spring to her feet and rush out barking. Many a time she would arise, go downstairs in the dark and eternally pace the length of the living-room.

I never saw anything savoring of the supernatural, however, and was more interested than frightened at the behavior of the dog. Meanwhile I got along with my writing.

HAVING been denied an academic education, I had educated myself, so to speak, ever since the days with father in the factory, by reading in bed for two or three hours every night before I turned off the light. For nearly twenty years I had done this.
And my reading had encompassed every solid and substantial subject imaginable. I had an unaccountable interest in history, biography, political economy, and ethnology. No matter where I happened to be, or what the nature of my daily activities, I crammed interminably but without conscious purpose.

I must emphasize here, however, that I was equally unattracted to books on comparative religions, the supernatural, or psychical research. I had the layman's inborn aversion to spiritualism, derived from my orthodox parents. Of theosophy I knew nothing and cared even less. Between October and May I did acquire and try to read one of Sir Oliver Lodge's books on survival, but it failed to hold my interest. I had a virgin mind therefore, for all that now happened...

Of all subjects that I explored in those twenty years of self-education, history was my forte. I felt that I knew world history as I knew my own biography. And yet I had also grown a strange dissatisfaction with general books on history. The histories of the world were a grandiose compilation of battle-dates, superimposed on the aggrandizements of generals and statesmen. Oftentimes I wondered why no one had written a history that should account for the racial, instead of the political, urges of peoples. What was the underlying cause that made one people suddenly pick up their women and children and dogs and chattels and move over into the country of another people, at a cost of great slaughter to both? Was some ulterior influence at work of which historians knew nothing?

I decided to study this problem and write a book upon it. I would write a short history of the world to be called "The Urge of Peoples" and tackle the Historical Exposition as no one had ever before attempted.

It was to be a matter of three years before I was to get my cues straight for this great work, but I could not know that at the time. I started to write to "please my soul." It was around the first of May, 1928, that I finally commenced this labor. I still have the pages of manuscript preserved exactly where I left off when the Night of Nights came.

For this thing happened—
THE WORK was going well, I was mentally untroubled, feeling physically fit, writing six to eight hours a day with plenty of outdoor recreation.

For the first time in many years I was having opportunity to browse, ponder, meditate, and study. When I became brain-weary I would whistle for Laska and we would go out for a tramp in the canyon. Or I would clear away more sagebrush on my land and do more grading with shovel and barrow. Nothing in my mode of living, therefore could possibly have accounted for the experience that overtook me. Indeed, I might almost state that in a manner of speaking I had been “turned out to grass” for eight months in order to quiet myself and prepare for the illumination which I now believe was scheduled from the first.

Insofar as I can recollect the time—for I made no particular notation at the date—I had worked up to the 25th or 28th of May. That night I retired around ten o’clock and lay in bed reading until I dozed. The book had nothing to do with what subsequently happened, nor had any occurrence of that day or week or month any special significance in what that memorable night brought forth. I emphasize this fact in order to refute the claims of the skeptical that what I underwent was some form of neurotic psychosis. The book was a notable volume on ethnology, something of a hobby as I have set forth.

In all honesty, however, I must confess that during the evening I had arrived at a crucial point in the writing of “The Urge of Peoples” where I had laid down my pen to consider the puzzling subject: What Were Races? How did it come about in Nature that one man’s skin was black, another’s white, another’s red, another’s yellow? How did it happen that a Chinaman would be a Chinaman for a thousand generations never mind where he lived, or what his environment? How did it happen that an Englishman transferred to the Orient would stay an Englishman though he ate Chinese food and talked the Chinese language till he scarcely knew himself when he looked in a mirror? What was this vast mystery of race, and why down all history were the races so demarked?
Before morning I discovered!

I felt drowsy around midnight, laid the volume on ethnology aside, pulled off my glasses and extinguished the bed-lamp. I had gone through a similar routine on a hundred other evenings; the day had been no different from a hundred other writing days spent at the bungalow.

My sleeping chamber was located at the back of the house and was perfectly ventilated, with two casement windows opening toward the mountains. Laska curled on the floor at the foot of my bed—her accustomed sleeping-place—and that she did not externally motivate the phenomena in any way, I am positive. When it ended and I was back in my body, I stumbled from the bed and my action awoke her, bringing her over beside me where she thumped her tail on the rug and sought to lick my wrist.

I do not recall having any specific dreams the first half of the night, no physical distress, certainly no insomnia. For twenty years I had been an average smoker and puffed my pipe constantly over my typewriter. But I had never observed any derogatory effects from such indulgence and was no more distressed than usual from this particular day’s consumption of tobacco.

But between two and four in the morning—the time later verified—a ghastly inner shriek seemed to tear through somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself:

"I’m dying! I’m dying!"

What told me, I don’t know. Some uncanny instinct had been unleashed in slumber to awaken and warn me. Certainly something was happening to me—something that had never happened in all my life—a physical sensation that I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy.

Mind you, I say physical sensation. This was not a dream. I was fully awake and yet I was not. I knew that something had happened to either my head or heart—or both—in sleep and that my conscious identity was at the play of forces over which I had no control. I was awake, mind you, and whereas I had been
on a bed in the dark of a California bungalow one moment when
the phenomenon started, the next I was plunging down a mystic
depth of cool blue space not unlike the bottomless sinking sensa-
tion that attends the taking of ether for anesthetic. Queer noises
were singing in my ears. Over and over in a curiously tumbled
brain the thought was preeminent:

“So this is death!”

I aver that in the interval between my seizure and the end of
my plunge, I was sufficiently possessed of my physical senses to
think: “My dead body may lie in this lonely house for days
before anyone discovers it, unless Laska breaks out and brings
aid.”

Why I should think that, I also don’t know—or what difference
it would have made to me, being the lifeless “remains”—but I
remember thinking the thought as distinctly as any thought I
ever originated and put on paper in the practice of my vocation.

Next I was whirling madly. Once in 1920 over San Francisco
an airplane in which I was a passenger went into a tail-spin and
we almost fell in the Golden Gate. That feeling! Someone
reached out, caught me, stopped me. A calm, clear, friendly
voice said close to my ear:

“Take it easy, old man. Don’t be alarmed. You’re all right.
We’ve got you and are here to help you!”

Someone had hold of me, two persons, in fact, one with a
hand under the back of my neck, supporting my weight, the
other with arms slipped under my knees. I was physically flaccid
from my “tumble” and unable to open my eyes at first because of
the sting of queer opal light that diffused in the place into which
I had come.

When I finally managed it, I became conscious that I had been
borne to a white marble pallet and laid nude upon it by two
strong-bodied, kindly-faced young men in white uniforms not
unlike those worn by internes in hospitals, who were secretly
amused at my confusion and chagrin.
"Feeling better?" the taller of the two asked presently as physical strength to sit up came to me and I took note of my surroundings.

"Where am I?" I stammered.

They exchanged good-humored glances.

"Don't try to see everything in the first seven minutes!" was all the answer they offered me then.

THEY did not need to answer my question. The query was superfluous. I knew what had happened. I had left my earthly body back on a bed in a bungalow in the mountains of California. I had gone through all the sensations of dying and whether this was the Hereafter or an intermediate station, most emphatically I had reached a place which had never been duplicated in all of my experience.

I say this because of the inexpressible ecstasy I felt in my new state, both mental and physical.

For I had carried some sort of a physical body into that new environment with me! I knew that it was nude. It had been capable of feeling the cool, steadying pressure of my friends' hands before my eyes opened. And now that I had reawakened without the slightest distress or harm, I was conscious of a beauty and loveliness of environment that surpasses all chronicling on printed paper.

A sort of marble-tiled portico, the place was, lighted by that soft, opal lumination, with a crystal-clear pool in a white stone basin diagonally across from the bench on which I remained for a time striving to accredit just what had transpired. I can best liken the structure to a roofed-in Roman garden about fifteen feet high and thirty feet square. Heavy smooth pillars supported its roof. The illumination came from the material itself, a soft alabaster whiteness that scientists in our earth-world would doubtless identify as "cold light." . . .

I had "come down" onto the bench that was set against the west wall. This wall was blank behind me. On my left, to the
north, a corridor supported by more of the pillars ran an interminable distance eastward; I could not make out where it went and did not explore it. Across before me, the east wall was unbroken, but at my right the whole south wall was open. Three or four steps led down onto greensward, into a garden that was eerie and indistinct in a sort of turquoise haze. . .

The marble basin opened in the southeast corner of this portico floor; a flight of a dozen steps led down into immaculate water undisturbed by a ripple.

I looked from the garden vista, with its backdrop of turquoise sky, to the two friends who had received me. There were no other persons anywhere in evidence in the first half of my experience. I swung my feet down from the pallet to the floor and sat staring at the two men with my hands grasping the edge of the pallet beside my naked knees.

Somehow I knew those two men, knew them as intimately as I knew the reflection of my own features in a mirror. And yet something about them, their virility, their physical "glow," their strong and friendly personalities—sublimated—kept me from identifying them at once.

Apparently they knew a good joke about me. They continued to watch me with smiles in their eyes. I recall that the older and taller of the two, the one whose hands had been under my neck, stood wiping his hands upon a towel as he regarded me, as though something had come off my body onto his palms that he wished to be rid of, after touching me.

At length I found my voice. Looking beyond them and around me, my gaze came to the bench beneath me. I thumped it with my palms. My first words were:

"Great Scott! It's real."

"Of course it's real," my friend returned, still smiling.

I got up from my marble bench and moved dazedly about the portico till I came and stood at the edge of the pool.
"Bathe in it," the instruction came. "You'll find you'll enjoy it!"

I went down the steps into the most delightful water. And here came one of the strangest incidents of the whole adventure. When I came up from that bath I was no longer conscious that I was nude. And the sensation of nudity did not occur to me again throughout my visitation! On the other hand, neither was I conscious of having donned clothes. The bath did something to me in the way of clothing me. What, I don't know.

But immediately I came up garbed somehow by the magic contact of that water.

IT DID not occur to me to feel either wonder or awe that I had left my physical body and penetrated to this delightful place. It all seemed as natural as it seems natural to me at this present moment to be sitting in this fleshly body again, putting these words on sheets of white paper. Thus it no more occurred to me to discuss the fact that to all intents and purposes I was "dead" than it occurs to me to go about this life discussing the fact that I am "alive"... there seems to be only one continuity of life and consciousness and we feel as comfortably at home in one vehicle or environment as in another.

While I had been bathing, the second man who had received me went somewhere outside the portico and I never saw him again. But my first splendid friend stayed with me. Clothed, I sat down again on the pallet and we entered into converse. I did not ask why I had come there. I was not particularly concerned about those I had "left behind" in the earthly state. But the great pertinent fact that I learned that night, and which has since altered my entire conception of life in the world, came out subsequently in our hour's conversation.

The friend who had received me had been in earthly life the scion of an old Southern family who had "gone over" by the accidental discharge of a rookie's rifle in a Southern Army camp in 1917. He had been an officer in that camp and had dropped in his tracks as the bullet entered his heart, dying instantly. Yet,
so sublimated in appearance was he, so virile as I have said, so ruddy and stalwart, over what he had been in earth-life, that at first I scarcely knew him. It took us some moments to get acquainted.

Quizzically he asked me: “Don’t you remember being here before?”

“When have I ever been here before?” I asked him.

“Countless times,” he assured me, smiling more indulgently. “You left this plane or condition to go down into earth-life and function as the person you know yourself to be. Don’t you remember that?”

“You mean I lived as a person before being born as William Dudley Pelley?”

“Everyone has lived before—hundreds of times before. People still in earth-life will live hundreds of times again—as they may have need of the mortal experiences. It’s the very basis for all human relationships.”

I pondered this.

“You’re writing a book on the peculiarities of earthly races,” my friends went on subsequently. “You came to the place where you wondered what races were. I’ll tell you what they are. They’re great classifications of humanity epitomizing gradations of spiritual development, starting with the black man and proceeding upward in cycles to the white. Each race is an earthly classroom to which people go to get certain lessons in specific things. When they’ve acquired the experiences from those lessons they come back into this condition and rest, absorbing the increment from those experiences into their characters and thus ‘developing’... don’t you remember being here before?”

Now my friend’s name in earthly life was William, the same as mine is William. Addressing one another back and forth as “Bill”—as we did—may create some confusion in the reader’s mind as to which Bill was speaking. As this same person has been my mentor on the Higher Plane ever since, conversing with
me clairaudiently as I will later delineate, I put this explanation here to clarify who is meant by “William” in my later communications. It does not mean any sublimation of myself. . .

I CANNOT print here a literal transcript of all that William and I discussed in the hour that now followed. Humanity is not ready for an exposition of the great fundamentals of human life, steeped as it is in the tenets of orthodoxy and man-made concepts of the “hereafter” . . . if I told the exact truth of what was discussed that night, my whole narrative might be discredited.

But vaguely I knew that I had been in that same state prenatally; it was far more familiar to me than mortal environment. I was gradually coming into a sense of recalling something dim and vague in the coffers of Long Memory, when this peculiar thing happened:

All at once I perceived a bluish mist beginning to swirl about me. At first I took it to be hallucination. It seemed that heavy furls of smoke were laving around me, getting thicker and thicker, until they got not only opaque but tangible to the touch.

Suddenly they got so strong and swirled so fast that William’s face and figure were blotted out. The thick odorless mist had actually seized hold of me and I was swirling with it! Faster, faster, faster I spun in that frightful carousel. Then I lost all sense of sight or identity in the vortex of it. Straight up through the heart of it I seemed to travel at a fearsome pace, to poise abruptly in midair. And as I poised, something awful closed about me! It seemed as though a great suit of clammy, cloying armor, a miasma of implacable sinew, had shut around me. It crunched me horridly, an excruciating agony that ended in a click!

