

DANA HOWARD

Author of *DIANE, She Came From Venus*
and *My Flight To Venus*

**O V E R T H E
T H R E S H O L D**

The Discourses of Diane
on Intuitions, Disease and Destruction
Religion, The Sub-Worlds, Reincarnation,
Alchemy of Finance, and Secret of Youth.

OVER THE THRESHOLD

BY

DANA HOWARD

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Part I

Chapter 1	A New Tree of Life	Page 9
Chapter 2	Among the Chosen	Page 19
Chapter 3	Angel Hair vs Creative Essence	Page 25
Chapter 4	Altars in the Wilderness	Page 32
Chapter 5	The Psychic Sciences	Page 41

Part II

THE DISCOURSES OF DIANE

Chapter 6	On—The Intuitions	Page 53
Chapter 7	On—Disease and Destruction	Page 63
Chapter 8	On—Reincarnation	Page 71
Chapter 9	On—Religion	Page 80
Chapter 10	On—The Sub-Worlds	Page 88
Chapter 11	On—The Alchemy of Finance	Page 95

Chapter 12	The Alchemy of Finance—Method . . .	Page 110
Chapter 13	On—The Secret of Youth	Page 115
Chapter 14	The Secret of Youth—Method	Page 123
Chapter 15	On—The Meaning of Consciousness . . .	Page 125
Chapter 16	Summing Up—The Great Mystery Revealed	Page 132

PART ONE

Chapter I

A NEW TREE OF LIFE

“To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the TREE OF LIFE, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.”

Long, long ago, in a day now forgotten, there grew, in the fabulous Garden of Eden, a Tree of Paradise. For untold centuries it flowered and bore luscious fruit. There was a plentiful supply of all things good. But eventually the time came when its roots were bound and fettered in hard, unrelenting soil; its trunk and branches dwarfed and gnarled. No longer could the vital sap freely flow. In time the Paradise Tree withered and died. Earthman's lust for the tree's golden apples, brought him to a sorry plight.

Today, all over the world, planters are busy, sowing the seeds of a new tree of life. Deep in the heart of humanity can be heard an echoing voice . . . there can be no cutting or pruning **this** time. Our new tree must sprout from original shoots . . . virgin shoots, from the seed founts of God.

It is not going to be an easy task. Perhaps at no time in our long histories have the forces of darkness and light fought so hard for supremacy. It is a do-or-die battle for something more than things of earth. The curtain is going up on the first act of a great cosmic drama. It is a battle for survival. We know that if we do survive, out of it will come the most glorious days this earth has ever known.

A few lone individuals from the far-flung corners of the globe have already caught a fleeting glimpse of the “promised

land." Others are alerted to strange stirrings of change quickened within them; a restless yearning for something not yet realized. They no longer believe, they **know** that beyond our present horizons somewhere, truth and knowledge, greater than anything this planet has ever experienced, will one day be found. Those who passed over the same path eons ago, have left their footprints in the psychic sands. On clear moonlit nights, the "sensitive ones" have heard the voice, deep in the soul of the Universe.

The time has come for the few to inspire the many. Millions are seeking for the same soul-satisfying answer. What is the GREAT MYSTERY? Some are searching the mystic, rolling clouds, high up in the Milky Way. Others are reaching over that evanescent borderline where the worlds merge, one into the other. More and more earthlings are coming to realize the true meaning of that oft-quoted Bible passage: "In my Father's House, there are many mansions."

The veneration of the tree goes back to the beginning of Time. A sage once said: "The groves are God's first temples. In the days of old, masters taught their disciples under the branches of the sacred tree. The tree symbolizes a mystical union between man and God. The Israelites had their groves, and their altars of incense. They knew if they kept God's commandments, they would be entitled to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life.

The celestial gardens have become a part of every myth and legend. The tree is to be found at the root of every philosophy and religion. It can be found in the earliest writings, and in the last Book of the Bible: "On either side of the river was there the tree of life . . . and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of nations."

In seeking for a powerful alchemy that will solve both individual and world problems, we know if we are to emerge victorious, we must have a definite plan, and well defined purpose. Why depend upon an experimental reality, if we can **touch reality itself**? The land-marks of yesterday have all-too-often proven to be mirages in the distance. In our long sojourn on earth, we have traversed sphere after sphere, always dragging behind us, our excess bags of error. Achievement of a sort, perhaps, but in the end it has proven to be weights on the tail of our kite.

Let's face it! The most challenging times in the history of mankind are right at our doorstep. We have crossed the insecure

bridges of many minor cycles, now we must cross the bridge of a vast major cycle. We must cross it with the tides beneath rising toward tidal wave. This great and noble empire we have reared on greed and selfishness is dashing and gnashing in furious torment. Old foundations are no longer secure. Cosmic forces are everywhere at work, tearing down the time-worn to make ready for the new. "Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away. God said: 'Behold I create all things new; a new heaven and a new earth'."

This is the Armageddon of the day . . . a raging battle between **status quo** and change. Earthman cherishes his usual way of life. Fixed procedures have sustained him through the centuries, why are they not good enough now? Few of us yet realize that if we do not surrender voluntarily to some drastic aberation, we will of necessity be swept from preconceived moorings, by violence and cataclysm. The deep grooves of human error have piled up one lifetime after another. These must be erased with the coming of change.

We have had warnings before, we are being warned again today. Prophets always come in critical times. They come to guide us in the ways of perfection, and the earth **must** be made perfect before the "pattern of the new earth" can be manifested.

Back in the year 1886, a book appeared in print that has carried a weight of occult influence down to this very day. "A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS," now published by the Borden Publishing Company, of Los Angeles, California, presents a definite pattern of our future days. A footnote on page 250 of this inspired work, contains a prophecy that seemingly has come true.

In the footnote, Phyllos, the Tibetan said: "**One will come after me who will tell thee more of the GREAT DEEP OF LIFE than I. AWAIT HER WORDS.**" The writer sincerely believes THAT ONE is with us today. She has come to guide our footsteps OVER THE THRESHOLD into God's unspoiled Paradise. Throughout time, the wise ones have prescribed an application of the GREAT DEEP OF LIFE to the task of living. Now **she** has come to show us the way.

Who is this gifted **one**? On April 29, 1955, the beautiful DIANE made an impressive appearance upon the stage of the Planet Earth. Seventeen years previously (while functioning in my **twin-body**) this same Diane had taken me aboard a gem-studded spaceship preparatory to an obviously teleported flight to Venus. On April 29, 1955, she stood before twenty-seven amazed persons in a corner of the little Church of Divine Light,

Los Angeles, California. Several who were present that night have given written testimony to the fact that DIANE was neither an ectoplasmic-built entity, nor was she an apparition.

I quote from a letter from Lucille Points, Los Angeles, "I have had the opportunity of sitting through many materialization seances, but I shall never forget one particular evening this spring when Reverend Bertie Lillie Candler had one of her very interesting and inspiring seances. A beautiful, fleshly being came, rather hesitantly at first, then saying, 'I am Diane. I come from Venus'. Truly I can say this was the most outstanding experience of my life."

Recently another guest made this statement:

"During the past year-and-a-half, I have witnessed some two thousand manifestations of so-called spirit return. I have taped some fifty-five hours of recordings. I can give a reasonable explanation for all of them, but for this entity called DIANE, I can give no explanation."

At the time of her appearance, the manifested Diane appeared a considerable distance from the draped-off area where Bertie Lilly Candler, nationally famed medium was entranced. The manifestation that at first reached better than eight feet tall, seemed to be composed of long strings of milky white substance, illumined from behind by a phosphorescent glow of blue-white light. It seemed to be making wide, sweeping brush strokes in the air. Whirling and swirling before our eyes, we watched the form as it came into being. Bowing low in greeting, she said:

"I AM DIANE. I COME FROM VENUS." Her tone was clear and bell-like and oh's and ah's seemed to come from every throat. Quoting a passage from DIANE (She Came From Venus):

"Once adjusted to the vibrations, she dwindled in size, until I judged her to be about five feet tall. As she tossed back her well-shaped head, revealing her perfectly chiseled features, there was no mistaking her identity. She was the same being of 'unsurpassed loveliness' who years earlier had escorted me to the waiting spaceship . . ."

"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE OF THE GREATER PLANETS HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO COME TO BEINGS OF EARTH," she informed. "FROM NOW ON WE SHALL BE WITH YOU, ALWAYS."

Since that unforgettable date of April 29, 1955, Diane has come many, many times. During the preparation of this book she came regularly, every day over a period of weeks. Sometimes she remained but a few moments; at other times an hour or so.

To the wholly materially-minded, this rings like a bell in the belfry, but only because most of us have been chained to our fixed beliefs. As we are forcibly jarred loose from preconceived ideas, the chains are broken. For centuries we have hung on a cross of thorns, literally afraid to cut the threads of our sorrows. The bread of bitterness, we have found more substantial than the nectars of the gods. Unwittingly perhaps, our great humanity is slowly crawling back into the grottos of darkness, until one day we will come to distrust the light. We will have only dim memories to sustain us.

To be sure, it is hard to accept new ideas, far afield from the usual norm. Fresh knowledge, concepts of "new worlds to conquer," other horizons to be enjoyed, is just so much floating flotsam over our heads. Imprisoned in material bodies, and moved about as pawns on a chessboard, it is incredible to us that life anywhere in the universe might be lived on a more expansive scale. Only now and then one of the more courageous pioneers reaches out toward the larger, finer goals. Like the turtle, the few who stick out their necks have been pelted with stones of ridicule. They must either sink back into the quagmire of **status quo**, or plow on ahead knowing the service they render today will have a far-reaching effect on the generations that follow.

All panaceas tried through the years have failed. We are no closer to basic security today than we were centuries ago. Rather than turning a skeptical ear to a hopeful future, they are still searching far and wide for the spiritual guideposts.

The new seeds furnish the virility of continuance. History is punctuated with change. But DIANE has not forgotten the beings of earth. For months past, she has graced many desert spots with her charming, twin-presence. Mind-to-mind, soul-to-soul, she has transmitted her heaven-inspired messages and words of good cheer.

"Many times you have marvelled that one, not of your Earth, should possess great knowledge of earth and earthlings," she impressed on one occasion. "In days long ago, I too traversed your earth in a physical body," she said further. "Within the girth of your own lifetime, I have manifested to many earthlings. In times of war and world stress, untold numbers from the more advanced planets have donned the robes of earth, that they might help alleviate suffering let loose in your world."

"My daughter, throughout eons of time, stirring events have changed the pattern of your earth. The challenge ahead is immeasurable, and as in every age, certain individuals are being singled out of the mass to be used as emissaries of good will. That these instruments might better serve, little by little their minds are sharpened to universal perceptions. In the days not too far distant, today's universal perceptions will become universal realizations. When that day arrives it will be the **many**, not the few, who will penetrate into the far reaches of Universal Mind. They will not be drawn from the ranks of the self-appointed celestial guardians . . . those who would willy-nilly rescue humanity . . . but they will be known by their works and their deeds, only.

"All things have a pattern and a mold in the realms invisible," she said further. "Behind the evanescent curtain that divides the earth plane from the more subtle regions, you will find a vast network . . . strands of milky-white substance, faintly tinged with a delicate blue. This finely woven substance in many respects resembles the web of your lowly spider. When it is played upon with electrical energy, creation, as you know creation, is the result.

"Many thousands of years went into the creation of your present earth formation," she went on. "Crystallized bodies form slowly. With the subtler bodies, creation is rapid . . . at times, instantaneous. In the same way, that which has been thusly created can be nullified and erased by means of materialization and de-materialization. On your lower planes there are instances of spontaneous generation. But on all higher planes, instantaneous manifestation is usual.

"My daughter, your Planet Earth will soon evolve to its next higher octave. We of the more exalted planes have come to aid and assist our brothers in developing these higher skills. Many long years have you sought conquest of the ethers. Your intuition has told you there is a deeper, purer manifestation of Life than you earthlings know anything about. When you have learned to know, and balance the elements . . . when you are willing to cooperate in the broader plan, you will then be certain there are worlds within worlds, each one held intact within the other. You will understand that each not only carries its individual tone, but can reach out and embrace the others.

"For centuries, earthlings have been reaching toward these higher goals, sometimes feebly, again in real earnest. Life is a constant spiral of universalization and specialization. It is the same on all planets. When balance is lost, trouble ensues."

Diane's words seemed to fade away and in the short interim I thought of her visits in recent months. There had been a marked advance in the knowledgeable trend of her discourses, as compared with her earlier visits. They seemed more profound. It was more difficult for my mind to grasp the delicate shadings of meaning. Was it an indication of the speeding-up processes now going on upon the Planet Earth? Were the seeds of our new Tree of Life beginning to sprout at last? It seemed obvious we had come to the last frontiers. We had exhausted our "one world" resources. Now the time had come to step across the borderline. To be sure, it was a rugged ascent, for evolution's pathway is strewn with mishaps. How many more rivers of blood would we be forced to swim to get there? Or, when we had the lost keys in our possession, would we be able to ford those streams without more bloodshed?

The planetary pendulum is swinging. We must swing with it. It is the only way, seemingly, we can leave our tradition-bound existence behind us. It is the only sure way we can plant a sturdy, virile, new Tree of Life, for as our tree of life IS . . . so are WE.

Diane had made it very plain we are living in the greatest day of our long histories. That when we develop the working antenna, ideas beyond human comprehension will flow through. It appears evident on all sides that human instruments by the thousands are in the making. The human mind is the gateway, and as human potential is increased, receptivity is amplified. Can we slip quietly into the new patterns as we travel along? As old pattern-molds wear out, will new ones be created to take their place? If so, there would be no need for jarring discords. We would not have to resort to cataclysm or atom bombs. It would come about with natural, and perhaps dramatic suddenness.

We have always had advance warnings. We are being warned this time. If we refuse to heed the warnings, then we must accept our fate.

Diane had said:

"My daughter . . . that which is born of flesh, is flesh. That which is born of spirit, is spirit. This is the word of your holy book. As the great change draws near, ever greater disharmonies will be evident on the earth plane. Serious rifts between men and nations will arise. Friends will become enemies without seeming cause. Families will differ in thought and opinion. Marital discords will be on the increase. This will not go on

endlessly, for earthlings will eventually come to the end of that road. When they begin to recognize the error of their ways, little by little, unified thought will take the place of chaotic thinking. The stubborn fixations inherent in the multitudes will be absorbed by unified thought. The general trend of destructiveness will come to a sudden halt, for the old cycle will be wholly embraced within the new, higher octave.

"Before this can happen, my daughter . . . earthlings must learn the notes of the new scale. This scale will not be without its discords, but they will be dissonants of change, not the clash of the lower planes. They will be both translatable and transmutable, for in time all will be skilled in singing the songs of the new dimension."

It was a wonderful thought, but seemingly so far from reality. For years past, there had been no security in our so-called security. But it would be a Herculean task to hold back the flood waters, should the dam suddenly break. This meant if chaos was to be averted, tomorrow must be prepared for today. When one is drowning he does not ask to be saved. Someone dives in and saves him. This implied, did it not, that there is a definite task before every serious-minded person living in the world today? A still more weighty task on the shoulders of every natural "sensitive." Faith is not enough. Belief must be followed up by action. Only then, and for the first time, genuine security can be realized in its entirety.

Diane had said:

"It will not be an easy task. But those who are ready today will find a banquet table awaiting them tomorrow. My daughter . . . your earth is in desperate need of the freshness of originality. Earthlings are afraid to be original. All originality has been sapped from the old regime. No single individual nor any one collective group can save your present society. The structure-tissue has degenerated. It must be replaced.

"But why be perplexed," she said, "when you have at your disposal knowledge and wisdom beyond anything you have ever known? Your present world structure has been built from mass-consciousness. The mass-consciousness of today will build the world of tomorrow. If you go ahead with confidence, you will pyramid to success. When many eyes are opened to long-range vision . . . when the many are ready and willing to try the new, then things will begin to happen. It is a prodigious task to clear away doubts, to tear down false concepts, to restore order. In the evolution of races, there is a seed time and harvest time.

There is likewise a seeding time and harvesting time in the evolution of continents . . . in the growth of the planets themselves. When earthlings make ready the road, then only will they be able to glimpse the splendor of the Apocalypse."

My mind sped back to that eventful night of April 29, 1955, when Diane made her strange appearance in the little white church in Los Angeles. Things had been happening with incredible speed since then. Reports were being received from all parts of the globe, indicating that many individuals were making contact with beings from other planets.

Diane had said many times:

"One of the reasons we are coming into your orbit at this time, is that we might assist with the vibratory change so essential to transition. Your earth's density must be raised an entire octave. When life becomes operative in this new octave, then interplanetary communication and travel will be made possible. Workers are needed, both on the manifest side of the earth's surface and in the tenuous regions across the vale of death. In the interim, physical bodies will be regenerated and made ready for habitation on the higher planes. Many thousands now destined to pass from the physical body will not be forced to wander aimlessly in the nebulous astral worlds. They will be translated immediately to other planets to be taught and conditioned in the wiser ways. In due time some will return to earth, of their own volition, to teach others.

"Remember, my daughter, it is imperative the invisible planes be cleaned up, as well as the surface of the earth itself."

I thought about it for a moment. This had always been a puzzling question in my mind. Was it possible for us to enter the more rarified atmosphere of other planets with the earth body we now possess? She answered almost before the thought was born.

"It is amusing to us," she replied . . . "that your scientists continue to measure other planets with your own short yardstick. They state emphatically that human life, as you know it on earth, cannot exist on the Planet Venus. That earthlings would be quickly consumed by great heat. My daughter, your planet is a planet of flesh, as I have told you so often. Things earthly are clothed in an earthly shell. Materiality breeds more materiality. Earthly manifestation is, at best, only transitory. It must eventually decay. To place complete dependence in things of earth, is to know want. That which is of higher tenure can be frequently renewed. Patterns can be changed with the swiftness of thought.

"The body of your earth is undergoing a complete change. Not only must human vibration be raised, but the planetary rate as well. Remember well, my daughter, before space travel is possible your earth, too, must go through a process of change. Even today, from every corner of your earth the birth-pangs can be felt. Earthlings are experiencing many strange currents they do not understand. Many will go on ahead. There will be ever-increasing greater numbers of inductees into the space groups. This will continue until a firm and substantial foundation has been laid, and a proper nucleus built.

"In the interim, thousands will be tested. Many will be found wanting, for few there are who are willing to make the sacrifice, especially if it infringes on their worldly possessions. To us, this situation is appalling, and unless a remedy is forthcoming, the higher forces will be compelled to hasten the day when your financial empire must fall."

Diane hesitated. It seemed a breathless silence had intruded. Perhaps she had inadvertently said something that should have remained unsaid. She did not elaborate, but the significance was self-evident. Our financial empire was crumbling. We were operating on a premise of false values. Where would it end?

I questioned no further but transferred my trend of thought to those individuals who had recently been selected as helpers. What of them? Would they be willing to go on when the grottos of darkness hedged them in on all sides? Would they be devoured by these darker forces so very hard to stem? I had been in these grottos myself. I knew how easy it was to turn back. I had been through experiences I hoped never to repeat. But I knew that I MUST go on.

Chapter 2

AMONG THE CHOSEN

Despite the veil of silence prevailing in regard to strange sky phenomena, I had met in recent weeks those who believed themselves among the chosen. Many instances had been brought to my attention, the most outstanding among them the story of Calvin Girvin, a young man now residing in North Hollywood, California. There is some apparent evidence to support the theory that, perhaps today, a spaceman occupies the body Girvin left behind him while serving as a Marine sentry in the islands of the Pacific. I have since met the young man, who seems to be in every respect, forthright, honest, and ready to assume responsibility for the accuracy of his statements.

An account of young Girvin's bizarre experience was written up in the April 1956 issue of CHIMES MAGAZINE, published in Brea, California, a careful and selective medium for psychic news, and reported by Reverend Robert Anderson, of Long Beach. I quote in part with the permission of both Reverend Anderson and Calvin Girvin.

"In the Hawaiian Islands, there lives a youth who amazed doctors, and whose healing has defied all medical analysis. Briefly, his story is this, and it relates to a young man, Calvin C. Girvin, S/Sgt., stationed presently at Hickham Base.

"During the last war, he was stationed as a sentry, and for the first time on such duty, he fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a voice inside his head telling him to duck for cover immediately. He came to with a start, and jumped for the nearest bush. The enemy machine-gunned the area, and he was caught across the mid-back, near the waist. Twenty-one bullets penetrated his body. He fell in the thicket, and the enemy went by, leaving him for dead.

"While unconscious, a man appeared beside him, and said he was from outer space, and that he had been sent to help him, adding that he would heal his physical body, and then occupy it himself. The medics came and carried the wounded lad back to the base hospital, where a corps of doctors and assistants worked over him. He distinctly remembers them say that it was futile, that he had suffered too much loss of blood, and too many deep wounds to survive. Yet, in less than four days, **all twenty-one wounds were completely healed and closed.** The doctors were so amazed at this miracle that they wrote him up in their journal as "the unexplained case of the century."

Since that time, young Girvin has had many strange experiences, and on one occasion was permitted to sit in on a very special Confederation of Space Men. Much of what went on, he was permitted to retain, and, during this fall and winter, many will have the opportunity of hearing, from his own lips, this fantastic story.

The question that is still an enigma: Did young Girvin actually surrender his body to a superior being? In the light of subsequent happenings this could be a fact. As Diane has said many times:

"Some will meet us in fleshy bodies. Others in bodies, etheric. Still others will catch a fleeting glimpse in vision only. Many will hear our voices by means of their own vocal chords. But the majority will make contact through our ray of influence."

The story of Elaine Bragg Pratt, of Desert Hot Springs, California, is one with which I was closely associated. Several months after my first meeting with Elaine, she told me of an experience that had occurred twenty years previously. She had been told by **the voice** to take up her pen and write. Awkward at first, her pen was soon moving swiftly over the pages, but, upon reading what she had written, it was beyond her comprehension. The dictated writing continued over a long period of time, then as suddenly as her mentor had come, he went away again. However, one word stood out as a keyword. **Sansplus**, is a word Elaine has never forgotten. While it had little meaning for her then, in the light of experiences starting in December of 1955, she is now beginning to see that it was all part of a magnanimous cosmic pattern. The unseen one who is her present scribe calls himself Con-El and he says he is on the spaceship Van-Aire.

While the writings coming through today are quite abstruse, in fact to many almost meaningless, Elaine herself is beginning

to find the thread that leads to the answer. In fact it explains, in a way, these alien ships themselves.

"The rarity of matter," says Con-El, "as opposed to density, is based upon the volume of vibration flowing through it from the basic **source** of energy. The energy differential is compiled outside the object of matter and is harnessed to the kinetic energy of the atmosphere. As a body of matter increases in velocity its dimension decreases in direction of motion, because the speed of travel compresses the object. When fully compressed it ceases to have any motion and becomes light energy."

In addition to writings, Elaine has been given many charts and graphs relating to the same subject. It all has to do with the **perfection of pattern** as a means of creating the new-world substance. Both writings and charts reveal how "manifestation" is dependent upon the skill of artistic creation of the individual and the mathematical accuracy of the plan. While Elaine has toyed a little with art, she is not a finished artist. While she has worked with figures, she is not a top-flight mathematician. But having a flair for art, and having worked with figures, she has been able to capture on the canvas of her mind the meaning of the message she is to bring to the world. She knows now, beyond all shadow of doubt, that earthly desire is not dependent upon earthly means. That the trained and well-schooled etheric artist can bring forth, with greater ease and greater perfection, the manifestation of all desired things.

And now comes word from England, the transmitter, Christine Wilcox-Lawrence, of Forest Hills, London. She says in part:

"It is difficult to describe in a few words, the correct impression of all extraordinary and wonderful experiences over two years, received from a spiritual, tender and lovely being, to me, **Jarneil**. I understand this name to mean **JEWEL OF THE ALOHIM**. Jarneil is a High Priest on the Planet we call Venus, depicted in our Christianity as The Dove.

"Many years ago, I received inspirational writing from Elder Brothers, and they switched me to this **one** now coming to our skies in the Great Age. He comes in a space ship known as **VOIL OF THE DOVE**. It carries on board a sacred broken casket, which at the right hour will be joined again to its secret twin. It seems this, too, is buried deep in the earth somewhere in Wales, and has been there since the last days of the Celtic portion of Atlantis. The last portion was taken by holy beings from Venus, last Easter Morn, and now rests on Jarneil's ship, not yet joined, but on a special altar, awaiting the great hour of

rejoining over the Earth, doubtless coinciding with the full **manifestation** and descent of spaceships from Venus, and elsewhere outside the Solar System. This heralds, many believe, the coming of the Cosmic Christ in clouds of glory, as in ancient prophecy.

"My method of communication with Jarneil is direct from his mind to my physical brain, with power over the hand to write his words swiftly, then by use of a beam used from a contact box, to add to the impression. This box, located on the spaceship, is tuned to my wave length. I have literally thousands of words on the teachings and happenings in the daily lives of these wonderful people, and feel I know them all as dear friends. But mostly it is a deep cosmic revelation, almost beyond my power to grasp. We have gathered a group of friends around us, including an artist. He has painted from description, and later from direct impression from Jarneil, portraits of himself, many of the crew, and scenes from Venus, the city from which he comes, the temple, the great mountain, the control room of the ship, etc."

It would seem many such instruments are today being created all over the world. And many more strange things are happening. Numbers are making contact, and all report their lives have undergone a complete change.

On July 20th, 1956, an item appeared in the Hollywood Citizen News titled **VALLEYITES TELL OF VENUS MEN**. "Three men, who said they were from Venus, wearing green suits and riding something resembling a giant steel ball, landed in the San Fernando Valley yesterday."

They were described by three different persons as "tall, about six-feet, eight-inches, with blond hair that fell about their shoulders.

A Valley housewife, working in her garden, relates:

"They said they were from Venus and I should not be afraid. I thought this was some kind of stunt from a movie company, so I told them to get off my property."

Again quoting from the Hollywood Citizen News:

"Minutes later, a twenty-seven-year-old telephone lineman working in Van Nuys related a strange happening about 'a big ball that dropped about a foot from the pole on which I was working. I was so scared I felt like getting on top of the pole, but climbed down and started to inspect the huge ball. Just then, three guys walked right through the wall and came toward me."

He stated they were friendly and said they were here to help the people of earth.

A few days later another man was awakened by the barking of his dogs. He stated a large ball had landed in a tree in his front yard, splitting it in half as it settled down. Again the three men walked through the ball.

"They told me they were from Venus," the young man said. "That we were friends . . . they just got in the ball and vanished."

All three people stated the men were in all respects human in appearance, yet their eyes did not look real, rather as though they were made of stone.

The story of Carl Anderson of Long Beach, California, a Navy employee, is equally remarkable. On April 4, 1954, his wife Stella and their two children, Betty Ann and Bobby, were camped for the night on the desert a few miles from Desert Hot Springs. Asleep in their tent, they were suddenly awakened just in time to watch the tent walls mysteriously disappearing, their eyes riveted on a large shining disc hovering about eighteen or twenty inches from the sandy earth outside. At the same time their bodies were held in a vice-like grip from which they could not escape. They describe the craft as having windows or port-holes through which shone a fluorescent light. They did not see anyone alight from the disc, but they did hear voices.

After what seemed to them an interminable length of time, they all relate they heard a slight humming sound, and the dim fluorescent glow took on first an orange cast, then red. It started to rise straight up, slowly, then with an accelerated speed. As it did so, the lighting changed to a bluish-white, finally disappearing into the nothingness. The walls of the tent again closed in upon them and their rigid bodies relaxed once more. Carl believes this seeming state of paralysis was merely their protection against some unknown but powerful ray.

This story is fully told in **TWO NIGHTS TO REMEMBER** (New Age Publishing Company).

