

THE KEYS
TO THE CITADEL
OF SPACE

BY
DANA HOWARD

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CHAPTER I

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: MAN OF THE COSMOS

It was the thirty-first day of May, 1959. The half-mast flags of yesterday still hung limp in the misty fog, a requiem to the historic dead now resting in their tombs of patriotic honor, just a few short miles away. Here at consecrated Gettysburg the tide of the great war had turned, and never in the long history of time would this antique little village forget what once happened here.

The streets were virtually deserted. Only a few stragglers were left over from the Decoration Day parade. Many of them had come to place flowers on the grave of a long-dead loved one, perhaps a father or a grandfather. Others were idly curious. It was just another day in their emotionless lives.

Across the wide square stood the famous Wills House. It had been authentically scaled and was precisely as it had stood in 1863. Nothing had been altered since that memorable day when Honest Abe Lincoln, a guest in the master bedroom, had written the greatest speech in all history. His spirit still permeated every inch of that quaint old room, though his body long had been absent.

How easy it was to visualize his radiant personality as he sat there under the gas chandelier, the dead silence broken only by the scratching of his dull quill pen. It was an intense, emotion-stirring moment for Charlotte and I as we strained to picture him draining the essence from every trenchant word. They were live, magnetic words created to etch into the Cosmos one of the greatest dramas of our times. What a sacrosanct privilege it was to sit in that room with the still living dead!

His pen moved slowly at first, as if it had not had time to tune in with the force from beyond. Then gradually it gained compelling speed, racing across the white sheet before him at an even faster pace. Finally the lines took form, and he murmured as he wrote, in a sad, weary voice: "Four score and seven years ago, our Fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal . . ."

I felt a slightly erratic pulse as the impact of the words coming from the tape recorder struck a concordant note. It was a more than magnificent tribute paid to those who had given their lives for the Cause. Tears welled up in the eye of my soul as the heart-wounds of the late 1860s were again laid bare. The prophet of our nation's destiny was spilling the dew from his soul in those immortal words. Yes, it was more than a message being delivered from the lips of a human; it was a message from the heart of the Cosmos, channeled through one who would live forever in the hearts of other men.

My thoughts again centered on the scratching of the quill and the soft voice: "Now we are engaged in a Great Civil War, testing whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this . . ."

For a moment my mind wandered; wandered back to the man and the human ingenuity that had served him throughout those trying years. He was humble to the core, completely unaware at that moment that he was writing a document of history; that destiny was preparing him for one of the greatest roles in the birth and life of our nation. Abraham Lincoln was no longer a mere man. He had become an archetypal pattern of human greatness. A pattern the Cosmos itself could not erase.

And then the soulful murmur continued: "But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little

note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

The great Lincoln closed his immemorial speech on a note of high drama. "It is for us the living," he said, "rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from this Earth."

There were just two hundred and sixty-eight words in the Lincoln speech, but they are words that will live so long as history endures. Abraham Lincoln has long since passed from the plane of Earth, but he is still with us today, encompassed in a higher sphere of reference. He knew, as all the greats have known, that no major problem can be solved within its own limited peripheries. That the higher utilizes the lower agencies when big issues are at stake.

The immortal words of Lincoln have been recited by every American school child. They are as vital today as they were nearly one hundred years ago. We can still be with him in the deepest sympathy; our souls continue to weep for the ignorance of man, and the injustices that have been heaped, one upon the other.

When Lincoln finally addressed the throng at Gettysburg, a brief silence followed his last words. Then came the applause from the street. The noise and bluster was very low at first, for the crowd was still indecisive. Then, as the impact of his words began to score, its enthusiasm began to build, finally ending in a tumult of shouts and cheers.

In my mind's eye, I could see him standing there, tall, stalwart and proud. As he removed his glasses from the bridge of his nose he still held the single sheet of paper in his hands. He had not really been reading from that scanty document. He merely glanced at it once or twice. But his face wore the cloak of humility that had garbed it since his earliest days. It registered an echo from his

soul, not a political veneer placed there for the sake of future votes.

When it was all over I sat quietly for a few moments. My thoughts strayed back to my own school days when I first learned the story of Lincoln's birth, his boyhood, his adolescence, and finally, his struggle to death with the forces of a corrupt society. He was born in a little cabin in the wilds of Indiana. It was a cold battle from the day of his birth. He did not go hungry, for there was usually enough bread. But there was a division in his home life. He adored his precious mother, but from his earliest years he looked upon his father as an alien. He considered the man a being who somehow had something to do with his physical birth, but who in reality was not his true father.

The Lincoln vicissitudes and hardships seemed to mount with the years, yet as he began to grow, the great potential lying dormant within him also began to struggle for expression. It was all there, hidden in the marrow of his tall, gangling body. It was there in the bone and the sinew and flesh that gave him form. All that was to flower in later life was there in the little boy Abe.

It was evidenced in his dominant refusal to compromise with honesty. He was honest regardless of cost to pride and pocketbook. The field of law he entered was more to him than the tactics of rote and rule. It was to him a philosophy of ethics; ethics that must never be adulterated or misused. With honesty as a basic premise, Abraham Lincoln could not be influenced by others. He was never gullible. He always arrived at his own conclusions and usually exercised them as well. While he was undemonstrative, within his awkward body he housed a soul of unfathomable depth. In his heart he harbored a tenderness and pity for the sufferings of others that no amount of worldliness could harden.

As we know, it is never easy to be completely truthful when a little white lie will serve a better purpose. But to Abraham Lincoln even the whitest of lies was an untruth. He was constantly in combat with his stirring urges that would not be quieted. He demanded the answers to things both simple and profound. There was a hunger in his soul always, never for the things of earth, but for something out and beyond. He wanted to find the

absolutes, to know the relationship between one realm and another. He loved his brothers, weak or strong, for he knew that human instrumentalities are weak at best. It was this search for balance that eventually brought him to the White House. He believed that God knew better than any man the type of human vehicle needed for the work to be done. This no doubt accounts for Lincoln's famous paraphrase: "All men are created equal."

His liberal views brought him the cruelest kind of criticism for the ignorant spared no brickbats: they couldn't measure his ideas with their own little yardsticks. Still, their censure deeply wounded Lincoln, for just as this capacity to love was immense, so was his capacity to suffer.

Lincoln lived to see a wider division of man than any national leader had, and the pressures climaxed during the early years of his presidency in one of the bloodiest wars of history. Here was a soul crying out for peace, yet forced by an unfeeling world to dine at the banquet table of war. How was he to lift his consciousness above this bloody task? How could he establish justice in the midst of chaos? He knew that nothing must deter the fulfillment of his duty, but there was indeed little ahead to assure him of success — nothing but his own deep faith, "a faith in the essence of things unseen," an unwavering faith in God.

"We must not be enemies," he told them. "We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave, every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely as they will be by the better angels of our nature."

Our great land, America, was founded on the premise of equality. This virtue must never be lost. We became great because we championed a cause of liberty. We gave the office boy the same chance to be president as the boy born with a silver spoon. Humble beginnings often meant future greatness. Lincoln did not see the war between the states as a political issue. He felt it was a moral issue. He did not want merely to free southern slaves. His wishes were for both sides alike. He did not look on the

North as "lily-white". To him the North was just as deeply guilty as the South, for the North was capitalizing upon the goods the slaves produced.

When we look into the pattern of all great men we find that their role in life is to harmonize the whole; to square the basic patterns; to balance the related opposites. Lincoln's first duty to the people was to uphold the Constitution of the United States. In his mind there was no division; no separation. He was ready to serve the South equally with the North. This was not a war between nation and nation. Both sides spoke the same language. It was father against son, brother against brother. Had slavery continued it would have become a huge grey monster that would have swallowed us all—a cosmic debt that would never have been paid. Both North and South would have suffered. Abraham Lincoln saw the Civil War as a fight between the forces of good and the forces of evil. No man could be free so long as he kept another in bondage. These illicit bonds man had created for himself must be broken. He believed that nothing short of an all-encompassing good could serve the people. He did not and would not pay tribute to the Founding Fathers for the birth of this nation: "This nation **under God**," he said. At no time did he harbor hatreds toward seceded states. He loved the South and its people.

Lincoln knew that if America was to remain great it must remain united. Each section must live together and work toward the same aim and goal. Only in this way could the Union's potential be realized.

There is an inexorable law governing all things and the pattern is threaded through history. Although Abraham Lincoln reached the highest pinnacle life has to offer, he was a very lonely man. Within him was aching nostalgia for which there was no balm. Was this nostalgia brought about by a memory buried deep within him? A memory of some long dead past? Had he lived at a time, or perhaps in a place, where the woes of war and the bitter strife of struggle were unknown? Did his soul long to return to its warm, familiar refuge? Had he been loaned to the earth plane for only a little while as part of a divine plan that he must travel the road of earthlings to understand their sufferings? For how could

a great one know what the little people of earth were forced to endure unless he lived among them and became one of them. Perhaps Abraham Lincoln was to experience the full meaning of the spilling of human blood from the bullet that entered his own heart.

But Lincoln's greatest personal suffering came in his love life. His love was too big to encompass only one family. He wanted to embrace the world. As history reveals, his romantic life was filled with turbulence and poignant hurts. One can still see the pain etched into his square facial features. It was engraved in his soulful eyes. He searched vainly for the perfect love, but he did not find it on this planet. Perhaps there was someone waiting for him behind the golden curtain of the cosmos.

We do not know the answers, but we do feel certain that Abraham Lincoln still lives. That he will never die. While his task was too big for any one man, he planted the seeds for us all to reap. He knew we would never be blessed with a spiritual peace so long as we entertained our self-righteous inequality. For inequality is proof positive that we are out of tune with the cosmic laws; that the polarities no longer mesh.

One asks: "Why did this great man have to meet with such a violently premature end?" This is a question that is hard to answer. Was it the gun of his assassin alone or the hand of God? Just what did bring him to so untimely an end? Perhaps when he was freed from the encasement of flesh he was able to go to a place where he could serve more efficiently. But he has never been far away. We know that he still lives in the hearts and minds of the people. He stands out as the very epitome of perfection in leadership. There are few who scorn, few who criticize him. But many have tried to emulate him. All through the years he has commanded respect and honor. His pattern of greatness has never been eclipsed.

Lincoln carried to his death a symbol that proved that all men are linked together on the same invisible chain. It was a symbol of families torn asunder by the cannon of man's selfishness. This symbol is now on display at the Lincoln Museum at Gettysburg: **A single bullet.** There were two bullets to begin with. Both were shot from separate guns, one from the gun of a Northern

soldier, the other from a Confederate in grey. The bullets met and fused in midair, where they became ONE.

To Lincoln this melted metal keynoted his belief that one day the prodigal sons would come home; that the Union would reign again. He knew that a house divided against itself could not stand; that no government could permanently endure half slave, half free. "We must become one or the other," he said.

This was the key to Lincoln's greatness. His strength of character. He knew he possessed a reserve tank of power and he never failed to tap it when his human tank was empty. His power was quiet and subtle. He yielded as fine wire yields, but he would not break. He told his men: "It is not merely for today, but for all time to come that we should perpetuate for our children's children, that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. This is in order that each of you may look to come to this White House, as my father's child has done. This is in order that each of you may have through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise and intelligence; that you all may have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations."

The next five years are years to watch. A century will have passed since the death of Abraham Lincoln. And patterns have a way of repeating themselves. It is time for another "great" to enthrone himself (or herself) in the White House. These can be years of sovereign triumph. Or they can be years of pathos and suffering. But they will be what we make of them, for, with the consciousness he generates, each man makes not only his own destiny . . . but the destiny of others.

It was a tortured soul who wrote the immortal words at Gettysburg. We are reminded of Isaiah 11:16: "The wolf shall also dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." It was this foundation that Abraham Lincoln laid down for the oncoming generations.

Who was Abraham Lincoln? Where did he come from? Where is he today? As we all know, he was certainly not a piece of floating human driftwood. He had

a plan and a purpose, something we do not have today. Perhaps he was a Cosmic being, come to lift the burdens of mankind. Perhaps when the reader puts this book down after reading from cover to cover, he will come to his own conclusions as to where these "greats" come from; why they are here today; the part they have played in our earth's destiny.

CHAPTER II

BREAKING THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER

Today the very atmosphere is tense with a haunting expectancy of events of unparalleled importance. Minds are confused and human effort is stifled. We talk about the future, but in a vague and nebulous way. We make plans, but they are indefinite plans. One day we hope to journey into the vast interior regions of space. With our binoculars focused on the crystalline skies, the stardust is in our blood. But we have still not charted the way. We know neither **where** we are going, nor **why** we are planning.

The time is approaching when decisions must be made. This is a time when all sentient life must be lifted up, unwound on the upward spiral. We are all suffering in some measure from interstellar growing pains, for deep within us is that distressing urge for **something . . . or somewhere!** The feeling that things of the earth are necessarily superior is dropping away and we are less certain that **we are** the greatest creatures in the universe. Millions the world over are beginning to realize we have restricted our abilities. A few pioneers are attempting to break these restrictive shackles, feeling any effort is worth the cost. But conformists still look upon this change of thought as the work of a lunatic fringe. To them, any attempt at increase in dimension is a ludicrous show, whose players are a band of strange, psychological crackpots.

If attempting to break through the confining barriers is a sign of psychological instability, quite a number of respected persons whose views coincide with these actions must also be termed "crackpots." We have been trapped in the bondage of our limited earth-sphere for many centuries of time. Perhaps the non-conformist

group trying to overcome the barriers will be the first to venture into space. They will have no doubts or fears to discard. But what will happen to those who still cling to the sinking ship? They will probably find themselves in a jail-house of their limited consciousness, the Planet Earth their jailer.

In the days of Abraham Lincoln it was a physical battle: master against slave. Today it is a psychological war between progression and **status quo**. One-half the earth's population is searching for untrodden paths, the other half is content to remain fixed to its little, darkened gopher holes. One half clings to a warring world of struggle and pain, the other seeks a regenerate peace. This is all part of the dualities imposed upon us at the beginning of this long and arduous cycle. And now without warning or preparation we find ourselves plunged into the midst of climactic moments. As our planet grows older, we will either wither and die with it, or we will find ourselves singularly refreshed. We have set complacently in the ashes of our errors, and now like the Phoenix, we must rise to the heights. The gateway to the greater is always ajar. No door is shut and barred forever. There is always someone to lead the way. But this time our leaders must resort to tongue and pen, not to bayonets and atom bombs.

Those who are ready for the breakthrough try to explain their strange feelings in curious terms. "It's like being churned in the cosmic cauldron," they say. This small but progressive group no longer fits into a conventional world. Some are taking the lowest path, to be sure. But many others are spiraling upward. There will always be those who will be afraid to plunge with full confidence. They will stop to rest at each difficult crossroad.

But this is not strange, for the uncharted pathway into tomorrow is bound to be strewn with stones of skepticism. As they travel this road, the myriads of ideals they have nurtured will be stripped away and they will be left small and naked. There will appear to be no place to go for shelter. But there is a pattern if we will reach for it. The greats who have lived and passed away present the archetypal blue-prints we must follow. Abraham Lincoln went through his periods of psychological adjustment. As a child he was totally maladjusted. From the

day he left his mother's womb, he was not only battle-scarred but soul-scarred as well. One asks why this should be. It is obvious today that Abraham Lincoln was born to his task. His difficulties were part of his pathway to greatness.

We have conquered the strongholds of earth. Daring adventurers will soon be braving the oceans of space. They will go into that splitting silence with intrepidity and dauntless courage. They will feel deep within themselves the cool and calm desolation. Their souls will be plunged into the fathomless depths of cosmic nostalgia. They will hear the echo of the universe. Perhaps they will approach the wonders of creation, a chastened beauty that lies beyond this world of sense. Space will play no favorites. She will forever try to fulfill the law of equality.

Are we the only peoples who have been through these strange times? When we attempt to trace the causal threads that take us back to our beginnings, we find that they have been severed neither by time nor tide. They remain as links in the cosmic chain that leads back to the voiceless, timeless spheres. When we listen to their clear, resonant sounds, we know these threads sing to us with the voice of intuition. We know, too, that other civilizations have traveled over our stone-strewn earth. Mystics tell us there was once a great continent known as Lemuria. Some believe Lemuria was the cradle of the human race. Some tell us the Lemurians lived through a long cycle of Stygian blackness. We refer to it as the Lunar Cycle, a vast and lonely land bathed in heavy, black clouds—days and nights of fathomless darkness.

How did the early members of the human race find their way about? It is said they had one central eye: a Cyclopean eye located in the center of the forehead. It is believed Lemurian man drew his light from the Source of All Light; that in those days of beginnings the beings who lived upon the earth had a franchise with God. Their shelter and their sustenance came from the same true Source. This is one of the great secrets lost to modern man. Will this secret ever be found again? It is not impossible. Perhaps the day is not far distant when the past will live again.

How many centuries of darkness the Lemurians endured nobody knows. Even the akasic records have been

lost in their timelessness. But the day of change came. Lemuria sank beneath the waves, destroyed by violent cataclysm.

Was Lemuria our Great Parent? The seed from which we sprung? Was it the home of the first man on earth? Did our North American Indians descend from the Lemurians? Geology and archeology have unearthed a great deal of evidence to support the theory that a high state of civilization possibly did exist on our West Coast. There is positive proof of floods, for the high water marks are still in evidence in the rocks. Many traditionalists believe human life existed on this planet as long as twenty thousand years ago. The western part of our continent is hoary. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado still stands as mute evidence of violent cataclysm. The stately Redwoods and the giant Sequoias of Northern California have been around for a long, long time. And the many strange stone carvings all are relics left by an intelligent and ancient race. If Lemuria did indeed cradle the human family, we belong to the earliest of created beings.

If this land was inundated by giant waves, what became of its vast population? Was this era a saga of turmoil and struggle? To what great heights did their civilization reach? Did their advanced cultures die with them? Many believe the answer is in the rocks, but as yet no scholar has ever been able to decipher them.

Many of the secrets of the long dead past are being revealed today. They are secrets that have been held inviolate in the archives of time. However, most important to us now is the question: When was darkness dispelled and the light brought to earth? When did Lemurian man leave his catacombs in the canyon walls to live in the light of the sun? Did the black mist that held him in thralldom vanish "in the twinkling of an eye?" Or was it like an ocean fog that dissipates slowly, unwillingly on a gloomy morning?

When the era of darkness passed and the days of light came, the birth of a new land upon earth was imminent. Was this new land the continent we now call Atlantis? Is the sequential pattern there to be read? Did Lemuria reincarnate as Atlantis? How can we know the truth? While there is no physical evidence, there is a way to know the past. In the flow of human events we are all

linked together on the chain of human consciousness. Each cycle opens the door for its successor to enter. It helps prepare them for a more universalized service. This is evolution on the march, the birth and death of civilizations. The hidden fires may dim for a time. They might flicker on and off. But the pilot light never goes out. Those who are ready and willing to be guided by unseen hands will always find the answers. They will be led by the flame of inspiration. At the close of each cycle there is a welding together. The harbors of the universe are opened to traffic and commerce. Eventually all are reunited under one spiritual code: the code of brotherhood. "For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered or come to mind." This is the inheritance of all the children of God. It is part of the great mystery of life. There will always be purposeful adventuring. Supreme realizations will always be ahead. This is part of the work to be done. The time comes for the clarion call. While "many are called, few are chosen."

Today it is happening all over again. The wheat is being separated from the chaff. A great house-cleaning job is going on. In times past, those from On High cooperated with lesser man. Perhaps the time is not far distant when many earthlings will take up abodes on the more advanced planets. Whether this be so or not, we must be prepared for the eventuality. The panorama is shifting. We must shift with it. When we can lift the weight that binds us to earth, we will lift the weight of our fellow man. It is all part of the humanizing of the whole, for the planets are the Father's Mansions. They might differ from the Planet Earth, but experience with the new is part of our sojourn back to Eternity. In that long, spiraling trek we will go through many fires. There will be pioneers to lead the way for we can only follow when a pathway has been made. We must be taught how to fit into the cosmic grooves.

When we go back along tradition's path we find that the centuries have been swathed in cycles. As each older cycle wears out, a new one must take its place. In the closing days of the present cycle, signs and omens will be seen in increasing numbers. We may have known times in the past when transition was made without havoc, but if the spade of the searcher can be depended

upon, most of our changes have come with sudden abruptness, leaving behind devastation and suffering.

Within the body of each cycle we find the threads that have bound it. There is always a relationship between cycles and world events. We see this clearly today. The coming of strange spacecraft to our skies; the finding of new lands in the Polar regions; our sudden interest in all things spacial; these and many more things to come are auguries. They have brought us to the most controversial years of our growth. And this is as it should be. Of course there will be those who will refuse to give up their comfortable earth's rocking chair. They will have no interest in space. They are not interested in any form of change. But just as we balance books at the end of a fiscal year, we must likewise balance the books of the universe at the end of a physical cycle.

History repeats itself again and again. There is a period of pioneering. There is a period of transition. New mutations give virility to new seeds. Change is inevitable and we must be ready. For years we have devoted our energies to specialization. We've split up everything that could be split, including the atom. So, where do we go from here?

At the outer peripheries of contraction we find expansion. This is new creation begging to be discovered. As we have specialized, we must now universalize. When we learn to extend ourselves life will be changed in one brief moment. "For as the new heavens and the new earth which I shall make remain before me," sayeth the Lord, "so shall your seed and your name remain. And it shall come to pass that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, all flesh shall come to worship before me."

Today a thousand restless yearnings are rustling in the heart and soul of the human race. The urge carried to its extreme has resulted in many suicides. We each in our own way are trying to wrench free from our self-imposed enslavement. Consciousness alone can lift us out of this heavy fog. The many geared to One Grand Thought Form can create this consciousness. We might liken it to water as it seeps through the sand. We will all be lifted if only by contagion. We will learn by absorption. This means that before we attempt to go into space we must build that sustaining consciousness. We

must create a foundation under our bridge. This sustaining consciousness must be built right here on earth. New awareness must be carried to the masses. Only then can the human mind be expanded to embrace new concepts. It is in the depths of yesterday that we will discover our far memory. We will understand, as the immortal Plato once said, "The laws of nature are the thoughts of God."

We stand at the turn of epochal events. We've been warned by the prophets again and again. The warnings will continue until the eleventh hour. We will not be penalized without proper warning. These alerts have been written in our skies. "There will be light under our feet, and the light unto our path." To break through the shell of earthly decay means to prepare for rebirth. This means using the white heat of accomplishment.

In olden days war was used as a stimulant. Ordinary evolutionary processes are extremely slow. But our recent wars have not stimulated, rather they have hindered. They have become a scourge. The violence of modern war has nailed us tighter to the cross of tradition. It has hung around our necks a wreath of bloody thorns. We have spilled the blood of the cream of our youth, but what has it availed us? Nothing has been gained that could not have been won in a constructive way.

We are the inheritors of unknown ages. Our forebears went adventuring in war and in peace. Through the centuries we have listened to the lamentations of the sufferers. We have ministered to their sorrows and pains. They no longer need our sympathy. They must be enlightened by truth and understanding. A bond of friendship must be forged between earth and the planets above. Human minds must be taught to pierce the unknown vastnesses. There must be evolution of point of view. Only then will it be safe for our courageous ones to go into the uncharted etherian seas.

Is this revolutionary evolution within the realm of possibility in our times? If we can **think**, it can be done. Few of us realize the latent talents we possess. We can transcend drabness by turning on the color. Today we are fast being made aware of the unexplored opportunities before us. When we can touch the transcendental spectrum, when we can rise above the mountain tops, then we will view the universe in its broader scope. Life

seen through rose-colored glasses will actually exist. We will **know** that we are all bound together on the same invisible cord. The end result will be reciprocity for all.

The time signals are set. We can be caught by the red light or we can go through on the green. When we are ready to anchor the known to the unknown we will create super-senses to know that the beyond has a design and a plan. Preparation is needed at each new stage of our growth. We have the power and the method to take us there. It is the task of every advanced being to help his lesser brother to climb the golden stairs. Memory is short and we must not give up with one telling. They must be reminded again and again. They must be told about the paradise that will one day be theirs. As each one is lifted to a greater consciousness the barren lives they have known will suddenly become fruitful. They will have no further interest in the sordid march of sensuality. They will know that the tradition-tied centuries have fled and the hour is nigh. They will begin to understand they are being readied for other planetary homes.

When the light is turned on in the hearts of the multitudes the secret chambers of the Most High will be found. And we will begin to operate under the Charter of the New Age.

CHAPTER III

REACHING FOR THE DAWN

Just a few years ago the idea of traveling to other planets was looked upon as a virtual impossibility. Scientists affirmed it would require several generations to traverse the millions of miles of space. Ships would necessarily have to house a whole colony of people to provide human seed to carry an excursion into space. This fantastic theory has been scrapped today. We're not sure what we'll find, but we have provided ourselves with a new yardstick equipped with other-dimensional measurements. The obsolete earth's yardstick belongs to the Planet Earth. Special measurements are needed for space. Perhaps we will discover that both time and distance will disappear in the **absolutes**. That space travel will be possible within a span of weeks (or even days) rather than hundreds of years as was expected only yesterday.

The bizarre and fantastic is strange to us when we meet it for the first time. But eventually it becomes commonplace. We must be open-minded, broad in our point of view, seeking rather than retracting. When we learn to accept the unusual we can embrace without prejudice the knowledge that follows. Knowledge is our roadmap into tomorrow. It will lead us into that land of the strange unknown.

Today we inject many kinds of additives into our foodstuffs. Why not inject a special additive into the realm of thinking? The novel and the new bring fresh inspiration. Inspiration weans the mind away from the humdrum and drab.

The Space Age was ushered in with spectacle. The much maligned flying saucer was the proverbial football, tossed about with ridicule and scoffing from one star re-

porter to another. Yet, if we are honest in our thinking, the flying saucer has alerted us to the coming of new things. It has been the greatest single factor in spurring space-thinking. Today our governments spend billions of dollars on space-preparedness but they are proceeding from a purely **objective** and therefore barren point of view. The objective without the subjective will indeed be empty, for only through the subjective can we learn of the links in the cosmic chain.

Have we known periods in our earth's history comparable to today? While archeologists have searched old tombs and beneath the earth's surface, it remained for the coming of the Space Age to help us gain a better understanding of our sacred literature. It has helped to explain the Bible, the Vedas: books long mouldy with age. In reviewing the prophets and their wisdom we know that tradition has served us well. But we must now leave tradition behind just as we will be leaving the earth behind us. We have heard sibilant whispers from far out in the voiceless spheres. Millions of ears are listening today. Wisdom and knowledge are slipping through the golden veil. It is a wisdom that cannot be found in the worm-burrowed books that cram our library shelves, or when we do find it written there, the meaning is obscured and we do not recognize it.

Much of the knowledge being channeled today is coming direct from higher spheres. Channelship is becoming an acceptable word and an understood concept. It is being dangerously abused, to be sure, but there are many **true** channels. They are sensitives who have been taught how to tune in. Many have tapped sources of knowledge gleaned through the great ones who have preceeded us in the evolutionary march. Channeling from higher spheres is not new. In every crisis, wherever and whenever there is destined to be a change in pattern, messengers and teachers have come to our assistance. They are messengers filled with brotherly love and ever-lasting patience; messengers who are ready to assume responsibility for erring humanity. Theirs is a gigantic task, but like Job, they have listened to the lamentations. They know our needs. They are ready to guide us gently toward the Light. Yet so very few of them will be received with warmth and gratitude. The stubborn masses want none of their kindly message. "Begone," they shout. "We want no aliens in our midst."

Slowly but surely they will be drawn into the fold. Prophets and diviners have always been treated with scorn and ridicule. It is the load all pioneers must carry. Should the Master Jesus walk the streets of earth today he too would be inundated with ridicule and scorn. They would not know Him. If he made an appearance in heavy raiment the mobster-minded masses would call him a spook, an apparition. If He appeared as His own simple self, the rich would call him an impostor. If he came in richly garb the poor would say: "You're a fraud." And that is how it goes.

But the ignorant masses cannot halt the cycle of time. When the substratum is made secure, the new world will be built. But it must be erected on secure sands. It is not a task for a single man this time; even a Master could not do it alone. Many men in the past have carried the torch of progress. Many will carry it this time. There will be no heralding tribute paid to any one person. Earthman will merely lend his consciousness to make it easier for the Cosmos.

The mysteries have always been with us. Each age has been forced to find its own applied science. It is the work of those who are open-minded; those who are daring enough to go ahead. Even while we are building on invisible, subjective sands, one day those sands will become as tangible as our solid earth. It is for this reason we cannot ignore the bizzare and fantastic. Whether we know it or not, we are being immersed into the greatest educational program the earth has ever known. We will see the mysteries of the past revealed in action. The subtle sciences will again mount the throne of service.

That we might be enabled to learn and apply these subtle sciences to life and living, there is no further need for rigorous asceticism. No need to sit cross-legged in a mountain cave. No need to be detached from the world and its inhabitants. In days long past the priests were the teachers. They alone could disperse knowledge. The pupil studied in the temples. The earliest civilized governments were priestly governments. The gods worked with the common man. But for centuries now we have been climbing toward a pinnacle of material greatness. We are at the apex and we can either go up or go down. If we go up we must learn to use the sciences of the past. These are sciences we have never wholly mastered.

When we learn to use the subtle sciences constructively, we will be able to leave our bodies at will. We will have vision through our central eye. We will know the principles of alchemy. We will be adept in all creative work. If we use them selfishly we will go down to destruction as we have many times before.

The sages have said: "Whatsoever man can imagine, he can ultimately achieve." If it comes through the alembic of the mind as thought it has existence somewhere. Thousands are looking to the Space Age to wing in beauties and luxuries beyond our wildest dreams. Many will be blessed with an ecstasy of spirit, something the greats have written about but few ordinary mortals have experienced.

All new discoveries must be based on science and fact. But what is fact? It is difficult to convince the so-called realist that our etheric system is quite as real and substantial as the Planet Earth. It is fortunate for us that new canons of science are in the making. That young minds are beginning to penetrate deeper and deeper into the far-off spheres. Evolution presses forward and with each step greater strides are being made.

While man is reaching out toward the Universe, the Universe is racing closer to man. Many are beginning to realize nothing is impossible in the realm of thought, nothing beyond realization in the theater of action. We are constantly charting new levels just as we charted the roadmaps of yesterday. We made mistakes then. We will make them again. The one way mistakes can be avoided is to stay close to the balance line. Through our long cycle we have been taught to think in terms of **physical fact**. Now we must be schooled in the realm of **principle**. "In my Father's house there are many mansions." These are the worlds we will find in the outermost limits of space. We have embraced all the lesser kingdoms, now we must learn how to live in the kingdoms of celestial sovereignty. We have gone to the extremes in objectivism. We must go to the extremes in subjectivism. Then we must find the balance, the center. When we make up our minds that we are going to succeed we will be able to bring about a liaison with heaven and earth. We will compel a response from the inanimate just as Edgar Bergen put life into a polished chunk of wood he named

Charley McCarthy. This means searching out the hidden potentialities. It means uncoiling to action fearlessly and courageously. It means entering into a warm and sympathetic partnership with all life.

The avenues of space must first be penetrated by the human mind. Each dimension has its own length, breadth and thickness. It has its founts of knowledge. This knowledge can be tapped by sensitives once they have opened the door. Modern education has drawn tight bands of limitation around the faculty we know as intuition. But intuition leads to pure perception. The deeper we go into the realms of thought, the finer the shades of thinking. Concepts aid in the expansion of understanding. Right thinking produces right action. Through the expansion of understanding the inner secrets are revealed. At the very core of thinking we find **pure idea**, the heart of the Cosmos itself.

There is perfect timing in the universal scheme. A time when all things are correlated and put in order. In the past few years we have become alive to potentials larger than ourselves. If we are to accept the messages channeled from space, our brothers on the advanced planets long ago learned how to bring manifestation into being by way of mental application. We have crippled our independent action because we have limited our scope of thought. Where is this glorious dimension we have heard so much about? Perhaps this new dimension will present a picture far different from anything we have imagined. Dimension can best be described as **levels**. There are levels of stratified remains in the earth. There are levels of rarified substance in the higher ethers. To transit into a higher dimension means to be released from the bondage of one sphere (domain) then find lodging on another level. The first advance will be mental. The mind must go on ahead.

The transition will come whether we assist or not. It can come in a reasonable and due time. Or it can be delayed for many centuries. But it is all in the Cosmic Plan. The time table set for the Year 2000 has been speeded up. The timing was changed when, through the pressure of survival, we smashed the atom. On that fated day a grave responsibility was placed upon the few to enlighten the many. Old patterns must now be quickly destroyed to make room for the new. It has represented an almost

insurmountable task, for only a handful was physically prepared, none were completely ready.

But day by day the pattern is being more clearly revealed. We are beginning to see a definite relationship between the dimensions. The subjective awareness of yesterday is rapidly becoming today's objective reality. Higher dimension means **higher arc**. To use a concrete example: We earthlings live in a three-dimensional world overshadowed by a **fourth dimension**. For those who are functioning in a higher rate of vibration, the fourth dimension is no longer nebulous. It is vibrating and concrete. But, looking up it has not yet been molded into form. It is in a state of **becoming**. Perhaps we will experience that reality in its fullness when we make the transition. For eons it has been at the **stirring stage**. For eons the concrete mold has been in the process of densening. But in the next few years we might be able to watch the abstract becoming the concrete in many ways.

Now let us bring the example down to the common kitchen and the everyday housewife. The batter is being prepared for morning pancakes. Before the heat is applied, the batter is at the running liquid stage. With the application of heat it hardens into a solid. It turns into a browned, delectable dish, appealing to the appetite. This is where we stand today. Our fourth dimension is being made ready for the application of heat. When the heat is properly applied the new dimension will harden and take on form. Perhaps it will not be altogether solid as we know manifestation on earth today, but the relationship will be the same. It will **appear** to be as solid as the earthly state.

Every sensitive the world over is beginning to feel these convulsions going on. We are in the throes of change and cannot escape. Materialism is disintegrating. We are reaching out toward Oneness. The change will not be brought about altogether by man. Nor can we name the date when the change will come. It could happen next year. It could happen in our lifetime. It might be a time in the far-distant future. But, considering the swiftness with which events take place today, it could come "in the twinkling of an eye."

In the past we have operated on a vacillating consciousness, the pendulum swinging first to the left and

then to the right. At the center of these opposites we will find the point of power. It is here activity ceases and a uniform state is produced. The merging of opposites is a means of integration.

It is difficult for the mind of man to discern where one dimension begins and the other leaves off. He knows **when** it happens but he cannot always see it happening. We do not know where time begins and time ends. The same applies to space. Our earth was built according to specifications of law and pattern. Each life cycle adopts something of the life of its predecessor. Throughout this long cycle the changes have been gradual. Our great empires were built on a series of complex movements. Complexity was essential to earth growth. But complexity has reached its peak. It is now degenerating into confusion. We've been signed, sealed and delivered to miles of red tape and we don't know where to cut the thread. Nothing makes sense because the pattern is worn out.

Today's complexity produces tomorrow's failure. Man is not geared to this complex ball of speed. Ritual and routine have relegated him to the deepest bondage. They have created chains of ceaseless causation. We give birth to each new event in a vortex of confusion. This state of affairs will continue until we decide to resolve life back to its simplicity; when we find harmony at **center**; when we know the great potential that is hidden there. There are times when earthman has a great yearning to reach out and grasp the beyond. But he is trapped in a net from which he cannot escape. One mesh creates another until, literally, it eventually becomes a trap.

We must embrace new concepts or sink with the old. Most of us are face to face with the unfamiliar and we need the Light to guide the way. There is strength and assurance in knowing that knowledge flows on forever. It helps us to realize that we are part of the Great Universe and the Universe is part of us. That there is a mutual interchange and all things have existence as part of the universal pattern. But the average individual counters: "It's so hard to learn new things. I can't seem to comprehend." This is where he misses all the fun. To delve into life's mysteries provides a glow of all-absorbing pleasure. It inspires new enthusiasms. "But what of tangible rewards?" they ask. Perhaps in due time the

earthly rewards will be far greater than anything we have ever known.

Now where do we start? It was the great electrical genius, Steinmetz, who said: "The greatest scientists of the future are those who chart and explain the spiritual laws." Only when we begin to build spiritual history will we learn something of the miracles of nature, miracles that were cast into the dust heaps as superstitions. For centuries we have looked upon them as hoaxes of wizards and charlatans. But let us think for a moment! If they lived to produce evil they likewise have the same potency to produce good. The value of the subtle sciences has never been lost. The holy men of India and Tibet have carried them on. They understood them. They revered them. They made them work.

When we start to sift the ashes from the cauldrons of the medieval alchemists we will realize at last that in gaining a knowledge of these sciences we will be reaching for the miracles. Magic is not witchcraft. It is a definite technique designed to bring magical powers into play. It was the immortal Hermes who said: One single world, one single soul, one single God . . . as above so below . . . in all things unity." We discovered oil by digging deep into the subsoils of the earth. We will find the greater treasures when we start boring into the ethers of space. The Lord of Dreams is the shaper of things to come. The subtle sciences can help to direct our energies into newer and more productive channels.

But life only moves along a step at a time. Humanity can only bite off a chunk at a time. The cud must be chewed, digested and eventually eliminated. Then we can take another bite.