I opened my eyes to my California bedroom, with the faint patches of starlight designating the windows! I was back in the mortal thing, the grinding and groaning of atoms, that made up my earthly body! My heart was pounding frightfully; my constricted forehead was sopping wet with perspiration.
I lay stunned for half a moment, striving to accredit the sickening thing that had happened.

I was back in earth-life and I had not wanted to come back. My physical flesh was loathsome to me. I pulled myself up on one elbow in the bed.

Then from somewhere I heard a strangely familiar voice address me. Was it audible in the room, or inside of my head? I did not bother to question. I only knew it was William's voice and he was crying out to me clearly and distinctly from the Dimension that I had just quittd so queerly:

"Come on back here, Bill! You and I aren't finished with our visit yet."

"Come back?" I cried aloud. "What do you mean, come back. I don't know how to get back."

"Oh yes, you do," the voice retorted. "Lie back on your pillow. You know the process in the depths of your subconscious. Just relax and come!"

I make the solemn affidavit, that in that quiescent morning hour, alone in that bungalow in the mountains, I did have it in my subconscious to relax and vacate the mortal husk. In that moment I knew that I knew how to do it. Deciding that I did want more of the same exquisite experience, I lay back on my pillow and opened the marvelous vault of the subconscious storehouse.

This time I deliberately felt myself quitting my body!

I felt the same blissful release, the same exquisite languor that precedes all forms of subconscious trance. I floated. I fell.

But this time no one "caught" me. I seemed to walk out into the blessed white illumination of that exhilarating place. Nor did it occur to me that even then I had done anything exceptionally wonderful. I went through the whole experience the second time as smoothly and unerringly as though I had fallen asleep and resumed a dream.

When I walked out into that Higher Reality the second time, however, a change had come over the portico itself.
It was filled with people!

They were coming into the structure from up the long corridor on the northern side. They sauntered into the room, and stood around regarding me, smiling at me quietly—as though they also knew a good joke about me—finally sauntering down the steps to the south in little groups of three's and four's. Practically everybody nodded and spoke to me! They had a kindness, a courtesy, a friendliness, in their faces and addresses that quite overwhelmed me. Think of all the saintly, attractive, magnetic folk you know, imagine them constituting the whole social world—no misfits, no tense countenances, no sour leers, no preoccupied brusqueness nor physical disfigurements—and the whole environment of life permeated with an ecstatic harmony as universal as air, and you get an idea of my reflections in those moments. I recall exclaiming to myself:

“How happy everybody seems! How jolly! Every person here conveys something that makes me want to know him personally.”

Then with a sense of shock it dawned upon me:

“I have known every one of these persons at some time or other, personally, intimately! But they’re sublimated now—physically glorified—not as I knew them in worldly life at all!”

I CANNOT make anyone understand how natural it all seemed that I should be there, particularly with them. After that first presentiment of dying, which experience had ended in the most kindly ministration as I have reported, all terror and strangeness left me and I never felt more alive. It never occurred to me on either occasion that I was in “heaven” or if it did, it occasioned me no more astonishment than that at some time in my adolescent consciousness it had occurred to me that I was on “earth.” After all, do we know much more about one place than the other?

I had simply ended two queer voyages through bluish void and found myself each time in the same charming place among affable, worthwhile people who saw in me something that amused them to the point of quiet merriment. Yet not a merriment that I could resent.
I had no mad obsession to go off in search of Diety or look up Abraham Lincoln or Julius Caesar. I was quite content to stroll timidly in the portico by which I had entered this harmonious dimension and be greeted with pleasant nods by persons whose individualities were uncannily familiar.

They were conventionally garbed, these people, both men and women. I recall quite plainly that some of the women wore hats. The big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed friend in white who had first received me with his hand beneath my neck, always hovered in my vicinity, I recall, and kept an eye on my whereabouts and conduct. . .

I PLEDGE my reputation on the solemn contention that I talked with these people, identified many of them—including two former Manhattan newspaper editors who had had much to do with launching me on the tempestuous seas of magazine authorship—called others by wrong names and was corrected, saw and did things that night that are verboten for me to narrate in a magazine article but which I recall with a minuteness of detail as graphic as I see the keys of my typewriter now under my fingers.

Regardless of the fact that imagination is the chief asset for one of my vocation—or what was my vocation up to that time—I am not given to particularly vivid dreams. Certainly we never dream by the process of coming awake first, knowing that we are suffering some abnormal kind of head or heart attack, swooning and coming abruptly conscious again in the arms of two kindly persons who reassure us audibly that everything is quite all right. Nor do the impressions of a dream stay with us—at least they have never stayed so with me—so that after months have passed such an experience is still as vivid as any of my experiences in Siberia during the late World War.

I went somewhere that night, penetrated to a distinct place and had an actual physical experience. I found myself an existing entity in a locality where those I had always called “dead” were not dead at all; they were alive with an alive-ness far transcending life in flesh.
The termination of this journey—my exit, so to speak—was as peculiar as my advent. I cannot print the true details, as they concern a person now living on earth. Furthermore, they would not be understood by the masses to whom this article may come, for as Jesus once said regarding the higher dimensions of life: If I tell you of earthly things and ye believe them not, how can ye believe when I tell you of heavenly things.

But to give you some idea of what I encountered, let me say this: In that mortally discarnate state myself, I encountered the soul of a living person that had become released by normal sleep and was wandering in that Land of the Leal without knowing that it was there! It would awaken on the morrow totally unaware of what it had done during the night. And greeting it as I did, in the form that I did, showing me its true character nakedly, so horrified and shocked me that I ran from it. As I ran, it followed blindly, not unlike a nightmare, a creature with no eyes!

I understand now what it was I saw, and why I saw it. I had called it to me by a subconscious process too complicated to enter into here. But running from it, I stumbled and fell as it was almost upon me in nightmare obsession.

Instantly, instead of real biliousness, I was caught in the swirl of bluish vapor again that seemed to roll in from nowhere in particular. Instead of plunging prone, I was lifted and levitated. Up, up, up, I seemed to tumble away from the ghastly apparition feet first, despite the ludicrousness of the description. A long, swift, swirling journey of this, as before. Then came that suffocating suffusion of greasy, cloying, sickish substance ending once more with the agonizing click. The best analogy is the sound my repeating deer-rifle makes when I work the ejector mechanism—a flat, metallic, automatic sensation.

Next, I was sitting up in bed in my physical body again, as wide awake as I am at this moment, staring at the patches of windows where the new day was coming brighter over the eastern mountains. But the same reflexion of physical exhaustion was again through my diaphragm and abdomen, and it lasted
several minutes. Not any digestive distress. Simply a great weariness in my torso as though I had just passed through a great physical ordeal and my heart must accelerate to make up the lost energy.

"Those weren't dreams!" I cried aloud, half expecting to hear William's voice in rebuttal once more. But it did not come. Instead, Laska uncoiled from the foot of the bed and straightened to her haunches.

I looked at the clock on the table near at hand. The time was twenty minutes to five o'clock!

There was no more slumber for me that night. I lay back finally with the twin experiences fresh in my senses but with an awful lamentation in my heart that I was forced to come back at all—back into a world of struggle and disappointment, turmoil and misrepresentation, to an existence of bill collectors, unfriendly bankers, capricious editors and caustic critics—to all the mental and physical aches and pains which combine with the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune to make of this earth-plane a Vale of Tears.

It was tragedy, the Coming Back!

Particularly I dwelt on the one I had seen wandering in sleep, called to me by an act of my own. Not till weeks and months later was I instructed in exactly what had taken place that night, producing the latter phenomenon. But it was a common process, I learned. Thousands of us go out of our bodies and communicate with our "dead" on their own planes, while we are in the heaviest part of the night's catalectic slumber. But we do not bring the memory of it back into mortal consciousness. Frequently, our adventures thus are the causes of our dreams. We are trying to picture to ourselves in terms of earth-form, what we have been through, and we have the vague dream distortions. Or we tell our relatives at the breakfast table: "I had a terribly vivid dream about Aunt Emily last night," Aunt Emily having departed this life weeks or months or years before. We actually were with Aunt Emily but in an entirely different plane of consciousness which we cannot recognize on that of the mortal.
Enough of that for the moment.

Call it the Hereafter, call it Heaven, call it Purgatory, call it any one of the Astral Planes, call it a Hyper-Dimension, call it What You Will. Whatever it is—and where—that human entities go after being released from physical limitations, I had gone there that night consciously, and brought the full conscious memories of it back with me! Like Lazarus of old, I had been called back, back to the anguish of physical existence to finish out my time and errand in the conventional manner.

For I did have an errand to finish out, and some day when the proper time has elapsed, and earthly event has proven the validity of my contention, I may reveal what I have had thus revealed to me, as to the specific details of that errand.

Up to the time of writing this article, almost a year later, I have not had the slightest inclination toward a repetition of the episode. Dreams I have had, and occasionally a fine old-fashioned nightmare, but have known them for such. Somehow or other, in sleep that night, with external aid or otherwise, I unhooked something in the strange mechanism that is Spirit in Matter and for two hours my own conscious entity that is Bill Pelley, writer, slipped over on the Other Side.

There is a survival of human entity after death of the body, for I have seen and talked intelligently with friends whom I have looked down upon as cold wax in caskets!

But that is not all. There is plenty of aftermath. To describe the details of the experience, however, it is necessary to intrude a few personal confidences, none of which I am eager to make.

I brought back something with me from that Ecstatic Interlude—something that had interpenetrated my physical self and which suddenly began to function in strange powers of perception!

As I have said, I was born the only son of an itinerant Methodist minister. Soon after my birth my parents began that old-fashioned Odyssey of traveling from “call” to “call” in the northern Massachusetts back hills.
Orthodox Protestant theology as it was forty years ago, was far more plentiful in my father's household than bread, butter, clothes and fuel, in those days. Camp meetings and Quarterly Conferences, the Higher Criticism, Predestination, Free Will and Election, Infant Damnation, hell fire and the Day of Judgment, constituted most of the household converse in my young and tender years. God early shaped up to me as a weird combination of heavenly Moloch and sublimated Overseer of the Poor.

Parish poverty forced my father from the ministry while I was in childhood but with grim New England rigor he saw to it that his relinquishment of a pulpit did not lessen my surfeit of conventional theology. Three times to church on the Sabbath day and twice during the week—Tuesday evening class meeting and Thursday night prayer meeting—left me small opportunity to forget my Creator in the days of my youth and the gratitude I owed Him. Just what this gratitude was owed Him for, troubled my small soul exceedingly in those far-off years because I found myself a perpetually hungry, shabbily-dressed, and none-too-happy youngster who had to start his life-labor at fifteen years of age and stay with it thereafter, even to the present.

Much Scripture was quoted to prove that my desire for a high school and college education was unfilial in view of the struggle father was having for survival. I ceased to be strong for Scripture after interest in my first mill-job had become a stalemate. I must further attest that the treadmill of a factory's discipline when other boys of my age were disporting themselves in healthy animal play, did not make me much stronger for God.

In the years between fifteen and twenty-two I became a smouldering little Bolshevik against every kind of authority, particularly against religious authority which had apparently sanctioned these injustices against me, and picking up the rudiments of a denied education by promiscuous reading, I went far afield from accredited Christianity.

No need to clutter up this article with the books I read, but at twenty-two, in a little town in northern New York State I was publishing a brochure magazine of heretical tendencies. Not
exactly atheistic but holding few illusions about the Scriptures—as I knew them then—or about the Scribes and Pharisees who wail loudly in public places about their righteousness and who take good care that their alms are seen of men. I had discovered myself possessed of a certain facility with iconoclastic language, no censor, and the courage of my ignorance. Fresh from a wry, repressed childhood, cluttered up psychologically with the worst sort of New England inhibitions, revengeful that I had been denied social and academic advantages for which my hunger was instinctive, I proceeded to play a lone hand and make things hot for several goodly people whose only indictment was that they represented authority as aforesaid, especially spiritual authority. I know I made existence rather annoying for a number of representative ministers of the faith who saw life as through a glass darkly but weren’t making the squall about it that I was making. From maturer perspective I quite affirm that I should have been spanked—or rather, educated—but all the theological misfits in forty-eight states and a couple of foreign countries were soon buying my magazine, unaware that it was being written by a beardless youth, and my twaddle and blither were piling up to give me much heartburn in later years when I came to see that I merely took out on God what I should have taken out on an inhibited environment.

The Almighty stood the onslaught rather well, however. I got into newspaper work as I have outlined, and into matrimony, and parenthood, and more poverty. And that was the last of the heretical magazine, though not of its owner’s theological complexes. And eventually the day came when immature intelligence couldn’t stand the pace and instead of digesting I ejected it à la mal de mer . . . for the next ten years I was practically an agnostic.

I had brains enough to see that my life had been started all wrong and was “getting no better fast,” but not the academic equipment nor social balance to alter existence and start myself about-face.

Those were cruel, cruel years, looking back on them now. A couple of business projects went whack and after them my mar-
riage. Family relatives made the whole mess worse by volunteer-
ing to "teach" me how to run my affairs. And my affairs—and life—had already been run too much by "teaching" relatives. With each additional snarl I got more and more vindictive. The death of my first daughter mellowed me somewhat. I wrote a couple of novels in which love of human nature was largely a reflex from the fearsome storm of hatred and despair that was waging inside me. I knew my life was a ghastly mess, that I was cynical and caustic, that the so-called "friends" I possessed, whom I could really trust, could be counted on the fingers of one hand—and most of them would stand watching at that—that we got nothing in this world unless we fought for it with all the ferocity of a Siberian wolf-dog and that beyond peradventure of a doubt, death ended everything!