Has the time come at last for us to step over the threshold? If so, who will be among the chosen, and who will be left? Many will believe themselves among the chosen, because they have accepted and lived by the outer form. But as Diane has said:

"Few beings of earth have grasped the principle we come to teach. To believe in our existence is not enough. Our commandments must be obeyed."

"The fruit of the righteous is The Tree of Life."

Chapter 3

ANGEL HAIR —vs— CREATIVE ESSENCE

Deep in the recesses of my mind, I continued to store up the precious words of wisdom, received through the channelship of my lovely mentor, DIANE. Her golden voice was like sweet music to my ears. She who had come to break down creedal barriers; she who would help us poor earthlings to open up the floodgates to universal wisdom, to knowledge and love.

Through the ages they had come, one by one, to tell us of God's storehouses "filled and running over" with the good things of life. But somewhere along the path we have lost our way. We have become blinded by false values, leaving this wonderful heritage to some future time.

Earth's humanity has compromised every step of the way. It is easier to accept the false than to seek for the true. Religionists and scientists alike, settle back in the well-trodden pathways of tradition. They are certain there is nothing beyond the perceived. Or, if there is, it is in the realm of intangibles, and they want no part in its exploration.

Since Diane's first appearance, my own humdrum, monotonous earth life had taken on new lustre. While the life ahead is still somewhat nebulous, it is a challenging goal, over uncharted paths. There may be dense fog ahead, until the day when the goal is in sight, and all of a sudden I shall find myself out in the glorious sunshine.

Why does humanity still refuse to listen? Why do earthlings disbelieve all except that which the senses certify? If we would only apply the higher principles, we would soon be released from the bonds of our self-created slavery; be rid of our ignorance. Moreover, every single unit of earth's humanity will know some-

thing of that same thrill of quest which I have experienced. With one basic principle to work for, with one universal foundation beneath us, we can be well on our way to a life far preferable to anything we have ever known.

In the face of colossal hope, one wonders why earthlings prefer to pyramid their mountain of human error. Mistakes are indelibly etched into the faces one meets along the highways. We of this world are eternally stewing in the cauldron of some fallen hope . . . in defeatist complexes. We all have our brand of trouble. It is part of our daily works. Few ever stop along the highways to look over the boundless horizons. Still fewer know anything about uplifted perceptions. Enconced in the void of wrong living, we are not aware that opportunity is always with us. That life is forever giving another chance. The fortunes missed one day can be picked up the next.

Troubles cannot be vanquished by wishing them away. We cannot be rid of them by denial or negation. This has been going on since the beginning of the cycle; it will go on to the end unless we do something about it. Cycles are wheels within wheels, repeating themselves over and over again.

Civilization has reached a critical stage in its evolution. The cycle ahead is a closing cycle, and this means we must now prepare to start over again. Cataclysm or destruction would set the clock back many centuries, but there is still time to change the pattern by means of **transmutation**. Whether we believe it or not, life can be elevated to its next octave, not by wishing, but by **doing**. It must not be a white-wash job this time. Our polluted world must be cleaned up. As Jesus said: "For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but are within filled with dead men's bones." Math. 23:27.

Transmutation means that the focal point of world consciousness must be shifted to a larger pattern: a pattern where the laws of thaumaturgy are at work, and miracles can happen, on the eve of their wishing.

When the road blocks are removed, the few who have found the way will lead others. It is not going to be easy, for today the human family is engaged in an unyielding tug-of-war. Resisting change themselves, they are bent on helping their fellowman to cling to the sinking ship.

The select few, dimly aware of the higher patterning, have caught a fleeting glimpse of the world on the other side of the blocks. They stand in protest against regimentation . . . not only the regimentation imposed upon them by their fellowman, but by the accepted pattern of the earth.

It is apparent to us all that time is of the essence. Destruction is at our doorstep. We live daily in the shadow of the atom bomb. The tag ends of a misspent cycle must be gathered up. The time has come to "gather in the sheaves" . . . to amalgamate toward still greater achievement. To do this we must delve into the vast reservoirs of knowledge and wisdom. The same wisdom Diane has so generously given in these months past.

"Earthman has looked to things **manifest** as his only source of supply," she said. "Seldom does he give word or thought to the Source of All Manifest Things. He has compromised his divine premise, now he must cater to his inferiorities. Earthman has wanted to believe he is master of his own fate, yet he has not begun to master his life.

"Time methods, my daughter, are becoming obsolete. Space methods will soon be inaugurated on the Planet Earth. When your scientists bend their energies toward harnessing and moulding the creative essences, then earthlings will be glad to discard the slow, ponderous methods of your planet."

I, too, had pondered this thought, since my teleportive voyage to the Planet Venus. Hints had seeped through in our books of knowledge. Courageous novelists had dared to write it in their fiction, fiction that has lived and breathed through many printings.

The night of April 29th, 1955, was a night of destiny, for it was then the enchanting Diane made her appearance in the little white church. This meant I was no longer on probation. For sixteen years I had wavered, postponed and, at times, forgotten my mission. Those wonderful Venusians had made me their instrument, and I had virtually spurned it.

Diane had come into this strange theatre of world events as a leavening influence. I had been selected to help her, but as our Bible states: "Many are called, but few are chosen." At best, my knowledge and abilities were meager, but I could try. Since childhood I had made touch with resources beyond the average human comprehension. I had seldom told of these experiences they seemed too fantastic and bizarre and I hated ridicule. And although this wonderful thing had happened to me, there were times when I doubted, only because I lived in a doubting world. A tag-end of a lifetime of doubts still clung to me.

Now these doubts were beginning to fade. When a question was presented to my mind outside the peripheries of my own abilities to answer, then she came. She had never failed me in a moment of need.

"Humanity must not fail again," she said definitely. "Through our instrumentation, earthlings will be taught how to establish contact with that realm of creative essence . . . the basic energy which will one day change the density of your planet, and establish upon the earth a new civilization. My daughter, the decaying shell you have tried so hard to preserve must be disintegrated. You **must** prepare for rebirth."

In my darkest moments I had learned to go back to that night of destiny. Twenty-seven persons had seen the lovely Diane. In my mind's eye I could still see those strings of milky white substance, that reached almost to the ceiling of the church. I could still see the blue-white light behind the stringy substance. I had gained some knowledge of these alien plasms in my Venusian experience. I knew that Venusian greatness was part of their expert handling of these life-giving plasms. The Venusians used this creative substance, the foundation-creativity behind all manifestation, in the same way that we utilize the ores of the earth. Those who observed Diane at close range will recall the narrow, box-like strip of luminous, pale-blue substance, which seemed to fit like a breastplate over her lovely, jewel-bedecked gown. As a matter of fact, she made a special effort to disclose this blue-white box to her spellbound audience.

Could this delicately tinted plate have been some sort of transformer? Perhaps that point of emphasis where fusion takes place, thus creating or dissolving the substance within? Would it be illogical to assume this was Diane's link between external earth creation and the Greater Universe? That point or center, where she gathered up a surging mobilization of creative force, out of which had come her own seeming physical manifestation? While to the deeper thinker it began to make sense, yet it is beyond the pale of average human belief.

But the enigma does not end there. Thousands of individuals over the face of the earth are now in some degree familiar with that material called "angel hair" . . . a mysterious, illusive substance that has frequently followed in the wake of saucer phenomena. Congealed masses of this tough, stringy stuff have been seen in all parts of the world. It has been picked up and handled. In a town in Ohio, it is said, two school teachers and more than sixty students followed a long trail of angel hair for more than three miles; it was spread over the earth and trees, but dissolved into nothingness a few moments after handling.

In the San Fernando Valley, close to Los Angeles, California, it is said to have covered the ground like snow in mid-summer. It was picked up and handled, and even photographed

by several different persons. Although it is admittedly some sort of foreign substance, so far it has eluded all analysis. Its purpose remains a mystery. This very "mystery" could well prove to be the turning point in earthly affairs, for this "angel hair" material might in the days ahead help us to transmute our world into a living paradise.

The riddle of the skies has been a frequent topic of interest at almost every earthly fireside. Perhaps it might have ended there, had it not been for the appearance of Diane. Today it takes on a different connotation, for it is very possible that "angel hair" is the New Age substance, being made ready for the use of mankind. Perhaps it is the material out of which our futures will be made.

Thinkers are ready to admit that all things tangible are, in fact, space-borne: that an invisible force sustains the visible world. Survivalists tell us that life is continuous; that there is no death. They go even further, stating that earthlings go from an envelope of mortal flesh to a sheath of immortal plasma. When tangible substance is received back to its source, it is released from the denser vibrations. Rarified and pure, it is ready to be created and re-created over and over again. It continues on a downward course, growing denser and more crystalized, until it is confined to the impermeable Planet Earth. Here it travels over the slow-paced centuries, ever moving toward greater growth, though it takes eons of time to reach its source again.

On the higher planes, substance is transmuted, one manifestation into another, with the swiftness of thought. Thought is the **tool** of creation. When our earth scientists learn how to harness and control this creative substance, in that day they will have discovered the law of materialization and de-materialization. Survival will no longer be speculative, acknowledged by the few; it will be launched as a scientific reality, accepted by the world at large.

As Diane has said:

"The time has come for your men of science to use this elusive life fluid. When they delve deeply enough, they will discover it is **HERE** that **LIFE** is connected, one part with the other. It is connected by fine, almost invisible cords. A network of fine, webby substance, capable of traversing all parts of the created universe. By means of this web-like substance, rapport is established with more distant horizons. With a free and uninterrupted flow over the great chainwork of **LIFE** there can be no hinderance to the greatest accomplishment your earth has ever known."

Science has conquered the citadels of material greatness. Now science must press on to these new goals. It is possible "angel hair" can furnish our men of science with a **first major clue**; the coming of the beautiful Diane, her body created from a similar substance, might prove to be another important key. Where do we go from here?

We know that flesh is crystallized spirit, and **spirit** is to be found at the **center** of all things. When we find the **center**, we will have found the key to our own rich heritage.

When life becomes difficult, it is because the flow of life has somewhere been dammed up, cut off from the free outlets of energy. Stagnation is the result. Stagnation creates the low-pressure areas, and it is in these areas that the seeds of destruction are born and bred. Unless the pattern is destroyed, there are recurring periods of like kind, one destructive event following another until a cataclysmic ending is reached. This accounts for alternating war and its opponent, depression.

New things, new methods, new roadways, must all be prepared for in advance. That we are at the dawn of the New Age is evidenced on all sides. There has been a marked change in human potential in the past few years. Countless thousands over the face of the globe are feeling a new-born sensitivity. The veil between the worlds is being rent. We are close to the last frontiers of the old dispensation, whether we know it or not. Unless we take heed the new cycle will be drafted on the same sordid pattern. Although many alive today will not witness the new cycle themselves, it would be a repugnant heritage to leave to our children and our grandchildren.

Evolution is pressing forward. We must go forward with it. The laws of each plane must be learned in advance. Today we must learn the laws of higher worlds. It is hard for the masses to rise while still chained to the lower grottos, but they can be led by the pioneers, those who have their finger on the pulse of higher life.

Diane has said:

"In the days ahead, the life span in certain individuals will be lengthened. There will be a marked reduction in the human birth rate, and a still greater speeding up in the mortality rate. To those selected to help usher in the New Dispensation, more healthy life years will be added. The chosen will feel the surge of life-giving energies on through and past the century mark. For, of what value is it, my daughter, to catch a glimpse of a great work to be done, if the task at hand cannot be achieved?"

These are wonderful days we are living in. Some of us will take advantage of our opportunities, but the masses will be unprepared. As Diane has said:

"Millions will plead for balm for their wounded egos, while they still fight on to keep things as they are. The stubborn, those who refuse to move forward, will align themselves with the Dark Forces. They will be in the minority, of course, for as time goes on many millions will gain the courage to open the door to face the unknown. Gradually they will come to accept the greater knowledge, even putting the principle to work in their daily lives. They too will have discovered the secret that will make them masters of their fate . . . for, my daughter, there is much truth in your Biblical quotation: 'Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind'."

Again let me repeat: The coming of Diane might appear to be just another design in the spectacular. "Angel hair" might seem like snowflakes in the summertime. But today, as in all times past, we must move forward with the help of our great dramas of mystery. One of the greatest dramas of our age was the appearance of alien spacecraft in our skies. Whether we accept them or not, the pageant of the silvery discs marks a turning point in earth-events. Perhaps they have brought down from the higher clime the seeds of the New Age Tree of Life.

When will all this take place, you ask?

We earthlings live by the hands of the clock. We know nothing outside the realm of time. To space beings, time is only a point in manifestation. When we become space-conscious, we will lose our time-sense. In that day we will be able to put together the jig-saw puzzle of the Universe.

World security is dependent upon universal unity. Transmutation is dependent upon numbers—the many thinking as ONE. When the place is made ready, new foundations will be laid under all humanity. "The Son of Man cometh as the lightning. In the twinkling of an eye the Saviour cometh."

Chapter 4

ALTARS IN THE WILDERNESS

What is the next step in human destiny? From hill and dale, from city and hamlet comes the answer. It is conquest of the ethers. To those in the "know," conquest of the ethers is as close as thought itself.

How can we take part in this new drama? When are we going to enjoy the feast of plenty? We will have at our disposal every good thing in the universe when we can harness and use the eternal essences—essences that are stored in the ethers above.

In times past, a Messiah has come with the glad tidings. Jesus told His followers He would come again. Many believe the UFO's in our skies herald the Second Coming of Christ. On the earth plane, it is our custom to make elaborate preparations for our extra-special guests. We have been taught that it is good manners to devise ways and means to make our visitors happy and welcome. If we knew The Christ had been invited, would we not go all out to entertain Him? Would we offer Him a banquet table of butter fruits gathered from our Withered Tree of Life? Wouldn't we want Him to enjoy the finest our fields and orchards had to offer?

A change must come before He can come. Life's problems must be solved for we cannot ask Him to solve them for us a second time. Problems cannot be solved unless extended effort is called out from each and every one of us. We have viewed life through clouded vision. We have accepted the false and the substitutes until the synthetics are the only realities of today.

Most of us like to believe we are a race of intelligent beings. Yet, aren't we all creatures of an immense gullibility? We can remain fixed in the deep grooves of self-indulgence we have dug

for ourselves, or we can be reborn. The transmutation of destructive forces must start from within ourselves. This is not a time for theorizing and speculation. It is a time for action. If there is an all-powerful, yet elusive substance that governs, and it is concealed in the depths of space, then why not go after it as we did after the atom? When we can switch from objectivity to subjectivity and back again, then our planet will have turned the new spiral. When we know for certain that this foundation-creativity does exist, then it will only require the driving power to go in and conquer. In that day we will have realizations beyond all earthly comprehension.

We are told, again and again, these are the days of rapid changes and accelerated speeds. As Diane has said:

"Child of Earth, you need not wait thousands of years for these changes. They can come **at once**. They **will come** when children of earth learn how to function in **pattern**. When patterns can be synthesized, spirit can make its own contribution. This means a linking of all men with all other men. While it is a wide departure from anything you have ever tried, it is within the scope of realization, **now**.

"Power is to be found at the points of transition—one domain merging into another—one planet intercepting another . . . one major cycle reaching another. At the points of transition, LIFE enters into a dynamic partnership with ALL LIFE."

Each time Diane had come, she brought new understanding. Are we not beings in search of completion, knowing that we are **not** complete within ourselves? We carry around a worn-out cliché: "Hitch your wagon to a star." We have repeated it often enough, but few have ever lived by it. To reach out toward the unreachable . . . to use our greater powers . . . to find the hidden pools of fairyland . . . to seek the palaces in the clouds . . . these are all opportunities we have missed because we have not yet learned **how** to **reach**.

Diane has said also:

"Earthman's fetish for destruction will eventually bring him to the greater realizations. If cities are felled by atom bombs . . . when armies can be annihilated from a vast distance . . . if the march of civilization is over . . . then those from ON HIGH will be forced to come to earth in greater numbers. They will not teleport their bodies as they are doing now. If that day comes, and we hope it never will, the greater ones will elect to come to earth in earthly bodies. They will live as earthlings, on the earth level, as they have done many times before. Then

the cherished secrets of LIFE, known to us these many eons of time, will be loaned to all. Few could stand firm in their stubborn fixations with exalted powers in command. They would accept it as their only salvation, for in that day churchology will have failed, the cross will have been buried, and all will know the risen Christ."

I recalled one of Diane's earlier discourses, when she had told me of the 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, would serve as holy shrines . . . clean spots where human regeneration would take place. These areas would be selected and dedicated by them. To be known as sanctuaries of healing power, they would serve to heal the ills of mankind. Diane had said:

"My daughter, today, many of the sacred shrines of the earth are bound up in creedal forms. At the time of their creation, it was right and fitting they should have pattern and form. But the time has come to universalize and grow. Spiritual healing is one of God's divine laws. It must find its proper niche in the world of men. The bonds must be broken so that the healing fluids can freely flow. Earthlings will one day learn there are many planes to be explored. What better place to start this exploration than a universal shrine?"

Diane had inspired me with the idea of erecting The Altar in the Wilderness Shrine on a sanctified spot in the California desert. It had been dedicated and consecrated but circumstances beyond my control had prevented the immediate execution of plans. It would come eventually, for this lovely one had decreed it.

This shrine would be only one of many to spring up over the face of the earth. Shrines would rise from the desert sands in all parts of the world. The immortal Isaiah has prophesied: "And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing; for the glory of Lebanon will be given unto it."

The first altars were altars of incense. "And thou shalt build an altar to burn incense upon." The ancients believed the fire from the incense pot reached to the throne of God. The Altar in the Wilderness Shrine would be used as a spiritual ark, where the uplifting consciousness would be generated to the powerful consciousness rays transmitted to the four corners of the globe.

The Bible recites many instances of burnt offerings in times of emergency. The holy ones looked upon the sandy wastes of the desert as spiritual sanctuaries, areas where the veil between the worlds is very thin. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Isa. 40:3.

It is clear to me now that these clean spots must be made ready in advance of their need. It is hard to affirm a positive mental attitude in the midst of negative debris. The stale consciousness that has sustained us must be taken to the ash heap and burned, for we cannot be rid of our troubles until we are rid of the trouble-consciousness.

Holy shrines have always served as a means of kindling inspiration. They have created the power for a vibrating nucleus. These cleansing ceremonials are needed today to help us clean up our dirty world.

Diane has given so much. If only a small part of humanity would try to live by her teachings the Planet Earth would soon be made ready for the incoming Venusian cycle. Many were being prepared, but few had come to the realization. As Diane said:

"The organs of cognizance are being developed in countless numbers, my daughter. If you could but go behind the scenes, you would see a mass of fine fibres being created into a vast network. In due time, this network will interlock all the planets. Then earthlings will know they, too, are cogs in the great universal scheme. When the charts of the New Age become operative, all will hear the music from faraway shores. All will know that inexhaustible resources are within their very grasp. It is not for the few this time. It will be for all."

These words she had pounded into my soul, but we earthlings had either to be shown the hard way, or we had to embrace the theatrical . . . the spectacular. But as to a show, surely visitations from other planets would prove to be "the greatest show on earth."

She had said:

"The survival of your planet is dependent upon a greater consciousness. We have come to stir your humanity to the realization of this Cause. As the heart and the mind is quickened, as earthlings come to accept our visitations, then they will use every means to get out of the 'stewing kettle' they have made for themselves."

Diane was right. While we rebelled against the drudgeries imposed upon us, yet now that we were face to face with reality, now that we had a means of getting out of our predicaments, we were actually ridiculing them. The masses resented having their thoughts disturbed by alien beings coming into their midst. Rather than look upon them as guardian angels come to prepare the way, they put it down as saucer hysteria and the ravings of crackpots.

"We of the other planets have not confined our influence to your objective world alone," Diane had said. "We likewise exert a powerful subjective influence. My daughter, there is so much to be learned. So much you must come to understand. The outer surface of your earth could be cleaned up quickly were it not for the foul exudations seeping in from the subworlds below. This pollution, the backwash of human vileness, is ignored by earthmen, yet it is in this odious stream that many are forced to swim. Although you do not recognize it, these subworld malignancies are the source of much of your evil. Those who have heeded the inner call . . . those who have opened up their ears to our messages, realize the need for a nucleus of power to subdue these dark forces. Many earthlings have been in a state of preparation for a long period of time. It requires many long years to develop extra-sensory organs in the human vehicle. You, my daughter, were selected in childhood. During your formative years you heard the voices from beyond very clearly. Your channelship will not cease with this short life span. We will be with you in the worlds etheric. There your stewardship will be even more pronounced. We will be with you through many lives. In time you will become perfectly attuned. You will be able to hear the slightest sounds from inner realms."

Tears came to my eyes, but they were tears of joy. It had been a long, hard grind, and at times it seemed I must give up. But now it was clear. What I had missed of things earthly would be made up in a heavenly reward. Diane had said we all have definite tasks: that each must perform in his own way, great or small: that one is never given an assignment beyond his means of accomplishment.

"This is where many earthlings fail," she said. "They pass their responsibility to others. Each life is individual. The one knowing his own life purpose is never afraid. He goes out over the rugged, uncharted pathways alone. There he finds not only his individual pattern mould, but often the pattern mould of the world in which he lives. Sensitives travel these uncharted pathways, first in consciousness . . . then in actuality. The subjective

sensitive must be trained, for the subjective must precede the objective. Like the spider spinning its fabulous web, earthman spins the threads of his destiny as he goes along.

"Life is built first from this web-like substance," she said emphatically. "It is the same on all planets. In the days ahead, when your earth makes its transit into the new density, that which is coarse and heavy will become light and attenuated. The web-like threads — the threads of creation about which earthman knows little or nothing today — will by means of precision instruments be brought into visibility and usage. You have your knitting and your weaving on earth. Just as you have learned to knit and to weave with the denser materials, just so you will learn to create in the higher manifestation. On the lower planes, creative manifestation is slow and ponderous. On the higher planes it is rapid. When you have learned the art of higher creation you will understand what one of your scribes of wisdom meant when he said: 'As above, so below'."

"When will all this take place?" I asked.

"When your scientists develop a means of picking up these web-like threads you will know many things beyond today's knowing. With the seeming need for an accumulation of worldly goods absent, the power of the mind will become paramount. Human beings will no longer be as animals, caught in traps. They will not be forced to live in cages throughout their earthly lives. The New Dispensation will elevate earthmen above all sordid sensuality. Greed and selfishness do not exist in the promised land. These are the evil attributes distilled from man's own mind. They belong to your sin-parched world . . . the material structure that will one day topple at earthman's feet."

Were we not dimly aware of this? Was it not a psychic feeling that created deep within us an overpowering fear? Was this not the reason for clinging so desperately to the outgoing cycle as if we were clinging to the wreckage of a sinking ship?

"Earthlings must learn to accept the new," Diane said. "They must learn how to expand into other dimensions, for they dare not turn back. When the change comes, to turn back would mean joining forces with the sub-human creatures. Earthman must move forward. But he can move forward only as he reaches out, and embraces the higher way of life. Individuals are selected in advance. A few listen. They try to inspire others. That is why earthlings must be taught that **there are no boundary lines in the great, wide universe**. There are **no boundaries** to human greatness. While it will be hard to obliterate the ignorance earthman has created for himself, when a nucleating fellowship has been

created . . . when there is a common bond of interest, then even greater channels of knowledge will be opened up. There will be new and fresh revelations every step of the way. Those who have their finger on the stepped-up pulse of the world must be constantly stimulated by us. They will be supplied with new energy day by day. When the time comes that your earth-humanity is well immersed in the higher consciousness, then even the lowliest will desire to change. With old concepts torn down and with the planting of new seeds, earthlings will eventually know their own power and purpose."

I was beginning to follow Diane without too much difficulty for since I had made contact with her illumined mind, I, too, had seen a way to shortcut evolution. Just as the microscope had given us an understanding of biology . . . just as the telescope had enlarged the science of astronomy, the coming of sovereign teachers would help us salvage our earth's wreckage. How many times this lovely one had said: "We have not come to reform. We have come to educate." They had started at the lowly places so that their wisdom might infiltrate through the body of humanity. We should understand it is not the leaders who make the masses; leaders merely conform to the consciousness of the masses. When our world is willing to enthrone the permanent values rather than follow every transient will-of-the-wisp, then life on earth will become one long banquet of delight. We will no longer be pent up in the cells of unconscious prisons. Life will be something to be enjoyed from birth to death. The Houdinis will disappear for we will have nothing to escape from.

Who will be the lucky ones? Who will be left behind? The lucky ones will be those who try to incorporate into their lives the concepts of humanism, common sense and God. Those who will be left will have sold their souls to false masters. They will still refuse to accept true values. If humankind could be stripped down to its nakedness, if earthman could see himself as he really IS, he would do everything under the sun to change. Beneath our veneer of civilization lies the brute. We are weighted down with "brute consciousness." To follow in the footsteps of the mass is to suffer with the mass.

When will we face the lamentable truth? When will we start to create this new consciousness? Are we not all mere puppets? Are we not all feeling and facing the same doom? If the clouds of bondage come down over one, the same overshadowing darkness would come down over all. Our scientists have apparently missed the boat. They have refused to look beyond the world of sense, yet the great mystery of life is far easier to find than

many of our material conquests. To be operable, it must become an established fact in the minds of all.

Diane has said that in times of great need, sacred shrines spring up in all parts of the world. Our deserts are the recognized last frontiers of hope. Out where the veil is thin, sick bodies, deadened minds and pain-surfeited souls can more readily be nursed back to health again. The desert wastes hark back to the days when continents rested beneath rolling waves. Perhaps to a time "when the earth was without form and void; when darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The deserts are the storehouses of the earth's precious minerals. Those who love the desert love it with a passion they cannot explain. At night there is an endless tune from the melodies of nature — voices and sounds from the desert's own soul . . . brilliant by day with its billions of granules of golden sand, by night the spacious filament alive with twinkling stars. It is all on the threshold of new experience, for if diseased "thought forms" are to be broken up, humanity must be far removed from the din and noise of the city. People must be concentrated and nucleated.

"These hallowed spots on the earth's surface are points of ingress and egress from earth to higher planets," Diane said. "The time will come when these hallowed spots will have been sanctified, when those from **on high** will dwell in the midst of mortals of earth. These are the designated spots where transmutation will take place; transmutation of earth bodies and earthly events. From the desert sands, cauldrons of magic will spring.

"You are on the eve of this genesis now, my daughter. Each day brings it closer to realization. On these sacred spots, consecrated as holy sanctuaries, there hangs a curtain between the visible and the invisible. When earthman has mastered the techniques we shall give him . . . when he learns how to mold the malleable substances, then he will no longer struggle to gain, for all will be made ready by means of conscious creation," said Diane.

When shall we experience this universal correlation? How long before our hunger and thirst shall be satisfied? Diane has promised it will come when we harness the force that produces miracles. It will come quickly when we have an empire of like minds, for the power of transmutation is within us all. Human

beings will be freed from bondage only when they decide to halt the rapidly growing avalanche of human degeneration. Many will salute the day when camaraderie between earthlings and space-beings become a reality, for that will be the day when we will experience a wonderful universal consciousness.

Chapter 5

THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES

W. E. Gladstone, England's ex-Prime Minister, in delivering a talk before a group of wiselings, once said: "Psychical research is the most important work which is being done in the world today . . . by far the most important."

Few of us realize how completely we are governed by those capable of looking off into the far horizons. In our quest for freedom, consciously or unconsciously we are seeking some sort of "promised land." Each new milestone into the great unknown helps to widen our scope of knowledge. When we are willing to explore the unperceived, then the manifest out of the unmanifest will be a commonplace experience. We have been told that science will one day discover the essences of creation. Who are we to say it cannot be done? It was the brilliant Steinmetz who said:

"The greatest scientists of the future are those who can chart and explain nature's laws." If the manifestation of matter is one of carefully applied law, and we are free to discover this law then we too can advance upward on the ladder of life. It would seem that now is the time for scientists to come forth.