Today we are biting off a chunk of space. We are seeing for the first time those sky phenomena. Yet, seemingly, they have been with us through the ages. We are seeking a new ark, a new haven of security. Has the earth plane lost its power to make us secure? Extra-sensory perception is being developed in the scattered few, but out of the few, the many will be inspired. Those who are being persecuted for what appears to be fantastic ideas might be called by the future historians the Neo-Christians. But, whether we agree or not, the Space Age is supplying us with a new philosophy of life in an upset

world. Many of the books that have been served us are little more than trash. Others are pure gold, supplying us with something we can live by. They can help us find the true path into the next state of existence, with their aid, we can go through without fear and trembling.

The UFO picture is moving into another sphere. The era of sightings is passing. Phenomena and contact stories have worn thin. But behind the sightings and the contact phenomena is a science that remains intact. This science cannot be destroyed. Since life is never-ending it goes on and on. This brings us to the sudden realization that the atom is not the final answer to our questing. Many feel there is something beyond the atom. Scientists and pseudo-scientists are seeking new elements, questing for the essence of creation itself. We're anxious to know what unknown quantity we have failed to find. Will the human race live long enough to open the doors to God's mysterious storehouses? Or will we be felled by the atom bomb before that happens? It has been a rugged road, but perhaps the faithful will find their great reward in this new era. They will live in health-giving surroundings. They will know the true meaning of a well-rounded education. They will worship as they please. Out of it the new race will be born, a race endowed with perceptions enjoyed only by a few today.

Disappointments will come along too. Space might be very different from what we have pictured in our minds. It might be grander, or it could fall short of our expectations. When we reach for the stars we will touch the stars. We are rapidly being introduced to new world thought; we must put that thought to work. New ideas, new concepts, new ways of exploring the unknown have been our means of growth. But today our chief enthusiasm is the further exploration of space. Space is an unknown reality . . . a new dimension.

What does this new dimension mean? Does it mean being lifted up bodily to another realm? Definitely not. It means that human consciousness will transcend its present limitations. It means that all will be changed. "And I, if I be lifted up will lift all men with me." Those who have penetrated the higher realms by means of the subtle body tell us we will dwell in a world of color-splendor — that we will bring forth in a different man-

ner than the present earthly plane. We will find this arc of consciousness permeated with the living presence of The One.

Flying saucers has served us by leaving us with a definite blueprint. Their speeds and maneuverability have sent our heads spinning. We have tried to emulate them. Missiles and rockets and satellites are the result. They didn't tell us. They showed us. Little man will play but a small role in changing the earth's pattern. He will merely follow the blueprint provided him.

A flip of the dial on our TV sets and we have the story of space. The camera is picking up that which the human eye has failed to capture. Russia claims to have photographed the other side of the Moon. She hopes in the near future to provide us with pictures of the far-away planets. Finer and finer lenses are being ground every day. Delicate mechanisms and precision instruments of space are yet to come. It took two years of deep, concentrated effort to produce the atom bomb. We worked frantically against time, for our lives were being threatened. Little more than two years of the same kind of enthusiastic effort should produce the perfect plan for the New Earth.

Much of the knowledge now coming through the veil to sensitives is being substantiated by the solid, well-lettered citizenry. Werner von Braun, until recently the head of the Army missile program of the United States, in a Washington news dispatch said this: "Revelations now coming from space exploration are evidence of God's immense plan." He warns that unless man will accept divine guidance he may be tempted to exploit space with aggressive designs and try to dominate earth by conquering the universe.

In a talk before the Woman's Forum on National Security, Von Braun said: "The first ventures into regions beyond the sensible atmosphere have produced new knowledge which points the way to beauty and order of creation, which manifests the natural laws governing all life and which logically should enhance our reverence."

The power of mass consciousness is the most powerful force on earth. In the end we must all bend toward the same goal. We're headed toward the greatest mass

movement in spiritual unity since the days the Master Jesus walked the earth. It is in the formative stage now. But the seeds have been planted. Those seeds must be successfully cultivated in the midst of world chaos. Group effort will help bind us together. It will help us emerge from that state of unrelatedness in which we have lived for centuries. The Space Age will prove to be the most vital change we have ever experienced. We've lived with our social ulcers, now those ulcers can be cured. We can either go back to source by means of destruction, or we can start all over again with a clean slate. Destruction is the work of immature minds. Construction is the work of the new creators. We have followed the pattern of cataclysm through endless centuries. But if we decide to build a reservoir, pure and uncontaminated; if we will inject purity in the mass mind, then we will begin to grow new life cells. Perhaps we will live to feel the pulse of new creation. There will come a time when all motionless things will again be set in motion; when the animate and the inanimate will sparkle with new energy. It will be the day of days when we can clear away the ashes of our wornout debris and are at last severed from the traditional ropes that have bound us to our earthly tasks.

This is not the job for the straight-lined conformist. It is rather a task for those with no axe to grind and no preconceived ideas to discard. They alone can open up the doors to new discovery. Man's god has been his materialistic triumphs. The new god must include the spiritual triumphs. Creation is unlimited. God is infinite. He created all the things of the earth. He created the things of space. All was created for our use. We are no bigger, no better than the dimensions of our minds.

CHAPTER IV

GATEWAY TO OTHER PLANETS

Imagine the thrill that will come from opening the gates to other planets! It will be a greater thrill from being part of this major effort. When we go into space there will be a recycling of events in every department of life. It will mean a reversal in principle. Is it madness to state that there must be those who are prepared and trained for the advance?

None of us know the answers. We are not certain of anything, but we do know that the future will not unfold of itself. There must be planners. There must be doers. We can only be certain as we tap in and find the answers. ESP and other mind-training methods have the biggest job before them they have ever undertaken. This is no longer researching by the curious. It is a definite task. We were diligent in our past exploration. We must be diligent in the future.

Space is coexistent with the Planet Earth. When the new is thoroughly entrenched in the body of humanity every living being will want to become a part of it. All will be clamoring for knowledge. To date only a few have shown any interest. Has it been sheer neglect? Have we been lax in our presentation? Are the masses afraid of derision? Or, is it just downright apathy? It is hard to explain to others something we do not wholly understand ourselves. We are creatures of habit. We've been conditioned on a physical plane to a certain kind of physical knowledge. The conditioning of generations cannot be overthrown in a moment. It will not be overthrown until we have something better to take its place.

Humanity stands at the threshold. We must accept these new concepts willingly or with force. We must be-

come familiar with unfamiliar laws. Eventually we must all be fitted to serve, but at this moment all we can do is to talk and write about it. Today these concepts will infiltrate slowly into the consciousness of the masses. Tomorrow they will become a part of every-day living.

This means creating a new pattern of faith. A faith that is big enough and all-encompassing enough to reach out and beyond. That faith will come. It will rear up like a new-born mountain from the very bowels of the earth. Faith will become the symbol of our new tomorrows. It will become the bond of unity between the two worlds.

To be grounded inwardly is to grow into power. Resources are infinite once we find the true sense of reality. But we must feel that sureness of substantiality. To **know** the absolute realities of existence requires a rigorous specialization. We must use a finely ground lens of awareness, then put that awareness to work.

The earth is trembling with new creation. The human race is being swirled like cream in a butter churn. We will continue to be jolted until we find our way out of our lethargies. We can expect the earthquakes without to match the earthquakes within. As time speeds by, our dwarfed and gnarled tree of life will be drained of more and more sap. It will be a bitter fight for survival and the majority will cry out in anguish: "Go away. Leave us alone. Let us be happy in our beautiful, degenerating earth."

This leads us to one little word that has been the keynote of our long and suffering cycle. That word is security. What is security and where are we going to find it? Why do we cling so desperately to **any** form of security, pseudo or real? In the final test, is any man-made security secure? Of what value is our present security to the new race that will inherit the earth? Let us be thoughtful. If we believe we are entering the Space Age, then why prepare to take our earthly baggage with us? Let us admit there will be drastic change, and prepare ourselves now to make that change. Let us understand that these changes will be essential to the new, but worthless to the old. There will be no lessening of our cause for we will be furthering the advancement of living. We will be developing more efficient methods of pro-

ductivity. As Thomas Jefferson put it: "Equal rights for all."

We must not forget for one single moment this is not merely a transition from the old. It is a clean, fresh start. That which served our past, that which was good for our forebears will not apply now. We cannot climb on the same foot-worn stepladder. We'll be amazed when we start to move forward and later look back upon what we have left behind us. We'll be thrilled to see how we have expanded and to realize how our understanding has been deepened. It will be like returning to something that happened long ago, then suddenly leaping forward.

In times past leaders were accountable for the happenings within their province. They were held liable for famine and crime. They went to jail for their negligences. They were penalized for their lack of performance. We are their legatees. From them we inherited the fears that go with security. They worshipped money for the security it would buy. But long ago they found out they could only eat so much, drink so much, and wear one suit of clothes at a time.

Then they dreamed up a new kind of value, the foundation of today's present security. They adopted the principle that money is **power**. They devised a club to hold over their less fortunate brothers. The overlord ruled our man-made universe. Finally the day came when power for its own sake was the goal. This is the scourge of our present cycle. When it is ended the dewdrops of pain it has created will melt away like mist before the sun. Pristine simplicities will take the place of adulterated complexities.

When will this happen? There is no fixed time. It is up to us. But we can be certain it will happen when space takes us into her warm embrace — when we find the promised land.

We know that our present economy cannot be shored up forever with false props. Collapse is inevitable. Should the economy crumble before we have completed the groundwork of the new, chaos will reign on earth. We must not let go of the old until the new has been put into operation. But we must be conversant with change. We must open our eyes to the task ahead.

Since the days of the great flood, earthman has been living on the edge of torment. He has not known the meaning of true security. Like the treacherous atom bomb, even the richest of men are not secure against its coming dangers. They will not be secure so long as we live in the shadows of a pseudo-security.

In recent years humanity has been divided off into many parts. A woman produces offspring up to a certain time in her life, then she is barren. A world system is like a woman. It can rise and grow up to a point of saturation then it must decline. We have been producing offspring through countless years. There has been some slight vacillation in form. We have harbored the weak. We have worshipped the strong. We have gone forward a few steps, then back. We have see-sawed this way and that until eventually we fitted ourselves to survive.

While luxuries have given us a new leisure, they have also created new apathies. We have seen the mutations at work all along the way. Nature is eternally trying to fit us for better things. She is forever experimenting, trying to show us the way. **She is continually in quest.**

Nature is **all-vision, all knowing**. She realizes the urgency for her new shoots and a continual evolution of form. It is a revelation indeed to roam over the sand-swept dunes of the American deserts in search of nature's miracles. A few years ago I visited the loneliest land of them all, a spot near California's Salton Sea. Here I discovered some of nature's hidden laboratories, but strangest of all I found that nature obviously creates her mold before she casts her die. I have unearthed many **concrete beds**: a myriad of strange shapes and forms created from a composition of sandstone and limestone. These strange formations literally ooze from the walls of the canyons, appearing in all manner of shapes and sizes. For example, one might find a patch a few feet square resembling a dump heap of discards from a vegetable garden: onions, potatoes, carrots, etc. One would swear these objects were the real thing coated with sand. Only a short distance away, another heap would produce wheels: cart wheels, automobile wheels, buggy wheels, wheels of all shapes and sizes. Another patch might produce an array of barnyard stock: chickens with eggs, dogs, rabbits, in fact just about everything imaginable. They have all been

fashioned from the sands of time. On one occasion I picked up what appeared to be the head and skull of a Neanderthal man. Cactus Slim Moorten, a well-known collector of natural forms has on exhibition in his studio a perfect spaceship. He picked it up on the desert some fourteen years ago, before the coming of flying saucers.

Just as nature must modify her forms from time to time, the earth itself goes through periodic changes. As concrete forms are influenced by nature, the earth is dominated by other spheres. Only the flesh (the concrete form) is corruptible. Every living thing must learn to adapt and when it has adapted it must be ready to accommodate to still further advances. Life is eternally pushing toward change. There is an ebb and flow to life just as there is an ebb and flow to the tides. There are times when it flows abundantly. Everything seems to be flowering. Life is on the upward arcs. Then comes the leveling off, a weeding out, and the great processional is halted. When nature's workshop drops below a certain norm, the existing pattern can be wiped out quickly with cataclysm.

This proves, does it not, the weakness of our security. It indicates that nothing is secure in this world of change but the consciousness that guides us. Consciousness alone is security. It is far more secure than the chunks of real estate we call security. It is greater than any man-made security.

Recently it was my pleasure to meet a very charming man, who in his younger years had been a dare-devil circus performer. Through hard work and perseverance he had mastered the art of trolleying down a tight rope held in suspension by means of a steel insert plate between his shoulder blades. It was a dangerously daring feat, but he loved every minute of it. He once told me that in the early days of rigorous training he was securely tied. This was his protection against a fatal fall to death. But as he gained greater skills, his inner confidence kept pace with these skills. Then the day came when the props were removed and he was able to execute the daring act without physical assistance. And he performed far more efficiently than he had with the artificial props. He had **faith** in himself. He had **faith** in his act. He had **faith** in his own insulated cradle of consciousness. As long as he embraced

that faith he felt secure. He knew he was in no danger of falling. But his mind also equated his human limitations. Like all men in dangerous work, he harbored a grasshopper mind. It had its high road and its low road. One day his mind would hit a low pressure area and that would be the end of his act. Unlike some dare-devils who refuse to look to the future, Maurice quit before the act quit him. He wrapped up his consciousness in the gold of his being and went on his merry way, free and contented that his dare-devil days were over.

And that is how it should be. When we attain a state of consciousness, that consciousness should be held until the time comes to spiral to still higher arcs — and only until then. This is the secret of the power of mass consciousness — **the many thinking as One**. This is true security, for we are only secure when we flow with the universal tides. We are only secure when we can deposit our resources in the Universal Bank where they are watched over and protected by an unseen presence.

“Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the cornerstone thereof? When the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.”

CHAPTER V

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THE BEGINNING OF FREE ENERGY

All over the world today, scientists and technologists are burning midnight oil in search of new energies. The year 1748 marked the start of the great works of Benjamin Franklin, one of the torch-bearers in the progress of the electrical world. Through the long red line of history we can trace the influence of Doctor Franklin in the affairs of earth. The great ones have made their appearance on the earth's horizon at the point of all new beginnings. Franklin was known to be one of the most versatile of all men in our times, equally active in science, politics and countless other endeavors. Beneath the outer form of the man Franklin, beat the heart and soul of a Master. He was not a mere dabbler into the subtle sciences. He used basic consciousness as a springboard to action. Because of his versatility he was often called “the many-sided Franklin.”

From earliest childhood, he searched and probed the mysteries of life. As a youngster he was an alert and unusual student. At the age of five he was far ahead of other boys of his day. But he was an especially avid reader. Later in life he plunged into complicated theories, working from abstract principle to basic physical fact. Very early he made the discovery that man is an electrical machine; that each and every cell in the human body vibrates to electrical energy. When the electrical force is withdrawn from the body, it goes back to dust, the origin of its beginning. But electricity was just as much an enigma in Franklin's day as it is to our twentieth century.

Has the clock of the centuries again struck twelve? Is Benjamin Franklin with us again? Has it remained

for the Space Age to finish the great work that he started? Even in Franklin's time the cycle in which he lived was beginning to show signs of fraying threads. Today those threads have worn thinner and are rapidly breaking. We are chained to two worlds and we must decide to live in one or the other. We have always had archetypal patterns to follow. The greats of every age furnish the materials. The archetypal pattern of Benjamin Franklin is quite as good today as it was when our country was but a babe. Franklin went to the heart of the mysteries. There was intensity and genius in all that he produced. He looked upon nature as his god-mother; lightning his playmate. He was never afraid of the dynamic, electrical force. Lightning to him was the gateway to the deep secrets for which he was searching. Like a hungry child, he devoured with his eyes every book he could find on the subject. He saw in electricity the answer to almost everything. He soon discovered a parallel between lightning and electricity. He begged his Mother Nature to tell him how it could be harnessed. Early and late he experimented with the Leyden jar. It developed into a show and a circus. The news spread like wildfire and the curious came from far and wide just to feel the strange sensation produced by an electrical shock. They laughed at the long sparks of fire that flew out of the bottle. This was the heyday of charlatans. They bounded through the country selling electric shocks, the price a chicken or a turkey. Old and young alike played with this new-found force. It was the toy of the Franklin Age. And it spread with the epidemic force of a modern-day fad.

Franklin invited one and all to an electrical picnic that eventually turned out to be a fluke. From that spark of publicity his simple electrical discoveries soon spread to every corner of the globe. But it was little more than news noise, for Benjamin Franklin was without a sheepskin to hang on his wall. The Royal Academy greeted his new-fangled toy with scoffing and sarcasm.

This did not deter Benjamin Franklin. It was his spur. His challenge. Although he was vague about many things, he put his heart and soul to the task and was soon able to prove without doubt that there was a definite bond between the two forces — lightning and electricity. He studied the electrical properties of metallic points that

were as yet unknown. He discovered they attracted and emitted electricity. He called it positive-negative, for to him the find seemed to explain both the plus and the minus. Eventually, he worked out a simple method, proving by his experiments that electricity possessed all the characteristics of lightning, and vice versa. Then came the lightning rod, which he called an electrical conductor.

Later, he experimented with the kite. It was a dangerous and dreary business, but in due time he met with success. The time came finally when he drew electricity directly from the clouds. This was hailed as the most brilliant discovery of the century. But his adversaries were still with him. They would not give up. They tried every devious means to keep fame from the Franklin doorstep. In the end his enemies won out and Benjamin Franklin had to wait for his demise that he might enjoy a posthumous scientific fame. But he didn't mind the delay too much, for he still had the faith his true friends had placed in him. He had his own inner convictions. No one could rob him of his divine gifts.

Although the honored name of Franklin still was not emblazoned in lights across the continents, electricity was heralded as the greatest of all findings this earth had known. A civilization, or an empire, is only as big as its energies. In Franklin's day, the time for expansion had come. A great civilization had been born. In order to survive, it had to be properly energized. Expanded growth means larger foundations. When the time comes to expand new ways and means must be found. Humanity is forever on the march. The search for greater things goes on forever.

Benjamin Franklin was the key to the citadel of his times. A world bound up in rigidity had to shed its hard shell of ignorance. It had to cancel out its heredity. Its time of change had come. It is ever the way of growth. Old crystalizations must be broken up before we can put on full steam ahead. We sow and we reap, accordingly. The human level is lifted by finding the larger patterns. The larger patterns must first be created in consciousness. As Plato once said. "We must keep up with the moving images of Eternity."

Today we clamor for the greater values out in uncharted, unexplored space. Benjamin Franklin discovered

one tiny fact of this great force. The force that will one day take us there. Since that day experience has expanded. Electricity runs the world. It is the force behind our great economy. As yet we have tapped but another tiny facet. To go to other planets we must find the Supreme Force. A force not only capable of running our world, but our universe. We will doubtless find many similarities, but almost certainly, a greater degree of perfection. There will be more advanced methods of accomplishment.

To earthlings looking up, distant events are vague and indistinct. But little by little we will draft the pattern of the future. We cannot conceive it in its entirety, but the "straws are in the wind." We will never know what there is across that borderline unless we venture. It is up to us to open the doors. The soils of the universe are waiting for our planting, and we are the delegated planters. We cannot shirk our duty. It is a job to be done and we must do it.

In this transitional period there will be a wide gap between theory and practice. It will require many great minds to bridge the gap. But change is inevitable. Change will awaken new talents and new talents will be needed. As Diane says in my book, OVER THE THRESHOLD.

"When the avenues of space are opened up a tidal wave of good things will flow in. Many earthlings will be endowed with strange new talents. In some, the prophetic insight will be awakened. Thousands upon thousands will have the burdens of life lifted. Others will be healed of bodily ills . . . and so on . . ."

We are nearing the time when we shall learn many things from space. This is evidenced in the word pictures on the many pages of the Book of Life. Little snatches are beginning to appear in print indicating a merger between the two levels of consciousness. Science is also beginning to talk about dualities, the relationships of opposites. We are becoming aware of dualities in our conceptual unions, such as conscious-subconscious; objective-subjective; space-time. All of this is part of the merger in words . . . the merger of opposites which is part of Space Age growth.

The religionists of Benjamin Franklin's day called lightning the wrath of the gods; the angry weapon of Je-

hovah. The conformists of our day believe UFOs come from the Devil. They would rather avoid than deny, and that is what they have been doing.

No one can deny however, that our cellular earth is rotting away. The time will come when even our soils will become fallow and cease to produce. But before that time comes perhaps the miraculous will happen. In the past twelve years many have come to realize that perhaps there are more advanced worlds. Worlds that might already have discovered the greater energies. But the new cannot come so long as we consistently cling to the old. If we are afraid to open our eyes we shall not see. If we're afraid to act we will never know there is a vast cosmos awaiting us. But when we make up our minds to push forward, the tight cords will be cut and we will soar away from the earth in a blast of white light. This will be a gala day for all earth beings: a day far more important than the day the Wright brothers flew.

Many have asked: "What can we anticipate from space without actually going there?" Events have a way of casting their shadow before. The time will come when the subtle (or molecular) body will play its part in space exploration. When the mind is clothed in the "teleportive flight body" it will travel unhampered through the oceans of space. It will pick up information perhaps with greater accuracy than any scientifically controlled mechanism we might create.

There are values in space that need only to be tapped to be realized. The subtle sciences can prove to be very important. We know there are elements and substances never before tapped in our times. Benjamin Franklin experimented successfully with iron as a condenser for the lightning rod. Iron is looked upon as the densest of earth metals. We have come a long way since Franklin's day. We can improve and refine all elements coming from the substratums of the earth. Eventually the elusive substances of space too, will be tapped and utilized.

We can always depend upon pure intuition in such cases. From intuition we have gained knowledge of the primary elements and primary forces. Just as we learned to produce steel in the open hearth furnaces, strange space emulsions are waiting to be blended. Patterns are

awaiting our genius for application. A rapid disintegration of all earthly elements is going on. When the time comes for change all things will fall into place naturally. The molecular arrangements will be altered by electronic force. There will be an instantaneous manipulation of the molecules. All will take on a new universal design.

A greater part of the preliminary work will be done by the rapidly growing group of non-conformists. Benjamin Franklin took scorn in stride. He made a game of it for he knew he had those from On High on his side. What did it matter about the earthly snobs? The great LeComte St. Germain was his master-teacher. He never tired of telling the story of the strange man whom gossip had it was the son of the Queen of Spain. A man who paraded a multitude of personalities. St. Germain grew diamonds as big as hens eggs right before His Majesty's eyes. Or so it is said. Franklin believed the story that Count St. Germain was never born; that he would never go through the veil called death. It was this fabulous personality, "mythical or real," to whom Benjamin Franklin hitched his star. All through his life St. Germain was his source of inspiration. He was sure this Great Being was guiding him.

Benjamin Franklin was not alone. The non-coformists are never alone. They might toss aside the fixed standards of the day, they may be buffeted throughout the greater part of a lifetime, but suddenly the world becomes aware of their potential and does something about it.

Today our pioneers stand where Benjamin Franklin stood in 1748. The majority still bend and twist everything to fit a conventional, standardized pattern. Only the few bent on destroying the old mold are ready to venture. One day our terrestrial world will be metamorphosed into a celestial sphere. Human minds will be unified and set toward the larger goal.

If we will open our eyes we can see that happening now. The earthly elements are fast being depleted. We have extracted just about everything from the soils and the subsoils that is extractable. Perhaps we shall soon be drawing our daily needs from space. In our first attempts we are bound to encounter forces, both constructive and destructive. But it should be worth the loan of

mass consciousness to find out about some of these things.

Time after time we have been given the chance to make the transition. Obviously, time after time we have failed. Each failure has made success that much more difficult. This is the way of life. Nature and her helpers move slowly over the years, then suddenly there is either a speedy ascent or the bottom falls out and we must start all over again. We plunge blindly into the dungeons and drag the dungeon in after us.

Intensified moments can bring about any end result. When the pulse of time is speeded up it can rise or it can flip. We are watching the ice caps of our polar regions with a diligent eye. They can make a new paradise in which we will live, or they can inundate us with waters. This time we will not have a Noah's ark to save us. Disintegration is hard at work. The psychic pattern has been drafted. In a lightning-like moment the monumental climax can come about.

The building blocks must be picked up in their sequential order. In the days of the densening of our planet, earthman controlled these source materials through the mind. The earth was brought into physical manifestation by means of thought. It was a simple life then. Man lived in his simplicities. We are all a part of each planet in our system. We're linked together on the same invisible chain. We might not find human life on all the planets, but there will be a link of some kind. It is logical to assume that form exists; otherwise there would be no occasion for a concrete planet. It is likewise logical to accept the fact that all human bodies would have an affinity with the chemistry or (alchemy) of the planets. Man was born when he was because of the correct timing of potentials. The pattern starts from source. It is perfect according to plan. But in the trek through thousands of centuries man errs and falls. The chance to become perfect again only comes when he has completed a full round of planetary life.

New knowledge is coming through the veil. In gaining this new knowledge nothing of the sense world is lost. There is always something added. We have limited our scope of advancement to one little sphere. Now we must expand into other spheres. When we do this we will

receive an influx of energy such as we have never known before. When the floodgates are opened, our consciousness will be impregnated with ideas that are new and workable. When we learn how to function on other planes of thought, we will gradually fit into the larger pattern. We are the grand sum total of addition, subtraction and multiplication of the whole. Experiences lived on other planets have been filed away, but when we remove the capstone we will have far-memory again. To tap and use the values of other lives is only possible when we know how to use it wisely.

Each cycle differs in its degree of density. It is possible our Earth was more dense in the days of the Stone Age man. Now life has progressed upward and with it has come a change in density. Space is filled with archetypal forms that will be made manifest as we are qualified to tap space. When we can bring these new elements from space we will naturally change our earth pattern. Some of these cycles will vary in density and there will be many physiological and psychological changes. Perhaps there will be a variance in human form, for the next cycle could represent a start of new creation. None of these questions can be fully answered now. But we can postulate some of the answers through our channeling sources. We know that if and when we leave this dense planet in consciousness, our bodies take on a lightness; a rarification of the essence materials. It is possible that thousands (perhaps millions) living on the planet today are now building their molecular (subtle) bodies to take on new habitation. When we turn back only a few short years we see these many changes. Life is less rugged today than it was a generation ago. The weather itself has undergone changes. We are said to be closing a 25,000 year cycle. In the new cycle all things will be made new. Humanity through the ages has sought the fountain of youth. We have tried to find ways to eliminate age-laden cells. We've tried almost everything but we have never tried to drink from the enchanted cup.

It is evident the processes of renewal must come from sources beyond this earth. If we are to find the golden elixir it must be a part of the new creation. It will not come from a magic philter. This means opening up new vistas. It means finding subtle substances that can repair

the wasted, worn-out cells without going through the doors of death.

Benjamin Franklin opened that door when he harnessed the lightning. We will open the inner doors when we apply electricity in ways we know nothing about today. We know we have used but a small fraction of our electrical power. The next move is tapping the sacred fuel of the universe.

CHAPTER VI

THE POWERS OF ATLANTIS RETURNED

Where did the first human seed come from? Were these seeds planted in the muck and the slime of early earth? Or were they seeds brought from other planets and nurtured here? Seeds brought here that they might adapt and grow? The solemn answer might be found in the Biblical quotation: "Man is made in the image and likeness of God."

Most of us prefer to believe that we came from the seed kernels of an eternal, indestructible substance. We know that our three-dimensional world is no more than the crystallization of cosmic essences. In the long journey through time we have undergone a constant conversion of values, one merging into another. These were the links of the cosmic chain. As one race of people moves on, another forges into its place. Convulsive upheavals occur at certain intervals. This, too, is part of the cosmic drive. It is believed by advanced thinkers that the present inhabitants of the Planet Earth will one day inherit the Planet Venus. That the Venusians will then go on to a still higher rung on the cosmic chain. We will then inherit their wonderful scientific gifts: a legacy for the offspring of this on-moving planet.

We can only be supermen as we rise to the superman's consciousness. Focus is the secret of power; the power to draw forth. Benjamin Franklin focused the lightning. This was the beginning of our electrical age. Energy must emanate from the source of energy. In the beginning it was distributed by means of cosmic generators. It came through universal channels. God said: "Let there be Light." And the Light came. As the earth densened the Light was obscured. God put man on Earth as master over the domain of Earth. It was man's job to help elevate the

lower kingdoms. Like a jig-saw puzzle, He scattered the pieces far and wide so that man might use his own ingenuity, his own free will in putting them back together again. Man was forced to concentrate and specialize. When the Light from Heaven was withdrawn, the force that brought earthman into being slipped back. Then the darkness descended, covering every corner and crevice of the earth. The night side of nature was in control. Earthlings took over the reigns that had been held by the spacelings. It is apparent the ancients had a different form of worship than man of today. They worshipped the force that ran the universe, knowing inherently that a planet, a continent, or a nation is as big only as its energies. When life force is at low ebb, illness ensues. When it is withdrawn, death follows. Illness is contagious, breeding more and more devastation. When a multiplicity of dead cells accumulate the force declines in density. Intensity is absent. This ebb is felt by all. It spreads over a nation and then to the planet itself. It is the ultimate cause of depressions, war and calamity of every sort, for the earth only cracks up when there is insufficient life force to sustain it.

Our planet's life force is nearing a state of exhaustion. If this state runs on uncontrolled, a heavy mass of pollution will be formed. The energy rate will rapidly decrease. If we cannot penetrate this mass, if it is too dense for the electrical force to probe, the planet will end in death. We see this increasingly evidenced today in sudden heart attacks, in strokes, in the suddenness of attack, fatal to old and young alike. Many pass from the plane of life on the operating table, not from the shock of operation, but rather because there is not enough life force to endure the ordeal. Illnesses of today are crystalizing illnesses. When the protective skin is disturbed the floodgates are opened to the pollutions that lurk in every inch of space. A weakened body cannot carry this heavy load, so death comes to bring it to an end.

As with the individual, so it is in every department of life. When we hit the low pressure areas we are low in cosmic vitality. This is particularly noticeable after a long siege of high temperatures in the desert country. In the early fall, without the invigorating stimulation of a changing season, the desert becomes stagnant and stale. The very spores of space seemingly have been seared.

Those who live through the long months of heat wait patiently for the time when the temperatures will drop. Often they are affected with a strange virus.

When the cosmic clock runs down humanity is affected by the ebbing tides. Human beings become cross and irritable. Their consciousness encompassed in gloom, it is hard to dispel. In these times conflagration breaks out. Newspapers headline the perils of fire . . . of earthquakes . . . of hurricanes and tornadoes. When disaster is on a rampage, automobile and air disasters reach a new high. Cosmic upsets carried to extremes result in war and pestilences.

A normal death rate is nothing to be alarmed about, but a vicious cycle brings on slaughter. This creates an imbalance in the planet itself. This is cosmic disharmony. Perhaps we shall never be able to estimate the cosmic damage that is caused by wars. Imbalance to individual nation or a world must be paid for in one way or another.

In the cold polar regions, where no deadly human thought forms float about and earthly vibrations are slowed down almost to a stop, the cosmic energies function at a higher rate of frequency. There is no rotting mass to exude foul poisons. There are no unhealthy gases created by the din of industry. But more important than all there are no foul human exudations, no unhealthy thought stuff. Away from crowded civilizations, the air is pure and uncontaminated.

It would seem logical that every planet has its own energy rate. An overcharge of vital energy could disintegrate the density that permeates earth. It could melt us down like molten lava. Few realize that our crystal state is all that binds us to the earth. That crystal is part and parcel of the crust of the earth. The closer we come to the sun, the greater the magnetism. The farther away from the sun the magnetism is decreased. It is logical to assume that no two planets operate on the same type of magnetism. This is part of God's wondrous plan to keep us from bumping into each other in the race through space. But, as imbalance occurs in the sick individual, it occurs in a sick nation. There is a diversity of balance in the polarities, hence all of this can throw a planet (perhaps the whole system) away from its natural course.

We know that the greatest hazard to space travel is mass. How can we extricate ourselves from the mass called gravity? Could it be dissipated by a greater force of energy? We have used dynamite and TNT to dig the boulders left by nature so we might build roadways and railroads. This was man-created energy. It requires energy to move our bodies from one place to another. This is life force controlled and directed by man himself. It will require a much more powerful energy to dissipate mass, but perhaps that needed energy is not too far away.

We have bored into the earth for oil and coal to fuel our industries. We are using uranium for our atoms. Our natural resources will one day come to an end. They cannot last forever. Where will we find new energies capable of carrying this extra load? Space science is turning its attention toward unknown sources, but the physical scientist is still looking wholly to the founts of earth for his supply. He is placing his hopes on the unpredictable atom. But the spiritual scientist is turning his gaze upward. He is following along with Benjamin Franklin, for he is aware that all force is both negative and positive with a neutral zone between. This group is attempting to learn more and more about the polarities, for every positive force must have its corresponding opposite. When energies are bound to the lower realms they are limited. As they soar they become freer. We have come to realize that all things have a force-field.

These forces have become our grave concern today. We know there must be a supreme force over all. If we can tap this **supreme force** our contemplated energy troubles will be over. It is this very force that has been untiring in its efforts. It has worked with precision accuracy to keep the planets in orbit. It has served the universe through millions of years. It is this **supreme energy** that has kept a man on the quest for the promised land of paradise. Even if science has to abandon other major projects, the time has come to turn full attention in this direction. It is the one sure way we can expand into the next dimension. It is our hope of going into space.

When we turn the pages of dust-bound volumes of older literature, we find this energy is not new to the peoples of earth. Those who have tapped far-memory tell us there was once a continent known as Atlantis. That its civilization was greater than ours. Atlantis reached a

high pinnacle of achievement in cultures and scientific endeavors. But at the crest of its power, Atlantis fell. Many believe this big and wonderful continent now lies submerged in our ocean's depths.

Why did the Atlantean civilization fall when she had reached the heights of greatness? Those who have tapped the archetypal pattern tell us that she was surrounded by luxuries and corresponding beauties and that the Atlanteans knew nothing of poverty. The entire populace had a measure of wealth. We are told they had ships that sailed through the etherian skies, perhaps commerce between other planets. The governments provided care for all who could not take care of themselves. They had a wonderful system of agriculture with soils that produced only the best. If we can depend upon reports received through the channelship of sensitives, Atlantean leaders were held accountable for the welfare of their people. Therefore, famine was a crime. Crime proved the executives were incapable of leadership, and so they were withdrawn. If they showed incapacity in any department at all it was a black mark against their abilities and a blacker mark against their integrity. After all of these magnificent achievements, does it not seem strange that Atlantis should fall? That she should drop from the zenith of her glory and power to lie fallow on the ocean's muddy floor? This has been one of the unanswerable questions of all time. Today we can find a possible satisfactory answer. Perhaps it can be answered by earthlings this time. Has Atlantis bequeathed us this secret that we might avoid the same pitfall? Is it something upon which to lay our foundation that we might rise to a still higher octave?

Today we are building a new world. How we fit into today's educational program will determine the result. How we give of ourselves will determine our future. These coming changes are stupendous. We cannot repeat this too often. These changes will eventually be brought about by man, but man must first be educated into the new concepts. He must make himself fit to adapt to the new sphere of reference.

The Book of the Future is open. For countless hundreds of centuries the mysteries have been sealed in a golden casket. That seal is about to be broken. Many will be taught to read the invisible records. Some will

understand; others will not. At first latent memory will be dim. Knowledge will appear to come through a fog. It will come through bit by bit through fragmentary wisps that will be elusive and hard to cling to. Many days might pass with nothing coming through the veil. There will be other days when the channels will be wide open and knowledge will stream through faster than it can be recorded.

One major crack in the new dimension was made when Madam Marie Curie found radium. It was the grand old patriarch Hermes who said: "As above, so below." For every new thing that lies waiting in the realm above, there is also a link on earth. Radium housed a little of this sacred fire. It was hidden securely in the inner folds of the lowly rock. It waited many years to be discovered. Madam Curie's findings were heralded as a great moment in history. Many believed a sure-cure for cancer had been found. This might have proven out had they been able to screen out the poisonous radiations. That which comes directly from Source carries none of the earth's poisons. If it comes from the higher ethers it is pure. The advanced stages of dread diseases could be transmuted into health with the help of the powerful detergents from beyond.

But, what has all of this to do with the fall of Atlantis? Perhaps it has a great deal to do with it. Many believe the Atlanteans are coming back into rebirth at this time, that they might help with the great task ahead. Where have these stalwart ones been through all the centuries? If the line of evolutionary progression can be safely followed, perhaps they have been living on the Planet Venus. If Venus is our next evolutionary step forward, the Atlanteans would have gone ahead. Since they had great knowledge and still greater powers they naturally would be selected to guide our child-humanity. Under their masterful guidance, which is beginning to reveal itself, many earthlings will grow wings of aspiration. There will be singed wings too, and wings that will be burned. One cannot come too close to the eternal fires without preparation. The principle is the same on all planes. If we desire wealth we plan the medium through which wealth can flow. If we desire health we try to use healthful means to maintain health. If we want special greatness we must learn to extend ourselves to the very

limit of our abilities. If we are still willing to accept the mites that are served to us; if we are willing to nibble on the little bits of grain that have dropped from the cosmic silo; then we are going to stay where we are. The higher values are stored in the higher founts. We must reach to find them.

Is this reaching for the stars? Are some of us drunk with a fever that is making us starry-eyed? No. We are in search of the real thing this time. When the avenues of space are opened up we should experience the most wonderful revelations this age has known.