America's entry into the world war found me in the Orient, as I have said, not a healthy place at all for one who was striving to escape the biological premise for human existence. I went with the Japanese forces to Siberia, acted as Red Triangle man, consular courier, and war correspondent through the Bolshevik-Czech campaign and came back to the United States to face a newspaper business in ruins. The swarming millions of Asia had not confirmed my faith in the conventional Almighty's goodness and wisdom, in fact they had only made me more skeptical than ever of His existence at all, though I never had anything but a remorseful tenderness in my heart for the Man of Sorrows and what He epitomized in the scheme of things human.

Curiously enough, however, this was strictly a personal relationship. It had nothing to do with my father's theology.

To save my newspaper creditors from loss, I went to Holly-
wood and labored among the flesh-pots. I made a score of motion pictures which rehabilitated my fortunes. I wrote an additional couple of novels that my publishers refused. I fought with them in consequence, still taking life by the strong-arm method. I wrote many stories that editors rejected. I fought with them also. When an editor wouldn't buy a story of mine that I considered particularly brilliant, I sat down at my typewriter and contrived to tell him that I thought him an ass. You see, I had the unfor-
tunate complex that the attainment of success meant a knock-down and drag-out scrap. It made me a lone wolf at life, getting the least bit mangy as I reached my forties...

Time after time I tried sincerely to correct my psychology and get back certain religious—not theological—cues I felt that I had lost with the passing of boyhood. I plunged deeper than ever into eleven-pound volumes on all sorts of racial traits and behaviorisms. I was a walking museum of how a man may reach middle life and yet be the worst mess internally that ever got into Who's Who in America but What of It?

In view of such an autobiographical summary, the significance of the nocturnal experience in my mountain bungalow should not be abstruse.

I can look back now and recognize that throughout those forty years of turmoil and seeming unhappiness I was being prepared for something. It was all very deliberate. There was no chance in it anywhere. I had a definite work to do and those had been forty years of the most rigorous disciplining in order to acquire the experience to do that work efficiently. In no other environment, with no other parents, could I have gained all those spiritual things that I had truly been gaining without being aware of it...

Thousands, yes millions, of people are going through that same Golgotha today—not knowing they are acquiring invaluable experience and wisdom for a great work they definitely volunteered to do after getting into life. But they, like myself, must find the Key to the secret of that Golgotha in each case. It came to me in California in 1928 because without exactly knowing it, I had arrived at a balancing of the three factors in my being: the physical, mental, and spiritual. I was therefore ready to proceed with the larger employment.

The first intimation that I received, that the discarnate experience had affected me physically, was in going down into town next morning and into the office of one of my concerns. Soon I noted that the employees were conferring in little knots, whispering together, casting puzzled glances in my direction.
"Has anything especially happened to you?" one girl finally found courage to inquire.

"What makes you ask that?" I demanded, startled.

"Because somehow you don't seem the same person who went out of here two or three days ago. You've altered somehow. We can't make it out."

I went about my bungalow in the days that followed as though I were still in a sort of trance—which verily I was. Days of this, with a queer unrest galvanizing me, a feeling that I was on the verge of something, that out of my weird self-projection onto another plane of consciousness I had brought back something that was working in me like yeast.

Then came experience Number Two—not quite so theatric and therefore harder to describe.

One night while still imbued with the "feeling" of my fourth dimensional adventure, I decided to go to New York on a trip and consult with some friends there whom I knew to be interested in the Society for Psychical Research. I took down a volume of Emerson and tossed it into my bag for reading matter en route. The next day I was speeding eastward.

All day long I rode and the daylight died as we left the Golden State behind us. Off on the reaches of the Mojave Desert, the transcontinental train clicked along, mile on mile. The evening deepened. Passengers retired. I was finally left alone in the club car.

I had the volume of Emerson with me and had opened it to his Over-Soul. In the middle of it, though not reading any specific line, epigram, paragraph or page, I had a queer moment of confusion, a sort of cerebral vertigo. Then a strange physical sensation played at the top of my head as though a great shaft of pure white light had poured down from above, boring straight through the roof of that droning Pullman coach and into my skull!

In that instant a vast weight went out of my whole physical ensemble, a weight that had been forty years in concreting. A veil was torn away.
I was conscious of a Presence, a stupendous Presence. Something had happened and was continuing to happen. A cascade of pure, cool, wonderful peace was falling down from somewhere and completely cleansing me from every snarl and complex.

I knew in those moments that Jesus the Christ was an actual Personage!

I knew more.

I knew that He had been waiting forty years for me to come up through my curriculum of earthly experiencing, to arrive at that moment.

I knew that the churches, the theologians, the religionists, were all wrong about Jesus the Christ and that along with millions of others being blindly led and fed on arid allegorical interpretations of Truth, they were misrepresenting the Man of Galilee.

Jesus the Christ, and all that He meant to the world, WAS!

And again there was nothing maudlin about it, nothing sanctimonious, nothing that had to do with religion.

It was more than ever a personal relationship.

My book fell from my fingers to the car-carpet and stayed there. I sat staring into space. I was not the same man I had been a few moments before!

I mean this physically, mentally, spiritually. I knew that somehow I had acquired senses and perception that I could never hope to describe to any second person and yet they were as real to me as the shape of my hands. For a time I wondered if "much learning had driven me mad" but then I recalled that really mad people never stop to question whether or not they are balanced. Next I was aware of something new and strange in my whole experience—

I was conscious of presences about me, conversing. That empty Pullman held passengers not perceptible to mortal eye. And in a manner of speaking, I could discern their thought-speech!
I cannot tell in this article the contacts and adventures I con­
fronted in New York, corroborating these presentiments. But I
came back to my mountain bungalow a month later with these
psychical gifts developed to a point where I knew full well the
meaning of those strange manifestations in the house at which
my dog had been so nervous.

From the very first night of my return I knew that there was
someone in that darkening room with me beside Laska, my dog.
In fact, I was aware that several living, vibrant personalities were
with me in that room. Laska sat up, cocked her head from side
to side and wagged her tail at some of them again—at nothing
apparently—one of them in particular standing by my desk at the
north end of the room. And now I understood!

And yet I was not in the slightest afraid. Why be afraid of
our friends? . . .

In all of my life up to that time I had never seen a ghost, never
had more than an academic interest in psychical phenomena, and
pooh-poohed spiritualism as a sort of crack-brained dogma that
belonged in the same pigeon-hole with soothsaying and gypsy
fortune-telling. I had not invited any of these experiences that
I knew of. They had simply come to me.

What really had happened was, I had unlocked hidden powers
within myself that I know every human being possesses, and had
augmented my five physical senses with other senses just as bona­
side, legitimate, and natural as touch, taste, smell, sight, or hearing!

That I had help in unlocking these hidden powers I will not
deny. Nevertheless, nothing had happened to me that has not
happened to thousands of other people, only in very rare cases
do they talk about it. What those hidden powers are, and why
I maintain that they are bonafide, I will have to leave to other
writings.

But they had suddenly shown me that life was not at all the
ordinary, humdrum, three-meals-a-day thing that I had always
accepted. Its essence and its meaning was so vast and fine and
high and beautiful that it overwhelmed me and a recognition of
it performed a sort of re-creation in me that made me feel I was not the same person I had been up till then.

My desire to explain intelligibly just what I mean by this, is almost an ache within me at this moment. But for some uncanny reason, words are not the medium that conveys it. The only term I can employ that comes anywhere near the truth is spirituality. The me that is the Bill Pelley entity can convey it by being, and the fact that I am, gets it to you.

Is this last a nonsensical statement? All I can say is, that I know by experience that there is a great overpowering existence outside of what we call worldly Life—that I have been in it and felt it—that having been in it has endowed me with certain capacities that have transformed my whole concept of the universe and some of my friends are kind enough to add, have transformed me. Physically as well as mentally.

My first dramatic physical reaction was a sudden change in the physical components of my body. I discovered that miraculously I had lost my “nerves.”

Ever since childhood I had lived under such a tremendous nervous tension that it had kept me underweight, put lines on my face and an edge on my voice, shattered me psychologically so that opposition of any kind infuriated me and made me want to crash through it like an army tank flattening out a breastworks. Attacks of indigestion were so common that I no longer gave them thought. The tobacco I consumed had its basis in the gnawing desire to anesthetize this nervousness.

Suddenly this had departed.

I was peaceful inside.

I had the glorious feeling of physical detachment from the handicaps of bodily matter. No form of bodily exertion seemed to take energy that I need consciously supply. I had always been slightly stoop-shouldered. Without any unusual exercise my spine straightened of itself, so to speak, and my shoulders felt broadened.
Along with this physical alteration went the unexplainable faculty to withstand fatigue either active or sedentary. If I wearied myself by tremendous labor, it was the healthy weariness of boyhood that overtook me. On the other hand, I could sit at my typewriter twelve hours at a stretch if necessary with scarcely a muscle protesting such inactivity.

With this alteration came a different feeling toward those around me. I discovered that I couldn't fight with people any more, and that I was making friends. A queer statement, this. Yet people were going out of their way to perform services for me, to counsel me, to seek my society, to make me one with themselves. I think this amazed me more than the strangeness of my new physical rebirth.

And yet deep down underneath it all... well, I understood. That understanding, I aver, has been growing with me every day and hour since, comprising naturally many things that I am restrained from offering in a magazine that is read by all classes of people at all stages of mental, moral, and spiritual development. Still, there are conclusions and equations I may draw that have universal application.

**WHAT** is this thing that happened to me, and why did it happen?

First, I believe my subconscious hunger after what the Bible terms "the things of the spirit"—that is, the sincere desire to penetrate behind the mediocrity of three-meal-a-day living and ascertain what mystery lay behind this Golgotha of Existence—had what might be called a "prenatal basis." It had to do with my coming into life in the first place. Vaguely, dimly, all through my life up to that memorable night in California, I had remembered something that I was supposed to do, to accomplish, in life, and the fact that I was not accomplishing it—that I could recognize with any inward satisfaction—was taking me out of my character and making me the infuriated young wretch that resented authority the clock around. The fact that I had responded at last to the Higher Call, that morning in Beverly Hills, turned
my life around abruptly even as I had turned my car around literally, attracted to me spiritual forces of a very high and altruistic order who aided me in making that hyperdimensional visitation.

Second, it goes without saying that having made such a visitation and having had certain questions concretely answered by those I confronted in that dimension, my subconscious—or for that matter conscious—knowledge of what the Fourth Dimension is, and means, and what can be done within its area, undertook to operate first upon my physical body and performed the rejuvenation that subsequently came to me. And yet I can no more explain the Fourth Dimension with words than I can convey to a man blind from birth what I mean when I talk about the redness of the color Red. I know what the higher dimension is, myself, as I know what redness is by having eyes. I can see how it interpenetrates Matter, constituting the “inside” of it, so to speak, and how projections from it must come out the reverse of what we know them on the physical plane. But I can no more make it intelligible to the average reader than Einstein can explain Relativity to a group of salesmen in a smoking car. The average man or woman without his spiritual perceptions duly awakened, cannot possess any equipment to assimilate what I am trying to tell him—any more than the blind man can assimilate the “redness” of red if he never had eyes capable of knowing the peculiar attributes of Light in Matter that give the phenomenon of color, or any more than expounders of Relativity can convey their meanings to those unfamiliar with higher mathematics.

Third, these experiences—the visitation, the knowledge that was bestowed in the visitation and the result of it—immediately revealed to me that there is a world of subliminal existence interpenetrating the ordinary world in which most of us exist as average two-legged Americans full of aches and worries, and that this subliminal world is the real world—the world of “stern reality” if you will—that is waiting for the race to learn of it and tap its beneficent resources long before what we call physical death, that our “dead” loved ones are existent in it, alive and happy, conscious of their condition and waiting for us to join them either at “death”
or at any time that we attain to that stage of spirituality where it is fitting for them to make contact and remember it!

Understand thoroughly, I am not a spiritualist, a Mystic, or a Psychic Researcher in the ordinary meaning of those terms. I am not trying to convert anyone to anything. I am simply telling you that something happened to me that was not consciously self-invited, that my friends attest to an even greater alteration having occurred in my personality than I am capable of feeling from within, although I feel plenty.

Having had certified that there is no such thing as Death for the conscious and sentient entity that is You and Me as we know one another, I find this certainty the touchstone that unlocks many another mystery. What I have learned about the Life Fundamentals, that night and since, explains why one man is born rich and another poor, one a splendid athlete and another a helpless cripple, explains the friendships we make and the mates we marry, the poor luck or good fortune that accrues to us, why we put work and worry and love into the raising of children only to have them snatched from us at the threshold of maturity. It unlocks the mystery of the Christian religion as it was in its pristine purity, the miracles of Jesus, the conversional power of the Holy Spirit. It makes life strong and beautiful and true and fine—something to be lived without fear or doubt or unhappiness—and I think the experience happened to me because it is my earthly brevet as time goes on to delineate in book and preaching something of the spiritual "redness of red" if that conveys my meaning to those who may be interested.

There is in every human heart a hunger and a thirst for the things of the Spirit but in many of them this desire has become so embalmed with the poisons of worries, doubts, fleshly desires, struggles to attain the wherewithal for physical survival, that for all practical purposes it no longer exists.

The day is coming in the evolution of the race when Spirituality is going to be the whole essence of life instead of the present world’s materialism. Here and there are those who because of their prenatal identities, so to speak, their consequent re-awaken-
ings, their visions self-invited or otherwise, may be called monitors and mentors for their fellows, showing them what may be attained by anyone if he so orders his life and thinking as to be susceptible to such revelations.

I believe that Nature, God, Universal Spirit—give the Great Cause any name you will—is taking this method of giving the monitors and mentors unusual experiences to furnish the whole race an inspiration by which it may quicken its spiritual pace. There is nothing more prohibitive morally or ethically in exploring these great new fields of Reality than in exploring the fields of radio or atomic energy. In fact, the Great Cause means we shall explore them!