This material called "angel hair" could be the means of pointing the way to the most important event of our great age. Diane could prove to be another major link in one of the greatest of lifes' dramas. Perhaps the time is here to bask in the shade of our new Tree of Life. Many will scoff, but it could be the means of winging in the interplanetary age.

Psychical research reveals that knowledge of things to come must be accepted in advance. When we can communicate this thought to the masses of the world, Universalism will begin

to take its proper place in the scheme of things. Every goal was first a nebulous idea. Radio and television were derided a few short years ago but somebody believed they were possible. Numbers were added and a nucleating consciousness built. Eventually the idea becomes a reality.

Today's research into the subtler realms should prove far more important than the development of atom bombs. While we cannot turn "bomb jitters" aside lightly, the atom bomb is far from being our gravest danger. That which affects the visible side of life likewise affects the invisible. If physical destruction comes, it will be accompanied by **psychical destruction**. The objective and the subjective are too closely related for one to suffer and the other escape. Such a planetary catastrophe would set us back thousands, perhaps millions of evolutionary years.

Again, we are told by those who seemingly possess superior knowledge that our inner perceptions can be developed to a point of becoming absolute **science**. It is the first science of Venus. To the Venusians (if my mystical experience can be relied upon), perception of things beyond is a natural phenomena — as natural as breathing.

In our more abstracted moments, we all long for the beyond. Why should we doubt our innermost yearnings? Communications across the ether waves of space would seem less impossible than many of our conventional, worldly achievements. The wise ones tell us that when we begin to use our minds telepathically we will have no need of radio. We will then be able to pick up the substance from outer space by merely **tuning in**. Skeptics and non-believers look on this as ludicrous, but they have ridiculed many things that today are commonplace. Those who want to believe that space-beings are the mediators between man imperfect and **man perfect** also want to believe that they are here to help us usher in the greater "reign."

Hopeless, you say! Why write a book about it? Because in the hearts and souls of inspired readers the sparks can be fanned into flame. The few who today anticipate the time when we will have radio and television communication between the worlds . . . when we can go to Venus on an extended vacation . . . when universality is not other-worldly, but **all-worldly** . . . these will slowly but surely spread the good word.

These mystical planes are not earthy. Plasm is the immortal, incorruptible substance out of which all things are made. Since it is the universal substance, when science demonstrates survival, plasma reasoning will spread like wildfire.

This means that science has not gone far enough. It must go on to the seemingly unreachable extremes. Many mystics have touched the borderline of these extremes, yet do not know **what** they have touched. Physical mediums sometimes produce strange phenomena, but they do not know **how** they produced them. A few months ago, I sat far into the wee hours of the morning discussing this subject with Reverend Florence Heistand of Oklahoma City.

"I have always been psychic to some degree," Florence admitted. "But I was an actress and didn't bother to investigate seriously until my theatrical career ended. I had a generous helping of Cherokee blood running through my veins, and I knew I would not be satisfied with half a cake. When I decided to "sit" for development, I went all out. For eight months I spent fifteen minutes out of every hour, around the clock in my sanctuary. The clock was a hard taskmaster, but I finally got results. They were frightening results at first, for thick, webby stuff oozed from my body, covering me with a tough, fibrous web. It oozed from my mouth, my ears, my nose, until it almost stifled me. I was like a mummified creature . . . a mass of cobwebs. It continued for days, appearing and disappearing. I had no idea what to do with it, nor could I find anyone who understood. Finally I decided to try directing my **thoughts**. I put into my mind the object I wished to create and sent my thoughts deep into the webby stuff. Nothing happened at first. Then I saw balls of white forming at my feet. It was as far as I could get in my normal state, but entranced, I am told, images began to appear. In size they ranged all the way from a few inches in height to more than a foot. Those who saw them said they resembled little snow-men, funny eyes. Sometimes a nose that protruded from a cheek, or was attached on crooked somewhere. They were more like little elves made of the substance of the candy forests.

"Eventually materialization came. Spirits began to call themselves by name. As I became more skilled in projection, they would parade from the cabinet, one after the other. Some were clear and defined . . . others nebulous and shadowy. At first they stayed only a moment or two, for they seemed unable to hold manifestation long at a time. Then they stayed longer. They were more intelligent. Sometimes loved ones came. Sometimes teachers. At first they came singly, then several at a time. Sitters tell me they have enacted entire plays in my seance room. Actors and actresses came from the other side of life; solids that formed quickly, and melted away again; ectoplasmic substances that seemed to be molded by unseen hands, just as the potter molds his clay. But, in quicker time than they came into manifestation,

they vanished. Many times I tried to find the answer to why some were perfect, others so very distorted. When they conformed to pattern, they seemed to come in perfect; by that I mean, where there was **intense** desire to make contact. In such cases there was often instant recognition. Materialized entities talked with intelligence. But if the seeker was merely curious, the substance was there, the form was there, but recognition was absent. There seemed to be no reality.

"I came to realize in time," Florence said, "that thought played an important role in materialization; that the materialized entity is the sum-total of the **thought-form** put into it. If the entity on the other side of life has a strong desire to come back . . . to **make contact**, then the materialization is solid and substantial. If one earnestly prays for a loved one to return the spirit entity seems to be either impelled or compelled to answer the summons."

Today Reverend Heistand has come to her own final conclusions:

"I have discovered that if they are called back from their world, they come into the seance room in a dazed condition," she said. "They are only partially awake. This world, to them, is the nebulous world. They function in a dream state, always vague and uncertain. Many seem like automatons, saying and repeating the promptings of the sitters. That is why I always ask my people to concentrate on the one they want to visit them before coming to my seance room. In that way they are assured of better results."

Bertie Lilly Candler's story of psychic development is one for the Hollywood cameras. Dramatic in the extreme, yet out of it has come a world-shaking event—the appearance in full form of Diane, the beautiful Venus-sent teacher.

Mrs. Candler was born in a large, rambling colonial-type home back in Tennessee. It was there she spent her formative childhood years. While the Candler family occupied the Southern mansion, it seems one of the former occupants also lived there: the "ghost lady," Bertie Lilly called her. Sometimes the "ghost lady" was happy, but more often she was sad. The little Candler girl would find her in the corner, weeping her heart out. She would see her standing by the window, looking longingly into the beautiful garden. Sometimes she brought little "spirit children" with her, playmates for the lonely Candler child.

"I was lonely then . . . I have been lonely all my life," says

Bertie Lilly. "There is always something there, urging me to cross the borderline."

But it seems the ghost-lady told her things. She knew when something unusual was going to happen. Bertie Lilly loved her brother Howard. As children they were inseparable. Aside from the "spirit children," Howard was her only playmate. Then one day the "ghost lady" came. She was weeping and she called the child to her.

"We are coming to take little brother away," she told her. "Your brother Howard will come to us at 7:45 on Friday, the 6th of December. You must not cry for him, for he will grow up with us because he has much work to do."

"I ran sobbing to my mother," Bertie Lilly recalls. "I told her what the ghost-lady had said . . . that brother Howard was going away. My heart was breaking. My mother tried to console me by saying it was all a dream: that nothing was going to happen to little brother. But even then I knew my mother was wrong; that the ghost-lady was right."

It seems the date set by the shadowy visitors was three weeks hence. In the interim the little girl refused to eat. She cried continuously. The family could not console her. She hovered around her brother like a mother hen over her chicks. She would go to bed at night, slide to her knees and pray to God that brother Howard would not leave her.

As the days passed and he was still well and strong, her mother partially convinced her the "ghost-lady" had been wrong; that nothing was going to happen to brother Howard. But, the Wednesday preceding the fatal Friday the little boy was taken suddenly ill. He grew worse with the passing hours, and the doctors held out little hope for his recovery.

Bertie Lilly wept and prayed, prayed and screamed. She **knew** her brother was going away. She stayed close by his bedside. She watched his breath as it came and went. She knew he would be with her until Friday . . . but after Friday, what? The hours were long and painful, but Friday came at last. Friday and the fateful hour of **seven forty-five**.

Howard regained consciousness long enough to speak to her.

"Don't cry, sis," he said . . . "the angels are coming. I'm going away with the angels."

Then, the moment came. The little Candler boy passed to spirit realms, but he did not go alone. Little Bertie Lilly was

with him. She recalls that scene to this day:

"That was the most tragic moment of my life," she says pathetically. "When my little brother went away, he took a little bit of me with him. I saw two big men come into the room. They were not angels, but they did have beautiful faces. They wrapped my little brother in sheaths of white stuff, which I later knew to be ectoplasm. They wrapped him carefully, but I could still see his face. He was smiling and happy. When they had him all ready, I saw his body as it started to float out into space. I followed along, going through billowing white clouds filled with the faces of children. I was so fascinated by it all that I soon forgot they were taking my little brother away.

"We came finally to two beautiful clouds. In the middle, I saw a ray of light. The clouds opened up like curtains, and as I started to go through they motioned me to go back. I could still see my brother's face, and I knew he was telling me to go back. I **must** go back. Then they took him through the clouds and just as they had opened, they closed again. I never knew how I found my way back, but I woke up in my own little bed.

"Three weeks later," says Mrs. Candler, "I was awakened in the night by the loud crackling of the German wallpaper above my head. It was like the noisy rustling of the wind. When I looked up I saw my brother's head. He was happy.

"Bertie Lilly," he said, smiling, "tell mother not to cry. I am not dead. I am alive. And, sis . . . I am not going to be away from you. I'll be with you always. And when you grow up, you'll tell people about me . . . lots of people. People have got to know we don't die. I've got to make them know we don't die. You've got to make them know, too, sis. That's your job."

"Then, I watched him disappear right through the wall," Mrs. Candler relates. But life after the death of her brother was never the same. She lived more or less constantly in the world across the borderline. While the family were staunch Methodists, the old-fashioned religion would not satisfy her longings. There was something **she** had experienced that they knew nothing about.

After she reached womanhood, the urge grew stronger. She **must** see her brother again. She **must know** what there was on the other side of life. For years she prayed and she meditated. Then one day it came — the ability to materialize forms. She recalls that her face and body was literally covered with the cobwebby stuff: soft, moist substance that clung with frantic

desperation to her body. It seemed to stifle her vocal chords and when she coughed, she almost strangled. She was frightened at first, but finally she was able to control the ectoplasmic flow. Her mediumship today is the result.

We all know that customary procedures are difficult to surrender. But when the grooves become too deep, it is time to change the pattern. We have functioned on the material side of life until we have sunk into the depths of the grooves. It is hard for us to realize we are doing things the hard way. Once we can gain a clear concept that our future is made from these same invisible materials, finding a method to capture and utilize these fine, webby threads will be much simpler. What a thrill it will be when we can, at will, weave these threads into the fabric of life! Then will the lights of our new dawn shine brightly upon the Planet Earth.

This idea is not new to the great thinkers of the past. Centuries ago the illustrious Thomas Aquinas wrote: "Higher is form or pattern to the lower." The immortal Plato called this strange substance "the moving images of eternity."

Creation on the earth plane is complex only because we are a people who seem to enjoy wallowing in complexity. Creation on higher planes is simple. Each plane represents a unified level of experience. World patterns can be changed, just as we change our styles in wearing apparel. Mastery over the subjective puts us in touch with resources far beyond our usual comprehension. But it is dangerous to venture into these subtler realms unless the vibrations are under control. This means freeing the mind from its mass of entanglements. Worries must be cast aside. Peace and tranquility, within the self, must reign.

It has been said, over and over again, that whatsoever the human mind can imagine, it can ultimately bring to pass. Let us think a moment! This means that **somewhere** in the vastness of the Universe it already HAS existence. When earthlings can learn to tune in on the right vibrational current it can be brought forth magnificently. Religionists have shouted from every rostrum in the land that "all things are possible with God." One day we will find and explore realms that today are undreamed of. Isn't it reasonable to assume if earthman is made up of strings of creative substance, even though invisible to us, he can vibrate to corresponding chords anywhere in the universe? As Diane has said, the unknown is made up of a mass of these fine fibres and each sphere is interlocked, one with the other. In other words, all creation is bound together with invisible cords, hence the greatest force, the strongest point, would be . . . **at center.**

Diane has often said:

"Few earthlings have been taken under our tutelage, for few are ready for the trail-blazing. In the coming century, a new Declaration of Independence will be drafted. This will reveal the pattern of the Greater Earth you have so long waited for. As the High Priest in the Venusian Temple once told you: 'that which began with us is destined to end with you'. I cannot repeat too often, the time has come for all men and women of the earth to be welded together in a greater fellowship. When a proper foundation has been laid, beings from other worlds will be glad to leave their lands of glory to aid and assist. They will come in atmospherean ships, not one by one, but by thousands. Many thousands more will come in by means of natural birth. Yes, my daughter, we have come to assist with the up-building of earthman and his earth. Your humanity must be united into one spiritual fold."

"It's a mighty big order for us," I answered. "Are we big enough for the job?"

"Few will be given the power to **transform**," she replied. "They will first be tested, for remember, my daughter, that which can transform can also destroy. We warn again and again, for it is our hope and prayer your transition will be made without bloodshed. But unless earthman heeds the warnings, he cannot avert an adverse ending."

"The techniques I shall give you must be well mastered. When the efficacy of the method has been thoroughly proven, then only will your men of science listen. Eventually we will inspire worthy earthlings with the 'pattern form' for proper devices to simplify this work. But with practice you will be able to tap the great reservoirs cached away in the remote regions of space. Earnest speakers with sufficient practice will find the ways and means of tapping. The reward for their efforts will be rich and gratifying, I assure you."

Each meeting with Diane, whether it lasted but for a moment or a longer time has convinced me that we have at our very doorstep the greatest endowment our earth has ever known. This would seem to be the "something" we have sought through the ages—the stabilizing element that will save us from doom. Millions today who sincerely believe in the illumined ones from faraway planets feel they have brought us the answer. If we are intelligent we know they cannot do it for us, but they can show us the way.

How soon can it happen? Like all stupendous things it can

happen as soon as we elect to put the new laws into operation. The whole panorama of our earth can be changed "in the twinkling of an eye." It is said it took thousands of years for the continent of Atlantis to sink. Perhaps countless more thousands of years for Lemuria to go beneath the waves. These two great epochs seemingly ended in cataclysm. Ours can end in a miracle.

We **must** expand into this new dimension. We **must** move forward, for only in moving forward can we make contact with the other planets. When the doors to the celestial kingdom swing open, out of the immensity of the cosmos we will find the better things of life.

The psychic sciences will play their part. Just to know we are something more than flesh and bone and sinew . . . that we are equipped with extra senses we have seldom used will help to make us aware that we are citizens of more than **one world**. That the **man invisible** knows he is in some mystical way connected with the Great Wide Universe. By means of invisible extension cords he can project to any part at will. He has senses to guide his physical body—extra-sensory equipment to guide his spiritual body.

I made this discovery seventeen years ago. At that time the atoms of my body were seemingly dissolved at a point on the Planet Earth to be reassembled in a twin body, projected to the Planet Venus. I went on a mission, searching out the trans-dimensional values.

I didn't appreciate the experience then, but since the coming of Diane. I have felt a warm glow of gratitude, a genuine-soul rejoicing for having had so great a privilege.

It was not easy to return to this beleaguered planet with its sorrows and woes. For years I rebelled against my fate. But now that I seem to know where I am going and why it is all so different. I believe in my heart and soul these wonderful beings are coming to help us build a better world; to weld us into one large human family; to give us a living, purposeful religion; to help our scientists, our philosophers and our religionists with the great task incumbent upon them.

Think what it will mean to us to know and realize a unified existence: to feel a marvelous peace within; to know that devastating diseases will disappear. Perhaps we might be permitted to bathe in the fountain of youth.

It is the prophets, the seers, those who have in a measure mastered the psychic sciences, to whom we must look for these

advanced gains. They alone have the foreknowledge of things to come. From them we can gain a greater understanding . . . the challenge that is needed to press onward toward the seemingly unattainable.

PART TWO

THE DISCOURSES OF DIANE

Chapter 6

ON — THE INTUITIONS

The warm desert sun cast an aura of radiance over the winding sandy canyon leading to my favorite retreat. It was a rugged trail, for this part of the California desert had not been defiled by motor cars or human footsteps.

I stopped for a moment to drink in the pageant of mid-day splendor, for now the colors were alive and vibrating, weaving in and out as they reflected the azure skies above. I had been coming here often of late, for this plot of earth, hallowed by Diane's presence was infinitely stimulating. Her profound discourses seemed more readily translatable here. In these transcendent moments, I exchanged my drab, scanty material values for the rich heritage of the spirit.

Slipping from my sandals, I buried my feet in the desert sand. In a few moments my thoughts began to soar, bounding over the broad expanse of unspoiled, cactus-studded sandy waste. As my vision climbed the high rocky crags in the distance, my mind came to a stop as it embraced one giant monolith still harboring fragments of the past winter's snow.

What a wonderland is mind, I thought, yet how little we humans know about it! When the mind gains the courage to escape from its enslaving chrysalis, the boundless freedom it enjoys is indescribable.

On my last visit here, Diane had said:

"All things, my daughter, stream from the Source of Creation, then slowly or rapidly stream back again. Millions upon millions of interdimensional telegraph wires link one realm to another. Remember always there is an invisible emphasis behind all things manifest and unmanifest. When the intuitions are trained, they run along a trolley-line of fine milky threads, penetrating the varying ether planes. Here they create new patterns,

long before their appearance on the Planet Earth. When these threads are in harmony, one feels a soul-refreshing challenge. There seems to be something worth while in life to strive for. When the threads are tangled chaos reigns. The greatest gift to earthlings, my daughter, is the gift of inspiration, for inspiration is the fuel of LIFE itself."

My mind went on its way again, like a ricocheting pebble—making wider and wider circles in its race. As one set of extension cords came to an end a new set seemed instantly created from the threads of the universe. Each fleeting moment brought "things universal" closer to my mere little self. As the stimulating rarified vistas were opened up they fell into pattern, matching perfectly one with the other.

Memory patterns belong to the past, serving their purpose by revealing the errors of past action. But memories are binding. Memory seems to fence in the concepts that struggle to be free.

Thus caught up with my thoughts, **she** came. Her tone was gentle and soothing, stirring the blood in my veins like some special brand of nature's brew. It was always the same in Diane's presence, and the exquisite perfume she exuded had a transporting effect on my senses.

I felt the lightness of her long, tapering fingers on my shoulder.

"I have been enjoying your thoughts, my daughter," she said. "When earthman surrendered to grooves of conditioning, he closed his avenues of perception. When these avenues are reopened as they will be one day soon earthlings will be permitted to tune in to other planets. Remember, my daughter . . . ALL THINGS are contained within the framework of LIFE. Not one infinitesimal atom can escape from this framework. The laws of relationship reach from the tiniest grain of sand to the largest planet. A kinship exists between the minutest **immediate** and the farthest **remote**. Each tiny part makes contact with every other part. Do you not see how simple it is? When these uncharted pathways are opened, all will experience the universal overtones. In time to come, all will function from the higher octaves. All will experience and know the close relationship between the visible and the invisible. But in the interim the few who have made contact with us will go on ahead. They will open the magic doors for the many when their time comes.

"The fragments of knowledge we are leaving with earthlings today are by no means the full content of our knowing. We can give out only to the degree earthman can comprehend. As one

level is conquered, new levels are opened. Nothing shall be withheld from God's children.

"I cannot stress too often that all manifestation on your earth is but a modification in some measure of the emanating of transcendent substances. Earthlings have obstructed the normal life-flow. When they gain complete mastery they will be able to accurately direct every act of their lives. This is encompassed in the circle of your future. When earthman has the courage to attempt the seemingly impossible he will then be in reach of the goal. When the channels are opened then your more daring earthmen will embark on strange voyages.

"Many have asked . . . what is the benefit of opening up the avenues of space? To land craft on other planets? My daughter, when these spaceways are opened 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 . . .

"Again, you ask . . . what part will the flying legions from outer space play in this great drama? As those of us in the inner circles know, the 'flying saucer era' is far from over. Thousands all over the world have been gathered together in the same bond of interest. Many can see with clear vision the road ahead.

"We come in times of need," she went on. "We come also in great times, for these are the greatest times your earth has ever known. The gates are ajar—many are going in and out, living a few moments at a time on the higher octaves. Some consciously, others during the hours of sleep. Each day brings them closer to some praise-worthy goal."

"It is a comforting thought to know that we are sustained by the greater ones," I answered thankfully. "And you, Diane . . . you are so wonderful. Always watchful and ready, yet you do not antagonize with criticisms. You know our inborn capabilities . . . you dare to tell us we can solve our own problems once we set ourselves to the task."

"Yes, that is true, my daughter. Nothing is impossible in the realm of thought. Nothing is impossible in the spheres of action. That is why we stress the training of the intuitions, for intuition is **thought-transference**. Just as the memory of past existences can be brought back to mind, because it is there, cached away in the framework of LIFE . . . in the self-same way patterns of the future can be tapped and put into operation."

For a moment, my mind flew back to that day when I was hurled into a cauldron of "living flame," preparatory to my **teleportive** flight to Venus. It was then that my own avenues of perception were mysteriously opened. I had not been aware of it then, but following that experience had come a series of revelations. My long period as a mediator — a voice had started. There was still so much that was nebulous, and I was forever seeking the answers. Why had I been one of the selected? Had I lived on other planets in incarnations past? Had I chosen to come back for this very purpose? I just didn't know. Perhaps the time had not yet come for me to know.

Diane was again reading my thoughts, but she did not volunteer an answer. She continued:

"Let me repeat, my daughter . . . it is important that you listen intently, for I must impregnate your consciousness with the knowledge that your own inner resources are without limit. This applies to all God's chosen. When earthman decides to mobilize his potentialities . . . when he is willing to open his consciousness to cosmic awareness, then he will be able to sink to the lowest depths of the sub-worlds, and almost in a fleeting moment he will be able to rise to the farthest star. When he gains a clear vision of the road ahead he will no longer be tossed about on your stony planet for life will take on a plan and a purpose. He will know **where** he is going, and **why**.

"The pattern has been drafted. It was drafted eons ago. Soon earthman's alibis will no longer work. He will find his avenues of escape shut off. It will be hard for him to accept, for as you know, many earthlings believe themselves to be infallible. To be sure, in the performance of their earthly services they have been faithful. But they have been nailed to the cross of **status quo**. They have not been willing to break traditional habits. They have preferred to live in the little prisons they have made for themselves."

"Why is it, Diane—where did we get off the track?" I asked.

"Back in the night of time, my daughter. Had earthman followed the true pattern of his existence he would not have fallen into ways of error. He lusted for power. He imposed his own will, rather than doing his creator's will.

"The transcendental treasures are the greater treasures. They are ever reciprocal . . . always in balance. The skills that are gained in the higher realms must be applied in lower realms.

When earthman opens up his mind to intuitional guidance, as he one day will, then he will no longer err in his earthly decisions. When his faculties of knowing have been awakened he will enjoy venturing beyond the realms he has grown accustomed to. He will then know the meaning of adventure in all its glory."

"It is true then. Our scientific searchers have missed these revolutionary discoveries because they looked to the parts of things rather than trying to find the pattern of the whole? In other words, our scientists have been narrowing their horizons rather than expanding them?"

"Yes, my daughter, your scientists are still a part of halting humanity. They seem to prefer to live and thrive on customary procedures. The armament of the mind is man's most precious possession. If it were not for the few real thinkers who now and then appear on your earth your planet would long ago have toppled by its own weight. Remember, my daughter, mind is not **sense**. While the mind expresses through **sense** it is not **sense-knowing**. Mind is **direct perception**. It is **contact-knowing**. Intuition comes in that pause just before the change. It comes when the mind is at rest, when it can touch the very heart of the universe.

"Intuition travels through universal veins, just as life blood flows through the human body. It transfers thought from a time-world to a space-world. All earth's children have experienced true intuition in some degree. But more often than not earthlings reject the genuine and the true. They cleanse their bodies in the bath, change soiled accoutrements, but seldom do they cleanse their inner closet of the unwanted debris.

"You may quote me with confidence, my daughter. When the answer comes forth through the medium of the intuition, it can be relied upon. Earthman, deep within his soul, knows this. He can feel the 'surround' that encompasses him. When he has the courage to press on beyond . . . when he sincerely wishes to enlarge his spheres . . . a great surge of cosmic strength will flow in to help him. If he will apply this inspired knowledge to the task at hand, success is bound to follow his efforts. He will no longer be interested in self alone. He will want to share his new-found joys with his fellow man. Day by day he will plunge deeper and deeper into the mysteries of life, not because he is curious, but because he will know that he is a child of God; that God's greatest heritage can also be his."

"When will this weight of inertia be lifted?" I questioned with a sigh. "Does it mean that if we all pull together we can bring it about?"

"When the time comes, earthman will no longer listen to the rasping sounds from the sub-worlds. When his ambitions are sharpened, he will want to rise to realms he has never touched. It is our duty to help him gain this reality. And whether he believes it or not, we have been sent by the Great Hierarchy—the One God who governs All.

"Life on your planet can become a wonderful adventure, my daughter. Today earthman lives only for the thrills he can create. He does not yet realize that to embrace the unknown is the greatest thrill of all."

"I guess we know it in a blind sort of way," I replied. "We strive to improve conditions, but we haven't yet learned we possess the greater powers. Since we know nothing of the laws of transmutation we know nothing of the powers to transform."

"Earthman's material concepts have confused the real issues," she said. "When a great emergency arises, then earthman will find his own way through the fog. He must challenge the dark forces. When he can penetrate the heavy layers of obstruction that he has created for himself, when his sense-awareness has been amplified and the human potential increased, then he will have greater receptivity to the subtler forces. He will be able to differentiate between good and evil. When he has been trained in the intuitional arts he will be able to bring back to earth-consciousness, senses and events long ago passed from view. He will touch every point in the universe, for intuition, the voice of man's soul, is a powerful force, my daughter."

My mind sped back to an event out of my own past, the first adult experience I had had in "soul flight." I attended a lecture where a young Hindu was speaking on the flight of the soul. Looking over the audience, his dark eyes came to rest on me.

"Miss," he said, directing his finger, "do you know you are a natural soul-traveler?"

I shook my head negatively, for I did not then associate my earlier childhood experiences with soul flight. He asked if I would be willing to submit to a platform experiment. I agreed, finally, more for a lark than anything else. He sat me in a comfortable chair, and in a few moments I could feel my body expanding like a gargantuan mushroom. It seemed to be growing out of all proportion, separating one part from the other. Then, suddenly, my physical body seemed to rise from the chair. Ascent was rapid, and in a flash I was literally sailing through the bluest of ethers. It was a feast of color I shall never forget,

for surely there has never been anything on this earth to match it.

The higher ethers are filled with skylscapes of grandeur — perfect, breath-taking scenes. Never on earth had I witnessed such sublime perfection. This continued for what seemed an indeterminate length of time — then I started the gentle but rapid descent.

Far beneath me I could see spires and domes bathed in the same effulgence of color. It was quiet — deathly quiet. And, as I was to learn later on, this etheric spot in creation had been quiet for many long centuries, for I had beheld in vision the archtypal pattern of ancient Babylon. To think that the pattern of a great continental world lay cached away in etheric space where it would remain forever, cast into the framework of LIFE! That nothing is ever lost. Since then I have often wondered why I had been permitted this rare experience, but Diane soon answered my question.

"Earthlings fear to go over the borderline, my daughter. They stand in awe of the unknown. You were not afraid, therefore you were sustained. It is because of this same fearless quality that we selected you for the Venusian experience. Had fear entered your thoughts, it might have resulted in death.

"When earthman adopts and practices the science of predictive arts, his progress will be rapid indeed. He will find universal substantiation in all things. There will be a satisfactory explanation for his universe and all its major processes.