The archives containing these secrets are only open at certain times in history. At all other times the doors are locked and barred. We have drawn to the limit of our earth's resources. We've impoverished our earth for the gold it would yield. We have not cooperated with Nature. Despite our feelings of grandeur we have tapped only the crudest of substances. Darkness covers our nakedness whether we know it or not.

Those who will be fortunate enough to weather the transition will know the greatness of the continents and worlds that have passed. Perhaps many will be privileged to tap the crystal-clear minds of those who have long since passed from view. They will find the flint to kindle new fires, for antiquity does not die. It comes back again and again in new form.

We can gain a great deal from the long dead continents. It is a real thrill to dig deep into antediluvian soils and find there something new. The lucrative ages passed because they housed the ill-behaved children of God. But all have been given another chance. The degenerate ages go on to rest so they might rid themselves of the slime and the muck they have gathered. In time they start out all over again.

We all have a common origin. We have the same inalienable rights. If Atlantis was a terrestrial paradise, then Atlantis can live again in us. Humanity can once more taste the golden apples from the Gardens of Hesperides. We can drink from the fountains of sweet nectar. Perhaps we are actually on the eve of rediscovering the energy (force) that made all of this possible! A force

that has been lying dormant through the long forgotten centuries.

It would be childish for us to believe we are the one and only world. It is more logical to believe there have been many worlds most destroyed by flood and flame. We have plenty of geologic evidence to prove that cataclysms have ridden over the earth many times. Mountains have been lifted up and the waters have been carried from place to place. Memory cannot be blotted out. The past is always there to be tapped. The archetypal pattern pictures are still indelibly etched into the ethers.

It is ignorance on our part to assume that we are the greatest; to deny that the dead civilizations had cultures and knowledge greater than ours. There is every reason to believe that Atlantis in all her splendor will rise again. That she will rise clean and pure after her long wash in saline waters. There are those who believe sincerely that she is rising today.

The Book of Genesis proves the march of civilization. Construction follows destruction. We must retrogress to pick up old threads. There is reason to give credence to the theory that the early Egyptians inherited some of the Atlantean wealth. It is said that Atlantis was built of gold and silver. They were a race of golden men. The Book of the Dead has hinted that perhaps early Egypt was the reincarnation of Atlantis.

But the crowd still shouts: "How do we know there ever was an Atlantis?" Truth lives on in one way or another. Truth is often kept alive in the myths and the legends. That it has taken countless numbers of centuries for man to rise to his present state should be evidence enough that civilizations have lived before us. The sensitives who have tapped these living records tell us that the first wheeled vehicles came from Atlantis. They had found the secrets of renewed youth. But more valuable than all, they had found the power we are seeking today; that power that will elevate our civilization to the highest point it has ever reached. It is no mere happenstance that the footprints of one civilization make an indentation on the next. When we come close to the thresholds of change we drink at the fountains of memory. Minds are singularly refreshed so that past events begin to unravel, and the imprisoned force is released. Man again inherits the

throne that has long since gathered the dust of the ages. Standing today at the gateway of space, we know that our present supply of fuels is inadequate. Records tell us that Atlantis had gained supremacy over nature's laws. They had found: THE ONE ENERGY. Finding our way back into pre-Noahian times is a lot easier than blasting our way through. If these things are there to be rediscovered why not take advantage of them? When we do this we will discover the universe is not nearly as complex as we have made it seem.

Each age reaches its peak of achievement before its decline. This has been the pattern of the past, but perhaps the future can be different. Isn't it possible we can **transmute** as well as **destroy**? Common reasoning would indicate that cataclysm can be avoided at the end of a span. That we can go through the change without going through death.

Did not Jesus say that death would be the last enemy to be overcome? Does this not apply to civilizations as well as individuals? We have come to believe we can go through without the grinding of gears. But if we brood on a future of disaster, that kind of future is bound to descend on us. That which is generated in **fear consciousness** will come to pass. We cannot avoid the darkness by donning rose-colored glasses. We can neither lull ourselves to sleep on false illusions nor by turning on the superficial lights.

We are a people endowed with great potential, but only a small part of that potential has ever been used. "In my Father's House are many mansions." How many rooms in those mansions have we occupied? Perhaps just one tiny corner room. Those who have reached materialistic heights think they have occupied these rooms, but more often than not they have not unlatched a single door. Materialism has been a grand experiment. We compelled the earth to give up her bounties. We extended the limits of wealth we could never spend; wealth the rich man could not take with him; wealth that has palled with the weighty effort of hanging on to it. Millions would be willing to go through another gold rush or the daily hazards of prospecting for oil. But how many of these same individuals would leave their fireside in search of the greater gold? Beings of earth are not interested

in the values that live forever. They are not willing to reach for something that goes beyond the transiency of the moment. But, this bounty is exactly what the Space Age is offering them.

Let us think a moment! Perhaps the allusion to greater gold can be taken literally. This bounty might prove to be an extension into the mansions of wealth; into the mansions of health. It will require much persuasion to induce the human family to reach for a new kind of gold. They prefer to sip from the broken cup. They would rather remain fixed in their own little grooves.

Many times earthman has misused his great gifts. He has made many new starts. But today there is a growing sense of responsibility. Books tell us we are the Titans: the children of God. We read that we possess God-like powers. But we have waited until long past the eleventh hour of cyclic evolution to try to reknit the broken threads that lie between our two natures, one seeking peace, the other gunning for war.

Is the transit just around the corner? Will we suddenly go from the terrestrial to the divine? When we gain power over the lower realms will we be invulnerable within ourselves? Will we at last know the meaning of godhood? Will we know that we are truly immortals, momentarily garbed in an envelope of flesh?

Perhaps these are some of the questions that earthman must answer before he becomes a space man. He must learn his lessons in the crucible of experience.

CHAPTER VII

THE ART OF TRANSMUTATION

If we are going to attain to a higher destiny, we must have the support in consciousness of the civilization that supports us. We must come to accept the truth that mass consciousness is the most potent force on earth. This is where we have failed in the past. We have tried to reach up without sufficient help from below. Psychics and sensitives have been scoffed at, yet today they are being called upon to lead us out of our gloomy labyrinth. We can only be levitated as consciousness is built beneath us. Those who have learned to tap in on other grades of consciousness now find themselves in keen competition with the one-time scoffers. At the Missile Development Center, Keystone, Alabama, comes word they are now experimenting with brain waves in an endeavor to communicate with space. Another recent newspaper headline:

SCIENCE ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE WITH OTHER PLANETS.

At least the scientific world is becoming open-minded enough to investigate these things. It is also of record that some of our big industrial corporations are setting up ESP departments in an effort to communicate with the beyond. Reconnoitering the Cosmos for a solution of man's problems is a return to the days of Atlantis. When we reach the limit of our earthly endeavors, then we must begin to scratch the surface of the unknown.

As we can embrace new ideas we gain new strength. It is hard to advance against an avalanche of closed, stubborn minds. This is the task of our great educational systems. A college in Berkeley, California, now stands ready to turn over its entire facilities to bring new knowledge to the student body. Many new vistas have been glimpsed

and many changes will come. Our daily newspapers, radio and television are day by day pounding something into our sluggish brains. It is being hinted that we might find new homes out in space. Is this not a worthy goal to work for? How many would literally clamor to go into space if they could be sure it would bring greater happiness than they have known on earth?

If Atlantean greatness is to be recapitulated on Earth, think of the centuries it has required to rid themselves of the evil encoutrments they had gathered to themselves! Atlantis stood on the bridge of freedom, but she failed to find the center of her circle. She failed to find that something within that would have heralded her on to still higher planes of existence. Imperfection repeats itself again and again. Wornout patterns stick like barnacles to a ship.

This is where the subtle sciences come in. That which we have denied can become our salvation. When we learn the art of transmutation we will be transformed, not destroyed. Atlantis failed because she did not establish "the kingdom on Earth." Now the task has been left for another civilization. Perhaps the failure of these older civilizations can teach us how to cleanse and purify our own earth so we can inherit the greater.

Power is not a magical element. It is the energy that runs this simple universe. Power is our natural heritage. If we can train our memories to reconstruct the past, let us. We would go to untold lengths and endless service to trace a legacy bequeathed us by some kind relative. The Atlanteans are our forebears. Their great legacy is ours to inherit. When we go back to the core of simplicity we find the One Substance: THE ONE ENERGY. Many scientists are beginning to entertain this theory, but they are so bound in the complexities of prior teachings they do not know where to start. They have found only the ghosts. They have never sought the body. We have been using a low rate of our dynamic energy. We have never found the ALL. This one substance, one energy, can assume many forms. It can generate many degrees of dynamics.

The Atlanteans called it the Odic Force. They believed all manifestations came directly from it, and that

every manifest thing was a variant of the self-same creation. Manifestation to them was simply frozen thought forms, that came from the ONE.

Many backyard laboratories today claim they have found, or are on the verge of finding, this energy. But the proper time of release has not yet come. Many are waiting to see what happens to the first man who dares to venture forward. Will he be heralded as one of the greats, or will he be jailed for his efforts? The dynamic revelation will come as the most astounding of our creations. That which was old to the antediluvian worlds will be new to us. The rediscovery of this energy principle will be the first link in the long series of coming events.

What is the super-energy? At the very core of this force we will find The Light. It is here the dual poles meet and force becomes action. Polarity is the first law of life. When we begin to balance our poles, we shall know the true meaning of harmony. The greater contains every spark of the lesser, for nothing is ever omitted. Nothing is forgotten. We cannot go beyond the peripheries of Life, for life is. Perhaps when we go into space we will discover the *is-ness* of the Absolutes. We will find out that energy is a constant; that light is a constant. At the center of these constants we will find the flame that came into being at the beginning of time when God created the Light. This Light is eternal and will burn until the end. It is a light that has never been completely exposed to any man of earth. Many have felt its luminous glow. Some have witnessed its illumined radiance, but only a limited shimmer of the light has come through the barriers to our planet. In these many hundreds of centuries this luminous flame has grown bright and worn dim, but it has never grown weary. It has served as a beacon to mariners since time began. God gave the Light to his creations not to be used as a miracle-working power, but as an act of higher law. It was His edict that it burn forever and a day.

Light on the downward arcs is broken up into a spectrum of color ranging from orchid-magenta (or the so-called violet light) down to the greys where it appears dull and at times seems to go out altogether. As Light is stepped down from the heaven-realms, it moves in circles rather than a straight line. It then eventually returns to Source.

There is a light side of nature. There is a dark side of nature. There is a law of weight (gravitation), a law of weightlessness (levitation). Dualities climb up step by step until they finally merge into the One. Each set of related opposites must ultimately converge and become the One.

It would seem that the Atlanteans long ago made this discovery. They knew how to bring gravity and levity to that point of delicate balance where there is no plus or no minus. It provided them with a method of navigation without wings. They carried no heavy fuels to weight down their craft. They made use of repulsion by means of levitation as opposed to the pull of the earth's gravitation. The Atlanteans tapped the higher ethers rather than resort to the use of the lower currents of earth. In short, they functioned from the realm of Principle. Principle can be neither divided nor subtracted. It remains forever the One.

Because we have nursed along the swinging of the pendulum, our own civilization has been forced to rise, step by step, rung by rung. It has flourished after a fashion, using trial-and-error methods. But all has been speculation. Nothing has been certain. There has been scarcely a time when the flames of war were not devouring some part of the earth. There has been no uniformity of balance. We have touched only the fringe of universality, never the center. Nor can we until we learn the meaning of coordination, one part with the other. Struggle, exploitation and lack will go on until we discover the real values. It will go on until we begin to travel the middle road.

This is not fanciful fiction nor is it the fantastic imagination of a mystic. These are days of change, but stranger days lie ahead of us. We will be introduced to new trends of thought all along the way. This means we must create a new resurgence of faith . . . a faith that will take us out and beyond.

Why should this happen to us at this particular time? Why have we not known these things before? Because there is a time and a place for all things. The timing was not right. We were not prepared. Nor were we ready to change our minds. Today we must face reality. We know deep within there is no half-way point this time. Nuclear

weapons have forced our hand. When we tampered with the atom, the atom showed its ugly potential more forcefully than its good.

Many soul-shaking experiences are in the making. Atlantis is not a myth. Whether she had physical existence is beside the point. Atlantis today is our archetypal pattern. If we will follow that pattern it can help us make our own transition. If the people of that day made mistakes, they paid the penalty. But the cosmic clock again is ready to strike. The centuries have come out of their age-old slumber. We can do something about it today for the blueprints of the past are a part of the permanent record of mankind. We are no longer chemists. We are fast becoming alchemists. These are the temptations in the fantastic that excite the researchers mind. If he will only seek in diligence he will find what he is searching for.

How can we unravel this knowledge before it is too late? As the beautiful Diane once said: "Many will find themselves gifted with universal memory." If the ancient Egyptians inherited from the Atlanteans some of their greatness, if they found a way to read the hieroglyphics of the past, we can do the same. The sages of one age help the next to advance. Too, perhaps Atlantis left a few stragglers survivors. Perhaps there are those on the planet today with a trace of Atlantean blood in their veins. History repeats itself. Unbelief and ignorance must one day be metamorphosed into belief and education. As Plato once said: "We have grown in learning as we have grown in age."

In the same manner our earth has kept pace with man's imbalance. Seismic explosions are occurring with more frequency. But when we find the balance wheel ourselves we will be able to help our world. Many on our Planet Earth are still in relative infancy. Others have not evolved beyond the emotional stage. But all are reaching for the dawn, and the day of dawning will come. We dare not let closed minds thwart us. All must be led to loftier realms of consciousness. Sensitives tell us that from now on the interval between earth lives will be short and that thousands will incarnate almost immediately after passing through the veil.

It would appear that the Atlanteans discovered the

Great Light and tapped the star plasms. As the Bible states: "The stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." The Great Light emanates from the Source of All Light. The plasms are part of the Godhead: protoplasms of purity. Science can tap that which has gone before, and it is always there because it cannot be dissipated. It has never died. Therefore, it is time for Atlantis to be born again.

In "A Dweller On Two Planets", it says that Atlantis derived her power from the night side of nature, and that long ago she mastered the forces of propulsion and repulsion. She had control over matter. She had mastered gravity.

Today we have named it **Free Energy**. On Atlantis it was called the Maxim or Odic Light. It was known as the power that came from the Ark of the Covenant; the force sent by God to rule the world. The purpose of the Light was to bring the true teachings of God to the men of earth.

Free energy is the sacred fuel of the universe. The **first** that has never been lessened. The fire that will never go out. When we find the central, or focal point of this energy, all lesser force will be as nothing at all. We believe we are close to that discovery now. One day we will find the founts of this undivided Cosmic Force. A force in nature that is the alpha and omega of existence.

Free energy would help the dead centuries live again. It would help us tap the memory of our past's great events. It would aid us in tuning on the scientific greatness of Atlantis, only this time on a higher spiral of manifestation. It is said that the Morning Star appeared in the heavens immediately following the deluge. Venus is referred to as the Morning Star. Is it prophecy? Is prophecy about to be realized? Or must we again go down to our doom? All because of man's inhumanity to man. Rich men are often hungry at the banquet table of plenty. They are hungry inside. Errors cannot be healed while we remain in our present state of mind. We must first go back, then project to the farthest point the mind will reach. This is not doleful prophecy. Geology and archeology have unearthed the monuments of our earthly doom as well as our earthly growth. Relics out of the past have been found from one end of the earth to the other. If

Atlantis sank beneath the waves leaving no trace of evidence, why did she come to power in the first place? If my far-memory can be relied upon it was because she misused the treasures loaned to her. Chief among them, she abused free energy. Then with the swiftness of an eagle's flight, she was rendered completely powerless.

Atlantis exploited the wares of God. Her temples were built to disseminate the Light to all mankind. Every least village had its shrines; its monuments of Gold. The Atlanteans used gold as we use mortar and brick. Her cathedrals blazed with a lumenescence never known to this Planet Earth. She had mastered the art of healing by means of free energy, no doubt. The Atlanteans were educated in the subtle sciences, in the art of living. It is believed by some that the Atlanteans built the Great Pyramid.

Of course we can never be sure, but in the light of knowledge coming through today, it is possible the Pyramid was built by means of free energy. George Hunt Williamson, in his book "THE SECRET PLACES OF THE LION" shows conclusively that free energy has been here before. Quoting from the Emerald Tablets part of the content of the book:

"In the apex of the Pyramid set I the **Crystal**, sending the rays into the Time-Space, drawing the force from out of the ether . . . The Crystal was the so-called capstone of crystalline copper! Thoth says that the Great Pyramid was patterned after the natural pyramid of the earth force, which burns eternally . . . therefore it will remain throughout the ages."

Many geological periods have inundated the Earth since the days of Atlantis. But the scenes of that day will never be forgotten. There is a link binding all of the ages together. The spade of the researcher is again bringing forth the earthly treasures buried through the immemorial ages. Geology is replete with tradition, and archeology has produced many aged skulls. Those who have penetrated the subtle ethers have come back with unbelievable sagas of past greatness.

Yes, free energy was apparently the science of Atlantis, but there have been many purges since that time. A few of earth's children, more advanced than the rest have

read their lessons from the scripts of the past. Perhaps they have retained little conscious memory of that past, but it is all there in the subconscious waiting for release.

We can only hold our place in the scheme of things as we perform our earthly duties. Today it is incumbent upon us all to help bring enlightenment to others. It is a slur upon our civilizations to entertain the evils we are harboring. There must be more vigilance in the performance of public duty. We need educators. The coming of free energy would bring with it the needed education. There would be leisure for the beauties that surround us. Each one would find his own reward when he set about the task in earnest. This means the furthering of new concepts. Then they must be passed on. If we are ready and willing to follow the Great Light that leads into the unknown, then only shall we know the meaning of the wonders of creation.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DOOM OF STEEL

We will need new metals to take us into space. Will the metals of the future be softer, lighter and more adaptable to space travel? Will we eventually find a substance unknown to our earth today? If it is not steel, what metal or substance can lead us over that threshold?

For many long years steel has been the backbone of our great industrial empire. It is said that one-third of all factory workers are engaged in some phase of steel development. Steel has built this civilization. Even our missile program today is entirely dependent upon steel. To work in the steel mills is a hot and dangerous job. Wages have been high because of the hazards involved. It is right and fitting that steel workers should be paid well, for their work is unpleasant, and for a large part of their working lives the workers wallow in the midst of smell and sweat. Nobody knows the nausea that goes on inside them, nor how bitter they must feel toward the hard crust of solid earth-substance that has placed them in this toil.

Through the years many changes have taken place in this empire of steel. Fifty years ago the railroad trains were known as the **great iron horses**. Today the railroads are in the same class with the four-legged slave, the horse. Both the horse and the railroad are fast fading from industrial view.

In competition with automobiles and air travel the engines and the long train of cars that follow, are being shunted from their steel tracks. The march of progress will not be halted. Steel that has served a major part of our national growth must eventually give way to still greater growth.

Will this changeover be rapid or slow? This might depend upon the coming of free energy. Finer quality materials could then be produced. These more delicate materials might be made to serve but a short time, for styles and change would be forever marching on toward still greater perfection.

Should the era of steel pass, what material might take the place of this basic substance? There was a time when silver was dumped into the waste heap because it had no material value. Until a few short years ago there was no place in the scheme of things for uranium. To those who can see into the future, the time is approaching when steel will join the thickening shadows of finish, but not before something better has come to take its place. Advance in trade has been behind all economic growth, but even trade must change its plans now and then. In the past the fight for survival has been a battle for possessions. The railroads carried an attitude of superiority. They resisted change. They have not kept in step with the march of progress.

It is said that a new kind of steel is being developed for the spaceships of tomorrow. A steel that contains super-alloys which will combine tensile strength with a feather-weight lightness. But will this get the job done? Can any of the metals known to earth today get the bigger job done?

There are relics of our volcanic past scattered over the face of the globe. Crystal stands as a clarifying element. Perhaps crystal will one day serve as a focus for free energy. Of course, nobody knows what tomorrow will bring.

In days past, the name Andrew Carnegie was synonymous with steel. What great personality will lead the way into the next realm? Perhaps one of the alchemists of old will be reincarnated for the task. If the elements that have served us have reached the zenith of usefulness, then they must go into decline, and something new must take their place. When the need comes the answer will be supplied.

Creation is illimitable. God is everywhere. Our universe is but an infinitesimal speck in the universe of God. He made the earth and all things upon the earth. But man brought God's creations to a point of material use-

fulness. God placed the minerals in the heart of the earth. He gave us copper, iron, and every kind of heavy-duty substance, as well as the jewels, gold, silver, and other valuables. How did man come to know the value of these blessings? Who was there to tell him of their usefulness and great earthly worth? Through countless hundreds of centuries they lay buried from the gaze of man. They were part of the geological strata beneath our feet. For immemorial ages they were bound and fettered to the rocks, a part of the Planet Earth's stony shell. These igneous rocks have served us well. They formed a base for our great civilization. They have built our empires. They have been our visible and tangible means of support. But it took the genius of man to make it so.

Humanity stands today where the first man stood at the beginning of this long cycle. Space is the cradle being prepared for the new babe. Man will in time be forced to adapt to the same space relationships that once held good on terra firma. We say we shall find all our future needs in space. Why? Because man's growing intelligence will find a way to produce our needs and our luxuries. Man's intelligence has come a long way since the previous cycle. Chaotic as it appears at times, earthman has developed a mind. A mind that can think things into becoming. If the pattern is there in space he will draw it forth. He will think it into existence. It will be no different from his past performances. He found devious ways and means to mold the metals of the earth. The same ways and means will be found to mold the substances of space. But man will also find that something has been added. He will not be delving into a wholly subjective universe. He will be dealing with a merger of opposites—the objective—subjective relationships. When he penetrates space he will look back upon his ignorance with shame, for he will have to admit to many things he stifled today. He will know there is an underlying unity he has missed, for his vision will be heightened. Suddenly he will be sensitive to greater potentials. He will not be dealing with conglomerates. He will take pride in his ability to correlate one thing with another. His consciousness will at last be free of the hampering bondage he created for himself. He will think and his thinking will be creative. He will probably be able to bring forth instantly.

This is the way God intended it to be. Man will know that the seeds were planted there in the beginning and

his real search will begin. He will seek to find the proper soils into which to transplant these seeds. We cannot repeat too often that when earthman can change his objective thinking, when he is willing to include in his widening peripheries the concepts of objective-subjective, he will be well on the road to finding that which has eluded him through the ages.

Today space is no thing: **nothing**. To us it is just an empty vacuum. But there was a day when the earth also was no thing: **nothing**. God **thought** the earth into creation. Matter is crystalized essence. If God should make one single mistake the whole universe would melt to nothingness. We have not begun to tap our resources because as we enter one level another one is created. And on and on it goes.

Light is at the root of all science. Heat starts with the Sun. Material progress has not included the secrets of space because we are not yet ready to become beings of space. When we wrench the secrets from space we will start our exploration in earnest. When man's thought power and his consciousness is turned spaceward, the problems of earth will begin to vanish. They cannot stand without the consciousness man gives them. When he becomes completely interested in the greater the lesser will wane. He will begin to draw the Light to him for he will become an attractive magnet. The subtle essences will then be brought into manifestation by means of thought. Man will have a new concept of the energies that sustain him. He will be filled and running over with a new irritability to go forward. For the first time he will know the meaning of the white heat of accomplishment. There will be no further searching in the dark, for when his sensitivity is aroused it will open up the channels of memory. He will bring things back from the long dead past. His powers of intuition will continue to develop as he goes along.

Unlike the growth of our slow and ponderous earth, changes will come rapidly. Space denotes speed. Earthman will not have to labor and perspire for his daily rations. One change will bring about another. The deeper he penetrates into space the faster his mile-concept will disappear. He will find the true meaning of polarity. He will see clearly the dual world he has lived in. He will know **why** the plus-and-minus climb has been so diffi-

cult. When he learns how to merge polarities into One he will no longer have to go forward two steps, then step backward one step.

Scientists tell us we have been using only a small percentage of our brain power. We call it grey matter, and we're usually proud of it. But, rather than grey matter, how much more interesting it will be to live with golden, irradiated cells: cells that shimmer like golden sunlight. This is what happens when illumination is achieved.

The doom of steel and the coming of subtle metals would bring greater beauty to the world. The coming of free energy would do away with the pollutions, for there would be no ugly, smoke-grimed factories and mills to contend with. There would be no dump heaps, for all rubbish would go into huge incinerators where it would soon be reduced to a mere pinch of grey ash.

All of this would bring renewed youth to our earth. That our earth is growing old and must either be renewed or pass on, has been dramatically expressed by England's Desmond Leslie in his precious work "The Amazing Mr. Lutterworth". Through the years much knowledge and wisdom has come from Leslie's pen. This author-scientist is well known to all UFO enthusiasts for he co-authored the book "The Flying Saucers Have Landed." It would seem his own direct channelship is much in evidence in "Mr. Lutterworth." While purportedly a mystery story, much of the dialogue takes place on the floor of the United Nations General Assembly, a space man speaking.

"After the last great catastrophe man was given another chance," says Lutterworth. "From the caves which you so falsely imagine to be the cradles of mankind, the survivors emerged and rebuilt the human races. But today the earth is too old. The Day too far advanced. Already your Day has passed noon and another destruction would spell eternal darkness."

This means, does it not, we must start looking toward space for our future? We have been assured that space is friendly but we are an untrusting people. We can evaluate space only when we get there, but at least we can prepare for that adventure in advance of its coming. This is the task confronting earthlings today.

CHAPTER IX

ADMIRAL BYRD AND THE GREAT MYSTERY OF ANTARCTICA

Are there contact points on this great earth that will eventually match up with contact points in space? Shall we find clean areas which will serve as takeoff points for ships on their way to other planets? Will we find these centers right here on the Planet Earth? Centers where we will be in tune with the magnetic forces of the universe, unhampered by the pull and pollutions of this planet?

While the UFO era, as it has been known, is undergoing drastic changes now that the debris is being cleared away, perhaps we will find that precious heritage that has been left behind. There will be priceless nuggets of wisdom, but it will take time to gain appreciation for something we know so little about. The UFO era showed the way. But we must continue to seek and find the true gold as we go along.

The greatest powers in the universe are the invisible powers. Invisible power holds up the universe. We know that if we are going to travel into space we must find those areas on earth where the laws of levity can be tapped. Places where we will find that basic relationship to center. We know that if there is a center to all things, there is likewise a generator somewhere on earth. In going into space we have two things to consider: the going and the return. We must be able to move from circumference to center and from center to circumference all along the way. Perhaps somewhere on Earth we will find this neutral zone, a place that is already surrounded with an operating universal forcefield.

Startling news has just come from the pen of Ray Palmer, editor of the magazine called "Flying Saucers." Mr. Palmer calls it "the world's top secret." He hopes to prove there is new land on this earth that up until 1957 had not been discovered. This discovery, it would seem, is being safely guarded because it might disrupt both the "political and economic status quo." I quote from "Flying Saucers", December 1959:

"How well known is the earth? Is there any area on the earth which can be regarded as a possible origin for the flying saucers? There are two, speaking in major terms, and four speaking in more minor terminology. The two major areas of importance are Antarctica and the Arctic. The South Polar continent and the North Polar area." He goes on to describe the oceanic nature of the land surrounding the poles, ice varying from 24 fathoms to several miles deep. But he now claims there is land beyond the poles that is not glacial; that trees and vegetation abound in great measure; that it is probably inhabited and could be inhabited by a race of superior beings. He goes on: "But there is an area of doubt which "Flying Saucers" intends to explore, and present as the first of its bits of evidence which points to what may well be the best kept secret in history. In order to do so we must go back to 1947. In February of that year, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the one man who has done most to make the Poles a known area, made the following statement: "I'd like to see that land beyond the Poles. That area beyond the Pole is the center of the great unknown."

He proceeds: "Millions of people read this statement in their daily newspapers. Millions thrilled to the Admiral's subsequent flight to the South Pole and to a point 1700 miles beyond it. Millions heard the radio broadcast description of that flight, which was also published in the newspapers. Briefly, for the benefit of our readers we will recount that flight as it progressed . . . As progress was made beyond the Pole, iceless land and lakes, mountains covered with trees, and even a monstrous animal moving through the underbrush, were observed and reported via radio by the plane's occupants. For almost all of the 1700 miles the plane flew over land, mountains, lakes, rivers.

"We have the well authenticated flight of Admiral Richard E. Byrd to a land beyond the Pole that he so

much wanted to see, because it was the center of the unknown . . . the center of mystery. Apparently he had his wish gratified to the fullest, yet today in 1959, nowhere is that mystery land mentioned. Why? Was that flight fiction? Did all the newspapers lie? Did the radio from Byrd's plane lie?

"What did Admiral Byrd mean when he used that word? How is it possible to go beyond the Poles. He continued on 1700 miles. To all intents and purposes he continued on in a northerly course after crossing the Pole. And weirdly, it stands on the record that he succeeded, for he did see that land beyond the Pole, which to this day, if we are to scan the records of newspapers, book, radio, television and word of mouth, has never been revisited."

Going on with the article: "In San Francisco, on the eve of his departure, Admiral Byrd delivered a radio address in which he stated: "This is the most important expedition in the history of the world . . ."

"Here then are the facts. At the Poles exists unknown and vast areas of land not in the least uninhabitable, extending for distances which can only be called tremendous, because they encompass an area bigger than any known continental area!"

"And in March of 1957, before his death, Admiral Byrd reported as follows: "That enchanted continent in the sky . . . everlasting mystery."

While all of this came to me as a shock out of the blue, it was not altogether a surprise. Long ago, in the year 1933, the voice within told me of this land and its secrets. It was the year of the second Byrd expedition to Little America. Millions the world over were glued to their radios waiting for the last word in happenings from the glaciers of the Earth. Admiral Byrd had mysteriously disappeared into the Unknown. He had gone off alone into the cold and bitter temperatures, the long black Antarctic nights. He took risks few men have dared with accident and death. He was beyond all living contact, beyond the pale of help, and as his records disclose, only a miracle saved him from an early demise.

Why did he take this long chance? There must have been some good reason. He said it was to make a metero-

logical survey of weather conditions in the Antarctic. Was this the only reason? Was it the whole truth? Perhaps now, twenty-six years later, the delayed answer has come forth. Perhaps he had some inner, revealing experience. Perhaps something deep within him told him there were undiscovered lands out there in the great nowhere. Today the discovery of these lands can open up a vast new horizon in thinking.

The Palmer story thrilled me as nothing has in years. For it seems I had been waiting patiently for it to happen. In that article I relived again one of the most poignant experiences of my life.

At the time of Admiral Byrd's sojourn into the ice-bound regions of the earth, I, too, was exploring what I believe to be the same, identical lands. Perhaps, I enjoyed a little more physical comfort, for I travelled in my molecular body. But exploring the unknown, even in a subtle body, can be equally dangerous.

It happened in the early part of March, 1933, just as the dawn was breaking. I shall never forget that teleportive trip across the oceans of space. I had made several such transdimensional excursions garbed only in my subtle body. For a period of months I had been adventuring into the unknown under rigid test conditions. Two people kept watch over the physical during these strange trips.

It started with that strange, prickly feeling characteristic to teleportive travel. Then my body seemed to be expanding like a gargantuan mushroom. I could see with my inner eye, the fine strands of the whitest threads as they built a scaffolding of protection beneath me. It appeared like a mass of millions of threads, a teleportive cradle that was to hold my subtle body in suspension. Looking backward I could see my physical vehicle lying there on the couch, rigid and immovable. Then slowly my subtle body began to rise, going through the ceiling as if no ceiling were there. Cushioned now in a beautiful, salmon-pink cradle of threads, I seemed to pass through the densest of space, coming finally to a striation of blue, blue ether, which seemed to be charged with some dynamic, movable force. It was a compelling force that literally hurtled me through the etherian skies. But I was thoroughly enjoying it, for I seemed to be travelling at what might be called the speed of light.

Then came the descent: beautiful trees and rivers, vast areas of nature, the grandeur of untrod lands. Everything seemed to be in symmetrical order, the harmony of nature at her very best. Then I saw in the midst of it all this beautiful land of whiteness: whiteness beyond the description of mere words. There were spiraling heights that appeared as glaciers, stretches of floor of the same whiteness. Whiteness that seemed to reach out into infinity.

I came to earth in this beautiful City of White. But it was not a land of snow and ice. It was balmy and warm. Not even the most delightful of nights on the desert could equal it. I looked about me at the strange, circular buildings. For a time I seemed to be alone. I saw not a single, living thing. Then as my other-worldly vision began to record, I saw **them**, the people. Here was a symbol of human perfection I could not begin to describe. Yes, I too had landed in the **center of the unknown**. It was not a place out in space, but a spot right here on the Planet Earth. A land where a race of superior beings lived. A land of beauty and splendor that went beyond anything earthly.

When I returned from that mystic voyage, I was filled with new ecstasy. My whole being vibrated with a higher rate of frequency. Breathless with the emotion that burned into my soul, I related the experience to many friends. I was emphatic in my insistence that it was a place **right here on the Planet Earth**. That it was land I felt certain would one day be found. That these beautiful beings would one day help us transcend our difficulties and wean away our troubles.

Shortly after that news began to come through from the Byrd expedition. I sat at my radio like a cat at a rat hole, drinking in every precious word. I was not sure, of course, but it seemed to me that there were times when the Admiral was talking to **me** alone. I seemed to catch a mystical overtone in the words that he spoke. I was able to draw close to his consciousness and somehow I believed we shared the same secret. Something deep within me seemed to say: "Yes, he was searching for that place, too."

When he came home and his writings were published I tried to read between the lines. In my heart and mind

I was convinced he knew more than he was telling the public. I felt he would not pass through the veil to the Great Beyond without making another try. During the years my mind had questioned many times: Would Admiral Byrd one day find this beautiful land? Would he too meet the ones I had met? Was he a messenger from On High, a man with a mission and a destiny? Would Admiral Byrd one day be known as the world's greatest explorer? I not only entertained those lofty thoughts myself, I told others about them. I felt certain that within our own century all would know the truth.

In the winter of 1955 I began to write a book recently published under the title "The Earthborn Venusian." This was my opportunity to serve my experience to the public garbed in a fictional garment. From a novel I had nothing to fear from the scoffers. More than anything else I wanted to see it in print, as I felt it would act as a magnet for other information to follow. So, in the last chapters of the book I take Vesta (the new woman president of the United States) and her lover, Kim, to this beautiful land. I take them on their honeymoon. Now today, in the light of Ray Palmer's great revelation I am astounded at the many parallelisms . . . the striking similarity. I quote a few bits from those pages:

"Could this have been the place Admiral Byrd was searching for when he went off **alone**? Did he too have a vision of such a place? He said in his daily diary that he had "seen a ball of fire in the sky." 'Smaller and redder than the sun' was the way he described it. It appeared to change its color first red, then silver; then it went out like a light. Do you suppose he saw the saucers up there? Kim asks of Vesta. "It begins to add up. It begins to make sense."

Vesta answers him. "Yes, Kim, it does make sense, for our people (meaning the Venusians) would naturally pick the remotest spots. Perhaps they have always been here on lands that are unknown and untrodden. They would select spots like this for earth conditioning."

Is this another strange link in the chain? Can we begin to tie the great mystery together at last? I quote again from "The Earthborn Venusian":

"You are now functioning in consciousness a full octave higher than the Earth's vibration," he said. "We

call this place the navel of the Earth . . . a point in higher dimension . . . something earthlings know little or nothing about."

The navel of the Earth! Admiral Byrd called it **the center of the Great Unknown**. It tallies, doesn't it? Then the High One went on:

"Many explorers have been here, but to them it has been a place invisible. They have not set foot on this holy ground."

Could it possibly be that Admiral Byrd and his party actually **saw** this land? Were they momentarily whisked into another dimension? Could they have been meant to see it? Could it be that to others it was still a land invisible?

Again quoting from the record: "In San Francisco (April 5, 1955) on the eve of his departure, Byrd delivered a radio address in which he stated: "This is the most important expedition in the history of the world."

The history of the world! What about Columbus? What about Captain Cook? How about all the other great explorers dotted through the pages of our historical annals? Was there some special significant meaning here? On his return from the South Pole, Byrd wrote: "The present expedition has opened up a vast new land." But more important than all, just before his death he said: "That enchanted continent in the sky . . . everlasting mystery indeed!"

Just what did he mean when he called it that enchanted continent in the sky . . . everlasting mystery? Was this land still in the realm of fourth dimension? Was it land in a state of densening as the entire earth densened back in the night of time? When we look these facts fairly and squarely in the face it leaves one breathless with wonder. How could it be? It seems millions of the people read the account. Millions more heard the voice of Admiral Byrd on radio and television. Yet, apparently, it did not register in their consciousness. Could it be the entire human race is incapable of **thinking** beyond the peripheries of commonplace knowledge? Is it that we cannot go beyond the circle we have drawn around ourselves? Have we limited our thinking to such a point we are unable to open the doors to other spheres of refer-

ence? Are we so limited in mental scope that we're afraid to extend our cerebral atoms to include new facts?