At any rate, whether I am right or wrong, I know that for a limited time one night in 1928, out in California, my spiritual entity left my physical body and went somewhere, a concrete place where I could talk, walk about, feel and see, and have answers returned to my questions addressed to physically "dead" people, that have checked up in the waking world and clarified for me the whole riddle of earthly existence.

I know there is no Death because in a manner of speaking I went through the process of dying, came back into my body, went out again deliberately, came back into it again and took up the burden of earthly living again. I know that the experience has metamorphosized the cantankerous Yankee that was once Bill Pelley and launched him into a wholly different universe that seems filled with much love, harmony, good humor and reasonable prosperity.

What's the answer to that?

There is no answer, except that it must be accepted as inevitably as I am forced to accept the awareness of my own identity.

I know because I have experienced.

And further deponent sayeth not.
THREE YEARS have now elapsed since I wrote the foregoing article for *The American Magazine*. I believe I have now had time to digest the significance of my hyperdimensional experience and see the episode in its proper perspective.

At first I was dubious about writing the article. It was a very deep personal experience and its nature was such that I did not care to have myself labeled a freak or a crank. But *The American Magazine*’s editors persuaded me, and so the story was written and published.

I decided suddenly to accede to their request. When I brought in the manuscript, the March number of the magazine for 1929 had already gone to press. They halted the presses, had the forms taken off, and the first article removed and held over, to give space to *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. Which meant that my manuscript had to be cut and shortened to fit exactly the space thus rendered available, even to the line and the word. So long as this enforced condensation did not militate against either the facts or the purport of the message, I could offer no objection. The only regrettable feature was that I had no opportunity in the space thus at my disposal to delineate the two passings out of my body in the one night, or explain that the title was largely derived from my friend William’s suggestion, “Now don’t try to see everything in the first *seven minutes!*” Many people were consequently under the impression that my experience lasted only seven minutes and they wonder honestly how I could have crammed so much into such an incredibly short span of time.

The circulation of *The American Magazine* in 1929 was around 2,250,000 copies. National advertisers estimate that each copy of a given magazine is read by at least four persons. Which means that something like *ten million people* had access to that narrative in its original form as published, and because it was the first article in the magazine for the month, most of them read it.
I know because of my mail in reaction.

I have told in my series of published papers written since, "Why I Believe the Dead are Alive!" the exactly detailed denouement following my epochal adventure, entering into the finest phases of my experiences since in what seems to be tantamount to a volume of Psychic Memoirs. Sufficient to say here that immediately the American article was published, things commenced happening in the offices of the magazine. Mail addressed to the editor, or to me as author of the narrative, assumed proportions analogous to that of Col. Charles Lindbergh after his epochal flight to Paris. I happened to be back in California at the time. Frantic trans-continental telephone calls began to reach me from New York imploring me to return and take up the task of answering the great mass of correspondents who wanted more light on my extraordinary experience.

I returned to New York and began the long labor of sorting, classifying, analyzing, and answering this plethora of letters. It took me from six to nine months, with the aid of two secretaries. The stranger part is, those letters are still arriving—because of a magazine article published three years ago—and my replies still keep one typist busy the better part of each day.

These letters in reaction, I discovered, grouped themselves into three divisions: The great mass came from persons who declared they had undergone a similar experience at some time in their lives and wanted to compliment me on telling mine publically; the next largest assortment came from those who were neither facetious, skeptical, nor derogatory, but who merely wanted more light on my sensations or the details of the environment in which I found myself; in the third class was that great army of spiritually minded people who only wanted to thank me for giving them an incentive toward stronger Christian faith and to implore me not to rest content with the writing of one article.

And here is an astounding fact: Out of all the mail that resulted from the publication of "Seven Minutes in Eternity" less than 24 actual communications derided me as an eccentric, or expressed open disbelief that I was sane or telling the truth!
The great army of English-speaking people who read of my experience paid me the compliment of taking my account at its face value and asked only that I answer specific questions about that Fourth Dimension in which I testified that those they loved but had temporarily lost, were dwelling.

NOW CONSIDERING the reactions from the experience, both upon my readers and upon myself and consequent fortunes, there is much to be said. Let me discuss the prodigious reader-reaction first.

The most gratifying surprise that I encountered was of course the discovery that I had not been peculiar in my adventure: that hundreds upon hundreds of quite normal persons from time to time throughout their lives had left their physical bodies under different provocations and visited the same higher levels of consciousness which I had explored so dramatically that night. But most of them had lacked the courage even to tell relatives, fearing an arraignment for falsehood or insanity.

I know that the vast majority of these persons were telling me the truth because in their letters they went to considerable length to acquaint me with details, particulars, and items of their experiences which were substantially identical with details I had undergone but not mentioned in my public magazine account, and some of which I had not even mentioned to my closest friends.

I submit that two or more people, unknown to one another, who had traveled to Japan for instance, could easily tell on meeting in later years whether the others had really been to the Land of the Cherry Blossoms by a comparison of what they saw and experienced in that altogether-charming country. It was so with me and my correspondents. In some cases they reminded me of details that had actually slipped my memory.

And here is a still more interesting check-up: In 95 per cent of these testimony letters, the technique of getting into the Higher Dimensions and the scenes and experiences encountered there, were so similar as to almost postulate a Law of the Process. A man in Oregon and a woman in Virginia would write me of
similar visitations made by them, both recounting accurate details and specifications which I had not mentioned, and neither knowing of the other's letter.

In most of these instances, the visitation came as mine came: unheralded and unexpected. Neither did it come always in the aftermath of sickness, drug addiction, or time of great trouble. But invariably it did come in the wake of a tremendous desire for spiritual truth and a hunger and thirst after things of the spirit. And let me add that the writers of the letters in this class were not drawn from among any one type of person, any one sect, cult, age, occupation, social stratum, or locality of residence.

The letters people wrote me came from a clean-cut cross-section of Americans, from railroad and bank presidents, from stenographers and street-car conductors, of every age in years from octogenarians to boys and girls in college, men and women being represented equally.

And another startling fact was: that if any one class of inquirers was particularly noticeable in this mass, it was composed of Protestant ministers, most eager of all to lead their flocks into a clearer understanding of the eternal verities.

Here again, my eyes were opened. This was not like the theology of the old days. Was something coming over humanity, a general awakening, of which my own experience had merely been precursor?

The article, I might say, was copied in innumerable religious journals, and during the first year my own staff, or that of The American Magazine, learned of 144 sermons preached by clergymen on the experience in question.

In only one instance was a skeptical attitude taken by a pastor. This exception came from a minister in California who sincerely believed the devil had tampered with my soul that night because I had not encountered Our Lord when I found myself on the Inner Side of Life's Veil. . . .

I found, I say, that such a discarnate visitation was common to vast numbers of people, but they took no trouble to convince
others not so fortunate because of the facetiousness with which they had assumed they would be greeted.

Going out of the body, consciously or unconsciously, is a common experience among persons of all races, creeds, and strata of society! Only I had caused a sensation by describing it in the lead article of a periodical having ten million readers. And in view of the fact that the great majority of those who from time to time so enter other planes of being report similar sights and experiences, it is not difficult to accept the thesis that here is a field which society may well explore to its profit.

The second class of my correspondents universally wanted to know how much of the article was fact and how much fiction. Some of them would pick out tiny discrepancies of phraseology and context, of which any person writing at high speed in the exhilaration of composition might be guilty, and offer them as evidence that fabrication seemed evident in certain sequences of my narrative.

To this class of questioner I wrote a personal letter wherever practicable, assuring each one that whereas whole sequences of my narration were deleted in the interests of common credibility—because dogmatic church people might take umbrage at the magazine for printing such an article at all, everything that did get printed was cold-blooded fact, to the best of my knowledge and memory! There was no deliberate fiction in the article and it was not written to make a literary sale or enhance my reputation by sensationalism. The editors of The American Magazine will attest that I wrote the article under protest, that I abhorred having the indictment of “going Conan Doyle” attached to my name as a writing man. At the time that I was persuaded to do it, none of us knew whether it would be accepted by the public or whether we would be charged with perpetrating a hoax. We realized that we were pioneers of a sort, and due to the fact that I could not go the whole way and tell everything, I was risking my reputation on one grand game of “pitch and toss” . . . happily the experiment came out all right insofar as The American Magazine was concerned. As for myself, it has only been
within the past year that I have begun to see the experience in its true significance and realize what stupendous power was at work that night, altering my career deliberately for a most incredible reason. More of this later.

In this second class of correspondents, wanting more light on phenomena so amazing as those I had professed to set forth, I grouped also those learned psychologists, psychiatrists, and physiologists, who went to the trouble of composing monographs to convince the editors of The American Magazine that they must have lent themselves to a hoax, in that what had happened to me was much the same sort of hallucination which they treated daily. Others offered lengthy argument that I must certainly be a secret user of drugs, or that the experience resulted from the prodigious use of tobacco.

What I could not tell these eminent professors was the same thing that I could not delineate to the magazine's other readers, and which I have not told to many persons outside of a circle of intimate friends. It was a thing that could be told only to those who had witnessed the results of the phenomena in my life and affairs since: the persistence of the strange supersensitive powers which were awakened in me by contact with those on the Other Side that night, and how that contact has been preserved in uninterrupted sequence ever since.

LET THE modern psychologists and psychiatrists explain these "hallucinations" as they will, I submit that hallucinations do not endow us with supernormal perceptions, that they do not enable us to contact so-called dead people exactly as though they were alive.

My "mental radio" was awakened by my experience to such an extent that I can tune in on the minds and voices of those in another dimension of Reality. I can carry on conversations with them for myself or for others without trance of any kind, proffer questions and get sensible, intelligent, and oftentimes invaluable answers.
And that brings me to the second great evaluation of my experience and a hint of the true significance of what occurred to me that night in its bearing on my career and on current religious thought.

I have said that my life seemed at sixes and sevens up to the moment when I turned my car back from that blind road at the south side of Beverly Hills. I had let myself grow up a nervous, cantankerous, disgruntled person, blaming my parents for what I had missed, blaming God for not shedding more illumination on a dark human pathway. But there was a deeper reason for my disgruntlement than I have generally spoken or written about.

From the day that I left school, up to the morning of that motor trip to Beverly Hills, I had felt that I was a misfit in life.

I couldn't find my true niche, and knew it!

Despite the fact that I was one of the best-paid short-story writers in America, that from time to time I had made sums from my novels sufficient to keep me the rest of my life, that my success in the movie field was the envy of a great group of fellow-writers, I had known for fifteen years that writing was not my forte.

I puzzled and oftentimes nettled Manhattan magazine editors when I would not settle down and work steadily at my vocation, despite the demand that existed for my work. There is one fiction editor in New York who took me severely to task time and time again, because of my caustic and derisive attitude toward so-called current literature as a vocation for a healthy, active man. Again and again this editor argued patiently, calling my attention to the good my stories had done people by their own comment sent the magazine.

"Sitting down at a typewriter and pounding out words all day is a fine job for a full-grown man!" I decried.

"What do you think you want to do? What is a real job?" this editor would query me.

I would shrug my shoulders. I was inarticulate at something deep inside me that would not form itself in words. "All I know
is," I would lament, "this isn’t my job. It’s bigger than this. It has to do with vast masses of people, scattered all over the earth. It isn’t political and yet it seems to have something to do with foreign nations. It has something to do with publishing on a colossal scale. It has something to do with great hospital ships, with the direction of some great philanthropic enterprise. Beside it, this work of grinding out entertaining stories is puerile and silly."

Again and again I registered the vague details of this larger work, as far back in my life as 1907. I confided it to New York friends in 1923. My particular editor friend would look at me sadly.

“You’re like the successful comedian who insists on playing Hamlet!” I would be told. “You’ve got a market for a particular line of fiction for which some writers would give their eye-teeth, and you’re contemptuous of it, and will only fill it as you’re forced by economic pressure to earn money. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!”

I was doubly miserable in those times. How could I express something that seemed just under the threshold of consciousness but which would never quite come up where I could recognize it for what it was?

I BROKE away from New York in 1923, almost scuttling a publishing business that I had embarked upon there briefly in my efforts to find The Thing that Plagued Me. I went to California wondering if it awaited me there. Truth to tell, my disgruntlement at life was as much due to this weird inward pressure, this presentiment of a role I had to fill that I could not connect with, as at my environment or my early background.

What on earth ailed me? Why did I feel stifled? Why did I embark on business venture after business venture, only to see it fritter out, or to leave it half-way toward the success it really merited?
I know now that I was carrying in my subconscious mind a one-hundred per cent consciousness of my life's brevet and was anxious to be at it, not knowing that factors of Time and Situation—not to mention self-development and self-balance—had to be complied with, first!

When I turned my back on all that I had let myself become up to the present, that morning in Beverly Hills, and went hunting that bungalow in Pasadena, I was truly "remembering forward" certain things I had to do to put myself deliberately on the main track of my career. The months I spent in that bungalow before the Main Experience came that started the brevet up out of subconsciousness, were only an interlude of quiet and repose preparing me for the true revelation.

I could not write this in The American Magazine at the time, as part of my article. People wouldn't have understood. I could not have written it at any time before the present moment.

But this thing happened—just as it may well happen to hundreds of others in a similar predicament—with the awakening of my psychical faculties as a result of the experience, the whole program of my life came clear!

Call it that I had made a sort of Pact to come into mortal life, accomplish a certain work and attain a given objective. All that had gone before had been mortal, or physical, preparation for that Job. Of course I had not been able to perceive it while knocking through experience after experience. But at last I was no longer inarticulate about my life.