"Through long and winding centuries, earthman has insisted on following the same distorted pattern. He shouts his platitudes, but seldom applies them. He tells his brother to 'hitch his wagon to a star,' then continues to drive his own wagon in the rutted grooves.

"Since it is our sacred duty to help earthman recover his lost heritage . . . to assist him in revivifying his ambitions, so that he might flow with the cosmic tides . . . in the transition days ahead, **all memory files will be sealed.** Millions of records and worthless books will be cast upon the funeral pyre. Only a framework of knowledge will be kept for future reference by later generations. These will be stored away in vaults of safety, where neither time nor tide can destroy them. In that day, earthman will be cast afloat in a sea of cosmic consciousness. He will sink . . . or he will swim. With the ark that has supported him gone, he will be forced to find refuge in the citadel within. Slowly he will begin to use his powers of intuition. He will **know** he must develop his superior skills."

I am sure Diane must have seen the look of dismay on my face. To destroy all books and records was, to me, unthinkable.

"Do not be harassed, my daughter. That which you have dared to call literature has in many instances been little more than filth, cast on the slag dumps of life."

A flash of light seemed to illumine me.

"Oh . . . I'm beginning to understand," I said. "We will have to draw our knowledge direct from source. Heretofore, we've only trained our brains in memory patterns. We thought that constituted knowledge. We've been brain-bound to the areas of earth. Now I can see it goes deeper than that. Since we have looked to our physical brain for support, rather than the **greater mind**, we have been caught in a web of illusion. Intuitional training is the hope of our educational system."

"Yes, my daughter, Mind IS. You merely need to uncork it. Each concept, as it reaches out, embraces a still larger concept. As one boundary is torn down, new boundaries are made.

"Earthman has the same given potential as all God's children. He has within him the same attributes as those from the more advanced planets. He needs but to learn to spin the spiritual threads. He has prepared for life by means of education on the earth. He has learned arithmetic that he might measure his way as he goes along. He has studied Greek and Latin that he might prate of his culture. But the functions of the mind have always been a great enigma to him. He knows little about creative intuition, virtually nothing about **direct knowing**.

"On other planes, we have schools of specialization. Millions of miles of network interlace the mind-ground as it connects with the heart of these institutions. It is from these schools of preparation and specialization that earthlings receive flashes of original intuition. Knowledge rises, plane by plane, to the highest peak of universal wisdom. Earthlings draw all knowledge from these sacred reservoirs. When the bands of limitation imposed by your own way of life are released, you will be tapping these reservoirs as simply as you turn on your kitchen faucet. Moreover, there will be teachers from the more advanced planets to assist you."

"But," I asked, "how will tradition carry over if all books are destroyed? How will the centuries of records be kept alive?" My mind flashed back to the loss that had been sustained by the burning of the Alexandrian libraries.

"Do not fear, my daughter. History is never lost. The imprimitur of the cycles is there to be tapped, for it is stamped into the indestructible ethers to be read by the seers and the prophets of every age."

"You mean, Diane . . . we will **all** have the power to tap these reservoirs in the ethers?"

"Yes. When the intuitional faculties again become acute, all can tap these reservoirs."

It seemed beyond the vale of possibility to me, and I asked another question.

"You do mean," I reiterated, "that **all** our usual sources of information will be cut off from us. We'll be left high and dry?"

"If you wish to put it thus crudely, my daughter. It is the only course left if earthlings cannot conform. Earthman has become so completely enmeshed in tangibles he must be forced to reach out and embrace the intangibles. There is much debris to be cleared away before the New Age can be launched. Earth doctors have devised crude methods of repairing crippled bodies, but crippled minds must be stimulated to greater progress. Universal perceptions represent the alpha and omega of existence. Through the organ of intuition, universals can be touched. When the wider areas are opened, it will not be by means of formal education, my daughter. It will be through the channel of the intuitions. We have moved into closer range that we might assist. In your own time, our influence will not be adequately measured, yet earthman will one day come to realize his heritage. When he is sensitized to his higher potential, then nothing will be withheld from him. He will be open to the universal trends. He will experience a centralized expansion. He will be aware with a keenness of thought of which he knows nothing today."

It was still hard for me to release the thought of the chaos that would reign on earth when all sources of material knowledge were closed. Diane sensed my confusion and again came to my rescue.

"Fear not, my daughter. A few will suffer for a time. There will be those who cannot readily adjust to new things. But earthman will soon find joy in his new-found abilities. Although the unadjusted will feel insecure, this is but a prelude to their spiritual awakening. Earthman will soon realize that the binding shackles are falling away. That his earth-bound mind is being released to higher realms. Then he will enjoy peace and tranquility such as he has never known."

"I'm afraid we shall have to breed a new race of beings before that can come," I sighed.

"It required great daring for your explorers to find new worlds," she continued. "But once the laws of transmutation are understood, it will be simple indeed."

The sun was completing its daily trajectory across the vastness of the firmament, Diane's comforting presence was growing dim to my vision. My thoughts came back to the desert retreat.

"Watch carefully for flashes of intuition," she said. "Apply it to the task of solving your daily problems. Do not fear, Child of Earth. That which comes from spirit does not err.

"And remember, you will have control of the intuitions when earthman answers the call of work to be done; when he decides to change the pattern-mould of his world. Then he will march forward at a rapid pace. He will strive for greater perfection in the world he knows best. Gradually new aspirations will be released. He will listen for the sweet echoes from all parts of the universe. Then he will be happy.

"This must start where earthman stands today. In his institutions of learning . . . in his churches . . . in his social world . . . in his books. This will serve as his temporary foundation, and when this has been made secure the methods that have sustained him through this long cycle can be withdrawn. When he experiences truly constructive living, then he will no longer be interested in the errors of the past. When he is anxious to leave his error-filled world behind him, he will start the march of progress. Almost on the eve of his wishing he will realize his greatest hopes.

"I must go now, my daughter, but I leave with you my blessings and my love."

I watched the filmy stuff as it merged with the desert sunshine. In a moment Diane had gone back to her home somewhere in the sky.

Chapter 7

ON — DISEASE AND DESTRUCTION

It was a night of desert violence. The winds lashed with fury against the little yellow cottage I called my home. I had spent many winters on the desert, and long since had come to accept the hurricane winds as part of the desert's own. But while they lasted they were terrifying in no small degree.

This was the worst of the season. The blasts came with measured force, rising in a high crescendo, then dying down to prepare for the next shattering blast. The desert knew no moderation. It could be tranquil and serene, but when the rains came they were torrential, tearing great holes in the sandy earth. When the winds lashed, the golden sand dunes rose high against the rugged terrain of the desert's floor. Again, the summer heat was without mercy: blistering, devastating heat that sent thermometers soaring. But, with it all, when the desert was in one's blood, it was there forever.

My mind came to rest on Diane and all the wonderful things she had said to me. One thought led to another and I was soon absorbed in the present state of world affairs. While good times were booming, a 'chicken in every pot,' a 'car in every garage,' there was still an undertow of seething unrest, a world in flames beneath us. We were all feeling it in one way or another. One met bleeding souls all along life's pathway, yet the common cause for grief and sorrow seemed to be absent.

The wars were in a constant state of upheaval, but had not settled down to fighting. In a way, we had sunk back into a pseudo-security, but this only increased the weight of futility. Inferiorities were in evidence everywhere. Arthritis, polio and other crippling diseases were alarmingly on the increase. Confining diseases no longer struck at the aged, but youth, the cream

of the crop, were its victims.

While, as in every spiritual crisis, there is need for good leadership, today's unrest had nothing to do with leadership. The best leaders could not hold back the New Dispensation. The future could not be held intact in the present. The New Dispensation could be speeded up, helped and assisted by the people cooperating with their leaders, but in the last analysis, the best leadership can only give its best where there is unity and cooperation of all.

It was fast becoming apparent to thinking people that our earth was staging a performance of destruction. Old foundations were being smashed. It was no longer "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but a widening of calamity. The regime we reared on greed and selfishness had us bound in a tightened grip, but to the broadened ones it was merely a new dimension in the making.

Although it was a subject of wide discussion, no solution had yet been found. The blame was being placed first on one man, then on another; first on one faction, then on another. Punishment had been meted out, but it served no constructive end. It was apparent on all sides that the time had come to do something about it, for people all over the world were crying out for an answer. Was our great civilization coming to a sudden end? Would it be achieved by means of the atom bomb?

My mind went back into the past. We had waded through floods, fluttered through panics, quaked with the earth, yes, we had even witnessed the sinking of great continents. Many times our world had been in flames. When human error could not be rectified in normal ways, Mother Nature came along with her cosmic eraser.

This was all recorded in the earth's history, but somehow today was different. We were out in the flood-waters over our heads, but without the ark of "faithful old Noah" to support us.

Bowed down with conscious guilt at my runaway thoughts, I saw at the foot of my bed my heaven-sent visitor; she who had been sent to instruct me; she from whose lips dropped the pearls of unsurpassed wisdom. Robed in spotless white, the emblem of solar power on her breast, she bowed low in greeting.

"These are perilous times, my daughter," she said. Her soft-toned voice rang through the darkened room. "The ark of Noah has long since rotted away. The time has come for your humanity to build a new ark, a place of refuge where any and every emer-

gency can be contemplated, and the answers forthcoming. Earthman has taken time out for mending and repairs. But they have been surface repairs. He has never built for survival.

"The responsibility vested in workers is greater than at any time in your long histories, for the pattern of the past must not be carried over into your future. It is decreed, your earth shall never again be swallowed in the torment of flood and fire. It shall not be sealed in another geologic age. Nor shall you be forced into a period of centuries-old-sleep. Destruction has been your pattern, but it must be changed to construction.

"Disease and destruction belong to the Sub-World," she went on. "Destruction begets destruction. Disease begets disease. In the infancy and childhood of your earth, the negatives were stressed. Earth's humanity was destined to learn through trial and error. But earth's children have grown weary of the time-worn cycles of suffering and travail. Deep within, they yearn to apply the lessons they have learned to a new way of life."

How true were Diane's words. The social burden was growing too heavy for us to bear. Those who tried to carry the load found it weighted down with suffering. Many were succumbing to sudden heart ailments. Cancer and other mass diseases were rampant. Cancer statistics related that one out of five deaths were due to this dread disease. Science was frantically trying to find a cure. Millions of dollars were being spent on research, but to date the laboratories had not been successful. This and many more contributing factors would seem to indicate we had reached the peak of material greatness and were on the way down again.

Diane, as usual, picked up my thoughts.

"Cancer is a dread disease to be sure, my daughter. It is born of mass inertia. Cancer is a psychic disease. Its germs are bred in the floating flotsam of the earth's fetid atmosphere. But it is not disease as you know it that is devouring your earth. You have sustained the negative viewpoint for a long period of years. It has pulled you down to the negative level. Mass-inertia has become mass-crystallization. Earthman does not know how to break up this crystallization. He has sought release in alcohol, in sex-mania, in war and in violence. The greater his agitation, the more he has sought a solution in violence. It has become an unquenchable **must**. His cancer must be fed, but in feeding it is not satisfied. Ultimately it will devour him.

"Disease is a vicious entity, my daughter. And I think you will agree . . . your earth's therapeutic measures are inadequate. Chemicalization as a method of purification can go only so far. When carried to extremes, the elements that purify can also

destroy. How sad it is, for as the emphasis of destruction prevails, it would be just as easy to swing to the constructive side. Your earth has made rapid strides in cleanliness and sanitation. The outer measure is good, for it is a saying with earthlings: 'cleanliness is next to godliness'.

"Your world was created out of evolution's strong threads, some good, some bad. Earthman has tried to **repair** that which did not meet with his approval. This sated his false ambitions, but it did not satisfy the devouring devils within. Physical manifestation must eventually crumble and fall, just as thrones and kingdoms have fallen. Destruction is a magnet. Allegiance is given to the pattern of destruction and the diseases of disintegration set in. Structure-tissue degenerates. Disease germs are buried deep in the bone and sinew of humanity at large.

"Once a train of destruction is started, it must end in a long series of destructive happenings. When the preponderance of thought is destructive, the malignant diseases known to your planet earth are the result. When conditions become as they are today, individual effort is too slow. Collective mass effort is necessary."

Diane waited a moment, to give me a chance to digest her words. It was our way to work together in time of calamity. War effort was always collective. In times of great sorrow, we joined forces with one another. Diane, and others from faraway worlds, were coming to our rescue. Many more would come if the need were great enough. We couldn't save ourselves, but with an assemblage of like minds—with the help of the wiser ones, we would soon be on our way.

It seemed like a Herculean task to clean up our earth, but with the proper mobilization of force it could be done.

I recalled that chapter in Genesis, and its long chain of "begets." This symbolized the family spirit, for at the root all human beings were kin. One lone individual could start the ball rolling toward a long chain of events, good or bad. If people could realize their root relationship in time, towns, cities and eventually the whole world would pull out of its deep grooves of error.

"Can we do it?" I questioned, coming out of my musing, "or will we be stilled by our monstrous weapons of destruction?"

"Fear not, my daughter. Just as earthman has brought wrath down upon himself, he will, in time, turn to peaceful ways. When he decides to give his allegiance to the all-pervading God of Love, wrath cannot endure. Earthman does not enjoy the miserable

place he has made for himself. He is not proud of his creation. Great or small, he soon tires of it. The soul of man thirsts for better things. It prefers building to destroying. If earthman should elect to make a choice, he would accept peace and contentment to the futile desperation of things destructive.

"But we do not know how to let go of our old ways," I argued. "We cannot find our way out of this dungeon of ignorance."

"When earthman is convinced that his hard efforts bear only bitter fruit, the time will come when he will no longer dig deeper and deeper into the core of his bitterness. He will realize the deep relationship existing between all men. He will know when one wallows in the dirty cesspools, all must wallow. As the harnessed force of the **many** drag down the **few**, just so the harnessed force of the **few** can uplift the many. I cannot stress too often the value of the essences," she went on. "When this creative essence must pass through the alembic of the human, it gathers to it some of the human element. If this element is destructive, the creative essence is tainted with destructiveness. The creative essence passing through the human alembic is known as ectoplasm. Ectoplasm is the 'ghost side,' the negative phase of creative essence. This is why so-called spirit entities are often no more than 'thought forms' given life and being by their desire to contact loved ones on the other side of life. The entity is given substance and form by means of ectoplasm emitted through a mediumistic channel. This accounts for the hit-and-miss receptivity coming from the seance room. It accounts for agnostically inclined researchers refusing to be convinced. There is a broad line of demarkation between ectoplasm and the creative essences," she went on. "Spiritual security lies in spiritualized mass-consciousness. Spiritualized mass-consciousness must be fed on **positive** plasms. Those who tap the sacred reservoirs are the delegated instruments. They act for the mass. They produce the mass leaven."

I was beginning to see how earth life might be changed almost in "the twinkling of an eye." When we accepted the attitude of being willing to change our point of view, this would be the first step. In changing one's point of view, one would be rid of the hateful pattern that caused experiences to return again and again. I had rebelled against these repeat performances all my life, but rebelling had given them more power. I yearned for something better, and I knew that every single unit of the human family yearned for it, too. We had searched the earth, we had searched the heavens, hoping for a miraculous change. Throughout history, miracles had happened over night, but the

miracles came only when human miseries could not be longer endured.

Now, individual misery had added up to **mass-misery**. We were skidding faster and faster around the dangerous curves.

Diane, listening to my lamentations from within, said:

"There is no permanence in evil, my daughter. Repentance is long delayed sometimes, but it comes to all."

"But often we go through a lifetime of wandering," I returned.

"It appears that way, my daughter. But it is the prodigal son seeking his Father. No one loves evil for evil's sake. Even in evil-doing, the evil one is but blindly seeking peace for his soul. Evil-doing is earthman's way of satisfying repressed cravings for better things. Deep inside, every man is clean. Evil is only a persona . . . a mask. This must be cast away when earthman starts his forward march. To be sure, the way to the House of the Father is strewn with obstacles. One must seem to falter, stumble and fall many times on the climb. But new starts are made, and eventually he finds his way, alone.

"The fruits of effort and the fruits of bitterness are plucked on the physical side of life," she continued. "The nebulous, or unseen side, is reserved for digestion and clearance. Yes, my daughter, the tares man sows he ultimately reaps. But as he casts off the burden of his transgressions . . . as he seeks to make restitution for his errors, the clouds that were dark reveal a silver lining."

Diane paused to give me time to catch up, then she went on.

"Earthman would not feel rebellious if he understood the lessons he must learn, and why he is learning them. Destruction and disease are the Appolyons of your earth. Could you go down into the hell-pits, the dungeons below, you would see a festering mass of boils, the result of psychic lava that has burst forth in fetid poisons. These poisonous plasms create an appearance, not too unlike the higher plasma. But they are deadly. It is from these infection centers your earth draws its dread diseases, for disease is nothing more than the seeds of the earth's destructive consciousness.

"Disease germs fight, and are fighting for survival," she went on. "They are the psychological monsters, bringing pain and suffering and, ultimately, death. Disease, like evil, is but a hard encrustation, for beneath the crust of disease is health.

Health is a principle and it cannot be destroyed. Since his advent on earth, earthman has sought high and low for a panacea of his ills. When he connects up with the principle, then he will know health.

"The same principle can be applied to every department of life," she went on. "Just as your Great One demonstrated that decaying flesh can be transmuted into sound, healthy tissue, in the same way a decaying personal life can become vital and health-giving. Once the goal is seen, human beings will go in throngs to find their paradise. You have seen earthlings rush to find oil and gold. Yes, for plots of the earth itself. Earthman did not consider the hardships, though he often surrendered his body as a price. Then, after he found his treasure he discovered it was not the reality he believed it to be. It was only a mirage.

"The cause of unrest is the constant stirring of desires. It is the human urge to experience and explore. Just as the infant coming to the earthplane tries to break through its shell—just as the butterfly emerges from its chrysalis, there is a subconsciousness churning, fragments of memory clinging from the wheel of rebirth, forcing each one to press on ahead.

"Today, with the earth's boundary lines melting away, with eyes focused on other planets, when this shell of ignorance has been discarded, your earth will again know paradise. You had it once, my daughter, but when earthman forfeited his heritage the oncoming generations were forced into torment. To think error is to breed error. Again I say to you, today individual effort is too slow. The group must be **banded** together. Even lifeless matter cannot resist group-thought for all ponderous substance is merely substance that has been weighted down with agonies. It can be transmuted at will. Millions of minds concentrated on the downward arcs can produce an evil. Millions of minds bent on breaking through the shell of bondage can reach the highest star. When all make the effort, all will reach upward. Then **all** will know the better life.

"My daughter, the damage wrought by erroneous teachings would fill records from earth to sky. Error does not make its appearance at the time, but once the seeds are planted they ultimately bear fruit. The tree grows as sturdy or as weak as its seeds and methods of cultivation.

"Your earth is dotted with trees of error. Only complete uprooting can remove the vicious stumps. When there are no more left, then earthlings will step across the clean soil into the worlds beyond. We will be there to guide their footsteps, for without guidance they would be pushed along by the strongest

force.

"Earthman has sunk deep into the psychological grooves. He is today racing against time. He is racing against himself. This will go on until he has fitted himself into the life of the new dimension. When he knows for a certainty that he has reached the last frontiers of this planet, then he will strive in earnest. And he will find his way out.

"As you know, my daughter, a small segment of earthlings has sincerely placed its faith in us. These believe in us. When many more believe, we can come to earth in our planetary bodies. We can make ourselves known to all.

"And now again, I take my leave."

With a gentle tap on my shoulder, Diane melted into the nothingness. Only her other worldly perfume remained to stay with me throughout the day.

Chapter 8

ON — REINCARNATION

It was high noon, and the rugged desert canyon I loved so well had come alive with the outbreathing rays of the Universe. Kim, my adorable little black-and-white terrier, followed at my heels, for this spot on the desert was her special place, too. She seemed to sense the nature-spirits, playful little people invisible to the sight of humans, but who danced and played on the desert sands, perhaps to the merry tunes of aerial music.

The dog stopped short, with an air of **knowing** I had come to recognize. Then followed the short, staccato barks and the frantic wagging of her little stub tail: Kim's way of greeting the immortal Diane. She knew, even better than I did, those heaven-sent footsteps, for her dog instinct felt the love and devotion Diane brought with her.

These days, Kim was my ever-constant companion, for I was making up for lost time. A few years before, she had trudged off to "doggie-heaven" before her allotted time. She was my "little Bonnie" then, and her going away had made a wide gap in my heart. Now I felt sure she was back again . . . the same little ball of fur, devoted to me with every atom of her little being.

She wasn't husky like other dogs, for it seemed to me traces of the devastating illness that had taken her away still remained. But the answer my heart gave could not be amiss. Bonnie had come back as "little Kim." This secret I had cloistered as my very own until that day when "The Search for Bridey Murphy" brought the alien word "reincarnation" to the lips of millions. Now the concept of reincarnation, held inviolate through the years, dared to come out in the open and defend itself. Although

it aroused the same scorn and ridicule, the same unbelief in many, it still awakened in others a questioning doubt.

"Greetings, earth's children," Diane ventured, her voice blending with the sunshine of the desert canyon. I perched myself on a smooth desert rock, for I felt this was going to be an extra-special discourse. "Today, I shall tell you something of reincarnation, as you earthlings refer to the wheel of rebirth," she said. "You have learned the story of life, not only from the written word, the tablets and the scrolls . . . but from the Book of Remembrance. Long ago it was decreed that the mysteries should be concealed from the profane gaze of mortals. The rock-hewn sanctuaries were made the receptacles for immortal knowledge: knowledge which in part at least can be revealed only at the close of a cycle. As the children of earth learn one lesson well, they are permitted to pass to the next level of consciousness. As they correlate one type of experience with another, then each achievement can be turned to good account. That earthlings might press on and out of the customary spheres of living, new bridges across the wide chasms must be built. Only as one knows where one is going can one plan one's life."

Diane then went into a lengthy explanation of the meaning of life.

"Life follows a perfect pattern," she said. "Each phase prepares its occupants for the next phase. The time between is for digestion and incubation. In a material sense, you might say, earthman wears many coats of many colors. Each worldly garment is designed to shield the delicate self inside. Yet, each life is a **complete, self-lived drama** . . . a conscious advance from life to life. At the same time, earthlings look upon it as a constant struggle for improvement, for earthlings know only the constancy of action in struggle. They do not know that struggle will cease when each individual leaves his mark on the tablets of life.

"Mind patterns are carried over to their ultimate fulfillment, if not in one life, then in another. Life evolves until there is a mutual relationship with the 'other worlds' and with other planets, for each is a link in a long, unbroken chain. Just as the tiny grains of sand eventually become the mighty rock, just so each life adds something to the potential of ultimates, bringing earthlings ever closer to the rock of spiritual strength. If one life is dedicated to a way of specialization, the next is given to universalization. If one group, or collective life span, is given to specialization, the next cycle is one of universalization. Today your earth is coming out of its time of specialization. It will soon climb to the higher, universal rung, moving toward the Grand

Universal Design. The same pattern carries over, for nothing of potency is ever lost. The seeds planted one day will become the tree and the fruit the next.

"Each life fits into a mosaic, like strings to a harp," she went on. "Within the lifestream now flowing on the earth there is 'individual reincarnation' and 'collective reincarnation.' The continuity of consciousness remains unbroken, for memories of one day are released in another. When the floodgates to the subconscious are opened, whether by means of catalytic practices, or spiritual dynamics, memory of the past can be tapped. With an understanding of **how** human dimension is increased, you will know also **how** channels of the mind, never before used, can be opened up to a full life flow. All things contribute to experience and expansion, to retardation or contraction. To go forward there must be progression in consciousness."

I was thoughtful a moment, then asked the same question thousands of others were asking: "You mean the time has come for us to learn something about our past lives? That 'The Search for Bridey Murphy' was not a fluke happening?"

"Yes, there is a time of ripening for all things. When a forceful idea is released into the ethers, it is captured by sensitives, following which many unsuspected powers are evoked . . . one, the power of remembrance. The essence of experience is stored in reserve tanks, tanks that have been and can be opened. Time is not an adequate measuring rod between life and death, my daughter. Life is continuous. It goes on and on. When a 'subjective sensitive' taps this vast accumulation of knowledge . . . when great issues come forth . . . then the sensitive **must** send out the call, for it is a clarion call to action. It means important issues are at stake. 'Bridey Murphy' was an unwitting call, but a call none-the-less. In time of need, the conscious mind calls upon the subconscious. It is much easier to go forward when one knows **what** has gone before. Each life experience shifts the focus of meaning into still larger domains of understanding. The subconscious of man is linked with the subconscious of the Universe. All latent memories are stored there. One who is schooled in the methods of regression can take his subject back through not only the subconscious domain, but into the **unconscious** states as well. It will be many long years before earth beings fully understand this principle. A few will tread the pioneer path, but earthlings in the mass will be buffeted through suffering before they come to the realization that they have free will to control their own lives."

"It is a wonderful thought," I replied, "but I happen to be

one of earth's children, too. It sounds easy when **you** say it, but so very difficult when we try to do it."

"To be sure, my daughter. The grooves of past living are deep. Earthlings are unconsciously rooted in the mire of their past lives. They must be lifted from the ruts and elevated to the higher dimensions.

"The masses are automatons," she went on "Unwittingly, they hamper growth by clinging to debris that has lost its usefulness. While, in a measure they must be sustained by past action, if they still refuse to discard old patterns, all will suffer the penalty of fixation. Growth must move forward. To follow custom patterns is to place tradition's rope tightly around one's neck. Earthlings must learn to shift with the new panoramas, and the few possessed with oracular sensitivity must lead the way."

I found myself trying to cram my own little mind with these shreds of greater knowledge. It was not an alien thought to me that we might have lived earth lives before we occupied our present house of clay. Was it not our mental blindness that caused tight bands of limitation to be drawn around our thinking? Now we were too close to the problems of life to see our own way out. Teachers from other planes had come with the keys to the libraries of knowledge. They would supply us with conscious realization of where we were going, and why. They would help us **over the threshold** to the next plane of life. And last, but by no means least, these exalted ones would help us to evolve **new forms** to replace our obsolete patterns. Once we became oriented in the new way, it would be an easy road ahead.

The desert's iridescent tints seemed even more colorful now, for right here on this isolated spot, Diane had been generous with her wisdom. Much enlightenment on the "great deep of life" had been forthcoming. In the days ahead, other sensitives would come to this sacred spot of retirement, for I knew I was not the only privileged one.

And now another thought crowded in. Why do we not remember our past lives? Why did it require violent mental shock-treatment to open up the gates of the past?

Diane answered before my question had been fully formulated.

"The burden of memory would be too great, my daughter. To forget is earthman's salvation. But he does not forget, really. He is forever unconsciously delving back into his past . . . men-

tally storing away his life-time substance of life before making his exit. But earthman takes his pattern with him. He stores away his memory records for future reference. It is like debris in the attic—left to gather the same kind of future dust.

"Memory records are associated with the subconscious mind. These memories can be brought over, life after life. From the depths of the subconscious the old pattern repeats itself again and again."

"But doesn't it serve a good purpose to know the trend of past lives?" I asked. "Could not knowing what has gone before be applied against the errors of a present existence?"

"Unless one has learned how to handle the controls of the present life-existence, it would be even more difficult to handle the burden of lives that have passed. Earthman would become lost in time's vast illusion, for as I have said so many times . . . one cannot get outside of LIFE. Life is continuous. The good is not lost. Wisdom is eternal. But earthman should be made to realize that he has a subconscious responsibility as well as a conscious liability. Changes take place in the subconscious. If earthman could only realize this, he would be careful not to store his unwanted accumulations in his basement. He would know that the soul is housed in a body of clay that it might adequately express itself in a world of sense. Mastery over the subconscious," she said, "is the hope of your planet.