About a hundred years ago a man named Darwin brought forth the startling theory of evolution. He gave us the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. If we accept the Darwinian theory of evolution, we must admit that all things evolve. If all things within the circumference of our earth are in a constant state of evolution, then we must also believe that our earth is evolving, too. We know that stirrings and cataclysmic changes are going on constantly. They are going on both within the interior of the earth and upon the floor of the earth itself. Has the earth been expanding to a degree we know nothing about? Could it be possible that at the poles the earth has protruded out of its spherical shape? That it might be, say egg-shaped? Since all things first emerge from the Cosmic egg, this theory might find a place in intelligent thinking. It is a revolutionary thought to be sure, but in the past years we have been introduced to much that is revolutionary.

According to Ray Palmer, many hot arguments raged at the time of the Cook and Peary expeditions. Cook claimed he reached the pole on April 21, 1908. Peary stated he reached the pole on April 6, 1909. Neither one had witnesses outside of the Eskimos. Palmer says:—"Cook was doubted in his claim that he averaged 15 miles a day. Peary claimed to have made over 20."

"When Peary neared the 88th parallel he decided to attempt the finish dash to the pole in five days. He made 25 miles the first day; 20 on the second; 20 on the third; 25 on the fourth, and 40 on the fifth. His five day average was 26 miles. On the return trip he travelled a total of 153 miles in two days, including a halt 5 miles from the pole to take a sounding of the ocean's depth. This was an average of $76\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day."

As if to complete this pattern, on January 2, 1960, the Los Angeles Times carried a news item about a Swedish meteorologist. It referred to Admiral Byrd's first flight to the North Pole in 1926. It says the meteorologist declared the "Initial trip over the North Pole was made too quickly."

"The flight about which Professor Liljequist of Up-

sala University raised questions was one reported made by the late American explorer on May 9, 1926. Liljequist said his studies of weather conditions in the Arctic on that date and various other technical data indicated that "something is wrong about the record."

"Byrd reported that he accomplished the flight in 15.5 hours and his plane had an average of 75 knots," Liljequist said. "That means he would have had to have a tailwind at an average of some 20 knots, meaning that it should have been a storm helping the plane on way of the route. A study of meteorological data from that date shows there was a fine clear wind and high pressure area in the Arctic that very day. Newspapers at that time supported the Liljequist theory "that Byrd could not have reached the pole in the short time he stayed in the air."

Measuring on our Earth's mileage yardstick, it perhaps sounds incredible. But what do we know about high frequency atmosphere? If Byrd was functioning in a higher dimension, anything was possible. If Peary and Cook had this experience, perhaps it had something to do with the atmosphere itself?

When the UFO era was ushered in I felt deep within me that perhaps Admiral Byrd knew more about it than any living being. If he had this knowledge why did he not reveal it? Was he uncertain as to whether or not it was genuine terra firma? Could he have even imagined that it might be a part of some nebulous world? Did the occupants of Byrd's plane (if they saw this land) actually have an experience in transdimension? Is this land physical today? Or is it in a state of becoming? The abstract concreting itself. Philosophers have said that the ceiling of one day becomes the floor of the next.

Sensitives might be able to answer some of these questions, but not until it becomes actual terra firma will they be believed. Notch by notch, segment by segment, the consciousness of the sensitive is reeled out into the Great Beyond. Those endowed with strange powers are selected to go on ahead. If there is any meaning to infinite expansion of the mind, the mind can extend beyond all normal frontiers. Today we are creeping over the ravine of a new dawn. When we leave the twinkling lights of earth, we will need inspired fortitude.

Perhaps this strange land said to have been discovered by Admiral Byrd is awaiting the day of space travel. If it is the navel of the earth it would naturally be a point of ingress and egress to and from outer space. Quoting from "The Earthborn Venusian": "Perhaps earthlings would call it no-man's land. This, my brother, is the birthplace of the New Dispensation to come upon the Earth." Are there other possible contact points on the Planet Earth? In a later experience described in my book "Flight To Venus", I was projected into Arizona's Superstition Mountain. This area has been a veritable hot bed of superstitions. Countless numbers have gone to their demise while out in search of Superstition's gold. This land is said to be cursed, but perhaps in the light of today's new knowledge, when we come close to the dazzling brilliance from above, rather than a curse perhaps it will prove to be an aura of protection against human invasion. Long ago, the Patriarch Isaiah, said: "And the desert shall blossom as a rose." Perhaps we will always find these contact points in areas where climates are extreme. In the past few years our deserts have blossomed "like a rose." There is a lure to the barren wastes that has never been explained. On the clean, sand-swept deserts one can sing the song of the soul. The mind can commune with the All Mind. Together with the Polar regions, perhaps one day the deserts will serve as contact points, the take-off places where we will travel to other planets.

The earth has been in flames many times. We've been washed away in floods. We've been lifted and flattened again. There have been transpositions from place to place. With wider knowledge and deeper scientific research anything can happen. New lands will come forth when new lands are needed. They will rise up clean and purified after many long centuries of sleep. The superstitions of one age become the sciences of the next. Many today are picking up the inventive genius of Atlantis. Others will discover phases of greatness as they begin to traverse the oceans of space. Life is a principle in self-renewing. It is ever in a state of becoming. Perhaps one day we shall be forced to find the clean spots of the Earth. As Diane says in "Over The Threshold":

"There are plots of Earth scattered over the face of the globe now being prepared as contact points between

beings of earth and those from higher planets. These hallowed spots in the days to come will serve as holy shrines . . . clean spots where human regeneration can take place. She said also that these areas would be selected and dedicated by them . . . the space people. They would be known as sanctuaries of healing power and would serve to heal the ills of mankind.

If the navel of the earth is to be found in Antarctica, perhaps it is here where streams of earth flow with the planetary streams? We know that the deeper we delve into the universe the less important man himself becomes. There is something big and wonderful in every age to be accomplished. There is always someone or many someones to lift the veil of ignorance. Within our own times the stellar distances have been shortened. We no longer look down into an unfathomable abyss. Geology and paleontology have continued to make changes in the age of the earth. A study in stratified fossils has endowed us with greater understanding. When our prospectus is extended and expanded the curtain of knowledge must rise. But we are still a mere speck in the vastness of space.

It is possible that in the new order certain human families will be selected to bring forth the new race. Perhaps the clean spots of the earth will serve the new germination. Climate will play a part in developing the minds of the people. We will need our ESP schools. We must be taught to penetrate deeper and deeper into the unknown. Those who have taken on the role of servers have been constantly forced to do the delving. They have known few idle moments, waking or sleeping. We have our protectors. We have our tutors. It is said they come to earth at the end of each thousand years.

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT ILLUMINATION

God said: "Thou art the Light."

"Light is the wisdom of the ages", sayeth the Egyptians.

Through the long and winding years the Light has burned sometimes brightly, at other times with but a mere flicker. There are times when we have groped through the dark, bumping and bruising ourselves as we pushed along. Then as quickly as the darkness came, the lights were turned on. Through the millions of years of existence, the human race has both seen and felt its beautiful radiance.

"This is the Light that driveth away the darkness." This is life in its intensified being. "The central eye, or the Cyclopean eye of the Lemurians must be opened again. Through the centuries we have been looking at our world with dual vision. The time has come for us to see with the single eye . . . "the eye single to God."

Thoth, known to the Greeks as Hermes, came to this Earth to teach the doctrine of the Greater Light. He called it "the Light that lighteth every man who cometh to the world." Through the dim centuries this Light has burned. It helped to dispell the evil spirits; it kindled the divine fires. This Light in some measure is to be found in every rock and every stone, for light is universal energy. It lighted the path of the early Lemurians; it was the Light known to the Atlanteans; it was the secret of the Egyptians and their superiority. It is with us again today.

This is the Light that burns without oil or wicks. It burns on the altar of the holy temples. It burns in the

fury of the hurricane winds. It glows in the midst of darkness; it illumines the great potential of places where it has been before. This Light has burned since Time began. It will burn until the end. "Let the Light shine," has been the word of the prophets. It is the Light that has served as a halo around the head of every world teacher.

Hermes taught that this Light is universal, that it is hidden everywhere. It is the life in our bodies; the spark of our fires; that celestial something that helps us connect up with the mainline. Out of Light came the ancient religion of fire. The ancients were known as the fire worshippers. Thousands of years ago the Sons of Fire and the Lords of the Flame dwelt upon the Earth. It is interesting to compare notes in these days of turmoil. Those among the truly chosen are first immersed in flame. They receive this fire either in a glorious flash, or they are bathed in the living flame. For the term of moments running into weeks, months and sometimes years, they reside in the City of White behind the glaciers. They know briefly, or for a duration, the Shamballa for which all have sought since the days of the beginning.

The ancients taught that fire is the purest of all elements. The purifier of all things. Fire comes directly from the sun. It burns in the heart of man. It is the light to guide our path. It is our health and our strength, for as our Light is, so are we.

We can shout the virtues of the Light until doomsday, but until we have truly turned on that Light we know nothing of its intense luminosity. Avatars, prophets and diviners have been trying from the beginning of time to bring this Light to all. The great majority have not understood its pristine meaning. It has been taken for granted. "You are the Light of the World," Jesus said. "Put not that Light under a bushel."

Darkness is synonymous with Light. Light is synonymous with weightlessness. One is the downpull, the other the uplift. Many arch criminals just before they go on to the next round of existence see the Light. We wonder what would happen to them should they be suddenly turned back upon society. Would they still be released from their confining bondage? Would the evil be burned away? Would their Light continue to shine perhaps to

bring enlightenment to others? Or would it just flicker and die out again as the fires of Earth die out?

The story of Starr Daily, a top-flight criminal has been graphically told in his book "Love Can Open Prison Doors." This man had been in and out of prisons from the time he was twelve years old. He was known as the best safe cracker and yeggman in the business. He was an incorrigible prisoner and punishment of the worst sort was meted out to him. He hated the warden, he hated the guards, he hated life and everything in it. And for his hates he paid a heavy price. He was thrown into dungeons. He was put on starvation rations. He suffered untold agonies. But one day, his body bound tightly in ropes, his suffering became so acute it burned a hole in his spiritual ceiling. Then the Light came, emblazoned across the stygian blackness of his dungeon cell. It burned within him like an incandescent flame. It burned out the dross and the hates. Under ordinary conditions he might never have been released from prison, but love came, a deep burning love for all mankind, and suddenly the prison doors opened. Starr Daily was free.

Shortly after his release it was my privilege to collaborate with him on a motion picture script. The picture did not see the light of day, but I have never forgotten the man. He was in every way a stalwart character endowed with the highest of principles.

Since that time, thousands the world over have heard him tell his story from public platforms. Through him, thousands have had their Light turned on, just as he did. Starr Daily has never returned to a prison except to help and guide his less fortunate brothers. He has served our erring humanity and will continue to serve until his last day on earth.

When and where did man's earthly woes begin? Did they not begin when he separated the light from the darkness? We have never put the dark ages behind us. We will swing between the two extremes until we find our own light. With the coming of light will also come the breakthrough. It can come in a splitting moment, sharp and cutting like a razor's edge. Or it can come suddenly with the lifting of the fog to let sunshine in.

Jesus said: "I am the Light of the World. He that believeth in me (i.e. has touched the light) shall have

everlasting life." Venus brings the light to our Earth. Venus is our light-bearer, our elder sister planet. When one has brought down the Light (opened his individual forcefield) the knowledge gathered through the eons of time will be revealed. One will be able to tap in on the universal rays. He will bring forth that which has gone before; tap the patterns of the things ahead. In that moment of illumination, he will possess all knowledge.

This is the universal alchemy earthlings know little or nothing about for few have experienced illumination to its fullest extent. When true illumination comes, all of the physical senses are set into glow at once: taste, smell, feeling, knowing.

When we enter into a cycle where the Light burns brightly, it takes precedence over all else. Likewise the cycles of darkness and the cycles between might be called the grey cycles. We are in an in-between cycle today. It can terminate in our Light going out altogether, or it can become the Great Illumination. If the Great Illumination comes suddenly, many might be blinded by it. They will not be prepared. If they still refuse to surrender their ignorance, they will not be able to withstand the blinding rays. What might happen to them? Must they stay behind and suffer through another long cycle, perhaps darker and gloomier than the one they have just lived through?

It is said the lamps of the Invisible Temple are lighted once every thousand years. At that time, every brick, every cell, every atom is permeated with the Light. Who among us will be privileged to wear the golden mantle? Who will be there to show us how to use the fire? Jesus performed miracles, but what are miracles? We can quickly put the darkness behind us. When this infinite light is concentrated, divine centers in the human consciousness are opened. It is here we find the roots of polarity . . . male-female . . . subjective-objective . . . fire . . . water . . . mind-matter, etc.

Light emanates through the soul. Avatars and holy men wear the halo of sanctity. They know that light is the creator and rejuvenator. Ancient religionists looked to the sun for their light. Today there are many schools of healing that use this focalized light, including the

techniques of Diane given in "Over The Threshold" and "Up Rainbow Hill."

Light emanates from no special point, yet it is everywhere present. Like a giant beacon, it casts its luminescence over cities and desert; over ocean and mountain; over hill and vale. It needs no heat, no oil, no fuel, no electric currents to feed on, for it is all of these things in one. This unfed fire has burned through Time. Should it suddenly go out no man would be able to relight it.

Some have called the Light **frozen energy**. If that is true, most of us have our lives buried in an icy glacier. But, as that glacier starts to melt, the energies that have been held in bondage will be freed again. They will begin to flow. A cold house cannot be heated without first starting a fire. We cannot fire our bodies with clean, vital substances until we melt down the glacier. Preparedness is the key. We must move toward the Light. We must kindle the flame that burns without fuel.

Today we stand at the crossroads, man enslaved by his civilization. He is too lethargic to attempt to keep pace, accepting without protest the bondage life has placed on him. The masses have worshipped at the shrine of the subordinates. Every now and then a non-conformist has the courage to break the chains. He dares to live life as he sees fit. His decision to become an iconoclast helps him to rise above his social discontents. It turns on the internal revolutions. This is the negative way and it has many followers among today's youth. This is the Time of the Beatniks.

While the little man has complained of his fate, he has done very little about it. He has never materialized his discontents into full-force action. With a continual increase in perplexities his problems have multiplied. He is operating on the same traditional pattern as his forebears. He has merely rearranged the relationships. He has changed the color of his garment, not the garment itself.

It would appear we have reached the top of our social pyramid. We can no longer plant new seeds in the old earth. Perhaps for a time, some of us might have to go off **alone**; be shut away from the tumult of the world. This might be the only way we can get a fresher start. Could it be that the land beyond the Poles is now being

prepared for this very purpose? Did not Jesus say: "I go to prepare a place for you?"

Cities have been built a thousand years ahead of the populations that are to occupy them. Perhaps this is true of the cities in the sky. Each day, more and more people are becoming aware of the upper regions. Press, radio and television are now blasting the news that we are now going to make an intelligent attempt to contact our sky friends. Many from out of the crowd are beginning to feel a deep stirring within. They might not be aware of the fact that our earth is moving into another dimension, a new arc, but they do know that something is happening.

Why haven't we known this before? Perhaps because we have been in no hurry. Nature leaves us alone until we decide to invade her domain. We move along at a snail's pace until the impact comes from the higher, finally forcing us to act.

For centuries we have been crawling forward a step at a time. Now we must be prepared to fly. At the "apex of the pyramid" we must either soar off into space or again fall down the long ladder to earth and the labyrinths beneath the earth. It is apparent from evidence drawn from the permanent records that we have traveled down that hill many times. All our efforts at labor could crumble to dust in the wake of the atom bomb.

Man can only live on one planet at a time. The human race is a letter in the divine alphabet. We have lived on the lower earth . . . perhaps we have lived in the subterranean caverns beneath the earth, but now we are looking into space as the home of the future.

We all have free will, but there are times when we must listen to the voice from the voiceless spheres. It is from this realm we listen to the overtones. Today the voice is calling. It is a haunting call, filled with pathos. We **must** face the light or turn to darkness. When the dimensions are pierced we must accustom our eyes to the luminosity or it will blind us.

Every individual who consciously steps out of old grooves is in reality searching for light. His soul is seeking illumination. If he is fortunate enough to come close to the light if for one brief moment, he knows within

something of the totality of existence. He knows the true meaning of spiritual illumination.

This knowledge is not new. It has been with us always. The Atlanteans grew in wealth and greatness because they found the switch and turned on the Light. The Light went before the early Egyptians. On the Road to Damascus, Paul was caught up in the third heaven. That is, his **third eye** was opened. "And he heard unspeakable words it is unlawful to utter."

The Road to Damascus is the Road to Light.

CHAPTER XI

THE GREAT LIGHT

Must we journey to another planet that we might quicken our evolution? Or, is it possible to rise to great heights in the midst of chaos? We know the clouds of chaos are of man's own making. We can rise above those clouds right here on earth. We can rise above the clouds while we still inhabit a body. It might mean returning to one of the clean spots of the earth, perhaps some Antarctic Shamballa, but if man truly desires to reach the heights, the way is always made ready.

When we trace the line of religious history we find the ancient temples were repositories of great wealth. Their golden domes shone in the brilliant sunlight. They captured the lovely colors of the spectrum. Their priestly vestments were ornate with precious gems, and untold wealth glittered from every corner and crevice of their holy temple shrines. These temples were built, not for a day, but to live through all Eternity.

We too can make the long-dead past live again. We can give it to the world in great writings: writings designed with plan and purpose that will live as other literature has lived. They will be sagas to help the weary wanderer on his way; to add beauty to his drab surroundings; to help him acquire luxuries to warm the cockles of his soul; to enhance the beauties of nature so that earthly estates can be landscaped with the best that nature has to offer us. We must have leisure to fill our minds with lofty teachings, higher knowledge. Ours has not been a period of death, but it has been a period of materialistic decadence. When we can recognize it for what it is, we can rise to any heights.

How can we do this? First by tapping universal mem-

ory, coercing nature to give forth her magnanimous wealth. When we dig back into our forgotten past to days when we perhaps had commerce and contact with other planets, we find that unbroken line of tradition's greatness. The pattern is still there, for it was drafted in the days of the beginning. When we look out upon the solar system with a universal eye, we see it in all its pristine wholeness. Man himself created the parts. He smashed his world into tiny bits just as he smashed the atom. But, like a gigantic jig-saw puzzle, it can be put together again.

First among the great things of tomorrow is our **energy**. A primary, not a secondary force this time. The new power will not be generated from plants within our own environs, but will come directly from the generators of God. It will come to serve our need. It will bring us the greatest physical and spiritual happiness we have ever known. But, if we misuse it, it can mean our ruin. It is up to us.

It is apparent today that our ancestors had this knowledge. They harnessed this abundant force. They harnessed the atoms of free energy afloat in the cosmic sea. It is said they always carried with them a hollow rod charged with holy fire. It was used in their sacred festivals for it helped to control the forces of nature. Thoth (or Hermes, as he was later called) taught earthman how to contact the higher light. The Hermes Light shone on both heaven and earth. It was the electro-magnet that gathered up and stored the energies of the future.

They knew this light was to be found in every living thing. In later times the Yogis and Holy Men found it. They found it by sacrifice and service. Often in their search they sat in a cross-legged position over a period of years. They became oblivious to the frigid Himalayan snows, the great heat in midsummer. They walked on the red hot coals until their flesh was seared.

How did they accomplish these feats of seeming magic? Simply by raising their vibrations until they could touch the field of electronic force. A force field is like a bellows, blowing in and out. It inbreathes heat to warm our bodies. It outbreathes heat so that the devotees can walk in comfort over coals. This forcefield is our aura of protection against all outside invasion. It is a protec-

tion against the rot and decay that is going on inside.

We do not need rituals of fire to lead us, but rather those from the higher climes to teach us. We need to be indoctrinated with a broader point of view. Those who have experienced true channelship can honestly attest to this. It is believed secrets will be revealed that have not been unsealed in the past thousand years. Secrets that deal with spirit fire and the Light.

Light circulates in the same manner that blood circulates through the body. It circulates through the third eye. When we can train the Light to flow through the third eye, then this vestigial organ will again be opened. This is our omnipresent center. It is here the force is released. When the third eye is opened we will control with ease all earthly conditions. We will live in a state of transcendency. This is what the Orientals call non-action in action.

Each tiny cell in our bodies has its own illuminating potential. Each tiny cell contains a seed that can quicken and blossom into a flower. Within it is the power to attract the high actinic rays, to drink in the golden effusion of the sun. Each tiny seed has the potential to be all things to all men. It is an integral part of the All. Each tiny cell is a reservoir of great force. It holds in solution the seeds of the Golden Age.

Today's task is to strike the match that will set off the holocaust. How can we do this? First it becomes an individual problem, finally a collective mass reality. When the electronic body is properly charged it creates its own individual forcefield. All things, animate and inanimate, are wired for this charge. Each cell is a sun unto itself. For this reason neither the frigid temperatures of lonely Tibet nor the snow-driven Himalayas hold any terrors for the Holy Man. They held no terrors for Admiral Byrd when he went off alone. He loved the solitude, for he said again and again that he was out to seek the universal harmonies.

Unlike the holy men, Admiral Byrd was a product of earthly conditioning. He had not been taught in the ways of the ascetic. Nor had he found the way to turn on the heat. He needed help from outside, but perhaps he did have those to lead the way. He tells in his diary how

he often felt strange objects in the sky were "trying to signal him." Perhaps had his ears been attuned to listening he would have suffered no physical pain in his body. He would have known how to keep warm in the lowered temperatures. He would have found the universal heat that can dissolve unwanted waste; the heat that burns out germs and disease; heat that can transform unhealthy tissue back to healthy flesh; moreover, heat that can destroy deadly thought forms we ourselves have created.

We have always looked upon water as the great cleanser. It has kept the surfaces clean, to be sure. But today we must go deeper than the surface. We must go deeper than we have ever gone before. We must learn to use the fire. The illumined Saint Thomas Aquinas once said: "The works of a man who is led by the Holy Ghost are the works of the Holy Ghost rather than the man." Long ago, when the earth was young, man lived in the shadow of the light from On High. It was essential to his living and growth. Then the darkness came; darkness that has never been dispelled. The light must be turned on before we can transit into the next dimension. Those who are successful in opening their forcefield must help others. We must switch on the lights in the darkness. Those who are attuned can strike the match so that the light flows in a steady stream.

The Great Nikola Tesla was one of these men. An extremist in all things, a non-conformist who went to the outer rim of peripheries. Tesla had to die in the body that he might live in the spirit. He had to pass beyond the veil that he might bring light to his century and the centuries to come. In his field, Nikola Tesla was the greatest of them all. Like Prometheus the Titan, he literally stole the fire from heaven and brought it to earth. While the Promethian story has now passed into myth and legend it will always serve as a bit of rare and divine symbolism. It is said Prometheus was the very first to make the discovery that the electrical force of the universe was the energy that runs the world. Mythology tells us he enticed the fire from heaven by holding a rod close to the sun; that he always carried with him a fennel stalk from which the fire came forth. We know that early man had to learn how to use fire sticks. The Indians produced their fire by rubbing the stones together.

When the Tibetan Yogi, Milerepa, passed to the other

world, a light extended from above the whole heaven and east "as if it were a pillow for color like unto the rainbow, but brighter and purer." The radiant ones have all found this fire. They were all illumined. All had found the way to open their individual forcefield. They connected up with the mainline of the Great Cosmic Forcefield.

This is the meaning of the sparks of life — sparks from the living flame. Ancient literature is replete with such stories. Some are good, others not so good.

Recently, a case of healing by fire came to my attention. It happened in Phoenix, Arizona. A local truck driver's wife had suffered from an advanced stage of cancer. Her children had been called to her bedside for the last time. She was close to the borderline of the change called death. Then, suddenly, something happened. A change came over her features. A beautiful light took form around her body. There was an angelic smile on her face. "In the twinkling of an eye" she was well again.

As she later related this strange story, it seems a brilliant light entered the room. "I knew it meant something. Something big," she said. "The next morning I felt fine." That feeling of well being progressed through the day. And, strange as it might seem, the x-rays revealed that the cancer had disappeared. This woman seemingly had an instantaneous healing, not by man, but by the Light of God.

We humans are still immature beings despite our feelings of grandeur. We insist upon working against nature rather than cooperating with her. We have little or no conception of the light that surrounds us, and few know anything of the strange electrical force that runs the wheels of the world. We have no idea of the atoms that represent whole systems of electrical corpuscles, bound together by a mutual force.

Electronic energy is necessary to our every breath. Each physical sense is part of a super-sense. This is the way we tune in with the Infinite. With Oneness. With the All. It makes us stop and think about the wonders of Nature. The wholeness of all being! We have eyes to see, ears to hear. But we seldom use them to the fullest extent. All living things have a spiritual counterpart. This counterpart is as close as breath itself. We do not see

this side because we do not want to see it. We're afraid to look. We're afraid to listen. But when these same senses are focused we can reach out in the far oceans of the unknown. And it is this unknown world that holds the key to our future: a key that will unlock the doors to the citadel. It will be a symbol of the light we can all understand.

Who are the holy men? What is meant by holy earth? The holy men are those who have devoted their lives to the Cause. Religious history is filled with accounts of miracle healings. The Lourdes of France is charged with the Light brought by the "beautiful lady" more than a hundred years ago. She touched the earth and made it holy. When we learn the secrets of the Light, we can do the same.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT IS — THE MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE?

The materialists have deified the objective. The subjective researcher today has swung too far in the opposite direction. Today the spiritual quest is on in earnest, not in castles of gold or the hermit's cave, but amidst the din and tumult of everyday life. We, the people, must accomplish this breakthrough; a merger between the higher and the lower; a franchise between the celestial spheres of space and the terrestrial side of the earth. The materialist can help us. The holy man can help us. But we must also help ourselves.

What is living spirit? Is it not the perpetual fire? How do transition and translation differ in meaning? The one starts as slow growth and goes a step at a time toward maturity. For countless hundreds of centuries we have been crawling toward the day of transition. Translation, however, is sparked and fueled by the living flame. Translation can be instantaneous. Form is transient. Spark is eternal. The true flame cannot be extinguished or diminished. This applies to man as well as to man's world. When we are golden in our hearts then we will possess a wealth of gold. We will be whole within.

This reminds me of a news item I read recently. One of the centuries-old Sequoia's in Northern California had caught fire and was burning itself away. The fire started deep down in the trunk, and apparently had been set off by lightning. Perhaps thousands of bolts of lightning had hit this tree in its long and splendid lifetime, but it took just one particular stroke to do God's will. Was it an accident, or had the earthly life of this symbol of the forest come to an end? Why had it lived through hundreds of years then suddenly forced to give up the body?

Had it absorbed all the spiritual fire it could hold? Fire finally sent it on its way to a new home; and sent it on in a blaze of radiance.

Earthly heat is but an infinitesimal part of the holy flame; a spark thrown off from its divine parent. Civilizations pass away again. But the fires are always burning. Light is the inheritance of all God's children. There is a welding together in fire and the chains that have bound us through millions of years are melted down. Space will bring us this universal synthesis where man's free will can truly reign.

There are certain times in the life of the globe when we come under the influence of the greats who have gone before. Religious history provides us with tomes of material showing how men and women caught up in this strange, mystical experience have been transformed in the briefness of a moment. Throughout history we have had Saints and Deified Ones. All this is well and good, but in view of more recent scientific progress, these strange experiences can become the heritage of all. It is part of the breakthrough (individual and collective) brought about by concentrated effort. When the channels have been opened the electronic force comes through. The great ones are no different from ourselves. Consciously or unconsciously they have tapped their own individual forcefield.

When this principle is applied through directed technique and we know what we are doing and why we are doing it, many more individuals will have this wonderful experience. It will no longer be a rare and beautiful happening confined to the few. The doors will be opened to the higher. Greater powers will be released over the Planet Earth.

My book "Over The Threshold" tells of the new discoveries that must come from outside the old sciences, that the energies of space are unlimited. The creative substance stored in space is unlimited. Primary states of matter include the energies still undiscovered. When we find these energies we must put them to work for the benefit of mankind. These forces should solve the problem of gravity. A craft surrounded by a nullifying forcefield should be able to go into space like a cutter through the waves.

Recently a young Carnegie Tech student plied me with some amusing questions. "How can we keep our earth from burning up if we turn on these powerful forces?" he asked. This should be no problem at all. The force would naturally be screened. Perhaps it would be filtered from the mainstream in much the same way water is held in check. Nature provides the force. Man must provide the method of channeling, and the equipment to handle the force.

Mastering our related opposites is the biggest task before us. We have lived by the swing of the pendulum. To merge opposites at center will be a new experience but space will take care of that. If we can depend upon our psychic channels of communication, we realize the Lemurians possessed this skill. Perhaps the Atlanteans had it too. We are stepping out into unplowed fields. Into virgin realms. But we can always tap in on the past.

Polarity is at the root of all things. If we are to accomplish our directive in space the two must be merged into One. Polarity has served our earthly needs. The merger of these dualities into an absolute should serve us in space.

Science has made many advances in these UFO years. Scientists are ready to accept gravity as being both positive and negative in nature. "Over The Threshold," published in 1956, states that gravity is both positive and negative. Between these dualities we will find the center that is neither hot nor cold, but neutral. It is here action takes place followed by chain reaction. At the core of chain reaction we find the heart of the forcefield: the hub. We must know something about this forcefield, how to find it and where, before we can tackle the problem of gravity.

Solid mass moves toward a magnetic pole. Will we one day make the discovery that gravity is a residual of elementary matter — perhaps an accumulation of pollutions charged with force? Is it a whirling, swirling mass within the poles, constantly attracting more matter to it? Has gravity become a veritable magnet, creating a density which ultimately forms into a solid? And within this solid, are poisonous oxides trapped, thus creating an unhealthy condition of radiation? Is this the density that is

halting our progress? Would we be able to penetrate these densities with the full force of free energy?

It is said the doors to the archives of greater knowledge are opened at infrequent intervals. If they are opening today, why not push them a little harder? Many are still looking to the sightings of craft for the answers. They hope a landing will produce the result. But one mite of clean, fresh knowledge is worth a multitude of sightings or a still greater number of unbelievable and utterly fantastic stories.

Why haven't we known these things before? The rose must first have its leaves, then its buds and finally its bloom. We have been paving the way for years. ESP and kindred subjects have been our kindergarten. A tribute goes to our universities that have helped introduce the subtle sciences to hungry students. Another tribute goes to our great industrial plants for the part they are now playing in this new game of life.

Perhaps space will not be as empty as most think it is. The things we shall need in space are already there. They have been there since the beginning. Our need now is preparation. There have been many so-called contactees, but I would say that chief among them is Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Had he known in 1933 what we know today, perhaps there would be nothing for our present world to ridicule.

When the experiences related in his daily diary are matched with the sightings of today there is a perfect parallel. On May 3, 1933, he wrote: "I again saw in the southwest, touching the horizon, a star so bright as to be startling. The first time I saw it several weeks ago I yielded for an instant to the fantastic notion that someone was trying to signal me; that thought came to me again this afternoon. It's a queer sort of star which appears and disappears irregularly, like the winking of a light."

With the advance of a few short years, that which was nebulous and vague has become an accepted fact. Many have had similar experiences. There are charlatans, of course. They are always with us. The stories they make up "out of whole cloth" still attract the multitudes. How are we to measure the abilities and sincerities? Perhaps

the answer is clear. An experience counts for nothing unless it contributes to the furthering of substantial knowledge; unless it tells a story of completeness.

Space preparations must be based upon these energies. When we had only the lowly candle light we had a long laborious day. It was a day that started before daylight and ended after dark. Human beings were worn out and died before they found time or leisure to develop the greater values. They were dependent upon slow-motioed animals for transportation.

Then came the gaslight era. We look back upon it now as a time of freedom and gaiety. Our dramas depict the gay nineties because they symbolized the swing of the pendulum from the humdrum to the colorful. Industry began to expand. Fortunes were made. Those were the days when the least could become the greatest; the days when a little man with a big idea would step out of the mass to become the colossus. They were the days of Andrew Carnegie and the birth of steel.

Thomas Edison and direct electrical current followed on the heels of the gaslight. He found a way to harness the great electrical force through the medium of a little glass bulb. It was crude at first, and often unsatisfactory. Generators were placed some two miles apart and it is said those living at the end of the line were often without power.

Finally the great master came, Nikola Tesla. The work of this tall and lanky Jugo-Slav is at the root of today's industry, for he gave us alternating current. What will be the final crux of these great inventions? Perhaps this year will bring us the answer. Perhaps it will be given in two little words, the most vital spoken in our long histories — FREE ENERGY.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STRANGE LIFE OF NICOLA TESLA

Why has our world suddenly become free energy conscious? Could it be that the spirit of Nikola Tesla still permeates the earth? Though several years have passed since his death, perhaps his shadow is still with us. Perhaps the soul of this great man is more effectual than the man himself. In life he walked among us. We could hear his voice. We saw with our own eyes his amazing creations. Yet few living in his time ever really knew the one called Nikola Tesla. When we look back upon his greatness we see that he is a man among men in time's long march.

Tesla deviated from the norm very early in his childhood. He was out of step with the other little boys of his neighborhood. A child prodigy, he was the envy of grown men. At the age of nine he built a motor run by June bugs. Alive with new ideas, he brought many of them to fruitfulness. They were not ordinary inventions, for even then he displayed a flair for wholeness rather than partness. He was more spacial than he was terrestrial. He was always trying to slay gravity by dealing in weightlessness. Did this unusual youngster still live in his past? Did he bring over a memory of a world of another day?

When he grew older he opened up vast, new empires of knowledge, pioneered many virgin fields. His thinking was never limited to earthly things, but always soaring to the heights. Something within told him a greater force was shaping his destiny. It was something bigger than his own desires. He was never self-centered. Always impersonal. His one-pointedness did not permit anything to interfere with his goal. Loyal to the oneness of his task, he knew nothing of play. He never experienced the glor-

ies of romance. There were no women in his life. His aim was harnessed and directed at a definite target: the harnessing of the forces of nature.

It is said that Nikola Tesla's powers of visualization were stupendous. That he could see in advance every detail of his creations. These were creations that stemmed from the founts of God, not the creative genius of man.

When he developed the principle of alternating current his troubles were just beginning. Thomas Edison was then on the throne and he intended to stay there. It was with difficulty Tesla finally found a sponsor, The Westinghouse Electric Company.

But alternating current was here to stay. In the years that it has been in use it has freed us from hard labor. It has helped us to forge ahead. Tesla looked to the Sun for his answers. It is said his inventions had their roots in the Sun. It is apparent he could have given us free energy back at the turn of the century, but we were not prepared for it. The world wasn't ready. It would have disturbed our economy, perhaps brought collapse upon our heads. But the seeds were planted and they have been sprouting ever since. There is a growing time for all things and eventually comes the ripening. The ripening day is now close at hand.

Today the most stubborn individual is a ware that something unusual is happening to our world. Our scientists know deep in their souls and minds that one day we must tap these universal energies. We must find and adapt to use the universal substances.

At the close of every era the light is turned on to its fullest. Nikola Tesla turned on that light for us. He was in his eighties when he passed from earthly life, but he was still a superman. His earlier dreams were for the man of earth. His later realizations were for man in space.

We are living in the most controversial days of our times. When we come to the wide parting of the ways there we will find the greatest contentions. It is then the great ones will descend. If we have the intrepidity to follow them we can slip quietly into the next realm. If we

fail to follow their light then we might be destined to wander until the next cycle rolls around again.

Free energy is sacred fuel. It comes directly from the refineries of God. Its coming at this time would bring a balanced distribution of worldly goods. It would represent the very apex of achievement. It would lead the way to a new and constructive life.

If we read the records of the past we know we have failed many times. Today we are growing up. We should learn to act as adults. With the many broad changes that have come to us in the past few years we should be open-minded enough to accept the new, although for the moment it might appear to stagger our decaying economy. Free energy is the power of creation itself. When the Cosmos gets ready to act no man on earth can stop it. Free energy belongs to the Cosmos. This form of propulsion will come whether we welcome it or not. It will come because it is needed. It has become a compulsion. We're swinging between two dimensions. Dualities are separating. One group is reaching toward the greater spheres. The other is clinging to the status quo. Which one will win out?

Free energy is stored in the highest ethers. To reach it we must touch a notch, a full octave higher than the present consciousness of the earth. That consciousness must be brought down to the level where earth and space meet. They must meet at center, for at center we find the point of power.

If we are going to learn more about these elusive subtle energies, we must probe into space just as we drilled into the earth for oil. Every scientist should be willing to work diligently in an effort to uncover the links in our evolutionary chain. The scientist is our "savior". He discovers the values the prophets have decreed. But most of our scientific men today are afraid of this super-challenge. They haven't found it in the text book. It is beyond the scope of their academic training. They are disturbed about preconceived ideas. For this reason the pseudo-scientist has had to take over. He has nothing to lose. He is not afraid to venture beyond the specks of matter. He believes that he will one day find miracles that are now beyond his wildest dreams. And who can say, perhaps today's unorthodox methods will prove so

successful that they will cause many red faces in the future.

This is not true of all scientists, of course. Some of these scientifically trained men are searching through the back door. They are reading tabooed books. They're slipping incognito into UFO lecture halls. Often they engage the rebels in off-brand conversation just for the purpose of probing. They haven't found what they are searching for, but they are now ready to peek into many dark holes. That is, if they can do it in secret.

When the truly open-minded researchers outnumber the stubborn ones, perhaps they will win easily. Although the status-quo seekers do not know it, they too, are being prepared to fit into the new grooves. Perhaps they were the laggards one reads about in the sagas of cosmogony. Men who prefer to live on the surface of things so that their social prestige is not disturbed or their livelihood placed in jeopardy.