I had certain things to do and stood now on the threshold of concrete accomplishment!

It BEGAN to come to me "psychically" soon after my return from my first New York trip.

I first discovered that if I relaxed myself, and put myself in a poised, acquiescent mood, someone would come and talk to me!
The Voice seemed like "fresh language drifting across the mind." A sense of joy and exhilaration was felt. And when I got pencil and paper and recorded, or dictated, the "instruction" I found that I had taken down intelligence that by no stretch of my own imagination could I possibly have composed, subconsciously or otherwise.

Again I refer those who want the literal story of what I went through in those first six or eight months, perfecting myself in this gift of Clair-audience, to my monograph of papers "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!" But night after night, month after month, I was taking down amazing documents of the most profound erudition: papers on theological origins, papers on cosmic physics, on atomic energy, on racial histories of peoples who had totally passed from the annals of men's knowledge.

Where was this material coming from? I had read no such books. I had heard no one lecture on these subjects. I had found I was getting material that in some cases augmented the most profound modern sciences. Certainly I was getting answers to hundreds of abstruse questions propounded to me by those who wrote me about Seven Minutes in Eternity.

The matter mounted up, five hundred pages, a thousand, two thousand!

What was I to do with it?

One night in the summer of 1929, the same Voice that had addressed me in my California bungalow, directing me "to relax and come back . . because you know well in your subconscious mind how to do it" announced that with the forthcoming week I should commence the transcript of a lengthy book that would be dictated to me and which when printed would go far toward clarifying for my correspondents innumerable questions they had asked.

I proceeded to take this book.

It came over in the form of a fictional presentation.

It was Golden Rubbish!
Geo. P. Putnam's Sons published Golden Rubbish in the fall of that year. This is not the place to give the history of that book or the strange reception it met with as contrasted with Seven Minutes in Eternity. Sufficient to say here that it was the fictional exposition of a young woman whose life had paralleled my own up to that date, and whose awakening to the eternal verities conveyed many things that could not be put in a personal article.

Regardless of the testimony I have since received that Golden Rubbish has helped hundreds of persons greet the Great Beyond with poise and peace, the book was scarcely heard from. Putnam's published one edition and then abruptly discontinued it from their list.

But long before Golden Rubbish was in type I was at work on a second volume that was giving me no little concern.

This second book was emphatically not fiction, and it has never seen type; it still lies in manuscript locked away in my files. It consisted of about 400 pages of directly prophetic material, forecasting the events of the world in the next dozen years.

Now at last I began to perceive, in a sort of fearsome stupefaction, the true cause of my inward urges, my business fiascoes, my temperamental disgruntlements at life, before May, 1928.

I was having my part and role in these events prognosticated for me! For the first time in thirty to forty years I was learning facts about myself and future that "clicked" with something inside me that had always been too deep for utterance.

This book, with a mass of supporting discourses, began a great castigation of the false religious concepts and systems that had entangled human life and spiritual thinking, and lined the peaceful precepts of the Christ behind great national armaments, making for wars and rumors of wars.

It said that a complete and utter alteration of society was on the make, to be ushered in with a great collapse on the bourses of the world in the coming autumn. Bear in mind that I was getting this in the summer of 1929 when the country was at the height of its speculative prosperity.
I was told of secret events transpiring abroad, of the machinations of great international financiers and statesmen, whose movements were being carefully watched by unseen witnesses, whose plans and conspiracies were known, who would not only bring about a prolonged financial depression but who would make a concerted attempt in time to overthrow constructive world governments.

It was fully delineated in this book that a great contest was in prospect. All the dark, malignant forces in the cosmos were lining up for a great trial of strength with the white constructive Christ Forces, and the contest would be cataclysmic. Humanity was to be sharply divided into two great classes: those who were for the Christ and all His works, and those who hated Him and would try to defeat His people in flesh and put them in a sort of vassalage.

Page after page, chapter after chapter, much of it too incredible to believe at that time, with the interval for performance so short.

Then began to come out the true significance of Seven Minutes in Eternity.

"You were given that experience," my unseen but plainly heard monitors went on, "to acquaint you with the fact that you came into mortal life some two-score years ago, to assist in this contest on the worldly side. You belong to a Union of Spiritual Mentors and Counsellors in the Higher Realms of Life whose mission it is to guide humanity in times of this stress. You went into an earthly body at a time that would allow you to go through the experiences of adolescence and reach balanced maturity as the Crisis neared. All of the experiences you underwent as a lad were by foreordainment, to equip you mentally and spiritually for the part that you and others must play in the ushering in of this New Order among men. It was part of the Plan that you were to be kept in ignorance of this role until the years had arrived for you to function. That time is now at hand.

"You will find that during the next two years, through no agencies within your control, you will be at the head of a great spiritual movement, not only national but international as well.
You will be guided along strange avenues and into strange offices. *Be surprised at nothing!* There are hundreds of your brethren also in life with you. They do not all know their identities and roles, anymore than you have known yours. But they will make themselves known to you. There will be no mistaking them. Together you will perform a goodly service to the present human race and guide it out of its forthcoming quandaries under the Greater Leadership of Jesus the Christ.”

There was more, much more. But this was its tenor.

I submit that this sort of thing coming suddenly over the Cosmic wire disconcerted me badly. I said little or nothing to my friends about it, fearing an indictment for possessing an energetic superiority complex. If I were getting accurate material from a trustworthy source, future events would show in proof. I would simply wait and see.

In November the stock markets cracked, exactly as had been foretold. Russia announced her Five-Year-Plan, exactly as had been foretold. The great Atheistic Movement got under way, exactly as had been foretold.

By the spring of the following year the Depression was upon the nation and the world in earnest. Day after day I picked up my morning paper to find headlines that tallied to a hair with prophecies that had been given me privately months before.

I had to accept the designation and labors allotted to me, *against my will!* But just how I was to cut into the international scrap, just how I was going to be inducted into all this world turmoil, a mere writer of fiction in a New York apartment, was wholly beyond me. How I was to head a nation-wide spiritual revival in less than 20 months should have given any sane person cause for abandoning the whole business as delusions of grandeur.

And yet the messages kept coming, more and more significant of import. Information was being put into my hands that would have been priceless to great financiers or captains of industry, could they have realized how authentic and dependable it was. And I could do nothing with it except to lock it away in files.
By May the responsibility of this material, plus the increasing correspondence that was pouring in to me from all quarters of the nation as a result of my continued psychic writings, persuaded me that I should at least make some gesture to begin to get this intelligence out to others.

Then again, people were sending me their psychical predictions, which they were receiving night on night from their mentors, and asking my opinion upon them. How could I tell them that they tallied with mine to a hair? Something certainly was "on the make" when such mysterious agencies were at work so accurately to warn certain persons throughout humanity of what impended, and what they were supposed to do to alleviate physical, mental, and spiritual distress.

I had repeatedly been told throughout these months of transcript, what some of my own previous earth lives had been, when I had done exactly this sort of labor before—and successfully. Still, I could not accredit it because I had little in my conscious mind that corroborated such declarations. The hard-headed New England training I had received in business and newspaper work, would not let me float around in clouds of grandiose delusions. Thank God for that!

And yet I was worried. Supposing there were much that I should be doing?

Supposing that all I was receiving was the truest part of truth?

The article in The American Magazine had long since sunk to insignificance beside the overwhelming flood of psychical material that was "coming over," directing me specifically in my affairs and relationships, almost without a slip or falter. Much as it meant to spiritually distraught persons about America to have the attestment of a man in my position, the real crux of the incident was indeed its aftermath.

Lest the skeptical doubt the origin of such material, and contend that it had bubbled up from my subconscious, let me relate this brief anecdote:
After one of my discourses one evening with a Great Brain not now operating in a physical vehicle, I heard another voice speaking in a language I did not understand. I asked the stenographer at my elbow to write out phonetically in long-hand the words of this strange language as I heard and repeated them. Word by word she took them down, marking the vowel signs properly so that later we might read them phonetically.

Twelve pages of this strange script were recorded. Several weeks later I showed them to an erudite philologist who found over a thousand words of pure Sanskrit composing a sensible message that had to do with the present-day happenings in world affairs already spoken to me in English! This was not wholly the modern Sanskrit now used in some parts of India. It purported to come from an ancient Atlantean soul who declared he had not incarnated in the mortal form for a period of 65,000 years... This message was given me in that ancient language presumably to refute those superficial scholars who delight to explain one of Nature's most significant manifestations by naming it all the "workings of the Subconscious"...

And this Atlantean message bore out in detail the events still in the future for America and for the world. One night I exclaimed with some stress:

"Just what is it that you on the Other Side of life are trying to accomplish on this side through instruments like myself? Can you give me a brief but trenchant agenda of exactly your goal and purpose?"

Immediately this reply was dictated, swifter than it takes me to copy it in this narrative:

"We are presenting through you and your fellows of Our Order the complete delineation of a New World Society, politically, sociologically, and religiously, building by a new terminology what is the essence of that new society, not conceived by a few men after their own whims but as conceived by those who are planning the new world state from the Higher Dimensions of Time and Space..."
"It encompasses a new World Program, beginning with the standards upon which religious thinking is based as being the starting point for the application of a new set of ethical and sociological principles, both practical and academic. . .

"This grand work has not been conceived in a day but is the outgrowth of a union of master-minds who have been many ages conceiving and discarding from the fruits of both experience and observation what is both wanted and needed in an entirely new social order. . .

"This concept is two-fold in principle, making man to understand his destiny here and making man to understand his destiny hereafter—or to put it in another way, on both sides of the Veil called physical death, for essentially there is but one life having these two phases. . ."

I WAS no longer skeptical as the spring of 1930 wore on, that something should be done. So many corroborations were coming in that what I had received was bonafide and accurate, so many people were appearing strangely in my affairs, that I could no longer ignore that I must indeed have a vital job to do, and the sooner I tried it out, the better for all concerned, myself especially.

I must ignore the criticisms of little souls that knew nothing of the gale in the wind and lamented that a passable fiction writer had been ruined to make a questionable metaphysician. I must push my New England practicality into the background for a time, till I learned whether or not I was being definitely called to that which my increasing messages implied.

My first experiment was to plan out some sort of periodical that should be the means for feeling my way into whatever larger work was awaiting ahead. I had long debated doing this, for my plethora of mail was requiring detailed answers to questions and problems of a spiritual nature that I could by no means answer in detail. I had found that my monthly grist of letters, regardless of the fact that the publishing of Seven Minutes lay months in the background, grouped themselves into categories. Large numbers of correspondents all wanted answers to practically the same
queries. What better way to reply to them than to take each one of these categories, write my answers in the form of lengthy magazine articles and then send my correspondents the magazine containing such articles? I had been for twenty years a publisher. I knew the magazine field "inside out and through the middle."

So in May, 1930, I brought out the first issue of *The New Liberator*.

Some people have said that I chose the title unwisely; that it savored of a radical periodical and might be misinterpreted by the very masses I wanted to reach.

But I was getting my instructions and knew what was being worked out and why. I started a 48-page popular monthly, in which I printed from issue to issue the most significant psychical expositions I had received, answering the greatest number of letters from people who asked for such information specifically.

The acclaim that greeted *The New Liberator* was instantaneous. It began to connect me with persons about the nation whom I recognized as being part of the Goodly Company implied in my psychic admonitions. But it had not been running long when another development of far greater significance took place.

Certain advanced souls, reading *The New Liberator* from month to month, gradually started writing me to the following effect:

"We are reading between the lines of the articles in the magazine that there is much which you are holding back. We can appreciate that this is feasible and astute. But there are a great group of us who consider ourselves sufficiently developed to stand strong meat in the way of advanced instruction and we are looking to you to advise us just what is ahead in worldly event. Is there not some way that you can duplicate this advanced material and get it out to us privately, even if only in mimeographed form?"
I received so many letters to this effect, from widely scattered sections of the country, and from people unknown to one another, that I finally decided I should act upon them.

*The New Liberator* had been running about a year when I sent out a general announcement to its subscribers that on the 3rd of May, 1931, I intended to prepare and mail to whomsoever applied to me, a special set of Cosmic Lessons that should contain material of a revelatory nature along the lines I had been getting for a year, provided those who received those papers would get little groups of truth-seeking friends about them and read them the material on its arrival weekly!

**THE FIRST** lesson was mailed out on May 3rd.

Again the repercussion was instantaneous. Thirty people applied for the first paper, which meant that thirty groups were getting the information all at the same time. The second week this number became fifty. The third week it was a hundred. The fourth week it was two hundred. By the beginning of the third month, in the hottest part of the summer of 1931, in the midst of increasing economic distress, the number was up in the neighborhood of *three hundred*.

And these were not "little groups of personal friends" seizing on this cosmic information and devouring it avidly week on week. The "instructors" whom I soon designated as Chaplains, were soon hiring halls and auditoriums to accommodate the crowd pushing in to hear the papers read. . . .

Again psychical prophecy was coming true! The messages had said that within less than 20 months I would be "at the head of a nation-wide spiritual movement having as its purpose the guidance of humanity throughout the troublesome times ahead." By September first I found myself sending out the weekly messages in printed form to thousands of people, and the staff to attend to all the detail of the "movement" had outgrown the staff of *The New Liberator Magazine*.

I had not wanted to start any new cult or sect. There were far too many in existence already—to baffle and confuse humanity. I had merely wanted to gather a goodly number of instructors
throughout the nation and pass on to spiritually hungry and economically distressed people information of a supernal character apparently coming down from much higher and wiser planes of life.

So I systematized these instructors under the name of The League of Liberators.

As I write these words at the beginning of September, 1931, I am confronting an autumn in which The League of the Liberators may easily swell to a thousand audiences. Already there is talk in certain quarters of using these Great Master Scripts as the basis for the founding of The Church of the Liberation. I may not be able to stop this movement. It is getting beyond my control.