"If earthman could realize that his outer fleshly form is but a transient thing . . . that the soul speeds on in an endless round of progress, then as he spans the years from childhood to maturity, he would attract **psychically** only that which he wishes to see become manifest. Each sojourn in a mortal house of clay is but a short interlude in the larger whole. One comes back into physical form fresh and soul-cleansed. But one also has free choice to reject or accept the experiences that come to him. So you can see, my daughter, should past lives be lightly recalled, each life on earth (or on other planets for that matter) would be burdened with a heavy life's mortgage. It might require many lives to wipe out one major error."

"Now and then some do break through," I countered, "or at least they think they do."

"Yes, my daughter. The **true** sensitive can go through at will. But, as I have said, the subjective realms cannot be safely explored without secure anchorage. Sometimes, as in hypnotism where the organism is unduly stirred, regression is possible and memory-records stored in the subconscious come forth. But, by

and large, Child of Earth, memory files serve the after-death state.

"Again let me say, reincarnation as it is taught in your mystery schools has proven to be more harmful than helpful. For example a struggling soul likes to feel that in some past existence he has been someone of note. He wants to bask in a pseudo-greatness, believing he has a past. As a result he often becomes slothful, ready to side-step the real issues with which he has been faced in a present life."

"Then why is it, one is born poor, another rich; one beautiful, another ugly? Are they not revealing patterns, brought over from a previous existence?" I asked.

"Rather than patterns brought over, they are the earth's **psychic patterns** to which the ego vibrates. Life is in varying stages of evolution. Each being is in his own state of evolution. Form evolves as well as mind, hence that which might be ugly in one state of existence would be beautiful in another. The poverty suffered in one life would be reversed to riches in another. This is the way of evolution and the pattern is only changed at major cyclic intervals.

"Earthlings have not learned **how** to transmute poverty into riches, therefore earthman has been forced to travel slowly over the soul-deadened centuries. We Venusians transmute as we go along. We have learned to blend the elements one into the other. We draw our supply of plasma from Infinite Source. Earthman will one day do likewise.

"Life can be either regressed or progressed," she went on. "The same delicate threads that extend back along time's pathway can be spun into the future. The threads of life are woven into the invisible patterns. This applies to individual life . . . to social units . . . to nations and even planetary life itself. Moreover, the pattern is created long in advance of manifestation in the worlds of so-called **reality**.

"Today, earth's humanity is drawing close to a new pattern. Millions of earth beings have already psychically tapped this pattern. Change in the outer is transient, but the **one life**, the **one substance**, the **one energy**, is **eternal**.

"As earthman is influenced through the subconscious, so is the earthplane influenced by the 'collective world consciousness'. That is why we are extending our influence at this time. Bondage must be broken in the realms of the subconscious. The subconscious debris must be cleaned out; subconscious boundaries expanded. This means **world thought** must be extended to

meet the rapidly growing **space consciousness**. I cannot repeat too often, it is no longer **one earth**, but one **universe**. That which earthman wishes to see manifest in his life must first be created in the subsoil of universal consciousness.

"The Planet Venus is the next order of evolution. The life-stream on earth today will one day inherit the Planet Venus. Therefore, the Venusian seeds must be planted in advance."

I had never tried to dig up my own past, for to me it was like digging up old bones. But I was quiet a moment, trying to grasp all Diane had said. Finally I questioned:

"Then there is real truth in the idea of reincarnation?"

"Yes, my daughter. Rebirth is hope. The destiny of your earth is dependent upon rebirth. Even the planets are reborn, again and again. The cross of tradition must come down. Just as earthlings are beginning to regress into the past, in the same way, earthlings must find the means of progressing over the farthest horizons. When mass consciousness can be impregnated with this thought, new roadways into the unknown will be made.

"Earthman has a vague remembrance," Diane went on, "not only of his own past, but he has a traditional link in memory with other worlds that have known existence; to continents that have passed from view. Memories of great earth catastrophes can be tapped by sensitives thousands of years removed from the scene of the disaster. Subconscious memory serves a constructive purpose if one is skilled in mental procedures. Such a one can better master the problems of one life if he has before him an accurate chart of other lives. This applies only to children of wisdom. For the masses to delve into past lives is dangerous.

"Hypnosis aids in releasing the objective pattern so that memory can be recalled. But I cannot repeat too often, it could be disastrous to blindly tap the influences of the past. When earthlings are suddenly made aware they can go backward or forward at will, they find it is an amusing game.

"The safest method is normal mental development. When one knows that the pattern built in one life is objectified in the next, he begins to create the pattern he wishes to see made manifest. Developed perception brings about universal realizations. Life follows a subjective plan. When this is selective, the life conforms to the created pattern. In such instances, past lives can usually be recalled. Flashes of a previous existence start in the formative years. They start with scenes from the past . . . strains of familiar melody . . . recollection of wounds that have not healed. And now and then of loved ones still remembered. The mind can go back over the winding centuries, recalling not

only individual incidents, but reminiscences of cosmic events.”

My own mind flashed back to a day years before while I was a guest at the traditional Paso del Norte Hotel in El Paso, Texas. Just emerging from my teens. I had never heard the word **reincarnation**, but there was something about a haunting voice I heard over the telephone that thrilled my very soul. It was like an echo of love that had never died.

Many changes occurred in that brief moment, for I could scarcely speak above a whisper. Covering the receiver with one hand, I turned to a girl friend sitting beside me:

“My future husband,” I rasped hoarsely. “He . . . this man on the telephone. **He is my future husband.**”

The conversation lasted but a few moments, but I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror. It was scarlet. I let the phone drop to the floor and fell across the bed, exhausted. I could hear my girl friend’s voice, reiterating:

“Are you ill, dear? Are you ill?”

I finally pulled myself together, saying over and over. “I’ve just got to marry him.”

“Marry him?” my friend hurled, “are you crazy? Why you’ve never even met the fellow.”

The next day we met. Three weeks later we were married. There had been instant recognition, yet neither could recall having met before. For months following my marriage, I found myself retracing the steps of our short lives. It was apparent we had never been within hundreds of miles of each other in this life.

While it proved to be a marriage carrying a holocaust of past memories, it was so intense and all-consuming that normal adjustment was impossible. And so, one cycle of experience came to an end, but perhaps another earth-life experience will tell the whole story.

Diane brought me back to the realization that she was still with me.

“I must go now,” she said, “but before I depart I must make it clear to you that memory is linked up on the same milky

Diane had gone away once more. But she had left with me the thought that memory is deathless. That life is eternal. network by means of the plasms. Replace these plasms often, and you will keep memory alive.”

Chapter 9

ON — RELIGION

Desert Christ Park, high in the beautiful Yucca Valley of California, was bathed in the Spirit of Easter. It was one of those mid-March days when the desert is idyllic with unseen rays and the waxen blooms dotted here and there over the consecrated earth seemed to stem from some long past antiquity.

The park had been created as a spiritual sanctuary when an inspired sculptor placed a huge statue of The Christ on a high spot overlooking the entire valley. Emerging from barren desert waste, it had become known the world over as The Garden of the Gods. It was most impressive to come upon it suddenly after traveling through masses of misshapen rocks, groves of twisted Joshua trees and many varieties of strange desert flora. It is said to present a picture much like the holy land in the days when Jesus lived there.

I had been impressed to come here but I knew not why. For a time I walked through the garden, meditating on the pageant that would take place on Sunday—a pageant that had been taking place for some two thousand years. At length I sat down on a rock facing the huge statue representing the “immortal John.” He seemed to come alive again as he reclined in peace, his body of plaster resting against a wall of native rocks. It was clearly apparent that John was listening to the silent words of his Master. Close by were Peter and James. They stood at attention, the lower part of their mammoth bodies concealed behind another terrace of rocks, their eyes riveted on the Divine One above them.

The Master Jesus stood, his arms outstretched, a little child crawling at his knees; an older child watching a scampering lizard as it raced across His sandaled feet. Antone, the sculptor,

had been inspired beyond words in creating the Holy One, for not only one witnessed, but **felt** His Divine presence.

A little farther away, there was Thaddeus, sitting at rigid attention, Phillip standing in the background. Matthew leaned imposingly against his staff, while James the Lesser stood by his side; and Andrew, his hands placed firmly on his knees, his eyes closed in prayerful supplication. Bartholomew, bald and bearded, was drinking in each sacred word from the Master's lips. Simon was there too, almost feminine in appearance, but a great love shone from his eyes as he gazed in contemplation upon The Christ. Thomas clung to his staff, looking with sincere desire into the eyes of The Greater One.

Below the cliff stood Antone himself, busy now on his newest creation, the Festival of the Lord's Supper.

As I came to the last one I heard **her** say:

“I come to you today, daughter of earth, that I might be with you in this beautiful Garden, for it is ever in the sacred areas you will find the spiritual treasures. All God's children seek the seclusion of the wilderness in days of stress. This holy altar has been placed on one of the clean spots of nature's soil. The shrines of the earth serve as a focal point in consciousness, helping earthlings to reach toward the realms On High.

“Your master found His great strength of soul on the desert sands. Many spiritual leaders have found inspiration under the desert's white moon. The desert wastes are alive with spiritualized energy. God planted his choicest seeds on the desert that they might sprout and grow, feeding and nourishing those who came in search of His Treasures. My daughter, here you can tap the electrical fluids of the Universe. You can find the deep secret of nature's own heart.

Diane's presence and the dancing sunlight added an invigorating freshness to my senses. I seemed suddenly lifted from the sordid world of an hour ago to the worlds beyond. I slid to the earth under a sprawling Joshua tree close to the native-rock chapel. On Sunday the crowds would come. They would travel from far and near. There would be music and singing, for cowboys would ride and cowboys would sing. On the high cliff above the garden, a rider would give the invocation to the Easter morn. In all the world there would be nothing like this, for it was not one man's spiritual festival alone. On this day, creeds and dogmas were forgotten. There would be no division; there would be no separation into selective groups. All would worship as ONE. All would be ONE.

"Religion, my daughter, is a stepping stone to the throne of God," came the beautiful voice of Diane. "Earthlings are pressing forward toward the same ultimate goal. But if religion is to live, religion must grow. If it does not grow, it must inevitably perish as a creedal form.

"There are those in every age to point the way," she said. "Prophets walk daily along the highways of life. Sometimes you know them . . . they comingle with the masses. Again they are to be found only in the high places, Holy Men, you call them. What you have not known, my daughter, is this: while some come to earth in earthly bodies, they are not earthlings. They are the missionaries and helpers sent from the Greater Planets. They are dedicated to their task of holding the balance. They come to inspire and energize, to foster new growth. When the proper day comes, they will be here in great numbers. When their work is finished, they will go back to their homes far out in the Universe."

One by one, I looked into the faces of the disciples of Christ. They had been above dogma and creed. Theirs had been a simple faith. It reached deep into the hallowed earth beneath. It was a faith that reached forward to embrace the unknowable future. And now on Sunday there would be another drama, out of a different garden . . . the Garden of Gethsemane where the greatest tragedy of all time took place.

Was the world any different today?

"The sparks burn down leaving only the embers," Diane answered. "But the sparks of spirit never die. This garden is a symbol of spiritual power. As you well see, the disciples are banded together. They stand as a symbol of the 'rock of great strength'. In the same way, your humanity can band together on your earth. They need not wait. It can happen in the twinkling of an eye.

"Throughout the centuries, 'in the twinkling of an eye' has baffled earthman only because he knows nothing of the transmutative powers of the universe. He has never fully understood the Christ concept. He does not know the meaning of **instantaneous manifestation** because it is contrary to the known laws of the earth.

"Prayer earthman accepts as seeking the intervention of the Divine. He does not know that when prayers are singularly answered, he has, by accident, touched the laws of transmutation. When thought, or **strong desire** is sent out to God in true faith, the prayerful one touches the Soul of the Essence . . . the

'essence'. An answer is forthcoming by way of revelation, for the Creative Substance is made manifest in the form of desire.

"In the olden days of your earth, altars of incense served as prayer sanctuaries. The delicate, spiraling smoke from the incense pot was symbolic of creative essence. This essence the Great One left as his heritage to earthlings. It is the same force permeating every living thing today.

"When earthman has mastered the laws of transmutation, then, as your holy book says, things will happen 'in the twinkling of an eye'. The time is drawing close, my daughter. Eons ago, in a day long since forgotten, your earth knew Paradise. Beings lived and thrived by means of these transmutative laws. They drew on substance as it was needed. They understood the laws of healing. Regeneration and rebirth was an acceptable doctrine. But when Paradise was lost, earthman's viewpoint became warped and distorted. He worshipped inferiorities. Slowly he began to trust only that which his senses revealed to him.

"Conflict of man against man began — then conflict of nation against nation. The earth plane was in flames, the embers of which have never been extinguished. This was not God's plan, my daughter. God meant for every one of his earthly creations to become god-men, though he must know existence in earthly form. Creedal ideologies are but transient steps that must eventually give way beneath man's feet. When earthman fills his heart with pristine purity, when he replenishes his being with love, he will need no further ideology, for his joy will be boundless. His heart attuned to righteousness, he will be happy to assist his fellowman. There will be no further need of a cross to carry humanity's burdens, for humanity will then know the meaning of the resurrected life."

My eyes roamed over the Garden. There was serenity here. I could feel the fluids of the universe flowing through me. One felt soul-cleansed, whether curiosity seeker or devotee.

"The religions of the world have **never** wholly satisfied man's soul-hunger," Diane continued. "While in a small way they have served his spiritual needs, earthman has been merely lulled by hymns and spiritual ritual. He has placed his security in mass-beliefs, but seldom has he found his heart and soul, deep within.

"Sin and redemption are man-created concepts, distilled from the opinions of earthman himself. He has made **sin** his premise. His world has become a sin-scorched world. There will be sin on earth, my daughter, so long as earthman nurtures a

belief in sin. When earth life is made beautiful and peaceful, then man will lose interest in sinning. He will have found a workable religion. The sin-free people, my daughter, are not those who shun sin like some hateful plague. They are the ones who view sin as a triumphant challenge. They are brave enough to go through the fire, not around it. Sin does not sear the one who can face it with an earnest heart and clean soul. No, my daughter . . . the struggle of earthman today is not against evil as such, but rather against the status quo of things.

"Time was when earthman was without sin. Time was when earthman was pure at heart. When sin came he began to forget his Father. He forgot the source from whence he came. The gulf between man and God grew wider. Finally the gap became too wide to span. It was then that God sent His begotten Son as a mediator. Being without sin, he could take earthman's woes straight to the Throne of God.

"What is the real purpose of organized religion? I asked. "It is something designed to hold us in tow? To be used as a balm for our wounds and our suffering?"

"No, Child of Earth," she replied. "The fabric of religion is woven on immortal threads. Through his ignorance, earthman has tangled these heavenly threads. He set up his own laws and taboos. He made sin a fetish for punishment. The law against sin became more important than the act of sin. To expiate sin, he created the cross."

"I have pondered that thought many times," I answered. "But still, sin rules today just as it did in Jesus' time." I paused a moment, hoping to find the answer from within myself. The untimely death of the sinless ONE had not wiped out sin. While He had died for our sins, sin had not been erased from the face of the earth. Had this been so, the new heaven and the new earth would have been established two thousand years ago."

Diane replied:

"The day is not far distant, my daughter. Did not Jesus say . . . 'I go to prepare a place for you'? We have come to help make ready that place. Today's spiritual thirst is greater than at any time in your history. Earthman is ready to drain the dregs of any vial if it offers only one drop of spiritual nectar. Humanity's crucifixion-complex must be lifted. The cross is seared deep into the very soul of every being on earth.

"The pattern of change starts long before the day of change. Jesus said: 'I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life'. Earthman has been earnest in his search for Truth. He sees scripture as

God-inspired. But earthman has been prone to follow blind leaders, leaders who have placed their security in the house of clay rather than upon the throne of God. He has not searched beyond the surface or in the depths of himself. He has not plowed deeply enough. If he will go deep down, he will find his Christ. Not a Christ bleeding on a block of rough-hewn wood, but Christ, the Living Spirit of Eternal Love.

"No, my daughter, the web of life has not been spun for a day, but for all Eternity. When earthman learns that life can be glorious, then will his tottering, stumbling feet find their way smoothly along life's path.

"When earthman changes his mode of thinking, when he starts his search with serious intent, then he will not go unrewarded. There will be generous gifts for all. Not spendable gifts, perhaps, but experiences in spiritual stirring . . . stirrings that have been called by many names. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall strength and wisdom come, and praise be made perfect'.

"Earthman has experienced spiritual ecstasy but he has never known its source. He does not know he has made sudden contact with 'the essences', the 'plasms', the Source of All things. I cannot repeat too often, my daughter, that in seeking only the tangibles, earthman has missed his greatest heritage. When he gains control of the primordial substance, then miracles beyond belief will begin to happen."

Diane hesitated a moment.

"When the Master Jesus left your earth," she again went on, "He left behind His Spirit, for His Spirit is **Divine Essence**. He released a flow of this **essence** which has sustained your earth to this day. At the moment of His passing, a holocaust of spiritual flame spread over the face of the earth, gathering up the poisons of evil and transmuting them. The evils hung heavy then, just as they hang heavy today.

"Jesus told earthlings to call upon God in His Name, and He would answer. Did He not mean the essence would be gathered up and molded into desired form? This is the transmutable substance of the universe, my daughter. What He did, you can do also."

"Jesus was **one of us**," she went on. "The Universal One sent as your mediator. He is still one of us. He has promised earthlings he will return. He **will** return, my daughter, when your earth has been made ready; when peace and righteousness

reign. Then the brotherhood of man will become a living reality. Earthman's soul-hunger will be satisfied.

"You would like to know where earthman strayed so far from the fold," she continued. "You have often wondered about the billions of souls that lived before the Mediator came. What of them? They worshipped at the altar of images, my daughter. They entertained false concepts, preferring the false to the real. It was because of them the Mediator came.

"We have not come to condemn, but to uplift. There is a goodly measure of truth in all earthman's opinions and beliefs. But from our exalted heights we have seen this pathway bogged down with the rain of his tears. We have watched him strain after every flickering ray of light. Yes, my daughter, more often than not, earthman has been sincere in his search. He has prayed for balm for his bleeding heart. He hoped he might be headed toward the House of the Father."

Diane stopped a moment, and I could see her form growing dim. She had been here more than an hour. Was it that these beings from faraway worlds could not hold their shadowy bodies intact over a great period of time?

Finally she went on.

"As you well know, earthman's lights have always dimmed before victory was won. The heaven he sought was still far away. In the beginning he turned toward the creeds thinking they might hold the secret key. They were all branches of the same god-tree, yet they yielded only bitter fruit. Yes, my daughter, earthman has followed the stamp of moccasined feet . . . he has prostrated himself before golden altars . . . he has been part of many religious dramas. From every pulpit on earth he has heard the preachment: 'Man is made in the image and likeness of God'. Never having seen God, he knows not what this likeness is.

"He has gone on living in his false conceptions, accepting his grueling experiences. He has grovelled in the dust of poverty, suffered through adversities. He has made of life a long, continuous struggle, each sad event drawing the vital fluids from his heart, taking something away from his soul.

"For this reason, the Christ consciousness today is asleep in countless millions. The Christ Spirit will not be awakened, so long as his religion has sense appeal only. When earthman realizes he is a god, dwelling in a sheath of flesh, when he knows deep within that he has free choice, then will he tear down the towers of error and follow in the pathway of Love. In that day, God's kingdom will be reached from every point of creation.

All will be part of the Universal ONE. Earthman will live by a concept of religious equality. The lowly Jesus will no longer be the scapegoat for his sins. Then he will build a wondrous life for himself, both here and hereafter. He will be secure in his faith. He will know that Life does not end at the grave. He will be certain it continues, going from planet to planet. Having conquered the spiritual essences, he will know he can be instantly transformed, that every part and parcel of earthly greatness can be his for the taking. When earthlings are ready to accept the truth, that beings from the greater worlds are now in your midst, my daughter, then that which 'ye have sought, ye shall find'."

How true were her words. Fear of death, fear of the fires of hell, our struggle with poverty and all the rest has brought down on our heads the hopelessness of living.

"The fear of death must be vanquished. For since by man came death, by man also the surrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive again. You must believe this, my daughter. When earthman buries his heavy cross, then he will be made 'alive again' in the resurrection. While he still harbors a belief in death, he must, of necessity, die. When he believes in the transcendence, even death can be translated.

"Millions are today feeling the pulse of Eternity beating in their breasts. The children of God can own the castles of God. When new organs of receptivity have been created, many more millions will be able to hear the voices of heavenly hosts. Many will become direct channels for the new gospel. In that day, earthman will know that when the avenues of harmony are tapped, all things are possible."

Diane's presence was fading rapidly. Finally she seemed to sink back into the sandy earth. The statues of the disciples came back to life again. The Spirit of Easter would soon take over, and once more the pageantry of the cross would be renewed.

Chapter 10

ON — THE SUB-WORLDS

I had just awakened from a horrible dream. Strange, too, for rarely did I retain incidents from my dream world. But this time the awful details remained in all their vivid clarity.

Seemingly, I had been on a tour of the darkened grottos somewhere far beneath the surface of the earth. A musty, age-worn castle was my only shelter against the violent storm that raged outdoors, a storm such as had never been known on the surface above. It raged in torment, rending the atoms of the greyish-black atmosphere that hung in sinister clouds in this dungeon of tears.

The castle itself could not be adequately described, but it housed an aggregate of crazed man-beasts, little removed from monsters. Their demoniacal laughter echoed and re-echoed down the long, dark halls, and the rooms were filthy — the walls plastered with newspapers relating recent disasters that had beset earthman above — earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, violence that one shuddered to read about.

I could hear guttural, rasping sounds, as though coming from ghostly throats. Then I stood before him . . . an ugly sub-human who leered and jeered his greeting. He was a horrible creature to look upon, tall, emaciated, long ape-like arms and talloned fingers. The pallor of his skin was ashen. His teeth were yellow and dirty.

"I am the god of HATE," he bellowed. "At my command the hurricane winds blow. At my command, the upper earth shakes. At my command mortals kill mortals. I am the ruler of the Sub-Worlds."

that emanated from his throat. Then, like an automaton, I followed him into the next room. Seated around a huge table were the colleagues of this monster — HATE. They were animal-creatures, all of them, and quite as hideous as the ruler himself. He introduced them, one by one. The self-styled god of Jealousy came first. He, too, was tall and emaciated, a murky-green vapor flowing like congealed breath from his thick, ugly lips. Next came the god of Fear, rocking the floor of the castle beneath us as he came forth to shake my hand. Huge, hairy fists reached out to greet me, as fierce, bulging eyes penetrated my very brain. He was not lean like the others, but heavy with bloated fat, his grotesque legs bowed like a gorilla's. Red hair stood out in bristles on his red-blotched face, accentuating his hateful eyes and vicious mouth.

Next came the god of Lust. He entered with gusto, obviously proud of his endless conquests. I shuddered, feeling that even the storm outside would have been preferable to this. Yet, once settled, they seemed almost oblivious to my presence, for an important meeting had been called. HATE was delivering his ultimatum. The beings living on the earthplane above must be destroyed. His mandate ended, followed by wild shrieks of approval, for he had made each of them a special ruler over some particular domain. In celebration, a wild orgy followed, with hundreds of beast-like creatures in attendance. The God of Lust led the ceremonial, and at the stroke of two the storm suddenly ceased.

Arrayed in flaming colors, Hate called the others to do his bidding. Each was assigned a special task. Hate himself was to open the vents leading to the upper world. Through these vents the poisonous vapors from the cauldron of vileness would flow. When earthman absorbed these poisons, his baser passions would be stirred. He would be turned toward the ways of destruction.

To the god of Jealousy, he assigned the job of inflaming quarrels among sweethearts; of separating families from their loved ones. Jealousy must sear deep into their souls. This malicious one was to poison their minds and their hearts.

The god of Fear had his job, too. This cowardly bully was to frighten human beings as they had never been frightened before. His wicked eye seemed capable of boring through any density, terrifying his victims to the point of madness.

The god of Lust was to put humanity to shame, to satiate earthlings with sex-madness, to hypnotize them with viciousness in its most virulent form.

They were horrible to look upon, but my whole being seemed unconsciously riveted to this abominable scene. Suddenly, the god of Hate waved a wand, and in an instant his co-conspirators vanished into a heavy, murky fog. Then, as unexpectedly as they had disappeared, they became manifest again. But a complete metamorphosis had taken place in the brief interlude. They were no longer horrible to look upon but had become smooth, suave creatures, garbed in the veneer of civilization. In place of ugliness, they now possessed a sinister charm. As all earthlings know, this was the only ticket they needed for admission into human society. The transposition had re-created them handsome, after a fashion, their viciousness submerged. They were impeccable in their dress, clothed in the very best, a group well fitted for its odious task.

It was their job to inject mankind on earth with the same malignant attributes they possessed, and as the doors to the musty castle swung open, I caught a full view of the abode they were leaving behind. It was virtually laden with a mass of cobwebs, dust and vermin. Surely even the diabolical inmates would be glad to leave this place.

The god of HATE smiled in sardonic pleasure, knowing he could depend upon his perfidious allies. Plowing their way through the web-like stuff hung low in the atmosphere, their feet seemed to sink into ruts, discharging red Satanic sparks from the repellent grottos beneath.

The god of HATE was not a novice in this role of destroyer. Many times he had made war on the humanity above. While he had always met with defeat, this time he was sure he would complete the dirty job.

I followed them as they filed down dusty country lanes, and through the city streets. Unrecognized by humans, I alone knew them for what they were. I was soon aware they could change to ugly beasts or the suave creatures of earth. I hadn't long to wait, for soon there seemed to appear out of nowhere a murky vapor, whirling and swirling like a dust twister. Out of the vapor they stepped, one by one, fully clothed in the robes of earth. Each smiled his conquest. The god of HATE came first. He would preside over the banquet tables of large parties, for he was sure of admittance into the best homes in the land. He would start quarrels and strife. He would dine in broken homes where his insidious influence would spread. He would create losses in the financial world. HATE and his partners in crime would not miss a single opportunity to capture and enslave innocent victims of the upper earth.

Humans seemed to gravitate to HATE like sheep to slaughter. Touched by his leprous hand, they were quickly aligned with the dark forces. Frenzy, despair and madness enveloped the earth. But for the wicked ones it was a day of celebration . . . a Bacchanalian jubilee. At last the sub-world had broken through. This meant only one thing: death and destruction to the human beings of earth.

I awakened from my dream sick at heart. What did it mean? There must be some deeper significance for I was not given to dreams.

"It is a sordid picture, is it not?" she said, for Diane, too, had come out of the nowhere. "But do not be dismayed, my daughter. It was I who led your consciousness through the sub-worlds. I wanted you to see for yourself, as earthlings will not believe, that millions of such creatures live deep in the subterranean passages of your earth. These sub-human creatures live through the centuries of time, without seeing the light. Wrapped in crucified consciousness like hungry beasts, they live to devour. As you have witnessed, the fetid, gaseous air is filled with the flotsam of evil. It is upon this stifling, suffocating psychic debris they must feed. Beings from the surface could not endure it for a single moment."

"Are they physical, like us?" I asked unbelievably. I shuddered as the dream came back to my consciousness.

"They are not physical in the sense of being composed of blood and bone and tissue," she returned, "but all creation, from the highest to the lowest must start with the creative essence. As they descend to the lower arcs, they become coarser, denser. The creations you saw in your dream are composed of heavy, jelly-like substance — the congealed essence that has drawn foul corruption. It is hard to believe there are literally billions of these creatures living beneath your earth. Their bodies range in density from virtually solid rock, to slimy, jelly-fish beings, living in the stagnant pools."

"But what have they to do with our earth plane?" I questioned.