We have always measured progression by the wheels of growth. It is not the wheels this time, but the power that makes the wheels move. Free energy means capturing the force of the Great Light. It means vanquishment of the fears of humanity, for the greatest fear has been the fear of insecurity. Even the richest of men are insecure in their wealth. Deep within they know that a vast accumulation of worldly goods is at best but pseudo-security. It can be wiped out with the first tidal wave. Moreover, they cannot take their wealth with them, for only the spiritual values can cross the threshold of death.

No money-power is great enough to hold back the waters that are destined to flow. No man can forever hold back the greater progress. The Cosmos is bigger than all the money-powers on earth. Man can challenge man. He can use every means of violence at his disposal. But he cannot hope to challenge the Cosmos.

The opening of the gates to free energy is comparable to the voyages on our stormy seas of Columbus, Cook and many others. It can open a pathway over the airways to the shores of each and every planet in our solar system. When these strange new fields of force are opened, many scientific revelations will follow. They should

transcend anything we have ever achieved in our long and suffering cycle.

Nothing can remain hidden forever. There are no realms we cannot penetrate. The Great Light can illumine all things. It's brilliance can go to the farthest corners of God's worlds. If the little bands of human ants who have held fast will not expand, then the bands will snap and the rebels will take over.

Primary states of matter include the energies not yet discovered. Imagine the excitement of new discovery! Wars will be forgotten for there will be no time to dwell on the dark and violent side of things. There will be no time for destruction.

Free energy will not be bound to meters with a bill at the end of each month. Think what it will mean to turn on the universal batteries. We would be bringing the fire from heaven to run the wheels of earth. It would require but a simple apparatus to harness the energy from space. While it would still be man-controlled, the energy itself would never fail us because it is permanent and eternal.

It wasn't easy to convince the world that sound waves could be carried through space. It is ever the way of the purely material-minded. They refuse to accept the alien because it forces them to step out into areas of life they have never traversed. There are a few individuals endowed with far-reaching perceptions, yet all have the same undeveloped potentials. Finding applied sciences to match the mysteries is part of the greater task. Those who follow the new trail are the non-conformists, the so-called crackpots. Yet we have only to go back into our histories some two thousand years to find the greatest non-conformist of them all — Jesus Christ.

The Hermetic seal between the dimensions is melting away. The Emerald Tablets of Thoth will one day be read by all. Long ago the secrets of the future were inscribed on these tablets. Hermes laid the cornerstone of antiquity. He was known to all the ancient civilizations. His knowledge was passed on through strange hieroglyphics, poured into molds in a fluid state. The writings of Hermes are as good today as they were the day they were written.

The Masters of Wisdom have access to these secrets; secrets that in the past were so closely guarded they were often passed on lip to lip. In those ancient times nothing was written. It is said there have always been twelve men in the world who hold the keys to the archives of knowledge. They are the custodians, the librarians; and at given intervals the archives are opened.

The ancients knew the secrets of transmutation. They claimed they could turn ordinary bricks into ingots of gold. The older alchemists solved many of nature's mysteries, among them longevity. It is said many of them lived to be hundreds of years old. They partook of strong elixirs, and a few drops preserved youth over a long period of time. The Book of Thoth tells of strange elixirs that were kept in a golden casket, concealed in the inner sanctuaries of the temples.

Those were the days when the emissaries of God were sowing the seeds. Seeds left for us to nurture and bring forth as fruit. Electricity was one of these seeds, the first science of primitive man. He needed the electrical force to light his way. The Tablets of Thoth say: "In the apex of the Pyramid set I the Crystal; sending the ray into Time-Space, drawing the force from out of the ether."

This is the current that flows from positive to negative, then generates power from center. Our own individual light is turned on when polarity meets polarity. It bursts forth from center in a fiery flame, then turns into a holocaust. When this happens in the individual, sleeping cells are instantly awakened. The being is aglow with a new light. The Great Illumination follows.

When dead tissue is replaced by healthy tissue, the road blocks that have hampered growth are mysteriously removed. Free energy can help us spring spontaneously into the Space Age. As the energies take on higher vibrations they will assume many forms. If we could look into space with extra-sensory vision we would see that it is not empty, but that it is filled with beauties beyond our highest comprehension. It is alive with beauty in color and form.

Today we have scarcely scratched the surface. The deeper we go into space the more accustomed we will

become to the strange impulses, and the easier it will be to adopt to the intensities. Life is made up of a myriad of divisions. In the past few years these divisions have been cut into smaller and smaller pieces. We've carried specialization to its ultimate. But there comes a time when we are barren; when we can no longer bring forth; when all the earthly life is drab and dull. There is a limit to life and growth on the physical plane.

On the subjective side we are one with the universe. The universe is one with us. Those who live on the farthest star are neighbors in the subconscious. When we tap the greater planets we will know that we are not alone.

We cannot repeat too often that preparedness is the key to the citadel of space. Every fire must be carefully watched or it goes out of control. This will prove to be the greatest fire of them all. Perhaps the next great Avatar to come will come through this revelation in science. Free energy can be the means of saving us from another cataclysm. Perhaps by means of free energy we shall be able to avoid the Polar flip. If these vast oceans of ice could be turned into steam by direct heat, the ice could be dissipated without disaster. Then a beautiful, tropical land would again emerge at the Poles.

We believe that space will bring us luxuries and beauties beyond anything we have ever known before. The faculty for understanding this new thing has not yet been developed. Many of our strange phenomena will be unexplainable to the masses, yet every sensitive has tapped their potentials. Few in any age are prepared to look over the far horizons, but perhaps the time is very close when we shall find it both interesting and profitable to study all we can about invisible patterns; far more profitable than learning the simple secular facts.

Life revolves in circles: the upper arc is spiritual, the lower arcs are material. Man lives on the lower. The gods reside on the higher. When the proper time comes they get together. The Bible tells us: "the meek shall inherit the Earth." This means, does it not, those who turn on the light shall live to experience these splendors. If we are the inheritors, all that has gone before shall be ours. This is why free energy is important today.

The far cry on the free energy subject is always the same: Will free energy upset our universal balance? Where there is major change there will always be upsets. We would be moving from a low frequency rate to a higher frequency. But we would be in little danger of being disturbed by the change because we would be operating on a principle of wholeness rather than a method of partness. The dualities will have been merged into the One. This being so, free energy would bring about a normal equalization. The question all will ask: If we had free energy in times past, why do we not have it now? Why was it taken away from us? We cannot repeat too often, that perhaps it was because of the misuse or abuse of free energy. It could be this is behind all major cataclysm. When we defile the things created by man, we pay a certain penalty but we dare not abuse the generous gifts direct from the storehouse of God without having them removed from our midst. It is possible that free energy has always represented the apex of achievement in any civilization, and that it is the keynote to all great advancements. Therefore it is essential that we treat it with honor and respect.

If our reading of the Book of Life is correct, we can have free energy today, or its arrival can again be postponed indefinitely. Back in the eighties, according to writings, it was scheduled to come in eight hundred years. But that period of years has been traversed in consciousness. Perhaps consciousness will serve in place of years.

Free energy cannot be classified with any one single great invention. It is **creation at work**. It can be channeled just as knowledge from higher places is channeled. It can be brought forth full-blown. But one thing is certain. We cannot have free energy or any other of the wonderful rewards until we have built up a mass consciousness capable of sustaining them. We cannot gain that consciousness so long as we cling to our lethargies and operate on a principle of status quo.

Many have asked if free energy will carry us to other planets? Shall we be able to communicate and move among the extra-terrestrials? This is a question that cannot be answered now. But there is perfect timing in the universal scheme. Nothing is ever chance-sprung. Broad changes are in the making. Pattern molds have been cast.

All must agree that preparation is necessary. When we gain this advance education we will have time enough to think about entering their domain.

When we follow the light that leads into space, the walls of ignorance will eventually fall down. Major changes require time to take place, on the physical plane, but they happen with suddenness on the subtle realms. We have concentrated on specialization. We must now start to universalize. The first major task is a cleanup job.

Wittingly or unwittingly, we have resorted to violent poisons as a way of dissolving the pollutions we have accreted to ourselves. We know that only the strongest of detergents can dissolve the mass of pollution we have created. If we continue to poison the human body and the atmosphere in which we live, the time will come when the life force will be dammed up and will refuse to flow. This could cause a serious aberration, perhaps death to our civilization. We do not know the outcome of forcing the human vehicle to adept to violence and violent measures. Nobody knows but God.

The coming of free energy would mean that the concept of beauty would be stressed. With the dissipation of foul pollutions there would be no ugly smoke-emitting factories to contend with. Men would be the overseers; machines would do the work. Men would merely have to watch and adjust. There would be no inferior tasks, no inferior classes. We would produce a finer quality of materials because we would be getting closer to Source. There would be no occasion for carelessness for we would be continually on the march toward greater perfection.

Many new alloys would come, some of them alchemically produced. There would be no hard manual labor as in the old days. No sewage or garbage, no dump heaps. All would be placed in huge electronic incinerators and reduced to a trifle of odorless grey ash.

There would be no crowded cities to fester with crime. There would be no slums, no poverty. Crime would disappear because people would be content. There would be no street sweepers, no smog. Automobiles would be made of lighter substances drawn by free energy. They would be collision-free for they would be protected by electronic rays.

Too, there would be no heavy, lumbering trucks on our highways. No injurious gases of any kind. Bad odors would be against the law. There would be no winter or extremes in summer because we would carry our individual heating and cooling systems right along with us.

Religion would also go through a purge to become truly a religion of love. There would be no more wars; no armies to support. The books to be found in our libraries would be books worthy of being translated into a universal tongue. There would be no famine anywhere in the world for every living being would be put to work fashioning new luxuries and beauties.

All of this would bring about a perfect state of tranquility, the birth of a new grade of intelligence. We can merely glimpse such a state of paradise today for it is still over the far horizons.

CHAPTER XIV

MORE ABOUT FREE ENERGY

What is this restless urge, this tattoo of hypnotic drums beating at the door of the human soul? Has the latch key at last been taken from its rusty hangings? Has the door been sprung even a wee bit? Enough, perhaps, to let in the breeze from some remote spot? It is a gratifying thought that perhaps our children and grandchildren may mingle with extra-terrestrials. This is all possible, but will we avail ourselves of this opportunity any time in the near future? This is not wishful thinking. Sensitives the world over are picking up the threads. These are threads that one day will be woven into the fabric of reality.

Everyone of us at some time in our lives has looked up at the stars with a nostalgic longing. We have watched them hour after hour as they beamed us their greetings. The stars have shone down upon us like pillars of light. All of this splendor can be ours when we have no more hampering complexes to hinder, and when the heavy cross we have carried through the centuries is burned away. We stole the fire from heaven to open man's intellect. Now we must tap the wholeness of that fire to electrify his awareness.

Atlantis fell after she had brought forth countless centuries of magnificent achievements. Atlantis reached the heights of glory in wealth and power. Prometheus was her electrical generator. This mythical character furnished the archetypal pattern of Atlantean greatness. Through the medium of that generator, we too, can rise to the dizzying heights. It will be easier to bring forth new discoveries when we are relieved of the pressure of forced living; when we have added wisdom and experience to our Book of Life.

Abraham Lincoln once said that the exercise of power and the pressure of responsibility endowed us with new strength. He believed it had helped him to grow to his task. Lincoln was not born in the pattern of "king among men" but he did live to become the servant of the people. He once said: "If we would know where we are and whither we are tending, we would then better judge what to do and how to do it." He also said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half-slave, half-free."

These immortal words of Lincoln are with us today. We cannot exist, half-slave, half-free. But these words have now taken on a still broader connotation. "We can become all things to all men when we become whole within ourselves." We shall know that wholeness when we begin to think spacially. When we start drawing our energies from space, then we shall become space-conscious. We will be all space when we draw our substance and our sustenance from space. We are the inheritors of a trust just as Lincoln saw the people as an inheritor to a trust. There is a primary force and a secondary force. We have used the lesser. Today the Cosmos is anxiously waiting to turn over her greatest of gifts. We must turn our attention toward the little known energies if we are going to expand our knowledge. Few among us are attempting to do this. Let us get behind and push. But first let us put our imagination to work for a few moments.

Can you imagine what it would be like to be completely free of poverty? To see poverty wiped from every corner and crevice of the globe? Can you imagine what it would be like to live in the pristine clarity of atmosphere? Fresh clean air we can breathe into our lungs? Can you conceive of being evolved about steam, gas and all earthly powers? To draw our electrical force direct from the founts of God? To have it on tap like our gas and water? In every home and every factory? Imagine using this universal fuel for all purposes! Heating and lighting would be but a small part of the values. Can you imagine carrying your own heating system in purse or pocket? A tiny gadget that would keep the body at any degree of temperature? What a boon for the cold, frigid days! Imagine, too, no soil on the hands; fire, rather than water as a cleanser. Imagine being able to slow down the heat on blistering days. Cooking, too, would be revo-

lutionized. Perhaps we would be able to grow our dinner in the kitchen in less time than it takes it to cook it today. There would be no laborious digging into the subsoils, for all needed elements would be drawn from space, probably produced by alchemical means.

Is this a mad dream? Not at all. All of this might be possible in the not-too-far-distant future. It is possible if science is not interfered with. If science can be given free reign and sufficient maintenance to keep the research going on.

Perhaps another quote from "The Amazing Mr. Lutterworth" fits in here. The Space Man speaks:

"I then project a picture of the world divided against itself into countless pockets of insanity . . . and with it the question, *why* it should be so. Why should semi-rational beings behave worse than those with no reason at all? The answer they return is need . . . fear. They truly believe that hunger and lack of resources is their basic reason for war. They believe that when every man has sufficient he will no longer wish to fight . . .

"Again I ask their minds: What would they do if every nation had unlimited electrical power . . . power for the taking . . . power costing nothing to obtain and available to all men equally?

"They think it would bring peace . . . peace . . . peace . . . a planetary paradise. Others think it would be their ruin . . . end their empires . . . their oil, their coal, their power. Yet secretly every man has wished for such a force since the densening of the planet placed matter beyond the control of the mind . . ."

Here it is in a nutshell. "When the densening of the planet placed matter beyond the control of the mind." Was this the time the split came and Oneness became duality? Is this where it all started, our fighting to get rather than knowing how to open up to receive?

Imagine this strange picture, a group of the world's intellectuals gathered together, the main performer an unseen one from another planet! They are awed, fascinated, silent. But they are all of one mind because they are under the hypnotic influence of the Greater Mind. They fight and squirm because the habit is still strong within

them. But they are held in a steely vice. These men must sit. They must look and they must listen.

Who knows, perhaps the greatest benefits to be derived from the coming of free energy will be a fraternity between nations; a regenerate peace. This should be the start of a true spirit of equality such as Abraham Lincoln preached. With the one energy indivisible, the fuel of God available to all, there should be no more dualistic conflict. In seeking Principle we find Oneness. That is what Jesus meant when he said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all else will be added."

The stragglers few endowed with extra-sensory perception have tapped this pattern? Without the few there would never be many. Orthodox science has made many startling discoveries, to be sure. This department of science has been reared on the theory of gradual unfoldment. And this is how it should be in an evolving world. But perhaps we are at the end of that tether? Unorthodox science has nothing to discard. The rebel scientist can plunge fearlessly into any channel he might select.

Within the circle of free energy we find form, for form is the crystallization of energy. Many believe that before any spacecraft can safely go into space it must be surrounded by a powerful forcefield. But what is a forcefield? In the olden days it was produced by a vril stick: a staff that carried the light. Perhaps the Red Sea was parted by means of free energy — the forcefield of Jesus. Who can say, perhaps this is the great message from space. They came to bring us free energy.

What will be the impact of free energy upon our civilization? Upon our present-day economy? It would be tremendous, of course. Anything that promises to free us from the scourge of poverty, from all hateful disease, would bring its own impact. But to have something at our disposal that would help us overcome the enemies of daily trial and error would change the trend of our Earth overnight.

Some have asked: "What is the greatest fear attendant to the coming of free energy? Can the money tycoons prevent its coming? There is every reason to anticipate rewards greater than anything we have ever known. The money tycoons might temporarily hinder, but they cannot prevent. The Cosmos speaks. The voice of the Cos-

mos must be heard. The Cosmos will act, and when the Cosmos decides to act, man must remain silent. If we can tap these fields of universalization now, we will soon be able to ride a spaceship to the shores of other planets.

Universal wonders have always been within our reach, but our civilization has not yet stretched out its arms. We believe that nothing short of nuclear bombs can hold it back this time. Only total world destruction can prevent it. That which has been taught as religion will become an applicable science. We should be liberated from every form of limitation. This would mean delivering humanity from the bondage of the centuries.

There is always a starting point, a nucleating center. It started with the great Nikola Tesla. His knowledge embraced the entire universe. He touched those strange forces back at the turn of the century. Perhaps he was only a notch away from direct creation, and had he really tried, the Cosmos would have yielded to him even this big secret. Tesla knew the meaning of creation by means of the creative Word. "And the Word was made flesh."

Those who are trying to bring this knowledge to the world today are sometimes called cultists. This is not cultism nor occultism, yet it is difficult to explain just what it is. For we have no technical vocabulary capable of adequately describing this new thing. It is never easy to concrete the abstract. It is still more difficult in a virgin field of endeavor. We are dealing with manifestation beyond the realm of the known. We are seeking the roots of polarity in related opposites. We are trying to merge them into One. "Light shineth in the darkness." When we go into space we will be anchoring the known with the unknown. The plans must be drawn in advance. This is the preparation for the new life.

How many would be willing to desert their TV programs long enough to gain a little knowledge of their own tomorrow? Very few. Reading and studying has become an obsolete habit. It must be restored. We are in the throes of change. Those who are deeply concerned feel the convulsions going on. It is not a hoax. It is not a fairy tale nor the wild imaginings of mystics. If it can enter the human mind as **thought**, it must have a pattern somewhere. Where is that pattern? That thought form? It did not spring willy-nilly into the author's mind. It had

to be superimposed from somewhere. It had to be impressed upon the human mind. Or, it had to come from books or the lips of others. In either case, it started with some point of existence, and if it has existence anywhere in the universe, it must be true.

The orthodox mind looks upon all new things with disfavor. There is a constant feuding of opposites. This does not halt the mission imposed by those from On High. The pattern is drafted in advance. There is a right and a wrong time to do things. We have perpetrated tradition until we have outworn our centuries. We've touched new frontiers of consciousness. We've been rechemicalized too often to mention. Now we must listen to that clear and resonant voice: "I go to prepare a place for you."

There is always the story of the rich man to be considered. What is it going to do to him? There will be varying levels of wealth and intelligence so long as there is a planet. It is the measuring rod of growth. But there is little doubt, material values as we know them will pass away. Greater values will be there to take their place. There should be no clinging to possessions for the sake of possessions. This is a form of insecurity. There should be no master-slave concepts because the slaves will be created as robots, mechanical men to do the hard work. Creeds will no longer be distilled from human opinions. They will be God made. Life's drabness will be transcended for we will have proved that the greatest riches will not dissipate the gloom. When this new mutation takes place it should raise the norm of human consciousness. It will be made manifest as a delicate, fragile beauty that will permeate the earth. This makes it self-evident it is not going to require a university sheepskin to enter the space world. But we will need a magic carpet to take us there.

The Book of Thoth is lost to us today, but Thoth's faithful followers still live on. It is said this great man sealed the mysteries in a casket and sent them to another land. Is that land somewhere on earth? Will it one day be found, perhaps in the frozen Antarctic? The land that Admiral Byrd searched for and perhaps has been found at last?

With our minds encased in an earthly shell, it has been almost impossible for the finite to explain the infin-

ite. But the future is in the making, and we might as well decide to do our part. We are operating on the spare parts left over from cartwheel days. They are scattered all over the earthly dump heaps. We can only become super-beings when we learn the principle of wholeness. Space teems with the breath of freedom. Space holds in solution every problem we have ever faced. We look ahead with clouded vision because we are afraid to open our eyes. As we plunge deeper and deeper into the subsoils of thought stuff, the more new thought stuff will be given to us. Each time we probe we come up with something new. We come closer to that for which we have searched. There is no end. Life is eternal. But we can only go as far as our cerebral atoms will stretch.

We have utilized the substances of the lower arcs. We've separated them, pounded them, cracked them, and now the time has come to start working on the elements of the higher arcs, also. It will take time. We will weave back and forth between dimensions, swinging between two worlds. Perhaps we shall sink many times but we will always rise again. This will go on until some degree of permanency reigns.

Since time immemorial, man has questioned about the stars and the planets, but he has never gone beyond his questioning mind. It has been too complex to understand. That was yesterday. The human mind is the link between the lower and the higher. It operates on electrical force. It takes on higher speeds for electronic energy is nature herself.

Strange, isn't it, after all these centuries we are suddenly becoming space-minded? Growing more aware of other possible levels? Does this not prove that we are moving toward the day of change? The new dimension? This is the way of nature. She has her days of planting; her days of ripening. When the urge comes from the higher it is time to act.

Each era has translated the story of creation into its own tongue. Knowledge is our roadmap into the future. Knowledge must be drawn from the fonts of knowledge. What is our first step toward preparation?

The first major step is acceptance. It is in being willing to window shop whether or not we purchase. It might

seem bizzare and fantastic at first but even that phase will soon pass. There will be pioneers to lead. There will always be that pattern that was created in advance. At the close of every era the Light is turned on.

Along with the mind, human bodies must be made ready. They must be made to withstand the intensity of light. We have evolved slowly through this long, bitter cycle, but we must now prepare for speed. There are varying degrees of life force in every cycle; on every planet. This is why we dare not attempt to measure other planetary life on our own earthly yardstick.

If we could but awaken the memory of other-planetary lives it would be very simple. But most of us are nuggets of lead rather than nuggets of gold. When we can be made to realize that this gold (or Light) is the attracting force, then we shall become as gold. The living spark of eternal flame lies dormant within us all. This is the fount of our individual free energy. Explorers into the great mysteries have made this discovery, but very few have extended its great potential. St. John said: "I baptize thee with water. After me shall come one who will baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The revelations coming through now we have not experienced in a thousand years. We are being shown **how** to turn on this Spirit Fire . . . the Light. We're being instructed **how** to burn out the pollutions, and dispel the darkness. These are the signs and wonders. But the weight of collective inertia digs deep into the reservoirs of world consciousness. Until we turn on that Light we shall be in the dark.

This earth has given us a great abundance. Each generation has surpassed the one left behind. The Atlantean greats lived in palaces of gold. They erected ornate golden statues to enhance the splendor of their temples. Poisodon was known as the Father of Atlantis. Every new dispensation must be fathered from the Higher Realms. There must be something from beyond to give us that feeling of supremacy. Otherwise we would all take life in a clumsy, lazy stride. The coming of free energy would increase our luxuries and enhance our intelligence. Old gold will take on new meaning.

Through the centuries Truth has served us as a symbol. It can now become a living reality.

CHAPTER XV

THE TRANSIENCE OF FORM

The genesis of man has been a question of all-absorbing interest to virtually every living being since the days of Adam and Eve. Where did man come from? Where is he going? Millions of words have been written about it. It has been shouted from pulpits and rostrums the world over. Did man get his start in the slime and muck of the earth? Or did he arrive here mysteriously from other planets? Did he fight his way upward in a trail of tears, or did he lose his god-head when he came to earth? Digging back into the ruins of an antediluvian past, we find the indistinct footprints etched in the sands of time. Just enough to sharpen our memories and give us that occasional jolting stir.

In the past few years all growth has been speeded up. Consciousness has expanded. As the great Cuvier was able to reconstruct any animal from its structural bones, we too are gaining bits of vital knowledge by digging up the bones of the past. George Hunt Williamson has found many interesting trails into the wildernesses of Peru. It is all there and needs only to be tapped, for nature never disposes of anything. The next link is always made ready when we are willing to step forward.

If man did ooze from the womb of nature, each planet must likewise ooze from a universal womb. It is logical to assume that all the planets are evolving. As man has both a low and an elevated status, likewise the planets. The earth houses those who have mastered; those who have failed.

For this reason we are faced with many perplexing problems before we can venture into space. Do they have the same gases, solids, liquids as the earth? Could human

beings from earth breathe in their atmosphere? Could we learn to adapt soon after landing there? Under these hazardous circumstances we know we would be risking our lives. This is why we must delve mentally, before taking those risks. In this coming age there will be no heros to worship. No personal aggrandizement to sustain us. No egos to triumph. All will be done in the interest of the greater goal. In this way selfishness will go into the discard. Perhaps for the first time in our long histories we will know the meaning of selflessness. We will take the first steps toward world-brotherhood.

While we might find many similarities on the other planets, we have every just reason to assume there would also be differences. If they are more advanced than we are, they are likewise still evolving and so would be functioning and vibrating on the higher octaves. They might look like earthlings, but their bodies would be composed of a different element or substance. I quote a few lines from my book "Up Rainbow Hill" which might add a little more light on the subject.

"What are these beings made of? If they come from other planets more advanced than ours, could it be they are built of finer substances, more perfect materials? Human beings are bound to earth by the weight of gravity. Bone structures and flesh bodies provide us with earthly weight. As we adapt to higher frequencies, perhaps we shall be able to drop the heavier substances and take on the more rarified essences."

A point of balance must be struck, either up or down. There is always a variance in type. Forms would doubtless be more perfected on the higher planets. On some they might have the ability to create direct from virgin substance. Others would have Avartistic powers. Life is forever in a state of change, matter forming and reforming. It is difficult to convey the idea intelligently, as we have no concrete examples to measure tenuous forms that might be merely forms in the matrix of the Cosmos.

At best, all form is transient. Yet how desperately we try to cling to old forms. With the coming change perhaps the space which we call our ceiling, will become our concrete floor. Paul said: "I die daily." Did he not mean the time would come when we could completely renew our bodies while still inhabiting them. Will free energy hasten that day? Again will spaceology tend to change

the plan of birth? Will it alter the pattern of death? We have all experienced renewal following a good night of sleep. But to be completely renewed, dead cells must be replaced with live cells. Renewal can come only when we have learned how to create and recreate. Then only can we rebuild at will.

Long, long ago this lifestream started its trek through time. It emerged from the godhead equipped with every needed potential. We have uncovered a great deal to be sure, but there is now much more to be found. The storehouses of God have not diminished. They have never been depleted. There is always new knowledge to be drawn from space. We have within us the key to those storehouses. God gave us the keys to the citadel not to let rust and be thrown away, but to be used.

The elements of nature progress according to their level. Molecules speed on at greater and greater speeds. While they all emerge from the One Substance each contains varying degrees of light and heat; varying measurements of solid substances. They might appear the same to the human eye, but they differ within because they are functioning at a different rate of vibration.

Many are curious to know if the Space Age will change the rate of our life years. Will it be possible for those living on the planet today to enjoy a longer span of life? Will there come a halt to uncontrolled breeding? Will the change be radical and sudden?

All life must be lived through form. Form is crystallized essence. No one can say just how life began on this planet, but we do know it has evolved through form. Even today, each generation shows some slight difference. Nature is forever experimenting. Mutations follow the trend of times. One of the great urges today is to change our individual form. We are hoping it will be more beautiful on the next round of existence.

Man has never gained control of these subtle essences because he has not ventured beyond his perceptions. He has not tried to triumph over the invisibles. With the coming of new technologies there will be changes in this respect, too. With the pressure from beyond quickening evolution, it will bring influence to bear on the human mind. The marvels of space will embrace more than the rediscoveries of the past. There will be new creation also. Probably the time is not far distant when we shall

be forced to resort to these essences as a means of survival. Moses fed the pilgrims on "manna from heaven." To those who are now giving their consciousness to the subject, it does not seem too remote.

In the early days of our civilization knowledge was well guarded by the priesthood. Religion held the key to knowledge. Today it is bound up as tightly as it was then, but the name has been changed. Someone must be brave enough to put these advanced theories to the test. From knowledge we will graduate to wisdom. From wisdom we will springboard to understanding. From understanding to the illumination of Light. These are the keys to transmutation.

There is but One Substance. This Substance is the foundation of all things. Matter and space compose our worlds. Some are nebulous. Others are solids. Some are inhabited. Others are not. In the upward surge we call down the highest. In the downward trek we embrace varying degrees of the lower. All is increase or retardation of the light. There is a central attracting magnet. Frequencies or vibrations from the higher have the power to transform matter because they operate the laws of transmutation.

Astrology teaches that the planets cast an influence over beings of earth. Perhaps we will one day discover that it goes deeper than that. We may find out that we have a chunk of many of the planets within us. In times past perhaps we have lived on those planets. We might even go so far as to find out we are composed of matter that has migrated through the planes down into the denser Earth. When we learn how to capture and use this vital, subtle matter, then the greatest strides in all history will have been made. We will be able to build perfect bodies. We will know that each vital part vibrates with all the other parts.

Many believe (including this writer) that Venus is our next order of life. The next higher arc. They believe many of the hierarchies coming to earth at this time are from Venus. This means that ordinary life on Venus would be our higher order. When we can enter into these realms of consciousness we will find the key. "Be ye therefore perfect as even thy Father in Heaven is perfect."

Before we venture into purer territory the world must go back to fidelity of principle. The synthetics we have come to accept as real must be replaced with the true. Chemistry has served as a brave soldier. It gave us the earth we live in today. But will chemistry serve the Space Age? Isn't it just possible that chemistry will have to step out of the way to make room for alchemy? Since there is a governing law to all matter, form is but crystalized ideas. Ideas that have been clothed in substance. It is hard to accept the fact that invisibles are also composed of matter. That air is matter. That color is matter. That even electricity is the One Substance. But when we realize that all fluids can be turned into solids, then we have a premise to work on. Mystics tell us the first forms were etherial. Slowly they took on density. Our molecular bodies are composed of rarified essences. This tenous (though more often invisible side) can hold a greater amount of electrical fire. It can vibrate to a higher rhythm. We know this when we are suddenly confronted with extreme excitability: joy, fear or some unusual happening. The molecular body picks it up and passes it on to the physical. A sudden cessation of the heart beat is often due to molecular excitement.

Through this long cycle there has been a constant evolution in the structure of man. It has been almost imperceptible at times, but non-the-less true. There is no evidence in America that sub-races ever lived here, unless it might be the Hopi Indians. But a great deal of evidence has been found in other parts of the world. Was America founded and first settled by the extra-terrestrials? Are certain areas on the globe more advanced than others? Old land perhaps? Archeology and geology have dared to suggest that perhaps a part of the continent of North America was actually the cradle of the human race as we know it today. That sometime in the past man came here to get his start.

A few years ago I was instructed from beyond to create what started out to be the Altar in the Wilderness Shrine. This was to be one of our ways if inarching our roots of immortal clay. The area was blessed by my mentor Diane, but circumstances beyond my control prevented the shrine from coming into existence. The symbol of the Altar in the Wilderness Shrine was to have been a strange tree called by some the Old World Frankin-

cense Tree. About a dozen of these trees had been found growing in a remote area of the California Desert. It seems that about fifty years ago, a thirst-crazed prospector stumbled upon this oddity of nature while in search of water. He thought he had gone mad when he discovered that it emitted a blood red sap, and carried a beautiful, pungent, balsamic odor.

Following his find, many went out in search of the tree, but in 1937 Don Admiral, a Palm Springs California naturalist led a group of enthusiastic hikers over the rugged rocks and blazing desert sands, where they finally came upon the object of their search. At that time it created quite a furor in natural history circles for their find was like the desert gold: men had risked their lives to obtain it. This strange, dwarf-life tree out of an age remote to us, was found growing in grey clay soil, hidden deep in the canyons. It is said that the tree seldom grows taller than eight feet, yet often has a base the size of a well-developed man. In the older trees the bark is like ivory parchment, but beneath the layers of bark is a red, pulpy substance oozing with ambrosial sap. In the fall of the year it often turns to a golden color.

It is claimed the Indians found many uses for this gum and the sap as a remedy for disease and as a healing salve. But they also called it the holy tree, because it was efficacious in lifting human consciousness to a heaven-state. They declared it had been used in the mystery temples as an aid to the Great Illumination.

When a cycle is due for a change, form must follow the newer pattern. This applies to individuals, to races, to the globe itself. Nothing ever returns in identical form. The old form must be discarded to make way for improvements. The late Luther Burbank proved this theory in his research with plant life. The new inherits only the best of the old. Where there is change in form there is also change in the body structure. Perhaps the glands of one era become the organs of the next, and so on. Who is to say that in the next round we might not be endowed with glands that act as windows to the soul. Perhaps we might be able to tune in and look out upon the great wide universe. Likewise we might adopt a certain type of body to carry out a certain kind of work. Few in any age truly dedicate themselves to a task. We have not dedicated ourselves to the task of spiritual growth. While it is no

light burden to assume this time, we are at the end of the road and we must either turn back or go ahead. Those who have been forced to take a leading part in the evolution of humanity, have assumed a gigantic job. But if they serve faithfully they are promised a special place in the new era. If they are dedicated and sincere they are not seeking for personal reward. It is their privilege to help elevate the race.

Behind all form we find the pattern. It is here for us to tap. When drastic changes are made they first must come from pattern. The form cannot be changed once the mold has been cast. Changes in pattern must be drafted and molded from the thought stuff. As the substance of thought accretes and gathers together, thus consciousness is born. A few are drawn into the very center of that consciousness, experiencing illumination in some degree.

Form should not be spurned or scorned despite its apparent ugliness. It is only matter marching along the road of evolution. This is one of the fallacies of the law of karma. "He earned his ugly form in a past life," the karma enthusiast yells. But when we penetrate deep into the heart of form, we find it is not so. We are given a form that we might help to elevate all form. Abraham Lincoln was a homely man. He had a tall, gangling body. He was often laughed at by his contemporaries. But Abraham Lincoln lived to decorate our postage stamps. Man's fetish for form has built the world he lives in. Marilyn Monroe can gather a bigger audience than the emaciated holy man from India.

The evolution and elevation of form has occupied man's urges since time immemorial. Styles change with each advancing season. There is change in the styling of our automobiles. All things change, yet man tries desperately to cling to things as they are. But, he can only cling so long. When major changes are scheduled they must be made on the loom of God.

The miracle of life is simple. Manifestation is likewise simple. Man himself has made it complex. We have looked upon the various manifestation of phenomena as a miracle. There is a miracle in every form of creation, but the pattern of that miracle lies behind and beyond creation itself. When we can look into that which is spir-

itually unformed, there we find the true pattern. Without foilage and blooms the rose bush would reveal but a mass of thorns.

Form is beauty adorned. Earthman has stressed the outer form of things. The holy men have gone to the other extreme. Neither one represents a state of perfection. To mortify a form, that the spirit might be released is a condemnation of God's creation. But that day is passing. The Milerepas of the past will soon disappear. Those who follow will gain the same result but with far less physical pain. With new knowledge comes a greater awakening. That which was once reserved for the few can now be the heritage of the many.

Consciousness is awareness. Earthman is becoming aware of his environment. We know today that it is not necessary to destroy the body physically to bring forth new birth. It will eventually be achieved by rebuilding our bodies while we still live in them. We will learn how to make bodies far more beautiful, and at the same time let the spirit shine in all its golden luminosity.

The seeds were planted ages ago. The molds are there to be refilled with new energies and life-giving substances. The Gods of Light will be there to help us. They will lead the way. One seed cannot make an orchard, but the orchard will feed the multitudes.

Holy men have sacrificed their lives that the pendulum might swing. It is swinging today. It is trying to balance the polarities, for all life on the planet must be balanced. When form is balanced there will be no further need for the troublesome vermin that have harrassed us for so long. The lower vermin, flies, mosquitoes and insect forms of life are nothing more than the pollutions created by man that have taken on life and form. This is one way nature has of absorbing the filth and pollution that in time would kill every living thing. This nuisance must be cleared away. Vermin lives and thrives on the larvae of the earth. Out on the desert where the actinic rays are high, even the proverbial flea cannot live on a dog. There are no flea-ridden animals on the clean, sunswept deserts.

Today we are frantically trying to balance the arcs by means of transcendence. As we merge ourselves with higher states of perfection, we will become more perfect

ourselves. Success depends upon proper orientation. Proper placement. When we find the relationship within we can build better forms without. Creativity means balancing the higher with the lower and meeting at center. There we will find the generator to produce the proper electrical force.

Human bodies have been built from the scrap-heaps of the earth. The unborn child must absorb the pollution and decay of its mother. It often has to accustom its body to fumes from alcohol, to cigaret smoke, to putrid foods, to the intake of the mother. From the moment of conception the unborn child must inhale fumes from the mother's table.

In the same way that human bodies are built, characteristics come into being. They go from individual to national. In the days when we traveled on foot families lived and died in the same neighborhoods. They seldom moved more than a few miles away from the original homestead. Many married and died in the same house.

With speed in travel came diversity. America has always been the melting pot. We are the result. For thousands of years we have had two sets of forces at work, one trying to segregate man into a multitude of varieties, the other trying to hold to a permanent line. The one to mix and blend, the other to halt evolution as long as possible.

Colonization was necessary to bring about a better state of perfection. Moses took his pilgrims into the wilderness. But the alpha and omega are ever at work. Source means renewal. The Jews are returning to Palestine. Many negroes would be happy to go back to Africa. The prodigal sons come home. The life of all is affected by change, but in fixation one soon reverts to the mineral where he petrifies and fossilizes. This is being exhibited today in our mad fetish for violence as a means of entertainment. Man is no longer stony in his appearance, but he is stony in his heart.