Personally I have other things of a more practical nature to occupy my time. It is a far cry back to that May night in 1928 when I went upstairs to bed debating the origin, nature, and reasons for races of men. I had reached a definite milestone in my earthly career. Before morning agencies were to be at work that were to start the uplift in my personal fortunes and functioning, to the present moment.

People thought when I published My Seven Minutes in Eternity in The American Magazine that it was merely the account of an epochal spiritual experience attesting to the fact of human survival. I cannot go along further without admitting that the publishing of Seven Minutes was merely the prelude to the colossal task that is on the way: bringing home to the masses the splendorful Illumination and Revelation that is to be made known to all men everywhere, of the completion of the work of The Christ in this our present generation.

For I have now seen too much transpire in worldly event, confirming all these psychic prognostications, to doubt my own obligation undertaken prenatally, if such a thing is conceivable. Humanity faces a terrific "plowing under" between the date of this present writing and September, 1936. Why I set that latter date specifically, I am not at this time allowed to divulge. But those who are readers of The New Liberator Magazine, or attend-
ants on the Sunday night assemblies from Maine to California, and from Michigan to Texas, have already gained an inkling of the date's significance.

But that is not the end of the matter.

**THE NEW LIBERATOR** and **The League of the Liberators** have brought me into direct personal contact with many of the greatest public men in our nation. The significance of the revelations, the nature of the events lying ahead, confirmed by the trend of the times, has attracted the notice of some of our leading publicists, statesmen and industrialists. I find myself in this late summer of 1931, spending as much of my time in Washington, D. C., as at our publication offices in Manhattan. I find myself in constant consultation with a great group of advanced students of the times who see only too clearly the "gale in the wind," who know of the tremendous inroads that anti-Christ influences and factors are making upon our national life. These men are preparing to make some tangible move toward amelioration of conditions that are rapidly becoming insufferable.

This work is proceeding apace with every indication that before the new year of 1932, it will become international in scope. Already there are nearly a thousand teacher-executives or people directly or indirectly interested in spreading the Liberation Message throughout America. **The New Liberator Magazine** has better than ten thousand readers an issue, and plans are being perfected to publish it weekly.

All this work has grown with almost no missionary or promotional work on my part, mostly by word of mouth advertising on the part of those who for the first time in their lives have found, or are finding, liberation from the doubts, fears, superstitions, or inartistic misinterpretations of the old theological idea that taught men they were as the dust of the ground instead of being what Christ Himself designated them, sons of God, Christs in their own right in a sort of earthly classroom.

My own part in the endeavor, however, as time goes on seems to be one of increasing practicality and the counselling of very real spiritual forces working in a practical way to bring about
better relations in society. I say this without self-aggrandiza-
ment, holding no illusions about the drudgery, danger, and sac-
rifice entailed by the labor as it is definitely shaping for me to do
in conjunction with my friends of similar enlightenment.

Those who know me intimately from daily association will
attest that I have no Messianic Complex and do not for one
instant assume that the salvation of the human race in these
hours of its extremities, devolves upon me or any other individual.
I have simply come to realize the deep personal obligation entailed
by being the recipient of this material from some higher field or
arena of mentality, that works such spiritual wonders when
applied to the individual. I have seen far too many lives sal-
vaged, too many souls regain their faith and confidence in a
loving and constructive Deity, too many careers saved from
materialistic destruction by a proper understanding of what is
now “coming over” for me to doubt the inspirational character of
that which I have turned over to others as fast as it has been
given to me.

I know that there have incarnated in mortal bodies in this gen-
eration vast numbers of dark, satanic souls who are being liter-
ally driven down from the higher realms of light, who are mass-
ing their forces for a fresh onslaught on humankind that still
has faith in, and love for, the literal Christ Jesus. I know that
there is a literal Christ Jesus who is marshall ing, directing, and
leading the leaders of the Forces of Light. Stunning as the state-
ment may sound to those hearing of this New-Day Revelation
for the first time, and not aware of the great constructive agencies
that are afoot, there are those among us, of great repute in this
nation, men of reliability not given to hallucinations who have
confronted Him in materialized form in a manner and form not
to be challenged.

Looking back now over the past forty years, I can see that
every bothersome circumstance in which I found myself en-
meshed, every business project which I essayed and which
crumbled to dust in my hands, most of the contacts I made
among persons who have affected my life, have all contributed
something to the equipment necessary to prosecute this greater
work and carry it on to a successful fruition.
The same mentors and guides who received me that night in California are still with me, conversing with me evening on evening, although I am harkening less to the Voices now and more to *The Voice*. I find myself, without self-invitation, without any knowledge of the fact by the public, in the center and swirl of the spiritual and industrial life of the nation, counselling leaders in industry, reaching thousands of people weekly with the supernal intelligence that continues to come unerringly.

What other explanation can be put upon all this than that there is a higher world of reality, peopled by those who truly have the good of the mortal race at heart and are counselling it out of its present woes and tumults into a fairer social state "when all old things shall have passed away." . . .

AGAIN I say, it is in no spirit of bombast, or any self- elation, that I look back over the vicissitudes of the past three years and view them in the light of what I feel obligated to do with those who are about me.

For my associates have come on schedule as it was predicted and promised they would come—devout men and women—*each motivated to join in the labor by strange occurrences in their own lives, with which I had nothing to do*. Funds are accruing from equally strange quarters, from persons in many instances whom I have never met face to face. Mysteriously the mails turn up the "supply" with which to carry on and increase.

I believe the labor is The Christ's with all my heart, soul, and body, or it never could be progressing as I am witnessing it progress, day unto day and week unto week!

Humanity can only come out of its present woes and quandaries at the behest of, and by the leadership, of a great group of Christ-led men and women with a sincere love for the race in their hearts, taking orders *that are available* from higher dimensions of Time and Space, and acting upon them in concert with great influences shed upon the race by those Colossal souls who have the real destinies of the nations in charge.

It is a mighty task that we confront, but we go forward into it secured by a faith attested by the materializations of events.
IT WOULD not be fair to close this strange story without some sort of implication of what is coming about specifically in circumstance to augment this enlightenment in permanent form.

One week-end back in August, 1929—months before the great stock-market crash, before I had started *The New Liberator Magazine*, and while I was still answering the flood of correspondence that had accrued from publishing *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*—I had gone to spend Sunday with an old iron-master interested in psychical research in his home in Greenwich, Conn.

As we strolled about his estate in Sabbath twilight, he suddenly asked: “Young man, if you had a quarter-million dollars presented to you for the carrying on of your work, how would you expend it?”

His question appalled me.

I finally answered: “Frankly, I don’t know. At the present time it’s not clear in my mind just what the goal in this work is to be.”

“But,” he argued, “you seem to be getting psychical material that refers to something definite growing from your experience at some future date. I know because of what you’ve read me today before starting on this walk.”

I said: “I have a premonition, but not of a nature to make me say definitely what I would do with a quarter-million dollars.”

To be truthful, the material that was coming over to me at that time dealt with matters that I was having plenty of difficulty in accrediting myself. I was being told of a coming crash on the bourses of the world, of a period of prolonged depression that would follow—prolonged by an international group of rapacious individuals who were incarnations of dark souls in life to deliberately block and thwart the Christ and all His works in the present
generation. I was being told the most intimate details of a Great Contest that was in prospect on both sides of the Veil of Life, when souls were to be divided into two great camps: Those who believed in God, and Those who did not believe in God—who would do all within their power to favor the works of the Anti-Christ the adversary.

Recorded at a time when prosperity was at its height, when our economists could not figure out the faintest chance for a depression for at least five years, I was as puzzled and skeptical about the validity of my material as anyone to whom I showed it. I was in the center of a great flood of revelation myself; I was having the final stages of my own awakening that should equip me for aiding others later with theirs, and any period of action, epitomized by a $250,000 endowment, had not yet arrived.

But I went home the next morning doing some galvanic thinking. Suppose that all I was being told was coming to pass!

It had been predicted in my material that within a scant two years I would be in direction of a new movement for spiritual awakening in this nation, whose adherents would run into thousands. Within three years this was to become international in scope and effect. Within five years it was to become so formidable that it would constitute one of the most effective challenges in this generation to the earth’s dark atheistic forces, and eventually bringing them down to defeat.

Being as human—and I hope as balanced—as anyone reading this narrative, I was greatly perturbed. Were mischief-makers plaguing me with delusions of grandeur? Did I have a secret Messianic Complex of which I was unaware? By what miracle could I, a writer of magazine tales in a New York apartment, be raised to become a mouthpiece for a national or international “spiritual awakening” within three years?

It was all too grandiose at the time and I had to wait and see what developed. But even while pondering these predictions, I was continually getting into plights as with my iron-master friend. I was being called definitely to state my purpose and my goal. And I could not state it because it was all too vague.
I gave the matter much thought that Monday. In the evening, when the woman who worked with me transcribing the material at my dictation, came in to take down our daily instruction, I told her of my quandary.

"I am going to ask definite information of our Higher Friends," I said, "concerning where all this is bearing us and what definite goal we should keep in mind in order to talk intelligently to people like my host of yesterday."

I put my inquiry audibly, when we had prepared ourselves for writing. Suddenly it seemed as though a magnificent vibration began to grow in that room where we sat. I felt it in my body. My companion felt it also. Someone of transcendant spirituality had come down into that apartment and was standing invisible beside us as we wrote!

At eight o'clock in the evening we began. It was long after midnight when the transcript was ended. But before the first half-hour had passed we discerned that what was being given us was a sublime "Master Message" expounding in not-to-be-forgotten terms the scope of our brevets.

A mighty foundation was coming from this enlightenment. It was not to be as other foundations, dependant on the lengthened shadow of one man's personality or wealth to render it secure in the days that were to come. It was to be a steady amalgamation of the Christ Forces on this planet, uniting themselves for new manifestation!

Supplementary discourses gave me more specific details of how this foundation was to come into being, and how it would function. When I told my friends in the opening of the Assemblies for the Liberation that I had no intention of starting a new cult, I therefore knew whereof I spoke. This was to be more vital than any religious cult, bigger than any one person or set of persons. But I could not reveal it until sufficient corroborative evidence had occurred in event to make the general trend and outcome of the whole gesture creditable.
In order that those hearing of this whole experience—and its aftermath—for the first time may gain some idea of the character of the communication that has been going on for the past three years, and understand why I disclaim any charge of composition or fabrication, I print in the pages immediately following the most vital portions of the "Master Message" received that Monday evening. I have deleted those lines or expoundings that I felt were intended for me personally, that could hold no interest for general readers.

I submit this beautiful document for what it seems to be worth. Decidedly it has become a motivating factor in the establishment of the significant institution I shall speak about presently—
IV

THE FOUNDATION MESSAGE

I SAY UNTO YOU, BELOVED: Pitch your tents among the righteous; make your peace with the forsaken; raise up standards to the truth;

2. I tell you, beloved, a Man cometh to you; He maketh a mission of life-giving in circumstance; He openeth His heart and gathereth the nations;

3. Long have they expected Him; the prophets of old have sung of Him sweetly; He raiseth up hope in the breasts of the anointed;

4. His mission is great among peoples of earth;

5. He shall treat with men justly and shew them their birthright; He shall tell them the truth and it maketh them righteous.

6. My beloved, harken to Me: I am that Man!

7. I come in a chariot not drawn by beasts; I come in a radiance not seen of eye; I speak to My people and My people give heed; I speak to the nations and the nations give ear.

8. Long have I suffered their transgressions of blindness; I suffer no more that their blindness should blind them.

9. I speak to My people and My people know My voice; I speak to Mine anointed and Mine anointed see My face; I speak to My beloved and My beloved know My grace.

10. Harken to the promise: This is renouncement of those who do folly;

11. Even as of old I said Peace when there was no peace, Joy when there was no joy, Love where love prevailed not, so cometh One who sayeth to you now: The mountains are opened, the
truth gusheth forth! hear ye My servants for verily they manifest! they say to you Peace!

12. Bind up your wounds, ye nations! treat with the circumspect in your thoughts and your actions! give heed to him who suffereth, give joy to him who thirsteth!

13. Peace and contentment are the allotments of eternity; enjoyment of earth is the heritage of species.

14. Ether hath made Matter cycle raised on cycle; peoples have risen and peoples have fallen; peoples have been given high accretions of knowledge;

15. Lo, they have not benefited; each time have they misused that which hath been given them.

16. Mankind hath demanded a higher resting-place in knowledge; each time, My beloved, his malfeasance hath destroyed him.

17. Cosmic principles have come to him times beyond counting; each time he hath spurned them or used them wrongly in his thinking.

18. Now cometh the closing of a cycle to earth!

II

HARKEN TO MY VOICE: I come bringing water, I come bearing food.

2. Take these for your principles:

3. *We seek to serve humankind in ways that suffice it in pleasurable enjoyment of fiat eternal.*

4. *We do errands of mercy to mankind the sufferer.*

5. *We open doors of understanding to those who know not God.*

6. *We open doors of peace to those who know not Christ.*

7. Further we do not; this is our mission, our joy, and our reward.
III

MY BELOVED, HEAR MY VOICE: Go ye forth into the market-places and say: “The Lord hath need of substance!”

2. Thus do ye say it:

3. We build a firmer temple of truth than man hath known to date;

4. We make no mock of principles celestial;

5. We enjoin the times with deeds of mercy;

6. We open the storchouses of men’s characters and find hidden therein the measures of truth;

7. We go from land to land seeking out those with the sign on their foreheads, saying unto them: “Lo, ye are wise! make known, we beseech you, that which ye know without fear or fawning, testing your principles on the rock of great utterance, standing on that rock and speaking your knowledge; stand forth and speak it; give utterance to it mightily; come forth with truth, let the nations behold it!”