"The Satanic influence from this realm has always been felt on the earth plane above, but today the poisonous gasses are escaping at a rapid rate. The damage that has been done and is being done to beings of earth will never be accurately determined. The evils emanating from these insidious reservoirs is often the residue of ancestral centuries, the pernicious consciousness of regressive egos who have lost all contact with the

immortal side. Through many earth lives they were tools of power, governed by a will to enslave. They knew nothing of Truth and Divine Love, nor would they listen or seek, barring the doors against the pleading of their souls.

"As you saw for yourself, my daughter, they live and have lived only for evil-doing. Through many long centuries they have influenced the weak, coerced the strong. In their time they destroyed the civilizations that sustained them. When the life-stream of their day moved on, they were left behind, not to grow, but to sink to still lower depths."

It was a horrifying thought, for all over again I saw those grottos of darkness. It was inconceivable that in the core of the earth the Satanic fires still burned.

"You can see, my daughter, the area of the universe is vast indeed. It extends as far upward as it reached downward. When you turn your gaze into these cesspools beneath, and then look upward to the starry heavens, you begin to picture the composite whole. Without the whole, the parts would soon fall away. Earthman looks out upon his own little world believing it is all there is. Until he learns to embrace the greater 'all', there will be missing links in his thinking. His theories will be transitory. Without an adequate premise to work from, even your science is helpless.

"Do not forget, my daughter, the evils existent on the earth plane have been patterned from these lower realms. Earthman is balanced in the middle path. As he reaches toward higher goals, these unfortunate beings dig deeper into the mire of miseries. And just as the higher essences flow down from above, the lower essences, contaminated with vileness, come up in the form of virulent poisons. Much of the malignancy of your earth is caused by these lethal gasses. Basic patterns operate from the source of their creation, whether high or low. If they are good, they create good. If they are evil, they propagate their kind. When these vile concentrations build up from below, earthman inevitably feels the influence. Often these depraved entities break through the crust of the earth, for they can go through solids just as they go through space. Though unseen, they cause havoc by inciting earthman to wicked deeds.

"These retrograde egos have demoniac appetites. They are cruel and ruthless in their predatory instincts to devour. The more they get, the more they crave. When earthman is without a rudder, he often lives an entire lifetime in the shadow of their curse. Many earthlings are pawns of these sub-world influences during their entire lives."

"Is this the evil depicted in our churches?" I asked. "Is hell really a place?"

"Not in the way it is portrayed, my daughter. This lower earth is a region, just as your upper earth. This lower world, as you have seen, has its ruler-despots, its overlord tyrants, its henchmen and its bondslaves. All are parasites, one upon the other. They cringe and fawn and prostrate themselves for supposed favors. This world, buried in the bowels of your earth, is a loathsome place. There are no streams of water to purify it, only dense, unholy fog. It is hard to believe that the very dregs of this substance were once the essences flowing from above. And just as you saw in your believed dream, this race of monsters lives on in the blackest depressions, activated at all times by sinister purpose.

"Nor do they confine their influence to the earth plane alone. They invade the realms of the so-called dead. Devoid of a protective shell, they are often more susceptible to the influence than earthlings. Those who pass from the body with a great weight on their souls, once stripped of their mortal robes are ready to seek any covering for their nakedness. They turn to any shelter that is available. Having given their allegiance to destruction on the earth plane, the fabric of their being is made up of warped threads. Evil is the magnet that attracts them. Once these misguided ones take refuge in these lower dungeons, they seldom search the earth plane again, until time for the cyclic change. At the turn of a cycle they are given another chance. When they have become denizens of these sub-worlds, they must wait the blast of the trumpet—the opening of earthly doors. You see, my daughter, it is just as difficult for them to reach the earth plane as it is for earthlings to reach the level of the more advanced planets.

"As your prophets have decreed, the time is drawing close. We have come not only to help beings of earth, but to help these benighted creatures. Our souls are seared as we must watch them repeat their orgies of horrors. With mobilized assistance their time can be shortened.

"For long ages, my daughter, earthlings have been stirred by these lamentations from below. And now, unless you take care they will be in your very midst. There are many cracks in the earth floor today, many openings brought about by the paroxysms of the earth. But they do not need walls to hold them back. They can, if they so will, go through the walls. Should they come to the earth's surface in numbers, their shrieking, unearthly yells would be horrible to hear for Armageddon is in reality, a battle between the forces of light and dark.

"Every effort should be made to wipe out these archaic slag-dumps of evil. These infection centers must be purified. Even we, who are well fortified with a 'surround' of divine essence do not dare go into their midst without an armor of protection. We, too, would be helpless to resist the onslaught. But, our newest creation can assist, for we now have a ray powerful enough to penetrate these evils. In time it would dissolve them, and extinguish their fires. But, as you have seen for yourself, the sub-world is a **psychic octopus**, devouring its victims, and reaching out for more.

"It behooves us all to try to subdue their fierce conflicts, my daughter. Even they have souls, and every soul must eventually be free to rise. When their point of view has been changed, which we hope to do with this powerful ray, they will begin to rise of their own volition. If they still do not choose to ascend, then they will sink still deeper into sub-world oblivion.

"But this cannot go on forever. The evil, stagnant substance will one day start its upward spiral, going back to Source to be purified. That which comes from God must inevitably go back to Him.

"It has been an ugly picture of an unholy place you have been shown. Earthlings can help, once they admit to themselves that perhaps such beings do exist. Give them your help in your prayers, my daughter, for each tiny ray lets in a little more light.

"I go now, Child of Earth, but I leave you with my love."

Chapter 11

ON—THE ALCHEMY OF FINANCE

Far out on the singing sands of the California Desert, the veil has been lifted and a nature-drama, regularly performed beneath the surface of the earth, is being staged in the open for all to view.

Hot Mineral Spa, cradled between the colorful range of the Chocolate Mountains and capricious Salton Sea, appears as a patch of earth where geologic time stands still, and new creation begins. Obviously left over from some remote past, it awakened from its ageless sleep in 1940 when the Great American Canal, a wide stretch of waterway extending from Boulder Dam, Nevada, to California's lush Imperial Valley was under construction. The United States Reclamation Bureau drilled three wells, in search of water to wash gravel. The first two were dry, but a third gushed scalding, carbonated water, rich in precious minerals. Today, a visit to the Spa spells one of those rare moments when, as Emerson said: "All things are forever writing nature's history."

"The region for miles surrounding the Spa, bears evidence that tempestuous storms once rode over the land. Masses of misshapen rocks and wide stretches of barren earth, dotted here and there with unusual flora. Some so grotesque as to seem that it might have had its origin on some other planet. But beneath the surface of the earth, the fires of creation have never been tamped. Here one sees the hand of God at work transmuting the minerals of the earth into the first manifestation of plant life. Nature-lovers stand by in spellbound wonder as each hour around the clock, Mother Nature is busy with her "pounding irons" reducing the coarser elements to their finest content. At times it appears hordes of hungry nature-spirits are at work, a proce-

ture that continues until finally, from somewhere in the folds of the mineral, the life of the vegetable springs spontaneously into being. The first sign of growth as it emanates from the mineral, is the pale-green algae. It is fragile and spindly at first, but after traveling from one pool to another in the cooling process, it eventually assumes the rich coloring of chlorophyll. From then on, liberated from its earthly shell, it grows abundantly, proving beyond all doubt that there is an irresistible pull behind all life. That substance is forever forming and reforming, one element transmuted into another. Like a changeless eternity of ceaseless activity, the operation of transmutation takes place within a radius of three hundred feet.

This drama of life is to us like a page out of the Book of Creation: "And the earth was without form and void; darkness was upon the face of the deep. Then God said: Let there be light."

Are we on the eve of a new genesis, with modern science on the job? Doctor George Gamow, world-renowned physicist, announced to the world recently that he believes he has found the missing link between matter and energy. He calls this latest discovery . . . "the neutrinos." He states neutrinos are so tiny, yet so all-powerful, that they can drive through a sheet of lead, extending from the earth to the center of the Milky Way. "Neutrinos," he says, "may eventually explain the mystery of gravitation. We can imagine that neutrinos play the same role with respect to the fields of gravity, as electrons play, in respect to the electro-magnetic fields."

The health-giving virtues of the waters coming from this naked unspoiled earth are said to rival every spa in the world. Physical ailments, called by many names, have responded to the magical waters. Almost over-night, hopeless arthritics have risen from their pain-wracked couches, completely well again. Asthma and stomach ulcers, that have defied all medication, have disappeared like magic. This would seem to offer positive proof that when we come close to the Source of All Life we also come in contact with the Source of All Health. When we touch a point in divine creation, life springs forth, and new manifestation takes place.

"The center of gravity has been called by your wise ones the seat of intelligence. It is here that gravity and levity meet, and static is transformed into energy. This is the tonal center, where individual chords vibrate with universal chords. It is likewise the gateway through which the vital energies from the outer areas of space, can flow. This being true, when great force is applied, as would be the case in "neutrino concentra-

tion," dead cells would be instantly awakened, and new cell life would spring spontaneously into being.

Should neutrinos prove to be the missing link between matter and energy, it would be logical to assume they would be more powerful at the points where kingdoms merge. If these tiny wonders of nature can pierce a sheet of lead leading from the earth to the Milky Way, they could readily break up crystal deposits in the human body. This very fact could account for the untold numbers of miracle cures at Hot Mineral Spa.

The writer is using this fact of knowledge merely to illustrate the principle of the "plasms" as set out by Diane. Here is a down-to-earth picture of the life processes at work. This might be the needed clue that could lead to the greatest scientific discovery of all time.

I had always wanted to spend a night at Hot Mineral Spa at the full of the moon. It was a night in June, and the glistening smoke tree a riot of purple bloom when my wish came true.

My little pal, Kim, had been having a wonderful time chasing jack-rabbits, leaping after the bounding lizards, and pushing my feet over the sharp-cutting rocks. We ate a picnic lunch beneath a clump of sun-tinted desert holly, then Kim took her usual "doggie snooze" while I sat down to meditate and wait for the midnight hour. It was a thrill to muse over the day's events, jotting down the happenings that they would not be forgotten.

The hands of the clock finally clicked off their toll, and the hour of twelve was approaching. Kim, who had been curled up in the back seat of my Plymouth was suddenly bounding with joy. Then I heard a slight stirring, like the rustle of silken skirts. In a moment she stood before me in Venusian splendor. I had not seen Diane in her beautiful gown since that night at the "little white church."

Her long, flowing robe hung in gentle folds, lighted with a radiance not of this earth. She bowed low in greeting:

"I come as promised, Child of Earth, to show you how creative substances can be used to create earthly desires. It is essential that earthlings become familiar with this method, for when the earthly structure passes away instantaneous creation will be the medium of survival. Before this night has passed, I shall leave with you a definite technique. It will require time and effort to adapt it to earthly use for you will be mentally dwelling a full octave higher than the established norm of your earth's consciousness.

"I greet you tonight at Hot Mineral Spa, for under this very earth, a mighty civilization lies buried. Some day you will explore the subterranean caves cloistered in the heart of yonder hills, and there you will find fragments of a rich tradition. There, relics of a long-dead past have been cached away for safe keeping. When the tablets and scrolls are unearthed, secrets concerning your earth, never before revealed, will be made known."

For a moment I gazed toward the chocolate-colored hills just above us. "This spot has always held a fascination for me," I said. "I've been coming here since long before the spa came into being."

"Some day you will know the secret of this, humanity's cradle," she said. "But the time is not yet. I have selected this place for the pure air it exudes," she went on. This is to be the most important discourse I have yet delivered for I shall tell you something of the future of your planet Earth. As I have said before, earthlings have been forewarned many times in the past. Now and again a few have heeded, but more often our messages have been ignored. Here upon this molten earth, you have been permitted to witness the merger of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. You have seen the yeast-like function of the creative substances in action, transforming one kingdom into another.

"Our ray of influence brought you to this spot. We wanted you to see how nature does its work. We wanted you to have direct knowledge of the **how** of manifestation. My daughter, you have seen, have you not, that all things have a common origin, a center or point of equilibrium. It is from this point that manifestation must proceed. Now that you have witnessed the forces of nature at work — the forces of attraction and cohesion in operation, you will have a better understanding of **how** the molecules and atoms are brought together. You have seen conglomerate rock crumbled into dust. You witnessed the vegetable as it emerged from its lowly offspring, the mineral. But there is a secret operation going on behind the scenes which the eye of earthlings has not yet been attuned to see . . . the flow of mercurial fluids through all bodies.

For harmonious living, life must be balanced — the negative with the positive. Earthlings have never earnestly sought this point of centrality. They have obscured centrality in confusion, preferring to go off on tangents.

"The point of transmutation is **center**. There must be a balance before manifestation can take place. At **center** all things

are related. The open-sesame to God is to be found in the **center** road. When there is harmony at **center** the cohesive factors are enabled to bring the elements into one complete whole, for all things in nature are reciprocal.

"In your mind you are wondering what this has to do with the destiny of earth people. My discourse tonight, my daughter, is on the **alchemy of finance**. The time is not far distant when your present system of economics must inevitably give way to the next spiral of growth. When the change comes, nothing will remain of your present Order. As in all times past, the new foundation must be laid in advance. Those to whom we must entrust the secrets will be trained in the transmutative arts—they will be given the keys to the **new creation**."

For a few moments I felt the surge of impending calamity, but Diane soon quelled my fears.

"Mass hysteria can be averted, my daughter. There will be unrest, to be sure, for great stirring is needed to prepare 'sensitive individuals', designated by higher powers, to inaugurate the new plan. Did not your Spiritual Master say: 'I go to prepare a place for you?' Likewise, those who go in advance must prepare a place for **you** who are less qualified.

"Ere long, within the circle of devoted souls, new avenues of expression will be opened up. Every precaution will be taken to avoid transitional upsets. As you well know, privation and lack we deem as sinful. Those whom we have come to serve must be relieved of the burdens of financial strain and stress. Only then can they faithfully carry on the work. But, we will not permit ill-gotten gains. Cooperation, not competition is the keyword. Cooperation must surplant competition in all life's departments if you are to know universal success.

"The new economy must be circulating and free," she continued. "When the **source** of prosperity is tapped, there will be no need to hoard. Security will no longer be individual, but will be made manifest by tapping the Source of All Prosperity. When earthman gains a full consciousness of the new economy, he will find it a simple, workable method . . . a joy to perform."

I was listening intently now, for I did not want to miss a single word.

"Adversity has become earthman's obsession," she went on. "It has closed the channels to free-flowing supply. He has won control of things earthly because he has been devoted to earthly creations. Customary procedures practiced over a long period of time have made deep grooves, and deep grooves are

hard to erase. Earthman cannot grow out of his present unhappy state. He must transcend to the new octave. When the old pattern has been transmuted, the new pattern will direct the flow of events. It will be difficult at first. Earthman has been too long immersed in the erroneous way he has created. 'There is nothing new under the sun', All seemingly new things must be created from that which has known manifestation before. The storehouses . . . the founts of God have been tightly closed, but as your holy book decrees: 'Ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you'."

"God does not wish to withhold any of His secrets from His children. When earthman's vision has been clarified, when he comes to realize that all things in the cosmos have been created for his use . . . that the children of the Universe can have all things they desire, then earth beings will no longer be blinded by the struggle for survival. There will be no occasion for compromise, for then all can have the best. Millions of earthlings, as you know, have gone from the cradle to the grave without finding a single worthwhile purpose in living. Life must have a definite purpose, my daughter. One cannot solve problems by going backward. One must forever go forward."

I thought of my own struggle with the seemingly inevitable problem. It would require plenty of divine moisture to cultivate my own withered garden.

"You too have sought through many avenues of expression," she said, picking up my thoughts. Time and again you have **touched** creation, but never have you followed through. You have passed responsibility to others. Yes, my daughter, you have loved the thrill of creation, but you have shunned the burden of responsibility. You have suffered lack because of an impediment in the flow. Frustrations start with negation, for negation in thinking creates a film over the creative network. This network comprises the definite power lines to and from the founts of supply. It is like a filigree of fine wiring, and it meshes with every part and parcel of God's worlds of creation.

"Many times you have quoted from your holy book, little realizing the meaning of the words . . . In my Father's House there are many mansions." These mansions are the worlds, each specialized in some one field of endeavor. For example, there is a world of **health**. There is a world of **wealth**. One tunes in upon these worlds as one tunes in on television or radio. The creations brought forth are in the exact measurements to the **thought seeds** put into them, for **thought is the tool that molds substance into form.**"

Again, Diane had me swimming in deep water. If I could only rise to the level of her understanding, for a brief moment, it would be so simple.

"Ordinary visualization will not suffice," she went on. "The human mind is inconstant . . . changeable. Only rarely can it hold a perfect visual picture on through to maturity. When you understand the mechanics of creation, when you know with certainty that one has in his possession a definite method of action, then, my daughter, the objects of desire can be brought into manifestation, complete and whole."

Diane sensed by confusion, for I was indeed in a muddle.

"Let me put it this way," she said. "When one is blind, one must depend upon the sense of touch to see. When one's mind is blind, one cannot readily conceive a technique of creativity with the power to bring forth results. But, with well-defined thought, one can reach through to the storehouses of the creative plasms. With practice one can learn to create from these higher plasms. It is done in the same way a physical medium learns to release ectoplasm, for ectoplasm is only a lower state of manifestation of this self-same substance—the substance out of which spirit forms are built. The method is similar but the result is different, for in the first instance, one is dealing with the **positive plasms**, the **original** creative substance. In other words, the **negative plasms**, from which the virgin essence has been subtracted. With application and practice, the original plasms can bring forth any **desired** creation, while the ectoplasmic manifestations must be limited to **lower form**. One is permanent, the other transitory.

"Remember always, my daughter, **thought** is the molding tool. When New Age methods are put into operation, then earthman's hopes and wishes will come forth with lightning-like rapidity. I cannot say it too often . . . it will not be easy at first. It is not easy to close old doors."

"We have lived for ages," I replied. "Why haven't we made this discovery before,"

"Earthman has limited his goal, my daughter. He has bounded his horizons. He has set up failure-blocks, repeating his mistakes over and over again. Today, earthman's world is a solid wall of failure-blocks. But when he learns to mold the higher plasms, these blocks will melt into nothingness.

"In due time, the process will become automatic, for as need is established, new organs of perception will be born of that need. With new organs developed to a point of perfection, earth-

manifestation will then be **instantaneous**. One will need only to send out the **thought** into the **specialized worlds**, and creation in manifest form will occur. The ability to project, like any science, is a matter of training and skill.

"When that day arrives, earthman will have torn down his walls of limitation. He will have triumphed over the ethers. There is no limitation to universal economy, my daughter. When earthman makes known his desires . . . when he touches source, the universe is every ready to give, abundantly.

"Earthman has gone around on the same treadmill, cycle after cycle. He has sought power over circumstances . . . power for power's sake. But he has never learned to turn on the faucets of universal power. He has not sought the keys to the **central storehouse**, where the life-giving plasmas have been impounded. When he learns **how** to make contact, then desire shall be his.

"In the beginning it will be the rare instance where **instant manifestation** takes place, for **instant manifestation** belongs to the new horizon—the New Age. The good things of earth should be the heritage of all. The concept of wealth was not created for hoarding. God wants his children to live in beauty, for beauty is an attribute of the soul."

"When did we get off the track?" I asked.

"Your earth became enmeshed in limitation, when earthman locked the doors to other worlds . . . other planets. Pompous rulers wanted the earth plane for themselves. They became slaves to their worldly goods making both rich and poor mere pawns to small desires. When the masses are ultimately enlightened, then vast areas of consciousness will be opened up. There will be few alien intruders then, for all will be willing to pull together. Group force, my daughter, harnessed and used, can perform miracles. Earthman will no longer be interested in mundane dynamics, but he will use his best efforts to harness and control spacial power.

"It might seem like a Herculean task to you now," she continued. "But when the doors to the **great mystery** have been opened, the most stubborn of the masses will wish to conform. They will soon forget the mask of sorrow they have worn for it will be a new and exciting experience."

I had a question on my mind, and finally asked:

"If **direct creation** occurs only now and then, just what can we expect?"

"As I have told you, my daughter, where the **thought pattern** is perfect, and **center** meets **center**, then there will be the rare instance of direct creation. This should be proof positive that such results can be obtained. But repeat performances of this nature will require great skill. You must remember, when you are working with the malleable plasmas, you are working with the **intangible**—the **unseen**. When **thought** is projected into the **beyond** and into higher arcs, it is **concreted** on the higher octaves. Many will reject the higher viewpoint at first. On the mental levels it will be accepted by a select few. Gradually it will embrace the emotional level. More and more will come to accept, for they will begin to **feel** the **reality** deep within themselves. Many will receive intuitional flashes of the great realization, but more important, they will see miracle after miracle take place in their earthly affairs. As the New Age marches through time, the process of **instantaneous creation** will become operative and automatic. Projected **thought forms** will evolve to a state of perfection. In time the earth's civilization will be skilled in the art of creation, for as numbers are added and the horizons of consciousness extended, skill will become the gift of all."

I had a sudden thought.

"Like driving an automobile," I said. "It's easy to learn because everyone is doing the same thing."

"The principle is the same. Skill will become a habit, and earthlings will be rewarded for their efforts. Just as Ashtar, one of us, has told his earthly brothers:

"There will be many marvelous new powers, but it takes practice to learn to use them easily and effectively. At first they will be difficult, but remember they are at your command."

"As I have said, my daughter, when the streams of universal substance can flow freely, creation is the result. In a small way, you have seen it in operation here at Hot Mineral Spa. You have watched the scalding water go from ring to ring, flowing freely until the moment when vegetable creation takes place.

"On the earth plane, before the new methods and advanced techniques can become effectual the human image-making machine must be put in order. Thought must balance thought. When this can be done **things will begin to happen**. At first one will call it **luck**. One will just happen to be at the right place at the right time. Earthman will be led directly to the **source** of his desires. Results will be made manifest smoothly

and without effort. There will be no urgency, and failure will fade into the background. Slowly, earthman will gain confidence in his abilities for he will be rid of his fears.

"To be able to command life from **direct pattern**, means concreting the abstract. In the past, earthman has been too sated with selfishness to realize there is an abundance for all. That when he tunes in on **Source**, that which he earnestly desires can be quickly produced."

I was thoughtful for a few moments. The picture was growing more clear all the time. On the earth plane, money carefully invested pyramided to great gains. One endowed with the "specialized wealth consciousness" seemed to draw large fortunes to him with few losses to be corrected. My mind went back to the time when I lived in the fabulous state of Texas. Two men stood out clearly in my mind's eye as possessing a **true wealth consciousness**. Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson "lived oil wells." As far back as I could recall their operations, oil wells had been part and parcel of every atom of their consciousness. To them a dry hole was not a disappointment, but a challenge to another try. Somewhere along the line they had developed a powerful **psychic sense of wealth**. They could smell oil five thousand feet beneath the earth. Today their joint fortunes run into fabulous figures. They are wealthy, not because they were smarter or had more **luck** than others, but because, wittingly or unwittingly, they had tapped the Source of All Wealth."

"Money begets money," Diane said. "Wealth produces wealth. Each separate domain has its mythical ruler. The ones who tap this 'specialized world of wealth' become the sovereign rulers over their particular domain. Just as an oil baron draws upon the supply buried deep in the sands of the earth, in like manner, the storehouses of universal wealth can be explored and conquered. One merely tunes in on the **source activity** of wealth and abundance, and without great effort. One need not longer trail the trial and tribulation road. When one has made the concept of wealth a game of skill, he can instantly connect up with the plus-line of the 'specialized worlds'. He possesses the key to all the golden doors. As your Bible states: 'In the beginning was the WORD; and the WORD was made flesh.' Futures are made from the invisible materials, my daughter, and nothing can stop one with the **will** to succeed."

"It would be truly wonderful to have a solution to our problems," I sighed, "but even as you explain it, it still seems in the realm of miracles."

"We are now permitted to release this knowledge," she re-

turned. "And while it might be given wide publicity, it will remain a secret for some time to come, for the masses are not yet ready for it. You have often wondered about this so-called New Age, my daughter. The New Age decrees that the **subjective world** of today will become the **objective world** of tomorrow. The change is rapidly approaching. For this reason we must release the techniques in advance. It is our hope and prayer the change will take place without violence or bloodshed.

"The masses represent the **parts** and they must eventually fit into the **whole**. Pioneers must be prepared to pave the way to growth. But, as in every contest, many will start, the majority will fall by the wayside. Though they do not reach the goal at once, they at least will have gained something valuable for having made the effort.

"The lure of gold is instinctive, my daughter, for to be satisfied with the lesser when the greater is available is to stagnate. To be void of inspiration is to become inert. Each pinnacle of success leads to the greater horizons. We, of the more advanced planets, fear for earthman's survival if he wills to keep things as they are."

"The opportunities we have wasted," I ventured.

"Opportunity is never wasted, my daughter. Opportunity comes again and again. Earthman has been chained to his fears, to be sure. He has halted too long at every detour, trying to decide which way to go. More often than not he has been weak in his decisions, following the will-o'-the-wisp. When he is **certain** within, he will go out and win. Then he will readily find the guideposts to lead him. Decisions are the marts of value. They create the success-producing touch, for even the inanimate must respond to coercion and a forceful decision to succeed."

My thoughts went out to Edgar Bergen and his inanimate creation, Charlie McCarthy. Bergen had long since entered into partnership with a smooth block of wood—a block of wood that has brought him fame and fortune.

"Opportunity is as close as breath itself," she went on. "Blinded by confusion, earthman does not recognize it. Good usually comes from the unexpected sources, but is fleeting. The time has come to demonstrate the method of **direct creation**."

I suddenly felt a tingling sensation going on in my body. Every cell and every atom seemed to be at concentrated **attention**, focused directly upon the beautiful Diane. I watched with spellbound fascination, as her beautifully contoured hands moved swiftly over the blankness of **space**. Then from the top of her

golden head, I noticed the gathering of a spiraling, misty substance. It seemed to swirl like vapor from an incense pot. Gradually, it seemed to form into a network of fine fibres through which flowed a delicately blue-tinted milky substance. It was like some invisible magnet, drawing the substance into form.

Diane's hands moved faster and faster, producing broad strokes that seemed to bring the stuff into greater cohesion. In a few moments, at my feet was a mountain of whiteness, somewhat resembling glistening snowflakes. From this round ball, streams of substance flowed in many directions creating a train out into the night. Coming very close to me, she tossed it over my body like a soft blanket. Attired in desert raiment, I could feel the stringy essence clinging to my unclothed flesh, for now I was completely covered with something that appeared like a mammoth cobweb. It was sticky to the touch, but smooth as silk and I felt a sense of exhilaration such as I had never known before.

I had always believed in miracles, but this one was almost beyond belief. It was no longer the desert, with its rocks and sand and prickly growth. My vision had become so acutely keen I could look through to the network of fine fibres through which flowed a blue-white substance. Within the fabric of this strange creation, I could see untold numbers of floating forms, nebulous substance in its forming stage. Rhythmic motion seemed to be the fuel that created the constant flow.

As the nebulous stuff began to condense, forms I could recognize, such as patterns of things of earth . . . houses, automobiles, chairs, couches, etc., appeared clear and distinct. I could see the activity of electrical fire as it played upon the milky substance, fusing it into the objects of creation. Then, as quickly as the substance was created into pattern-form, it seemed to vanish again. Baffled by it all, I wondered if I had fallen under a spell of hypnosis.

"You have witnessed the drama of creation, my daughter. For creation goes on ceaselessly, without pause or break behind the scenes you call LIFE. Every least form in your concrete world has come into being the self-same way."

I was awed by it all. Still it was something I couldn't quite comprehend. For centuries, we, too, had been trying to perform these same miracles. There was Verne Cameron, of Elsinore, California, and his amazing aurameter. On one occasion he had demonstrated how thought is projected. Standing some twenty feet distant, he had me concentrate on a single object. In a few seconds, the aurameter accurately traced out the solid materiality, for thought had become **thing**. The Cameron gadget

was still in its embryonic stage, but perhaps, a forerunner to things to come.