Throughout time we have been satisfied to live in bondage. Bondage has been our security. But when we surround ourselves with the thought form of freedom, then we start to make contact with the more advanced beings. They in turn stimulate us with the thought form

of growth. Today we must be prepared to take advantage of every new circumstance and condition. We must be ready to serve. It is said the Lemurians had a head like a funnel. That's what we need today. Something that will hammer on our brain cells until we break through to the realms of intuition.

We have lived in a world of transient form. Greater space has served as our ceiling. But that ceiling is becoming the foundation beneath our feet. We have been content to live with ourselves and our environment. We've looked to the overlords and have done their bidding. This was the only security we knew. Are we not still babes suckling at the mother's breast?

And, now, what about tomorrow? Many believe that millions are coming back to earth life for the first time in centuries. This is being evidenced in the intelligence of the new crop of babies. It is also believed that many aliens are beginning to occupy old forms. That there is body-swapping going on. As the time grows shorter toward the end, there will be still greater speeding up. There will be no time to be lost. Those with a task to perform would not have to start at birth as babes, then grow up through the experiences of childhood and adolescence. Forms that have served their earthly purpose, but are still in good healthy condition might be occupied by those from the higher spheres. They can help us over the border. This would come as a staggering blow to our vanity, perhaps, but what is form anyway? Form is but a temporary medium of expression. A solid, substantial framework, loaned to us for the duration of some particular experience. There should be no straining after things, and until maturity is reached we are forced to strain. Only the mature adult seems to have the wisdom to work with principle. Through principle we work in synchronization with nature.

Eventually we will all have new bodies. Bodies made of tenuous substances, not the solids of earth. When we learn how to transmute matter into its next round of existence we will also know that each tiny link is connected up with all levels by a very fine thread. Perhaps one day we will find George Hunt Williamson's Road In The Sky starts from the lowest point of our Solar System and runs to the highest point we can reach.

When we can raise our frequencies to an intensity not touched by the senses then we can grow to that level in a relatively short space of time. Cellular matter can be converted into molecular matter, and finally into electronic energy. When this happens, we will be on our way to building a space body. Consciousness guided by the electronic body will be able to travel to all the worlds while attached to the solid earthly vehicle. The subtle body is more rarified than the physical body, but when the consciousness is transferred, the energies will be refined. Such a body would not attract disease.

We draw our powers from the electronic world. Increased electrical voltage creates in its furnace all new forms. Molecular structures function through cellular bodies, but when the change comes, the molecular-body will be adapted to an earthly state. It will not be a purely cellular structure, but a cellular-molecular-structure. Teleportation will then be as simple as walking or running. But it will be far more interesting and exciting.

The electronic body must first learn how to permeate the molecular body, for a coarser state cannot enter a finer, although a finer can enter a coarser. The deep longing for worlds beyond is the urge of the soul for release. A soul confined to crystal earth is forever trying to break away. The new seeds must come from advanced worlds. They must be planted in fertile soil. The time-soul must be forged with the space-soul while we still live in a time world. That is what we are faced with now. Those who are devoting their lives to learning something about this new life are no longer willing to cling to the familiar. But the masses cannot imagine anything different from what they were born to.

We inherited our form at birth. Many have put their form into deep-freeze to preserve it until death. They have come to believe that death alone can release them from the present form. But when we stop to realize that the molecular body is the form we will later inhabit, then we soon get accustomed to the idea. A man who has built his molecular body in advance of death has balanced his two worlds. He will not have to go through the birth pangs of being cleansed in the so-called astral world.

Each body is immortal in its own realm, but these bodies must learn to work together in harmony. The abil-

ity to create a new body is the ability to elevate our world. The first change is in point of view. Conflicting and contradictory ideas have always been with us. We have never known the meaning of cooperation. We have never been cleansed of our impurities. The history of mankind is one of blind endeavors. We have experienced little perceptible change, cycle after cycle. This applies to the form of the earth as well as to human form. We are forever making plans to meet the oncoming changes, but when we come close to the line we back away with fear and trembling. We're afraid to go through.

When we are in doubt we need only to refer to nature. Nature's way is the safe way. Vegetation has made appreciable advances through the many years of cultivation. Trees soon learn to adapt to new environment. To use a concrete example, the lonely desert smoke tree had to adapt to blistering summer heat. It has been known to send its root sixty feet below the surface in search of water.

It is apparent our earth has lived through many violent mutations. Each age has left something for the next age to follow. For thousands of years we were bound to an Ice Age. Perhaps the human seeds were preserved as we now preserve our foods. Life has been a continual round of ups and downs; crescendo and diminuendo; pleasures and pain. The mystery of man himself has never been mastered.

Where did our form come from? What will happen if our bodies are suddenly melted down by atomic fire? Will the seeds be buried again to come forth in some later era? What would happen should the molecular body be destroyed too? Would it be the end of the individual? Would he be unable to reincarnate again? Would it put an end to the human race? These are things we must think about, and think about seriously.

The safest road to protection is to learn how to live in our subtle bodies while we still occupy a human vehicle. When we can accept the fact that death is a state of rest between lives, then we shall be more careful and build the subtle bodies according to the pattern we should like to see brought into manifestation.

What is meant by translation? Is it not the ability to

slip quietly and without violence from one body to another? If we can build this molecular body in life, we can slip in and out as in teleportation. The soul is free to make its rounds arc to arc. This is true salvation.

To be reborn we must be reborn within. This can only be accomplished as we learn how to attract and circulate the Light.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MAGIC OF WORDS

The day is close at hand when men must learn to live with each other. Brotherhood must start in the heart of this present century. We must learn how to create a creedless, boundless faith in our fellowman. There will be many rocky steps to be climbed but they will be the steps that will lead us out of the labyrinth to that glorious splendor On High.

Through the many long centuries we have been dependent upon words. Words have served as an intellectual base. They have aided us in gaining an intellectual consciousness. There was a time when man had no words to express his feelings. The first language was wordless. Man made unintelligible grunts and noises in his throat. In those far-off days men spoke to each other from soul to soul. They needed no words, for there were no diversifying influences to distract them. They sought only the "kingdom of heaven." They knew nothing of specialization. They dealt only in the universals. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was made flesh."

How often do the words we speak live to scorn? How often do our words destroy? In this human trek through millions of calendar years, we have been continually adding words to our vocabulary. Our dictionaries are revised at given intervals. But the true Word has become more and more obscured. In recent years general semantics has tried to rescue some of the pristine meaning of language but the creative word has not been restored.

Words have been handed down to us through the centuries. The ancients had words for every need. The Pagan gods had their special words. These words are with us still, but the meaning has been changed. They

are called by different names. Religious history had its saints, its ascended masters, its holy men. They too had a book of words. But perhaps the more revered word of all time is that little inconspicuous word, freedom. In the days gone by it was good. It meant what it implied. But today it is like an empty vessel from which the last precious drops have been drained. We find the word in all our literature. We find it in our hymnals. We've heard it shouted from every political platform; from every pulpit from one end of the globe to the other. But seldom have we stopped to analyze its true meaning.

With the ushering in of the Space Age we hope we will soon put the word freedom back in its rightful place on the throne. We will begin to experience it in our living. Freedom lights the fires of the soul. We can only live to the fullest in this coming age as we bask in the best our world has to offer. To live in a luxury-consciousness will eventually give us the luxuries of living. Nothing will be denied, all will be enhanced. Perhaps we shall have beauties beyond anything we have ever known for as the mind is, so we are. The pattern must start from source, and it starts with our words.

The Book is the Word. We will find in The Book the Light that will send our world spiraling to the heights. Words are our protective armor, for language is our medium of channelship. Channelship is a universal function and it provides us with the keys to the citadel of space.

Many cruel and heartless words have been spoken since the coming of the UFO era. To the pilgrims trying to minister to their task they have been words of discouragement. Disheartening words that have sent many back to their little darkened caves. But we should have no further road blocks to incredulity, no more acceptance of words that have lost their meaning. But we do need words, many thousands of them, for they will help to bring us to that altar rail we are seeking. At first there will be but fragments of word knowledge coming through. But when we learn to speak a universal language, then creative words will begin to flow.

Language is the instrument of thought. Speech takes the place of gestures. When we decide we shall have no more trafficking in mimicry, no more sophistic imitations then we will learn how to create. It is hard to think of a

time when we had no articulate speech between men. How often we have questioned: "Where did our alphabet come from? How did words get a start? When we stop to think about it, the words were always there hidden in the folds of sound. When we tapped the sound barrier the words came forth. Words came to help us give vent to our joys and fears. Man's emotions stirred up by stark and lonely living, he had to create words as a defense mechanism against his aching nostalgia. Yes, in the beginning we had only the sounds of nature, but out of this came our language.

Fear has been associated with fighting. It is masculine in nature. Harmony is associated with peace. It is the feminine side. The stars were man's Father-God. When the Earth was young they helped him carry through his weary days. They helped unravel the secrets of the universe. He could speculate on the world outside He could ponder what lay at the ocean's depth; what he might find on the tops of the Earth's rugged mountains. Each new thing, each new discovery called for a new name. A word must be created to identify it. In this way, speech was born.

In the diversity that followed, each tribe had its own set of words. They created their language from their own individual patterns. It was a long and weary path, but this is the way of evolution. A civilization can only advance as nature provides the bounty. There is a constant pruning and re-pruning for nature is forever making and remaking. Each stripping-down process makes it easier for the next start. Out of it all has come the dominant races and their language.

But with it all, our fears are still with us. They are fears that grew and flourished as civilization marched on. Fears of war, fears of pestilence, fears that originated in the labyrinths of time. Language evolved slowly until the time came when humanity had a broad usage of words. Wordiness grew, but the true depth of understanding was lost. In time we become word-bound. We used our words incorrectly, therefore they produced incorrect answers. Little by little, natural order was lost and chaos reigned.

Few of us realize how closely we live by our words. We might change the label many times but the contents

remain the same. Words have helped us to extract knowledge from the abstract and apply it to the concrete. Secular knowledge has been the root and fibre of scientific growth. Humanity has a way of wanting to be shocked into realities. An earthquake must hit us before we decide for ourselves. This has often resulted in shocking, profane words.

When communities larger than the family were formed, the tribes began to relate stories to each other. They told of their adventures, their experiences. To exchange ideas they made use of the linguistic instrument, the voice box. The voice box was the focal point of creative powers.

There are many centers of creativity, but the homeland is to be found at the core of ourselves.

When we first started building railroads across the country, we went around the mountains, not through them. Today we build tunnels through mountains, and under the rivers and oceans. We refuse to be hampered by obstacles. Heavy equipment can pass through all solids. If there is a definite point to be reached we blast away the debris.

In breaking through to the next dimension we must go through the fire, not around it. Once that solid wall of pollution is blasted away we will have entrance to our paradise. The time is coming when all men will be greater than they are now. This is all part of the pathway of evolution. Words can help us mount the steepest of climbs. But we must somehow restore their pristine meaning. Without meaning, words lose their power to create.

No one can help us with this task. Those from On High came to inspire us, but they cannot perform for us. With inspiration we can help ourselves. The illuminable realms contain many mansions, and by means of our intuitive perceptions we can reach them all.

Spirit speaks through the voice of inspiration. We have tried to achieve permanent material greatness by means of the obvious. In this we have failed, utterly. We've tried to reduce God to a purely human level. In that we failed, also. It is said one cannot look into the

face of God and live. Encased in a primitive earth-body it is impossible for the finite to explain the infinite.

What does all of this have to do with words? Words came to express feelings. Words are a way of intercourse between men. Perhaps when free energy comes we will learn a great deal more about sound and its glories.

How many times in our lifetime have we pondered how the birds in the air learned to sing? How some birds can be taught to talk? Perhaps the birds can hear more distincting, the universal sounds! Their songs might come from listening to the music from the spheres.

A good singer does not strain after his music. He sets the lens of his voice box and lets the beautiful arias stream forth. In short, he taps the source of free electronic energy. Perhaps man will one day learn to speak a universal language by merely tapping the electronic force of the universe. Today, that same method is being employed by those who believe they hear voices from beyond. In reality it is an illusion of speaking. It is a universal tongue that is instantly translated into common understanding.

The creative Word has not yet been restored, but if we continue to progress in that direction, it will one day happen. The man of the street has no knowledge of his voice box beyond making the sounds he calls words. When the time comes to speak a common tongue there will be different intonations to convey different meanings. Then all will understand.

We stand at the beginning of much new knowledge. There are many connecting links which seem to tie in with the stars and the planets. The priests of the ancient temples linked up the movements of the heavenly bodies with their temple shrines. The mystery has broadened and so has our understanding. Perhaps when we go into space all of these mysteries will be solved.

CHAPTER XVII

OPENING THE THIRD EYE

When did man first acquire dual vision? His two eyes? When the switch came what happened to his third eye? It is said the Lemurians had but one eye, the Cyclopean eye centered in the forehead. Since history has a strange way of repeating itself, can we expect a return to the Lemurian epoch on a higher scale of evolution? Must we again develop the sight of the third eye before we can take any appreciable steps forward into the Space Age? The aura and the vestigial organ known as the third eye might prove to be of primary importance in our opening individual forcefield. We know that through this long cycle we have utilized but a small area of our great potential. The ancients believed that Light is circulated through the third eye. To open the third eye would be comparable to opening a window to let the fresh air in. It is still the light-bearer and as we gain greater vision we will also begin to use the third eye.

In our downward trek we gathered to ourselves, more and more substance. Likewise, more and more debris. We took on density. This of necessity had to continue until we reached bottom. Today we are on our way up again, but there are still many hard encrustations to go through. Gravity is one of them. There is much putrid accumulation to be discarded, for we cannot free ourselves of bondage so long as we carry along with us these mountains of psychic waste matter: the pollutions and debris of a lifetime.

It could be that both the aura and the third eye can become important today. Perhaps they will be needed to carry us into those evanescent worlds! We all revere a healthy body. We would like to inject a large dose of

health into all our affairs. The sure way to create a healthy body is to make it resistant to disease. The De La War Laboratories in London have been experimenting with various virgin substances. Electronic tests have revealed tuberculosis in potatoes, poliomyelitis in tomatoes. We have made the human body a receptacle for all disease germs. It was the great Louis Pasteur who discovered that germs, not chemical action, created fermentation and decay. He found that by merely changing the placement of the molecular substance the patterns of life could be changed. He discovered that death amounted to a mass of grey substance. Does this mean that a virus is merely a thought form? Is there a thought form behind all bacteria? Should the body be made non-resistant to disease germs, could the individual then live on indefinitely? If so, does this mean that science must find a way of getting rid of the pollutions? There is every good reason to believe that our new pathologies will include electronics. Cancer and other degenerative diseases set up a motion that can only be described as life in reverse: life racing toward death. This reverse action spins faster and faster, creating at the same time, greater amounts of degeneration. The time comes when it must reach a point of death. Was death caused by the disease or the vast accumulation of psychic waste stored in the human aura? This is something worthy of research. Pasteur discovered that micro-organisms are afloat in the air. When these microbes are healthy they are globular in shape. When they sicken toward the death, they resemble little rods.

Regeneration acts in the same way on the upward climb. It gathers more clean substance until the time comes when it is wholly purified. It then goes on until it reaches center where the centripetal force is perpetual. It travels in a chain-like reaction until it reaches a state of spiritual perfection. On these levels or planes, there are points of limitation. In our present state of evolution the mind can only reach to what is occultly described as the seventh plane.

Essence flows continuously from source. It pyramids dissolves and rebuilds again. In this way, all chemistry, body and world, is being constantly renewed. This is creativity at work.

It is said there are spots on the earth literally alive with disease germs. There are other places relatively free from these devastating little bodies. Germs can be killed at both extremes of temperature. The primitives believed that evil spirits entered the body and made it ill. But what is an evil spirit? Is it not a crawling form of lower life? It is very possible when we go off into space we will discover fountains of clean, pure essence. Such spots might also be found on the Planet Earth. These areas would form a linkage between the dimensions of the visible and the invisible. To separate the vapors from crystalline form is the task before us. There is but a fine line of demarcation between these levels. Crystal forms must be melted down by heat and fire. There are times when this can be accomplished, other times when it is virtually impossible. There are times when the fires of creation burn with intensity. At other times they are little more than a spark.

Many on the planet today are becoming third-eye conscious. Some are developing extra-sensory vision. Climate plays an important role here. The ancient sun temples were on sites selected by the priests. They found it easier to draw the Light when it was properly focused. Certain areas acted as a magnet. They helped to generate the protoplasm. Today the best of our scientists know little or nothing about these subtle realms. Or the subtle essences. Until we acquire schools capable of teaching these secrets, we will not advance on the ladder of greatness.

Nature is abundantly generous. She is ever ready and willing to help if we will reach into her baskets of wisdom. It is not necessary to be an academically trained technologist. All that is needed is a burning desire for knowledge.

Today the whole world is on the quest. We are seeking these wonderful things that have been lost. All of this we can recapture at the end of each cycle. Jesus mastered the forces of nature. He told us we could do the same. Materials are relatively unimportant. Form is important. At death all materials go back to the same natural source. But the soul goes on. It does not lose its identity. It merely serves newer and more efficient forms. We cannot extinguish the spark. We cannot put out the

light. But we must now have the help of the discarded sciences to lead the way. This is our responsibility. It is our task, for those who lead the way must help to release humanity from its myriad of little prisons. To bring them enlightenment.

When life grows drab, we become colorless. It is hard to be lifted out of a drab environment. Drabness is nothing more than a mass of accumulated grey matter. Grey matter that is fairly swarming with germs. We absorb from the atmosphere that which is in the atmosphere. Entire towns and cities come under this dark cloud. Smog has made its ugly appearance in many industrial cities. And what is smog? Perhaps it is not altogether what it appears to be. It might have something to do with space: the cosmic mist coming down and mixing with the pollutions of earth. Is another Lunar Cycle on its way? Will the day come when the sun will become invisible and the whole earth will be buried under a heavy smoggy crust? Would we like to go back to the Dark Ages? To roam the earth like the prehistoric animals? Would we be satisfied to look skyward to a solid crust of density? To start life all over again?

If not, let us start opening up the third eye . . . "the eye that is single to God." Let us help bring enlightenment to the world! The old centuries are finished. The new centuries are about to begin. The Space Age is all around us. It will soon be as familiar as the old home-
stead.

We do have Avataristic help whether they appear in a body of flesh or a garment of the spirit. Our brothers from space are here to guide us. Like the Greeks bearing gifts, they are bringing us new ideas we can translate into new talents. This exciting news came upon us suddenly. It started with the lower notes but it is rapidly rising to a high crescendo. The materials out of which we will build our new Earth will eventually be found in the ethers above. Just as oil clings to the sands of the earth, where they must be separated by the genius of man, the essences of the Cosmos are stored in the cauldrons of the universe. Man will one day bring them into physical manifestation. Primordial essence permeates our atmosphere like the dust of the earth. Perhaps there are storage fountains in space where it is cached away for our

use. When we learn how to tap these founts we will indeed build ourselves a brand new world.

For this reason it is necessary to dip back into our past to find the future. When we can recognize what has gone before we can anticipate things to come. George Hunt Williamson has pioneered this path for us. His findings in Peru are valuable to us now, for he has shown us that in the past we were much closer to Source. Man had few diversified interests to steer him from his path then. He was forced to look up for his answers. He dreamed of ways of wrenching the secrets from nature. It was then he learned how to control the forces that baffle us now. It is believed the ancients knew the secret of gravity control. All their secrets have been lost to a stumbling humanity.

The way might not prove as difficult as it seems. If science will turn its eyes and ears toward the subtle sciences perhaps it will be very close. If it were not for the force of gravity, we could walk upon the waters. Jesus did it. If it were not for gravity we could float in the clouds. Obviously the UFO's can do this. And we might yet accomplish that feat. When we open up the individual forcefield many things will happen.

How can we stretch our wires out into the Cosmos? How can we harness the force that is stored in the ethers? Perhaps we will not need intricate wiring. The great Nikola Tesla proved to us that it could be done. Cosmic force fills every part and particle of space.

How can the holy men go through the fire without being burned? They go through because they have learned to nullify heat. They go through by raising the frequency of the molecular body so that it can penetrate the electronic field. We look upon space as an empty vacuum simply because we do not have the vision to see beyond. If space is empty it would be valueless to us. But it contains everything we shall ever need. We now mold and create from the solids of the earth. We will merely transfer our endeavors to a higher level in space. The same mind brings forth on all planes. We had to dig with a pick and shovel to find the values on earth. We dig with our minds into the higher realms. Ways to utilize the values of space will be shown to us in due time.

We have kept ourselves grounded by the weight of

gravity. But if gravity is a pressure rather than a pull, where does it start? In Matthew 8:12 it says: "But the children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness. There shall be weeping and the gnashing of teeth." Again in Matthew 25:30: "And cast yet the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." Is this darkness a solid wall of putrification? Pollutions gathered through the ages? The very dregs of life itself? Does Judgment Day refer to the changes that are coming? When the Light comes will it clear away the darkness and release the desolate souls in the subworlds? Will we find the answers to electronic energy? Is the graveyard of dead souls to be cleansed just as we cleaned out our mosquito holes? It is said this is the most unchangeable part of the universe. But when the time comes for change all things will respond. Even the densest must be broken up and set free.

Lightning and thunder accompanied the crucifixion. Was this free energy turned loose to cleanse the world? Is this what is meant when we say: "Jesus died for our sins?" Did Jesus come to cleanse with the divine detergents? Did he use fire as we use the scrubbing brush?

We have had our men-of-flame with us all through this long cycle. A few have burned their way through to the next realm. They didn't light their way with candles. They didn't do it with gaslight. They drew down the fire from heaven. If we can think in terms of principle, we can work with principle. When we have discovered the force that has been with us so many times in the past, then we will find: "Straight light extends from above the whole heaven and earth as if it were a pillar for color like unto the rainbow, but brighter and purer."*

What is available that will act as a powerful detergent against these vile pollutions? We have used the products of chemistry: we've worn out our test tubes on sprays. But the pollutions are still with us. They are fast becoming a menace. With the strong poisons we are now using it is hard to tell where the virtue ends and the vice begins.

The human aura has always been a mystery to us. Many have seen the color display that surrounds the human body. Aura reading is one of the subtle sciences.

*From "The Book of the Dead".

Since all things have their own polarity, it is natural to assume the aura has its polarity. It is both positive and negative, sparked off by electric power. When we are feeling alive and vital it is because we have tapped fragments of this force. The electrical charge stirs the color vibration and brings it into manifestation. This is known as live color. Color direct from the color spectrum of space. We can develop a psychic sense where the human aura can be seen by anyone. The method of extending the vision is open to all. When we arrive at a certain point in our spiritual evolution, the aura emanations are stirred up. They become more vital and hence more vibrant in color.

We all have the gift of spiritual vision but few of us use it. Aura research is essential today because it will lead to opening up the individual forcefield. A well-developed sensitive can be of greater importance to the Space Age than a multitude of satellites. And far less costly. Vision of this kind can penetrate the very heart of space. There are many visionaries, but few who possess true vision. Few who can dream and make their dreams come true. Human beings emphasize first the positive, absorbing more than they can take in. Then they switch to the other extreme, drinking in an overdose of the negative, and back and forth it goes. They have not learned how to balance polarity at center.

When we learn something of the aura we will know something about man himself. We will have a better understanding of the fields ahead. Negatives were stressed at the beginning of this cycle. There was much uncleanness, little sanitation. When the filth and stench piled up and the populace could no longer live in it, cities were abandoned and new cities built. But the filth stayed on to become a pollution.

Uncleanliness and the sinister walk hand-in-hand. Out of it comes the fears and the superstitions. Fear of the forbidden and the unclean brought witchcraft to the earth. Many believed they were obsessed with evil spirits. Fear and the negative established a custom. If these curses were to be vanquished strong potents must be made. And so they started the fad of brewing one filth to eradicate another filth. One filth chasing another. Today the principle has been reversed. When the filth becomes too stenchy we find new ways of getting rid of it.

Out of disease and pestilence came strange religions. They were based on magical practices. Human beings were crucified on the altar of the curse. Mythologies and other literature fairly teems with the negatives and how they were dealt with. It all had its start in humanity trying to escape infections and uncleanness. Religion and human relations went hand in hand.

The first beings were unfamiliar with the things of earth. Whether we care to admit it or not, we stand today where they stood. We are quite as alien to the coming Space Age as they were coming to Earth. For this reason a gigantic educational system must be inaugurated. The Earth has provided just about everything we needed to build our vast civilization, but unless we learn something of the art of transmutation, it will go the way of all prior civilizations. The gathering of knowledge will remain man's heritage so long as there is an earth and perhaps as long as there remains a heaven, too.

How can we be released from the bondage of pollutions? Despite appearances, we are becoming progressively more divine. An apple must rot down to its seed. Evil will one day be exterminated. But what can we do to help it along? To find an adequate solution, we must rise above the sordidness. "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Thy rod! Thy staff! How singularly significant! The vril stick, the rod of Moses, a way to bring the fire from the heaven. A way to tap the Great Light! We are calling it free energy. When we can control the ethers we can control the lower Earth. Man stands at his eventide. The old cycle is past. We can tap the cleaner ethers because they are there to be tapped. My mentor Diane showed in "Over The Threshold" how to draw live color from space. Color is one of the streamers from the Light. When we can surround ourselves with a vivid thought form of color it will act as a bulwark of protection against all invasion. A detergent to keep the aura clean. It would eventually make us invulnerable to germs, for germs cannot live in purity.

Everything has its own auric field. Cities have their own characteristic aura. They attract or they repel. Recently I had the experience of spending a few days in

one of the most important steel centers in the country. To say that it had that "steely feel" is putting it mildly. The aura surround was evident to all my senses. The very atmosphere seemed to be permeated with the stench of brawn and sweat. A stench of poverty that had not been cleared away with the coming of prosperity. I feel sure a Pasteur test would have found it alive with germs: thought forms of the early struggles, sickness and pain. When we can rise out of these low pressure areas, the germs will disappear.

Poverty has been the rot of our civilization. When we do away with poverty the rich will be rid of the scourge that has bound them. Poverty is the evil of the earth. It will disappear when the evils are burned up. These evils would soon be burned up in free energy.

Free energy will also play a part in advanced methods of healing that will one day take over. This is our inheritance when the new has been launched. With a greater perfection in living there will be fewer accidental deaths. But perhaps the time will come when we have learned how to create and mold the essences, when even parts of the body destroyed by accident can be safely restored; parts built from the original protoplasm. They would be created as the need arose and there would be no pollution such as goes along with decaying flesh.

This is all in the realm of tomorrow's possibilities. Secrets and values that can be ours when we enter into partnership with the Cosmos. Cosmic events are in the making. The Cosmos is always there to be tapped.

Essence is transcendental. If man is of divine origin, he is entitled to his just heritage. It has been hinted in our sacred literature, but we have never tried to find the missing links. These links, the Space Age will provide. We have tilled the fields of Earth. Now we must start to till the fields of Space.

What great role will the third eye play in this new drama? Light circulates through this vistic organ. It is here the power is released. It is here that new creation begins. Through the third eye darkness is dispersed and we are guided into the Great Light. At this point in the center of the forehead, we tap in with the earth and the heavens above.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE POWERFUL ALCHEMY OF LOVE

The time has come to separate the sheep from the goats. The Red Sea is dividing, one group on one side, one on the other. The non-conformists are growing more determined to break through the hampering bondage of fixation. In the younger set it is manifesting as the Beatnik Era. These rebellious youngsters are beginning to feel the terrific pressure from beyond. It torments them no end, and they are bound to find the answers. While they are taking the back door, a door that will one day slam shut, still the non-conformist is showing up on many levels. Some are reacting with violence, others are taking the path of the lonely ones. They know it is not a hoax this time. They **must** do something about it.

Why have we suddenly become space conscious when we have shown so little interest through the centuries? Is it because something within tells us we are growing old? That the time is short? Is space our next haven? Isn't it the greater acting upon the lower? Perhaps this growing urge will continue to gain power until it is ultimately absorbed back into the Great Light.

We all came out of the same World Ark. One day we will take refuge in that ark again. In the beginning God made this race of homespun homo sapiens. "Male and female created He them." It is said man was once an androgynous creature, male and female within himself. Those were the days when Oneness reigned. Twin souls were like twin coffee beans: they occupied the same shell. Then came the flood and Noah's ark of protection. They entered two by two. Was this the symbolism behind dualism? Is the dualistic life the Noachian life? If so,

how very far apart twin souls have roamed. But with it all, the yearning for reunion has never been absent.

The uniting of twin rays means much more than the merger of romantic bliss. When twin souls meet on earth or on the higher realms, there is instant recognition. One is fused into the other though one might be in a flesh body, the other in his molecular or higher body. The divine flame is ignited and many times the Great Illumination is the result. On rare occasions this divine state accompanies what is known as earthly marriage. Somewhere from out of the deep past, each refreshed half has met its mate. They meet and become as One again. When this state of true bliss comes it is not confined to the sphere of romance and marriage alone. Every least detail of that life is illumined. Each part falls into place as if touched by a magic wand. The world becomes a magical place, and happiness is unending. Few earthlings have experienced this true ecstasy of love, but it is always possible. Earthlings often have their senses whipped to a frenzy, but seldom have they experienced that moment of transcendency where spirit and matter merge into One. Earthlings will know this happiness when they become whole within themselves.

This is all part of the educational program ahead of us. While we cannot be certain just how life started on this planet, we do have some vague idea that twin rays played their part in the beginning. The origin of man and his relationship to the other animals has been one of the biggest controversies of all time. Did the human race descend from monkeys? Were we brought here from the more advanced planets? Are we the left-over laggards from the days when the processional moved on? There is no tangible evidence upon which to predicate our geneology, but if we did start with the fish-gill and its wide slits we know that the atmosphere of that past was far different from what it is today.

There is nothing to prove or disprove that life began in the slimy waters, but we do feel that the human species had a far different start. If there was nothing miraculous about the beginning of life, why has science been so long in finding it out? Many accept the theory that in the first days our atmosphere was denser than it is today. Perhaps there was no sun. But there was plenty of volcanic action. A great deal of rain. Rocks became crystallized

in the earth's hot furnace. We were churned like raw eggs in the cauldron.

Then, later on, the microscopic creatures came. There is plenty of such evidence to be found in the rocks. Lands were barren through immeasurable ages. Again the imprimatur is to be found in the rocks and sands. Nature leaves her signature upon all that she creates, good or bad. No thing endowed with life can remain in the same form forever. The body of things is always dividing and sub-dividing.

Perhaps it has required millions of years for us to arrive at our present advanced stage. Of course we could go on and on asking questions, but we would still be without adequate answers. There are times when the gap seems to widen — times when it seems to close up altogether. Earthman has crawled, he has walked, he has stumbled. He has come up from a state of barbarism to a state of culture. Each generation has shown some slight variation. Abberations are always in evidence. There is a new-born generation in all living things. Some are strong. Others are weak. As we grow we seem to be fitted into the task of living. But every now and again a violent mutation takes place. The mutations of the past years have appeared slight. But if we can believe the word coming from behind the veil, the most upsetting mutations of our recorded histories are just ahead of us. When the time comes for our earth to pass on to another existence, it is possible the remnants of our humanity will be again launched out into the oceans of space.

Signs and portents are everywhere. Yet how are we to know when this change is coming? Will there be an obscuration of the sun? Will our skies be encrusted with smog? Is this part of the densening process now going on in our earth? What can we do to assure ourselves that we will still be in the line of the marching parade?

We know that at given intervals the doors to new progress are opened, the doors to completed tasks are closed. Jesus said: "Love ye one another." We are all linked together on the same subconscious chain. If we can love one another, then we will have a greater love for ourselves. It will make our days on earth much happier. There will be nothing to fear should the end come suddenly.

The flame of love is burning at low ebb today. Should it be extinguished altogether man would soon revert back to the animal. But, if we succeed in lighting our torch of love, if we can carry our own Great Light, then we will know what love really means. When we accomplish a love that will burn on and on forever, the breakthrough will be complete. This is the secret behind the perfect marriage state, yet how few in the world have glimpsed at this Garden of Hesperides.

In this grand march of souls, many strange things are happening today. Some are being guided into the secret chambers of the Most High. Twin rays are meeting for the first time in many centuries. Many are feeling the overshadowing influence of a great unrequited love. Love that will in time infiltrate through the masses and all will be lifted up.

True love is seldom crowned in one lifetime. Perhaps one might suffer through many lives without meeting his true mate. The great disharmony in the world makes it difficult for the fires of true love to burn brightly.

Love is a union, a merger of the positive and negative poles. The meeting of related opposites — male and female. Perhaps the fusing was made back in the night of time when twin-souls lived together and had found the keys to heaven. Love at this point is equilibrium between opposites. The ultimate goal of genetics is a merger of twin souls. As higher levels are reached there are still higher realms to be traversed. This is the alpha and omega of existence.

In the beginning of this present cycle (which represents a new style in bodies), a low type form was used at first to house the seed of those who were not yet led by the Light. To us now, those bodies were crude and unlovely. It was the task of the female to refine these bodies in the crucible of creation. Woman became the sustainer. She stayed at home and attended to her duties. But man went forth to adventure. For this reason woman evolved slowly on the ladder of evolution. Although both came from the World Ark together, he went on to pierce veil after veil of new experiences. He became an explorer not only out after new lands, but new experiences in the realm of woman. He would travel as he felt the urge, then as his philandering began to pall, again the love of his

true mate would well up within him. Again he would find his way back, assuring the lady she had not been forgotten. Perhaps countless centuries had passed but the spark was fanned into flame.

Light attracts its own. In this age of confusion many twin souls are meeting after ages of separation. Twin souls come to birth in numbers whenever there is a change in pattern. It is their task to help with the new mutations. Polarities are balanced, within and without. This strange urge is being felt by old and young alike. It is soul calling to soul from out of the depths of the Cosmos. The wail and cry is being heard over the oceans of space. Many will meet again before this cycle is over. This story is graphically told in my recent book, "Up Rainbow Hill". It is the Biblical meaning of "they shall be gathered together."

Where can one find the answers to these momentous questions? Some of these answers might be found in the Book of Thoth, lost through the centuries because it contains knowledge that can only be revealed at the end of a cycle. This is the register of marriages made in heaven.

Why did God separate the twin souls in the first place? Perhaps it was necessary that each might learn his lesson separately. We had to learn through conflict and pain. But today those forces must be brought together in harmony and strength for the days that lie ahead. Without harmony we will sink into deeper chaos.

Who are these extra-terrestrials who seemingly have invaded our midst? Are they twin souls again seeking reunion? If we could trace back their many incarnations perhaps we would find they have had many earth births. The answers are all there etched deeply into our subconscious. We alone hold the keys to our own inner citadel.

When we search we will find it there, written in our individual daily diary. This sacred record contains our innermost secrets. It holds the record of our many incarnations. All of this is to be found in that neutral zone between negative and positive. When the light is turned on, we will unravel the past as easily as we now unroll a piece of old parchment.

The mystery of twin souls has been told to us in

poetry and symbolism. It is to be found in the sagas of marriages between the gods and the goddesses: the uniting of polarities. Creation is the result of cosmic force (the polarities) coming together. It requires the combined action of the two opposing forces to create the neutral zone. The Egyptian Thoth, was known as the god of learning. He brought the wisdom of the faraway planets to Earth. In George Hunt Williamson's book "Secret Places Of The Lion", it says: "Far in a past time, the children of Light looked down on the world; seeing the children of men in their bondage, bound by the force that came from beyond; knew they that only by freedom from bondage, could man ever rise from the Earth to the sun. Down they descended and created bodies, taking the semblance of men as their own. The masters of everything said after their forming: 'We are they who were formed from the space dust, partaking of life from the Infinite All; living in the world as children of men, like and yet unlike the children of men.'"

Here we have it in a few words. Other planetary beings have been here many, many times before. At the time man was created he was given the secrets of the Cosmos and cosmic force. These secrets were given him to use, but in his wearying trek through time, he soon forgot his precious heritage.

This primary force is electro-magnetic, a combination of various magnetic forces and it contains many divisions of itself. Millions of sparks are thrown off from the earthly electrical force as we know it. But there are many facets of these sparks that we know nothing about. Elements of force that go to make up the complete electro-magnetic setup. Today they must be brought from On High and put to work. We can either start all over again on a higher level, or we can sink back to the lower. We do not have to invent. We merely reinvent. We will find the help we need in Old World experiences, in the myths and legends, in fiction. All of this can help us on the road to advancement.

In tracing back, it seems evident to us now that free energy was the true science of Atlantis. There have been many purges through the eons of time that have passed. The debris has never been cleared away. We have had

to start over again as babes and sucklings, with little or no memory of what has gone before.

Plato called the goddesses the common mother. Gods and goddesses have helped to keep alive the memory of those eons of time. They have served as symbolic realities. They have been our protectors, our educators. It is said they come every thousand years. Is my own mentor Diane one of these fair goddesses? A footnote in "A Dweller On Two Planets" gives this account: "Phylos the Tibetan said: 'One will come after me who will tell thee more of the GREAT DEEP OF LIFE THAN I. Await her words.'"