8. I say to you, beloved, the nations shall behold it.

IV

HEAR YE MY MESSAGE: Give heed to the voice of Him who exalteth: “I have found the Light!”

2. Is he not of the Host that hath come into flesh?

3. Ask of the nations: “Where are your ennobled ones? open their mouths and give their speech utterance; plant firmly on the highlands the banners of your merit; concern yourselves with treasure that no man overturneth!”

4. Go forth among the nations, preach to them of hope, of brotherly concernment.

5. Join ye the nations in a thrall of understanding.
6. Take note of their leaders who stand on the heights that they be the anointed who minister with service.

7. Hear ye My message: Rigor is needed to make speech to the dark ones; force is required to coop their iniquities.

8. \textit{They shall be curbed from making more mischiefs!}

9. Rigorous indeed be thy thoughts toward the debased; lift them up bodily; seize them with hands and make them sure-footed, even in the light that scorcheth as it blindeth;

10. \textit{But transmit no chord, however worthy, that containeth not the beauty of the sanctity of love!}

11. Sing no anthem, My beloved, that hath not in its music the delight of the anointed.

12. Say this unto men: "Lo, the times have come on you when man shall know that he standeth or falleth by his own intestines strengthened with mercy!"

13. He goeth forth to battle; perceiveth he that he warreth against his own species?

14. \textit{Make him to see it!}

15. Say unto him: "Keep a great peace, live a great joy, do a great deed!"

16. The times have arrived for man to know ennoblement; they are ripe with understanding; harken not to the sluggard who faileth to hear the voice from the dawn that hovereth on the hilltop.

17. Say this unto man: "All over the earth are scattered a host that maketh rejoicings that the goodly times be imminent";

18. Know ye these persons: bring them together.

19. Perceive ye not that a great mission hath been instituted among men in this generation?
20. Organize ye the spirits of God, not in worldly form as armies led by earthly chieftains, but rather as a kingly host, each chamberlain having within himself a vassal.

21. Give heed to those who cry: "Behold that we perish in that light cometh not!"

22. Lo, perish they not; do we save them with much radiance.

23. Give heed to those who cry: "Sustenance we demand, for our worldly souls are famished on the husks of benevolent instructions having in them no wisdom!"

24. Open your arms to those who come saying: "Use us for the truth's sake!"

25. Give ear to those who say: "We would serve our Lord gladly if we but knew our ministration!"

26. Give thought to those who exalt: "Let us sing a goodly anthem, for we have had revealed to us the nature of the kingly ones who do come to minister unto us!"

V

THESE THINGS I TELL YOU, MY BELOVED: Go ye forth into the world and say: "The Lord hath set ministers in each land and clime; He seeketh their ennoblement to raise them; let their missions know fulfillment without hindrance from trying circumstance!"

2. Go ye forth to the nations and say: "Give us of your best ones, O ye lands, that they gather in a body and rebuke the unanointed!"

3. Gather to yourselves your helpers;

4. Strike out boldly;

5. Plow your furrow!

6. These are the matters awaiting your hands.

7. God hath a goodly mission for the pure in heart; they do
stand upon street-corners now and implore the passing throngs; presently they shall stand upon battlements and hurl down the legions that do march against pure doctrine.

8. Presently come to you chamberlains of finance bearing goodly gifts; thus treat ye with them:

9. "We gather for a purpose, gentlemen of affluence, under the banner of One who hath sent forth His fiat: All is of instruction!

10. "We come seeking earthly ways and means of making the ignorant see the banners of truth approaching and know of their significance;

11. "We study ways and means of righteous dealings with the nations, not being as students at petty parables and charms, but as strong men looking on life as a problem to be solved in equity, each man to his neighbor;

12. "We seek a conclave of mighty souls who preach of truth to the nations of men, each one from his mountain height, and rally the hosts of His earthly ministers into concrete activity that is accredited of men;

13. "We seek no humble lot for these are great professions;

14. "We say unto men: The times are on us when the goodly souls of every land must share their heritage in common;

15. "We come bearing gifts among the races, bespeaking the loud word Peace! that the warlike meet their Conqueror, that all who suffer may know release;

16. "This is our mission, gentlemen of affluence!"

VI

SPEAK YE FURTHER TO THE CHAMBERLAINS: "We go into every land and clime and behold the needs of the world's forgotten;

2. "We publish them abroad among the righteous and offer them love in place of tumults;
3. “We send them ships of supply instead of armaments; we send them vessels loaded with mercy instead of guns to level their homesteads!

4. “We stand forth boldly, saying: The times have come for rigorous education of the multitude, not in concepts or precepts, but in mighty visions of eternal truths manifesting in all men’s hearts.

5. “The nations, we say, have a gift in common: Peace and Understanding of Why Life Should Be So;

6. “We treat with them, gentlemen, finding in each nation the learned ones, the young men, to whom is given the knowledge of the Life That Is To Be when warfare shall have ceased and men have known their heritage.

7. “This is our mission: Peace! Mercy! Knowledge! the tenets of understanding, the planks in the eternal platform of love!”

8. Say this mightily to the nations in every land and clime: we seek the enlightened; we say to them:

9. “How best can ye serve those who are about you, taking no thought for yourselves, manifesting no hope that is not of knowledge of the truth within yourselves, leading each man to the fountain-head of knowledge as it pleaseth him?”

10. We make a world shibboleth of this, our program: Peace! —Mercy!—Knowledge!—all given us for giving!

VII

MY BELOVED, I CHARGE YE WITH A CHARGE: Out of the mouths of those who suffer cometh a cry to the halls of affluence.

2. Do ye readjust the balance!

3. Give unto him that rejoiceth with you, that he may rejoice the more in thanksgiving that ye are in your flesh, in My name ministering.
4. Take this with you to your conclaves, wheresoever they may be.

5. The Lord hath called every man in his own right, even as ye have been called, My beloved; him will ye know by the sign on his forehead;

6. Use him as it pleaseth you; turn ye his hands to the handles of the plow;

7. Give him of your wisdom;

8. Rebuke him not for error but praise him for the depths of beauty found within his soul!

9. Use him, I say unto you, knowing that it will be well with you in your wisdom how to use him.

10. Ye are called to do a goodly work in this, My vineyard; the laborers await, each one for his hire, being eager to labor, each one at his price.

11. That price is knowledge.

12. Pay it to him richly, pressed down and overflowing; treat with him according to his talents and let him be known as an employe of the Host.

13. For verily that he is, till the goodly days are ended.

14. I speak as one, beloved, who hath an understanding.

15. Hosts of men come to you and ask of you assistance; treat with them mightily; thus make speech to them:

16. “What canst thou do in the land wherein thou dwellest, to raise that land to a knowledge of the Godhead in peace, supply, and wisdom?”

17. Treat not with him that sayeth: “I am of the Host already, for do I not pray daily for deliverance from mine error?”

18. Say unto him: “And what doest thou whilst thou prayest, or afterward?”
19. Consider the ways of those who till the soil even of humanity; what seed sow they? have they knowledge of cosmic truth? have they knowledge of eternal principles? have they knowledge of ether and its manifestations? or sow they seeds of bitterness, of strife, of petty malfeasance and injurious attraction, one nation toward the other?

20. Question those who come to you; ask of them their wisdom; ask of them their vision; translate to them the knowledge which ye have and observe their bickerings when ye have expressed yourselves.

21. Is it not true that they will say unto you: “These are your concepts; lo, we have others equally as great!”

22. Know, My beloved, that they are workers of confusions; they have not the wisdom;

23. The wisdom sayeth: All men are brethren;

24. *Only one truth is permitted to men: that they shall love, and love, and love again.*

25. Tell ye them this and observe their concernsments.

26. If sobeit they say unto you: “These things we know and rejoice at!” take them into your arms and your bosoms; make them of merit in your company, manifesting to them all the sweet joys of fellowship, treating not with them as slaves but as brethren, opening your coffers and giving them supply.

27. Tedious, tedious, are the wanderings of the souls that seek for wisdom; tedious, tedious, are the wonderings of the souls that seek for leaders.

28. Say not unto them: “Behold us, your leaders!” say unto them rather: “Ye are leaders in your own rights where it be that ye may travel.”

29. Say unto each man: “Lead thou in thy chosen circle and in thy leadership be great.”
30. For leadership hath a quality that sayeth: "Go ye and manifest; I do follow to protect you."

31. Seek not him who sayeth: "I am leader of the present," but seek him who sayeth to you rather: "I am searcher after knowledge."

32. Tell him that searching marketh him for leadership under the Captain whose banner is service.

33. The Captain awaiteth without, seeking His followers not in halls of revelation so much as in the byways of silent hunting after treasure.

34. Tell him who asketh of you for leadership: "Thou art leader in thine own right, arise and execute the commission given thee; for who hath better right to lead than he who sayeth: "Master, I follow and take others with me!"

35. I bid you take My company and lead it to a high, high place where all nations see your benevolence marking you out as captains of service, verily, verily, till your earthly days be ended.

36. Catch ye the vision? act ye upon it!

37. See ye the tapestry resplendent with colors? make it a carpet for your goings, that your feet may tread joyously and the end be fulfillment.

38. When the goodly days shall come, then shall men rally around those who have taught them to pray: Our Father, who art in heaven, give us of Thy wisdom;

39. Give us this day our daily illumination to light the way of feet that do falter;

40. Give us this day not our daily bread but bread for those who hunger more than we do;

41. Lead us not back into quagmires of ignorance for such is not Thy nature, but send us ennoblement that we may manifest our dignity, our wisdom, and our vision, to unborn generations;
42. Peace and a goodly heritage be upon the nations; this our prayer we pray in tranquility that those who say it after us may live it in their intercourse!

VIII

I BID YOU RISE UP AND KNOW THAT I ADDRESS YOU: It behooveth you to know that a goodly company awaiteth its captains, awaiting them long in the byways of service.

2. Peace! I say unto you; a goodly prospect awaiteth your vision.

3. Abide ye in the faith that maketh the race a race to be run for the sake of the running, not for awards bestowed at the goal.

4. What need have ye of more than this, beloved?

5. Peace be unto you and the little band awaiting you, making you to shine as meteors when the skies are full of darkness.

6. Presently I go to the Father who sayeth: “What of the earth and the peoples thereon?”

7. Then make I reply: “The times and the seasons are ripe for achievement: the goal is in sight and the running Ennoblement.”

8. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, ye who run with Me; for we have made promises each to the other, that maketh that ennoblement a prospect in reality.

9. Choose ye whom ye will serve, ye peoples, God or Mammon! lo your service marketh you forever.

10. So let it be till the evil days are ended.

11. Come I to all of you in due cycle of event; not in spirit but literally;

12. For My spirit ye have always!

SUCH WAS the sublime document—or what I choose to hold as a sublime document—that first crystallized my thinking into making a definite gesture toward the amalgamation of a Great Christ Force, international in scope, that should throw the gauntlet to the satanic influences now seeking the perversion of our current civilization.

As I have previously written, I have neither the time nor the space to rehearse here the auxiliary and supplementary discourses recorded over thirty months that have clarified the instruments and agencies, the means and the methods, by which this International Christ Force could make itself a juggernaut in the present generation.

In my secular pursuits and investigations I have come to the conclusion that the Christ people of Christendom do not know their own strength! If they knew their own power to act in concert for true righteousness, their sufferings would be ended.

They are lost in a maze of erroneous teachings, hoodwinked by false leaders who deceive or default on them when those leaders stand to gain in personal profit, unable to obtain the pure instruction—even from secular sources—necessary to free them from their fears and doubtings.

Evil men, using instruments and agencies that no Christ Person can employ, conspire to hold them in an economic bondage, debauching intellect and the public press into accepting that such economic bondage is beyond all the factors in human control. The truth of the stupendous beauties Behind Life in Mortality is besmeared and befouled by heathenish doctrine that it savors of diabolism to probe for reality or learn of existence in its post-mortem aspects.

These things I have realized, not only from my own transcendent “studies” but from people sent to me on schedule, exactly
as it was predicted to me psychically that they would come, who had wide worldly knowledge of what was transpiring beneath mundane affairs.

At the same time I have come to realize that the moment I became in any wise a power that challenged the capacity of the Beast in these earthly agencies, no amount of effort, money, or social pressure would be spared to discredit and besmirch me, to suppress or silence me!

In this day of great publicity agencies controlled or intimidated by utterless selfish forces, it is only necessary to criminally libel and besmut one who suddenly rears above the heads of the crowd with a new message of liberation, to deal him a death-blow and render him impotent. There is rarely any redress from such agencies of publicity. Once you seriously threaten the domination of these dark, selfish, atheistic forces, you are marked for swift elimination.

I know of one outstanding case, fully documented, of a brave, beautiful, and patriotic woman who nearly succeeded in building a national organization to combat these atheistic forces in the political and industrial life of our nation. She was gaining to a power that threatened the complete exposure and destruction of the diabolical "boring from within" influences seeking at this very moment to undermine the foundations of our government.

What happened?

Backed by millions of money, these satanic interests succeeded in having a false photograph of her distributed throughout the news pages of the nation, with a wholly fabricated account of her alleged indiscretions, making her out a dangerous adventuress subtly in the employ of the various agencies she was successfully combating. She brought criminal libel suit against the newspapers that had so besmirched her. But that suit was mischievously dragged along for four years, exhausting her finances and breaking her health. Finally her following, unable to hear her side of the story or accredit the diablerie arranged against her, accepted the accusations made in the press. She was forthwith discredited. Her power disintegrated. At the end of the four
years she won her suit for vindication, the jury giving her a verdict of one cent and the papers that had lent themselves to her destruction printing six-line retractions on their inside pages among their advertisements!