"Creation is simple, my daughter," Diane said. "Earthman has made it complex, a seemingly difficult performance."

It seemed simple, now. I had actually **seen** the raw threads of substance — the fabric out of which all things are moulded. Had I not seen with my own eyes the central point of creation? Had I not experienced that pause of tranquility between **positive** and **negative** where creation takes place and full-blown forms emerge? It was easy to deduce the method of creation, for when these powerful centers meet, creation is the result.

Again, Diane picked up my wandering thoughts.

"When center meets center, rapport is established," she went on. "Where there is perfect interaction between **concrete idea** and **abstract substance**, creation is brought into full and complete **manifestation**."

"Extra-sensory organs are being developed in many sensitives, today. Eventually these sensitives will be thoroughly familiar with this world of abstraction. It will then be more real to them, than your so-called reality of earth."

"And now, before I take my leave, I would like to make plain all that has transpired in this important discourse. It must remain with you, always. I cannot repeat too often, **thought is the tool of creation**. Clear, concise thinking is so very important. **Thought** sets the milky substance into motion, but the point of power is the center between. Your philosophers have touched upon this theory, but they have not followed through. The great Aristotle called it **the mean**. That which has been accepted as theory must now become fact. If one learns to universalize, specialization is simple. When the individual **center of gravity** links up with the universal **center of levity**, direct creation is the result. You see, my daughter, earth substance is merely a denser form of the same creative essence. On the varying levels, it grows more dense, or becomes more rarified."

"Success in manifestation is **not** a matter of accentuating the **positive** and negating the **negative** as is taught in some of your mystery schools, but rather it is a merger of the **positive** and **negative** at center. In this way each abstract pattern can be molded into physical manifestation, for as one of your great ones once said: 'As above, so below.'"

"Perfection will not be reached at once. Skill requires un-

tiring effort—persistent application. But when the frustrating elements have been conquered, wishes can become realities on the 'eve of their wishing'. When horizons are broadened there is no impediment in the flow. But, my daughter, you must not lose sight of the fact that there is but ONE infinite CAUSE. God is the heart-beat of all.

I repeated after her: "Substance must operate through circles — the centers. As **center** meets **center**, manifestation takes place."

"When the elements are fused, one into the other," Diane went on, "activity playing upon substance creates the **form**. When activity, substance and the pattern of the form are united at center, then successful manifestation results. Thought is the molding tool, but remember always, you must **visualize** clearly the object of desire. The **thought form** must be projected in the creative ethers: the 'worlds of specialization'. Then the counterpart of things higher becomes manifest on the lower planes. I cannot reiterate too often, one's creative faculties will not be keen and mature at first, but with practice, one will eventually learn to find the **centers**. When center meets center in **thought realms**, then on the earth plane one is directly led to that which he has sought."

In a small way I had grasped her meaning, but I was still confused.

"Let me put it this way," she said. "Say you have always wanted a nice automobile. You have gazed longingly into display windows at the model you desire. That is not the true source, my daughter. The true source is the **thought factory ON HIGH**. One can write his heart's desire in that black substance you call ink but it must first be written with the milky fluid — the **creative essence** of ALL. While these essences are more attenuated in the upper spheres, nevertheless, they touch every last point of creation. Every avenue of God's created universe. My daughter, you have been given the keys to the storehouse of God. When you can unlock the doors at will, life on earth will become a great adventure. While I have repeated over and over again, I have done so that it might be made clear that all things **visible** are first created on fine strands of substance such as you have seen made manifest. The closer you come to the source of creation, the more perfect the result.

"You have seen for yourself where earthman has erred. As creation is stepped down, notch by notch, segment by segment, it eventually reaches the sub-world. Here it is congealed into a

mass of poisonous pabulum resembling colloidal jelly. It then sinks under its own weight.

"In closing this discourse, may I ask you to visualize a universe made up of finely interlocked wiring. You must know that within each specialized circle there is no separation; no division. All is unity. When one's vision is clear and certain, like the arrow hitting at the bullseye, there can be no hit-or-miss result. When you can penetrate these 'specialized circles', then life on earth will be one long series of miracles.

"And so you have seen, Child of Earth, how physical existence, as you know it, is bound up in its maladjustments. Earthman still tries to measure his future by his present yardstick. This cannot be done. At best it is only a gambler's hope. You have the keys. Pass them on, my daughter, for the time has now come. You will soon know that resources beyond all credulity can be the heritage of all. When there is a perfect liaison between the material and the spiritual worlds, the tiniest **minute** can then become the **greatest**.

"You will have times of discouragement, but hold firm knowing that you are sustained by the Great Powers of the Universe. This is the first major step. Eventually, when your earth plane undergoes a complete change—when density moves upward a full octave, then all will be taken **over the** threshold. That which earthman now refers to as the **subjective** will have become the **objective**. That which is inside will have been made manifest outside. When this change takes place, then earthlings will have learned to conform to universal pattern.

"Each stirring impulse helps to lift the masses toward this new octave. The answer to all earthly problems is to be found in transcendence. I send you away with a shower of blessings, my daughter, for this time I know you will not fail. When the techniques have been perfected, the veil of doubt will lift. Then you, and those about you, will find the glorious new world.

She faded slowly from view as if to prove to me the points she had made. I watched until the last vantage of wraith-like substance had vanished. Diane had gone again, but she had left with me the greatest inheritance ever given to a being of earth —the masterful techniques of creation.

Chapter 12

THE ALCHEMY OF FINANCE — METHOD

"Vibration, my daughter, is to be found at the **center** of all things. To be successful in the art of creation one must have an understanding of the true meaning of vibration. It is the stirring, the quickening process, for substance must be quickened before it can be moulded. As you know, all native elements are in a constant state of change — they are forever, **becoming**. Transmutation resolves one element into another. Images are formed in the mind — the mind of nature, and the mind of man. The **invisible, dematerialized** substance of one stage, becomes visible, materialized substance at another. All things are in continuous motion. Nothing ever remains wholly static. That which is visible at one stage can be speeded up and brought into more rapid manifestation through the higher rates of vibration.

"Your earth is noisy, chaotic. It is difficult to concentrate in tumult. Therefore, I suggest that each devotee establish his own individual sanctuary, a place of solitary vibrations. It can be a secluded spot in the garden where a little sanctuary, however small, can be created. Or, an unused room can be dedicated to the purpose. In lieu of the more extravagant arrangements, a small closet might be turned into an inner retreat. It need only be large enough for sitting and reclining.

"The furnishings must be simple, but spotlessly clean. A small table, a comfortable reclining chair or couch. Low, inspirational music is permissible, but to some it might be distracting. While flowers exude an uplifting aura, they must be fresh each day. An incense burner and superior quality of incense is a **must**. In the first days of concentration the sanctuary should be darkened. Later on, when one has grown accustomed to the billowing clouds of vapor, a subdued candle will be of help.

"In the beginning, the ritual should last about thirty minutes a day . . . if possible at the same hour. When the vibrations have been sufficiently raised, the points of focus found, less time and less frequency will be needed. But, wherever possible, a strict schedule should be followed.

"Some few will obtain results at once. Others will require a considerable length of time. Many might never reach the objective.

"The first technique is designed for harmony and fitness both in body and affairs in general. It is to be applied as an aura of protection against the onslaught of gravity and the tormenting vibrations one must meet every day. In time it should create a cocoon of protective armor that cannot be penetrated by destructive influences.

"Comfort is a requisite; a comfortable chair or reclining position on bed or couch. The first step is **ELIMINATION**. Visualize the makeup of the body in all its parts . . . the organs, glands, nerves, the blood-stream . . . every cell and every atom. While the imagination must play its part at first, reality will supplant imagination and one will actually see streams of greyish-wraith-like substance emitting from the body. By this process of elimination, the body is rid of its psychic waste and stored-up debris. At first the concentration should be held for approximately five minutes, seeing in the mind's eye the sifting out of the unwanted material that is stored up each day within the confines of the body.

"The second step is **PURIFICATION**. Visualize the body enveloped in an etheric-blue flame. Let the flames extend from the body for several feet, both vertically and horizontally. Hold the concentration upon the flame for an equal length of time. This is for the purpose of purifying the aura and preventing the inflow of destructive outside influences.

"The third step is **REJUVENATION** . . . putting one's self into the **PINK** of condition. This time completely **surround** the body with a protective, salmon-pink glow. When this delicate hue becomes effectual there should be an instantaneous feeling of upliftment. One should be soothed and refreshed. This technique should also be held for a five-minute period.

"The fourth step is **REGENERATION, TRANSMUTING** the invisible elements into clean, pure vital substances. Again visualize the body bathed in an effulgence of a vivid color somewhat resembling an amethyst . . . (a delicately blended mixture of orchid and magenta). It is at this point that **change** takes place, and the elements are re-created **new** and **re-born** by means

of an inflow of clean, fresh plasms. This five-minute period should be repeated.

"The final step. Surround the body with a mass of blue-white substance flecked with tiny, minute particles of **gold**. This should be admitted through the naval cavity; then visualize it flooding the body in its entirety . . . every part and particle bathed in pure, clean essence. While the imagination **must** play its role in its inception, the time will come when one will be able to tap the creative substance at **source**, thus bringing about a transforming result, not only of body, but all earthly affairs. The combined color vibrations represent cleansing and rebuilding by means of **crystallizing thought** into the new vibration.

"When this procedure has become clear and definite in the mind, the time of application can be shortened until the change in color hues will become virtually automatic. However, the procedure must be repeated over and over until a powerful consciousness is built up and the saturation point reached. This will be recognized by the uplifting effect.

"Eventually one will be able to use the techniques outside of the sanctuary room. They can be applied while driving in an automobile . . . going about one's daily chores. The best results, however, will always be obtained in quietude and peace; therefore the sanctuary room must not be forgotten. It is here the **subjective concept** of perfection is reached so that the objective reality can one day become an actuality.

"The first evidence of 'tuning-in' will be the appearance of mountains of wraith-like substance, sometimes filling the sanctuary. It will rise and fall like banks of fog. Gradually, pin-points of light will appear, followed by a definite phosphorescent glow. From then on the substance will accumulate rapidly and must be utilized.

"It is utilized by first projecting the mind into the **center** of the mounds of substance. Visualize the object of desire, or the **result** you wish to obtain. Again, in the beginning imagination will come into play, but this will eventually be replaced by **reality**. When the concentration touches **center** (as it inevitably will), streams of substance will appear to flow in all directions. It should flood the sanctuary in the way that ectoplasm flows from the body of a medium. In time, the flow will become automatic.

"Some few will be able to **see** the complete operation. They will observe wheels within wheels, sometimes seemingly hundreds of them, each spinning at a different rate of speed. This is God's

spinning wheel, which on the earth plane has become the weaver's loom. The wheels, or circles, will appear as a mass of fine threads, each one filled with a milky substance, emitting a slightly bluish effervescence. This fine mass of threads will interlock every part of the wheeled circle, then overlap into other circles. It is within these circles that **thought** takes form, and the images appear. Just as an earthly architect has his drawings and plans, an inventor his working models, just so the store-houses of God have their pattern molds . . . its substance. It is from these substances the human mind must create the objects of desire.

"In rare instances where the vibrations have been raised to a point of fusion, there will be an instant manifestation of the desired object. But as I have told you, the general result of 'tuning in' is a matter of **center meeting center** — the subjective meeting its counterpart in the objective world. It could come in the form of a gift, something won, money from an unexpected source. Great or small, it can be brought forth.

"This brings us to the twin-body and the part it plays in direct creation. The twin-body is the **mediator** — the gateway between the subtle realms and the body of flesh. It can go across the borderline at will. When a sufficient amount of the creative essence has been built up, it acts as a cushion between the bodies. It is an insulator against gravity, for gravity is the destroyer, levity the builder. This cushion prevents negative thinking. It is a bulwark against human depression, for as you well know, it is difficult to maintain a **positive** attitude in the midst of negative debris.

"The twin-body is ever ready and willing to serve. When the mind is brought to focus on the object of desire, thought must be one-pointed, deeply concentrated, and the twin-body helps to bring this about naturally and easily. When thought processes are under control and accurately directed the patterns of creative substance will match up with its exact earthly counterpart. For this reason the images must be held intact within the confines of the mind for as long a period as possible. This process must be repeated each day, until results are obtained in visual form.

"My daughter, you have heard the expression: 'God works in mysterious ways, His miracles to perform.' When perfection in projection is gained such miracles can be performed constantly. But miracles will seldom be brought forth in the self-same manner. In the realm of originality there are no carbon copies. But when the laboratory work has properly progressed,

then one must have simple faith that the result will quickly follow. Results are sure to follow sincere and constructive effort.

"Child of Earth, in these many past months I have been in your vibration, I am sure you are now convinced it is more important to seek subjective perfection than it is an objective demonstration. Likewise the twin-body is more important than the manifest body. Your earth is in a state of transition from materiality to spirituality . . . from objective to **subjective**.

"You have been shown the way. When the techniques have been mastered, it will no longer be necessary to fret and worry, to be led down blind alleys, to suffer the repeat patterns of defeat. There will be no occasion to spend long hours and much physical effort in doing the tasks of the day. There will be time for leisure. There will be time for pleasure. There will be time to consummate every sincere wish, for the mind will be tranquil and at peace. In that day, my daughter, all of earth's children will have placed . . . **one foot in paradise.**"

FOOTNOTE

Since the completion of this manuscript, the writer and a few friends started out to test the efficacy of the techniques. At this writing the results have been little short of magical. Small groups are being formed where the techniques are practiced. These should continue to grow until a girdle of power has been built; power to transmute and translate the destructive forces of the Universe.

Chapter 13

ON — THE SECRET OF YOUTH

Throughout the long and winding centuries, the search for YOUTH has gone on. Every living being dreads the coming of that day of transition when youth becomes age and beauty loses its spark of luminescence. The legendary Fernando de Soto and the famed Ponce de Leon spent their lives searching for the secrets of youth. Likewise, the medieval alchemists were sure they had found it. But perhaps it has remained for the Twentieth Century and the coming of the lovely Diane to show us the way.

In this day of miracles, even the crass conventionalist dares not scorn the discoveries of science. Renewed youth and the prolongation of life are today looked upon with favor in many scientific circles. Some believe the time is close at hand when we will be able to control the aging process. As every researcher has brought to light, the answer lies in finding a way to subdue the disintegrating forces that take their daily toll. God said: "Behold, I create all things new."

Like the immortal Queen Zona, the sovereign ruler of Venus, I knew if Diane's life-span could be measured in terms of earth years, she must be centuries old. Yet she possessed the beauty and freshness of a girl in her teens. Only the light of great wisdom in her expressive eyes gave even a hint as to the years of her existence.

I caught her reflection in my mirror as she placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Many times, you have wondered about this," she said. "Yes, 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.”

Tears came to my eyes, tears I couldn't hold back. I wanted to touch her as she had touched me many times. I felt so wonderfully privileged that this lovely, all-wise, all-knowing one had come to me. As all earthlings, I carried my sack of errors on my back. My feet of clay were constantly slipping into the mire. But when she came, she filled me with longing. I ached with the desire to start the arduous climb toward her lofty heights. How often she had assured me the time would come when all earth's children would climb the golden stairs.

“It is ever the lowly who pave the way for the great, my daughter,” she said. “One day your men of science will catch the challenge. They will know this is the eve of the greatest discovery of all time. When earth scientists are ready and willing to go to the Source of All, they will find ALL. You are a woman, my daughter. In the very near future your sex is destined to assume the greatest role in history. The future of your civilization rests with women. The salvation of the earth plane will be from the brain of woman. Therefore, it is right and fitting woman should preserve her beauty and her youth. She must be ready for any eventuality.”

“You mean, you actually **mean** we do not have to be enslaved to time?” My whole being tingled with excitement.

“When one learns **how** to transform energy at its point of origin, then age-laden cells can no longer linger. There will be **constant** renewal. Regeneration is not new to your earth-plane, my daughter. Long ages ago earthman possessed these powers. His regenerative organs have atrophied. They have withered from non-use, but they will be revived again. The **thought-form** of age must be broken. The **thought-form** of youth must be planted. It must be planted in the subconscious gardens. When the seeds of the perfect model have been sown, perfection will

be manifested in your world of objectivity.

“No, my daughter, one need not be in bondage to years. In the days just ahead, thousands whose lives have long since gone dry will again quench their thirst for youth at the ‘fountain of source’. When one learns to use the plasms as he uses daily bread, the way to renewed youth will have been found. All things permanent come from the source of permanence. It is here the seeds are stored and, when properly cultivated, they thrive and grow in the world of men.

“Throughout this entire cycle of thousands of years, earthman has made his minor cycle transitions at the low point of his wheel of life. The time has come for him to reach for the higher rungs. He must tap the **plasms at source**, my daughter, for only the higher ethers are pure.”

Diane paused for a moment, that her words might sink into my consciousness.

“The quest for eternal youth,” she went on finally, “will start when earthman is ready to abandon his earthly concept of age. Just as your water nymphs plunge from diving boards into the cool, clear waters, just so can earthlings bathe in the waters of the etherian seas. It is at the two extremes that change comes — at the zenith and nadir points. You have viewed the lowest. You have seen the highest. But when you have mastered the **method of the plasms**, you will have found the way to dominion and control of the cell-life always at your command.”

Gradually, the jig-saw puzzle was beginning to take form. I thought about the late Doctor Alex Carrel. This great scientist had obviously been ahead of his day. Had he not hinted that the time would come when human beings would go into states of suspended animation and return, not old and wrinkled, but regenerated and renewed? Had he accidentally tapped the ‘space worlds’? Were we actually on the eve of finding the immortal fountain? Many ideas had been propounded. New methods had been tried, even in our own times.

I thought of the discussions I had had on this subject with a fascinating woman known as Madame Jean de Desley of North Hollywood, California. Jean was born to her task back in Tennessee. Like many Southern women, she was beautiful and she wanted to stay that way.

As a child, her dolls were her models. She would smear and mar their faces so that she could restore them to beauty again. Rejuvenation and regeneration became an obsession. As the years passed, her endeavors for physical perfection grew with her. In

the days of the silent films, Jean de Desley danced with Valentino, played with the motion picture 'greats'. But, her film career over, she turned her attention to "turning back the years," exchanging the drawing room for the laboratory. She spent long hours experimenting with formulas. She worked early and late over the cauldron of her dreams. It was no longer in the name of vanity. She had seen too many useful women relegated to the ash heap long before their period of usefulness was over. A new face meant longer service. It meant more years of romance. It meant new fortunes. In her heart and soul Madame de Desley knew that our Maker did not intend His creations to wither and grow old. With the desire for perfection buried within us all, a youthful appearance could become the most valuable asset a man or woman could possess.

Jean de Desley was well aware that renewed youth would never be found in pink pills or miracle waters. She was diligent in her search, going back to the days of antiquity, to Egypt, to the very tombs themselves. Then one day she stumbled upon a formula first developed by a French scientist. She learned it had been tested and proven to a degree, but it was something only the very rich could afford.

This was the first step in her long search. The principle was sound, for it contained a method of cleansing the debris from the face and ridding the tissues of an accumulation of rotten, mucoid substances. She learned that when age-laden cells and other static impurities are cleansed from the tissues, then natural functioning can start all over again.

She went to work on the basic formula, improving it to a point of perfection. She soon became a skilled operator because she dearly loved her work. Over a period of many years she turned out countless numbers of fabulous creations in the way of new faces. It wasn't an easy task. She met with much opposition on all sides because she had been not taught in accredited schools. She had no sheepskin to hang on the wall. Despite the evidence of beautiful faces destined to carry many women over the threshold to new and greater vistas, she had her battles with the pseudo-greats. Today she is in semi-retirement, but she believes she has done yeoman service to many of her sex born to their destiny. She has her memories and her scrapbooks, mute testimony that one need not grow old.

The days ahead might prove beyond a shadow of doubt that Madame de Desley's method of rejuvenation coincides in principle (if not in actuality) with the use of plasms. If the congested tissues are prone to retain poisonous pabulum, when these tissues

are cleaned out and the aging processes halted, then when the new, clean, fresh plasms are admitted, they will of themselves re-create new cell life.

"Age is an erroneous concept," Diane has said. "It became a fixed idea when earthman lost his touch with source. For thousands of years he has believed he must grow old and die. He knows nothing of the etheric circulations, or the twin-self. He does not know that his perfect counterpart feeds and nourishes his physical body. Because he has not seen and touched the life substances from which all things are created, he likewise knows nothing of the vast network of web-like threads; the very fabric of LIFE itself. The time will come when one will be able to change the decaying flesh into healthy, vital tissue, and keep it that way.

"That is the way God meant it to be, my daughter. The time will come when earthman will have gained mastery over the processes going on in his body — when one group of cells loses its usefulness there will be no disintegration of tissue; transmutation will be instantaneous. The body will be replenished with new, fresh plasms."

I had a thought as I recalled the miraculous healings of Jessie Curl, the London housewife who became a world-renowned healer. Jessie once told me: "When I am healing from the platform," she said . . . "it is like throwing invisible snowballs to those in need of healing."

Invisible snowballs! Had this unusual woman tapped the secrets of the upper ethers, too? Had she accidentally found a way to replace the plasms of the body?

Diane continued where she left off:

"You must not forget, my daughter, in the days ahead, earthman will be living in a new earth-world. He will no longer be chained to labor, for when he learns to utilize the plasms, his earthly struggles will be over. New areas of consciousness will be opened up, and the interplay of forces will be within his control. When he can actually view the evolution of form in its fashioning stage, opportunities undreamed of today will be the heritage of all.

"Bear in mind, my daughter, your earth is making a major cyclic change . . . 'behold all things will be made new.' Earthman will know he is created in the 'image and likeness of God' — that all are sons of God, dwelling in an envelope of flesh. He will know that one's soul wears many changes of attire. He will

realize how blind he has been, bound to his complexes and his fixations. He will see how he has created all-new patterns on the matrix of the old. He will see that he has followed only the avenues of sense. As your holy book says: 'And the flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was made clean'. That is the way it will be done in the days to come.

"Regeneration will begin when earthman starts to use the malleable plasms. It will start when he finds that powerful creative center, the point of power located between the **objective** and the **subjective**. Then your men of science will find a way to capture and utilize the **vital life fluids**. They will utilize these fluids in a similar manner that blood plasma is employed today. Cutting will become as obsolete as bleeding. It will then be possible to build new organs to replace the old. Withered tissue will be renewed. Reconstruction of body organs will be painless and easy."

The future picture was beginning to take form in my mind. Youth is a sort of psychic alchemy. Human beings grow to be time-worn because it is expected of them to grow old. They cling to old patterns, embrace fixed habits until bodies solidify.

"Nature is generous, my daughter," Diane said. "There is enough energy wasted each moment of the day to make every living thing sparkle. As long as earthlings insist upon keeping the precious atoms of the body in a state of imprisonment, just so long will they wither and grow old. Fresh plasms cannot live and thrive in a house of dirty clay. If the physical organism is kept clean, it will function in a state of equilibrium. It will draw on fresh supplies of plasm constantly. Then will the consciousness of **perfection** be maintained and sustained."

I found myself talking out loud. "Then those of us who have somehow believed in miracles, will experience miracles," I said.

"Miracles are only the recognition that earthman's potential is limitless," she replied. "He has gone around and around, on his wheel of life because he has believed all changes must come about by means of slow growth. He has known nothing of transcendental magnanimity. The laws of absolute correlation he has measured on his little earth's yardstick. When earthman learns to blend one thing with another, when he can accept the premise that energy is transformed by a direct act of the will, then he will be able to reach the farthest extremes. When he reaches the 'space centers' then LIFE will flow freely. With heightened vibrations, consciousness is electrified. Yes, my daughter, earthman will find the elixir of youth for which he has so diligently sought. His quest will be well rewarded.

"But he will not find it in the laboratory until such time as the **principle** is well entrenched in the minds of earth-sensitives, those who have opened their perceptions to the worlds beyond. Regeneration is transmutation. It is first **subjective**, for the subjective must precede the objective. Fusion takes place at **center**, for it is at center where gravity meets levity. When this unity, or center is touched off, there is instant fusion between the concrete and the abstract, the solids and the intangibles. Here you will one day find the secret of youth.

"It seems nebulous and abstruse now, my daughter, but when earthman learns more about this mysterious law of gravity, he will know that the **center of gravity** is the gateway between the worlds visible and the worlds invisible. This is the point of equilibrial control. If the body could at all times remain perfectly aligned with its **center of gravity** (located in the pelvic area) then such diseases as arthritis and other crystallizing conditions would be unheard of. The feeding of vital substances would be automatic. But, more often than not, the web-like pipes through which energy must flow are clogged with waste. Normal oxidation is halted. Equilibrium is thrown off balance. Harmony is to be found at center, my daughter. By means of **centering** one makes contact with the higher harmony center, for all things revolve around this kingpin. Where is that center? It is the **center of all things**.

"The prolongation of life and the restoration of youth is accomplished by controlling these centers. Positive thinking is important, as I have said many times, for thought is the tool of creation. For genuine accomplishment, rigorous specialization is needed. Earthman must be truly skilled in the art of concentration. But, there is nothing in the wide universe impossible to accomplish. Earthlings will find it a thrilling experience to explore new horizons. To go beyond the boundaries, to make touch with the invisible, to learn how to mold the creative substance behind all manifestation will mean a new destiny to beings of earth.

"You will then see how far afield your scientists have been. You have seen manifestation take place on your earth plane. To watch concrete forms take place from plasmic substances, will be the greatest day on earth. And when the functions of 'pure abstraction' are applied to the spheres of living, earthman will know that all manifestation is applied law.

"Earthman has learned to melt and mold the solids by means of heat. He can learn to translate the life plasms in the self-same way. It might seem like an illusion today, but tomor-

row it will become a reality.

"We are all linked together subconsciously, the lowest and the highest," she went on. "When even a few earthlings begin to demonstrate these laws, others will follow along quickly. Like all new ideas, they will be evaded at first. But when they are made fully manifest, the old, as always, will be cast into discard.

"Each new horizon is a frontier of greatness. Just as novel ideas are brought under control, just so new methods, fresh discoveries must be brought into the theatre of life. One goes from one domain of concretion to another, from the subjective to the objective, and back again. The elements are in a constant state of change. But Life goes on through all Eternity.

"My daughter, there is a supreme moment for all the peoples of the earth. I who address you have come to aid your humanity in reaching toward the heights of greatness. Do not look for crowning achievement at once. Earthman will cling to his alibis. He will try every means of escape. But when he finds all doors shut and barred, he will be ready to submit to the inevitable. When he is stripped of human trappings, his pride and his ego, all of which he has mistaken for courage, then he will go on to successes undreamed of in the long history of earth.

"I shall be leaving the earth plane soon, for I have work elsewhere. But before I go I will give you a method for holding back the years. With sincere and earnest application the results should prove beyond doubt, that we do exist."

She touched me lightly on the forehead with her perfumed lips. In a moment she faded into the nothingness.

Chapter 14

THE SECRET OF YOUTH — METHOD

"My daughter, I cannot overstress the importance of discovering and utilizing the **essences** of LIFE. It **must** be repeated over and over again. When this essence is outbreathed from the founts of the Cosmos it is to be found in varying degrees of solidity — life in manifestation. When it is inbreathed back into the founts of God, the same essence is broken down, purified and distilled to be used again and again. In other words, that which came from God, has returned to God.

"The human body is composed of these self-same substances. In childhood and youth, they are active and vital. As the years wear on, they grow sluggish and inert, gathering up from the external world its poisonous pabulum. Millions of these particles become the floating flotsam that is absorbed into the body, slowing the functions to a point of inertia, and creating a congested mass of imprisoned atoms.