Quoting again from "Over The Threshold":

"I have lived through many centuries, my daughter. I shall live through many more. Not by means of rebirth but by means of translation of bodies. Perhaps the time has come to reveal my identity. Many times I have been seen over the hallowed spots of the Earth. I have ministered to the suffering on the bloody fields of battle. Child of Earth, I AM THE SPIRIT OF WOMANHOOD afloat on the sea of life. When changes are imminent it is ever the task of WOMAN to usher in the new birth. I shall walk the streets of Earth, I shall hover over your humanity until the day of transition comes. Some will see me in bodily form, others in my twin, shadowy body. A greater number will hear my voice. But I shall contact the many by means of telepathic communication. I shall be with your humanity; I shall watch over the beings of Earth until the New Age is safely launched, and perfection has been established in the heart and soul of Earth beings."

Is Diane one of these immortals? If so, what is immortality? Can we make ourselves immortal when we discover these great secrets? The form might change many times, but it need not go back to seed. Today many believe that extra-terrestrials are occupying earthly forms. Has the cycle returned? This is not a man-created cycle, but man must lead the way with his consciousness. God supplies the upper arc. Man is the lower arc. To the average mind this is fantastic gibberish, a dream. But haven't all great things come out of our dreams? The dream is unimportant. It is the timing that is important. Dreams are often immature. They are frequently aborted.

Then at some later time they come into the consciousness again. We lack proper understanding because we are continually warring with ourselves. When we gain intelligence, then it will not require strange Avataristic powers to help bring forth our dreams.

Words are inadequate to explain, for we have nothing definite as yet upon which to predicate or measure the more tenuous forms. We are dealing with the higher dimension, not the dense elements of nature and matter. Where are we going to find the guideposts? We will find them in the matrix of the Cosmos. Adventurous man explored and found the mysteries behind the mountains. He plunged into the ocean's depth. He created words with which to carry on discourses, one with the other. It was a long and arduous path, but he found it.

Again we are out in search of the springs of exhilarating elixirs. We're reaching for the dawn of a new era. We're looking for more fruitful lands. The dead centuries must be restored but they cannot be restored until we find the meaning of brotherhood.

Time has immortalized Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. Time has mellowed our search for the best. Lincoln gave America a chart and a compass of the years ahead. Those from On High are loaning us their compass and chart today. Just as Lincoln demonstrated our nation's strength, we, too, can demonstrate the strength of space. Just as he pleaded for the steadfastness of principle, we are pleading for the steadfastness of man in this new adventure. Just as he hoped for peace, prosperity and happiness for all, we are looking to the future of space to bring us all of these wonders. It is a magnificent generation we are living in, for it is not for Americans alone, but for the whole world. It is for every living being on the face of the earth.

These great changes can only come as we find the alchemy of Love. Today the vast majority are trying to escape into some fairy-land unrealism. Humanity is seeking fantasy as a means of happiness. Woman seeks her transcendency in man. Man is seeking fulfillment in woman. Throughout this long cycle we have looked to materialism for our happiness; —to the possession of things. The idealist alone has sought his dreams only to have those dreams crash at his feet of clay.

True love would change the world overnight. We can only find true unity in love as we know the wholeness of completion. When the founts of love are touched the gates are opened. Love streams through on ribbons of electrically-charged protoplasmic essence. An action is set up which quickly produces its own chain-reaction. A love based on this premise would last throughout a life-time, and beyond. It would be unsullied and beautiful for there would be a mutual blending of polarities. Two auras merged into One. One charged with this kind of romantic bliss the keys to the kingdom are found. All things, earthly and spiritual, are added. With a goodly measure of this kind of exultation in the world, there would be no more wars or serious discords.

But all of this must have its consummation on the physical plane. It ends in sex and a world of creativity. A sexual experience is only complete as there is a mutual flow from the electronic realm, down through the molecular and finally blossoming forth in the physical. This is the marriage made in heaven. It is something to imagine when we think of the new race of beings that would result from such unions. This is sex in the fullness of its meaning. It is consummation in fulfillment. The baser passions are no longer in control, but an alchemy of true love has been brewed in the cauldron of the Cosmos. Passion is transmuted into compassion, a deep and fervent tenderness, not only for the loved one, but mercy and love for all mankind.

How can this be accomplished by ordinary beings of earth? When a concordant note is struck in the electronic founts, then the chords from heaven bring forth their celestial strains, the electronic force is released to permeate all bodies. When the concordant tones strike the molecular body a great understanding comes. Discord cannot live where understanding reigns. Difficulties on the lower planes are instantly transcended, never fought over.

As this force enters the physical body, it is purified and refined leaving no sullied ash. Then the kiss on the lips and the caress of love is no longer physical, but the soul has flowered into full bloom. When this happens, man is no longer the philanderer, Adam out in search of his lost rib . . . he has found happiness in the core of him-

self. He has found that mutual point between the polarities where the fires of love are ignited. The prodigal male has come home, content at last to snuggle in the warm bosom of his true mate. This is the meaning of the Bible quotation: "He whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Such perfect bliss is only possible when dualities are merged at center. When male and female are welded by the flame of Divine Spirit.

This all reminds me of that priceless motion picture title currently seen on the theatre marquees: say it "Once More, With Feeling."

CHAPTER XIX

THE ARCHETYPAL PATTERNS ARE DRAWN IN ADVANCE

Can we bring distant events closer to us when we can help them by directing the procedure? Many adults have enjoyed the pursuits of superman and the daily newspaper comic trip. But are we not all supermen in the making? We can become super as we rise to a superhuman status. New events will continue whether we help them along or not. But why drag when we can run?

Scientists tell us that light travels at 186,000 miles per second. A few of our pseudo-scientists who are not glued to the rote of books are now beginning to scratch their cerebral atoms and wonder what we will find in the outer reaches of space. Could it be possible that up there Light does not travel at all? Being the Source of All Light, it might prove to be a constant. What a vast difference this would make to space travel! If it should be proven that light is a constant, the planets would be brought much closer to the earth.

We have measured the distant stars on our little mathematical slide rule. But even the conformists are beginning to agree that perhaps when we penetrate the depths of space, something will happen and we will suddenly find ourselves at our destination. It is possible we shall meet with many strange surprises when we get far above the clouds. We cannot even imagine today what might lie beyond that wide stretch of stygian blackness. Blackness that will prove terrifying to the first brave explorers. If space is dark and black, is it because it has no elementary substance to hold the light force? We cannot conceive of one single inch of God's wonderland

where we might find nothing at all, for even out of the nothingness something must come.

Man has two eyes, but each gives the world a different slant. The time will come when we shall be enabled to look out over the broad vista with one eye; the "eye that is single to God." Out there in space the polarities will no doubt meet. There will be light, color and brilliance. Polarities will be mutual. There will be a delicate balance we know nothing about today.

When we can bring these elements from space will we likewise change our earth's pattern? Today all of this is theory. Tomorrow it could be fact. It seems apparent there will be radical changes, perhaps even mutations in the specie itself. We have evolved gradually over this long cycle, perhaps we shall go very rapidly when we reach the ascending arcs. This means we must create new techniques. We must develop precision instruments. We must have something with which to accurately measure space. We might then find out that Cosmic events are not as strange as they seem. That they are only strange because they are unfamiliar.

The earth has been tilled by man. Space has been tilled by higher man. Just as the early settlers prepared the land for those who came later, higher beings are preparing space to be occupied by us. Some day these avenues will be opened up to all.

Today we take our earthy goods direct from the earth. Tomorrow we might be tapping and utilizing the primordial essences. It is possible that one day the great earthly mass will be disintegrated, churned and turned and made ready for new elements. Or, should the lights of civilization suddenly darken, perhaps this whole race of earth beings would be exterminated. This might last for another long cycle, or it might last forever.

Atlantis lived four score centuries ago. The divine guidance and love that made Atlantis great, suddenly turned to wrath, and she sunk beneath the waves. The patterns of violence we have created have placed us on the tobaggan slide. As Desmond Leslie says in "Mr. Lutterworth": "There is little use to scab over old sores. They will brake out in a new place." Destruction is a magnet. It attracts more and more destruction. Today

the great mass of humanity is paying tribute to the sordid and the ugly. Every now and again we read about some mysterious fire that seemingly had its start without the aid of humans. "Fate" magazine has in the past published many such accounts. Recently a story appeared in its pages known as "The Fire Poltergeist in Alabama." It seems a series of fires broke out in the home of one Calvin Took. They occurred only minutes apart and apparently without human help. There was no visible evidence found of incendiary origin. Many records have been kept of such fires. In some cases they have followed an extreme alcoholic debauch. Does this mean that evil can create its own combustion? Is this nature's way of ridding the Earth of some of its vile debris?

There are fires from hell. There are fires from heaven. Those who lay claim to extended vision have actually seen these Satanic fires . . . a putrid stream of living flame emanating from the fetid areas somewhere in the bowels of the earth. While cosmic force is everywhere present it cannot operate efficiently if it is boxed in. It cannot reach upward if the flame is drawn downward.

Some 29,000 years before the birth of Christ, Zarathustra founded a religion of fire. He maintained that fire was the purest of all elements. The god Thoth is said to have gone away in a whirling cloud of flame. If we are to take seriously the older records the degeneracy of our earth before the flood was indescribable. In Ezekiel 4:25 we read: "For all flesh had corrupted this way on earth."

Are the archetypal patterns of our future now being drafted for us? If so, to whom are these delicate tasks entrusted? Who are the draftees? In the summer of 1956 I was called to Oakland, California, to speak to a small UFO group. When I entered the hall of the YMCA, I noticed a man sitting in the back of the hall guarding a suitcase filled with drawings. Later, I was asked if I might have time to look them over. I did not have the time then, but a few months later I made an appointment to go to his home. That few moments proved to be the beginning of one of the most fruitful events of my life.

Ted Wentworth was not an artist. He had no training in art. He didn't know a crayon from a brush. Yet there was a collection of art endeavors that would impress

the best of art critics. But the story this man had to tell was even stranger. Ted had served in the First World War. At the close of the conflict he had stayed on in the armed service. A sensitive lad, it seemed easier and safer to stay in something substantial than it was to face the crudities of the world. He remained in the Army until his retirement. It was then his idle time began to pall and he sought employment. He took a job as a night guard in government service.

Ted Wentworth is a friendly individual and likes just about everybody. Like millions the world over, he had a fetish for doodling. In his job he had plenty of idle time on his hands so night after night, he says he would sit at his desk penciling strange markings on typewriter paper. Then, suddenly, according to Ted, faces began to appear that he had not put there. After the faces came the outlines of intricate designs that had nothing to do with the Planet Earth. Ted says he was then impressed to purchase a drawing board, pencils and crayon and go to work. About this time, loud electrical noises started. They were like the surging of high-pitched wires and the hum and rhythm went on constantly. There were times when it was mild, other times when it was shockingly powerful. He says he found it necessary to ground his feet, for he seemed to be floating, not walking.

When he had acquired the necessary tools and equipment he did not know how to proceed, but he says he found as he approached the drawing board it was like a magnet, drawing him with a force that was overwhelming. It seemed to concentrate in the third finger of his right hand. Then, he says, an amazing thing happened. He discovered the piece of art he was to portray had already been precipitated on the paper. It had, he says, been placed there by invisible hands. The outlines were extremely intricate and almost invisible to the naked eye, but clear and distinct to Ted. When he applied the pencil or crayon, he recalled that his hand seemed to move about propelled by an invisible force.

In a very short time he was drawing like a veteran artist, turning out fantastic creations in virtually no time at all. They were strange and in the beginning they had no meaning. Ted says he was not interested in the UFO subject. He had never heard of extra-terrestrials. But

the intricate pattern did not belong to this world. He took no credit to himself for as he tells it, merely filled in the spaces.

This phase was strange enough, but a still greater phenomenon has developed recently. He says he merely places his paper on the drawing board, sprinkles it with graphite dust, waits anywhere from moments to hours, and portraits of masterful faces pop out on the paper. They are faces of men definitely not of this world, and Ted feels certain now that they are men from other planets, the extra-terrestrials in our midst. He says there is no parlor game trickery involved, no wax to absorb the sprinkled graphite. The faces that appear, Ted emphasizes are spontaneous creations.

Perhaps this might prove to be the key to the enigma of materialization and dematerialization. Why is Wentworth's body first charged with powerful doses of electrical force? Why is it particularly centered in the third finger of his left hand? Has he opened his individual forcefield? It is hard for any of us to concede spectacular out-of-this-world portraits precipitated by invisible hands. It proves to us that the veil between the dimensions is very thin. It also proves the limitation of the human eye. That the time will come perhaps, when we will have the third-eye vision to penetrate the finer essences. Ted is insistent they are not spirit pictures. He believes sincerely they are brought forth by messengers from outer space bringing their blessings and their knowledge at this time.

Throughout the ten years that this has been going on, Ted has presented his work before university groups, art clubs and critics who would take the time to look and listen. All came up with different answers, most of them confusing. This did not deter him. He worked tirelessly, feverishly, devoting every free moment to the drawing board.

It was this strange array of pictures I saw hanging on the wall of the Wentworth apartment. To me they were stupendous, staggering, for Ted Wentworth had actually illustrated my books "Over The Threshold" and "Up Rainbow Hill" before they were written. Moreover, in one instance he had captured my profile as I had looked many years before, for seemingly he had tapped

in on the permanent records of space. In many instances his lucid art was the exact counterpart of my word pictures. For this reason the answers I gave him had meaning. I had found the key to many of his strange creations. They were no longer mere drawings but archetypal, subjective patterns, drawn from space. Portraits of powerful beings precipitated on the paper. Portraits that had not been drawn by human hands, and without the aid of a camera.

If these are in reality portraits of extra-terrestrials, it means they are as close to us as breath itself. Are they watching over us because we are in grave danger? Or has the time come for the dimensional increase to take place and they have come to aid and assist us?

It is logical to assume that we would need blueprints of space before venturing into space. In one set of drawings it is apparent he has brought through every least detail of a spaceship. It will take a trained eye to follow the mass of detail, but perhaps this is the way we are to be shown how to build a ship here on the Planet Earth. It is obvious he has drawn his pictures from the galleries of time. Perhaps we have here the patterns of our new world. Something given to us now slightly in advance of a great need.

Why should this task have been given to Ted Wentworth rather than a qualified master of the arts? Why was this man, totally without a trace of art training selected to perform this intricate work? Was it because he had no preconceived ideas to discard? That he had no inhibitions? No schooled technique? Free from all ritualistic trends, and intuitively alert. This man was not bound by the barbed wire entanglements. It is apparent he is a true sensitive. That he was fearless in his willingness to withstand the powerful electrical currents to which his body is subjected.

What is to be done with these universal-pattern pictures? He has hundreds of them in his collection. Will they be relegated to files ready to be referred to as we go along the road toward the Space Age? Are they patterns that will one day help us to gain a better knowledge of space and what we can expect to find in space? Have they been given to us at this time to help us over the uncharted paths?

It is doubtful that the most fertile artistic intuitive craftsman could have created these patterns in the ordinary way, for they are completely universal in scope. Ted Wentworth's conception of the Holy Trinity might change the world mind. Perhaps we have here the true archetypal pattern of the origin of man and where he is going.

These artistic endeavors follow no set rules. There is no repetition. All are originals. He often uses many pencils in the execution of a piece of work. The shading must be just right. There is no deliberation. No doctoring. His fingers move rapidly and with certainty. There is no skeletonizing of design, no measurements. And no creation is planned in advance. He does not know what is coming through. The totally precipitated creations are equally startling to him. There is no way to tell in advance what great value these thought-form subjective patterns might have on our own future. This would-be artist has carried them from the highest point the human mind can reach: the Godhead. He has gone down to the little hells where the Satanic fires have burned throughout all time. His portrayal of the lower arcs is stupendous.

The Bible speaks of beings living under the earth. Is this the devil's own playground? The hells of orthodoxy? "And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice: 'Who is worthy to open the book and loose the seals thereof?' And no man in heaven, nor on the earth, neither under the earth was able to open the book . . . neither to look thereon." Perhaps that book has now opened and there will be those who dare to look thereon.

Ezekiel 9:4, says: "And the Lord said unto him, go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and cry, for all the abominations that can be done in the midst thereof." They were told to slay all that did not have the Father's mark in the forehead. Does this mean those who have not attained to the Oneness? Must our **third eye** be opened again?

In Revelations Chapter 14:1 "And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount of Zion, and with him a hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads."

Does this not begin to make sense in our modern tongue? We know there is a big cleaning-up job to be done. Not only our surface of the earth, but the lower earth must be cleaned up too. If Ted Wentworth's archetypal patterns give us the true picture, there is a slight ray of light beginning to shine in the dungeons of the lower depths. The areas are still dimly lighted, but only darkness had reigned before.

The prophet has the ability to project into the future. But prophecy can work through form. Ted Wentworth has created thought forms on his drawing board. Thought forms that depict our long dead past. And thought forms that project over the threshold into our nebulous future.

Science tells us our earth came into existence some three billion years ago and that it has been through six creative cycles. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens will pass away in a big noise. And the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." From a study of Wentworth's cosmic prints this seems to indicate that the earth can again go the way of physical destruction or can be transmuted by way of heavenly fire.

Geologists claim there was a day when there were no oceans to divide the land. That all was a solid mass. In Isaiah 24: 1, it says: "Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof." Could this have been a time when the earth went out of its orbit? The time when Oneness became twoness? Can this be avoided next time by melting the ice caps of the Polar Region by means of free energy?

Those who lived when the earth was young were protected by the Light from On High. When our individual forcefield is opened up we too will be able to bring that Light by a mere flip of the mental switch. The Great Nikola Tesla could strike this mental switch and fire flowed from the tips of his fingers. Matthew 24:31 says: "And he shall send his angels with a great sounds of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."

Is this part of the Book of Revelation, the breaking

of the seals? Will the seal between earth and space be broken, and in "the twinkling of an eye" we shall be transferred to another dimension? "Except man be born of water and spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Will this happen when we find the citadel? When we learn how to focus our spiritual powers so that we can bring that fire into existence?

What will the New Earth be like? Will it be drenched in golden mist? Will we be bathed in the colors of the rainbow, and will we find there, plenty of room?

In this UFO era we have been handed the keys to the citadel of space. It is up to us to open the doors. We can swing those doors wide . . . or open them just far enough to peek in? Perhaps Venus will be our first stop. The stories told by those who have traveled in their molecular (subtle) bodies, would indicate that Venus is a planet we would all enjoy. There is no poverty there. No heavy labors. Disharmonies are at a minimum. There are beauties and luxuries galore. For this reason we must learn all we can while going through this transition period. When we can train our supersenses we will know how to be good neighbors to the extra-terrestrials . . . Whether we believe it or not, knowledge can be transmitted, one plane to another. We can project into the worlds beyond. With a change of system all things would change. The positives and negatives will be cancelled and there should be but One. Our every-day lives will be accelerated for we will learn in a short space of time that which ordinarily requires years to learn.

Perhaps this is what is meant by the "Streets of Gold." To be bathed in the flame! All through history we find references of men and women caught up in a strange mystical fire that has changed their lives overnight. It is now coming to light that many of the true UFO contactees have been through this experience in varying degrees of intensity. If one has this experience, it is recognized instantly by others who have been through it. Recently, in reading Orfeo Angelluci's book, "Son Of The Sun", it glared out from the many pages of good reading. Orfeo couldn't hide his own experience although it was veiled in the personality of another. Is he one of those chosen? Nor can Desmond Leslie hide from this pot of gold. The story told in "Mr. Lutter-

worth" reveals Leslie's own experience in illumination. There are others, too. The Great Light has come to those dedicated to a task. It is the one way they can see the road ahead. My own experience came several years before I was called upon to use it, but in those years I was being prepared. This story is told in my earlier books, but bears repeating again.

"I leaped to my feet as if to herald in some cosmic drama. Then it came, starting at my ankles like a gorgeous display of lighted fireworks; a transcendent violet flame that fanned out until it enveloped my body like an aura of sacred fire. As the flame was intensified, it extended over a wide periphery, racing through every cell, cleansing and purifying as it went. Channels of my mind that had been tightly closed before, opened up like an enchanted lotus flower. I was vibrant, magnetic, and I could feel the effervescence of an enthusiasm I had never felt before. My heart beating in rhapsodic rhythm was tuned in now to the heart-beat of the universe. I was no longer a citizen of the little inhibited world, but a guest in the World Universal. I was no longer a separate entity, a human personality, but apart and parcel of every inch of God's glorious creation. In that moment I knew as others before me had known, the true meaning of the UNITY and ONENESS of ALL."

Illumination has been looked upon as something reserved for the Saints . . . an experience beyond the scope of the average individual. But that was yesterday. Today we are rapidly overcoming those barriers. Many are opening their own forcefield. When we can apply this principle through directed techniques, when we know **where** we are going and **why**, more and more will experience the Great Illumination. They will know there is a Greater Power than has ever been released on the Planet Earth.

The time will come when every soul will drink of the pure nectars of spirit. Doctors will no longer be men of medicine, dealing out poisons to combat other poisons. They will be men of science, taking pride and joy in delving deeper and deeper into the lilting soils of space, where they will find marvels beyond their fondest dreams.

This will indeed be the New Heaven and the New Earth.

CHAPTER XX

THE MYSTERY OF COLOR and COLOR HEALING

What is true, live color? Is there a different color-spectrum on the varying levels of space? Those who have had the rare privilege of viewing live color through the vision of the third eye have basked in a fountain of many-hued flames. They know the beauties and the splendor live color can bring forth. This extended vision of a true color-sense can be developed by all. When we find these striations of color, we will know that the best laboratory product is but a shabby sham against the reality. When we learn how to look into space with a trained eye, we shall see colors that defy all word description. We shall see rainbows that turn into liquid gold.

The time will come when we shall no longer be satisfied with the synthetics, for the real thing will be available. These color-founts will be found when we harness the higher ethers. Gems will no longer be costly and reserved for the very rich. They will be produced alchemically, for gems are nothing more than crystallized colors.

When we go into space we will be anchoring the known with the unknown. We will be extending our present senses into a super-sensual world. The deeper we go, the clearer the design and the more mature the plan. For this reason, preparation is needed. We must have some idea where we are going for we will be exchanging one set of values for another. It will be a great adventure to, reach out, advancing from plane to plane. But it takes courage to enlarge our spheres and intrepidity to press onward and outward. The bringing of live color into visibility is a task for the future scientists. How wonderful it will be to live in a rainbow-hued world.

There would be no morbidity, no deep depressions No room for evil thoughts. Perhaps no insanity.

Man has tried to find this splendor in alcoholic sprees. He's tried to find it in drugs. His consciousness has been momentarily raised, but the roadblocks were not cleared away. The aftermath has never been worth the price paid for it. Perhaps man will find that lilt in space; something that will leave a golden glow behind. The road blocks will be permanently removed. He will be at the rim of the summit where he can look back at the sunsets of earth.

We cannot operate our human affairs, successfully, because we are constantly surrounded by a sea of blacks, greys and drabs. They are blocks in the way. When we can create a perfect girdle of resplendent colors around us, we will have nothing to fear from invasion. We have not yet learned how to speak a color language; nor have we learned how to build color-forms. When we do we shall then strike our own individual keynote through music and color.

Thousands of years ago, a large part of the earth was buried under icy glaciers. Glacial epochs come and go. They are cosmic in nature, and come to clear the earth of its filth and pollution. They usually follow a bloody purge. We have no record of dates when they came or when they went away again. But we do know these ice ages brought about radical changes in climate. Summer became winter, and winter turned into summer.

Man messes up his earth as he messes up his workshop. With every attempt to keep order, our earth is disorderly. Vacuum cleaners and street sweepers are forever at work(but they can do nothing for the soils of space just above us where they are slowly killing off the human race. There are physical atoms, chemical atoms and alchemical atoms. We've tried physical detergents — we've tried chemical detergents, now we must turn our attention to the ethers above. As we rise above a condition or thing, we become victorious over it. Color was put in space for our use. We can draw forth color just as we draw water from a well.

Scores of books have been written about immunity to disease. But so far we have not found any genuine

immunity. We've tried sprays and powders, we've tried vaccines and shots, but disease is still with us. Viruses are becoming more common every day. Perhaps we have not overcome the habit of disease because we have not found the archetypal patterns. The fight goes on but there is no victory in sight.

Perhaps immunity to disease will never be found in treating the human body. The body is only a vehicle to house the soul. Disease does not originate in the body proper. It must start in the aura that surrounds the body.

What is a virus? Is it not psychic larva that has sprung spontaneously to life? Perhaps they are thought forms afloat in the cosmic seas. Thought forms that have been suddenly metamorphosed into crawling life as we know it?

It is vitally important that we learn something about the human aura before we try to combat disease. A clean aura is a bulwark against invasion. The liveliest germ cannot live in a sea of transcendent fire. When we can build rose-colored thought forms we can build a rosy world. When we can harness the elements of the universe then our physicists and astronomers will have made a major contribution to our Earth. They will be thankful for the uncanny imagination of the lesser ones who made it possible. Only as we use imagination can we truly achieve.

Microscopic life exists in our atmosphere. These tiny spores may one day tell a big story. Surgery is deeply indebted to the faithful Louis Pasteur and his germ theory of putrification. His was a major step forward, but it was not complete by any means. Every kind and type of strong antiseptic has been put to use but germ life has not been stamped out. The little menaces always come back. We did find out however, that "cleanliness is next to godliness" when we began to wash our hands. This chased the dirt and filth but it did not altogether kill the germs. They are still with us. But, isn't it possible that when we rise out of the low pressure areas of living, all lower life will disappear? Is it possible to rise above a scourge? It would seem so, but we know it is difficult to eradicate it while it still lies beneath our feet.

A sick body starts with a sick thought form, or rather a thought form of sickness. Fear of ill health brings

about ill health. Disease first appears in thought form. The physical body is the last to be invaded. Without a thought form to feed upon, there would be no wasted tissue to be devoured. With the building of new thought forms the body can be completely renewed.

Few of us realize the power of thought. On the dust cover of Doctor Rolf Alexander's book "The Power Of The Mind" we find these words: "On Sunday, 12 September 1954, at Couchicking Park, near Orilla, Ontario, Canada, Dr. Rolf Alexander gave a demonstration of mental power heralding the approach of the New Mental Age, as world-shaking in its implication as the explosion at Alamogordo, New Mexico on the 16th of July 1945, which heralded the dawn of the Atomic Age.

"The demonstration took the form, in test conditions, of causing cumulus clouds to disappear solely through the power of mind. The significance of this demonstration, Dr. Alexander points out, is that it proves conclusively that the human mind can, when properly developed, upset the normal probabilities of a situation by direct action. Translated into practical language, this means that the human mind can control the unpredictable element in life, popularly called "luck" and tip the scales of circumstances in favor of health, success and happiness."

When we can control the mind we can control our lives. "Whatsoever we can imagine we can achieve." Imagination carried to its ultimate is illumination: the Light. All great religions have been built on this principle. That which starts as an atom of thought, grows eventually into a gigantic reality. When we start to clean up our dirty Earth, we will begin to subdue the complex passions of man. When we start to inject wholesome thought into living, we will naturally put forth greater and greater effort in this direction. Ill health makes us aware of the vast accumulation of waste we are forced to take into our bodies every day. This cannot go on forever. The time of final collapse comes and death catches up with us. Even the extreme health faddist always watching what goes into his stomach, must also eat a fair share of the poisons, for every morsel of food contains some degree of contamination.

Many have asked: "Should complete collapse come,

how will the multitudes be sustained? What would we use for food during the cleanup time?" We answer: How did Moses feed the pilgrims during the forty years of wandering in the wilderness? How did Jesus feed the multitudes on five loaves and two little fishes? Today we are burning gallons of midnight oil out in search of the elusive essences stored somewhere in space. Is this not "manna from heaven?" They found it; we can find it too. It is already ready and waiting for an hour of great need.

When we go questing for color, many baffling questions will be satisfactorily answered. The greatest revelations of our age will be found in the ethers of space. We will find these wonders for we shall be led by unseen hands. We will be guided by inspiration. Life will unwind itself on the upward spirals. The harbors of the universe will be opened up.

This will come when we are all united under the code of brotherhood. Then we will forge a bond between other planets. When the human mind can pierce the vastness of the unknown, advancement will be rapid. But first must come evolution in point of view. Mass minds must be changed.

Our destiny is tied up with the All, not just a part of the All. Lack of balance has brought us face to face with disaster. Possessions have not brought us happiness. The power of man is waning. When we change our point of view, we will change our attitudes. When attitudes are changed we can soar away to the new horizons.

For this reason we must learn something about the things unseen. The molecular body has the power of absorption. It lives and thrives . . . or it lives and dies on the thought forms fed by our hands and minds. The individual consciousness is in direct contact with the subconscious. It is possible when we learn much more about color, we will be able to prevent diseases before they invade the body.

What is true healing? Is it not finding a way to prevent disease? Preventive methods are more effectual than so-called cures. We know that the body is permanently damaged when it has been exposed to the wholesale invasion of diseased microbes. The Great Pasteur said: "Look for the germs. The bugs." Although he tried to

tell us, he too had his troubles, for the majority was against him. They tried to deny even in the sight of the evidence of proof. They preferred to believe that disease was the result of evil spirits. We owe to this man, the beginning of an era of sanitation, for he believed that cleanliness would eventually stamp out the germs. Surgery will forever be indebted to Louis Pasteur. He was one of our torch-bearers of progress. He showed us the way. But today we have carried the poison-cure to its ultimate. We have bug sprays for just about everything, even the fleas on the dog.

Doctor Pasteur made the discovery that germ life is more prevalent in crowded cities where human thought runs rampant and there is a greater accumulation of pollutions. He believed this to be the basic cause for all contagious diseases. Germs multiplied in certain filth-ridden areas, and they came in like an invasion of grasshoppers. Contagious diseases raged with fury for a time, then died out again. It is logical to assume, is it not, that a healthy thought form, intelligently created, would give immunity against disease? That it could prove to be more efficacious than trying to kill out disease after it enters the bloodstream? Isn't it possible this "one germ chasing another theory" will one day become obsolete?

Doctor Pasteur also proved that in the high areas, the mountain peaks, germ life was often entirely absent. Is this because there are no human thought forms to create germs? If germs cannot live in health, when we can rid the earth of its pollutions, there will be no germs. It would seem to indicate that the lower vermin is nature's way of maintaining balance in our topsy-turvy world. Perhaps we will one day classify germ life as belonging to the lower scales of evolution. When we get rid of the germs we can take the next step upward.

Vaccination and antiseptics served our era of chemistry, but we are now evolving out of chemistry into electronics. The poisons did their good work on their special plane of operation, but we are now going on to the planes beyond. Each plane must provide its own materials.

We know that anti-bodies can act as a bulwark against disease germs. When a person can become efficiently sick (that is, through many illnesses build up resistant anti-bodies) one has a much better chance of recovery

than one going through life knowing nothing of illness. A few years ago one of my very best friends came to her demise following a very slight sore throat. In her sixties, she had never known illness of any kind. Even the common cold and headache had passed her by. But one day another woman became angry with her. In her emotional frenzy she hurled a vitriolic remark: "I hope you choke". she cried viciously. Almost immediately Lucille developed a sore throat. It was nothing serious, but in a few days she died. Was it fear that caused her death? Or, did she lack the auric protection needed to keep out this violent thought form?

One day we will find an element that will serve the new world into which we are emerging as poison has served this chemical dispensation. We will be able to create thought forms that will make us immune to disease. Perhaps color and light is the element, the greatest measure of prevention we have ever known.

Roland Hunt, author of "The Seven Keys To Color Healing", has given me permission to quote from his little booklet titled "Arc of Triumph". It says, "Why is Color the Master Key?" The answer is, "Color is life."

"Color is the master key because it is a cosmic agent of enlightenment", says Ivah Bergh Whitten, founder of the AMICA Institute of Color.

"It will be seen that Color is the classification of Light. It does not alone afford distinction to outer sight; it controls thought and infuses intelligence with insight. The spectrum is not alone the symbol of integration, it is itself a cohesive force bringing the Seven-Fold consciousness into White Focus, whereby we see through a dark glass clearly." Through this integration or unifying potential, it is a great evolutionary agency, for it brings man toward the Son of God consciousness, White being symbolic of the Christ-consciousness.

"The Spectrum is the Alphabet of Light and Color, the one universal language, because all thought, irrespective of the tongue in which it may find outer expression, reveals itself in the aura (the human magnetic atmosphere) as Color waves . . .

"On this planet, all life in all kingdoms from the mineral upwards is nourished and sustained by Solar and

Cosmic radiation . . . Color, manifestly, is a veritable master gauge to the whole of Life, and with awakened awareness to this fact, can be glimpsed the purport in calling Color the Master Key, for it reveals the truth about all matter."

Color then is a powerful detergent. Color research is being carried on in earnest today. Perhaps color will soon be recognized as the universal solvent that will dissolve the bumps in the aura? Perhaps music and color will take the place of crude medicines, just as medicines took the place of magic and blood-letting? Music works on the subtle bodies, therefore it has a tendency to release the physical form from its daily stresses and strains. The techniques set up in "Over The Threshold" and "Up Rainbow Hill" have served as a protective seal against the invasion of negative thoughts. Color-forms are drawn from space, and color-thought-forms can be built up to act as a dissolving element against the pollutions. At the same time they can create a protective girdle against the ingress of viruses and the beginning of microscopic life.

Health abounds in the sun-sprayed deserts. Here we find a strong influence of the actinic ray and magneta-orchid mist that permeates the atmosphere. This might one day play an important role in our earth's transmutation. When we can transcend our dichotomies to merge into the Great Trichotomy, there we will find the center of purity. Nature produces her strange phenomena by way of the two primordial forces, gravitation and electromagnetism. The center of gravity is a point of unity in space-time. Is there a center of gravity somewhere out in our great deserts? It has been proven that certain localities are more conducive than others in the art of bringing forth the wonders of creation. There has always been a mystical lure to the deserts. Something more than the barren sand dunes, the shrieking desert winds and blistering summer heat. When the desert atmosphere gets into one's blood that person is never satisfied until he makes his home on the desert. "It isn't the place", they will tell you. "It's the feel".

The unlocking of nature's miracles is the pleasure of our future. But we must first be rid of the bumps of interference; the residual solids we have gathered along the way. Putrid solids must be melted down so they can

burst forth into life again. The germs that live in our atmosphere eventually worm their way into the body proper. These are the killer-germs. Right here is where the importance of the aura comes in. If we can keep the aura clean, germ life cannot gain entrance. Our aura is the locked door against invasion.

The human body is composed of chemical atoms and molecules held together by the electrical fluids. It is here the complex interchange takes place. If we are low in electrical energy the mind feels it first. There is a mental sag and physical illness follows. We take high-powered drugs to restore the kick. This form of violence removes some of the bumps for a time, but when they reassemble again they have left behind masses of hardened substance more difficult to blast away than the original bumps. This is why arthritis is taking a heavy toll today. Rather than interference bumps which could have been dissolved in the beginning, dynamite in the form of ever stronger drugs must take its toll in the slag that is left over after the wave has passed.

In a major cleanup we must make sure that every corner and crevice is cleaned out. This can only be done when the full electrical charge is turned on. This should become a daily ritual, just as we take a daily bath. Then there would be little chance of invasion.

Whether we are aware of it or not, those from On High are forever leading us upward and unward toward newer manifestation. Our perspective has been expanded. We have watched evolution as it pressed forward. While we still know little or nothing about the unexplored possibilities hidden away in the tiny atoms of life, we do know that the human mind is a transcendental spectrum. When we can rise to the heights, we will look out, and view the universe. Then we shall know there is always to be found, that reciprocity in nature.

How much time have we left? Must we settle back and wait for the end? There will be pioneers to lead, but the masses must **grow** into the larger spheres. We must learn to fit into the cosmic grooves by means of rhythm and vibration. Archetypal patterns serve us as blueprints. When we can interpret these patterns, we will know the transiency of form. In the years ahead many will experience the Great Illumination. Barren lives will become

virile again. The march of sensuality will be halted. Greeds will no longer be distilled from the opinions of man. But unless we prepare for all of this in advance, we might again be trapped by cataclysm.

The hour approaches. The signals are set. We can be caught on the red light or we can go through on the green. It is no longer what we say that counts; it is what we do about it.

Color is on the agenda of new discoveries. It will be used as a lens to collect and focus the energy. The day will come when we shall be able to filter from the ethers, the colors we need for use. Each color carries its own distinctive force. Healing with color is fast becoming an acceptable practice.

CHAPTER XXI

COLOR TECHNIQUE

Few of us are aware that we are constantly bombarded with influences coming from the outside world. These influences can be both constructive or destructive. Moreover, we are being continuously poisoned by the psychic waste, the floating flotsam of diseased thoughts let loose in our atmosphere. In short, we live in a world surrounded with phantoms: in most instances, phantoms of our own creation. Should we suddenly be endowed with extended vision we would probably see our auric envelope riddled with tiny holes or perhaps torn into shreds from the stresses and strains of violent everyday living. We cannot heal a damaged aura without first cleaning it up.

"Over The Threshold" and "Up Rainbow Hill" set up a series of scientific skills aimed at helping us dissolve the unwanted psychic waste stored in the aura. These techniques can also become useful in helping us adjust to the higher frequencies. The death-instinct is strong in every living being, for this is the hand of nature attempting to kill adversaries that lodge in the individual vortex. In the mobilization and demobilization of energies, an ash or residue is left behind that eventually results in crystallization. This must be cleared away.