And it broke her heart and killed her.

I have learned, not from psychical sources so much as secular contacts among the forces making for law and order in the nation, that the very size and might of these dark forces renders them chimerical to the average person. And thus the campaign of intimidation goes on. Those who cannot be used unwittingly as a “front” for their operations, are debauched financially, criminally blackmailed, or in the last analysis mysteriously destroyed.

Many have commented upon the fact that there has been little or no publicity in the nation’s press concerning this inception of the League for Liberation. I have purposely avoided and discouraged all such till I got my plans completed—or advanced to a point—where the work could pyramid and grow into an unstoppable juggernaut irrespective of the attacks that might be launched at me personally.

I do not expect wholly to escape them. I have been told psychically that they would come, and something of their nature. I should not be surprised to see a campaign of intimidation against my associates in the field mysteriously begin—religious interests being used as the blind tool of these satanic forces to embarrass these associates. Attacks against my personal character and sanity will probably come. It is psychically predicted, not alone by my own mentors but through other sensitives, that three attempts will be made on my life.

I can look at the whole campaign of vileness and vituperation with equanimity, however. I know the year that I am going back onto the Other Side to remain for good with the work completed, and how I am to go! The old saying, “A man destined to die of the cholera cannot be hanged as a horsethief,” has a cryptic application to my own life.
Nevertheless, having taken this mission very seriously now because of the proofs in circumstances that have come again and again on schedule, I have a certain respect for the grimness of the contest to be waged. And to make the distress as small as possible, I have tried to minimize my own importance insofar as I could in the work's initial stages.

There are now thousands of people who have been faithfully attending Liberator Assemblies week after week, reading The New Liberator magazine month after month, who have accepted that I have merely been completing this chain of assemblies as I edited my magazine.

Many others who are affluent have sincerely desired to donate large sums of money for the growth of this movement but who have been hesitant, or kept silent, knowing that injury to me, or my elimination, might mean the loss of all that they presented.

But throughout the past year—I am completing this re-write of The Aftermath to Seven Minutes in Eternity in early September, 1931—I have been assiduously working not to found a new religious cult, or another sectarian denomination, but to project this new doctrine on an educational and academic basis!

It is time to make the nation-wide announcement that there has come into potential existence what amounts to A GREAT CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY—THE COLLEGE OF CHRISTIAN ECONOMY AND SCHOOL OF COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS!

WE HAVE had Domestic Economy, we have had Political Economy.

Why have we never had Christian Economy or the Science of Applying the Principles and Precepts of the Christ to the Mundane Circumstance?

During this summer of 1931 a benefactress in Manhattan has made a tender of 100 acres of mountain land in one of our Atlantic States. On this property—if the Plan is not changed by Higher Agencies—despite the Depression that is now upon the
nation, in the teeth of all opposition and obstruction because I believe the work is being motivated by agencies above human influence, those who have caught the vision from the private documents and discourses I have shown them, will go forward with the construction of buildings of beauty, *wherein shall be taught all those courses of enlightenment now rigorously opposed or suppressed by those worldly systems that stand to lose caste by Real Truth becoming known!*

A great instructional body, a great publishing plant, a great gathering-place for the finest Christian minds of the earth, will be brought into existence and function in times sadly in want of what they have to give in the spirit of Christ-Service.

It is necessary to have a safe and permanent repository for the original versions of such manuscripts as offered in this monograph several pages back.

It is necessary to have a postgraduate course where those who wish to prepare themselves for making this teaching their life-work may gather together under competent instructors and be privately taught what cannot be revealed to the crowd as a mass.

There is a necessity for a great investigational body that shall truthfully and sincerely delve into the religious records of the past and bring to light without fear or favor the error in the doctrines that have plunged humanity into this cruel hiatus of Christian belief.

There is a necessity for a university body that shall forthwith investigate psychical phenomena as it deserves to be investigated—in constructive psychology—exploring behind life on a basis of belief in survival instead of disbelief and seeking to demonstrate that all "sensitives" are charlatans.

There is a necessity for a great quasi-medical fraternity that shall study and explore the phenomena of subjective insanity, equipping and qualifying physicians and psychiatrists, and the heads of institutions dealing with lunacy in all its forms, to treat with obsessions and possessions by accrediting the existence of malign discarnate forces.
There is a necessity for a great educational institution that shall preach, not a Christ dead by crucifixion, but a Christ Alive and Dominant in the economic and industrial affairs of men, thwarting the dark, destructive, atheistic forces of this nation and all nations in their anti-Christ activities.

There is a necessity for an institution promulgating these enlightenments, that cannot be debauched or controlled by secular worldly interests, with a charter so drawn that no persons can gain to power within its directorate who are not American citizens by birth, of proven Christian faith, incapable of being intimidated, with militant ideals of sobriety and integrity working to make personal honesty and circumspect conduct popular again in the Body Politic!

There are millions of Christian people in this country of every creed who are tired of the false, the base, the untrue. They hunger for a return to the high ideals, the clean behaviorism, the personal reliability of their fathers who made this nation great. They do not want any return to an intolerant Puritanism or sanctimonious theology. They want a standard of living raised before them that shall overwhelm and drive to cover all those disintegrating influences in our national life that are cheapening their culture and debauching their offspring.

The psychological time has arrived for a reflex swing of the pendulum of society into constructive, ennobling channels, that the honest man may know his antagonist, that the honest religionist may distinguish his God. A chaotic but titanic mass of Christian Americans is ready to answer to a battlecry that means the end of gunplay in our streets, spoliation of our daughters, the defilement of our homes, the undermining of our government—all by the instrumentalities and financings of forces avowedly atheistic, haters of the Christ and all His works, who declare that they will have Christian humanity groveling on its knees within this generation.

Praise God there are those whose eyes are being opened.
They know the challenge of The Beast.

*That challenge they accept!*
ONLY a dominant Christian institution that stands four-square behind the Man of Galilee, that presents a rallying point for those vast constructive forces, that epitomizes an oscillation back to decency and honor without sanctimony or loss of that sense of humor that is always the lubricant of the spirit of love, can deal effectively with these problems of our times.

Humbly and contritely, as God gives me strength and acumen, as I hear The Voice in silence, I propose to found such an institution within the coming autumn!

I propose to make every Liberator Assembly in every city and town throughout this nation a weekly Extension Course for those who cannot attend such a school in person.

Every Liberator Assembly in America, no matter how large, no matter how small, I propose to make a living, breathing, dynamic force for constructive Christian Idealism in its community, throwing behind each one all the enlightenment, all the erudition, all the gleanings from deep research and investigatory work that such a university can command and direct, offering the humblest Christian seeker in the smallest hamlet that wealth of unbiased, uncolored learning for which his soul is famished.

I hope it is no delusion of grandeur of which I am guilty in suddenly realizing that my psychical material has proven its validity in secular event, and that this is the lifework to which I am called—the vague, intangible, but irrepressible brevet to which I felt myself headed when I registered with my editorial friends years ago that tapping out fiction stories on a typewriter was not the job I had entered life to do. It was just under the threshold of consciousness then, tormenting me. Now it has all come clear.

I know this project is to become a reality because I am already in touch with the men and women who will make it a reality. They have not only assured me of their loyalty and support, but in many cases persons of great erudition and importance politically, industrially, religiously and socially, have already foregone attractive worldly offers to consecrate the remainder of their
lives to this ideal. My plans have come to that stage of fruition where—even were I discredited or eliminated tomorrow—the founding of this institution would go onward to actuality.

And no power on earth or from hell can stop or alter that which is thus decreed by these Higher Forces, gathering this clan to perform this worthy office.

It is not a church that I seek to found, but a University of the Future, a university whose students shall go out over all the earth and “organize the Spirits of God, not in worldly form as armies led by earthly chieftains, but rather as a kingly host, each chamberlain having within himself a vassal!” . . .

I am taking my commission seriously in this: that an organization can be perfected so self-supporting that it solicits no funds from the coffers of Mammon, so inspired by direct contact with those above the earthly predicament that its ministrations shall be felt to the ends of the earth.

I say I have tenders of service from men and women of erudition, adepts each one in his or her line, to staff such a college: Christian people of unquestioned loyalty to the American Ideal without fanaticism, without race prejudices, without obligations that make them vulnerable to intimidating influences. I know that Great Forces that have proven themselves in my own affairs are operating behind the lives of these men and women to turn their talents to this labor and make its Extension possible with millions of money. And those same Forces are awakening the possessors of that money, making them realize that their wealth has never been their own but was put in their hands in trust for this spiritual enhancement of the peoples of our times.

It is no smug academic institution that I would found. I would start no school that hides itself and its students away from the world to advance the tenets of some freakish doctrine. I would project a living, forceful, dynamic organization of Christ-Workers in a new social order, that will make each of the present Liberator Assemblies or Study Classes a contact point for its work among the masses.
It will train men and women in all those studies and sciences now considered forbidden in orthodox institutions seeking to uphold an archaic social fabric.

And most of the instruction promulgated thus, would continue to come from the sources from which has come the instruction to the assemblies up to the present. . . .
AND THIS is the undeleted story, and the real significance of the episode that has been publicized throughout the globe as “My Seven Minutes in Eternity.”

My dear friend Will Levington Comfort, the novelist, has been generous enough to acclaim the whole experience as “the story of the Age.” Perhaps! I do not know. I am still too close to it—there is still too much work to be done.

Insofar as the discarnate part of the experience was concerned, let no one draw the conclusion that contact with these higher forces is impossible unless one is chosen to write a book, publish a magazine or found a college. I know too many hundreds of people, in all walks of life, who have had the same colossal adventure—who have established the same communication—and who have no call to do more than apply the profits resulting to their individual lives and experiences.

But in my own case, step by step, denouement by denouement, this work has grown. And now I am coming to see that every experience which I underwent in life prior to that night in California, every business venture that seemed to turn out abortive, every personal contact I made with persons of every type of mentality, all happened specifically to give me an additional bit of equipment for that labor which now looms.

I recall that at one time I was especially disgruntled that I had been drawn into the ownership and management of a chain of restaurants in Southern California. Why on earth, I wondered, should I have become embroiled in a restaurant proposition—which diverted my attention from more important activities and cost me no small amount of money. One night in my communicating, I asked. The answer came back: “To give you an education in feeding people in large numbers in situations that are yet in the future!” And so it has gone...
Money, talent, and property, is now coming in from all quarters of the country, to make this epochal enterprise an overwhelming success. The weird phase of these gifts in many instances is that many of the donors are “sensitives” themselves who declare they have been acquainted with this work, and the validity of the agencies behind it in other dimensions of Matter, by voices that have spoken directly to them, advising them to become connected with it, with least possible delay.

Those who accuse me of commercializing my awakened senses in the aftermath of the experience, are speaking from a lack of knowledge of me or the facts. When I lay down to sleep that night in California three years ago, I had a comfortable little estate that figured up in the neighborhood of $100,000—property, securities, business interests and cash. I had a writing vocation that paid me something like $25,000 a year. The losses I have since taken, directly traceable to the disruption of pulling up stakes in California and coming East to devote my life to this enterprise, have consumed every dollar of my estate—even plunged me in debt. My earning power as a writer has totally vanished, due to the fact that most popular publishers are fearful of stirring up the mare’s nest of interest which The American Magazine stirred up by printing literary material over my name. If it is not material similar to “My Seven Minutes in Eternity” their readers are disappointed and disgruntled. If it is similar, they are in for a deluge that they would not invite.

There is not the slightest self-pity or regret in the statement that from an earning capacity of $25,000 a year, I have dropped to a revenue of about $35 a week, taken out of the receipts from the work for my personal living expenses.

That much for “commercializing” my abnormal “talents.”

I am giving my life now to another type of work entirely. And I am radiantly happy in so doing. I have found the thing that lay just under the threshold of my consciousness for so many years and caused me so many midnights of heartburn.
Perhaps after another three years has passed, I shall re-write *The Aftermath to Seven Minutes in Eternity* again. In another three years I may have personal experiences and developments to add which make this foregoing account puerile and inane.

I know that what I am doing now constitutes a glorious adventure that can only be a constructive gesture in our advancing civilization.

Certainly no university of this age, or any other age, has attempted to carry subdivisions of itself into the cities, towns, and hamlets of the country in which it exists, calling people of limited means together in great masses to hear the latest reports of its findings and instruct them in the latest developments of scientific Christian truth.

No great university of this age, or any other age, has opened its doors to those who simply want instruction in the Great Facts Behind Life, irrespective of their years or previous academic schooling.

It is a University of the New Order that my associates would aid me in projecting, welding into a sensible reality all those constructive agencies in society that make for a higher Christian Idealism, devoid of theological limitations, looking at life as a problem to be solved in equity, each man to his neighbor.

We shall try to bring to humankind the Christ-Force in action, going out into the highways and byways among all nations, "seeking the Enlightened ones, the young men, to whom is given a knowledge of the Life That Is to Be when warfare shall have ceased and men have known their heritage."

But it is not another pacifist society—that would usher in peace by serving banquets—that is now in process of erection. No participation is asked in councils of nations while those councils are in any way dominated or intimidated by the dark souls ensconced in mortal flesh.

We come in clean, frank patriotism—in selfless devotion to the One Who Knew Gethsemane—in high, fine confidence in a God who knows and rules the nations—and without fanaticism, in
sober sense and logic, offer our lives to a Monument of Intellect erected to world fellowship purged of the adversary.

And we overlook not, nor minimize, the final lines of the Master Message that first sent this gesture into crystallized form—

“So be it till the evil days are ended. Come I to all of you in due cycle of event, not in spirit but literally, for My spirit ye have always!”

I aver that I know it.

I have lived, as I am living now, for a time in eternity!