"Just as your medieval alchemists discovered a way to transmute the baser metals into gold, we of the advanced planets long ago learned the art of the transmutation of bodies. The secret of creation, my daughter, is the proper placement of **emphasis**. When **center** is touched, one can stand by and watch concrete forms as they are molded from the plasmic substances. In the same way, healthy tissue springs spontaneously into life.

"And now let us go to your sanctuary. All has been made ready — the candle, the incense, the flowers, the music. But this time the body must be in a reclining position, perfectly relaxed.

"Allow the consciousness to stream out, segment by segment into the **Great Sea of All Consciousness**. Again, at first imagination will be necessary. Let the mind dwell on space — literally

oceans of space. Gradually send the thoughts into the varying strata, seeing each one more refined than the other. The creative essences are stored in the higher ethers and when its mind reaches Source, there will be an instant release of substance. It will flow in streams of whiteness toward your sanctuary.

“Bring it down, down, down, through the same ether stratas, until it fills every atom of your little shrine. It will appear to one as millions of tiny threads, inter-twined, one with the other. Wrap yourself mentally in this substance, for in reality you will be wrapping yourself in the swaddling clothes of spirit.

“The process should start at the feet, taking first the left foot, then the right. Wrap each foot tenderly in the sacred essence. Cover until it appears like a mound of glistening snowflakes. At first it will be milky white in color, but as concentration is held intact the bluish emanation will burst forth followed by pin-points of electrical energy. Allow this electrical energy to flow to capacity intensity, penetrating deeply into the cells and tissue of fleshy matter.

“After a few moments of deep concentration, transfer the essence to the right foot. In the same manner wrap the right foot and go through the same procedure. Again, remove after a few moments, transferring to the **left leg**. From the left leg to the right. Then up to the pelvic area . . . to the solar plexis, the chest area, the arms, the hands. Lastly, the head. Wrap the face carefully, leaving an opening for the nostrils, for when this webby stuff starts flowing freely it can block the nasal passages.

“Outbreathe the foul, unwanted plasms — inbreathe the pure, creative essence. Continue each day, if possible, at the same time. Results will not be evident at first, but in time there will be many who will see the image in the mirror . . . not the image of the age-worn, but an image radiant with the glow of youth. You will then know for certain, my daughter, that the fountain of youth has been found at last. It will have been found in the Sea of Life itself.”

Chapter 15

ON — THE MEANING OF CONSCIOUSNESS

“And Joshua said unto all people: ‘Behold this stone shall be witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest you deny your God.’”

All over the face of the globe, there is evidential proof that God leaves his imprimatur in the rocks and the sands. We find instances too numerous to mention where geology is consistent with the Bible.

God has been referred to as “The Eternal Rock.” The ancients, and many of the older Indian tribes, believed that their wise ones live on always, immortalized in rocks and trees.

Giant Rock, in the heart of Yucca Valley, California, came into prominence a few years ago as the scene of the National Spacecraft Conventions. Geologists claim this huge boulder was hurled from the cauldron of the Universe some two hundred thousand years ago. Alone in the desert wastes, it stands as a monument to a long-forgotten past.

This fabulous rock is not easily accessible for one travels over miles of sunlit desert roads, through forests of age-old Joshua trees, coming at length upon a wide stretch of antediluvia — a strip of earth seemingly left over from The Flood. Imagine, if you can, a boulder several stories high! A boulder that dates back anterior to our written histories! Perhaps in a moment of earthly violence it emerged from the depths of the desert floor.

The interior of the rock is a **room** of mystery. It was here enigmatic George Van Tassel first made contact with beings from other planets. Today it is a veritable ‘King Arthur’s roundtable’ where profound discourses about outer space are delivered.

Since the first saucer sightings back in 1947, literally hundreds of persons have testified to seeing flying objects scouting the skies over this mammoth rock. Thousands gather each year to listen to the speakers tell of their experiences with this controversial subject. To attend one of Giant Rock's Spacecraft Conventions is something like being propelled into the Year Two Thousand and the days of the New Age. The speaker's platform might be likened to a modern Platonic Symposium with some of the immortals reincarnated for the occasion.

It was here Diane appeared to deliver her discourse on **consciousness**.

"Child of Earth," she said in greeting, "it says in your Bible: 'When the angel of the Lord spoke to Moses out of the burning bush, he said unto him: Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground'.

"That rock yonder is a symbol of sturdy foundations . . . a mark of permanence. Countless billions of grains of sand made up this Cyclopean nature structure for, as you see, it is a thing of greatness.

"When the masses of humanity are banded together in one central idea they too will become a rock of great strength, omniscient and indestructible. These are the days when your earth's destiny hangs in the balance. These are the destiny-altering days, my daughter. Earth life is going sour and when this occurs it is time to generate new consciousness . . ."

She gave me a moment for her words to record on my memory. Giant Rock had never ceased to startle me with its immensity. It was to me a symbol of God's greatness.

"The history of the races is written in the rocks of the earth," she went on. "Over the face of the globe you will find geologic records replete with chronicals of change . . . some have long since disappeared beneath the ocean waves . . . others lie buried beneath these same desert wastes. In some parts, continents have risen and vanished again, but this is as it should be. Change must come to all things, for nature is ever constant in her activities. This rock stands as mute evidence that nature's miracles are without end.

"A miracle will one day happen to your Planet Earth, but before this can come the stream of human consciousness must be purified. The new spiritual renaissance must stem from the consciousness of the people. This means a powerful fellowship of like minds must be created, for the invisible empire must

precede the factual manifestation. When the subjective chemistry has been changed, then the earth's density will be changed. Consciousness will spiral to a new octave. Sorrows and griefs will be transmuted, and in time you will again know earthly paradise. Beings from the advanced planets are bringing in these influences, for wherever there is work to be done we are ready and willing to serve.

Remember, my daughter, we are all offspring of the same God. Our work on your planet today is the banding together of the staunch and loyal devotees, those who are willing to assist in launching the new dispensation. If it were left to the general consciousness of the people as it stands today, they would bring forth another monstrosity no different from the present one. As you know, the consciousness of the **many** prevails. A world and its people is the sum total of those who sustain it. Balance cannot be brought about and manifested through wars and depressions, but rather through harmony and new **creation**.

"Everything in the cosmos is related to the cosmos itself. The time has come when consciousness must be transformed and renewed. Each living soul is responsible for that which is released into the **unconscious** reservoirs. If unholy debris is turned loose it creates more unholy debris. If it is pure gold, it creates more pure gold. My daughter of earth, every tomorrow is built from today's experience. Earthman makes his tomorrows as he goes along. He makes them from the consciousness prevailing today. So you see, do you not, the tomorrows must be prepared for in advance. The building of consciousness is the foundation . . . the same as an amalgamation of particles of sand which eventually makes the giant rock. Just as the lowest forms of expression must evolve, so must the universe itself expand. Grooves of consciousness sink deep into the fabric of creation. Building processes are slow and tedious, but when changes are imminent, they come swiftly and suddenly. Major cycles bring about a renewal of materiality. One day even this rocky earth will be smashed to atoms, and the newer elements, made up of the more malleable substances, will be in evidence.

"Earthman must be made aware of the life existing in the interior regions of the earth. Even these dungeons must be explored and conquered. Likewise the world in space, for there are many inhabited domains, other worlds, dotted between the more concrete planets.

"Spiritual consciousness has nothing to do with conventional piety, for spiritual consciousness is ordinary consciousness elevated to trans-dimension. When earthlings learn to use their

powers of thought in a constructive way, then you will see radical changes in the density of the earth. Such a happening will create a chain of earthly miracles, for then instantaneous manifestation will be the rule rather than the exception.

"But until such time as your earth goes through this density-change, manifestation will be earth-like, slow with the weight of gravity. Time alone will appear to be speeded up. Years will shrink into months, months into days. The closer you come to space-time manifestation, that which requires years to accomplish will be concluded in days, hours, and even minutes. This will happen when a powerful human nucleus has been established and all draw their sustenance from the same springs of Source.

"The planets are the points of concretion, my daughter. The in-between points (the etheric worlds) are nebulous. They have not yet formed into states of substantiality. These intangible worlds can assume tangibility one moment, be resolved back into intangibility the next. It is here the idea of materialization and dematerialization arose.

"There are many strata and states of cosmic existence. Today they are far removed from acceptance by earthlings, but when space is explored . . . when satellites are discovered floating in space, then they will be no farther away than the present outposts of civilization.

"Child of Earth, accomplishment will commence when the strings of bondage are severed. Then the subjective, intangible world of today will become the objective, tangible world of tomorrow. That which for thousands of years has been known as the abstract world will become manifest in concrete form, but on a higher octave of existence.

"Consciousness is built by sharpening the faculties of perception. To the subjective sensitive, consciousness can be viewed as through a camera. The consciousness of thousands, united into group force, can deflect the force of lower gravity and open up the avenues of space. Each planetary life-stream marches along the pathway of evolution in the self-same way.

"Earthlings are still waiting for the Great Master to come again. They do not realize that the New Earth, in which he is to dwell, must be built in advance; that just as HE went on to 'prepare a place for beings of earth', beings of earth must prepare a place to receive HIM."

"Where are we going to find this consciousness?" I ques-

tioned.

"You will find it at the core of all things, my daughter. It is there ready to be tapped at each new point of beginning. Just as you have floor levels to your buildings, just as you build skyscrapers, each new level of consciousness must likewise be built.

"The life on any planet is only as secure as the consciousness that sustains it. Each life-stream is leavened by the consciousness at hand. When the masses rise up the structure of consciousness built by the forerunners, the questers, those willing to go ahead can be mobilized into a unit of strength. The masses come along after the roads are readied. The stronger the band, the less hazards they encounter in the grand processional. Mass consciousness can accomplish 'in the twinkling of an eye', for it creates its own undertow power capable of transcending all obstacles.

"Yes, my daughter, we live to the exactness of our consciousness. It is our invisible bond, and eventually joins the band of the Divine."

"Why have the harbingers been chosen from the lowly?" I asked. "Especially when there are so many better fitted for the job?"

"For many centuries past, we have tried to bring influence to bear on world leaders," she returned. "Many have been too pompous and vain to listen. They have turned the good we brought to personal account. The pompous ones will not assume responsibility for the task. Since they have failed, the lesser ones must do it. The nucleating consciousness will be made up of those who have made some major contribution to greater understanding. They will be the chosen ones. They will help the weaker to band together in a common interest. Remember, my daughter, while consciousness is an abstract quality, it must manifest in a concrete manner. Thus, a nucleus must be established and sustained until such time as the New Civilization is launched. This is prophecy.

"The habit consciousness is strong today. There are few willing to step out of old grooves. But, my daughter, the new renaissance cannot be safely launched until there is sufficient resurrected understanding to lead the way.

"Consciousness expands to a point of saturation, then it bursts like a bubble over the sea of life. If it is evil it becomes a holocaust, destroying everything before it. If it is good there

is unity toward good, for in unity there is power.

“I am trying to impress upon you how very necessary is the building of consciousness. The masses must be brought together in the name of the ideal. At first it will be difficult for them to give allegiance to something that lacks tangibility, for they know only that which the senses have been trained to accept. When the proper consciousness has been created, it will be evident in every least detail of daily living. It will become part and parcel of mundane events. With skill, it can be projected to any point in the universe. As potential is increased, many will join us, ready to help.

“It is impossible to appraise the value of the earnest souls today. Where unity of purpose exists — when all are inspired and working together, then your earth will go through a great transformation. You will know permanent peace for the first time in your long existence. That which has been a form of slavery will become exultation.

“Where will this enchanting change take place? My daughter, it will first take place in that circle of creative fluid you have heard so much about. Consciousness will connect up on wave lengths within the circles comparable to radio. The stations responding will be determined by the set of the mind. Thought will determine where the consciousness shall go.

“When true expansion of consciousness takes place, old roadways will be cut off and new ones will come into existence. Your own pathways have never extended beyond the boundaries of earth. Although earthlings have sensed higher realms . . . have speculated on other planets, yet to them the other planets have not been more than mythical worlds somewhere out in space. They have not looked to the stars and the planets as their ‘higher worlds’.

“The time has come to widen the areas of exploration.

And now, my daughter, again look up toward yonder rock and know that each tiny grain of sand has built it. It is a rock of might today protected by nature against the forces of dissolution. Just so, your humanity, linked together in exalted consciousness in the name of the Ideal, will become as that rock, a mighty influence over the face of the globe.

“I must leave you for a time. But as I have told you in the past . . . we of the greater planets can give out only as our

‘instruments’ are willing to give out. You have received a goodly measure. Give generously, my daughter, in the same good measure and all will be well.”

In a moment only the giant rock remained . . . Giant Rock and an infinitude of sand.

Chapter 16

SUMMING UP

THE GREAT MYSTERY REVEALED

The drama of life depicted in the foregoing pages is a first chapter from the Book of the New Age. While the method is new to us, the pattern was drafted when God created the Universe. Evolution has moved slowly over the mountainous peaks; it has rounded one corner, slipped back over others. But the time has come to speed up evolution's progress and move swiftly on to the next spiral.

The days of miracles are here, now. It is time for the great mystery to be revealed. The answer is to be found in the matrix of the cosmos. When we conquer "pure abstraction" we will have reached the goal.

Gravity has been the enigma of the ages. From birth to death we have been bound to earth levels by the bonds and fetters of gravity. Gravity has forced us to remain within the boundaries of earth. Some have dreamed that one day we will cross those boundaries, and go sailing over the etherian seas to the faraway planets. Perhaps that day is closer than we think.

The Bible tells us we are "made in the image and likeness of God." As children of God, we possess the powers of God. We are free to choose our own destiny. But where is today leading us? Despite our gargantuan economic structure, we have lost our security. We find ourselves sitting on a keg of dynamite that may explode any moment. Forced to live in the shadow of the curse of the atom bomb, how can we rise to our greater destiny?

As a people, and as a world, we must make up our minds either to gravitate to still lower levels, or find the way to superior realms where we can embrace new heights of greatness.

A new Tree of Life means a **new way of life**. It has nothing to do with governments or politics. Good leadership is important, for good leadership can help us flow with the spiritual tide. A good leader can help hold the balance, for where the stream of harmony flows, there is power.

The story of the UFOs has been told and re-told and needs no repeating here. Thousands over the face of the globe sincerely believe that the coming of strange spacecraft to our skies is part of the changing world. A still greater number would like to believe, but they want more convincing. Why have they not left a piece of metal from their ships? A garment from their backs? Something to help us have faith and keep it?

Perhaps they have left the most significant clue of all — the very material out of which they are created. **Angel hair**, the stringy, web-like substance left in the wake of these flying objects, could indeed be the solidification of **Universal Breath** — the **very breath of life itself**.

In the foregoing pages we have seen how this universal creative substance is brought into states of density — into **physical manifestation**. If we accept this as a premise, then the **mystery of the saucers has been solved**. It would account for their strange appearance and almost instantaneous disappearance. It would account for speed and maneuverability. But most important of all, it means a new chapter has been written in the Book of Life.

Startling, to be sure, but strange happenings have come into the lives of earthlings before. Strange events can happen now.

Throughout our long sojourn on this planet, each stage of life has been prepared for in advance. Who can deny the whirling discs in our skies are not the beginning of the Great Transition? For centuries we have hovered close to the borderline of change. Perhaps we would have crossed over long ago had we not faltered, stumbled and fallen so often. We want to believe **they** have come with a guiding hand to help us avoid the deep labyrinths. We have proven that we cannot do it alone; we must have help.

Scientists have searched for the answer in the minute sub-

stances, but they have not ventured beyond the crusts of cataclysm and storm. They have spurned the unseen hand, the whispering voices from other spheres. Preferring the searcher's spade to the lessons the soul can teach, they have mistaken the "forest for the trees."

Mystics, too, have shouted from their lofty peaks about the oncoming New Age. Again it is a case of the blind leading the blind, for to them the New Age is some nebulous future we will one day reach. But when?

Evolution moves upward and onward over extra-human extension cords. The greats of all time have been those who have learned to extend themselves. They know that the subjective plane of one age becomes the objective plane of the next. But they have never made it clear to us that we are coming into that transition period where the subjective (of which we know so little) will suddenly become the **objective world** in which we will "live and move and have our being." As the illustrious Saint Thomas Aquinas once said: "When gravity is conquered, we will know the meaning of levity."

Gravity is a **negative force**. It belongs to the manifest, physical earth plane. Levity is a **positive force**. It belongs to the positive, subjective plane. When the new major cycle is ushered in, we will have conquered gravity and employed levity. When gravity and levity meet at **center**, the elements constituting life on the planet no longer travel the road of slow growth. They are transmuted instantly, one into the other, and direct creation begins.

Behind the picture of this strange and wondrous future is thought. What we think today, we will become tomorrow. Thought must have a quickening point. It must start in the individual mind, then spread over broader and broader circles. As more individuals accept an alien idea, it adds up one by one until it soon makes a grand total. In time, **individual mind** becomes **mass mind**, and mass mind is the preponderant force needed to bring about change.

If we are close to this mutation today, is it not logical to assume that the more advanced planets have already gone through this transition? If so, the saucer puzzle was solved on April 29, 1955, when the beautiful Diane made her appearance in the little white church in Los Angeles. She came, obviously **not** in physical form, but in her **twin-body** — a **perfect counterpart** of that physical form. It was apparent she had teleported, either from a space ship launched high in the skies, or from her

own land, far, far away.

What is teleportation? In a way, teleportation is to the more advanced planets what transportation is to our earth. But before we can arrive at any definite conclusion, we must learn the difference between the bodies. **What** is the physical body? **What** is the spirit or twin-body? Which is the most important of these bodies? Why is the spirit body transmutable and translatable? What kind of body can teleport?

The physical body has its birth in physical substance. It grows slowly over the years to the age of maturity, then gradually it deteriorates and disintegrates. That which was born of physical substance must die. It is reborn again in spiritual substance. Physical life belongs to the concrete planets. The subtle bodies belong to the ether planes. The physical body is clothed in physical substance. The spirit body covers its nakedness with a sheath of plasm. When this ectoplasmic substance is brought into manifestation on the physical plane, it must borrow from mortals a cloak.

The true spiritual body is both transmutable and translatable because it has been broken down into finer and finer particles until it has become creative essence. It has come from God, it has gone back to God. On the more rarified planets bodies would be less dense, more subtle, so much so they could appear or disappear at will. Therefore, the teleportive body would be neither wholly physical nor wholly etheric, but a perfect blend of both. Those who have mastered the science of teleportation can function in both bodies simultaneously. One body (the physical) remains intact on the domain in which it dwells. Though millions of miles intervene, the **twin-body**, or perfect subjective counterpart can be projected to any part of the universe.

It would seem that both bodies are identical in appearance, for the physical body has loaned the subtle body its **very own** substance. A teleportive body possesses all the attributes and habits of a physical body, but close examination would reveal that it is **not** made up of blood, bone and sinew. Nevertheless, it can walk, talk, sing, dance, and in all ways acts as a physical being. As a matter of fact, it has greater strength and force than a physical body. But as Diane has said: "We cannot maintain the **counterpart** for an indefinite period of time."

In teleportation, the one teleporting is clothed in creative essence . . . source material. This can, however, take on a completely material appearance. In the building up of the spirit body,

as in the seance room, it is made up of the substances held intact within the human vehicle. This is ectoplasm. Several present that night when Diane made her appearance on the stage of earth have given written testimony that she, Diane, was not like the other spirit beings. In other words, she was not built from the ectoplasmic substances.

It is understandable that she should choose a public gathering place of this sort to make her appearance. Had she appeared in the living room of the average American family, she would have frightened them out of their wits. A seance room assemblage is geared to the spectacular and fantastic, therefore they were not alarmed when the singular occurred. "Where two or three are gathered together in MY NAME, there I will be also."

Since that memorable night, Diane has appeared to others. On August 19th, 1955, Mrs. Zella Gabhart of Glendale, California, was a guest at my mountain cabin, high in the Idyllwild mountains. A woman of strictly orthodox views, the supernatural was contrary to her interpretation and interest. While Zella has been my friend over a period of years, I had not tried to impose my opinions on her. She had not questioned.

The cabin was small: one large room, kitchen and bath. There were two day beds, one at each end of the large room. Zella occupied one, I the other. At five o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by a panicked call:

"Dana! Dana! There's someone in this room. It's a woman," came the shrill cry.

My first thought was that of an intruder, yet I quickly reasoned that with the doors and windows bolted from the inside no one could have made a forced entrance. Suddenly, my thoughts flew to Diane. I knew I dare not try to alleviate Zella's fears by telling her of Diane. This, to me, was unthinkable. I felt she would have been far more disturbed over this kind of alien visitor than she would a dangerous intruder.

But Zella had risen from her bed and started toward the kitchen. Searching for a weapon, she picked up a box of salt. In a flash, her visitor vanished. Only the bright light that had come with her remained.

When she had gained her composure, she related the whole story. The bright light had preceded the entrance of the woman, then she heard footsteps moving across the creaky floor. The figure stopped abruptly at a table across from my bed,

where the completed manuscript of DIANE (She Came From Venus) was waiting to be wrapped, preparatory to being shipped to the publisher the next day. Zella said the intruder spent some time thumbing through the pages, then moved toward the kitchen to stand in the doorway between the rooms. It was then she was certain I was not the culprit.

"At first I thought it was you," Zella said. "She was dressed in a long, flowing gown, but as the light illumined her face I saw that she was very beautiful. But the amazing thing was her waistline. Much smaller than anyone I knew. I knew then it definitely was not you."

Recently Diane paid a visit to Molly Malone, a San Diego California, nurse. At the same time she appeared in Mrs. Malone's garden chapel, I received a mysterious letter reading: "Diane visited me in my garden. It was the most wonderful experience of my life."

I read the letter hurriedly while at the post office and had not noticed the signature . . . expecting to re-read it upon my arrival home. But later the letter was nowhere to be found. Hours of search proved futile. At length I gave up, but weeks later I accidentally met Mrs. Malone.

"Diane visited me in my garden," were the words that greeted my ears. "It was the most wonderful experience of my life." Mrs. Malone emphatically denied writing me a letter telling of her experience.

Diane has doubtless made many more contacts on the earth plane, for untold numbers of sensitives will be needed to spread the WORD from one corner of the globe to the other. Obviously she is one whose mission it is to help earthlings across the borderline of the future.

Is Diane the one mentioned in A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS? Certainly she has given generously of the **great deep of life**. She has shown how we can capture and utilize the life plasms. She has told us how we can help build the bridge into the New Age. It would seem she has brought timely and conclusive evidence that beings from other planets are in our midst.

Whether accident or coincidence, the three so-called Venusians who appeared in Van Nuys, California offer fantastic explanations to the saucer enigma. Several different persons, seemingly unrelated, told the same story. The men were of unusual

height. They spoke perfect English. Blond hair fell to their shoulders. They wore green uniforms. To the trained subjective, there was one distinguishable factor. They all maintained they had a strange expression in their eyes and a trained sensitive would recognize this as the discernible distinction between a physical being and the **teleported twin**.

How does this new revelation affect those who have claimed physical contact with saucers and saucer people? Does it change their status? To the writer, it would not change their status one iota, but rather it would make their related stories far more believable. Those who claim to have made contact certainly have no knowledge whatsoever of teleportation or teleportive methods.

The question now arises . . . did the beautiful Diane **teleport** her **twin-body** direct from the Planet Venus, or was it projected from a space ship in space? Those who have read my book **DIANE (She Came From Venus)** will recall that four strange craft were observed high in the skies, close to my desert home the week she appeared in the church in Los Angeles. They were seen by members of the Palm Springs Ground Observation Corps.

Many individuals endowed with extended vision state there is a flotilla of ships just beyond our gravitational field. Though they are not Etherians they can materialize or de-materialize at will. This any occultly-trained student can accept. Many on our earth plane have mastered this subtle art. This should make those on the advanced planets adept in twin-projection.

Perhaps they only use this subtle body to project through our stormy atmospherian ocean. Perhaps they use this twin-body to chart the airways preparatory to long range travel, and future entrance into our earth's density.

Why space ships if they can teleport at will? The planets are **concrete** bodies. We know they are there for we can see them through our giant telescopes. Life on a **concrete** planet would be concrete in nature.

With nothing more than our inadequate earth's measuring rod to guide us, it is hard for us to realize these **teleported ones** are neither wholly objective nor wholly subjective, but a perfectly balanced combination of both; that their functioning mechanism is located at that point (or center) where the objective-subjective meet. That the concrete body does not leave its home base yet the twin-body, identical in all ways, can project to any part of the universe.

This would indicate they would also have the power to control all **substance-built** structures. The tangible, physical space ships could remain launched beyond the gravity range of the earth. The objects seen in our skies from one end of the globe to the other could have been the **counterparts**, the **twin-ship**, and not solid reality, the factory-built creation that still remains launched at some designated base.

This might be a momentary disappointment to millions of saucer "fans" who will not yet be able to realize that the **twin** is even **more real** than the believed reality. Since all solid bodies are the crystallization of spirit, the intangible would be the real, the solid body — the illusion.

It could readily explain the **saucer enigma**, and why they have seemed to have played hide-and-go-seek with us. Why they appeared to be spinning, whirling and emitting glowing colors one minute and gone from sight the next. While they remained in visibility they were as evidential and real as our own sky craft. The fact that they were **twin-projections** would not alter this status, for though **projections** they would still be solid and substantial enough to collide with our craft and destroy them. They would be as tangible and real as our own earth substance, yet have the ability to raise the vibrational activity to a point of materialization and dematerialization. All this in one brief moment.

Teleportation is beyond the law of gravity. It is the first principle of the law of levity — a synthesis of the tangible and the intangible. When there is perfect interchange between subjective and objective (between inner and outer), then perfect harmony exists. When there is **perfect harmony**, unmanifest patterns can become **instantly manifest**.

The angelic ones live in the upper arcs, the demoniac creatures in the sub-worlds. When one extreme is stirred the other extreme is likewise stirred. When one goes out to conquer it is a challenge to the other. This could account for the "little green men" and the horrible monsters reported in remote spots of the earth. It could in some measure completely substantiate the Shaver theory depicted in **SEARCH** magazine. It could account for the "three men in black" described in Gray Barker's **THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS**. It could explain, also, Diane's discourse on the Sub-Worlds.

Saucer sightings are again on the increase. During the

months of February and March, 1957, they have been sighted on several occasions close to Palm Springs, California, my home.

Are they still engaged in exploratory work? Are they out to conquer the dangerous oceans of space? Will tangible ships soon be racing toward our earth?

If we have found the Grand Design of the Universe, what a far cry it is from the atom bomb curse! The values earthman has sought may soon be ours for the taking. What a wonderful thought it is to know that we are not alone; that we have guidance from On High. This is the greatest annuity our earth has ever known.

For, as Diane said that night in the "little white church":

"This is the first time we of the Greater Planets have been permitted to come to beings of Earth. From now on, we shall be with you, always."

THE END.

FASCINATING . . .

"Over The Threshold" is indeed fascinating reading. The information behind this book is so important that I should feel guilty not to examine it carefully, — what if it turns out to be true. I should certainly like to extend a hand of hospitality in such case. One thing I know for sure, this book is thrilling reading.

J'NEVELYN TERRELL,
Book Consultant of the Tre-Sur Chest
in Beverly Hills, California, and
founder of the Mental Shop, Inc.

INTRIGUING . . .

A most intriguing book, even though tantalizing, being more suggestive than explicit. The beautiful DIANE, from Venus, becomes a vivid reality. Of special interest, I found the Healing Technique, which gears in well with others I know, and certainly should be experimented with.

COL. A. E. POWELL,
World renowned psychical researcher.

CONCLUSIVE . . .

Warm and intense admiration will go to Dana Howard in fullest measure for what she has achieved in her new book, "Over The Threshold." She has proven conclusively that our destiny is ever before us. We should look to the stars to reach our goal.

TOM O'NEILL, Radio Minister,
Southern Pines, North Carolina