Emotion and electrical force are somewhat synonymous. Like all electricity, emotion must be directed and controlled or it gets out of control. This means our state of mind is largely governed by thought forms. When we gain a high state of consciousness these thought-forms are to a great extent under our domination. We can then enjoy the rich abundance of earthy treasures and at the same time bask in the wonders of the celestial realm. To-

day, many sincerely believe that extra-terrestrials are attempting to condition us for life on the next dimension.

What is meant by Christ-consciousness? This is eternal fire in complete illumination. It is fire that has been absorbed into every cell and atom, the impulses of God in human creation. When this happens to an individual, in the fleetness of a split second every vestige of waste and psychic accumulation is dissolved. There is direct union with the Creative Spirit. This is the meaning of being at one with nature. This is the highest form of consciousness we can tap on the Planet Earth.

God made man the perfect being. He lacks nothing within himself, for he embraces every potential. But he does not realize his own worth because he is constantly trapped in his own entanglements. He is forever creating new phantoms that gather around him like a swarm of angry bees, stinging their way into the auric lining.

Stress must be put upon the daily need of these healthful techniques to act as a bulwark of protection against this outside invasion, and further to build up a reserve energy electronically that can one day burst forth into spiritual flame. By the continual use of techniques we keep our bands of protection from breaking and at the same time eliminate danger from reinfection. But most of us stop at the erasure of the symptoms. We seldom go deep to find the cause.

Today, with cosmic bombardment fantastically increased, many are losing their basic equilibrium. Others are going mad. We must find a definite way to synthesize the positive and negative polarities. These techniques are designed to balance the opposites so that good can become a constant. When we can become whole in both a temporal and spacial world, we shall know the meaning of the totality of existence.

We are all endowed with problems of one kind or another. Most of us harbor some secret fear that has grown into a psychological monster. This monster looms up to torment us at the most unexpected times. It is there like a dread disease to haunt and to taunt. To try to deny the existence of our self-created monster is impossible. It is there behind the veil and no amount of covering can conceal it forever. Unless we learn something of the bal-

ancing of polarities we are constantly feeding more psychic waste to this unwanted monster.

We earthlings are psychosomatic organisms trying to function on two planes. Our creations are largely somatic (earthly) only because we have not yet learned how to draw upon the raw materials existent in the next dimension of space. With a daily performance of the techniques we come closer and closer to that realization. Many have peeked through the knot-hole into the Kingdom, but few have ever set foot into that Kingdom. But "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand".

We have always looked upon materialization and dematerialization as some sort of magic, yet today it is very important to every New Age thinker that he go further than that. All visibility has its counterpart in invisibility. The image-making machine can bring it through on command. If a thought-image is given sufficient force (electronic power) fantasy instantly becomes reality.

As we all know, the anguish of any problem (even our psychic monsters) is in a large measure, illusory. It is the consciousness of this nagging worry that is unpleasant. But with a proper application of technique, even the monsters can be dispersed into nothingness. Sometimes the result is instantaneous. At other times it requires patient and unfailing diligence.

The techniques referred to above, followed certain definite steps: ELIMINATION; PURIFICATION; REJUVENATION; REGENERATION; finally bringing down the fire from ON HIGH and bathing in an effulgence of divine essence.

To eradicate the phantoms in the aura, the same technique is followed with the exception that the problem is definitely signatured.

Method

Place before the eyes (imaginatively) a mass of wraith-like greyish substance. In bold, bas relief letters, name the problem that has been nagging you. That is, drag the skeleton out of the closet so that you might meet it face-to-face. Then go to work on it. First see in your minds eye the streams of grey matter (resembling smoke) emanating from the mass. Continue the proce-

ture for a few moments until it appears to become lighter in color and actually thin out. This is **elimination**.

The next step is to **burn** it up to be rid of it forever. Envelop the grey mass in an etheric blue flame. See the flames mounting and scattering as in any backyard fire. Just as one burns up his daily accumulation of rubbish, the rubbish in our aura must be disposed of. This is **purification**.

Following this, that every vistage might be consumed, apply a rain of fire: sparks that penetrate deep into what is left of the grey mass. See if finally waft away as a bit of smudge in space.

It is necessary to use techniques continuously because we are forever creating new phantoms. But once they are burned out by means of the Great Illumination they will not return. Any problem that enters the human consciousness can be wiped out eventually. This is the meaning of **demonstration** in action.

CHAPTER XXII

WHO ARE THESE EARTHBORN EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS?

Who **are** the immortal ones? How are we to recognize these strange extra-terrestrials? Perhaps countless numbers of other-planetary beings have walked, and are walking our streets of Earth. Perhaps they have sat in the high places; they have certainly served in the low places. How are we to identify them? How shall we know them? Perhaps their names have been emblazoned across the heart of every man! While they have passed from earthly view, they have not been forgotten. It is possible they have been here in earth-embodiment many times. Who would be better fitted to unravel the history of the past than one occupying a body in the present? This would be his own natural place in the scheme of things.

There are varying levels of life to be sure. There are varying levels of living. We did not all emerge from the cosmic cauldron in one batch. As each mold came from the heavenly kiln, some degree of evolutionary improvement was made. We have all earned the right to each new rung in the cosmic ladder. Through each change we must retain something of the past so that we can apply it to the present and at the same time channel into the future. We must be taken by the hand of those who have passed away before.

There have been cycles of ordinary days on earth. Cycles when the change seemed imperceptibly slow. Then we have had our extraordinary days when the changes came with lightning-like rapidity. When something big and important is about to take place, events cast their shadows before. It is then the messengers from the more

advanced planets are admitted into the Theater of Earth. But one asks: "How do they get here?" Do they inherit physical bodies, or do they come in bodies invisible to us? Have they come in the past in the spacecraft we are now beginning to identify? Or did they take on earth bodies and become a part of the substance of earth? Or more fantastic still, have some of these extra-terrestrials actually taken over earthly vehicles while earthlings still lived in them? Did they have a great deal of "body swapping" in the past, just as it is hinted at today?

There is some little scientific agreement in this, but it is still an alien, hush-hush subject. "A secret under the hat", so to speak. "How is it possible for an extra-terrestrial to be born into an earth body?" the skeptic shouts. But a little intelligent thought on the subject might reveal some startling answers. Is it not possible that germ plasm (or life spores) might be floating about in the ethers? In "Business Week", Dr. Hermann J. Muller of Indiana University, a Nobel prize winner in 1946 for his work in genetics, is discussed:

"Muller is sure such life exists, because the raw materials that combined to form earth's men are also present in space. Life on other stars, however, would probably be different in bio-chemical structure, he says, since the evolutionary process would probably have been different there."

Isn't it just possible these spores could traverse the millions of miles of space. Isn't it also possible that love, (which is all part of the universal Love) could be the attracting force? The life magnet is universal, not individual. It could be the seeds are first planted in the aura, then by a process of osmosis they are absorbed into the creative organs themselves. Or, to carry the point still farther, would it not be possible for an extra-terrestrial to be conceived immaculately? A chapter in my book "Up Rainbow Hill" is wholly devoted to this controversial subject. I quote a few lines therefrom: "There exists a bond between beings of earth and those from higher realms", says the beautiful Diane. "Through the channel of love comes unity and peace. Through the channel of love comes the elevation of the race itself."

"Love is an attractive force, a beautiful inspiration", she goes on. "Strange as it might seem to earthlings,

the plasms of the higher can be translated in the lower. When the channels between the planes are opened, plasms from the higher can be transmitted through the earthly husband. In this way, children are born of earth, but they are not truly earthlings. The earth-husband merely provides conditions for the offspring of true love to be born. The true parent might be an extra-terrestrial, and he need not be at present in a physical body".

In tracing out what might well be called reincarnational patterns, we find that countless numbers of individuals who have achieved greatness on this Planet Earth seem to follow a definite blueprint. Even as children they do not fit into earth life. They have so little sense of belonging. Often these seeming aliens have little or no kinship with other members of the same family. Usually the father and father's family are strangers to the little one. From infancy on such a child fails to match its environment. He suffers from an intense loneliness. He cannot be comforted, or satisfied with any phase of earth-living. This child is forever searching for something he fails to find. He loves the woods, the streams, the wide open spaces. He is restless with the urge to be forever on the run. But he is seldom happy.

From a very early age he often exhibits a mentality far excelling others of his age. His mind runs along on a specialized line — history, mathematics, technology, science. He leans toward some form of specialized training. But with it all he is forced into the same pattern with other children. He must gain his educational experience in a way that is a torment to him. He grows to hate school and all it implies. He tends more and more toward incorrigibility. His mind and his soul is far ahead of the consciousness that sustains him. Such a child often ends up in Juvenile Hall; not because he is a criminal, but because his individual dynamo is spinning at a faster rate than the earth's vibration. He is still swinging between two worlds. We have no adequate schools to take care of these misfits, and so often they are incarcerated for their sins, when they should be given an elevated status in human society. These advanced souls must have cosmic stimulation. They must be in communication with the sun, the moon, the stars. Something is stirring within him . . . perhaps some latent memory he cannot bring through.

Abraham Lincoln was one of these lost souls. Born in a log cabin out on the great American frontier, the greater part of his life was a quest and a struggle. It was a life plan that followed a long series of vicissitudes in his formative years. The great potential he was later to bring forth, lay buried in the marrow of his oversized bones. It remained dormant in the undernourished flesh that clung to his awkward body.

When Lincoln stepped into the White House to become one of the greatest of presidents, he had built a strange character untainted by the sordidness that surrounded him. Through the years he developed an indomitable fortitude that would bend, but never break. If his courage lagged and he found himself at low ebb, it was then he sought out the clear cold stream of divine inspiration.

This man was never complex even at the height of his greatness. Like the late Will Rogers, he always had a bagful of homespun analogies at his disposal. He did not strive to become a man of destiny, for he gave no thought to himself. Little by little that which was wrapped up within his big soul began to uncoil. The little education he received through hard work and toil was all too scanty for the task ahead of him. But Lincoln was ingenious, and what he lacked in book learning he made up for in ingenuity.

When he finally decided to study law, it was not the letter of the law that interested him. It was the philosophy and science of government. In his individual law practice, he was not concerned with finding means to extricate his client from his fetters, but rather in showing him how to apply a proper philosophy to the problem of living. This was his springboard to politics where he felt he could best serve his country.

It was never an easy road. He faced defeat at every turn, and his discouraging moments were many. But somehow he would always rise by his own bootstraps back into action. All through life, Abraham Lincoln was a lone wolf. He never allowed anyone to help him. By the same token, he was not influenced by others. He conceived his own ideas. He rendered his own decisions. He came to his own conclusions.

This man who has lived on in the hearts of men would never have made a matinee idol for he was certainly not handsome, nor was he attractive to women. If he were alive today perhaps someone might start a whispering campaign: "Do you suppose he came from another planet?" they would say. But this man loved as few men are capable of loving. He could touch the unfathomed depths of tenderness in dealing with his fellowmen. With all his trials and burdens he was never too busy to give thought and speculation to the life beyond. And quite unconsciously he has provided us with a true pattern of the after-life. He actually showed us how the last enemy called death could be overcome. When a man's life history has been recorded as Abraham Lincoln's has, there is much to be learned from it. The history of every individual life has something to offer. But perhaps Abraham Lincoln has furnished the knowledge we have sought through the centuries.

It happened on a particular night when he came home very tired and spent after a trying day. He tossed his weary body carelessly on a sofa in an effort to find a few moments of relaxation. His vision was in line of a large mirror that reached to the floor. Suddenly he saw himself in that mirror. He was lying full length, but immediately above him was another Abraham Lincoln. At first he was startled, then perplexed. There were two images, clear and distinct, one partly superimposed over the other. He got up slowly from the sofa to study the reflection, but instantly the illusion vanished. When he lay down again, it appeared plainer than before. It was then he observed that one face was considerably paler than the other. Again he arose, but this time the image disappeared never to return.

The apparition made a deep impression on his mind. What did it mean? He finally told Mrs. Lincoln about it. She was gravely concerned and interpreted it to mean that her husband would be reelected to the second term of office, but that he would not live to see the end.

But was it not true there was more to it than that? Was he not trying on a new garment? The garment he would soon be called upon to wear? Had he perfected his molecular body while living right here on earth? The garment that would take the place of his homely flesh.

The garment he was to wear on his mystic journey into space. Abraham Lincoln was not preparing to die. He was getting ready to live. He had earned the honor of **translating**, exchanging one body for another. There would be no long wait between lives on the filthy astral plane. No after-life lessons to learn. Perhaps he would go through on a fast express to his new home on the next arc of expression. Perhaps it would be a beautiful planetary home somewhere out in the depths of space.

The story of Abraham Lincoln contains our own road-map into tomorrow. Perhaps it is the secret to after-life, or life-after-death. If we have the ability to create the molecular body, full and complete, right here on earth, there would be no occasion to stop off on the planes in between. We would go straight through to our new home. When we are fully clothed in that sheet of molecules, there will be no reason to linger in the regions of the dead. Our work isn't finished at that point. It has just begun.

When we examine carefully the pages of history, we find many vibrant stories and they all run true to form. Like Abraham Lincoln, these men were the discoverers of principle in the midst of chaos. They came to us when they were needed. They were never in tune with war or violence. They believed in the equality of man and in the words of Isaiah: "The wolf also shall dwell with the Lamb, and the leopard shall lie with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

Long before Abraham Lincoln, we had another Avatar of brotherhood in our midst, another forerunner of things to come. Many believe that Benjamin Franklin was an extra-terrestrial. That he came from a more advanced planet to launch our nation on its way. Franklin was a son of our soils. He planted the seeds of our great electrical age. He removed the tree stumps of the earth that we might one day find the pathway.

Like Lincoln, his childhood differed from the other children of his day. He was precocious and difficult, always alert to the things other youngsters missed. Today we would call him an iconoclast . . . a "square peg in a round hole." At the age of five, hungry for knowledge, he learned to read. His capacity for reasoning extended far

beyond his years and comparable to that of an adult. He lead his playmates, not in games, but in things that mattered. With each passing year his interests expanded to include a wide range of diversity. Little Benjamin knew things beyond the average adult of his times. The seeds he planted were sown by a seeder from other realms, and his antenna was always set up ready for flight. But he had his troubles too. Road blocks that got in his way. Chief among these road blocks was a fickle public. The people of his day did everything possible to prevent him from stepping into the limelight. He had not attended the best universities so what could he possibly know that could not be found in the books? They looked upon him as a nobody, trying to usurp the privileges of the somebodies.

When Benjamin Franklin proved to the world that he had made an important discovery in the electrical field, he was rebuffed by the Royal Academy of Science. While this was considered the most brilliant discovery of the century, he had to learn to take their snubs with a grin. It did not deter Benjamin Franklin. He had drawn electricity direct from the clouds. He had discovered that electricity was both positive and negative . . . a plus and a minus. He brought it from the heavens to be used. It was not a miracle to him. He had merely turned on the faucet in the skies.

Like others who had gone before him and those who were to come later, Franklin was pushed along by some powerful, invisible force. He was pushed like the hurricane winds. This set the stage for the great Nikola Tesla. Franklin proved that lightning could be harnessed, and while it is a broad step from lightning to free energy, today we are well on our way. Franklin used the clumsy Leyden jar to harness and condense electricity. We will use the cauldron of the universe to mix the primordial elements.

There are no accidents in the patterns of destiny. Destiny makes no errors. Our living examples prove the worth of the vehicle. Back in the year 1865 another human light was turned on. Another strange little man came to our Earth Plane. This time it was a frail little colored boy who was to grow up to become a man of genius. It was his destiny to push up through the hard,

caked soil of the post-war years. George Washington Carver knew the meaning of pain and suffering from the moment he came from his mother's womb, until he was taken home by those from On High. The ravages of war were to be climbed over until his feet were sore. It wasn't easy to walk through the rubble. The South was torn and bleeding. The South had been robbed of body and soul.

Old Moses Carver, little George's white foster-father, had been kind to everybody. He had owned George's frail mother, and he owned the little sickly boy too, for he was a slave owner. The boyhood life of the young Carver boy was very hard. But there was little time to be concerned about a sickly, orphaned child. Only the bare threads of the economy were left. The South had to be fed. The war debris had to be cleared away. There was no time to plan for the future, much less time to care for the children who would make that future. But, like weeds in the best cultivated gardens, little George grew. Not by mere rote of living, but governed by some burning urge within him. Despite his difficulties he clung to life.

Even as a tot, George Washington Carver was never enamored of things. He looked beneath the surface for the realities. He wanted to get at the heart of everything. He loved Nature. He loved God. He prayed to both these great powers for the answers he sought. He must know what things are made of. It was then he made a franchise with God. In later years when he became famous he always signed his name: "Your Humble Servant of God."

It was not easy for this little colored child to gain an education in those days, but the Carver boy fought his way through. His first love was for chemistry. Chemistry helped him get at the heart of things. First he examined the soils. The South had been devastated by war and the soils were man's livelihood. Food was scarce and his people were faced with the grim spectacle of famine. They were without protection. A way must be found to feed them. And he, George Washington Carver was their self-appointed shepherd out in a cold, cold, world.

In time he began to show an unusual streak of genius in the field of agriculture. In reality he touched the big heart of the things of nature. Each bit of new knowledge drove him frantically on, for he knew that knowledge was the beginning of wisdom. Soon the magic he exhib-

ited earned him the title of Plant Doctor. He made house-to-house calls in search of sick plants. In some strange way he possessed a type of clairvoyance that told him what ailed them. He treated the plants as a good physician would treat a sick human body.

Carver's efforts were not confined altogether to the cultivated varieties. He pondered over the weeds. "Where did the weeds come from?" he asked himself. And he soon found the answer. The weeds were from God's garden, too. Just as all men "are created equal," all plants are created equal. The plant world had its rich and its poor. But this was no reason why the poorer plants should be mowed down and thrown on the rubbish heap. They all had a use and he meant to find out why they had been planted on this Earth. If God made them, they had to have a use, for all plants were subject to the same unknown force. The bad force made the poisonous plants. The good force made the plants that fed man. They all had a purpose and there was a divine plan. They were all God's little plant children.

Like so many men and women who live in the higher levels, George Washington Carver did not have sufficient money for research. But early in life he learned that the way to begin is to begin; to start right where you are, and things somehow take care of themselves. Like all greats, his equipment was stored in his head. He used Occam's razor to shave away every vestige of waste in order to get to the core. When he got through with his findings there was nothing left to go on the rubbish heap.

Carver talked to his plants as he would talk to a little child or a dog. This illumined soul knew there was a linkage in all things. Then, when the magic key was found, the doors to the inner sanctum were opened. He knew that beyond all knowledge was the One.

He first showed the people how to grow their harvest to obtain the most value. Next he applied this value in the most profitable way. He was not satisfied to merely tell them. He showed them. This was his way of teaching and he considered it the best.

Like all true researchers, the deeper he delved the more secrets he found. The time came finally when he

no longer was satisfied to just grow the best . . . he had to see what they contained. Why did each separate vegetable and fruit contain a certain palatable virtue? Why was one more nourishing than another? He found the chemistry by taking each constituent part aside and analyzing it. In the sweet potato he discovered that for every hundred pounds of root there were sixty pounds of water, one pound of ash, thirty pounds of sugar, starch plant, cellulose, fat, hydrogen and oxygen. He found that the major part of the sweet potato did not come from the earth, but from the air. He also discovered the transmutable qualities — the alchemy of plants. It was his job to find as many uses as possible and he probed until he found the answers. He called his laboratory "God's Little Workshop," and it was ever a beehive of activity.

While George Washington Carver had a great reverence and respect for the schools that gave him his basic education and training, the time came when he knew he must break away from all conventionality to reach out and beyond. In making this break he soon found himself swimming away from accustomed shores. He was floating in uncharted seas. He was not afraid for he knew he was not alone. God was with him and God would keep him from drowning.

Nature does not give up her secrets until the instrument has proven itself worthy. George Washington Carver soon proved his worth. He had one working premise from which he never deviated: "God said: "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth. To you it shall be meat. I have given every green herb for meat. And it was so." He started in earnest to separate the water, the fats, the oils, to get at the heart and soul of creative science. He discovered his research fell into three classifications, finding, adapting, creating. Nature provided the base, but he soon learned the sequential arrangements of the materials, and the art of transmuting them. He also knew that transmutation would one day become the finer side of science.

He soon learned how to change one thing into another. There was a use for the waste as there was a use for the fruit. In this way he enlarged the usefulness of things, for they proved they all came from the same source. Though they may differ in form and used vary-

ing kinds of propulsion they all served the purposes of God.

But Carver's greatest genius came from the lowly peanut. When the boll weevil began to invade the South and the cotton was ravaged, it presented a sorry plight. Something new must be found. In time he discovered some three hundred uses for the peanut, and cotton fields were rapidly turning into peanut fields. It wasn't an easy task. He had protests on all sides. The people argued: "We don't want these new-fangled things." It was then he saw the need for propaganda. He stopped telling them and started **showing** them. This meant finding new ways of advertising the things he was creating. Often he had to resort to circus tactics, but he always won his point.

Every new product presented a new problem, but eventually the apathy was overcome, and even his toughest critics acclaimed him. The rest is history for the commercial returns took care of that.

George Washington Carver never wanted any personal credit for anything that he did. He admitted freely he was always **shown** how a thing should be done. When he received the inspiration to create, the answers were provided in advance. He always looked ahead into the future. He was apprehensive at times, for he knew that our mineral resources were being diminished, and substitutes must be found or we would be in trouble. If these substitutes could not be found in the earth, he knew they were there stored away in space. He once said: "With all the advancements of science, there is still an unlimited field for the creative mind; we have only skimmed the surface. What has been done is nothing to what will be done in the years to come."

Dr. Carver invaded the realms of nature. He coerced his Mother Nature into giving up her precious secrets, but while the creative researcher is one chosen of God, he must also prove himself in the world of men.

There are many such men as George Washington Carver needed in the world today. Sensitives must be trained to lead the way. Doctor Carver's greatest desire was to relieve the stricken South. To be rid of the stench of poverty, the root of all evil. Poverty had started all the world's fires of destruction. It had been the curse of

civilization. When this rot, the smelly places and putrid atmosphere was cleaned out, then the rich could lie peacefully in their king-sized beds. Poverty was at the root of every rich man's conscience.

George Washington Carver gave the South a new incentive to live. He brought in industries, new life and prosperity. He has often been called the bridge between the races, but he was more than that. He was a bridge between man and God. Was this man one of the earth-born extra-terrestrials? Was he just loaned to us in a great time of need?

While our histories are dotted with the works of supermen, space prevents more than a mere briefing here. When this century has closed and the great ones are wrapped up in their scrolls, perhaps the man at the top of the list will be Nikola Tesla, for he gave us the key to the founts of free energy. Was Tesla a descendant of the mythical Prometheus? Did he too steal the fire from heaven? He believed that mankind could only ascend upward as he learned how to apply the fire to the task of living. Fire is the one element that can make of man, a god. The mythical Prometheus was more than an archetypal pattern. He was humanity's electrical generator and Tesla is his offspring. A creative spark from the holy fire.

Tesla's soul ached for the world he saw running away from the light. But in every age there are a hand-picked few who have worn the halo of the Saints. This was yesterday. Today that halo can be worn by many, and we have the Tesla pattern to follow.

Nikola Tesla's creations were formed in his mind. He made no intricate drawings; no plans or blueprints. But he was a colossal incubator of ideas. These are the ghosts he left behind him and they are haunting us today. They were in the embryonic stage then. They can come forth full grown now. Tesla once said: "If there is ever a time when I am not considered crazy then I shall begin to worry about it." Crazy or not, the Tesla coil and alternating current is the heart of our great empire today. It was the foundation for radio, radar and television. That was only a start. Now, fifteen years after his death, the Tesla greatness is beginning to influence the world. When that influence becomes completely global, the

breakthrough will be complete. We will have free energy.

There is little doubt Tesla could have given us free energy at the turn of the century. It is very possible also that had he been inspired by cooperation he might have tapped the plasm of creation itself. Where did his great ideas come from? Isn't it possible that his mind went out across the etherian seas? That the pattern and plan for his magical values came from another planet? He never had to ponder over the things he made. They sprung forth like the mythical Minerva, full blown into flower. His images were permeated with the light . . . the same light that came to Paul on the Road to Damascus.

Very early in his life Tesla discovered that the field of electricity contained both a primary and a secondary force. We have lived and suffered through the lower arcs because we have never yet tapped the sources of our power. The time has come to begin the ascension. Nikola Tesla knew that Light is the Spirit that illumines. The alchemists of old dabbled with the minerals of the earth in an attempt to achieve perfection by means of alchemical manifestation. They used salt, sulphur and mercury as their base. Had they delved a bit further perhaps they too would have found free energy. The early ancients did not specialize as we are doing today. They universalized; they found their answers in the higher ethers. They did not bend first toward the subjective, then swing the pendulum over to the objective. They found the link at center.

If we are to grow into the next dimension, we must take our inspiration from above. This is the purpose of our work today. The Light must be turned on again. It must shine in the hearts of the multitudes. This beautiful illumination can help us to unfold into that strange new dimension. It is the Word made flesh.

Nikola Tesla touched this evanescent borderline while he still lived in his physical body. There were times when his mind could not separate the material from the spiritual unless he could touch it or pass his hand through it. But, this great man carried his woes along with the rest of us. He tried to educate the people in a care-filled world. But hasn't every great one had to carry his woes? The chains of earth bind tightly. It has been the rugged path we have been forced to travel since the beginning

of this long cycle. But we have always had the stalwart pioneers to go on ahead.

Fire is the substance of the seventh plane. It is here where direct creation takes place. Jesus said: "Preach the gospel and heal the sick." He came to fulfill the law. Does this mean, in its wholeness, the coming of free energy? Will free energy free us from the scourge of poverty? Will it help us climb the heights of greatness? If so, we must be willing to open our minds to the impressions from above. We must be willing to be guided in the things we know so little about. All through history there have been days that were strange to us. Days that stressed the Great Beyond. A story comes down to us through older literature, that ancient Egypt did not come into existence in the ordinary way, by means of slow growth. Does this mean the more advanced beings from other planets came down and founded one of the greatest of all civilizations? That they have landed on our shores, perhaps many times? Could this be the reason they are not landing now? Were they brutally slain? Perhaps this time they prefer to guide us from afar. By radiating their light and power? If this is true, then it is up to us to help them in this earnest endeavor.

No matter which way we turn, every road leads us back to the great Nikola Tesla. Not every man can bring forth the Tesla genius, but every man holds within him, the same potential. If the ordinary man of today would dedicate his energies to the task as Tesla did, he too could perform miracles. He stepped up his energies. He expanded his vision by means of the electronic power circulating through the third eye. We can do the same. When polarity meets polarity, the lights are automatically turned on.

We cannot repeat too often that the point of power is at center. We might liken it to the butterfly asleep in its cocoon. When the cocoon bursts open the butterfly goes forth. Our molecular body is housed in a cocoon. When it is freed from density and its earthly entanglements, it is caught up in a holocaust of living flame. The recipient looks out upon the world of magnificent splendor. Sleeping cells that have been held fast in the earthly shell spring forth spontaneously into radiant light, and life. Dead tissues are consumed in the flame, and the new

plasmas take place. The road blocks that have hampered success are mysteriously removed. Life is intensified because it is being fed from the higher levels. Often the third eye is opened and the aura bursts forth in an aurora of live color.

When major changes are imminent, nature does everything possible to show us the way. She provides us with patterns in the form of great personalities. Though age slowly enfolded him, Nikola Tesla was a superman to the end. He needed no reference libraries outside of his own great dome. It was all there in the folds of his cerebral atoms. He could draw on it at will. Tesla's creative abilities held a wider range than perhaps any man of our times. Was he an experiment, a new type of mind-pattern? Did God put him out for display? Or, was this genius something he brought over from a prior life on another planet? All through life his electrical plans flowered with him. They needed no seeding, no planting. Somehow he seemed to connect with the electrical frequencies of the universe. He proved that the image (the pattern) needs only to be enshrouded with strong light to be brought forth complete. This is the meaning of the Word made flesh. To the layman examining such a creation it would appear as a solid, but when he touched it it would not be there.

How very little we know about such things today. But, as the few are influenced, the many will follow. As one marches forward others will join the processional. In this way, even the denizens of the subworlds will want to bask in the light. When the charge is set off it will create a chain reaction. This is the Great Illumination.

When Nikola Tesla lived upon the earth, it is said he devised a method for preventing future wars by creating a forcefield that would make any country invulnerable to attack. The blinding light that came to Saul on the Road to Damascus came to Nikola Tesla, but in a different way. It seems no two individuals ever experience it alike. Tesla loved birds with the passion of St. Francis. For years he had fed the pigeons in the parks of New York City. His pockets were always filled with peanuts and birdseed. But he loved one special dove. She came with the others, but she was not like them. Something stirred in his soul when she was there. Something welled

up within him that made him love all the world. She was the warmth in his heart, the sparks of fire in his soul.

But the time came finally when this beautiful symbol of God must pass to her heavenly home. She came to tell him that she was leaving and his heart was very sad. He yearned to go with her, but his time had not come. But with her passing she bequeathed him that great inheritance sought by all holy men since time began. She opened the lotus flower of his soul. The Great Illumination came. John J. O'Neil describes it in "The Prodigal Genius": "It was a real Light . . . a powerful dazzling light . . . a light more intense than I had ever produced by the most powerful lamps in my laboratory."

What was this light? What did the coming of Tesla's white dove mean? Perhaps it meant that his earthly work was over. That henceforth he must draft his creations from the plans of immortality. The Bible tells us that the dove symbolizes the Holy Spirit of Peace. It is often called the symbol of the Holy Ghost. Could Tesla's experience mean that he is the messenger of free energy? That we shall have a permanent, regenerate peace when free energy comes to earth?

Noah commissioned a dove to go out over the great waters following The Flood. She brought back a bit of nature's green, evidence the floods had passed. Nikola Tesla's dove brought him the Holy Flame. She brought him spiritual illumination, a heavenly tribute for the great work he had done on earth. From that moment on his work was finished, but there was one more earthly task he had to perform: the building and perfecting of his own molecular body. He would need his subtle body where he was going. Perhaps there would not be time to build it on the other side of life. Nikola Tesla would not be dying as other men died. He was preparing to translate into the higher dimensions. This is what is meant by overcoming death. He fulfilled his mission before he passed on. He did the will of the gods. The beautiful dove came and bathed him in the Holy Spirit. His forefield was opened forever. Throughout all time he would wear the halo of the Saints.

The story of free energy would not be complete without the name of Nikola Tesla to adorn the marquee of the World Theater. He was a man who had to die that he

might live again. Today the aura of his posthumous fame is beginning to embrace the world. Nikola Tesla, like the Phoenix, is rising from his funeral couch. He might change his form many times, but he will never die. Such a one merely dons a new garment; a garment in which he can work more efficiently; the garment loaned by God to men of Earth.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE NEW DIMENSIONS REALIZED

It is never an easy matter to bring to the world knowledge and understanding that is alien to the human mind. When the time comes to go across the threshold, we will not be admitted to that inner sanctum by the qualifications we have measured on our earth's yardstick. Rather it will be the story the aura tells for this is our individual life-record.

As with the individual, likewise with the nation and ultimately the planet, itself. We must all come up to that Bar of Judgement and be tested. The values and virtues of free energy are far too broad to be more than vaguely comprehended here. But, if the archetypal patterns of the past can be accurately interpreted, it has always been at this point of change where other civilizations have failed. It would seem they have either misused or abused the holy trinity of activity, substance and form. Perhaps this has been the major test of humanity's worthiness. If we pass this test successfully then we will know the meaning of transmutation. We will touch the apex of our three-dimensional world that leads us into the fourth, and beyond.

Wisps and fragments of this knowledge have been coming through the ages, but few in any age have touched the hem of the garment of the Great Ones. The few are never drawn from the ranks of those who tell unbelievable stories, but rather from the soundness of science they leave behind them. The latter pages of Desmond Leslie's "Mr. Lutterworth" shine with rays of illumination. I again quote a few lines from the book.

"Immediately they concentrate their power, bright bands of force flow between us in the form of a triangle,"

says Mr. Lutterworth. "It is that cold, radiant feeling of going up . . . becoming immensely large . . . the breakthrough".

Here we have it. Those who have experienced this strange sensation recognize it at once. Unfortunately countless numbers who have gone through this strange emotion have never known it for what it was. Had they known it consciously they would have gone through the veil to the next dimension, perhaps basked for a time in The Great Illumination. Lutterworth goes on:

"This power, I tell them, will change the face of the earth. No more shall small groups, nor single men be able to rule multitudes through hunger in their bellies, for there will be no more hunger nor want nor cold; and in time again there shall be no more disease, for as man learns to live in harmony with nature instead of continually struggling against it, he will destroy the cause of disease . . ."

How are we going to achieve this great end? There is but one answer: the building of one-pointed consciousness. A consciousness that will act as a new foundation for the great work to be done. When our planet took on its density we lost control of the power of the mind. The split came and the One of man became two-ness. The dualities were born. From that moment on it was a fight to get. Man forgot how to give. He lost his touch with Source. His house was divided. When we again turn our minds back to Source we will find there has never been anything to fight over.

We must build a consciousness that can sustain the new structure. It must be built in advance. When enough consciousness has been generated it will attract leaders who will tower over the system itself.

We do know that our long dead past held greatness we have not yet achieved. We have never been able to duplicate the Cyclopean stone structures we have found in the remote areas of our earth. We know nothing of the mystery of the Great Pyramid. When we find the missing links, perhaps we will find the answers. The mystery schools have helped to keep Egypt alive. Perhaps we can look to Egypt as one of our archetypal patterns.

We have looked upon the wheel as a sacred symbol

because it represents the turning of the earth on its axis. The circle follows the line of universal force. One day we will perhaps find the spots on the earth where the visible meets the invisible. This is what George Hunt Williamson calls "The Road In The Sky". When the polarities, the electro-magnetic, the positive-negative, the male-female are all brought together at center, then we shall find the power we are seeking.

In the interim the usual sequence of science, philosophy and religion must be reversed. Religion led the way. Philosophy gave us an understanding of the way. Science must **prove** the way. This is the breakthrough, the road that leads to new horizons. This road is both individual and collective, for we each have our individual forcefield as well as the ability to tune in on the universal forcefield. The individual forcefield serves as a pilot light. It is the match that starts the flame. The light that might one day conquer gravity. If gravity is a residual thrown off from all things . . . if it is the earth's pollutions and waste, mass accumulations that have condensed into solids, then when we touch off the center of gravity we will find that point where mass can be dissipated? Just as there is a beginning and an ending to a piece of string, there is a point of beginning and ending in all things. The string might get tangled, but when it is freed from its mass, it can be stretched into a straight line. This is the way of our world today. We're tangled in a jumbled mess. We're buried under an avalanche of confusion. Our woes and our sorrows are trying to devour us. But a one-pointed consciousness directed at the application of principle would help us be rid of this tangled mass.

The Russians have discovered that out in space the electro-magnetic field decreased rapidly; that it vanishes in a non-magnetic jumble. Those who have traveled in the molecular body are aware of this. The Russians are also beginning to suspect that gravity will also disappear when the inner realms are reached. But will they find the torch, the light to lead the way? Or, will some other nation find it first?

The Russians have become space-minded. Will the coming Space Age bring about a spiritual renaissance in Russia? There are many who have resented deeply the analogies given between UFOs and the Bible. They have felt it a sacrilegious move toward destroying the

literalness of Biblical values. But, **is this so?** A recent item out of Moscow questions: "Did fallout fell Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"The fire and brimstone that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah was really a nuclear blast set off by invaders from outer space," says a Soviet Scientist, M. Agrest, a master physico-mathematical scientist. He advanced the theory in the Literary Gazette. He said the Biblical story of the destruction of these wicked cities takes on a new meaning in the light of modern science.

"In modern language," he said, "this legend says that the people were advised to leave the area of the future explosion, not to linger in the open and not to watch the blast. Those of the fugitives that looked back lost their sight and perished."

Lot and his wife were warned by two divine messengers. "As a hail of fire and brimstone devastated Sodom and Gomorrah, Lot's wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt." (Miami Daily News, Feb. 8, 1960).

We cannot ward off the blows of nature, nor if trouble comes can we hide for there is no place to hide. Many times we have experienced the elements on rampage. Thus far, the year 1960 has produced some of the worst storms in many years. We have been warned as in times past. We are being warned today. Materially speaking, one single blow from nature could set us back thousands of centuries. This means that the only security we can depend upon is the security held inviolate within ourselves. The UFO era has furnished us with a blueprint of that security. It is up to us to build a structure that will act as a bulwark against invasion. A Noah's Ark in the skies. We know that any major change will stir up violence, but one act of new creation can disperse the black clouds.

It is not only possible, but probable, that many of the **greats** of Earth, still live on somewhere out in space. Perhaps they did not die, but rather were translated into the New Dimension. Will we one day find them in the Space-time worlds? Will they still be carrying on their work? Is one born now and then with his mind unsealed so that knowledge and wisdom can flow through? Can our long dead past be reconstructed by means of the

atoms of the mind? Is this true of Atlantis and other great continents that now lie beneath the waves? Is it also true of the great personalities? That they have not gone on to some intangible, nebulous beyond, but rather are sojourning in the splendor and glory of the more advanced planets?

When we have been given the keys to the citadel we will have in our possession the greatest gift ever given to men of earth. Perhaps within these pages we have the plan and the purpose of The Space Age.

This is sure to come when the few among us have experienced The Great Illumination. This is the heritage of every man.

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